

Dominated Detectives

Faye Valentine

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Going up the long, windy driveway, Detective Erika West looked from the gate preventing further progress into Rattlesnake Ranch, to her best friend and partner Detective Natalie Clarke, and then to what appeared to be an intercom system on her left. Rolling her window down, she hears a female speaking.

“Can I help you with something officer?”

“I’m Detective Erika West and I’m here to carry out a search warrant on the property so please open the gate.”

“A search warrant for what purpose?”

“We’re investigating multiple crimes so you can either open the gate and comply with a lawful order, or we’ll have SWAT knock it off it’s hinges.” A moment later the heavy, reinforced wooden gate slide open behind the tall stone wall and Erika continued down the long driveway. Stopping on front of a huge, brick ranch-style home, she no sooner turned the engine of the cruiser off, then a freckle-faced redheaded woman wearing black leather pants and a burgundy vest stepped onto the front porch.

“You’re not searching anything until I’ve looked over this supposed search warrant. I’d also love to hear what supposed crimes you’re here to investigate.”

“You can read it to your heart’s content while we look around, Detective Clarke said as she held out the search warrant.

“Take another step before I’ve thoroughly read it and losing your jobs will be the least of your worries,” Grace snapped back. “In case you don’t know who, your messing with I’m the Managing Partner of Shepherd and Wolfe so unless you want to be sued into poverty I strongly suggest backing off.” And with that, she turned her attention to the search warrant. The left side of her lips curling into a smirk, after just a few paragraphs, she held the document out. “This isn’t worth the paper it’s written on so please leave my property and come back when you have one that isn’t unconstitutional.”

“Lady, you might be a lawyer, but you don’t know what you’re talking about. This warrant...”

“Is overly broad and I’m honestly surprised Judge Jamison signed off on it.”

“There’s nothing broad about it so...”

“Any search warrant allowing you to search wherever you want, or to seize whatever you want violate the fourth amendment and are blatantly unconstitutional. That warrant very cleared states you’re permitted to search every square inch of my property and take anything you deem as evidence. I’m going to kindly ask you to get off my property and then I’ll be filing complaints against you. And believe me when I say I have friends that go much higher than even your chief so I suggest you choose your next words carefully.”

“Due to the nature of the crimes we’re investigating an overly broad warrant is...”

“Still unconstitutional,” Grace cut Detective West off. If you were here investigating a crime that serious you’d be able to search without a warrant and since you’re not rampaging through my house like a couple of cows that’s obviously not the case so kindly get off my property before I have you trespassed.”

“We’ll be back,” Detective Clarke said through tightly clenched teeth.

“Looking forward to it. And as a friendly warning, I have cameras monitoring every millimeter of my property so keep that in mind before doing something stupid,” Grace said as she watched the detectives walking back to the cruiser. “And because you can’t do your jobs,

you're not authorized to turn around in the lot over there so back your asses out the way you came in." Watching the now red-faced detectives getting into the cruiser and slamming the doors shut, Grace barely contained the laughter as Erika slowly backed her way down the driveway. Not moving until the cruiser was on the road, Grace used a remote to shut the gate as she walked back into the house knowing they, or other law enforcement would return.

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Going over victim testimony with a fine-toothed comb, another unfortunately narrower in scope search warrant was drafted and signed by Judge Marline Jamison. With it hand, Detectives West and Clarke returned to Grace Shepherd's farm ready to find whatever they could to bring her to the justice she deserved. Pulling up to the closed gate, Erika rolled the window down and again heard Grace's voice speaking over the intercom.

"If you're wasting my time again I'll be having a word with Chief Granger," Grace said as the gate slid open.

Driving in, Detective West once again parked in front of the closed garages where they were met by the irritated homeowner. "I think you'll find this one in order and wholly constitutional," she said, holding out the search warrant.

Taking the document, Grace read it word for word and once again grinned, but this time for a different reason than the first. "You can leave now while I file a Franks Motion," she said referring to a legal process of challenging a search warrant based on it being issued on false information. I've never forced anyone to do anything ever and I'll absolutely destroy anyone on court that says otherwise."

"We're not going anywhere and you're going to let us into the house or I'll kick the door in," Detective West seethed.

"I'm telling you to get the fuck off my property right now and I'll be having a word with Judge Jamison as well as Chief Granger about this blatant fishing expeditions. You have reliability checks included with the supporting affidavit, but you don't say how you verified said information is accurate which is required by law. An informant stating something is true doesn't make it so."

"We're not legally require to attach an affidavit so your excuse doesn't hold water."

"Groh v. Ramirez two-thousand-four. The Supreme Court held the Fourth Amendment requires a search warrant to expressly incorporate any necessary supporting documents like an affidavit if it is to be part of the warrant. You've included it in both versions of your warrant which makes it legally required so kindly get off my property."

"We're not going anywhere!" Detective West countered. "We're going inside and we're going to tear your fucking house to the ground looking for any scrap of evidence we can find that you've been forcing people into sexual slavery and trafficking them and then we're going to ensure you're buried under the fucking prison!"

"ERIKA!" Detective Clarke exclaimed. "That's enough!"

"No! Enough is when demented scum like her are behind bars where they belong and I won't stop until she gets what she deserves!"

"You know those cameras I mentioned earlier that monitor every millimeter of my property? Yeah, they record out here as well and you just provided me with more than enough evidence to not only sue for harassment, but have you fired so get your ass back in your car and get the fuck off my property you unhinged bitch! And the next time you go on a fishing expedition, bring some real bait."

“I don’t know what in the hell has gotten into you, but thanks for ruining any chance of further investigation!” Detective Clarke said as she ushered her best friend toward the cruiser. What were you thinking?”

“I’m thinking that sleezy bitch is hiding evidence and the longer entertain her legal bullshit is more time she has to destroy it!”

“You’re delusional and Chief Granger is going to hear about it,” Grace shot back. “That being said, as a professional Mistress I would be remiss in not offering a compromise. You’ve come here twice and disrespected me on both occasions. If you would like to search my home for your supposed evidence I’ll allow you to do so on condition you both strip but naked and accept fifty swats of the cane as punishment. Otherwise, you can leave and live with the consequences of your very unprofessional and blatantly illegal activities.”

“So now your soliciting us?”

“Absolutely not. I’m offering you a means of keeping your jobs while paying for your disrespect towards me. If you accept then start stripping. And if not then get in your car and prepare for the dressing down of a lifetime when you return to the station. And then for the suspension that’ll likely follow.”

“And how do we know you won’t just tell Chief Granger everything anyways?”

“Unlike the two of you, my reputation in the community speaks for itself. And despite being an attorney I’m a woman of my word. Accept being disciplined in accordance to the rules very clearly posted in my playroom and I’ll let you carry out the search warrant. Refuse and, well, we’ve already been over what that entails so decide. I’ll also remind you that qualified immunity isn’t a defense in New Mexico. So any laws you break tonight will absolutely be used against you. I’ve trained officers before and I’ll train them again. I don’t know what disgruntled cunt fed you lies about me, but once I get their name they’ll regret the day they ever asked to serve me. Doctors and lawyers. Judges and law enforcement. Cashiers and bank tellers. College students and housewives. I don’t discriminate and I certainly don’t force anyone to do anything against their will.”

“Says the woman forcing us to accept being caned!” Erika seethed.

“In what way am I forcing you to accept anything? I gave you a choice that you’re free to accept or refuse. In no way does that constitute force. Now decide.”

“I’ll be damned if I let you or anyone else cane me!” Erika seethed.

“Then get off my property.”

“Wait!” Detective Clarke exclaimed. “We both know Judge Jamison will never sign a third warrant. If we leave no we can kiss this investigation and our careers in law enforcement goodbye. It’s fifty swats. If we take it we can search the house and take whatever evidence we can find.”

“You’re as crazy as she is!”

“I don’t want to do it, but what choice do we have? We both know damn well that she’s right and your outburst is the nail in your career coffin. Put everything in writing and I’ll do it,” Clarke said even as her cheeks flushed red.

“I’ll only agree if you both accept the punishment,” Grace said. “Do that and I’ll draw up a contract promising to keep all of this to myself.”

Knowing she had fucked up big time and that Grace was right in at least her losing her job, Erika let out a low growl of frustration. “Write your damn contract.”

“Are you agreeing to being disciplined?”

“I said to write the contract didn’t I?”

“I need to hear you say the words.”

“I accept being disciplined in exchange for you keeping all of this to yourself,” Erika said.

“Good enough for me. You may wait out here in your cruiser while I write it up.”

“I’m not letting you in the house to destroy evidence.”

“You can wait in your cruiser while Detective Clarke accompanies me inside to ensure all I do is write and print the contract and then to make your copies once signed.”

“That’s acceptable,” Natalie quickly agreed. “Please wait in the car before you do or say something to make matters worse,” she said to her best friend.

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With Detective Natalie Clarke staring over her shoulder, Grace typed up a short contract spelling out in no uncertain terms what was required to keep the events of the evening to herself and what she would permit once both detectives had been fully disciplined. Attaching an NDA meant to prevent any of them from speaking about anything that happened, she printed out a copy and then returned to the driveway where Erika was leaning against the cruiser. “The two of you will read it and if you’re in agreement we’ll all sign, and if not then you’re free to leave,” Grace said as she handed the document to Natalie who immediately began reading it.

Brow raising at a few of the points, Natalie nevertheless sighed as she handed it off to her best friend. “I don’t like any of it, but I accept and will sign it.”

“You expect us to sign an NDA?”

“Do you want all of this to remain between us?” Grace asked.

“You’re the one that fucked up here tonight so you better sign the damn thing or so help me I’ll ask for another partner,” Natalie swore.

“You said fifty swats, not all of this,” Erika said as she continued reading.

“I said fifty swats in accordance with the rules posted in my playroom which is exactly what I wrote into the contract,” Grace clarified.

“Fine, whatever, I’ll sign the damn thing,” Erika huffed.

“Great, here’s a pen,” Grace said. “Once the two of you have signed I’ll sign it and then we’ll head inside. I’ll make copies and then we’ll go to the playroom where we’ll begin. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Erika said as she took the pen. Had it not been in the contract she would never have referred to the target of their botched investigation in such a manner, but did so only to avoid further discipline.

“I understand, Mistress,” Natalie replied.