

# **Brentwood Breeders**

**Crimson Rose**

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“Are you sure she’s the one we’re looking for?” a man dressed head to toe in black asked.

“She matches the pictures and is sitting in a cop car,” the man standing next to him whispered in reply.

“Her sister is a cop too. Are you sure this is the right one?”

“We’ve been tracking her for three days. I’m sure.”

“If we grab the wrong one...”

“Then we grab the right one and have two hot cops to breed.”

“For fuck sake. I’m working with an idiot. Please tell me you’re not that damn stupid.”

“What? We’re a breeding gang so the more women we can breed, the better. Now let’s get this fucking cunt back so we can get started.”

“You’re a god damn moron and I swear to god if this isn’t the right woman...” Leaving the threat hanging, the man threw a punch and then backed out of the alley in a defensive stance.

“What the fuck, man?” the startled victim of the attack shouted as he stepped out after his partner who landed a left hook to his jaw. Swinging back and missing, he took a punch to the chin knocking him stumbling back several feet.

Seeing two masked men appearing out of nowhere taking swings at each other, Officer Sophie Reid – who had until then been passing the boredom of her shift watching for speeders thinking about her twin sister’s upcoming wedding, turned on her headlights and briefly blasted the cruiser’s sirens before stepping out. Standing behind the open door, she called out. “Hey! You two, break it up!” That was all the time it took for a third man hiding in the shadows to slink out, wrap an arm around her, and then jab a needle into her left hip. The struggle lasted less than ten seconds as every muscle in her body relaxed to the point of immobility. But consciousness remained. Unable to move or scream for help, she had no choice but to stare at the sky as the three men – now acting in tandem, loaded her into a non-descript dark blue and black van where she was restrained in leather arm and leg binders while a penis gag shoved into her mouth guaranteed her silence.

As the van slowly, casually pulled out onto the street, the driver called back. “Check her tits and ass. Make sure she’s the right one.”

*Right one?* Sophie thought as hands tore at her uniform. Shirt ripped open, pants yanked down, she reeled inside but unable to move she had no choice but to comply as her matching purple bra and panties were cut from her rigid body.

“FUCK!” one of the men stripping her exclaimed. “No piercings. No tattoo. You said this was the right one. You said this was Officer Sanya Reid! God damn it!” Hovering over their captive, he stared down at her and continued. “Sorry, babe. We were led to believe you were your sister. Unfortunately, we can’t let you go until Alpha has been informed of this screwup.”

From the corner of her right eye, Sophie watched as the other man pulled his dick from his pants before scooting on his knees in her direction.

“Put that thing away or I’ll cut it off!” the first man seethed.

“We breed worthless pigs like her so... THWUMP! The fist landed hard in the man’s nose knocking him back on his ass.

“We only breed our clients and she is clearly not a client you fucking idiot! Sit your ass in the corner and so help me if you move before we get back I’ll kill you myself.” Turning back to his bound captive, he continued. “My apologies. I’m Delta and the idiot is Tau. I’m sure

you're all kinds of confused and worried, but you have my word no one will lay a finger on you," he said as he pulled her uniform pants up and then did his best to cover her bare breasts.

*They're the fucking Brentwood Breeders! Sophie thought. Jesus fucking Christ! They wanted my sister. They said they only breed clients. What the hell does that mean?*

"I'm sure you've heard of us, but let me confirm. We are part of an organization labeled the Brentwood Breeders. And while the police and other government agencies say we kidnap women off the streets to breed, that's only partially true. Yes, we breed women. Yes, we take women off the streets and out of their own homes. Yes, we keep them sometimes for years and train them as sex slaves. But we do not kidnap them as that implies unlawfully restraining someone and forcing them into captivity. And while that's what's happening to you right now, please believe me when I say it sickens me, but we cannot risk you screaming or escaping before we've had a chance to prove our case. All I ask is that you give us a few hours to get back to base and speak with Alpha. You should be able to move again in a few minutes. I'll remove your gag then. You may ask me anything you want and I'll answer to the best of my ability, but if you scream I'll have no choice but to give you another jab and put the gag back in. This is all a horrible misunderstanding and the last thing I want is to make things worse so please comply and this will all be over with as quickly as possible."

Leaving their captive lying in the middle of the van, Delta moved back and grabbed Tau by the throat. Pulling a short syringe from a pouch on his hip, he jabbed the man in the arm. "I'll let Alpha deal with your stupidity. Going to a long metal toolbox on the left side of the van, he removed another pair of binders and a gag which he used on his partner before returning to Sophie's side here he saw her struggling against her restraints. "I know you want nothing more than to escape, but please calm down. If I remove your gag are you going to scream? And please don't lie to me."

Sophie shook her head no.

"Please don't. I know it's hard, but remain calm and ask me whatever you want and I'll answer to the best of my ability, but if you raise your voice I won't hesitate putting you under again. Understand?"

Sophie nodded. A moment later and the short silicone penis was pulled from her mouth. "Y-You're the Brentwood Breeders?"

"A few of them."

"H-How many of you are there?"

"Unfortunately, I'm not at liberty to answer that question, but let's just say more than a dozen, but less than a hundred."

"W-What do you want with my sister? What do you mean when you said you only breed clients?"

"Your sister, Officer Sanya Reid is a client, thus we plan on breeding her. Three pregnancies if you care to know."

"I don't understand."

"Like I said, we take women off the streets and from their own homes and on occasion places of business, but we do not kidnap them, Sophie. Every woman taken was done so with their full consent in order for them to repay their end of a very lucrative contract. Your sister is one such woman and it was supposed to be her we took this evening."

"I don't believe a word you say! If you're not going to do anything to me then let me go."

"I wish I could, but we have rules and they state wrongfully taken women will be returned to base to be interviewed by Alpha."

“In other words, you’re kidnapping me?”

“If we let you go now you’ll go straight to the police and while you don’t know where base is and we’ll completely destroy this vehicle before you have a chance to file a report, we cannot take any risks.”

“I *am* the police,” Sophie replied, glaring at the masked man as if he were a bigger idiot than the man bound in the corner. “As is my sister and at least half a dozen other women you’ve taken.”

“All taken with consent.”

“Like I believe that bullshit.”

“Ask yourself why the women are eventually returned home. Ask yourself why none of them have ever talked to the police or any other law enforcement agency. Ask yourself why none of those returned have never once spoken out against us. We don’t have guns to their heads. We don’t harass or threaten them or their families. We use them for the duration of their agreed upon contract and then we drop them off wherever they like. In exchange for a substantial amount of money your sister, Sanya, agreed to slave training and three pregnancies all to be given up for adoption at her request.”

“She would never do anything like that!”

“The contract and numerous videos prove otherwise. All I ask is that you watch them for yourself.”

“Slave contracts aren’t legal so even if she did sign one it can never be enforced.”

“Which is why none of the women sign slave contracts. Yes, submissive training is part of the contract, but not its entirety and is worded in such a way that it is absolute and binding. Now, if your sister wants to return the half-million dollars we gave her plus a twenty-percent cancellation fee then she’s free to go on with life as normal. If not, then she’ll be taken and held until she fulfills her end of the deal.”

“So, you’re going to take her, willing or otherwise and hold her prisoner until she pays off her debt to you? That’s kidnapping, false imprisonment, and forced labor at the very least. All punishable by significant prison time.”

“I’m not going to argue semantics, Sophie. If it were illegal our lawyers wouldn’t have given us the green light. It’s not kidnapping or false imprisonment when they come and stay willingly. And it’s not forced labor when they’ve been well-paid for their services even if often years in advance. They also earn a fair amount while being bred and trained so they’re never released empty-handed. Gamma, you want to call base and tell them of the fuckup and to send out another crew to get the actual client?”

“Not really, but you’re the boss,” the driver called back.

“With any luck we’ll all arrive together and then you can ask her yourself. If I’m telling the truth then you agree to forget all about us grabbing you by mistake.”

“And if you’re lying?”

“Then I won’t resist arrest. Not that you’ll have anything to hold me, but I won’t resist you taking me in. And as a show of trust I’ll remove the binds from your legs so you can at least be a little more comfortable.”

“How about removing them both?”

“So you can attack us or attempt jumping out of the van? I’m sorry, Sophie, but I can’t take the risk. That idiot aside, and believe me when I say he’ll be dealt with harshly for his screwup and move to have sex with you, we’re all upstanding members of society from all walks of life whom, besides being prolific breeders, have families, friends, and careers of our own.”

“Why are you doing this?”

“Because there are women out there in need of strings being pulled to get their lives back on track and we’re able to do that for them.”

“By breeding and turning them into sex slaves?”

“Both things every client agrees to before the contract is drawn up. We are up front and honest every step of the way, Sophie.”

“I can’t believe my sister would agree to any of this for any amount of money.”

“I understand, but I assure you she did. That being said, I’d like to off you a deal. You don’t have to be bred. You don’t even have to agree to full training as a sex slave. But give us a month. During that time you’ll receive training in multiple areas of sexual submission, but more importantly, you’ll be able to see for yourself that every woman is with us by choice. In exchange, you’ll be paid twenty-five-thousand-dollars.”

“Hell no! Even if I agreed, I’m not on birth control so assuming I’ll be fucked by I don’t even want to think about how many men, I’d still be bred.”

“Maybe, maybe not. That’s the best deal I can offer without having you sign a full breeding contract which is a quarter-million for a single pregnancy and slave training for the duration.”

“Wait, you said you gave Sanya half a million for three.”

“True. But she got more than cash. Weird how a cop making fifty-four-thousand a year outright bought that new house of hers.”

“I see.”

“The choice is yours. You can accept the sample deal, a full contract, or nothing at all.”

“Even if I did, which I don’t, I can’t just up and disappear for even a month. Not only would I lose my job, but I could never put my family and friends through that sort of worry.”

“And you don’t have to. Contrary to the news, we’re not monsters. While most women prefer to keep their secret dealings to themselves, you’re free to tell family and friends you’ve made a deal and will be low-contact for the duration. There are some things you won’t be able to mention, and all methods of contact will be closely monitored, but you can still talk to your loved ones.”

“Then let me call them right now.”

“Are you agreeing to sign a contract with us?”

“NO!”

“Then I cannot allow you to contact anyone until you’ve talked to Alpha and your sister.”

“Trust goes both ways. If I’m going to trust men that kidnapped me, then you need to trust me. I give you my word that I will make no attempt to escape until I’ve talked to my sister and this Alpha you speak of, but you need to remove all of my restraints right now.”

“I can’t do that, Sophie.”

“If you people have been stalking me and my sister then you know we’re both women of our word. Promise me you won’t rape and kill me and I’ll promise go along willingly to talk to Sanya and your apparent boss. I’ve already proven that I won’t scream for help, now prove you’re not criminals.”

“Fair enough. Please don’t make me regret this trust, Sophie,” Delta said as she began unbuckling the leather binder keeping her arms bound behind her back. “I give you my word no one will lay a finger on you unless you ask them to, and if we were in the business of killing people then we wouldn’t release our clients at the end of their agreed upon contracts. So, have you decided whether you want to take me up on the offered deal?”

"I'm not signing anything," Sophie said as she slowly moved her arms in front of her. Reaching up, she pulled her uniform shirt closed, but missing four buttons it did not remain that way for long. "Do you have another shirt I can wear?"

"You can have mine if you want it," Delta offered.

"Better than my breasts being on display." No sooner were the words out of her mouth, then the garment was held out for her to take. The lack of scars, tattoos, or other distinguishing marks was mildly disappointing, but she took the black shirt and pulled it on over her own.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. So, any other questions?"

"How many women have you done this to? We know about fifty-seven, but something tells me we're way off the mark."

"We've made deals with more than eight-thousand women across the country."

"E-Eight... eight-thousand? So, not just here in Brentwood then?"

"No. we have people in every state."

"How is this even possible? How can you take dozens of people from a single city and keep them hidden for years? How many have you taken from Brentwood counting me and my sister?"

"We haven't taken you, Sophie. Well, not as a client anyway. As for how many we've taken, do you mean since we set up, or that we're currently training and breeding?"

"Um, both?"

"We've been in Brentwood for a bit over nine years and in that time we've made deals with two-hundred-thirty-six women."

What? How? I mean, how can you take that many women when we only know about fifty-seven?"

"Not all of them are reported missing because they told family and friends about their humiliating secret. The fifty-seven you know about are those that kept it to themselves."

"You said he'll be dealt with. What does that mean? What are you going to do to him?"

"Nothing he hasn't agreed to and that's all I'll say on that topic."

"You said you weren't criminals, but he seemed intent on raping me."

"And I stopped him before he could lay a finger on you. Trust me, after we're finished administering punishment he'll never do anything like that again."

"What are you going to do to him, Delta?"

"I said not to ask."

"Because it'll incriminate you in a crime?"

"Because I'm not at liberty to say. I think that's enough talking for now. We have a long ride ahead of us so please try to make yourself as comfortable as possible. Just know that when we get to a certain point you'll be blindfolded so you don't know exactly where we're going."

Sighing, Sophie kept her word and instead of bolting out of the fast-moving van, shuffled back against the wall, brought her knees up to her chest, and hoped her captors really would let her go unmolested.