

# **Claiming Ashley**

**Victoria Brynn**

~ ~ ~

# **Claiming Ashley**

This story is Copyright© 2015 by **Victoria Brynn**. All rights reserved.

**Claiming Ashley** is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

## **Copyright License Notes:**

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

## **Note from the Author:**

The Domination Farm is the living, breathing, ever-expanding brain-child of friend and fellow erotic author, Crimson Rose, and she has generously allowed any and all authors to make use of it. I only hope that I do the place justice!

## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

## Into the Farm

Officer Ashley Daniels pulled the squad car into the parking lot of the most infamous location in Rome, Wisconsin, if not the nation – The Domination Farm. It was a walled-in compound resting on more than a hundred and sixty acres of land, and was the source of many of the city’s troubles, or at least that’s what everyone thought.

The Domination farm was a place where the sexually perverse went to fulfill their every desire. It was a place of uninhibited kink where Dominants and submissives the world over could come and practice their lifestyle choices in a setting designed with their special brand of fetish in mind. And it was seen as an eyesore upon the community. But, it also generated more tax revenue than the next ten business combined, and they broke no laws, so, after more than thirty years they remained in business.

Officer Daniels had driven by the place a thousand times on her nightly patrols, but had never paid it a visit. It was as far from her thing as one could get, but the suspect she had been chasing for the last two hours was last seen going in. Turning the engine off, she picked up her cell phone and called the special department number all officers were required to call when it came to the Farm.

“Farm Inquiries, how may I help you?” Sargent Abrams said answering the phone.

“This is Officer Ashley Daniels on location at the Domination Farm where a suspect has been seen entering. I need clearance to go in after him.”

“One moment Officer Daniels.” She could hear the sound of fingers rapidly typing on a keyboard and soft humming from Sargent Abrams. “You’re cleared to go in. Make sure you get receipts and stay no more than you need to.”

“Receipts?”

“For reimbursement. You’ll have to pay to get in like a civilian.”

“Are you kidding me? I’m on official police business. They cannot hinder an investigation like that.”

“Look, all I know is what I’m told and I’m told all Officers wishing to gain entry into the Domination Farm must do so according to their rules. Follow them to the letter, or wait for your suspect to come out again. The choice is yours.”

“Unbelievable! I’m going in. I can’t take the chance that he’ll come out again. For all I know he’s already climbed over the damn walls.”

“Good luck, Officer Daniels you’re going to need it.”

“Thanks,” she sighed hanging up the phone. *How in the hell can they get away with hindering an investigation like this?* She thought as she got out of the squad car. *I bet someone is being paid off!* She got in line behind a man dressed in black leather pants and a latex shirt that appeared three sizes too small for his bulky frame, and waited.

The line moved quickly as return visitors paid and were let in immediately, while first-timers were given a paper-stacked clipboard and moved out of line to read and sign the documents. When Officer Daniels finally made it to the ticket booth she was shocked to see a topless woman smiling back at her.

“Will you be entering as a Dominant, bare-neck or submissive this evening?” Sluttytail asked.

“Excuse me?” Officer Daniels gasped in reply. “I’m here on official police duty. What do I need to pay to get in?”

“That all depends on if you are entering as a Dominant, bare-neck or submissive,” Sluttytail replied. She slid a clipboard through the small opening in the front of the booth. “Read and sign each form please. Get back in line when you’re ready to enter.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me! You’re really going to stop me from performing my job? I swear to god I’ll have this place investigated by the highest authorities and shut down!” Ashley scowled.

“Wouldn’t be the first time,” Sluttytail shrugged. “Please take the clipboard and step out of line so others may proceed.”

Officer Daniels snatched up the clipboard angrily and moved out of line. As her eyes moved quickly down the first page she cringed, her anger growing word by word until she was ready to throw the whole mess as far as she could before storming out of there, causing a scene her boss would no doubt hear about before she had a chance to explain her actions.

The first page was a set of rules and included things like visitors must enter as either a Dominant, submissive, or bare-neck - bare-necks are those new to the Farm, or whom have never been collared. And her personal favorite – All bare-necks understand and agree that they may be collared at any time while at the Domination Farm. She signed it and flipped to the next, wasting precious time that should have been used bringing a criminal to justice.

The following pages were waiver forms and more rules outlining everything from what the different color collars and armbands meant, to possible punishments for breaking the rules. She signed them all and got back in line. When she was once again at the lead, she slid the clipboard and \$250 cash to Sluttytail. “I’ll need a receipt please.”

“No problem,” Sluttytail replied. “You’ll have to leave your gun, cell phone, and any other recording equipment in your car.”

“Why don’t I just leave my uniform in there too?” Officer Daniels huffed.

“Probably not a bad idea. When you get fitted for your Farm clothes they’ll take your uniform and you might not see it again.”

“They might take my clothes, but they cannot take my badge. And that goes in with me.”

“Of course. Just pin it to your new clothes. Give me a moment and I’ll get your bracelet ready for you.” The bracelet was the Farms way of keeping track of everyone the place a visit. It was a stylish silver cuff bracelet with built-in microchips that kept track of everything from debt owed to the farm to the wearer’s identification, and it could be used at the various restaurants and shops as a form of debit card.

“Will you be placing any funds on your bracelet this evening? Remember that once you are inside of the Farm no additional funds may be placed on it without going into debt.”

“No thanks. I don’t plan on staying any longer than I have to.”

“Very well. Then if you’d kindly put your gun and any recording equipment in your car I’ll have your bracelet ready by the time you get back. And the uniform. Don’t forget that unless you want to lose it too.”

“I’ll take my chances.” Daniels once again left the line and went to the squad car where she placed her gun and radio in the trunk and locked it tight. By the time she returned, Sluttytail had the bracelet ready as promised.

“Here you go. If you’ll please step through the door over there, A Dominant will be along to take you to be fitted.”

Officer Daniels stepped through the door and into a large waiting room with padded benches lining three of the walls. There were more than a dozen men and women sitting down, but she opted to stay on her feet.

“You a real cop?” A pixie-haired blonde asked.

“I am.”

“Do they know you’re here? I didn’t think this was a place you lot worried about anymore.”

“They know. I’m here on official police business,” Daniels replied. “Come on, how much longer is this going to take?” she said looking intently as a door she could only assume led to the Farm. She thought about going through it, but remembered something she read. *Anyone entering the Domination Farm without the guild is subject to immediate enslavement and will be registered as a farm submissive.* So she waited impatiently for the guide to come get them.

∞ ∞ ∞

The guide showed up fifteen minutes later – a stern-looking woman of thirty dressed in a form-fitting corset dress and thigh-high latex boots. A red armband around her right bicep designated her as a Dominant. “On your feet and form a line! My name is Mistress Lia and I’ll be your guide this evening. If you have any questions during the tour you will call me Mistress, or you will feel the sting of the paddle,” she said tapping a long leather paddle hanging on her right hip. The tour will last approximately thirty minutes and will end at the fetish clothing shop where you will be given your new clothes. Your old ones will be burned.”

“Excuse me Mistress,” Officer Daniels said. “This uniform is not for show. I am an officer of the law here on official business and I need to get to it as quickly as possible.”

“And once you are fitted with your new clothes you’ll be able to conduct your business. Now, get down on your hands and knees with your ass in the air and your head on the floor, arms stretched out before you.”

“Um, pardon me?” Officer Daniels gasped.

“You heard me. Don’t make me repeat myself. “For interrupting me you will receive three swats of the paddle. If you are not in position in the next ten seconds it’ll be ten. One...two...three...four...” She unhooked the paddle and gave it a few tentative swings. Everyone stepped back two large steps and waited wide-eyed to see what the policewoman would do.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” Officer Daniels exclaimed.

“Five...six,” Mistress Lia continued counting.

Daniels scowled at the Mistress but quickly dropped into position, raising her round ass and lowering her head to the floor with her arms outstretched before her. Mistress Lia stopped counting at nine and moved into position behind and to the left of her.

Drawing her arm back and following through like a boxer swinging a mad right hook, Mistress Lia landed the paddle across the center of Officer Daniels’ ass. “AHGH!” Daniels screamed in pain. “That hurt, you fucking bitch!”

“It’s supposed to hurt. It wouldn’t be punishment otherwise now would it? I think you’ve got too much padding. Stand up and remove the pants and panties, then get back into position.”

Daniels stood up and did as commanded for fear any further delay or argument would only further her suffering. “Mmmm, nice ass,” Mistress Lia said lining up the next swat. “And it’s already turning a lovely shade of red. After each of the next two swats you will say: thank you Mistress for teaching this slut a lesson. Is that understood?”

“I’ll say no such thing!” Daniels exclaimed.

“You will, or we’ll be here all night turning your ass red. If you forget to say it I’ll add an additional five swats to your punishment.”

THWACK! The paddle once again landed squarely across Officer Daniels’ now bare ass. Without the meager layer of protection the panties and pants provided, the sting felt ten times worse than the first.

“Oowww!” Daniels cried out in agony. “Th-thank you Mistress for...for teaching this slut...a lesson!” she sobbed.

THWACK!

“Aahhgghhh! Thank y-you Mistress for t-teaching this slut a...a lesson.”

“You will all learn to obey, or you will be punished. Let this be a lesson to you,” Mistress Lia said returning the paddle to its place on her belt. “Leave your pants and panties where they are. And let’s go. Thanks to Officer runs-her-mouth, we’re behind schedule.”

Officer Daniels tried to hide her naked ass with her uniform shirt, but it wasn’t long enough and she was forced to walk with her bottom half bared for all to see. But as it turned out she was not alone in her nakedness. Every bare-neck and submissive they passed along the way was dressed in the same style – matching thigh-high latex boots, elbow-length gloves and garter belt. Only the Dominants, it appeared, were permitted to wear clothing that covered everything.