

Madison Surrenders

Faye Valentine

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“I can’t believe I let him do this to me,” Madison said as she stared at her naked body in the full-length mirror hanging on her bedroom wall next to the long, oak dresser she inherited from her grandmother when she was seven. Her eyes drifted from the platinum, emerald-beaded rings in her nipples and the matching ring in her clitoral hood, to the five grommets lining her outer labia – held closed by five gore matching captive-bead rings. “What in the fuck was I thinking going to that damn farm in the first place?” she said, barely able to hold back the tears.

It had been a week since her return from Master Zack’s farm where she went to visit her friends Sarah and Janine – or Jizz Gulper and Semen Slurper as they were known by their submissive names. Her eyes moved back up to her breasts here she locked onto her own submissive name – Spoooge Gobbler, tattooed there by Master Luke in bold, cursive lettering. Letting out a long sigh, she walked over to the bed, sat down on the right edge and picked up an envelope addressed to her from Master Zack. Finally tearing it open, she withdrew a folded piece of paper. When she unfolded it, a check fell out and floated to the floor.

Madison bent down and picked the check up off the floor and her eyes went wide. “Oh my fucking god!” she gasped at the dollar amount. Unable to put it down, she held it for several long minutes as the tears freely flowed from her bloodshot eyes. Hands trembling, she read the letter.

Madison,

The life I and your friends have chosen to live is not for everyone so please do not feel bad or ashamed that you left in a hurry. I do not blame you one bit. On the contrary, I am very proud that you were able and willing to at least give it the benefit of the doubt and not only follow my very strict rules, but to allow yourself to be marked as my submissive. That means a great deal to me and if you ever change your mind and wish to resume your role as my breeding slave – and I do mean slave, not submissive, my door is always open.

As promised, I have enclosed a check for \$350,000 for the work you had done. It is yours to keep no strings attached. I wish you the very best in life and hope to see you again even if only to visit your friends.

*Sincerely,
Master Zack*

P.S.

Jizz Gulper won the contest to be my breeding cow and sex slave. In second place was Cum Guzzler – not bad for a recently deflowered virgin whom only days ago desired only to become a nun. Jism Junkie came in third, forth went to Semen Slurper, fifth place went to Spunk Monkey and Cream Sucker came in last, but not least.

Madison folded the letter and tucked it under a book in her bedside stand. She then laid the check on the same stand and got up from the bed. Wiping the tears from her cheeks and eyes, she got dressed, freshened her makeup and then left the house for the bank. With the money deposited, she breathed a sigh of relief knowing she would make it through another couple of years should the job market continue to keep her unemployed.

Returning home, Madison was just about to open the front door when a car pulled in the driveway. Blocking the sun with a hand to the forehead, she squinted to see who it could be – managing a glimpse of a bearded man as he backed out and went the other way. No sooner was she in the house when her phone began ringing to the beat of Daft Punk’s within – the ringtone she used for Sarah as it was her favorite song by her favorite band. Reluctantly, she answered.

“Hey Sarah.”

“Hey Madison, how you doing?” Sarah replied.

“About as well as can be expected under the circumstances. Thank Master Zack for the letter and check for me.”

“You’re welcome,” Master Zack said. “I am a man of my word and I pay all of my debts.”

“Sorry, I should have told you I had it on speakerphone.”

“It’s okay. Is anyone else listening in?”

“The whole group is here,” Master Zack answered. “We’re just calling to make sure you made it home and you’re able to cope with what you did here on my farm.”

“Honestly, I’m not really coping with it at all, Master,” Madison said out of respect for the man who would have bred and trained her as a submissive. “I’m having a hard time understanding why I ever let you talk me into getting pierced and tattooed and for the life of me I can’t figure it out.”

“It was a spur of the moment, excitement and adrenaline-filled moment,” Master Zack explained. “Everyone else was doing it and you fell for the peer pressure. Honestly, I’m grasping at straws here to help you understand, but the truth is, only you know why you allowed it to happen. What I can offer is some advice. Emotions are high right now and you are apt to make decisions you might come to regret. Give it some time and in a couple of months take a long look at yourself in the mirror. If you do not like the piercings and tattoo have them removed and let the holes heal closed.”

“I’ve done nothing but look at myself in the mirror, Master.”

“Do you still have your pussy ringed shut?”

“Yes Master.”

“Why?”

“Master?”

“Why do you have your pussy ringed shut? It’s been a week since you left the farm so why continue to wear the rings as if you were my breeding cow?”

“I… I don’t know, Master.”

“Is it because you like them? Are you still considering being my breeding slave? Or are you keeping them in as some sort of punishment you think you deserve?”

“I guess I like them a little, but mostly it’s out of punishment, Master. Who in their right mind would want me looking like this?”

“Plenty of men and women would,” Janine replied. “You are an incredibly beautiful woman with far more than a stunning body to offer.”

“It’s true,” Beth added. “Ask anyone, I’ve done nothing but talk about you since you left.”

“Oh?”

“I loved licking and fisting your pussy and I get all hot and bothered just thinking about you fisting me out by the pond that day.”

“It’s true,” Erica cut in. “She won’t let any of us fist her unless Master commands it.”

“I want you Spooge Gobbler,” Beth said using Madison’s submissive name. “I want to suck your nipples and fist your pussy as Master fucks his baby into you. God! The thought of you being bred drives me absolutely fucking crazy!”

“Who are you and what have you done with Beth?” Madison asked. “I can’t believe how much you’ve changed in a week. Do your parents know?”

“I told them three days ago and they disowned me.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. It’s their loss, not mine. Anyways, if you’d consider coming back and allowing Master to breed you I’d more than gladly give you half the money he’s paying to breed and train me as his sex slave.”

“That goes double for me,” said Jizz Gulper.

“We’ve all decided to pull our resources to get you to come back,” said Alice – aka Jism Junkie. “We have fifteen million dollars for you if you’ll do it. What do you say?”

“I didn’t leave because of the money,” Madison answered, “I left because I couldn’t handle being bred like an animal and trained as a submissive.”

“Not even for fifteen million dollars?” asked Beth.

“I know it may come to a shock to you all, but not everyone can be bought and sold like a piece of furniture.”

“That’s fifteen million from them,” Master Zack added. “Come back and allow me to breed and train you and I’ll double it.”

“Why? Why would you pay me thirty million dollars when you can get other women much cheaper?”

“Because you’re the only one to ever walk away,” Master Zack answered honestly “and I don’t like to lose. Thirty million dollars and all you have to do is be my breeding cow and sex slave for as long as you’re capable of having babies.”

“That could be another twenty years!” Madison exclaimed.

“One-point-five million a year is pretty damn good money,” Sarah chimed back in. “Where else are you going to make that kind of bank?”

“For having sex and learning new and wild kinky sex,” Beth added with a distinct tone of excitement. “Jism Junkie double fisted my ass last night!”

“So, you’re willing to pay me a hundred times more than any other woman because you don’t like to lose, Master?”

“Well, technically I’m only paying you fifty time more and the rest is coming from your very generous friends.”

“No, they deserve the money you are paying them for their services. If you want me down there then you’ll have to fork over the entire thirty million yourself. Otherwise, no deal. How badly do you really want me, Master?”

“Badly enough to agree. But you must agree to be my breeding cow for as long as you can safely have babies, and my sex slave for life.”

“No deal. You said slave for as long as I am able to get pregnant and that’s what I’ll hold you to. If you want me for life make it a hundred million and you might have a deal.”

“JESUS CHRIST, SPOOGE GOBBLER!” Semen Slurper exclaimed. “If you don’t want to do it then why don’t you just say so?”

“Oh, I do want to do it, Semen Slurper. But it’s going to cost Master if he ever wants to reclaim his lost prize. What’ll it be, Master? How much is my surrender worth to you?”

“Let me think it over and I’ll get back to you,” Master Zack replied.

“Take your time, I’m not going anywhere. So, how are the rest of you doing? Anyone else pregnant yet?”

“Not yet,” Master Zack’s wife Spunk Monkey answered, but not for lack of Master trying. It’s only been a week since you left and as we all know getting knocked up isn’t always easy.”

“What do you think Master will do, Spunk Monkey? Will your husband buy me for a couple of decades, or the rest of my life? Or is the price so high he’ll let me slip away?”

“Master will do what he thinks is best.”

“Spoken like a true slave.”

“In training. I am not fully trained by a long shot.”

“But we’re working on it,” Cream Sucker added. “Even though some of us only had to be trained as submissives, we all agreed to allow Master to train us as sex slaves.”

“Alright,” Master Zack finally said. “I’ll pay you to be my breeding cow and sex slave for the next twenty years, but there are going to be a lot of restrictions and rules to follow.”

“I want paid up front.”

“Not going to happen. I will, however, pay you one-point-five million dollars a year for the next twenty years. I will have a new contract drawn up and I expect you back on my farm in one week to sign or the deal is off and will never be made again.”

“I’ll be there, Master. I guess I’ll be seeing the rest of you in a week as well.”

“I look forward to it,” Beth said first. “Will you fist me when you get here?”

“I think that can be arranged.”

“Are you still able to take a fist?”

“Up my ass, easily. Not sure about my pussy. It’s been locked shut for the last week.”

“Well, if you’ll let me I’d gladly fist it back open for you.”

“I’ll see you in a week.”