

Team Alpha

Crimson Rose

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The Rome, Wisconsin Police Department has received thousands of complaints about the Domination Farm since before the first brick in the wall surrounding the fetish resort was laid. Kidnapping. Rape. Forced sexual slavery. False imprisonment. And much, much more. Every case was investigated and dismissed for lack of evidence. With the exception of a few officers that have been sent in undercover only to find themselves thoroughly enjoying a level of sexual freedom that had only dreamed about, no one on the force liked paying the place a visit.

Thus, the Domination Farm Task Force was born. Comprised of nine officers split into three teams over as many shifts, their sole duty is to patrol the streets around the resort and to investigate any claims of illegal activity. When a member of the task force has to take an extended leave – such as when Officer Lauren Maxwell went on maternity leave, or quits the force as was the case with Detective Gwen Sharpe who recently sold herself at the Auction Block for a period of five years and had to move across the county to live with her new owner, a new officer is recruited. Unfortunately for Officer Ryan Locke, his name was at the top of the list.

Following in the footsteps of generations of police officers dating back to the mid 1880's, Ryan Locke graduated the academy top of his class with his eye set on one day becoming a detective as his father, grandfather and great grandfather before him. At twenty-three he was the youngest officer on the force and unfortunately for him that was one criterion the Task Force was looking for.

Arriving at the department at a quarter to seven, Ryan barely made it to his desk before he was approached by Officer Sandra Donovan and Detective Julia Hastings – two members of the Domination Farm Task Force and by far the most gorgeous women in the building. “Morning ladies,” he greeted them. “I was just on my way to get some coffee. Would you like a cup?”

“Of that swill? No thanks,” Detective Hastings replied. “If it’s coffee you want then you’re better off coming with us.”

“Oh? And where would we be going? Wait, don’t tell me, the Domination Farm.”

“Got it in one,” Officer Donovan replied. “I’ll cut to the chase, Ryan, I can call you Ryan, right?”

“Sure.”

“As you know Detective Sharpe took an early retirement. That leaves Alpha Team short one officer. After going through all of the files we’ve picked you to take her place.”

“And if I have no interest in being on the task force?”

“Then you’ll have to take that up with Captain Nolan,” Detective Hastings answered. “But you might as well save yourself the time and just accept the inevitable because I guarantee he’s not going to let you off the hook. So, let’s go get that cup of coffee, shall we?”

Ryan knew the rules all too well. Once selected for the task force the only way out during the first year was to quit the force, suffer a debilitating injury or death. After the first year most of the members stay on for the focused duties and higher pay. “So, does this mean I can call you Sandra and Julia?”

“I prefer Sandy. And yes, it does. Have you ever been to the Domination Farm before?”

“I’ve driven past it plenty of times but it’s not exactly my sort of place.”

“Come with us and we’ll give you the cliff notes version of the rules,” Julia said. “You’ll be given a complete rulebook which you’re required to read and preferably memorize.

“Don’t forget to tell him about being registered,” Sandy cut in.

“Registered? Oh, hell no! I may never have visited but even I know what it means to be registered at the Domination Farm.”

“Registration is different for police,” Julia explained. “It just means you’ll be put in their system as an officer of the law which grants you rights and privileges other bare-necks aren’t. And before you ask, a bare-neck is what they call anyone entering the resort that isn’t dominant or submissive. Now, about that cup of coffee?”

“After you, ladies. Wait, do I need to tell the Captain I’m going with you?”

“Everything has already been taken care of,” Sandy answered.

“Why me?” Ryan asked as he followed fellow task force members towards the parking lot.

“Whenever a member of the task force leaves, we replace them with the greenest of rookies and this time around that happens to be you,” Julia answered. “You’re probably thinking this is the worst thing that has ever happened to you, but I promise it’s not. In fact, if you’re willing to step outside of your comfort zone then I can guarantee you’ll have the best time of your life.

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“We’ll take my car,” Sandy said as Alpha Team – named because they were first shift of the day, entered the parking garage. “Ryan, you get the back seat only because there’s a present back there for you.”

“A present?”

“Street clothing is not permitted at the Domination Farm and because it can get very messy, the department doesn’t really want to waste money constantly buying us uniforms so the Domination Farm made some for us,” Julia explained. “You’re not going to like it, but it is what you’re required to wear while on duty.”

Sandy hit a button on her key fob and the lights on a newer model dark grey Nissan flashed. Before we get to the rules of the Domination Farm, we need to go over the rules of the task force,” she said as she opened the driver side door. Once everyone was in and the doors closed, she continued. “As the most senior member of the team, I’m in charge. While on duty at the Farm you’ll refer to me as Mistress. Is that understood?”

“You’re kidding, right?”

“Trust me, she’s not kidding,” Julia – whom outranked them both, replied. “Save yourself a lot of humiliation and pain by just accepting that she’s your Mistress and we’re her submissives.”

“I’m not submissive,” Ryan said, eyes going to the large bag sitting on the seat to his left.

“Neither was I until joining Team Alpha, but I’ve grown to really love the freedom that comes with giving myself over to another. And believe me, the pros far outweigh the cons. Pros such as serving one of the most beautiful women on the force and screwing us both.”

“Excuse me?” Ryan choked as the words hit his ears at the same time his eyes saw the bottle of lube inside the bag. “Why do I need lube?”

“You’ll see,” Sandy smirked. “And she’s right. At least about getting to fuck the two of us,” the stunning auburn-haired beauty replied. “It’s been a while since we’ve had a male member on Alpha Team so you’re going to be seeing a lot of action. I just hope you can keep up.”

Pulling items from the bag, Ryan felt his heart skip several beats. Black latex thigh high boots with blue accents around the top, Matching bicep length gloves, and underwear with a

huge (at least to a man that has never allowed anything to enter his back door) plug built into them. “Oh, hell no! There’s no way I’m wearing these things!”

“You will or you’ll be disciplined,” Sandy said as she put her car in reverse and pulled out of the parking space.

“I’ve never taken anything up my ass and I have no intentions of starting now.”

“Intentions don’t really matter on the task force, Ryan,” Julia said. “You’ll wear them and you’ll get used to the feeling of having your ass constantly stuffed. Believe me, I would know. Everyone on the task force knows.”

“Count yourself lucky,” Sandy said. “You only have one hole to fill. We have two that are constantly stretched wide enough to easily take your hand. And by constantly, I mean with the exception of using the toilet, showering and having sex we’re plugged twenty-four seven. Which brings me to rule two. As the submissive in this relationship, you will obey my orders without fail. Refuse and you’ll be disciplined. Discipline can be anything from swats of the cane to being placed in chastity. In fractions add up so the more disobedient you are, the more severe the discipline.”

“For example,” Julia cut in “since you’re going to see it soon anyways, when I first joined Alpha Team four years ago, I was just about as rebellious as one can be. Long story short, on top of hundreds of swats of the cane on my breasts and ass I earned myself permanent chastity which Mistress Sandy uses to lock me tight whenever I’m disobedient or she just wants to deny me sex. Anyways, there are a few rules you need to know before being registered at the Farm, First and foremost, we are required to obey their rules to the letter even while on duty. That means showing proper respect to the Masters and Mistresses which can be identified by the red or purple armbands they wear.”

“Those wearing purple will also have a collar because they are what’s known as switches. Meaning they are dominant or submissive as the scene dictates,” Sandy clarified.

Opening the glove box Julia pulled out an intricately designed silver bracer with what appeared to be a computer chip embedded in the top just above a triskelion. “You’ll also be issued one of these. You are required to wear it on your right arm while on duty. The chip not only contains all of your information, but it also acts as the only method of payment the Farm accepts. Which brings me to money and buying things. Food, drinks and the entrance fee are free of charge as a courtesy for the job we do and we get an officer’s twenty percent discount on everything else. Our job is to investigate any claims of illegal activity and patrol the farm to keep the peace. We are immune from being collared, but if we enter a building requiring completion of a fetish before leaving then we are required to do so. We are also required to fulfill any activities we agree to perform.”

“For instance,” Sandy said “if you enter the golden showers, you’ll be required to drink the piss of twenty to fifty men and women before the door unlocks and you’re allowed out. After you’ve been given your mark of completion, that is.”

“I suggest staying out of all buildings unless you want to be used in some humiliating and degrading way,” Julia continued. “The same applies to just walking down the streets so it’s best to keep your mouth shut and never agree to anything. Unless, of course, you’re prepared to fully embrace your new role as submissive.” As Sandy pulled into the fetish resort’s parking lot, Julia grinned. “Street clothes are not permitted so go ahead and strip and get into your new uniform,” she added as she unbuttoned her blouse.

“Don’t just sit there looking cute,” Sandy said as she searched for a parking spot. “Start stripping or you’ll be disciplined.”

Looking out the window Ryan saw no one in line. "I thought there were always lines?" he said as he reluctantly unbuttoned his uniform shirt.

"Normally, yes, but the Farm is currently in lockdown due to the pandemic. With the exception of emergency services no one is permitted inside," Julia said as she tossed her blouse in the back seat. Then, turning so that Ryan could see, she pushed the pin on the back of her badge through the vertical hole in her left nipple. "If you need help getting that in your ass let me know," she said, pointing to the dildo underwear.

"Only if I can fuck you first."

"Deal." Opening the passenger side door, Julia stepped out, opened the back door of her Mistress' sedan and then offered her fellow officer a hand. He took it and she helped him out of the car. "Let's get you out of the rest of these shall we?" she said as she unbuckled his belt.

Ryan could not believe what was happening. First, he is recruited to a team he has absolutely no interest in. Then he is told he is a submissive whether he likes it or not. And now he was being stripped by one of the most beautiful women he had ever laid eyes on. Confused or not, when Julia squat to help him out of his pants, his cock sprang up and hit her under the chin. He gasped and was about to apologize, but the words got caught in his throat as she sucked him into her mouth. Every square inch of the Domination Farm designated a nudist resort, they were not breaking any laws but that did not stop him from looking around as if they were.

"I'd tell you to fuck her, but the plugs stuffing her pussy and ass make that impossible," Sandy said as she pulled her pants off revealing the latex panties and thigh-high boots beneath. "And if you don't believe us..." hooking fingers in the waistband of her panties, she slowly tugged them down until the two eight inch long, three and a half inch thick plugs popped free. "Count yourself lucky you don't have to start with something this big. But you will eventually work up to it. Anyways, seeing as how I'm no longer plugged, why don't you fill me back up? And don't you dare pull out until you've made a deposit. I believe the words you're looking for are yes Mistress."

"Y-Yes Mistress." Stepping out of his pants, Ryan walked behind Sandy and then guided himself into her pussy before grabbing her by the hips and pounding her as if his life depended on it. Had he not seen the plugs for himself he never would have believed she could take anything so big as she gripped his thrusting cock like a vice.

"This brings me to the third and most important rule of the Task Force," Sandy purred as Ryan plowed her fertile fields. "As I said before, it's been a while since we've had a man on the team. That is significant because it is the duty of every woman on the team to act as the man's breeding cow."

"Breeding cow?"

"She means you're going to fuck us, fill us with your seed until we're carrying your child," Julia explained.

"Children!" Sandy exclaimed.

"Right, Mistress. Children. Because you're going to knock us up as often as is humanly possible for as long as you're on the team. And don't worry, we won't be coming after you for support. You're the only man we'll have sex with until we're knocked up."

"Are you telling me you haven't been with a man since the last one was on the team?"

"Seven years, five months, four days and some hours," Sandy moaned. "Now shut up and breed me!"

"Yes Mistress."