

Fetish Farm

Faye Valentine

~ ~ ~

Fetish Farm

Copyright© 2020 by **Faye Valentine**. 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](#)

“I don’t understand,” Gina Dixon said to the well-dressed man sitting opposite her and the rest of her immediate family. “You’ve accounted for twenty-eight million dollars. My late husband was worth well over half a billion. Where’s the rest of his money? What about his business?”

“Stop interrupting and I’m sure Mr. Strickland will get to it,” Chloe said. Of the eleven people in the attorney’s office she was the one that wanted to be there the least and the fact she was left absolutely nothing in her father’s will spoke about how little he truly cared for her. At nineteen years old she was the youngest of the late Jordan Dixon’s fourteen children and the one he seemingly liked the least, though he was standoffish with practically everyone, he showed her remarkably little attention and for the last nineteen years she could never figure out why.

“Dad didn’t even like you so I don’t even know why you’re here,” her older sister Marina scoffed, proving yet again what a cold-hearted bitch she really was.

“Chloe is right,” Attorney Reid Strickland said. “I was just about to get to the bulk of your late husband’s vast fortune. And she is here, Marina, because your father gave me very clear instructions on who should be and her name was at the top of the list.” That took everyone, Chloe included, by surprise and most everyone gave him a raised brow. “If you’ll turn your attention to the TV, the late Mr. Dixon left a video as part of his will.” With that, Reid picked up the remote that had been sitting to his right and after turning the television on, started the video that would change all of their lives.

∞ ∞ ∞

Sitting at his large mahogany desk in his home office, Jordan Dixon stared into the camera with his normal jovial smile. “My name is Jordan Dixon, I’m sixty-eight years old and doctors have given me less than a year to live. If you are watching this video then that means I have passed away. If Mr. Reid Strickland has carried out my wishes, and I have little doubt that he has, then there are no doubt a dozen confused people wondering what’s going on and many more scrambling to take a piece of a pie they didn’t earn. If you are watching this video then my will has been read. You have your inheritance and I truly hope you make the best of it.”

There was a long pause as Jordan collected his thoughts. “Chloe. My dear, sweet Chloe. I’ve spent my entire adult life focused on building an empire. I had four marriages and they all failed because of it. I had fourteen children and thirteen of them turned out to be spoiled, self-righteous brats that don’t deserve a penny of my hard earned money. I was the boss of more than eighty-thousand employees who brown-nosed and kissed my ass every chance they got because they thought it would somehow make me see them as something more than the parasites they are. But not you, Chloe. Not once did you act as if you had any right to my hard-earned fortune. But beyond that you gave me every bit as much shit as I gave you and for that I was eternally grateful even if I never showed or voiced it. And that is why everything not mentioned in my will is being left to you.”

There was another long pause as Jordan smirked at the camera. After maybe two minutes he continued. “I assume Mr. Strickland has calmed you all down by now,” the video continued. “If not, then shut the hell up and act like grieving adults instead of greedy assholes. Chloe, I know how little you cared for my business which is why the stocks I had in the company will be sold and the profits placed in a trust which you may gain full access of upon your twenty-first birthday should you meet the following condition. Ten years ago I bought a twenty-three hundred acre ranch in New Mexico and turned it into a fetish resort. If you want your inheritance

you'll spend every day there until your twenty-first birthday learning, obeying, submitting and dominating. Your every move will be monitored and if you step foot off the property for any reason short of a medical emergency the trust will be given to charity. And Chloe, know that I loved you more than life itself and not telling you such while I was still alive was my one and only regret. Mr. Strickland has more details on what you are to do to earn your inheritance. I sincerely wish you a long and happy life. Goodbye and good luck."

The screed faded to black and a moment later Reid turned the television off. "Thus concluded the late Mr. Dixon's last will and testament. Chloe, if you'll stick around a few minutes I'll go over the details with you in private."

"Yes Sir."

"This is absolute bullshit!" Marina shouted. "There's no way in hell this is legit. I want it contested."

"That is your right but I assure you it is one-hundred percent legal and will hold up in any court in the country. But you go ahead and sue if you think it'll get you anywhere."

His words hitting them all with a note of finality, the Dixon family got out of their chairs and with varying degrees of mumbled complaint left the office. All save Chloe. "So, what the heck is going on, Mr. Strickland? What's this ranch my father bought and what am I going to have to do there for the next two years?" she asked. Though, young as she was she knew what words like obey, submit and dominate meant. She just wanted to hear them from the lawyer's mouth before she would believe her own father would demand such a thing from her.

"Not to speak ill of the dead, but your late father was actually a very perverted man, Chloe. Do you know what bdsm is?"

"Only that it has to do with bondage, discipline, sadism, masochism, submission and domination, Sir."

"Those are the basics. The Fetish Farm as your father liked to call it is dedicated to the bdsm lifestyle and during the next two years you'll not only live it, you'll be trained to submit to every command given and how best to dominate. To keep you there you'll be fitted with a special shock collar that will alert me directly should you leave the ranch for any reason not a medical emergency."

"So, I won't have any contact with my friends?"

"Or your family."

"Like I give a shit about them."

"As far as your friends are concerned it'll be up to them whether they want to visit you at the Fetish Farm. If not then you'll still have access to the internet and your cell phone so you may remain in contact with them."

"How much will I lose exactly if I say no?"

"After taxes? Three-hundred-ninety-seven million dollars plus interest."

"Then book me a flight, Mr. Strickland."

"Already taken care of. A car will pick you up at midnight. Don't miss it or the deal is off."

"Yes Sir. Um, is there anything else I need to do to prepare?"

"I strongly suggest learning all you can about the lifestyle. At your late father's request I've put together a fairly comprehensive list of websites that should tell you all you need to know. Other than that, I guess prepare yourself mentally to give up any and all notions you have any control over what happens to that sexy young body of yours."

"Meaning?"

“Meaning there are submissives and sex slaves and you’re the latter, Chloe. Meaning once you reach the Fetish Farm you’ll have absolutely no control over your own body or life. You will obey every command no matter how humiliating or degrading or you’ll be disciplined and made to do it anyways. Meaning Chloe that if I commanded you to take your clothes off and bend over my desk you should do it or suffer the consequences.”

“A-Are you commanding me to do that, Sir?”

“You know what, I really think I am.”

“And if I say no?”

“Then I’ll be very disappointed. Your late father’s instructions were very clear. Your training doesn’t officially begin until you’re at the Fetish Farm so you may say no if you like but on the other hand you can think of this as practice for what’s to come.”

Looking the much older man up and down, Chloe could see that under the few extra pounds hiding under a tailored suit he was still a handsome man. She had a boyfriend she planned on marrying if he ever proposed. She had no interest in other men, let alone one old enough to be her father but Mr. Strickland was right. If she was going to make it through the next two years she would have to learn to accept and obey and what better way then following his command? Standing up from the high-backed chair she had spent the last two hours sitting in, she stared into Reid’s dark brown eyes as she reached back and unzipped the burgundy dress she wore. “I don’t suppose you have a condom?” she asked.

“Afraid not. But then again being bred like an animal is all part of being a sex slave so you should have no problem taking my load.”

“I, um, I suppose not. Wow, I can’t believe I’m about to do this.” Sliding her arms out of the straps, Chloe lowered the dress down until her breasts here exposed. Cheeks flushed, she bit into the left side of her lower lip and averted her gaze to the floor to avoid Reid’s leering eyes. When the garment was around her waist she closed them and then let it fall down her well-toned legs leaving her standing in the attorney’s office in only her lacy black thong and burgundy heels. She tugged the latter down and stepped out of them but as she went to remove her shoes Reid held up his right hand and told her to stop.

“Leave the heels on, babe.”

“Y-Yes Sir.” Teeth sinking even harder into her lip she bent over the large mahogany desk and waited. When Reid disappeared behind her, she bit even harder. A finger traced a line down her spine and then back up. A hand grabbed her long blonde hair and then she felt the head of the attorney’s cock sliding along her vulva and then tap several times against her hooded clit. “P-Please just get it over with, Mr. Strickland.”

“Where’s the fun in that Chloe?” Letting go of her hair, Reid removed his tie and then used it to restrain the young woman’s hands behind her back. “You should know I’ll be on the flight with you to New Mexico and I plan on breeding you the entire way.” Grabbing the tie, he raised Chloe’s arms until she groaned in pain. And then his dick slammed balls deep into her. “The words you’re looking for are yes Master.”

“Uhn...y-yes Master,” Chloe grunted as the dick quickly slid in and out of her.