

# **Officer Training**

**Crimson Rose**

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# Officer Training

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And we're required to live on this farm for six months? What about our families and friends?"

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

their hand. The three of you that did not raise your hand will need to get them done immediately as part of your uniform require it.”

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

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

“No Ma’am they did not.”

“Then when we’re finished here I have some phone calls to make. You can always get your nipples pierced at the Farm, but that can lead to other work being done so I suggest talking to Detective Miranda Pierce as she’d got seven years’ experience doing various forms of body modification. Which brings me to the rest of your new uniform. If you’re familiar with the Domination Farm you’ll know they like dressing their visitors up in leather and latex. In fact, normal street clothes aren’t permitted at all. Each of you will be given seven Farm uniforms that are yours to keep. Once at the Farm you’ll be instructed on how to properly clean and maintain them. Now, as part of our contract I’m obligated to ask if you’d like the normal uniforms, or the enhanced ones that come with a special pair of panties and an additional ten-thousand-dollar bonus. Before you answer know that you’ll be required to wear said panties twenty-four-seven.”

“What makes them so special?” asked Officer Moore.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’ve never done anal before.”

“Then you’re in for an experience. “

“This is so messed up.”

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

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

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

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

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

“We’re all wearing the enhanced uniforms.”

“Very nice.”

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

“What was what?”

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

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

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

“You may.”

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

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

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

“You may.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Minutes passed in silence as the women read. And then out of nowhere the van was filled with the pleasure-filled moans of Officer Ellen Woods as an orgasm unexpectedly tore through her thanks to the plugs not just vibrating, but growing as well. Sliding out of her seat, paperwork flying everywhere, she gushed into the tight material of her panties. When it subsided, she rolled onto her knees to get up only to feel the plugs growing and vibrating again. If the first time was a three this was a solid nine-point-five. “Uhhhhh! J-J-Jesus C-Christ! The p-plugs! They’re getting bigger.”

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

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