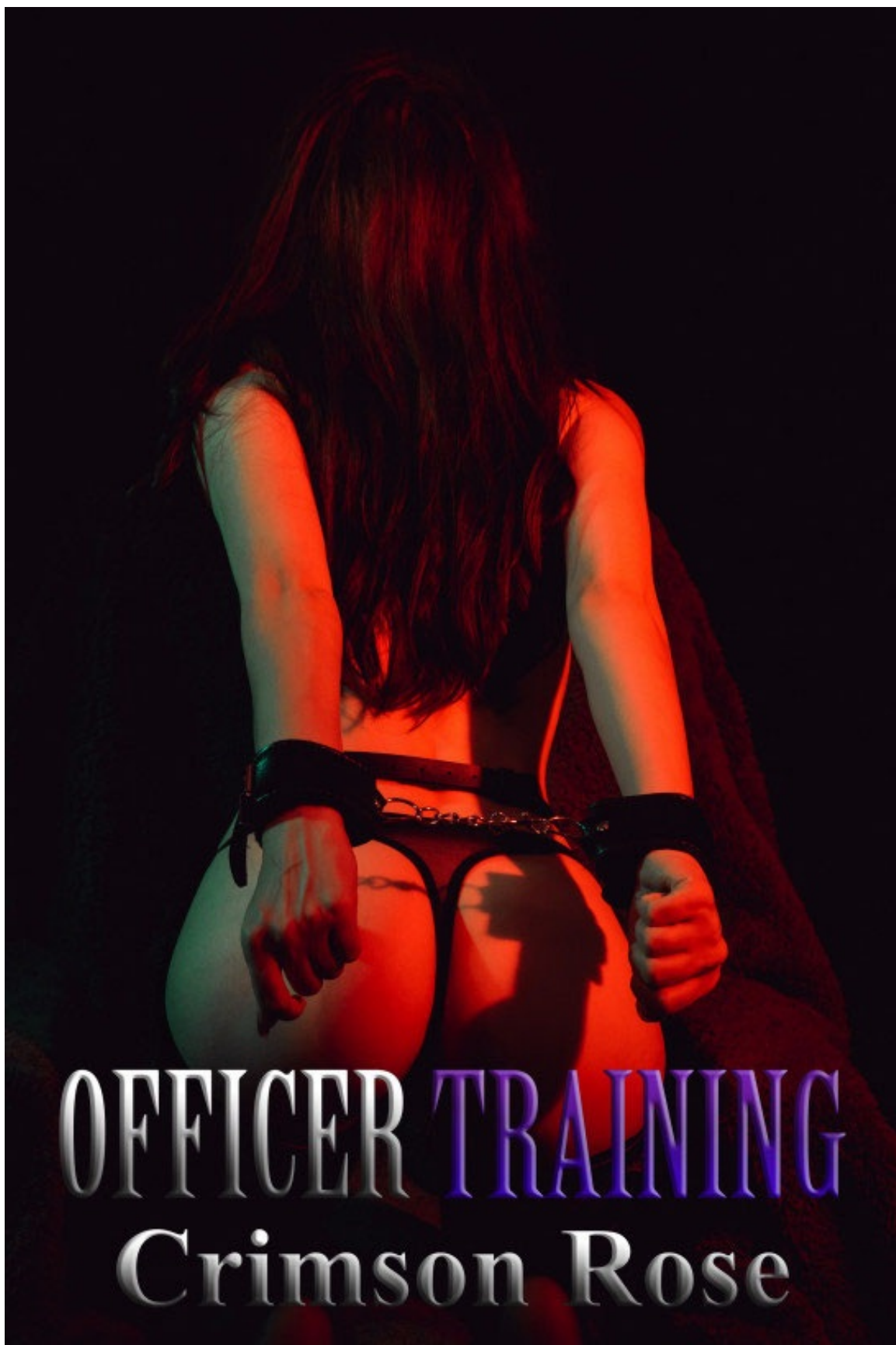
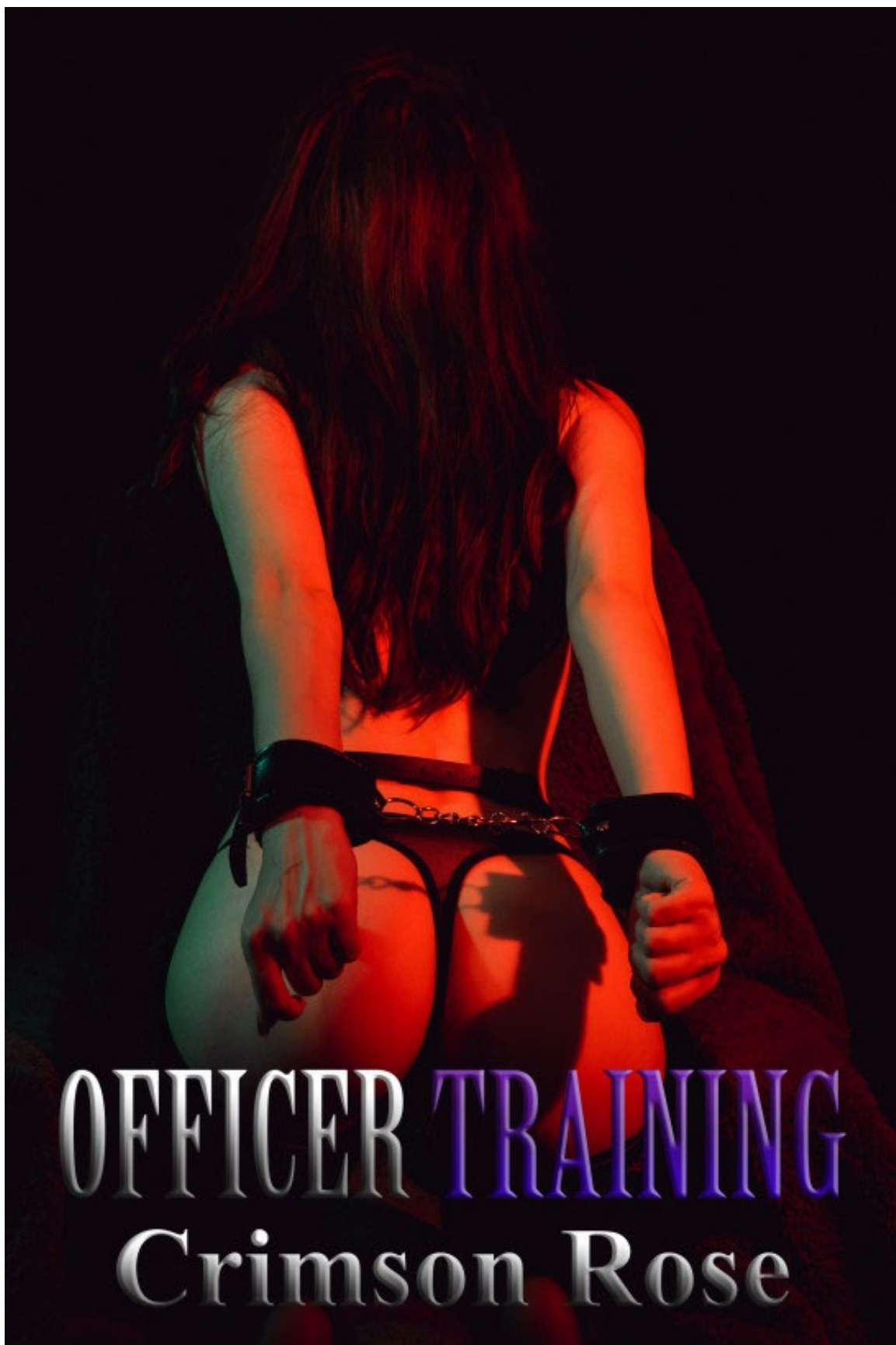




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Crimson Rose



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Fires. Protests. Blackmail. Lawsuits. Bomb threats. Investigations by every law enforcement agency in the country. Death threats too numerous to count. The Domination Farm had been on the receiving end of them all for the entirety of its forty-year existence and for forty years it had come out on the winning side. When the original wooden structures and fences were burned to the ground three years after opening, the owner rebuilt with brick and stone. To combat blackmail, fraud and lawsuits the entire fetish resort was wired with cameras recording every millimeter 24/7. Rules years in the making were implemented ensuring all who entered did so of their own accord. But the best thing they ever did was negotiate for and win a contract with the local police department. And thus the Officer Training Program began.

The program was met with heavy resistance from officers having exactly zero desire to delve into the world of bdsm, but threats of being fired and promises of hefty bonuses courtesy the Domination Farm swayed most to stay and suffer a few months of humiliation for a career paying well above the national average. Some years only one officer was sent because that is all that was hired. Other years saw as many as ten. The class of 2021 fell in the middle with five officers straight out of the academy. Arriving at the station for their first day of active duty, they were immediately escorted to Chief Erica Walker's office where they saw the city's first female police chief sitting at her huge mahogany desk.

"At ease," Chief Walker said. "I think you all know why you're here, but in case you forget let me remind you. As our newest recruits you are required to participate in the Officer Training Program. You will spend the next six months living at the Domination Farm while they teach you everything there is to know about the bdsm lifestyle. I know, it's a bizarre thing to ask an officer to do, but the fact of the matter is it is wholly necessary given they're here to stay. Before the program was initiated we were sending officers out there twenty or more times a day for what amounted to consensual acts of sex. That is no longer the case. Any questions before I continue?"

"Yes Ma'am," twenty-seven-year-old Officer Brittany Moore answered. "Have you gone through this training program yourself?"

“I have. As have every single officer and detective in the department save the five of you.”

“How can the department require its officers to spend six months being turned into sex slaves?” Officer Roxanne Lawton – a pale, freckle-faced redhead, asked with raised brow.

“I want to make one thing very clear here and now. The program is instructional, not sexual. That being said, you are required to read and sign the same paperwork as every other visitor so there’s no confusion on consent should you decide to engage in such activities outside of training hours.”

“And we’re required to live on this farm for six months? What about our families and friends?”

“They’re welcome to visit if they like, but you are not permitted to leave until the end of your training. Speaking of which, once you’ve completed the six months you’ll be given a test. If you pass that you’ll be given a bonus of fifty thousand dollars. If you fail you’ll have to retake the entire course again. If you fail a second time you’ll be dismissed from the department. Now, as part of our deal with the Domination Farm you are also required to dress the part. I apologize for the personal question, but raise your hand if your nipples are pierced.” Two women raised their hand. The three of you that did not raise your hand will need to get them done immediately as part of your uniform require it.”

“Excuse me?” Officer Moore replied. “What do you mean we’re required to get our nipples pierced?”

“I didn’t stutter officer. Your badge will be worn on your left nipple and nametag on the right. And before you ask, yes, I have mine done as have every officer in the department. Didn’t they give you this information already?”

“No Ma’am they did not.”

“Then when we’re finished here I have some phone calls to make. You can always get your nipples pierced at the Farm, but that can lead to other work being done so I suggest talking to Detective Miranda Pierce as she’d got seven years’ experience doing various forms of body modification. Which brings me to the rest of your new uniform. If you’re familiar with the Domination Farm you’ll know they like dressing their visitors up in leather and latex. In fact, normal

street clothes aren't permitted at all. Each of you will be given seven Farm uniforms that are yours to keep. Once at the Farm you'll be instructed on how to properly clean and maintain them. Now, as part of our contract I'm obligated to ask if you'd like the normal uniforms, or the enhanced ones that come with a special pair of panties and an additional ten-thousand-dollar bonus. Before you answer know that you'll be required to wear said panties twenty-four-seven."

"What makes them so special?" asked Officer Moore.

"I wish I could tell you, but I am contractually forbidden from doing so. If you want the extra bonus you'll have to sign additional paperwork. Also know that if you attempt to cheat and wear something else you'll lose your entire bonus so only sign if you're sure you want to take the risk. So, with that in mind, who would like the enhanced uniform?" To her surprise all five women raised their hand. "Nice. Once you've signed the necessary paperwork you may strip out of your street clothes and into your new uniforms which are in the boxes there to your right. And while you're doing that I'll go ahead and call Detective Pierce to, well, pierce the nipples of those that need them."

"You want us to strip naked right here in your office?" asked Officer Skye Marshall. At twenty-three she was the youngest woman in the room and at 5'10" the tallest. She was most likely the shyest as well, preferring to speak only when pertinent. Like many before her she found the Officer Training Program highly suspect, but took the job anyways for the bonus and much higher salary.

"Your bodies are going to be seen by everyone at the Domination Farm as well as millions around the world so if being naked in front of a few women makes you uncomfortable then perhaps we're not the right department for you." And with that, Chief Walker opened a drawer on the right side of her desk, withdrew some forms and then slid them across the desk. "Read and sign those acknowledging your acceptance of the enhanced uniforms. Once everyone has signed you may all strip and put them on."

One by one the five rookies read and signed the waiver and consent form and then as a group walked to the right side of the room where five boxes sat on a long bench. Finding the one with their name on it, they began stripping to various degrees of reluctance while their boss sat at her desk watching and smiling. The first garment they all picked up was the enhanced portion on their new fetish uniform, a pair of black latex panties with built in plugs. And not

small ones either.

“You can’t be serious!” Officer Marshall exclaimed.

“You signed the form so I’m assuming you read it as well. Particularly the part where refusal to wear the uniform in its entirety is grounds for immediate dismissal.”

“I’ve never done anal before.”

“Then you’re in for an experience. “

“This is so messed up.”

“Welcome to life in Rome, Wisconsin where kink reigns free.” Chief Walker replied. “Now if you’ll pardon me I have a phone call to make.”

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It took nearly two hours but eventually all five rookie officers were in their new uniform consisting of dildo panties with built-in seven inch long, two-inch-thick plugs, thigh-high boots, long opera style gloves, cupless crop top, and garter belt all in matching blue and black latex with badge hanging from their left nipple and nametag on the right. For the sake of the walk through the department and the drive to the Domination farm they were also given a light summer dress to wear that would have to be removed upon arrival. Second guessing their career paths the five women nevertheless hurried out of the station as quickly as humanly possible where they were greeted in the parking deck by a statuesque blond wearing a curve hugging latex dress and knee-high boots.

“Hello ladies, My name is Mistress Veronica and I’ll be escorting you to the Domination Farm this morning. I’ll also be giving you a few lessons in bdsm along the way.”

“Um, excuse me, but we were told this program was strictly informative and not sexual,” said Officer Skye Marshall even as she attempted to adjust to the plugs stuffing her front and back.

“It is. I assume by the way you’re wiggling around that you either need to pee or you’ve decided to wear the enhanced uniform. Which is it Officer Marshall?”

“We’re all wearing the enhanced uniforms.”

“Very nice.”

“Ooohhhhh god!” Officer Lawton suddenly gasped. “W-what the hell was that?”

“What was what?”

“Sweet fucking Jesus!” Officer Eve Maxwell – the oldest at twenty-nine and only black woman, moaned. “T-The panties! The plugs just vibrated!”

Mistress Veronica just smiled. “Yeah, they’ll do that. The frequency and intensity are completely random to make it impossible to predict when it’ll happen. That being said, why don’t we go ahead and get in the van and I’ll explain the first lesson while you’re reading and filling out paperwork?” Once everyone was buckled in, she continued. “The folders that were on the seats contain all the rules, waivers and consent forms all visitors to the domination Farm must agree to in order to enter. When the police visit on official duty they may be ignored, but you’ll be expected to follow them to the letter for the duration of your training program. And now for your first lesson in bdsm. Etiquette and respect. If you have a question you’ll politely ask if you may ask and then wait for me to give permission before doing so. I know that sounded far more confusing than it really is so let me simplify. If you have a question you will say: Mistress, may I please ask a question? You will then wait for me to give permission before asking. Once I’ve given you permission you will then reply with: Thank you for allowing me to speak, Mistress. And then you’ll ask your question. Any questions”

“Mistress, May I please ask a question?” Officer Lawton asked.

“You may.”

“Thank you for allowing me to speak, Mistress. Will we be required to ask permission to speak at all times while at the Farm or just during training hours?”

“Good question and nicely asked. That was a perfect example of submissive etiquette. To answer, not all Masters and Mistress are the same. Some will require you to ask permission, others will permit you to speak freely so long as you do it in a polite manner. As I am in charge during the trip to the Farm I require it.”

“Mistress, may I ask a question?” asked Officer Ellen Woods whom until this point had remained silent.

“You may.”

“Thank you for allowing me to speak, Mistress. What happens if we don’t ask for permission before speaking?”

“That all depends on the situation. For instance, if you don’t ask during the ride you’ll be disciplined with ten swats of the cane. But if you don’t ask, say, during a scene in which you don’t have time to ask, for instance if something is going horribly wrong, they nothing will happen. And before any of you asks, yes, you will definitely be disciplined for breaking the rules as described in that stack of paperwork you should be reading.”

“Mistress, May I ask a question?” asked Officer Moore.

To test the woman’s patience, Mistress Veronica put the van in gear, backed out of the space and drove down three decks to the street before answering. “You may ask your question now.”

“Thank you for allowing me to speak, Mistress. I heard visitors wear some sort of bracer to the Farm, but none of us have received any such thing. Am I mistaken on that?”

“No, you are correct. You haven’t been issued a bracer because your information isn’t in the system yet. Once it is one will be issued to you and as part of our arrangement with the police department two thousand dollars will be added to it every month for you to use however you see fit within the Domination Farm. That being said, if you go over and incur debt, the deposit will be short that amount and any remaining debt must be worked off in accordance to the rules. We’re only fifteen minutes from the Farm so to give you time to read and sign everything I’m going to drive around for the next two hours. That should get us to our destination around noon. Until then the only thing I want to hear is your breathing and occasional gasp and moan if and when the plugs stimulate you. Oh, and any questions you might have pertaining to the paperwork in your laps.”

Minutes passed in silence as the women read. And then out of nowhere the van was filled with the pleasure-filled moans of Officer Ellen Woods as an orgasm unexpectedly tore through her thanks to the plugs not just vibrating, but growing

as well. Sliding out of her seat, paperwork flying everywhere, she gushed into the tight material of her panties. When it subsided, she rolled onto her knees to get up only to feel the plugs growing and vibrating again. If the first time was a three this was a solid nine-point-five. “Uuhhnnn! J-J-Jesus C-Christ! The p-plugs! They’re getting bigger.”

“Oh thank god!” Roxanne breathed a sigh of relief. “I thought I was imagining things.”

“That’s ten swats for you, Officer Lawton,” Mistress Veronica said as she took a quick glance in the rearview mirror. “And you’re not imagining things. The plugs are inflatable and while random like the vibrations will reach their full size sometime in the next eight hours. And to answer your next question, eight inches long and three and a half inches thick. Now back to reading.”

Forms read and signed, Mistress Veronica pulled into the packed parking lot of the Domination Farm, went right and pulled into a space reserved for Farm personnel. “Alright, ladies, time for another lesson in submission. Two lessons actually. First, when we get out of the van everyone except Officer Lawton will assume the kneeling position. That means kneeling with head bowed slightly and arms behind your back, hands on elbows or as close as you can manage. Officer Lawton, for breaking the rules you’ll assume what is known as the wall position. For now the side of the van will act as the wall. You will place your hands on the van shoulder height and then back up until nearly bent at the waist with legs spread shoulder width apart, back arched and face forward. You may all get out now.”

Once out of the van the five officers assumed their positions. Cane in hand, Mistress Veronica stood behind and to the left of Officer Roxanne Lawton. “Time for lesson number three. Discipline. It’s going to happen and the sooner you accept that the better off you’ll be. All of this was in the paperwork you all just read and signed but I’ll go over it one more time. I’m going to give you ten swats of the cane. After every swat you’ll count and then say: Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson. If you break position, miss count, forget to give thanks or say anything other than the count and thanks I’ll add five more swats per infraction. And we’ll keep going until you get them all right. Do you understand the rules as I’ve explained them?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“Good. Now, I don’t want to ruin your panties so pull them down to your knees and then resume the position.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Swoosh. THWACK!

“Aahhgghhh! Son of a fucking bitch that hurt!” Roxanne yelled as she lurched forward, pressing herself against the van.

“Did you think it was going to tickle? That’s five additional swats for saying something other than the count and thanks, five more for forgetting the count and thanks and another five more for breaking position. That brings you to twenty-five. Get back in position or I’ll make it thirty. Or if you like you may accept an alternate discipline in the form of one body modification of my choice. What’ll it be, Officer?”

“I’ll take the body modification, Mistress.”

“After one swat? Wow, you have a really low tolerance for pain. I’ll remember that. Alright, you may kneel next to your coworkers for the final part of your uniform.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Going to the back of the van, Mistress Veronica opened the doors and then a fancy, flat wooden box with a triskelion burned into the top. Inside, pressed into their own felt-lined depressions were the metal bands the Domination farm invented and perfected. Sleek with powerful magnetic clasp requiring more than five hundred pounds of pressure or a special tool to open, each collar contained a shock element capable of instantly downing even the toughest of men. The normal color was black, but they came in a variety of colors from light blue worn by farm submissives and slaves and green worn by those working for DFTV – the Domination Farm’s own television station, to purple worn by switches and orange worn by employees of the resort’s sex toy department, DF Productions. The dark blue ones Mistress Veronica plucked from the case were worn only by officers in training.

Collars in hand, Mistress Veronica walked behind Officer Brittany Moore and stopped. Moving her long brown hair out of the way, she placed the band around her neck and snapped the ends together. Brittany knew what it meant to be collared at the Domination Farm. She also knew that she did not have to accept it, but being part of her uniform she remained silent as Mistress Veronica moved down the line collaring each and every one of them.

“I know what you’re all thinking. You’re collared now. That means you belong to me as per the rules governing the Domination Farm. And you’d be right. For the duration of your training you are my submissives. Don’t worry, as per our deal with the police department I will not have you registered unless you ask.

That being said, you are required to obey all the rules just as any other submissive for as long as that collar is around your neck. Any questions before we head inside?”

“Mistress, May I ask a question?” Ellen asked.

“You may.”

“Thank you for allowing me to speak, Mistress. This is definitely way beyond just informative. Now you’ve collared us and say we must obey all the rules of regular submissives. Are you saying we’ll have to have sex if you command it? Because I don’t think my husband will like that very much.”

“As I said, as long as that collar is around your neck you’re required to follow the rules that you agreed to obey. If you would like me to remove it just say the word, but know that if I do you’re still required to obey the rules and I cannot protect you from being collared by someone else. Would you like me to remove it?”

“N-No Mistress.”

“Then you may all stand and follow me to the ticket booths where your information will be entered into the system and you’ll be issued a bracer. When you walk you will do so with head bowed and hands clasped in front. Once we’re inside the Farm I’ll escort Officer Lawton to Naughty Ink where she’ll have the name Officer Spunkswallow tattooed on her left breast. Now on your feet.”

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Everyone living in Rome, Wisconsin knew about the Domination Farm, heard stories about domination, submission and sexual slavery. Some true, most fabricated by parents hoping to scare their children away from delving into a lifestyle they saw as perverse. Everyone had their story, but a surprisingly low percentage of the city’s 330,000 citizens have been inside the walls to see it with their own eyes. The five policewomen now taking part in the Officer Training Program fell into the latter category. So when a woman being double fisted by a well-built black man while sucking another was the first thing they saw they knew they were in for far more than any of them bargained for. To the left they saw a row of high-tech pillories, eight of which had women locked in them

while sucking off lines of men. Out of the corner of her eye Officer Maxwell saw a naked woman kneeling as the four men surrounding her aimed their cocks at her face and then proceeded to cover it and fill her mouth with pee.

“The building on the right is the Hot Momma Café,” Mistress Veronica said. Only lactating farm submissives and slaves work there and the milk comes straight from the source if you know what I mean. To the left are the cocksucking pillories. Once locked in you won’t be released until you’ve sucked off at least fifty men. Of course others will definitely use your pussies and asses while they wait. Lesson five, pleasuring your Master or Mistress should be your sole purpose in life and being able to get men off with your mouth is a skill you should all have. To that end I would like one of you to volunteer to be locked in the pillories. Any takers or do I have to make it a command?”

“I-I’ll do it Mistress,” Officer Marshall replied.

“Good girl. Go ahead and go to the pillories. Scan your bracer and when it opens place yourself in and it’ll close on its own. Remember, you won’t be released until you’ve sucked off fifty men. If experience has taught me anything that means you’ll most likely be fucked by at least twice as many so I hope you’re on birth control. And if not, well, I hope one of them knocks you up. Now go place yourself in the pillory.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

Waiting, Mistress Veronica and her group of trainees watched as Skye walked up to the long row of pillories, raised her right arm and paused a moment before swiping her right wrist across the scanner. The metal top unlocked and lifted. Before she could even walk behind it a line of twenty men formed. And before the top locked in place a dick was thrusting in and out of her from both ends. What the holy fucking hell am I doing! She thought as she had her first threesome. Why would I ever agree to this? I’m here for information, not to be a damn submissive! Who the hell am I kidding? Of course I’m here to be trained as a submissive. Why the hell else would the damn department make such a fucked-up deal? Why would I accept a job for them? Unless...oaky, yeah this actually feels pretty fucking good!

“Alright, ladies, she’ll be busy for the next several hours so let’s continue. Beyond the pillories you’ll see the Whorsie Track where we train ponygirls and

ponyboys to pull carts and carry their Masters and Mistresses. Any takers?"

"Mistress, may I ask a question?" Officer Maxwell asked.

"You may."

"Thank you for allowing me to speak, Mistress. Is your plan to give us the information we actually came here for, or train us as actual submissives and sex slaves?"

"You read and signed all that paperwork. What do you think? So, I'll ask again, which of you would like to begin your Whorsie training this evening."

"I'll do it," Roxanne answered in the hopes it would get her out of being tattooed.

"Great. I'll escort you back right after you've paid a visit to Naughty Ink."

"To answer your question, Mistress, I think you're taking advantage of our, or rather their ignorance to train us as submissives. You see, unlike probably ninety-nine-point-nine percent of the people that pass through here I didn't just read the rules you gave us, I read the entire governing handbook. All eight-hundred-sixty-three pages of it. Eleven times. I made sure to pay particularly close attention to the seventy-five pages detailing the Officer training Program. Our role here is strictly observatory. We are exempt from most of the rules we agreed to in the paperwork. Your job is to teach us about the lifestyle, not to train us as submissives."

"What better way to learn than through experience?"

"That's actually a very fair point, Mistress. Nevertheless, while you are a Mistress here at the Domination Farm, you are not our Mistress because none of us are registered to you. All of us may politely decline any and all offers you make without fear of retribution. Don't get me wrong, I actually think it's pretty fucking hot that Officer Marshall volunteered to go into the pillories and Officer Lawton will be trained as a ponygirl, but neither of them had to do it." Seeing a look of relief wash over Roxanne's cute face, Eve almost hated to burst that bubble of hope. Almost. "Of course, they must do it since they agreed or face being disciplined, but they could have refused. I guess the point I'm trying to make is that I know the rules of this place, all of the rules of this place and I will

not let you or anyone else take advantage of us just because you think we're a bunch of ignorant cops. That being said, I just have one more thing to say before I'm done ranting. Since you're not our registered Mistress we do not have to ask permission to speak. We must still be polite when speaking, but we don't need to ask first and if you discipline us for not asking you're breaking the rules."

"Wait, does that mean She's breaking the rules by taking me to be tattooed for not asking permission earlier?" Officer Lawton asked.

"Yes and no. This is one of those gray areas. You should've never been disciplined in the first place, but since you accepted it you're bound by those rules. And since you accepted an alternate punishment in the form of a tattoo you'll unfortunately have to get it or face further discipline."

"I wish you would've said something earlier."

"I could have, but I figured everyone read the governing rulebook like I did and you decided to accept it. It took me until now to realize I'm the only one. Sorry. For what it's worth I think it's kind of hot that you're basically getting the equivalent of a submissive name so if you're ever registered you won't have to get another."

"All I'm hearing is that she intends on taking advantage of us and that can't fly," Officer Woods entered the conversation. "I don't like liars and cheats so I'd like to ask for a new Mistress please."

"If memory serves we'll have to go to the Main office to put in a request," said Officer Maxwell. "And I'm with you on that. Sorry, Mistress Veronica, but I really don't like your training style or the fact that you've consistently lied to us."

Anger boiling, Veronica wanted to lash out and teach them all a lesson about who was in charge, but with cameras watching their every action she instead just sighed. "If you want another Mistress, fine by me. But I'm still taking Officer Lawton to receive her punishment."

"Actually, I really don't think you will," Eve said to everyone's surprise. "See, there's one minor detail I haven't mentioned, but since no one else is going to bring it up I will. Take a very close look at her outfit, ladies, and tell me if you find anything odd about it."

“Um, it looks like a perfectly normal latex dress to me,” Brittany answered.

“Look closer.”

“Um, the boots seem fine as well.”

Shaking her head, Eve sighed. “She’s not even a fucking Mistress. Look at her arms. No red armband. Jesus Christ, we just read about this on the way here. Red armband means dominant. She’s not rearing one so we actually don’t have to listen to a word she says.”

“I forgot my armband this morning.”

“Right, and I’m the owner of this fine resort. Come on, ladies, I think we need to take the imposter to the main office.” And with that Eve quickly reached out and grabbed Veronica’s right arm. Skye grabbed the left. Brittany and Roxanne took up position in front and behind to prevent escape.

“So, um, what about Officer Marshall?” Brittany asked.

“Unfortunately, she entered the pillories of her own free will so she’s stuck until it releases her, but by the look on her face I don’t think she minds. Anyways, the office is that building there on the right. So we don’t have far to take this one.”

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Entering the main office with their prisoner, the four officers escorted Veronica to the desk at the back where a slender brunette woman in her thirties sat entering information into a computer. Their eyes all went to the very noticeable red metal band around her right bicep. The mistress looked up and gave them a raised brow.

“Morning Officers, what seems to be the problem?”

“The problem, Mistress, is that this woman picked us up from the station this morning and has since pretended to be a Mistress working for the Domination Farm when, as we can all see she’s not wearing an armband.”

“I told them I forgot it,” Veronica replied in her own defense.

“Forgetting the armband, even if you really do have one not only strips you of your status as a dominant while not wearing it, but is grounds for discipline as well,” Eve said. Seeing all eyes now on her, she shrugged. “What? I told you I read the entire rulebook eleven times.”

“Well, I can assure you that Veronica really is a Mistress here at the Domination Farm and this isn’t the first time she’s forgotten her armband. Hmm...I only see four of you. I was informed there would be five.”

“Officer Marshall is currently locked in the cocksucking pillories, Mistress,” Brittany answered.

“I see. Well, I can assure you that Veronica will be severely disciplined for breaking the rules.”

“We would like another Mistress to oversee our training if that’s okay, Mistress,” Eve requested. “This one has repeatedly lied to us and I personally don’t trust her as far as I can throw her.”

“That can be arranged. Please wait here and I’ll see if Mistress Hailee is available. She’s been with us nine years and in that time has overseen the training of nearly thirty officers. Unlike this one, I’ve heard nothing but good things about her. You may...” Just then she watched Eve drop to her knees and then flat on the floor moaning and writhing in orgasm. “I see one of you has the enhanced uniform. Nice.”

“Um, actually all of us do, Mistress,” Brittany replied.

“Even nicer.”

“Say that to my poor stretched open pussy and asshole, Mistress,” Roxanne sighed. “I’ve never been so full in my life.”

“Amen!” Ellen exclaimed. “Mine are so big I feel like I’m being stuffed with the thick end of baseball bats.”

“Depending on the version that you’re wearing you very well may be,” said Mistress Olivia. The four of you may kneed over there,” she added, motioning towards the wall to the officers’ left. As for you,” she addressed Veronica. “This was your last chance to prove you could follow the rules and you couldn’t even

pick up a few officers without screwing up. You are hereby permanently stripped of your status as a Mistress of the Domination Farm. In accordance with our rules you'll be registered as a Farm submissive. You have one hour to make your way to Naughty Ink where you'll have a randomly generated name branded on your left breast."

"I'm not submissive and I'll be damned if I'm going to be branded."

"Then you forfeit your pay to cover any debts you may have incurred and are permanently banned from the Domination Farm. Your bracer will go into lockdown mode until you can be escorted to the exit. You may kneel over there until security arrives to see you out," Mistress Olivia said, motioning to the right wall.

"Or I can just walk out. I mean, it's not as if you can actually stop me. Or are you going to force me to stay against my will in front of four cops?"

"You're right. What was I thinking? I've got four policewomen right here with the authority to arrest you for breaking the law. Officers, please remove her bracer and then see this disgrace to the exit."

"I live here!' Veronica shouted. You can't just throw me out. You've got to evict me!"

"Actually, she doesn't," Eve chimed in. "Really? Am I the only one that has read the freaking rules cover to cover?"

"No, you're not the only one," Mistress Olivia answered. "But I feel most Masters and Mistresses are in need of a refresher course. Perhaps we can discuss that later."

"I would like that, Mistress."

"See her out and then return here."

"Yes Mistress."

"Actually, change of plans, have you been shown to the apartments yet?"

"Yes Mistress," Brittany answered. Um, may we ask your name?"

“My name is Mistress Olivia and I’m one of the day managers. And which one are you?”

“My name is Officer Brittany Moore, Mistress, and it’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“Likewise. Back to what I was saying, knowing Mistress Hailee as well as I do she’ll want to train all five of you at the same time and since one of you will spend several hours in the pillories I’m giving you the day to explore as you wish and I’ll have Mistress Hailee meet you here at noon tomorrow. Just remember, those collars around your necks mark you as submissive so obey the rules accordingly and you’ll be fine.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“You’re welcome. Now get that garbage out of my office.”

“With pleasure, Mistress.” Once outside, Brittany glanced at each of her fellow officers. “I don’t know about the three of you, but holy shit do I like how calling her Mistress.”

“I know the feeling,” Eve said. “I’m not even submissive and I like it. A lot.”

“I was totally going to get tattooed and trained as a ponygirl so I think I’m a lot more submissive than I ever imagined. “Actually, after we take out the trash I’m going to do it anyways. Um, visit the track that is.”

“Nice,” Eve replied. “I don’t know if we’re all going our separate ways, so I’ll give you a bit of advice. “Unless you want to be locked into some of the kinkier fetishes stay out of those marked as mandatory. There are plaques to the right of every door. Mandatory fetishes are silver and non-mandatory ones are gold.”

“Good to know,” Brittany said.

Once Veronica was out of their lives forever, Eve turned to her fellow officers. “I know the rules of this place like the back of my hand. Sure, we’re here to observe and gain a better understanding of the bdsm lifestyle as a whole but I think we can all agree that just by the very nature of this place we’ll inevitably do things we’re not comfortable with. I’m straight. I’ve never once had a lesbian thought, but knowing this place as well as I do I know it’s only a matter of time before I have sex with another woman and I’ve come to accept that as part of my training. That being said, I’d like my first lesbian experience to be with my fellow officers. If you’re comfortable doing it that is.”

“I’ll gladly have sex with you,” Roxanne replied. “But only if all five of us agree. To that end, I propose we tell Officer Marshall what’s happening and then join her in the pillories.”

“I can get on board with that,” Eve agreed.

“Count me in,” Brittany answered.

“I’m not the greatest at sucking dick and have never managed to deepthroat for more than half a second before gagging so maybe this is the training I need in that regard,” Ellen said as she nervously chewed on her lower lip.”

“Then it’s settled, we tell Skye that we have the day for ourselves and then we suck some cocks,” Eve grinned.

“And get fucked by a hundred more if what Veronica said was true,” Brittany added. Which, given the huge groups of men around the pillories I’m inclined to believe.

“My husband said he was fine with me taking this job, but I don’t think he ever expected me to cheat on him,” Ellen sighed. “We’re trying to have a kid so I’m not even on birth control so this is going to be an interesting six months.”

“Who knows, maybe you’ll get lucky and he’ll be one of those men that loves

being a cuck like mine,” Roxanne said. “Seriously, he about busted a nut when I told him I accepted the job and we weren’t even having sex at the time. He actually told me that he’d never have sex with me again if it meant watching me being bred by large groups of random men. He wants me to be his breeding cow.”

“That’s hot!” Brittany replied.

“You should definitely go to the breeding stables then,” Eve suggested. “It’s a mandatory fetish building where you’ll be required to have sex with twenty men a day until confirmed pregnant. Until that happens your bracer and collar will be in lockdown mode preventing you from leaving, but if you want knocked up that’s the place to do it. And if you’re going to do that you might as well kill to fetishes with one dildo by visiting the milking barn to induce lactation.”

“Only if you join me.”

“I’m not the one trying to have a child.”

“No, but you are here for six months and I’m assuming you didn’t bring your pills with you so unless you’re planning on abstaining then chances are one of these men will impregnate you.”

“Not likely. I’ve got an IUD.”

“I’ll join you,” Brittany said. “I mean, I don’t like what Veronica said, but she did make one good point and that’s the best way to learn is through experience.”

“Let’s see how time in the pillories go. If that many men really are going to fuck us then I’ll join you as well,” Ellen said as the group of them walked up to their bound coworker.

“Hey, Skye,” Eve said. “Long story short, We escorted Veronica out for good and we’re to meet with Mistress Hailee at noon tomorrow in the main office. Until then, Mistress Olivia has given us leave to explore the farm as we see fit. And we see fit to join you in the pillories. But only if you agree to join us in a lesbian gang bang.” Turning her attention to the lanky man slamming his cock in and out of Skye’s mouth and throat, she continued. “Sir, could you please remove your dick from her mouth long enough for her to give us an answer?”

“Only if you agree to drink my piss when I’m finished.”

“Skye, nod if you agree to join us,” Brittany said

Pansexual, Skye immediately began nodding as well as she could being locked in a pillory with a dick pounding down her throat.

“There, we got an answer and you don’t have to drink this asshole’s piss.” Scanning her bracer, Brittany placed herself in the next pillory. The top came down. A black man started to step in front of her but was pushed out of the way by the man that was throat-fucking Skye. Waiting a moment for his boner to subside, he shoved into Brittany’s mouth and started to pee. She gagged but choked most of it down.

“So much for not drinking my piss, huh, slut?” he smirked. When he was finished he moved back in front of Skye to finish the job.

“You fucking asshole! I should’ve bit your fucking dick off!” Brittany seethed as she tried and failed to get the taste of piss out of her mouth. She had plenty more to say, but a black man stepped in front of her and after swiping the chip in his bracer pushed into her mouth.

“This cum bucket has forty-nine more loads to eat before she’s permitted release,” a computerized female voice said from a speaker attached to the machine. The same was repeated three more times as Roxanne, Eve and Ellen sucked their first cocks. In minutes, all five officers were taking it from both ends.

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Ten minutes to forty. The five officers sucked one man off after another while being fucked by just as many. Anal, vaginal, the men did not seem to care what hole they filled as long as they put their dicks in something. But that’s not all. Following the lead of the asshole that used Brittany as his toilet, every man that needed to pee used them all. While not as bad as they imagined, they still drank enough combined with the semen to make them sick to their stomachs. But that was the least of their problems. Unaccustomed to being bent over for long periods of time, their entire bodies cramped and ached to the point bordering on torture.

An oral pro, Eve was the first to be released from the cocksucking pillories. Over the next hour and a half the rest of the officers followed. Roxanne. Ellen. Skye. And finally Brittany. Sitting on the ground far enough away from the pillories not to be placed back in them, They collectively sighed. "I can't believe I volunteered to suck fifty men," Sky groaned. "What the hell was I thinking?"

"Probably the same thing as the rest of us," Roxanne answered. "That one way or another we'd end up trained submissives so why not get a head start."

"Um, am I the only one that noticed we're all missing our panties?" Ellen asked. "Not that I mind because those fucking plugs were massive, but where the hell did they go?"

"My guess is some pervert has them," Eve answered. "Since they're part of the uniform we'll have to get another pair or we'll lose the bonus. Um, we should probably head to the clothing store now. If memory serves it isn't far. And then we can go home and have that orgy."

"Seriously? You want to have an orgy after everything we've been through?" Roxanna asked in total disbelief. "I was fucked by a hundred and thirty-seven men. There's no way in hell I can enjoy more sex."

Rolling onto her knees, Eve crawled between Roxanne's legs, stared into her beautiful green eyes and then licked. It was an interesting sensation and mix of flavors. She had tasted herself while sucking toys she had used to pleasure herself so she definitely tasted hints of womanhood but overpowering that was the taste of semen from who knows how many doners. She licked again. Then sucked Roxanne's clit. Raw. Sore. Exhausted. Roxanne did not want to enjoy it, but could not help it. Bucking her hips, she gushed right into Eve's mouth.

"So much for not enjoying more sex," Brittany laughed. "Come on, there'll be plenty of time for that after we get our panties. Or maybe in the morning after we've gotten some sleep."

"I could use a bite to eat," Ellen said. "And I don't mean pussy. Is there anywhere to get food around here?"

"Mmm hmm," Eve moaned as she continued licking.

"Okay! That's enough," Roxanna said as she pulled away. "I admit, it feels nice

and you proved me wrong but if we're going to fuck each other I'd at least like to take a break and freshen up first."

Getting up, the five officers made their way north on Domination Drive and then east on Caning Court. To their left loomed the Cummypaws Training Facility, the largest and most controversial building on the entire farm. Submissives the world over enjoy being trained as pets, but Cummypaws takes it to a whole new level. Eating and drinking from bowls. Crawling around on all fours. Dressing the part. That was easy. But being reprogrammed, psychologically broken down and reforged to believe one was an actual animal? That took time, patience, a willingness to be reprogrammed with triggers and trust enough in someone not to abuse them. On the right, tiny in comparison was the gift shop and then the clothing store where all first-time visitors received the free outfit that came with the price of admission.

Eve pulled the door open and then stopped. "Remember, we're here for replacement uniform panties which we'll no doubt have to pay for so unless you want to blow through what funds they gave us and incur debt I strongly suggest refusing any sales pitches." Stepping inside, she saw the busty blue-collared saleswoman a fraction of a second before the farm submissive greeted her.

"Welcome to the fetish clothing store, officer, um, officers. How may I help you this evening?"

"Our uniform panties were stolen while we were locked in the cocksucking pillories and we need to get replacements. They were the enhanced version that vibrate and inflate."

"Oh, I love those. I'm Puffynips by the way," the clerk said, pointing to the name tattooed above a very puffy left nipple. "Do you know which version you had?"

"We weren't told," Skye answered.

"Well, when in doubt, go big."

"Um, what exactly is the difference in the versions?" Eve asked.

"The plugs in version one reach eight inches long and three inches thick while those in version two grow to eight inches in the front, ten inches in the back and four inches thick."

“We definitely had version one.”

“I’m sorry, but without proof we always upsize. Do you have a bill of sale?”

“Of course we don’t. The department provided the uniforms. Call them.”

“Sorry officers, but you’ll have to buy version two or none at all.”

“Fine, we’ll take version two,” Brittany sighed.

“I am not stretching myself open that damn much!” Roxanne protested

“You mean as much as we will when we’re inevitably fisted by some guys huge hands? Or when we sit on one of those massive dildos stuck to the benches all over the farm?” Eve asked. “Let’s face it, one way or another we’re going to be stretched open so we might as well accept it and move on with our lives.”

“Fine,” Roxanne huffed “we’ll take version two.”

“Great. With the police discount it’ll be one-eighty-nine-sixty-three with taxes. Unless, of course, I can interest you in something non-uniform related.”

“No thank you. As part of the officer training program we’re only permitted to wear the uniforms,” Eve replied.

“But you’re going to be here forever and you do look good in latex,” Puffynips grinned. “Plus, as officers you automatically save twenty-five percent on our already low prices.”

“Thank you, but we’ll...”

“How much for another outfit?”

“That all depends on what items you choose. For something like what you’re wearing that isn’t uniform specific you’re looking at about four hundred dollars before discount. If you want something like animal outfits, puppy and pony for example, you’re looking at around three hundred before discounts. Really, the only way to know is to give me an idea what you’re looking for and then we can tailor it from there.”

“Remember what I said about ignoring the sales pitch?” Eve groaned. “This is a surefire way to go into debt.”

“We’re here for six months,” Skye said. “I’m interested in one of the animal outfits. What do they come in?”

“Tell you what, so that we don’t hold everyone else up why don’t I go fetch your panties and then I’ll gladly help anyone that wishes to purchase more.”

“Sounds fair.”

Waiting until the clerk was out of sight and earshot,” Eve shook her head in disappointment. “I really hope you know what you’re doing because none of can bail you out if you go into debt.”

“They’re giving us two thousand a month. I think I’ll be okay.”

“Suit yourself, but I’ll stick to the uniform and save my money for things we actually need.”

“If it cost more than two grand a month to eat here then we’re fucked no matter what we do so I’m gonna splurge on something I want.”

“She’s got a point,” Ellen said.

“I wouldn’t mind seeing one of those puppy outfits myself,” Roxanne added.

“Come on, just one extra outfit so you don’t have to wear the uniform all the damn time,” Brittany said.

“You do understand that we have to wear the uniform, the entire uniform at all times or we don’t get the bonus, right?”

“Except when we’re getting fucked, right?” Roxanne asked. “And what about using the bathroom and showering?”

“Those are the only times we can’t wear the panties. Or have all that cock given you amnesia?”

“It doesn’t mean we can’t spend a little on something to eventually take home,”

Brittany said.

“Truer words were never spoken,” Puffynips said as she walked back in with five boxes in hand. “So, have you decided who’s staying and who’s going?”

“It looks like we’re all staying,” Eve answered.

“Nice. Would you like me to ring you out now for the panties or wait until you’ve made all your purchases?”

“There’s a lot riding on those panties so let’s take care of that first. And then I think we’d like to see the animal outfits please.”

“My pleasure, officer.”

Sleeping in as late as possible, the five officers in training showered, dressed and met up at the Dive for a late breakfast of pancakes, sausage, eggs, hash browns, toast and coffee. They probably should not have eaten it all, but the last meal they had was breakfast the day before and after a long night of sex they were ravenous.

“So, what fetish are we going to learn about today?” Ellen asked after chewing down a mouthful of hash browns.

“I guess that all depends on Mistress Hailee,” Eve answered. “Assuming she’s as good as Mistress Olivia says and follows the rules we won’t be doing any.”

“I meant on our own after the training and the gang bang we still have to do with each other.”

“Are you saying you want to try out different things because you’re curious or want to be trained as a submissive or sex slave?” Roxanne asked.

“Um, both? I mean, like you said, we’re going to be here for six months. We’re going to do things we’re not comfortable with and the quicker we accept it, the better off we’ll be. Well, I accept that I’ll eventually, inevitably be trained in all things submission”

“They do make it pretty easy don’t they?” Skye added.

“That’s the whole point. I mean, take us for example. We were sent here yesterday to observe and learn about the lifestyle so that we can better tell force from consent and now here we are discussing what fetishes to partake in as part of our training as submissives,” Eve said. “You’re right, there’s virtually zero chance we go home unregistered, but that doesn’t mean we should just jump in head first. We should meet with Mistress Hailee and see how her training goes before making an informed decision.”

“After training I’m headed for the breeding stables,” Roxanne said. “Hopefully

someone will knock me up before we go home.”

“Still fucking hot,” Brittany grinned. “I think I might join you.”

“So, breeding them?” Ellen asked.

“Not for me, sorry,” Eve replied. “I’ve got an IUD and have no plans on having it removed anytime soon. But if the four of you want to have some random stranger’s baby then by all means don’t let me stand in your way. That being said, Since we’ve already drank the piss of I don’t even know how many men last night I suggest going to the golden showers. It’s a fetish a lot of men and women like and can be completed in a day. The only downside is that it’s a mandatory fetish meaning we’ll have to receive a mark of completion in the form of a tattoo.”

“I thought they also came as brands,” Brittany said.

“They used to, but they changed the rules like two years ago due to the increased risk of infection and the time it takes brands to heal. Now everything is tattooed unless specifically asked for by the one receiving the mark.”

“Good to know. So, are you planning on asking to be branded?”

“Hell no. But I did like drinking piss and figured since we’re going to be here and are rather quickly accepting this as a part of our lives we might as well get the easy stuff out of the way.”

“I’m in. And speaking about easy, who else can fist themselves now that couldn’t before we arrived yesterday?” Ellen asked. When the other four officer’s raised their hands her smile broadened. “I got curious last night after taking the panties off to shower and my hand just went right in my pussy and ass. Is it wrong that I fisted myself to four orgasms before stopping?”

“On what planet is pleasuring yourself wrong?” Skye asked. “I fisted myself last night as well. I had three orgasms thinking about Eve’s tongue licking me clean.”

“Okay. After training with Mistress Hailee we’ll do the golden showers, get our mark of completion and then go head to the house of gape to start fisting training.”

“Start? We can already do it,” Brittany replied.

“We can take one hand. In order to complete fisting training and receive another mark of completion we’ll need to be able to take two fists in both holes. Oh, and for those of you interested in breeding and lactation those are mandatory as well so that’s two more tattoos.”

“With how much you know about this place have you ever considered asking for a job?” Roxanne asked. “Seriously, I bet you could tell me the price of a fucking dildo if I asked.”

“Depends on the size and material,” Eve smirked. And I’ve wanted to be in law enforcement my entire life so, no, I’ve never once considered applying for a job here. Anyways, it’s getting close to noon so we had better head to the main office before we’re late.”

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Arriving at the main office a few minutes before noon, the five officers saw Mistress Olivia leaning against her desk talking to a brunette woman dressed in the police uniform without the panties. They could only see her from the back at this point but what they saw looked very nice including the curved canine tail sticking out of her ass. They then noticed that she had fuzzy ears on top of her head. “Ah, there they are,” Olivia said loud enough for them all to hear. “Come in officers.”

“Hello again Mistress,” Skye greeted.

“If we’re interrupting...” Eve said.

“No, no. This is Mistress Hailee and she’ll be overseeing your training from now on.”

“Um, she’s wearing a police uniform, Mistress.”

“That’s because I’m a policewoman,” Mistress Hailee replied as she turned to face the new recruits. “I was hired by the department eleven years ago and after my training decided to accept a position here as security.”

Now that they could see her face-to-face, the five officers saw another change in

uniform. There was no nametag and her badge now completely covered her vulva. And tattooed on her left breast was her submissive name: Officer Sluttybitch. “Um, may I ask why you have the ears, tail and a submissive name if you’re dominant, Mistress?” Roxanne asked.

“Because I’m part of the canine unit,” Mistress Hailee grinned.

“Wait, the band around your arm is blue, not red which is typical of Mistresses.”

“That’s because Hailee here is top dog of the officer training program. Her armband and collar combination are equal to the purple ones switches wear,” Olivia explained. “Just ask your friend there,” she added, with a nod towards Eve.

“It’s true,” Eve confirmed. “It’s all in the section of the rulebook pertaining to the program. She is indeed a Mistress and submissive for that matter and I think we’re going to learn a lot from her.”

“Cool. So, do we call you Mistress or Sluttybitch?” Ellen asked. “Also, I’m really loving the puppy look. Kind of makes me happy we all bought an extra outfit last night. Too bad we can’t wear them until our training is complete.”

“Going for that bonus, huh? And you will call me Mistress.”

“Yes Mistress. We’re definitely trying to get that bonus and then some.”

“Enhanced panties?”

“Version two, Mistress.”

“Oh my, that’ll make fisting a lot easier. Anyways, I think we’ve taken up enough of Mistress Olivia’s time so what do you say we get out of here and start your training?”

“Yes Mistress,” the five rookies answered.

“May I ask a question, Mistress?” Skye asked as they left the office.

“You may.”

“Thank you Mistress. Do we have to ask permission to speak as I just did or can we speak freely?”

“Unless otherwise stated you may speak freely, but remember to be polite or you’ll be disciplined.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“I should also add that if I’m talking to another dominant you are to ask permission to speak.”

“Understood, Mistress.”

“And are you going to make us partake in the various fetishes like our previous instructor, or will you teach us through observation?” Eve asked.

“Mistress Olivia told me what happened with Veronica and to be honest I’m glad she’s gone. While I will never demand you participate in any of the activities here during training hours what you do in your free time is none of my business. That being said, there are a few aspects of the bdsm lifestyle that you’ll actively practice during your training but it will not be anything sexual.”

“May I ask what we’ll have to do, Mistress?” Roxanne asked.

“We’ll get to that once we get to the training room.”

In silence, Hailee led her new class west on Anal Avenue, north on Humiliation Drive and then west to a long brick building on Lesbian Lane. Opening the door, she ushered the new officers into an open room with shelves and racks of sex toys lining the two longest walls and a dozen thick rubber mats evenly spaced on the floor. The shorter left wall was covered in large posters depicting men and women in various submissive positions while a spanking bench sat between two closed doors on the right.

“Welcome to your second home, ladies,” Hailee said as the door shut behind her. Please choose a mat and kneel.” Once the five women were in position with heads bowed and arms behind their backs, she continued. “Well, at least Veronica did something right. We’re going to get an early start today to make up for missing yesterday, but regular training hours are from one to ten with a one-hour dinner break from five to six. As I was saying before, there are certain

aspects of the lifestyle which you're required to learn through practice. Those are positions, obedience and etiquette. You no doubt notice the large posters hanging on the wall behind me. Those are the positions you will practice until you can assume them without thought.

"You've also undoubtedly noticed all the sex toys. While they're mostly there for decoration and a reminder of where you're at, they may come into use but only if you agree. The canes, floggers, paddles, belts and whips are there for me to use in disciplining you for breaking the rules. You will also learn how to use them on each other so that you may more easily spot whether others are willing participants. That being the case, you will remove your panties, detach the plugs and then put them back in your pussy and asshole. And don't worry, this will not cause you to lose your bonus. In fact, to get the bonus you're only required to wear the uniform during training hours."

"Um, that's not true, Mistress," Eve said. "According to the latest guidelines that I could find we're required to wear them at all times except when being disciplined, having sex, using the toilet or showering."

"That's not what it says in my rulebook."

"It was changed three years ago, Mistress."

"My rulebook was changed and updated last month. The academy should've given you the newest version."

"Um, the academy didn't give us any version, Mistress. I found it on the website and basically memorized it."

"The whole thing?"

"Yes Mistress. I've got a nearly perfect photographic memory. According to several specialists I've seen over the years I retain about ninety-three percent of all the information I take in and can recall it just as accurately. I read the entire book eleven times just to make sure I absorbed as much of it as humanly possible. If you don't mind, may I see a copy of your book with the updated information so that we can be sure we're not risking our bonus?"

"Two things, Officer Maxwell; first, I would never willingly lie to you or anyone else. And second, yes, you may see it to confirm. And if what you said is true I'll

make sure the academy and Chief Walker get updated copies as well.”

“Thank you Mistress. I don’t want to seem difficult, but sixty thousand dollars is a lot of money.”

“I understand.”

“Wait! The copy I read was on the Domination Farm website. If it was updated then why was the version I read so out of date?”

“When did you download it?”

“Um, back in December, Mistress.”

“There you go then. That was six months ago. I’ll assume you didn’t check for updates since then?”

“No Mistress.”

“Puzzle solved,” Hailee smiled in reply. “Follow me to my office and I’ll show you the hardcopy as well as the digital. That goes for anyone wishing to see it for themselves.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“No problem. It actually makes me happy to see someone willing to question the way things are done around here and not just blindly follow orders.

Eve's worries addressed, the five officers in training returned to the main room, removed their panties, detached the plug which they put back in their pussies and asses and then once again knelt on the thick rubber pads while Mistress Hailee stood in front of the position posters.

"Alright, back to the basics. I've already told you about the positions. Obedience training will cover an extensive understanding of and ability to follow the rules as easily as you draw breath. Only then will you be able to spot force or deceit in others. And etiquette will cover everything from how you walk and dress, to proper submissive hygiene and how you address your superiors. I'm going to step aside now so that you can clearly see the posters. You'll start with the first position on the top left of the left poster and work your way left to right down each row while I continue my lecture. Oh, and to incentivize you to get them right, you'll receive three swats for each one that you screw up. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress," the five officers replied to various degrees of nervousness.

"Good girls. Those without any knowledge of the lifestyle see the Domination Farm as an abomination to be destroyed at all costs, but if they spent just one day here they would very clearly see the care and love that went into making this one of the most acceptable places on the planet. We do not discriminate on the basis of race, gender, sexual orientation, body type or political standing. We don't care if you're a high-profile attorney, doctor, CEO or cashier barely able to make ends meet. The only thing that matters is an interest in the lifestyle – be it simple curiosity or actual practice, and a willingness to learn, experiment and explore.

"You've all been through the academy. You've been trained to observe and notice things often missed by the untrained eye. And that training will serve you here as well as out on the streets. But this isn't the streets. Behind the walls of this resort you're going to see things normally not talked about outside of the bedroom. You're going to see things that your gut is going to tell you is illegal. You're going to want to jump in to the rescue, but in reality all you're going to

do is ruin someone's fun. My job is to train you to differentiate force from consent and to do that you're going to need to know the basics of every fetish the Farm offers. To that end, we'll spend the second half of your shift exploring and observing the entire resort one building and street at a time. There will definitely be quizzes and test so I hope you're paying attention because failure means discipline and the potential removal from the program."

Circling around the room, Mistress Hailee stopped in front of a row of metal hooks upon which hung numerous implements of punishment. She picked two of them up and returned to the front of the room. "At attention," she commanded. All five women immediately stood from their kneeling positions with legs together, arms at their sides and eyes forward. "Very good. Now, can anyone name these two toys and explain the difference?"

"I can, Mistress," Eve answered. "The one in your left hand is a flogger and the one in your right is a cat o' nine. They are both used for pleasure or pain which, I guess could be pleasurable if you're into that sort of thing. Anyways, the difference is the cat only has nine tails which often end in knots or hard leather tips and is often used in torture, while the flogger can have as many as forty tails and offers a thuddier swat spread over a wider area."

"Well done, Officer Maxwell. Before I tell you what you've won I'd like you to tell me how you know the difference."

"Yes Mistress. I know because I knew I'd be coming here and did my homework. I can tell you the name and purpose of every toy and piece of equipment this place has to offer. For instance, that thing back there is a spanking bench and I've actually been on one once."

"Do tell."

"My best friend Gina is into bdsm and has a small dungeon in her basement. She bought a spanking bench and then spent the next year trying to convince me to let her try it out on me. I set some terms such as no sex because I'm straight, or well, I was until I ate Roxanne out last night and loved it, but anyways, I let her strap me down on it and then she proceeded to give me twenty-five swats with a cane. That was the one and only time I ever let her restrain me to the bench or cane me."

"And did she let you cane her in return?"

“Yes Mistress. That’s actually how I learned she’s a masochist. She had five orgasm across a hundred swats. For a time I was going over to her place twice a week to cane her but she would always get turned on to the point of begging me for sex so I stopped. Though now I’m thinking I’ll take her up on the offer once our training here is over.”

“Very nice. And now to your prize. For guessing correctly you will get a five-minute breast, belly and genital flogging followed by ten swats of the cat. I would like you to stand for inspection. And the rest of you will turn so that you’re facing her in the kneel exposed position,” Mistress Haile said as she approached a nervous looking Eve. “This isn’t punishment so you wouldn’t normally need to count or give thanks, but it makes for good practice so you’ll do both. Normal rules for discipline apply. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then please explain.”

“It means that if I forget to count or give thanks, say anything other than the count or thanks or break position three more swats will be added per infraction, Mistress.”

“That is correct. As to giving thanks, a simple thank you Mistress will suffice. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Eve said as she stood with legs spread shoulder width apart, eyes forward and hands clasped together behind her head.

With gentle flicks of the wrist Mistress Hailee expertly slapped the flogger across Eve’s breasts. Flinching merely from the contact, Eve let out a soft moan as the leather tails completely covered her breasts. Twice. Three times. Four. Swinging low, Hailee brought the flogger up between Eve’s legs with enough distance that only the tips bit into her vulva. It stung, but not in a wholly unpleasant way. Unfortunately, the same could not be said for the next one that landed. With a grunt, the air left her lungs and she instinctively slammed her legs shut to avoid further torment. “Shit!” she cursed as she got back into position. Sorry, Mistress, but I wasn’t expecting it to hurt like that.”

“Like you said, they’re both used for pleasure and pain. Lucky for you the rules of discipline only apply to the cat o’ nine,” Hailee said as she continued the

flogging.

“Thank you Mistress.”

For the next five minutes Eve experienced the gentle pleasure and intense pain the flogger was capable of delivering and by the end of it she was convinced she needed to buy one for her fellow officers to use on her. That toy once again hanging from its hook, she watched as Mistress Hailee approached swinging the cat o’ nine. THWAP! The nine knotted tails dug painfully into Eve’s back causing her to yelp. Three more swats were immediately added.

“One. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! This time her breasts bore the brunt of the swat, her nametag and badge offering little protection against the well-placed swing.

“T-Two. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! The tips bit into Eve’s inner left thigh.

“Three. Thank you Mistress,” she said through tightly clenched teeth.

THWAP! This one struck across the belly.

“Four. Thank you Mistress,” Eve counted and gave thanks, determined not to add any more.

THWAP! Inner right thigh.

“Five. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! Back.

“Six. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! The knotted tips cracked against Eve’s vulva with so much force she felt it in her neck. Her knees nearly buckled but she managed to lock them just in time.

“S-S-Seven! Thank you M-Mistress.”

THWAP! Belly.

“Eight. Thank you Mistress.

THWAP! Vulva.

Biting her tongue against the pain, Eve nevertheless counted and gave thanks.
“Nine. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! Vulva again.

“TEN! Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! Breasts.

“Eleven. Thank you Mistress.

THWAP! Breasts again, this time much harder than before but still not hard enough to draw blood.

“Twelve. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! The tips once again struck hard against Eve’s vulva.

“Thirteen. Thank you Mistress.”

“Well done,” Mistress Hailee said as she lowered the cat o’ nine. “I’m actually impressed you managed to only add three swats.”

“After that first one I really, really didn’t want to add anymore, Mistress, so I damn near bit through my tongue to keep from screaming and crying. D-Did you draw blood?”

“I was just about to inspect my handiwork, but I don’t think I did. You’ll definitely have some wicked welts and bruises, but, no, it doesn’t look like I broke skin.”

“Thank you Mistress. That tells me you know what you’re doing and that makes me feel a whole lot safer in your care.”

“I appreciate that. Alright, you’ve got positions to learn so get back to it.”

Without word the five officers were back on their feet and once again practicing the submissive positions. Cat still in hand, Mistress Hailee weaved her way around them. THWAP! She struck Skye's inner right thigh causing her to misstep and break position. THWAP! The next caught her vulva, the tips flying back and up against her ass. This time Skye leapt away like a frog on hot coals.

"That'll be six swats for breaking position twice," Hailee smirked as she moved on.

THWAP! Roxanne's first swat landed hard across her newly pierced nipples. Now knowing none of them were safe, she managed to steel herself against the pain and remain standing in the wait position, teeth buried deep into her tongue.

"Good girl."

THWAP! The tips of the cat o' nine bit deep into Brittany's vulva at the exact same time as her plugs grew and strongly vibrated. Dropping onto all fours she lowered her head and gushed in orgasm. THWAP! The cat struck again, this time on her back and again her juices squirted out of her like a high-powered water gun. THWAP! The third swat caught her ass, vulva and inner thighs. And again she had an orgasm.

"I think we just might have a masochist here," Mistress Hailee said as she continued making her rounds. "Oh, and that'll be nine more swats, but something tells me you're not really going to mind all that much."

"Y-Yes Mistress," Brittany panted as she wondered why in the hell she just had three orgasms from three painful swats and why she wanted another.

Legs together, bent at the waist with hands on knees, Ellen was just about to switch positions when the cat o' nine slapped hard across her ass, the tips biting into her left hip. Grinding her teeth, she forcefully exhaled but did not falter. "One. Thank you Mistress," she counted and gave thanks just for good measure. Until she did, Mistress Hailee was ready to move on, but now that the words were out, Hailee had to see just how much the officer in training could endure before breaking.

THWAP!

"Two. Thank you Mistress."

THWAP!

“Three. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP!

“Four. Thank you Mistress.”

Keep your hands on your knees and spread your legs.”

“Yes Mistress.”

THWAP! The next swat stung Ellen’s vulva. She leaned forward a bit and grunted but quickly recovered.

“Six. Thank you Mistress.

THWAP! Another to the vulva.

“Seven. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! A third to Ellen’s vulva.

“Eight. Thank you Mistress.”

“Kneel up.”

Eyes going to the posters, Ellen got down on her knees with arms behind her back. THWAP! The cat o’ nine sliced into her breasts.

“NINE! Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP!

“Ten. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! If the previous two were a five and six, this one was a solid ten. The pain was intense. She could feel the heat from head to toe as the pain shook her to the core.

“E-Eleven. Thank you M-Mistress,” Ellen said, her body now visibly trembling.

THWAP!

T-Twelve. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! Adding to the welts already beginning to rise, Mistress Hailee brought the cat o’ nine down on Ellen’s breasts. Still going through the positions, all eyes were now on her.

“Thirteen. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! Giving her breasts a reprieve, Hailee gave Ellen’s belly a swat.

“Fourteen. Thank you Mistress.”

THWAP! Another to the vulva.

Ellen’s plugs intensely vibrating, her entire body seized as an orgasm tore through her. “FIFTEEN! THANK YOU MISTRESS!” she moaned.

“Did you just have an orgasm, slave?”

“Mmmm, yes Mistress.”

“Good girl. Want to see how many more it takes to have another?”

Staring her Mistress in the eyes, Ellen gulped. “I...I’m not...I don’t...yes Mistress.”

“Are you sure, slave? Because I’m not going to stop until you’re on the floor writhing in pleasure whether that’s from one swat or a thousand. I’m not a sadist so I’ll ask you again. Do you want to see how many more swats it takes to have another orgasm?”

“I don’t know if it was from the cat o’ nine or the plugs vibrating, Mistress.”

“That’s not what I asked, slave.”

“I hurt like hell, Mistress, but now I’m curious. I’ll do it, Mistress. Use the cat on me and please don’t stop until I have another orgasm or pass out from the pain.”

“As you wish. To save time I’m going to go faster so you do not need to count or give thanks. Actually, the only reason I kept going is because you started counting and giving thanks in the first place. To have full access to your body I would like you to stand for inspection. As for the rest of you, don’t think I haven’t noticed you’ve stopped. You’ll all receive twenty-five swats of the cane just as soon as I’m finished with Officer Woods.”

Standing in position, Ellen took several deep breaths before the cat o’ nine landed hard across the front of her thighs. It was quickly followed by swats to her breasts, belly, back, inner thighs, ass and vulva, backs of the legs, left hip and then right hip. Ten swats became fifteen. Twenty. Thirty. Forty. Her body was becoming a crisscross of nasty raised welts making it hard to tell where one stopped and the next began. Fifty. Sixty-three. It took sixty-three swats for the floodgates to burst open and for her to drop to her knees, hands on the floor in orgasm. “MORE!” she shouted. When the cat o’ nine did not immediately land she growled. “MORE MADDIT! Beat another orgasm out of me, Mistress. P-Please!” Still on her knees, she leaned back and grabbed her ankles. “DO IT! Please Mistress! Make me cum again!”

“You’ve already taken seventy-eight swats, slave. I’m getting dangerously close to breaking skin and that’s not something I’m willing to do. You’ve had enough for one night. Take ten minutes to freshen up in the bathroom and then you may return to practicing your positions.”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Ellen panted. “I’m sorry I yelled at you.”

“Apology accepted, slave.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“I guess you’re all masochists because you now have fifty swats coming. Looks like you’ll be getting a late break tonight. Brittany, we’ll start with you. Assume the punishment position.”

“Yes Mistress,” Brittany replied, hoping beyond reason that she too would have an orgasm or two from the pain of being caned.