

# **Officer Lidia**

**By: Emily Sinclair**

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**Author's Note:** All characters depicted in this work of fiction are at least eighteen years of age or older.

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## Chapter 1: Demanding to Know

"Come on mom, you have to tell me eventually. How in the hell did you go from being a policewoman to FBI Agent to owning a farm dedicated to all things bdsm?" Nadia asked her mother for the millionth time. She had been trying to get her mother to divulge her as long as she could remember, but thus far she had remained silent on the subject.

"I told you," Lidia replied "I'm not ready to tell you about my past. You're too young. You'll just have to be content with the information you were able to dig up on the internet."

"Oh no you don't," Nadia scoffed. "I'm not taking that excuse anymore mother. I'm not a little girl anymore, I'm twenty for god's sake and I deserve to know the answers to my questions."

"I'm not comfortable talking about it with you."

"But you're comfortable with me walking around this farm half naked?" Nadia said pointing out the fact she was dressed in elbow-length gloves, garter belt, thong, and thigh-high stockings all made of form-fitting blue latex. "You're ok with me watching men and women submit to the most humiliating and degrading acts of sexual depravity; and HELL, you're even fine with me walking blindly into the body modification building and getting my nipples pierced, but you won't tell me about your past, or how you came to own this farm?" She said this last bit while playing with the thin platinum ring dangling from one of her ever hard nipples. "You'd think my own mother would tell me where certain things are going to be placed around the farm."

"Hey, you knew when you were eighteen and demanded to visit this place that you had to play by the rules just like everyone else. Diane and I, as owners, are the only ones that know the locations of the buildings when they rotate. That's how it's been since this farm was created more than thirty years ago, and that's how it's going to remain."

"If I have to play by the rules like everyone else then why did you make me this special collar?" she asked, running a finger along the soft blue leather strap around her neck. She liked it because it matched the latex gear she also had to wear by the rules.

"So that you didn't get enslaved before you were ready," her mother shot back.

"What about all the other bare-necks that come to the Domination Farm? Why don't you give them the same consideration?" Nadia asked. "It's because you keep thinking of me as your little girl. You don't think I'm old enough to make my own decisions, so you think you have to protect me."

Bare-necks referred to those men and women visiting the farm that were not yet collared by a master or mistress. They normally fell into two categories. The first were those that were very much into the Lifestyle and came seeking a master or mistress to collar them. The second were those that were curious about the Lifestyle and came to the Domination Farm seeking more information and possibly experience before deciding if the bdsm lifestyle was for them. Nine times out of ten both categories of bare-necks were collared while at the farm. That was the name of the game.

While at the farm, masters and mistresses would do everything in their power to collar any bare-necks they could. The rules of the farm stated that if collared at the farm, you remain collared at the farm. What you do when you leave was your business, but while at the farm you belonged to the Dominant that collared you.

"Other bare-necks aren't my daughter," Lidia replied.

"The daughter that you're ok seeing dressed like this, seeing what I see, knowing that at any time I could be covered in tattoos, brands, and piercings just like you, and yet you won't tell me anything about your past career in law enforcement, you mean?"

"You know some of my career," Lidia replied. "You know about the names branded on my behind," she said referring to the list of names branded on her left butt cheek, battle wounds from her days as a SEFR Agent – a secret division of the FBI made just for Lidia Dayes and her special method of bringing criminals to justice. It stands for Slave Extraction and Fugitive Retrieval, and Lidia was the best of the best.

"I know the names of the people branded on your ass, mom, just like everyone else that sees your naked rear-end" Nadia replied. "I know they're all in prison, but I don't know how you put them there. Information on their arrest is surprisingly vague. Why did so many people brand their name into your ass? Did you ask them to do it? Were you forced?"

"What does it matter how I arrested them? They're behind bars where they'll never hurt anyone again. And of course they forced me to get branded. At the time, given the situations, I had no choice but to accept it."

"It matters to me damn it!" Nadia yelled, irritated at her mother's constant dodging of the questions. "I swear, if you don't tell me what I want to know I'm going to remove this collar and go find the most sadistic master I can to collar me as his slave!"

"Go right ahead," Lidia said calling her daughter's bluff.

"I'm not kidding around here mom. I'm serious. You've avoided telling me about yourself for far too long." Nadia reached behind her neck, combing her long auburn hair down over her right shoulder. She gave the magnetic clasp a twist to open it. The magnets were extremely strong and it took nearly all of her strength to open the damn thing. She was pretty sure that's what her mother wanted. She let it dangle from her fingertips for a few tense moments before letting it drop to the floor. She turned her back to her mother and faced the door. She stopped and sighed. After a moment of her mother saying nothing she gave her left butt cheek a few light slaps. "Right here mom," she said "I'm going to get my master's name branded on my ass just like you've got."

Nadia reached the door. She turned the knob and pulled it open to the farm beyond. She could see dozens of Dominants and submissives partaking in the Farm's activities. She scanned for a master she could be collared by. Her mother took that as a sign of hesitation, a sign that her daughter truly was bluffing and waiting for her to call her back in.

"What's the matter sweetie?" Lidia asked. "Having second thoughts about being collared for real?"

"Nope," Nadia replied coldly. "Just looking to see if anyone catches my eye. Looks like I'll have to go out for a better look." She stepped out of the small building that served as her mother's office and onto the paved path leading out to the rest of the farm.

"WAIT!" Lidia yelled when the door was nearly closed.

Nadia stopped and waited, smiling smugly to herself. She had finally won this little war between mother and daughter.

"Head to Masochist's Row," Lidia yelled to her daughter "you'll find many of the sadistic Dominants there." *Two can play at this game*, Lidia thought to herself. She and her daughter had been playing this game for years. And although this is as far as Nadia had gone to get answers, she firmly believed that she would turn around and come back inside once she realized she wasn't going to get her way.

"Thanks mom, I'll do that," Nadia said as she pulled the door closed behind her. She walked down the path and made a right towards Masochist's Row – the place to go if you were into pain of the most extreme variety. It was the place to go if you were searching for the most sadistic masters and mistress in the game.

Nadia wasn't fooling around with her mother anymore. She knew her mom thought she was bluffing. She knew her mother expected her to rush back into the safety of the office, but not this time. This time she was going for broke. And if it took removing her collar and going out to be collared by someone else, then so be it. She had enough of her mother's games for a lifetime and it was time to do something drastic to make her talk.

Lidia sat there in her office chair staring blankly at the door. She expected it to fly open any second now. Any second passed away to any moment, and that gave way to Nadia not coming back at all. In the more than two years her daughter had been coming to the Domination Farm, she had never once removed her collar. It was the only thing keeping her a free woman – at least free in terms of the farm rules.

Reluctantly, Lidia rolled her chair back and stood up. She left her office to go in search of her daughter before she was collared by someone else. Although she was perfectly happy with her daughter experimenting with the lifestyle, she wanted her to make her choice of master or mistress based on mutual likes, and not because of a rash decision to be hardheaded.

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Nadia wandered around the farm without a real destination in mind. She figured she'd stay gone long enough to give her mother a scare and then return. She knew the ins and outs of the farm better than most – having spent two years searching every nook and cranny. She knew every hiding spot and which paths to take to make a quick getaway if she was ever collared for real. And so she was kicking herself in the face when she stumbled into her worst nightmare for the second time.

Last week the small rectangular building she just walked into was the farm restaurant. It should have been the same today and two weeks from now. She must have lost track of the time somehow because what she walked into was not the restaurant. It was the body modification building – the place Dominants took their submissives to be marked. It was where she received her nipple rings, and it was where she would receive something else. Such were the rules of the game.

Lidia headed straight for Masochist's Row in search of her daughter. She breathed a sigh of relief when she was not there and had never been there. At least on this day. She searched building to building until she finally came to the body modification building. She walked in just as Nadia was called back to get her work done.

"Hello, Mistress Dayes," said a bubbly brunette with the name Sluttybunny tattooed on her right breast. Sluttybunny was of course her submissive name. Another part of the game here at the Domination Farm. Submissives had a humiliating name tattooed on their breast for all to see.

"Hello Sluttybunny," Lidia replied politely. She may now own the farm, but that didn't mean she had to be rude. "I see you're taking my daughter back to have work done."

"She came in of her own free will, Mistress. No one forced her to come in." Sluttybunny replied.

"It's ok. Go on with whatever work she requests. She knows the rules and has to abide by them just as anyone else. You don't mind if I sit in and watch do you?"

"Of course not, Mistress. Please, come on back."

Nadia couldn't believe it. Her mother was right there. She could have told them to let her go, but she didn't. She played by the rules even when it came to family. She turned around and walked into the small back room where all the work was done. She took a seat on the padded table and waited. Inside the room were two men and a blonde woman they were examining. They were inspecting a fresh tattoo on her right breast that read Spunkswallow.

"Hey, she's not collared," one of the men said to the other while pointing at Nadia. "Let's collar her too."

"Fuck yeah, said the other man, pulling a collar from a small pack on his hip. All of the masters and mistresses were given several free black collars to use while at the farm. Their part of the game was to collar a submissive and get them to the registration office before the submissive could remove the collar. The rules of the farm – rules all had to abide by, stated that once registered to a Dominant, you belonged to them for as long as you remained at the farm.

"You just keep the fuck away from me!" Nadia yelled. "You're not putting anything on me."

"I'll be collaring that pretty little neck of yours, and there isn't much you can do about it," the man said. "You'll be calling me Master Jeff from here on out, slave." He approached Nadia as she backed further onto the padded table, nearly falling off the other side. He grabbed her and twisted her around, his strength much more than a match for hers. The magnetic clasp clicked together. Nadia Dayes, daughter of the Domination Farm's owner Lidia Dayes, was now a collared submissive.

Just then the door opened and Lidia, Sluttybunny, and a man well-known throughout the farm as Master Jeromy entered the small room. Master Jeromy was the official Farm Body Artist at the Domination Farm – renowned for his skill in piercing, tattooing, and branding alike.

"What the hell's going on in here?" Lidia asked as she realized her daughter was struggling with a much larger man. "You better step away from my daughter."

"I'm not stepping away from anyone you stupid bitch," Master Jeff said "This little sub is all mine fair and square." She has my collar around her neck and I'm taking her to be registered so get out of my way.

"I'm going to ask you one last time to remove that collar from my daughter's neck."

"Or what?" Master Jeff huffed. "You're nothing but a submissive yourself," he said jerking his head at the red collar fit snugly around Lidia's neck.

"I'd do what she says," Master Tyrone interjected. "You really don't know who you're talking to do you?"

"Looks like a slave that doesn't know her place," Master Jeff replied. "Maybe we should teach her to mind her betters." He pushed Nadia off the other side of the table. She landed hard on her ass as Master Jeff turned to face her mother.

Lidia didn't say another word. She stepped forward and grabbed Jeff by the arm, bending it at a painful angle above his shoulder and behind his back. She held it there as her knee paid a most unwelcomed visit to his danglies. As he slumped forward she bloodied his nose with a knee to the face.

"My name is Mistress Dayes," Lidia said coldly. "This is *my* farm and that's *my* daughter you collared. Now, I'm giving you exactly three seconds to remove that collar and leave my farm or things will get very ugly for you."

Jeff looked up through teary eyes as his friend ran out of the room leaving him there to fend for himself. He looked pleadingly to Master Jeromy. Jeromy smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"You know what, Master Jeromy," Lidia said "I've changed my mind. Remove his armband and place a collar around his neck. He likes putting collars on innocent women, let's see how he likes serving as someone's submissive."

"You got it Mistress," Master Jeromy said happily. He pulled the red armband from around a very stunned Master Jeff's arm and tossed it to the floor.

"Go ahead and take him to be registered. I don't care who to, or under what name, just make it humiliating. Nadia will be here when you return."

"I'll be back shortly, Mistress," Master Jeromy replied, twisting submissive Jeff's arm painfully behind his back and lifting him to his feet.

"And now you, young lady," Lidia said turning to her red-faced daughter. "What in the hell were you thinking removing your collar like that?"

"That was so fucking cool mom!" Nadia exclaimed. "So can we get out of here now?"

"I don't see any new work done," her mother replied. "You heard what I told Master Jeromy. You'll be here when he returns. You'll get whatever piercing, tattoo, or brand you want and then you'll come back to my office. Is that understood?"

"You just made that man remove his collar from me and you're still going to make me get work done? Unbelievable!"

"You came in here of your own free will. You know what that means. One piercing, tattoo, or brand before you are allowed to leave. So when Master Jeromy returns tell him what you want so he can do the work. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes mom," Nadia pouted. She was really hoping her mother would get her out of this too, but that wasn't the case.

"And put your damn collar back on before someone else pulls that stunt. I got you out of it once, I'm not going to do so again."

"Yes mother," Nadia said as she fastened the leather strap around her neck.

Lidia turned to leave the room, stopping at the door. She turned back and looked at her daughter now sitting on the padded table with her hands clasped together and resting on her knees. "I'll make you a deal. Get three different pieces of work done and I'll explain my past to you." She left before her daughter could say anything further.

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Nadia returned to her mother's office. She was carrying her latex panties in her hand because the restrictive material was too much on her fresh work. "I got two different things done," she said to her mother "so, are you really going to tell me about your past?" she asked her mother.

"I am. Show me what you got done."

Nadia walked over to her mother and showed her the platinum rings that now adorned her clit hood and inner labia – one in each. She only wanted to get one labia done, but Master Jeromy informed her they are only done in sets. Unfortunately he told her that *after* she got tattooed. To further humiliate the Owner's daughter Master Jeromy placed tiny bells on the labia rings. She turned so that her left side was now facing her so that she could see the small tattoo of a pair of cuffs intertwined with a whip.

"Very nice," her mother commented on her daughter's new decorations. "I can't believe you want to know about my past so bad you'd humiliate yourself in such a fashion. And with those bells I'll always hear you coming."

"Why? I mean, after all these years begging you to tell me and you saying no, why are you suddenly going to tell me?"

"Because you're right," Lidia replied. "You are my daughter and you have a right to know who your mother really is. How's the piercing by the way?"

"It hurts, but nothing I can't handle. Master Jeromy is really good at what he does."

"Yes he is. Did he give you the three finger treatment?"

"Moooooom," Nadia said embarrassed at her mother's question. "Of course he didn't."

"That's surprising," Lidia replied. "That's his normal treatment after piercing down there."

"Three fingers wouldn't fit," Nadia said. "He only used two."

"Uh hun, to start with maybe. How many did he get in there before you left?"

"Are we really going to have this conversation?"

"Tell me and I'll tell you about my past."

"You're unbelievable mom."

"Just tell me how many fingers. It's only a number. You were gone for so long I feared you'd come back covered in new ink and piercings."

"Like you, you mean? I was only gone an hour."

"Way more time than is needed for Master Jeromy to do a few piercings and a small tattoo. I know how he operates, sweetie."

"Four ok!" Nadia shouted. "Master Jeromy used four fingers in me."

"How deep?"

"Oh for crying out loud! Why does that even matter?"

"Why does it matter if I tell you about my past or not?"

"Because I want to know!" Nadia replied.

"And so do I," Lidia answered.

"He pushed them all the way in me. There, are you happy now?"

"Did he rub your clit with his thumb?"

"No, I didn't see his thumb."

"It wasn't in you too was it?"

"Aghh," Nadia screeched in irritation. "Alright, damn it! He fisted me. He worked his entire hand in me and fisted me for twenty god damn minutes before letting me leave."

"See, that wasn't so hard now was it?"

"He fisted me mom! He put his entire hand in me!"

"I know what fisting is dear," Lidia replied with a knowing smile. "I've done more than enough of it in my time. You'll get used to it eventually and hopefully love it as much as I do."

"Holy shit mom! Are you seriously telling me that I should keep doing that sort of thing?"

"Did it feel good?"

"No, it hurt like hell."

"OK, let me ask that a different way. Did you have an orgasm from Master Jeromy fisting you?"

"Yes, but what does that matter?"

"How many?"

"How many what?"

"Orgasms. How many did you have in those twenty minutes?"

"I don't know. Four, maybe five."

"Do you normally orgasm at things you don't like?"

"No."



"Then stop kidding yourself, and lying to me, and admit you loved it. No one here is going to judge you for it. You've seen what perverted acts people get into on the farm. Fisting is tame in comparison to some of the things that go on around here. Is that the first time you were fisted?"

"Yes."

"Will it be your last?"

"Probably not," Nadia admitted. "So will you tell me about your past now, or not?"

"Where would you like me to begin?"

"How about at the beginning? Tell me how you went from a policewoman to FBI agent. I want to hear everything."

"If you want me to start at the beginning I'd have to go all the way back to college. I don't know if it was all coincidence, or someone pulling my strings, but I truly believe everything I did from college on directed me to the life I now live. Everything I did seemed to ready me for a very special future in law enforcement."

Then start with college," Nadia said excitedly. She was finally going to hear her mother's story and she wanted to hear every word of it. "Hell start back as far as you can remember. I just want to know who my mother really is."

"Alright, alright," Lidia replied. "I'm going to tell you. Just be patient with me. The story is a long and crazy one, but it's one I'm very proud of despite what you may think. There isn't really much to tell about college other than your mother and my roommate talked me into joining a sorority that helped me get a job in law enforcement once I graduated. So I'll go right to being an officer if it's all the same to you." Although Lidia was Nadia's biological mother, she was married to her lifelong friend Diana Barlow, thus Nadia having two mothers. As for her father...that's a secret she's held in all these years, but planned on telling her daughter as part of opening up and coming clean.

"Fine, whatever," Nadia replied. "We can talk college another time. Just get on with the story already."

"Well, let's see now, I guess it all started about 33 years ago when I first joined the force at the ripe old age of 23," Lidia began her story.

"Twenty-three isn't old, mom," Nadia replied. "That's only three years older than I am now."

"It was a joke sweetie," her mother replied shaking her head. "I was on the force maybe three months when I was called into the Chief's office. I thought I did something wrong, but that meeting would define my entire career."