

Role Reversal

Crimson Rose

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Role Reversal

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Kelly asked, looking at her Mistress and girlfriend of six years as if she had just lost her mind.

“Absolutely,” Stephanie replied. “How else am I going to know what it truly feels like?”

“But there are better places to go, Mistress. What if they collar you, or even worse register you? Didn’t you say before that if you are collared at the Farm you’ll never be able to wear the armband again?”

“I did, but I also said I can go in as a switch,” Stephanie explained. “Remember what that is?”

“Yes Mistress. That’s a man or woman that is both dominant and submissive. But doesn’t wearing the purple collar still make it possible for you to be registered?”

“Only if I willingly go into the registration office.”

“And you know where that is?”

“They will tell me the location once I get there.”

“Will they?” Kelly asked. “I thought only Dominants were permitted to know the location of certain buildings?”

“Right. What’s your point? In case you forgot, I am a registered Dominant at the Farm.”

“Yes, but if you go in as a Switch, then aren’t you also a submissive? What if they don’t tell you because of that?”

“Good question,” Stephanie said, her face going from smile to one of contemplation. She never considered they might not tell her the location of the registration office or several other buildings the red armband of the Dominant afforded her. If they did not tell her, then there was a very real chance that she could stumble in and have bad things happen to her. “That is actually a damn good question,” she said shaking her head.”

“So, does this mean you’re not going to go now, Mistress?”

“No, I’m still going. I’ll just have to be incredibly careful which buildings I enter. As will you.”

“Me, Mistress?”

“Of course. You’ve been wanting to go to the Farm for quite a while now haven’t you?”

“Yes Mistress,” Kelly grinned enthusiastically. She had been hearing stories about the infamous Domination Farm for her entire life as had all residence of the small city of Rome, Wisconsin, and like most, she was also afraid to venture too close for fear they would snatch her up and take her inside where all manner of foul and humiliating degradations would be forced upon her. Or at least that is the story she heard from those that did not know any better.

“Then you’re coming with me.”

“A-are you going to register me, Mistress?”

“I am not. I told you that I would only do that when you asked me to do it. Are you asking me to register you?”

“No Mistress,” Kelly said biting her lower lip nervously. She knew all too well what being registered at the Domination Farm entailed and she was not yet prepared to take that drastic of a step even though she loved her Mistress more than anything in the world.

“Are you sure?” Stephanie teased “I think a tattoo would look great across your breast. Not to mention the pierced nipples,” she added with a wicked grin.”

“Thank you Mistress, but no thanks. I’m not ready to do something so...permanent. So, how does this place work anyways, Mistress?”

“It’s quite simple, especially for a submissive. You will wear my collar and they will register you as belonging to me, don’t worry, that is not the same as being registered to the Farm,” Stephanie assured her girlfriend and submissive. “Basically, they put you in one database as being my submissive so that no one else may collar you, or use you without permission. Once they take your information they will take a full body picture and add that to your profile and then give you your bracelet. Remember, the bracelet is your lifeline within the Farm. It contains all of your information as well as any funds you’ve added before entering. It also keeps track of your status as well as any and all Farm debt you may build up during your stay.”

“And I’m not allowed to wear clothes, right?”

“Right. Clothes will be provided for you once you are in the Farm. They are incredibly revealing, but with a body like yours you don’t have anything to be ashamed of.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” Kelly blushed. She did have an incredibly sexy body, but was not one to ever boast about it. In fact, when not at home where her Mistress preferred her to remain naked, she normally wore clothes that hid what lay beneath. She had long sandy-blonde hair, hazel eyes, and breasts that looked nearly too big for her slender frame. But she was not a stick figure of a woman. She had curves, just not as pronounced as she would have liked.

“Are you ready to go?”

“Now, Mistress?”

“No time like the present, right? Don’t worry about taking anything. You’re not permitted to take anything in with you so you might as well leave it here where it’ll be safe.”

“What about you, Mistress? Are Dominants allowed to take things in with them?”

“Only submissives,” Stephanie smiled. “In other words, no. We are under the same rules as everyone else. The only difference being we are permitted to wear clothing of our choosing.” She looked over at the clock hanging on the wall. “Come on, if we leave now we should miss the early evening rush.”

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The Domination Farm had changed drastically in the forty years since it first opened its doors. Gradually growing from a few tents sitting on a dozen acres, it now boasted nearly fifty brick and wood buildings surrounded by a fifteen foot tall stone wall on nearly two hundred acres. The old dirt paths had been widened, paved and given names such as Domination Drive, Submission Street and Ponygirl Parkway to further drive home what the place was all about. And that was the taboo and often misunderstood nature of the Dominant and submissive relationship.

Men and women from around the world visited the Domination Farm in droves – coming out of curiosity and staying for the collar. In 2014 alone, the farm was responsible for the collaring of 8,417 submissives. And that’s only counting those whom started their journey as bare-necks – the Farm’s name for the uncollared men and women that enter their gates.

Stephanie pulled into the Domination Farm’s parking lot and looked over at her submissive girlfriend. “Are you ready for this?”

“I don’t know,” Kelly answered, her voice quivering with fear, excitement and anxiety. “What do I do in there?”

“Nothing you normally wouldn’t do, unless you really want to. They cater to damn every all fetish within those walls and you’re bound to wonder into something you don’t like but are

required to do anyways. Just do it and move on without making a fuss. And remember, there are certain attractions that require participants to get marks of completion in the form of tattoos and brands. If you go into one of those buildings you will have to get the work done or we will both be banned for life.”

“Wait! What?” Kelly gasped.

“Do you want me to take you back home?”

“No Mistress. I’m sorry, I just didn’t think I’d have to get anything like that done unless I was registered. How do I know which attractions require the marks of completion?”

“You’ll know only after you enter the building,” Stephanie explained. “The rules and requirements for every event is posted on a plaque hanging inside the door. Are you absolutely certain you want to go in with me? Remember, if you are required to get a mark of completion and fail to do so we will both be banned for life and that will upset me greatly.”

“I’m certain, Mistress. I want to go in to see what it’s really all about.”

“Then let’s go,” Stephanie smiled. She shut the engine off and got out of the car. Once Kelly was also out, she locked the doors and they headed to the entry kiosk – a three stall structure where veterans and new alike went to pay the entry fee and put money on their Farm issued bracelet. “Since you are new here you’ll go to the line marked NEW PATRONS. In the section of the sign-up form asking your Dominant’s name put Mistress Stephanie McNaire. I’ll most likely make it inside before you do so have fun and don’t be afraid to try new things. I won’t be upset if you decided to push the boundaries of your comfort zone a little.”

“Yes Mistress,” Kelly replied. They parted ways with Kelly getting in line at the NEW PATRONS queue, and Stephanie making her way to the Dominant’s queue – a much shorter, faster-moving line.

“Hello Mistress,” a farm submissive named Bouncytits smiled at Stephanie. “How may this slut help you today?”

“I want to all \$5,000 to my bracelet and then I want to change my status from Mistress to Switch.”

“Of course, Mistress. Will you be paying by cash or credit today?”

“Cash,” Stephanie replied, pulling a wad of \$100 bills from a secret, invisible pocket sewn into the hem of her dress.

“If you’ll kindly read and sign the following forms I’ll take care of the transaction and get you your new armband and collar, but first, you are aware that once you change your status you may never go back, right, Mistress?”

“No, I did not know that. When did that rule go into effect?”

“Three months ago, Mistress. Do you still wish for this slut to change your status?”

“Yes. I still have all of the rights and privileges of a Mistress as a Switch, right?”

“Nearly all, Mistress. The new rules prohibit the disclosure of certain buildings to those designated as Switch because submissives are prohibited from knowing the locations ahead of time.”

“But I am not a submissive,” Stephanie replied.

“Well, yes and no, Mistress. While you are still a Dominant, the purple collar also marks you as a submissive and under the new rules any and all Dominants are permitted to command you as if you were a submissive.”

“Wait, what?” Stephanie gasped. “Explain that to me one more time.”

“Gladly, Mistress. Under the new rules, those designated as Switch by wearing the purple armband and collar are now Dominant to submissives, and submissive to Dominants. Meaning,

you may use any and all Farm submissives as well as bare-necks as any Dominant is permitted, but you must also submit yourself to any Dominant that wishes to use you as a submissive.”

“I see. And does that mean I must abide by all of the rules of being a submissive such as mandatory completion of attractions and getting marks of completion?”

“Yes Mistress. You will be required to abide by all of the rules as if you were both a submissive and a Dominant. That includes being registered as a farm submissive if you go into the registration office. Please keep in mind that if you are registered as a Farm Submissive you lose your status as a Switch and may never regain it.”

“Thank you, Bouncytits. Go ahead and complete the transaction. I’ll take my chances.”

“Yes Mistress. Also keep in mind that if you are registered as a Farm submissive any submissives currently registered to you will automatically be re-registered as Farm submissives as well. And as a Switch you will be required to wear the Farm issued clothing.”

“Anything else?” Stephanie asked as she skimmed through the forms she had to sign.

“No, Mistress. If you’ll please scan your bracelet so that I can access your information I’ll continue with the status change.”

“Of course,” Stephanie replied. She swiped the silver cuff bracelet around her right wrist across the small scanner at the corner of the counter. There was an audible beep and Bouncytits’ computer screen lit up with the required information.

Bouncytits unclicked the box marked Dominant and clicked the one for Switch and then saved the changes. “It is done, Mistress. You are now in the system as a switch. Please remove the red armband and put these one,” she said holding out a matching purple armband and collar. “And I will need your collar removal tool as well.”

Stephanie took the items and handed her old armband to Bouncytits. First, she placed the purple armband around her right bicep and then she looked at the sleek purple collar with its powerful magnetic clasp. Once it was snapped shut around her neck there was no going back. Without the special tool to take the collar off, it was damn near impossible to remove. She placed the leather-coated metal band against the front of her neck and slowly wrapped it around until the ends met. Feeling it snap shut made her jump slightly at the realization that she was not nothing more than a submissive with a few extra perks.

“You’re all set, Mistress,” Bouncytits smiled. “You may enter the Farm whenever you like. And remember, as a Switch you are now required to go through the guided tour in order to receive your free set of submissive clothes.”

“Even though I’m still a Dominant?” Stephanie asked with raised brow.

“Yes Mistress. As this slut said earlier, it is now mandatory that all Switches wear the submissive clothing and nothing else.”

“Then that is what I’ll do. Thank you for all of your help.”

“My pleasure, Mistress and good luck in your new role here at the Domination Farm.”