

Candice's Confession

Crimson Rose

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Twenty seven year old Gwen Price sat quietly at the defendant's table, her demeanor calm and collected despite her very freedom being on the line. On trial for trafficking in sex slaves she had been assured by her lawyers that the police and prosecution had no case, and she was inclined to agree. Not because she thought herself above the law, but because the authorities have been trying to shut her place of business down for years without fail and whether the people liked it or not, the law was on her side.

Sitting on the witness stand, giving her testimony was twenty-nine year old Candice Fuller – a decorated officer with seven unblemished years on the force, and the prosecution's star witness. She had just finished answering a line of questions that painted Gwen Price as the evil mastermind behind a cleverly disguised sex-trafficking ring – who, according to witnesses forced people to come to a secluded farm in the middle of nowhere Rome, Wisconsin to partake in acts of depravity she couldn't even bring herself to mention, and she was feeling pretty good about her chances of winning.

Officer Fuller shifted uneasily in the witness seat, her body still aching from her ordeal at the Domination Farm as Anthony Goughler, Gwen's attorney approached to cross examine. Representing the Farm since its inception under the ownership of Master Joey Simms, he was intimately familiar not only with the place itself, but the many, many times various agencies have tried in vain to close it down.

"Just to clarify, it is your sworn testimony that my client forced you into the Domination Farm against your will and subjected you to all manner of atrocities. Is that correct, Officer Fuller?"

"That is correct."

"And that is what led you to arresting my client?"

"Eventually, yes."

"Would you please explain what you mean by that, Officer Fuller?"

"We got more than a dozen calls about missing friends and family members. And after months of investigation we determined there was only one thing linking them all together."

"And that one link would be?"

"The forms they all filled out to gain entry into that...place."

"And by that place you mean the Domination Farm currently owned and operated by my client?"

"That is correct."

"And what were these forms?"

"Rules, waivers, consent forms, that sort of thing. But in reality they were nothing more than slave contracts."

"Objection, your honor, Mr. Goughler said to the judge. "There is absolutely no proof that the forms those missing signed are slave contracts."

"Sustained. The jury will disregard the witness' opinion that the forms were slave contracts," the judge agreed.

"So, you tracked all of the missing people to the Domination Farm, got a search warrant and went in looking for them?" Mr. Goughler returned to the questioning.

"Not exactly."

"Please elaborate, Officer Fuller."

“Since one of those missing was my step-sister Lori I was adamant about being on the case. I was sent there undercover to investigate the whereabouts of the missing men and women.”

“So, you arrived at the Farm and waltzed through the front door?”

“No.” Candice answered, and for the first time she felt her resolve waiver as she inched closer and closer to the hole she was digging for herself.

“No? Did you climb over the wall?”

“Of course not.”

“Then how did you get into the Domination Farm, Officer Fuller?”

“I had to sign the forms.”

There was a palpable silence throughout the courtroom at the confession and everyone from the jury to those watching were in the edges of their seats.

“You signed the forms? The same forms you said amounted to slave contracts?”

“Yes.”

“Did you read the forms before you signed them, Officer Fuller?”

“Of course I read them.”

“And was my client’s name anywhere on even a single one of those pages?”

“No, her name was not on them, but there were a lot of them to sign so I may have missed it,” Candice said, her cheeks growing redder by the second.

“If her name was not on the forms then why did you arrest my client?”

“Because she was the mastermind behind the whole operation, that’s why. She is an evil woman and deserves to be locked away for the rest of her miserable life for what she did to all those men and women.”

“All of those men and women, Officer Fuller, or you?”

Silence turned to gasps not only from the silent audience, but from the jury box as well. Candice shrank back into the witness chair, her face bright red in shame.

“I...I...that doesn’t have any bearing on this case whatsoever,” Candice said weakly. “I arrested her for what she did to countless innocent people. So many lives changed, ruined because of her.”

“Was your life ruined because of all the things she forced you to do?”

“She didn’t do anything to me directly.”

“I’m very confused here, Officer Fuller. On the one hand you’re telling us she ruined your life and the lives of everyone at the Domination Farm while on the other you’re telling us she never made you do a single thing.”

“Not directly.”

“Indirectly then. You have proof that what was done to you came from her lips?”

“No, but she is in charge. She calls all the shots.”

“I notice you are sitting uneasy in that seat. Should we get a more comfortable one for you?”

“Objection,” said Jonathon Humphrey standing up. “Mr. Goughler is clearly badgering the witness.”

“I have very good reason for these questions,” Goughler responded “as will soon become evident.”

“Overruled,” Judge Cintron replied.

“Thank you, your Honor,” Anthony said to the judge. “So, when you arrived at the Domination Farm and signed the papers to get in did you go straight to my client’s office to question her?”

“Not at first, no.”

“Why don’t you tell us all in your own words exactly what happened from the moment you stepped foot on Domination Farm property.”

“Objection!” the prosecutor yelled out, getting to his feet in a huff. “Officer Fuller was subjected to some of the most horrific forms of sexual abuse at that place and should not have to recount it here in court.”

“I disagree your Honor,” Mr. Goughler said. “Officer Fuller is accusing my client of being the head of a sex-trafficking ring – something more than a dozen government agencies have failed to prove I might add. Her very freedom is on the line and the only way we’re going to get justice is to hear the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.”

“Objection overruled. Please continue, Officer Fuller,” the judge commanded.

Taking a deep breath, Candice closed her eyes as and thought back to the start of it all.