

# **BDSM Bundle: 2020 Edition**

**Crimson Rose**

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# **Team Alpha**

**Crimson Rose**

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The Rome, Wisconsin Police Department has received thousands of complaints about the Domination Farm since before the first brick in the wall surrounding the fetish resort was laid. Kidnapping. Rape. Forced sexual slavery. False imprisonment. And much, much more. Every case was investigated and dismissed for lack of evidence. With the exception of a few officers that have been sent in undercover only to find themselves thoroughly enjoying a level of sexual freedom that had only dreamed about, no one on the force liked paying the place a visit.

Thus, the Domination Farm Task Force was born. Comprised of nine officers split into three teams over as many shifts, their sole duty is to patrol the streets around the resort and to investigate any claims of illegal activity. When a member of the task force has to take an extended leave – such as when Officer Lauren Maxwell went on maternity leave, or quits the force as was the case with Detective Gwen Sharpe who recently sold herself at the Auction Block for a period of five years and had to move across the county to live with her new owner, a new officer is recruited. Unfortunately for Officer Ryan Locke, his name was at the top of the list.

Following in the footsteps of generations of police officers dating back to the mid 1880's, Ryan Locke graduated the academy top of his class with his eye set on one day becoming a detective as his father, grandfather and great grandfather before him. At twenty-three he was the youngest officer on the force and unfortunately for him that was one criterion the Task Force was looking for.

Arriving at the department at a quarter to seven, Ryan barely made it to his desk before he was approached by Officer Sandra Donovan and Detective Julia Hastings – two members of the Domination Farm Task Force and by far the most gorgeous women in the building. “Morning ladies,” he greeted them. “I was just on my way to get some coffee. Would you like a cup?”

“Of that swill? No thanks,” Detective Hastings replied. “If it’s coffee you want then you’re better off coming with us.”

“Oh? And where would we be going? Wait, don’t tell me, the Domination Farm.”

“Got it in one,” Officer Donovan replied. “I’ll cut to the chase, Ryan, I can call you Ryan, right?”

“Sure.”

“As you know Detective Sharpe took an early retirement. That leaves Alpha Team short one officer. After going through all of the files we’ve picked you to take her place.”

“And if I have no interest in being on the task force?”

“Then you’ll have to take that up with Captain Nolan,” Detective Hastings answered. “But you might as well save yourself the time and just accept the inevitable because I guarantee he’s not going to let you off the hook. So, let’s go get that cup of coffee, shall we?”

Ryan knew the rules all too well. Once selected for the task force the only way out during the first year was to quit the force, suffer a debilitating injury or death. After the first year most of the members stay on for the focused duties and higher pay. “So, does this mean I can call you Sandra and Julia?”

“I prefer Sandy. And yes, it does. Have you ever been to the Domination Farm before?”

“I’ve driven past it plenty of times but it’s not exactly my sort of place.”

“Come with us and we’ll give you the cliff notes version of the rules,” Julia said. “You’ll be given a complete rulebook which you’re required to read and preferably memorize.

“Don’t forget to tell him about being registered,” Sandy cut in.

“Registered? Oh, hell no! I may never have visited but even I know what it means to be registered at the Domination Farm.”

“Registration is different for police,” Julia explained. “It just means you’ll be put in their system as an officer of the law which grants you rights and privileges other bare-necks aren’t. And before you ask, a bare-neck is what they call anyone entering the resort that isn’t dominant or submissive. Now, about that cup of coffee?”

“After you, ladies. Wait, do I need to tell the Captain I’m going with you?”

“Everything has already been taken care of,” Sandy answered.

“Why me?” Ryan asked as he followed fellow task force members towards the parking lot.

“Whenever a member of the task force leaves, we replace them with the greenest of rookies and this time around that happens to be you,” Julia answered. “You’re probably thinking this is the worst thing that has ever happened to you, but I promise it’s not. In fact, if you’re willing to step outside of your comfort zone then I can guarantee you’ll have the best time of your life.

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“We’ll take my car,” Sandy said as Alpha Team – named because they were first shift of the day, entered the parking garage. “Ryan, you get the back seat only because there’s a present back there for you.”

“A present?”

“Street clothing is not permitted at the Domination Farm and because it can get very messy, the department doesn’t really want to waste money constantly buying us uniforms so the Domination Farm made some for us,” Julia explained. “You’re not going to like it, but it is what you’re required to wear while on duty.”

Sandy hit a button on her key fob and the lights on a newer model dark grey Nissan flashed. Before we get to the rules of the Domination Farm, we need to go over the rules of the task force,” she said as she opened the driver side door. Once everyone was in and the doors closed, she continued. “As the most senior member of the team, I’m in charge. While on duty at the Farm you’ll refer to me as Mistress. Is that understood?”

“You’re kidding, right?”

“Trust me, she’s not kidding,” Julia – whom outranked them both, replied. “Save yourself a lot of humiliation and pain by just accepting that she’s your Mistress and we’re her submissives.”

“I’m not submissive,” Ryan said, eyes going to the large bag sitting on the seat to his left.

“Neither was I until joining Team Alpha, but I’ve grown to really love the freedom that comes with giving myself over to another. And believe me, the pros far outweigh the cons. Pros such as serving one of the most beautiful women on the force and screwing us both.”

“Excuse me?” Ryan choked as the words hit his ears at the same time his eyes saw the bottle of lube inside the bag. “Why do I need lube?”

“You’ll see,” Sandy smirked. “And she’s right. At least about getting to fuck the two of us,” the stunning auburn-haired beauty replied. “It’s been a while since we’ve had a male member on Alpha Team so you’re going to be seeing a lot of action. I just hope you can keep up.”

Pulling items from the bag, Ryan felt his heart skip several beats. Black latex thigh high boots with blue accents around the top, Matching bicep length gloves, and underwear with a

huge (at least to a man that has never allowed anything to enter his back door) plug built into them. “Oh, hell no! There’s no way I’m wearing these things!”

“You will or you’ll be disciplined,” Sandy said as she put her car in reverse and pulled out of the parking space.

“I’ve never taken anything up my ass and I have no intentions of starting now.”

“Intentions don’t really matter on the task force, Ryan,” Julia said. “You’ll wear them and you’ll get used to the feeling of having your ass constantly stuffed. Believe me, I would know. Everyone on the task force knows.”

“Count yourself lucky,” Sandy said. “You only have one hole to fill. We have two that are constantly stretched wide enough to easily take your hand. And by constantly, I mean with the exception of using the toilet, showering and having sex we’re plugged twenty-four seven. Which brings me to rule two. As the submissive in this relationship, you will obey my orders without fail. Refuse and you’ll be disciplined. Discipline can be anything from swats of the cane to being placed in chastity. In fractions add up so the more disobedient you are, the more severe the discipline.”

“For example,” Julia cut in “since you’re going to see it soon anyways, when I first joined Alpha Team four years ago, I was just about as rebellious as one can be. Long story short, on top of hundreds of swats of the cane on my breasts and ass I earned myself permanent chastity which Mistress Sandy uses to lock me tight whenever I’m disobedient or she just wants to deny me sex. Anyways, there are a few rules you need to know before being registered at the Farm, First and foremost, we are required to obey their rules to the letter even while on duty. That means showing proper respect to the Masters and Mistresses which can be identified by the red or purple armbands they wear.”

“Those wearing purple will also have a collar because they are what’s known as switches. Meaning they are dominant or submissive as the scene dictates,” Sandy clarified.

Opening the glove box Julia pulled out an intricately designed silver bracer with what appeared to be a computer chip embedded in the top just above a triskelion. “You’ll also be issued one of these. You are required to wear it on your right arm while on duty. The chip not only contains all of your information, but it also acts as the only method of payment the Farm accepts. Which brings me to money and buying things. Food, drinks and the entrance fee are free of charge as a courtesy for the job we do and we get an officer’s twenty percent discount on everything else. Our job is to investigate any claims of illegal activity and patrol the farm to keep the peace. We are immune from being collared, but if we enter a building requiring completion of a fetish before leaving then we are required to do so. We are also required to fulfill any activities we agree to perform.”

“For instance,” Sandy said “if you enter the golden showers, you’ll be required to drink the piss of twenty to fifty men and women before the door unlocks and you’re allowed out. After you’ve been given your mark of completion, that is.”

“I suggest staying out of all buildings unless you want to be used in some humiliating and degrading way,” Julia continued. “The same applies to just walking down the streets so it’s best to keep your mouth shut and never agree to anything. Unless, of course, you’re prepared to fully embrace your new role as submissive.” As Sandy pulled into the fetish resort’s parking lot, Julia grinned. “Street clothes are not permitted so go ahead and strip and get into your new uniform,” she added as she unbuttoned her blouse.

“Don’t just sit there looking cute,” Sandy said as she searched for a parking spot. “Start stripping or you’ll be disciplined.”

Looking out the window Ryan saw no one in line. "I thought there were always lines?" he said as he reluctantly unbuttoned his uniform shirt.

"Normally, yes, but the Farm is currently in lockdown due to the pandemic. With the exception of emergency services no one is permitted inside," Julia said as she tossed her blouse in the back seat. Then, turning so that Ryan could see, she pushed the pin on the back of her badge through the vertical hole in her left nipple. "If you need help getting that in your ass let me know," she said, pointing to the dildo underwear.

"Only if I can fuck you first."

"Deal." Opening the passenger side door, Julia stepped out, opened the back door of her Mistress' sedan and then offered her fellow officer a hand. He took it and she helped him out of the car. "Let's get you out of the rest of these shall we?" she said as she unbuckled his belt.

Ryan could not believe what was happening. First, he is recruited to a team he has absolutely no interest in. Then he is told he is a submissive whether he likes it or not. And now he was being stripped by one of the most beautiful women he had ever laid eyes on. Confused or not, when Julia squat to help him out of his pants, his cock sprang up and hit her under the chin. He gasped and was about to apologize, but the words got caught in his throat as she sucked him into her mouth. Every square inch of the Domination Farm designated a nudist resort, they were not breaking any laws but that did not stop him from looking around as if they were.

"I'd tell you to fuck her, but the plugs stuffing her pussy and ass make that impossible," Sandy said as she pulled her pants off revealing the latex panties and thigh-high boots beneath. "And if you don't believe us..." hooking fingers in the waistband of her panties, she slowly tugged them down until the two eight inch long, three and a half inch thick plugs popped free. "Count yourself lucky you don't have to start with something this big. But you will eventually work up to it. Anyways, seeing as how I'm no longer plugged, why don't you fill me back up? And don't you dare pull out until you've made a deposit. I believe the words you're looking for are yes Mistress."

"Y-Yes Mistress." Stepping out of his pants, Ryan walked behind Sandy and then guided himself into her pussy before grabbing her by the hips and pounding her as if his life depended on it. Had he not seen the plugs for himself he never would have believed she could take anything so big as she gripped his thrusting cock like a vice.

"This brings me to the third and most important rule of the Task Force," Sandy purred as Ryan plowed her fertile fields. "As I said before, it's been a while since we've had a man on the team. That is significant because it is the duty of every woman on the team to act as the man's breeding cow."

"Breeding cow?"

"She means you're going to fuck us, fill us with your seed until we're carrying your child," Julia explained.

"Children!" Sandy exclaimed.

"Right, Mistress. Children. Because you're going to knock us up as often as is humanly possible for as long as you're on the team. And don't worry, we won't be coming after you for support. You're the only man we'll have sex with until we're knocked up."

"Are you telling me you haven't been with a man since the last one was on the team?"

"Seven years, five months, four days and some hours," Sandy moaned. "Now shut up and breed me!"

"Yes Mistress."

After having sex with Sandy, Ryan got dressed in his new uniform – the plug going up his ass far easier than he thought possible, but not completely pain-free. Deciding it was a small price to pay to screw his two stunning team members, he did his best to adjust to the new sensation as they approached the row of booths, only one of which was manned by a cute brunette woman wearing only a light blue collar around her neck and a tailed plug in her ass.

“Morning Officers. How can this slave help you?”

“We have a new team member,” Sandy answered. “As you can see, he’s already in uniform. He just needs to be registered before we go in.”

“Of course. I’ll just need to see your badge and police identification please.”

Eyes on the word SuckPiggy on her left breast, Ryan slid the ID and badge through the hole in the base of the glass separating them. He had heard of the resort’s use of what they called servonyms – names usually made up of two words meant to humiliate and degrade those receiving them, but this was the first time he had seen one in person.

“Thank you,” BouncyTits said as she slid a clipboard back. “You’ll need to read every page, initial and sign where indicated. Take your time and if you have any questions please don’t hesitate to ask. Will you be placing money on your bracer today Officer Locke?”

“We’ll be putting a thousand dollars in it for him,” Julia answered.

“A thousand!” Ryan exclaimed.

“Don’t worry, it’s not coming out of our pockets but we’d gladly pay if we had to. The department authorized the funding for new task members. That being said, if you blow through it and find yourself in debt then you’ll be required to pay it off before being permitted to leave. If you are running short you can reload out here or at the bank just inside the gates. Just remember to give SuckPiggy your banking information because that’s the only way you can reload once inside.”

“I see the front of your underwear beginning to tent,” Sandy said. “You horny again so soon?”

“Sorry Mistress, but I can’t help it. You and Julia just have that effect on me.”

“Mistress?” SuckPiggy said. “You’re her submissive?”

“I suppose I am.”

“Then that means you must be registered as such.”

Already knowing he was going to be registered, Ryan looked down at the top page on the clipboard and began reading a form consenting to the Domination Farm recording his every action and posting it on their website and TV stations. He signed at the bottom and flipped to a waiver form which he also signed. The next fifteen pages were a brief description of all the rules he would have to obey even as an officer of the law. The last page was another form consenting to having his left nipple pierced for the badge and his ass branded with the mark of the Domination Farm Task Force which, according to what was depicted on the page was a police baton going through a pair of handcuffs with DFTF written below. Not liking it one bit, he gave the two officers standing to his right a once over and then quickly signed. Pausing a beat, he slid the clipboard back under the glass.

“Good boy,” Sandy winked. “Julia, why don’t you take care of that while we wait?” she added, pointing to Ryan’s tented latex underwear.

“My pleasure, Mistress.”

“Wait, you serve her as well?” SuckPiggy asked. “I don’t see a collar around your neck.”

“Because I am not her registered submissive,” Julia replied as she tugged Ryan’s underwear down. “According to the rules as I understand them it isn’t required unless serving a Farm Dominant.”

“That was before the Pandemic. Now all submissives and slaves must be registered to their respective owners. Since you are not a Farm Dominant, you’ll be issued a black armband to match their collars and signify your status as a temporary Mistress.”

“Uuhhnnn!” Julia purred as Ryan’s cock pushed into her. “It’s been so long I almost forgot what a real man feels like.”

Despite having sex less than two hours ago, Ryan was more than ready and able to pump his load deep inside of the detective. “What exactly does it mean to be registered as her submissive?” He asked as he grabbed Julia’s long brown hair and then gently pulled her head back so that he could kiss her hard on the lips.

“It means that your status will be changed from just officer to submissive officer. Which means you are required to obey all of the same rules as every other submissive that visits the Domination Farm,” SuckPiggy explained. And since you are now officially owned you are required to get a servonym. Yours, Officer Locke will be CumPiggy and it will be tattooed on the left side of your chest. I just need your Mistress to swipe her chip so that I can link the accounts and then when you’re finished fucking that one, I’ll need her to scan in so that I may get her new name.”

“You’re kidding, right?” Ryan replied. “I can’t get that tattooed anywhere on my body.”

“I’m not kidding. If you wish to enter the Domination Farm then you’ll get the work done in accordance with the rules you just read and signed.”

“You’ll also do it for job security,” Sandy added. “Unless you plan on quitting before you’ve put in a single day.”

“Easy for you to say. You’re not the one being tattooed.”

“Would it make you happy if I were?” Sandy asked as she swiped the chip in her bracer over the scanner just on the other side of the glass. “Give me a servonym, SuckPiggy.”

“As you command, Mistress.” Opening another tab, SuckPiggy set a few parameters and then hit enter. A beat later a name popped up the screen. “Your new name will be FistPiggy and it’ll be tattooed on your left breast. A note has been added to your profile so if you don’t get it done, you’ll be registered a farm slave in accordance with the rules.”

“Julia, pull yourself off his cock and sign in so we can hear your name,” Sandy commanded.

“Yes Mistress.” Doing as told, Julia pulled herself off of Ryan’s thrusting cock, swiped her bracer and then got back on all fours so that he could finish breeding her.

“Your new name is PissPiggy and it will be tattooed on your left breast,” SuckPiggy said.

“I sense a theme,” Sandy said. “We’re all cops so I get the piggy reference but why are you a piggy?”

“I was a cop before coming here,” SuckPiggy answered. “It was supposed to be for a weekend. That was eight years ago. Now I’m a very happy farm slave living here fulltime. Anyways, you’re all set. If you’re going to put money on his account, we can do that now and then you may enter the Farm. Once you enter, you’ll have one hour to make your way to Kink Ink or you’ll be registered as farm slaves. That goes for all three of you.”

“How badly did it hurt?” Ryan asked as he lightly traced the long-healed brand on Julia’s ass.

“It hurt like hell, but not nearly as much as the tunnels,” Julia said, referring to the five grommets in each of her outer labia.

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Twenty minutes later, wearing his new bracer, Ryan followed Julia and their Mistress through the gates and into the Domination Farm where he stopped dead in his tracks and took in the perversions taking place before him. To his immediate left men lined up to be sucked off by women locked in high-tech pillories that would only release them once they had pleased fifty men. Beyond that, five women dressed in full pony gear – three pulling manned carts and two on all fours with saddle and rider on their backs circled a large track. To his right, more than a dozen people sat at an outdoor café enjoying their drinks. Nothing unusual about that until he saw a very pregnant waitress carry a tray to a table of three men, ask a question, get an answer and then proceed to add milk to the steaming hot cup of coffee straight from her breast.

“Jesus Christ!” Ryan exclaimed. “I mean, I’ve heard all the rumors and stories, but this is...wow!”

“It takes some getting used to especially for someone not into the lifestyle, but you’re doing fine so far,” Sandy said. “Come on, we’ll give you the guided tour after we’ve paid a visit to the body modification building. Or Kink Ink as SuckPiggy called it.”

“You really are doing great,” Julia added. “Seriously. Most people not into this sort of thing would’ve said hell no and refused to come here regardless of the consequences. That you’re willing to get tattooed, pierced and branded tells me so much about you and I love it. I know this is all of a sudden, and we really don’t know each other all that well yet, but I want to be your girlfriend. I want you to use and abuse me in the most perverted of ways. And my god do I want your babies.”

“WOW!” Ryan exclaimed. “That...that’s um...that’s a lot to take in. You’re right, we don’t know each other all that well, but I think I know enough to know we’re going to have a lot of fun together and I’m not just talking kinky sex,” he said as they walked next to the Puppy Park where Masters and Mistresses allowed their petboys and petgirls to exercise and play with each other. “I guess what I’m trying to say is I’d be a damn fool to pass up the chance to date one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever laid eyes on. Which brings me to using and abusing you in the most perverted ways imaginable. I have a feeling Mistress Sandy is going to have us doing that to each other already so I don’t think you have to worry about that. Which brings us to having my babies. I get that it’s all part of being a man on the task force, but I have a problem impregnating both of you. Call me old-fashioned, but I prefer to only have children with the woman I’m going to spend the rest of my life with.”

“Then you have nothing to worry about,” Sandy grinned. “You marry Julia and the two of you serve me for the rest of your lives. That way you may continue breeding us both.”

“As great as that sounds, I think we’re getting way ahead of ourselves here. Why don’t we just take it slow and see where this crazy relationship leads us?”

“I agree,” Julia said. “But if and when you ask the answer is yes. Assuming we get along that is.”

Turning left onto Ponygirl Parkway, they went about two hundred feet before Sandy stopped in front of a one-story brick building with darkly tinted windows – the one to the left of the door displaying a neon sign of a kneeling woman with KINK INK. Written below. “This is it,” Sandy said as she pulled the door open. “Last chance to run the hell away before you’re permanently marked.”

Julia stepped into the building with Ryan hot on her heels. Grinning ear to ear, Sandy entered behind them and the three approached the counter where a petite blonde covered in all manner of piercing and tattoo sat reading a bdsm-themed magazine. They gave their information and signed in with plenty of time to spare and were then told to have a seat. As a registered policeman he had the right to sit wherever he liked, but now that he was in the system as a submissive his choices had been reduced to the dildo seats that lined the wall to his left and the thought of one of those massive toys stretching him open made him shiver with a mixture of anxiety and apprehension.

“Don’t worry, unless we’re here for several hours you probably won’t be able to take all of it,” Sandy said, seeing the look on her submissive’s face. “But you do have to take it up your ass.”

“How many people have sat on that thing? How is this even sanitary?”

“Probably thousands. And it’s sanitary because you’ll put a condom on it and clean it afterwards,” Julia answered. Also, from what I’ve seen the farm slaves go around and change them out at least twice a day.”

“Seems like a colossal waste to me.”

“The toys are taken to be professionally sanitized and sterilized, not thrown away. And even if they were, they have their own toy-making facility here so it’s not as if they’re going to run out. The good news is your asshole has been stretched open for the past couple of hours so it should be plenty relaxed. Just take it slow and accept the inevitable and by the time we’re called back you’ll be ready for a new pair of underwear with an even bigger plug.”

“Don’t just sit on it either,” Sandy said. “And by that, I mean don’t lower yourself and then hold that same position. Enjoy it. Fuck yourself on that fat toy and like Julia said, you’ll be ready for something bigger and better.”

“I’ll try Mistress.” Walking over to the row of metal chairs, Ryan picked one with a single dildo attached to it. Using available alcohol wipes, he thoroughly cleaned it before putting one of the custom-made condoms on it. He then pulled his latex underwear down. “Uhn!” He moaned as the plug slid free. Once they were off, he positioned himself over the seat, guided the tip of the massive tapered dildo to his asshole and then lowered himself down until it hurt. The feeling of being stretched open a little at a time was an odd but pleasurable one. Holding himself right where he was, he took several deep breaths to steady his nerve as Julia and their Mistress removed their panties and sat on the seats on either side of him – taking the two enormous silicone cocks as if they were nothing.

Focused completely on the dildo in his ass, Ryan relaxed his legs and let gravity do its job. Another inch slid in. Though he did not know it he was now opened an impressive two and a half inches. Grunting, he lifted himself up until only the tip remained in his ass before slamming back down again. Up. Down. Up. Down. The toy hitting all the right buttons, his dick sprang to life and almost immediately began oozing pre-cum. Up. Down. Up. Down. Up. Down. The faster and deeper he went, the hornier he became. Adjusting his position, he felt the toy glancing off of his prostate. “Jesus fucking Christ!” he exclaimed. “I haven’t even touched myself and I’m already about to blow my damn load.”

Jumping off her seat, Julia jumped on her new boyfriend. Throwing her arms around Ryan’s neck, she guided him into her pussy. Unfortunately, in her excitement to take another deposit, she neglected to consider the effect an additional hundred-twenty-seven pounds would have on him. Ryan’s cock throbbed and then began shooting even as he yelped as his asshole

was stretched enough for his ass to hit the seat. Acting purely on instinct, he jumped up off the seat and nearly dropped Julia to the floor.

“Motherfucker that hurt!”

“Sorry, but I couldn’t let your seed go to waste.”

“I took the whole god damn thing! My ass actually hit the seat!”

“Nice! Why don’t you turn around and bend over with your hands on the seat and legs spread so I can check for any serious damage?”

The burning sensation persisting, Ryan did as he was told all the while silently praying no serious damage was done. Instinct told him to pull away when Julia’s fingers touched his asshole, but instead he pushed back as if to invite her in. And in she went. Both hands lubed, she kept her fingers as close together as possible. As he pushed back, she thrust forward and watched as her entire right hand disappeared.

“God damn that’s hot!” Julia exclaimed. “Are you okay? Are you in any pain?”

“D-Do...did you just...oh my motherfucking god! Y-You’re fisting me!”

“Your ass hit the seat so I knew you could take it. Do you want me to pull out?”

“No. It’s in so just hold it there and let me get used to it before you start punching it in and out of me.”

“We’ll go at your pace. Whenever you’re ready just tell me to add more lube and we’ll take it from there.”

Unfortunately, Ryan’s first fisting lesson would have to wait because a door at the back of the shop opened and a statuesque, tattoo covered brunette wearing a red latex dress to match the band around her right bicep stepped out and called their names. Julia pulled her hand out of her boyfriend’s ass and then they and Sandy quickly cleaned the toys and disposed of the used condoms.

“I definitely think you’re ready for a bigger plug,” Sandy said as they approached the waiting woman.

“Yes Mistress.”

Chest tattooed, nipple pierced for his badge which was currently attached to the top of his left thigh-high boot and ass branded, Ryan was no longer having such a good time. And with his asshole now stretched thanks to Julia's handiwork fisting him while they waited for their Mistress to be tattooed and then Sandy fisting him while he waited for Julia to be finished, he now had a much larger plug to look forward to. Thankfully, he did not have to wear the skin-tight underwear until the brand on his ass was healed. Unfortunately, however, they were on their way to DF Productions' toy store to purchase said larger plug that'll keep him open and ready for fisting at all times.

"This is going to sound corny, but I'm really proud of you Ryan," Sandy said as Alpha Team left the body modification building. "Seriously, it takes a very special type of person to accept this crazy lifestyle, let alone do it with humility as well as dignity. That being said, this *is* the Domination Farm and cops or not, we're required to obey their every rule as if it were law for as long as the task force is operational. Which, between the three of us will be a very long time."

"You think so?" Julia asked.

"I do. Think about it. This place rakes in billions every year. And all the department has to do is sacrifice a few officers to get a hefty slice of that pie. Or did you think management here donates millions every year to us out of the kindness of their hearts. No, what better way to make yourself trusted by the people that to show you have the full backing of the police department, and what better way to show the police who's really in charge than by training their officers as sex slaves?"

"Um, sex slaves, Mistress? Don't you mean submissives?" Ryan asked.

"Nope. I mean sex slave. Think about it. There are no safewords used here ever. That's right there is clue bat number one that they go well beyond submission. Then there are the required fetishes. Or rather those made mandatory the second you enter a certain building. The golden showers I mentioned earlier for instance. Then there's the milking barn and breeding stables."

"And the house of gape, the gang bang and dick-girl grottos as well as Aphrodite's Den" Julia added.

"And several more," Sandy said. "The point is, if a woman were to enter them all she wouldn't be permitted to leave the farm until she's lactating and knocked up. Now, before you say it, yes, she could leave and never come back, but most people that visit are here because they love this sort of thing or are at the very least curious enough to accept anything and everything can and will happen here. That is why every member of the task force must be willing to perform every fetish known to man and then some in order to remain a member. Which is why I want you to kneel so that I can use you as my toilet. Don't worry, I'm only ever going to piss in your mouth. And you are always going to drink it. Understood?"

"It really isn't as bad as people think it is," Julia said. "Just think of it as drinking a warm beer or apple juice and it'll go right down no problem."

"I doubt it'll be that easy, but I understand, Mistress," Ryan said as he got down on his knees.

"It really isn't that bad," Sandy said as she placed her vulva close to her new submissive's mouth. "And when we're done, we can put you through the ultimate test. Sex with another man."

Ryan's lips parted so he could tell her there was no way in hell he was going to have sex with another man, but before he could get a word out his mouth was filled with his Mistress' pee. Fighting against the instinct to spit, he quickly swallowed and it filled again. Butt plug. Fisting. Fucking himself on a massive dildo. Allowing himself to be tattooed, pierced and branded. Being collared and registered as a submissive. And now drinking pee. While he told himself that he would never have sex with another man, he knew he would have to do it to keep his job. And even if it was not required, he would still do it if only to please one of the women he had been crushing on since the day he joined the force.

By the time all of that popped into his brain, he found himself licking his Mistress' pussy while from the corner of his left eye he saw Julia returning with two men in tow. Which was a bit surprising since he could not remember her leaving.

"Mistress, I brought two men as you commanded," Julia said. "This is Adam," she said, motioning to a tall, well-toned man in his twenties wearing only a pair of chaps and knee-high boots. And Chris," she motioned to the equally as well-built black man on her right.

"That'll do for now," Sandy said as she took half a step back. "I want you to get on all fours for these nice gentlemen. You'll start by using your mouth to get one of them ready for your ass and then once he's fucking you, you'll suck the other off. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress." Just because he understood the command, did not mean he was ready to follow it, but as Chris stepped in front of him, he nevertheless opened his mouth. The feeling of a dick sliding over his lips sent a shiver up and down Ryan's back but he was unsure if it was from the excitement of giving his first blowjob, or the suppression of his natural urge to move away. Either way he continued sucking for about a minute before switching it up by sucking Chris's balls while jerking him off at the same time.

"I thought you said he's never sucked dick before," Chris said as he paced a hand on the back of Ryan's head and then pushed down his throat. When he did not gag or even bat an eye, Chris raised a brow. "Yeah, this is not the actions of a first-timer." Pulling back so that just the bulbous head of his cock was in Ryan's mouth, Chris slammed back in balls deep. Out. In. Out. In. Ryan did not so much as sniff, let alone choke on the ten inches pounding down his throat.

"He can explain himself once you're up his ass," Sandy said.

His mouth now empty, Ryan looked from Julia to their Mistress. "I swear on my life this is the first time I've ever done anything with another man, Mistress.

"Chris is right. What you just did is *not* the actions of a first timer."

"The reason I didn't gag on him, Mistress, is because I was born without a gag reflex. You can shove two feet down my throat and it wouldn't even make my eyes water."

"And you know that how?"

Ryan remained silent for a long moment before answering. "I may have found and used my sister's double dildo," he admitted. "I took fifteen of eighteen inches first time without even flinching."

"That's pretty fucked up," Sandy replied. "Did she know you sucked her dildo? Was that your only time?"

"Yes and no, Mistress. I got away with it for like six months and then she walked in on me one night and, well, pissed doesn't even begin to describe her feelings. In the end we agreed to keep it between us if I bought her a new double dildo as well as a few other toys she couldn't afford on her own. And before you ask, no, we've never done anything sexual. And yes, I still own that double dildo."

"I thought you said you've never sucked dick before," Julia said.

“I haven’t. Sucking a dildo isn’t the same as sucking off a man. Oh, and for the record, I never took it up my ass either. Just sucked it.” It was then Ryan felt Chris’ cock push into his ass. For the second time in his life, he came without touching himself – the first being when Julia fisted him at Kink Ink.

“The more I hear, the more I think I want to train you as my pet,” Sandy said, giving Adam the signal that he could now use her submissive. “Yeah, I think that’s exactly what I’ll do. Right after you spend a few hours locked in the cocksucking pillories sucking cock and drinking semen and piss.”

“What about patrolling the Farm, Mistress?” Ryan managed to get out before his mouth was once again filled.

“You’re kidding, right? This place polices itself. Like I said before, our real purpose here is to be trained as sex slaves. Or at least the closest thing to it allowed by law.”

“Mistress, Might I suggest taking him to the dick-girl grotto instead?” Julia said. “That way he gets gang banged by twenty hot transsexuals who will no doubt feed him loads of piss and cum. He’ll also have to get marked upon completion and I think we both know how much you like humiliating and degrading your property.”

“That I do, Julia. That I do. Which is why you’ll join him. But not today. His piercing, tattoo and brand need time to heal before he does anything too rough. He’ll spend the rest of his shift and probably a few hours more sucking men off in the pillories to earn himself some extra spending money. But we can go over that once he’s finished pleasuring these two gentlemen.”

“Yes Mistress.”

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“Now that you’ve been introduced to the lifestyle and have seemingly accepted your new role in life, I think it’s time I tell you the rest of your job duties here at the Domination Farm,” Sandy said as she and her two slaves walked around the resort. “It’s never a good idea to eat loads of semen on an empty stomach so why don’t we grab a bite to eat?”

“Sounds good to me,” Ryan replied. “So, what more is there, Mistress?”

“Well, as I said before, this place polices itself with all of its rules designed to turn hotheaded people into complacent, obedient sex slaves so we actually have very little to do other than parade ourselves around as if we actually have any power.”

“Um, they might have rules, but no one is above the law, Mistress.”

“I think we all know that’s a lie. Do you really think a place like this got where it is without greasing all the right palms? You do realize everyone from cashiers and bankers to politicians and all branches of law enforcement have passed through here over the last forty years, right? And I don’t just mean for a visit. Hell, even the Mayor’s daughters, all four of them have been trained here. If you need more proof I can keep going, but I think you get the point.”

“You mentioned more rules, Mistress?”

“Right. In order to familiarize yourself with the resort’s layout as quickly as possible all new members must live here for their first month. Now, because the Farm is currently under lockdown thanks to the quarantine rooms are pretty much non-existent, but thankfully task force members have a small apartment building of their own.”

“If we have to stay here a month why have an entire building just for us, Mistress?” Ryan asked as they stopped in front of a building called the Cumeaterie.

“Because most of us, Julia and I included find it much easier to just live here fulltime. In fact, you’re very likely to see members of all three teams here. Now, let’s get some lunch, shall

we?” she said as she pulled the door open and ushered her submissives inside. “I hope you liked eating their loads because you’re going to get a whole lot more here.”

“So, what, I have to suck guys off for a meal or something?”

“Not exactly,” Julia answered. “Every meal comes covered in loads of semen. Hence the name of the place. Depending on what you order you’ll get another thirty to fifty loads.”

“Jesus!”

“On the bright side it’s some of the tastiest cum you’re likely to ever eat,” Sandy said. “And just to make sure you get plenty of protein I’m commanding you to order three extra sides of it.”

“Holy shit!” Julia exclaimed. “That’s like a hundred and fifty loads!”

“Where the hell do they get so much jizz?” Ryan asked as they were approached by a farm slave wearing a cupless light blue latex spanking dress and thigh-high boots to match the collar around her neck.

“Table for three?”

“Yes please,” Sandy answered. “And it’s best if you don’t know where it all comes from.”

**Three weeks later...**

Keeping with her idea of turning him into her pet, Sandy added a canine mask and ear and a new tailed plug to Ryan's uniform – the latter molded after a real dog's cock including the nearly three-and-a-half-inch thick knot that kept him stretched and constantly horny as he patrolled the resort looking for even the slightest hint of criminal activity. Breakfast was always eaten at the Hot Momma Café where he enjoyed a tall glass of freshly squeezed milk with whatever food he ordered. Lunch was usually something quick that he scarfed down at The Dive and dinner was eaten at the Cumeaterie with his new girlfriend and Mistress.

When not on duty, Ryan was on all fours, still in uniform though he had purchased five more so that he was not wearing the same one all day every day. Fortunately, he did not have to lick himself clean or use the bathroom like the puppy he was being trained as, but he did eat his meals from bowls which he found equal parts humiliating, degrading and exciting. Especially if there were a lot of people there to watch.

Having acquired a taste for semen thanks to dinners at the Cumeaterie, he decided that he was obviously not as straight as he once thought so on the second day at the Domination Farm he locked himself in one of the Cocksucking Pillories where he remained for the several hours it took for him to pleasure fifty men. On the third day, his asshole already stretched far more than he would have liked, Ryan decided to go for broke. Knowing he would be at the resort for a month, he entered the House of Gape to begin his fisting training.

On his fifth day at the Domination Farm, he found his way into the Gang Bang Grotto where he had sex with thirty-one men over the course of five long and very exciting hours after which GANG BANG Sissy was tattooed on his inner left thigh. Day seven saw him repeating the process with twenty-two of the sexiest transsexuals he had ever laid eyes on. For that he earned himself his second brand in the form of the transsexual symbol on his right bicep. Deciding entering unknown buildings and areas was a bad idea, he spent the next week taking it easy so that everything could heal. Unfortunately, at the end of it he received his mark of completion at the House of Gape and was branded a fisting queen on his left ass cheek. That bought him another week of healing and a command from his Mistress to stick to patrolling the streets until she said otherwise.

Ryan agreed to stay out of every building that he was not a clearly marked shop or place to eat. Fortunately, there was plenty out in the open for him to experience. Three weeks to the day of joining Team Alpha, he found himself unable to sleep as he contemplated his future in law enforcement, life with Julia who he was growing closer to with every passing day and his training as a sex slave. Getting out of bed, he put on a pair of leather chaps and vest, attached the tail to the plug he was required to keep inserted at all times and a pair of combat boots. Used to having his privates on full display, he opted not to wear any form of underwear even though he was now allowed.

Leaving the small apartment building situated between Slave Seats – a shop where all manner of seating with dildos attached could be purchased, and the wall of Cocks where climbers were required to suck various dildos and not all of them resembling human anatomy, he made his way down Sadism Street. Walking past a woman being triple teamed, another dressed in full puppy gear out for a late-night stroll with her Master and a man struggling to drink the piss of one man while four more covered him from different angles, he turned down Masochist

Row, thought better of it as he was in no mood to experience pain or humiliation and then backtracked to Domination Drive. While there was plenty of sex and perversion taking place on both sides of every street and in several instances right in the middle of them, most of the action took place within the resort's many buildings which severely limited his options unless he wanted to return to Masochist Row.

Unable to find anything that piqued his interest Ryan circled around the resort in the hopes of wearing himself out. Once again avoiding Masochist Row, he took Breeder Boulevard north towards Sadism Street when he saw the familiar face of his sister who was fully seated on a dildo bench. Save for the bright pink thigh-high boots, matching opera gloves and garter belt she was naked, covered in sweat and panting as if she had just run a marathon. Not wanting things to become awkward between them, he ducked between two buildings but stopped when he saw that she was also silently sobbing. *Dammit, sis, why in the hell are you here?* He thought as he approached. "Kirsten?"

"OH GOD! R-Ryan!" his sister screeched, hands coming up to cover her breasts only to immediately jerk away as she winced.

Unable to help himself, Ryan looked down at his sister's breasts. Rings adorned large nipples. Her areolas had been tattooed to look like triskelions in shades of pinks and red. But it was the name KnobGobbler tattooed on the left that made him gasp. "Holy shit! What...when...why on earth would you come here?" It was then he saw the light blue collar of the farm slave around her neck. "Jesus Christ, sis, where did you get that collar? Wait, this place is under lockdown so how did you even get in?"

"I told the woman at the booth that I was your sister and was here with an emergency. She said she could call you out but I insisted I come in and tell you myself. She took my temperature and when it was normal she let me in. After I read all of their insane rules and...what the hell, Ryan, why are you getting hard?"

"Why are you looking at my dick?"

"Kind of hard to miss when it's right in my damn face."

"I'm always hard around here."

"You weren't hard when you first walked up to...Jesus Christ! I'm your sister!"

"And a beautiful woman. Don't worry, I'm not going to do anything to you. So, when did you get here and how in the hell did you end up a farm slave?"

"I got here three days ago actually. I know you work days so did everything in my power to avoid you finding out. As for why I'm here...the truth is I've always wanted to visit but mom and dad's threat of disowning me always kept me away. Until now. As for the whole slave thing...I entered a few buildings I shouldn't have and left without completing the mandatory training. After the third one they gave me the choice of being permanently banned or being registered as a farm slave. As you can see I accepted slavery. Unfortunately, I wasn't fully aware of just what that meant until they took me right back into those same three buildings and watched as I was humiliated and degraded in unspeakable ways. Why are you collared?"

"Long story while we'll get to later. What three buildings did they take you back into, sis?"

"I'd rather not say."

"You know I can request copies of the video, right?"

"The Animal Training Barn, Breeding Stables and the School of Discipline. I assume you don't have to see the videos to know what I had to do."

"No, no I do not. So, I have to ask, how were the animals?"

“I’d rather not talk about it.”

“Is that why you were crying?”

“No.”

“Then why?”

“Damn it, Ryan! Please stop. I don’t want to discuss my sex life with my brother.”

“I’m collared because I’ve accepted Officer Sandra Donovan as my Mistress and I’m dating Detective Julia Hastings who is also her slave. And yes, I do mean slave. Since I got here three weeks ago I’ve been fisted up my ass, drank gallons of semen and even more piss. I’ve had sex with nearly a hundred men and at least fifty transsexuals. I’ve been pierced, tattooed and branded multiple times and will probably receive more before my training is over. There is no shame in enjoying perverted sex, Kirsten. And there’s even less in venting to your brother. So, what’s got you so upset?”

“Did you hear what I said? They took me into the Animal Training Barn.”

“And you said that isn’t why you’re upset.”

“You don’t think I’m disgusting for...for having sex with...god, I can’t even say it.”

“You don’t have to. Come on, why are you upset? And why are you even here if this isn’t a life you want to live?”

“I never wanted to become a sex slave, Ryan. And I’m upset because...because I was supposed to go home today but I can’t.”

“You’re free to leave anytime you want, sis. No one is holding you hostage.”

“I’ll have nowhere to go home to. Mom and dad won’t let me move in after this. None of my friends have extra room. And...and Greg will divorce me the second he sees what I’ve become.”

“He doesn’t know you’re here?”

“I told him I was visiting family out of town for a long weekend. I was hoping to spend a few days sampling the kinkier side of life to see if it was something I’d want to pursue and then go home, but look at my tits! Look at what they did to me! They turned my areolas into fucking triskelions! I’ve been branded. I can never remove this name from my breast. And I’m sitting on two of the biggest dildos I’ve ever seen. I don’t think I need to tell you what that means.”

“For the record I’ve got a massive dildo up my ass right now. Oh, and it’s shaped like a dog’s dick.”

“Right.”

Reaching back, Ryan tugged the plug from his ass and held it up for his sister to see that he was telling the truth. “It might not be the real thing, but I know what it feels like to be knotted. And fisted. Double fisted actually.” Turning, he pointed to the words fisting queen branded on his ass. “I don’t think I need to tell you what this means.”

“Y-You’ve been to the House of Gape?”

“And completed my training. I’ve also been to the gang bang and dick-girl grottos and received those marks as well.”

“I’m being bred,” Kirsten said. “I’ve had sex with at least twenty men a day for the last three days and will continue doing so until I’m pregnant. And I spend an hour twice a day hooked to a machine being milked like a cow. Or rather they’re attempting to induce lactation. And from what I’ve see it’s quite effective given enough time.”

“You don’t have to let them do these things to you sis. If you need a place to stay you can live with me until you get back on your feet. Hell, I won’t even be there for another week so if you want to move in just let Dwayne know,” Ryan said, referring to his best friend who has been

looking after his place for the past three weeks. “You can have the spare bedroom for now and then when I get back we can work on cleaning out the garage loft so that you can have more privacy.”

“T-Thanks. But I have to stay for at least a year.”

“Why? The rules are very clear, sis. Slave or not, you are free to leave whenever you want.”

“Not when I’ve been offered a job making a hundred and fifty thousand a year on condition I do not leave for any reason short of a family or medical emergency.”

“Where are you working so I know where to avoid?”

“The Sushi Bar. But only the night shift so I doubt we’d ever run into each other. Speaking of which, why are you even up? Isn’t it past your bedtime?”

“Couldn’t sleep. And we very well may have run into each other because I was actually thinking of stopping there for a bite to eat on my way back to my apartment.”

“I went through a two-day orientation but I don’t actually start until tomorrow. Then I’ll lay butt naked on a table covered in very expensive sushi three to five times a shift, five nights a week. Oh, I’ll be the one covered in sushi by the way, not the table.”

“I know. I’ve been there for lunch a few times and have eaten off some very beautiful women. I never imagined I’d be into that sort of thing, but then again I never imagined being a sex slave either so here we are. So, besides those three buildings what else have you done in the three days you’ve been here?”

“I’ve been to the Lesbian Grotto where I had sex with women for the first time in my life. Twenty-four of them actually. That’s where I got this,” Kirsten said, showing her brother the lesbian symbol tattooed on her inner right wrist in all the colors of the rainbow. I’ve also spent a few hours at the Petting Zoo dressed up as a deer and being fucked by several men. And I earned this one from entering the wrong showers.”

“Nice!”

“RYAN!”

“Sorry, but that’s really fucking hot. And before you say anything, I’ve been drinking it for the last three weeks but have yet to enter the golden showers.”

“They did more than piss on me and make me drink it.”

“I know. I mean, I know what they do there not that I saw what they did to you specifically. Anyways, money aside. are you sure this is the sort of life you want to live?”

“I think it’s a little late to turn back now. Besides, what am I going to do, go back to a dead-end job where I was barely making twenty grand a year when I was actually able to work? I’m better off staying here the required year and if I make it that long then what’s two, five or ten more? At least after the first I’ll be able to come and go as I please as long as it doesn’t interfere with my work and training that is. I just have to come to terms with the fact I’ll never see my family or friends again.”

“I think our family will come around eventually and if your friends stop talking to you because of your choice of work or sexual preferences then they’re really not your friends. You know you can come to me whenever you need a shoulder to cry on or an ear to vent to, right? No matter what you do I’m here for you sis.”

“Thanks. I’m feeling better now and you have work in the morning so why don’t you go get some sleep? I’ll be okay.”

“Are you sure? Because I’ll stay up all night if I have to.”

“I can see that,” Kirsten said, her eyes drifting down to her brother’s still hard cock. “And if you’re dating Officer Donovan then perhaps have her do something about that thing. Go on, there’s no sense in both of us staying up all night.”

“Like I’ll be able to get any sleep knowing you’re here,” Still holding the plug, Ryan placed one of the specially designed condoms on the plug a couple feet to his sister’s feet, lubed it and then took it fully up his ass. “I’d much rather stay up all night making sure you’re okay and have someone to talk to.”

“Thanks.” Leaning forward with elbows on her thighs and hands covering her face, Kirsten sighed. “I really don’t want to be alone and if I ask anyone else for company they take it to mean sex and that’s honestly the last thing I want.”

“Where are you staying? Do you have a room here or are you staying in the makeshift dorms?”

“One of the dorms until the lockdown is over. Why?”

“This is going to sound far more perverted than intended, but why don’t we go back to my place so we don’t have to worry about anyone using us?”

“You mean me?”

“You’re not the only collared one here sis. Don’t worry, as beautiful as I think you are I’m not going to do anything more nefarious than offer you a quiet place to talk and rest for as long as you need it.”

“You have two beds in your room?”

“No, but I do have a king sized and while I’ll need it at night it’ll be free for you during the day.”

“And what about tonight?”

“There’s plenty of room for both of us. And I’ll be completely covered. If you’re not comfortable with that then I’ll sleep on the floor.”

“Bullshit you will. I’m on a night schedule now so you can have your bed. When you’re ready for bed I’ll go back to the dorm.”

“Where any number of people can use you as they see fit? I’m offering you a chance to make it through the night undisturbed.”

“There’s just one thing you’re forgetting, brother. You live at the police apartments and I’m not a policewoman. I can visit, but not stay without being severely disciplined.”

“Actually, I’m allowed to have guests stay the night and they don’t have to be in law enforcement. But it’s your choice. Standing, he pushed the dildo back into his ass and offered his sister a hand. She took it and then once she was on her feet they cleaned the toys they had been sitting on and then walked back to his place to continue their conversation in a more private setting.