

Police Auction

Crimson Rose

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NDA's signed and collected; Chief Lillian Law stood before the rest of the department gathered for the first mandatory meeting she had called in over a year. Heart racing in her chest, she briefly reconsidered what she was about to say, but with trust in the gutters, this was the best way she could think to rebuild the image her subordinates ran into the ground. Looking out at the nearly three hundred men and women, she spoke.

"Attention everyone," she said over the cacophony of voices. As they lowered and came to a stop, she continued. "We're all incredibly busy protecting and serving the fine citizens of Emerald City so I'll get right to why I've called this meeting. Try as we might to rebuild confidence in the department after several bad apples nearly caused the people to riot against us, we're nowhere nearly there. To that end I was approached last month and offered a frankly extreme way to shine an all-new light on the department. Before I bring out our guest to explain further, I need to stress that what she proposes is absolutely voluntary. I also want you to know that if you do accept, your job is secure. And to prove it I'm going to be the first to volunteer. With that in mind, please welcome Miss Brynn Carver!"

Entering to applause and hushed conversations, Brynn – a gorgeous brunette wearing a black skirt suit and strappy heels, looked out at the gathered officers and saw several men and women she wouldn't mind putting through the paces. "Thank you, Chief Law. In keeping things brief, my name is Mistress Brynn Carver and I'm the owner of Twilight Ties. As Chief Law said, I came to her a month ago with an idea I was sure she would refuse, but to my surprise, she was all for it if for no other reasons than it'll give back to the community, rebuild trust, give those of you in need of it an attitude adjustment – her words, not mine, and put money in your pockets as well as substantial contributions to several charities in the name of the ECPD.

"Why are we here, lady?" Detective Jake Steele called out.

Eyes going to the well-built black man, Brynn smirked. "I take it you're one of the ones in need of an attitude adjustment. "And my name is Mistress Brynn, but you will call me Miss Carver," she sternly added. "And you're here in the hopes you'll volunteer for a police auction. But instead of bidding on confiscated property, those invited will be bidding on you."

"On us? You want to sell us at auction?" a cute, freckle-faced redheaded officer named Aurora Skye asked. "You do realize where you are, right?"

"I know exactly where I am and charity auctions are not illegal and neither is this," Mistress Brynn countered.

"And as I said, I'm the first to volunteer and anyone accepting the offer will not be fired or openly judged any anyone in the department," Chief Law cut in. "Now please allow her to continue uninterrupted and she'll take questions at the end."

Waiting a beat, Mistress Brynn continued. "Thank you, Chief Law. Upon entering the auditorium you each found a sealed envelope on your chair. Inside are several waivers, consent forms, and a contract. If you wish to volunteer you have one week to fill everything out and drop it off to me at Twilight Ties. And if not, then toss it in the trash and move on with your lives. That being said, for those that wish to help the citizens of Emerald City, donate to charity, and line their pockets to do what you've been hired for – to serve that is, you'll receive sixty percent of the sale price with thirty-five percent going to charity, and the remaining five percent going to Twilight Ties to cover the expenses of hosting the auction. Now, if we can remain civil I'll happily answer your questions now."

"What would we have to do if auctioned?" a female officer asked.

“Whatever you agree to in the contract for however long you agree to do it,” Mistress Brynn answered. “I’ll just add the more you agree to do and the longer you agree to do it will greatly increase how much you sell for.”

“Who will we be auctioned off to?” Captain Scott Gunn asked.

“You’ll be auctioned to the highest bidder,” Mistress Brynn replied. “Could be the bank teller down the street, or the richest person in the city.”

“How do we know you’re actually going to do it, Chief?”

“I can answer that,” Mistress Brynn replied. “After agreeing to the idea, Chief Law immediately filled out and signed the same waivers, consent forms, and contract you all now hold. I will not go into the details of what she agreed to do, but I will say she has agreed to do it for a period of one year.”

“Does that mean you won’t be here for a year?” a female officer asked.

“Good question, Chief Law answered. “Part of the rules those bidding must abide by is allowing us to do our day jobs so anyone being auctioned off is required to continue being an officer of the law.”

“Let’s get to the real question, a male officer said. “Are people really going to bid enough to make it worth our time?”

“That all depends on what you think your time is worth, but if it helps your decision, the last time we did an auction the lowest bid was three-hundred-eighty-seven- thousand dollars and the highest two-point-four million.”

“Jesus Christ! And we keep sixty percent of that?” another male officer asked.

“Correct, but you will not collect until the end of the terms of your contract. Until then it’ll remain in a savings account and yes, you’ll get the interest as well,” Mistress Brynn explained. “I’ll also add, those were prices for normal citizens. I guarantee law enforcement is going to go for so much higher.”

“And how can you guarantee that?”

“Because I’ve polled more than a thousand clients and the number are in your favor.”

“Alright, everyone, I think that’s enough questions for now,” Chief Law stepped in. You have one week to return your paperwork to Miss Carver at Twilight Ties and if you have further questions you may ask on your own time. We have work to do so let’s get out there and do it. Thank you for coming in today, Miss Carver.”

“It was my pleasure, Chief Law. I hope to see you all soon,” Brynn said to the crowd of cops.

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As her subordinates filed out of the auditorium, Chief Lillian Law escorted Mistress Brynn Carver backstage. “That went better than expected.”

“Hopefully we get enough interest to actually put on the auction.”

“I know a few of them are going to be interested, but the only thing that’s going to convince them is the money so I’m glad Officer Porter asked. That being said, were those real numbers?”

“They are. Slave auctions draw in a metric shitload of money. Toss in untrained, and most likely uninterested officers of the law and, well, what better way to put the police in their place than at the end of a cane?”

“I think you’re enjoying this a bit too much.”

“Can you blame me? Besides, you’re the one that insisted on being first to volunteer so why complain now?”

"I'm not complaining. And I volunteered first in the hopes they'd see that if the top of the ladder can do it then they can too. I have absolutely no interest in bdsm, but I'm willing to suffer the humiliation for the cause."

"Tell yourself whatever helps you sleep at night, but there's no way you're not at least a little bit curious."

"Never gave it a thought until you approached me with this insane idea."

"I've been at this a very long time, Chief Law, and in all those years I've never once had anyone jump headfirst into bdsm, let alone being auctioned into submission faster than you and each and every one of them was curious to hardcore slave. Anyway, a deal is a deal so get on your knees, slave."

"I'm not a..."

"During this and all future sessions you're a slave and that means doing as commanded without hesitation or complaint so in accordance with the deal you'll receive ten swats of the cane just as soon as we get to your office. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes Mistress."

"Good piggy. Now get on your knees, slave."

Not about to incur more swats by telling the dominatrix that she was straight, Lillian kept telling herself that she was doing this for the department, as she got onto her knees. Lips parted; she looked up into Brynn's beautiful brown eyes.

"Using only your mouth you have five minutes to get me off. Fail and you know what happens."

"Y-Yes Mistress." Pushing Brynn's skirt up over her hips, Lillian swallowed her pride as she leaned in and licked her first pussy. Of course she had tasted herself many times on fingers, cocks and numerous sex toys, the juices now coating her tongue belonged to another woman and while she tasted hints of similarity, the dominant woman's natural flavors were noticeably different and to the Chief of Police's horror, not in a bad way. Maintaining eye contact per their previous conversations, Lillian sucked and gently nibbled Brynn's inner labia if for no other reason than it's something she liked done to her. Then she lightly bit the Mistress' clit.

Had she been anyone else, Brynn would have hit the floor writhing in orgasmic bliss, but unfortunately for the Chief of Police, she wasn't always the dominant woman she was today. Beginning the bdsm lifestyle as a submissive bordering on sex slave, she spent years learning to control and deny herself orgasm under even the most skilled tongue or cock. She could have given Lillian an entire day and it wouldn't have made a difference.

Pouring everything she had into pleasuring her first woman, it did not take Lillian long to come to terms with the fact that this was a battle she was never going to win. But that did not stop her licking, sucking, and playfully nibbling at the dominatrix's womanhood as minutes ticked down to seconds and then time was up. "I... I really thought I could do it, Mistress."

"You did great, slave, but I guess your heart wasn't into it."

"I... but it was, Mistress. I really, really tried getting you off. I..."

"Calm down, slave. You did your best and it simply wasn't enough, but don't let it get you down. Practice makes perfect and once you're auctioned off you'll get plenty of it. Now, I believe we have a date in your office."

"Y-Yes Mistress."

Leaving the auditorium savoring the pussy juices still coating her tongue, Lillian led Brynn to the elevator. Riding it up to the fifth floor, they got off, walked down the hall and then

entered the Chief's office. Locking the door behind then, Lillian closed the blinds and then slowly exhaled while hiking her skirt up over her hips. Walking to her desk, she placed her hands on the edge, moved her feet back, and kept them and her legs together.

"Do you remember the rules?"

"Y-Yes Mistress."

Walking across the office, Brynn retrieved a bamboo cane from a small closet and then got into position behind and to Lillian's left. Giving the chief's ass a few light taps, she drew back and then swung hard.

THWACK! With a skilled flick of the wrist the thin length of wood sliced across the soon-to-be slave's ass.

"One. Thank you for disciplining this useless slave, Mistress."

THWACK!

"Two. I promise to do better in the future, Mistress."

THWACK!

"Three. Thank you for disciplining this useless slave, Mistress."

THWACK!

"Four. I promise to do better in the future, Mistress."

THWACK!

"Five. Thank you for disciplining this useless slave, Mistress."

THWACK!

"Six. I promise to do better in the future, Mistress."

THWACK!

"Seven. Thank you for disciplining this useless slave, Mistress."

THWACK!

"Eight. I promise to do better in the future, Mistress."

THWACK!

"Nine. Thank you for disciplining this useless slave, Mistress."

THWACK!

"Ten. I promise to do better in the future, Mistress."

"Mmmm... welts suit your sexy ass."

"T-Thank you, Mistress,"

"And now it's time to pay the price for failing to get me off, slave."

"Yes Mistress." Standing, Lillian spread her legs and then put her hands behind her head while Brynn retrieved a metal case from the closet. A moment later, a silicone penis gag was put in her mouth and tightly secured to keep her wails of agony from alerting the rest of the department.

"Not gonna lie, chief, I'm impressed you're actually going through with it," Brynn said as she put on a pair of nitrile gloves. "Not many straight women would even attempt to get another woman off, let alone accept such a lopsided deal they had no chance in hell of winning," she continued while carefully measuring Lillian's outer labia. "This is going to hurt like hell and you're not going to be able to have vaginal sex for the next month so are you sure you want me to continue?" Looking up, she saw the Chief of Police nodding yes. "And you say you're not a slave."