

# **SWITCH**

**Lindsey Greene**

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## **Note from Author**

The Domination Farm setting has been used with permission from its creator, Crimson Rose.

## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

## Switch

Cindy slid the manila folder under the glass to the topless brunette woman inside the small booth – the baby blue collar around her neck and the Cummyslut tattoo on her right breast marking her as a Farm submissive. Cummyslut took the folder and flipped through the more than dozen documents contained within. “Everything looks in order, Mistress Cindy. Please give me a few minutes to input everything into the system and then I’ll issue you your Farm bracelet and red armband.

“Take your time,” Cindy replied. It had been a long road to get to this point and she did not want anything screwed up now. After spending more than a year learning the ropes, she had finally passed all of the tests, deemed worthy and knowledgeable on all aspects of the bdsm life, and was about to receive the closest thing the Domination Farm offered as a diploma – the red armband of a Dominant.

Cummyslut input the information into the computer system and about halfway through ran into a big red flag. “I’m sorry Mistress, but according to the system you have not yet completed your ninety day switch. You’ll have to complete that before being issued your red armband.”

“My ninety day what now?” Cindy asked with raised brow.”

“The ninety day switch. Master Lucas should have told you about it. Since you have not completed the mandatory time, you will be issued with the purple armband and collar of the Switch instead of the red Dominant armband and at the end of the three months, assuming you have not been registered as a Farm submissive, you will be issued your red armband and your status as a Farm Dominant recognized.

“I see. Correct me if I’m wrong, but don’t Switches have to comply with the same rules as submissives?”

“That is correct. They also follow the rules of the Dominant.”

“So if I go into an event requiring participation do I have to do it because I’m a submissive, or can I opt out because I’m Dominant?”

“You are free to opt out of any mandatory event except for those requiring a mark of completion and the body modification building. Also, remember that you must wear the armband and collar at all times and if you ever forget to put them on, or are somehow tricked out of them, you will be considered a bare-neck and subject to all of the rules as such.”

“And this is mandatory?”

“I’m afraid so. If you do not complete the ninety day switch you can never gain Dominant status here at the Domination Farm.”

“Then I suppose I have no other option,” Cindy said as she thought about the dominants she saw walking around with submissive names. It now made sense why they would humiliate themselves in such a manner – it was not because they wanted to, but because they had to.

Cummyslut issued Cindy with her purple armband and collar and the silver cuff bracelet that would keep track of every event she participated in and any funds she had in reserve. “One final thing, as a Switch, you are obligated to wear the submissive clothes, but you are not required to go on the tour. You may proceed directly to the fetish clothing store to be fitted.”

“But that can’t be right. I’ve seen plenty of Switch’s wearing clothes other than the submissive outfits.”

“Those are Switch’s that have completed their ninety days and have opted to remain Switch’s,” Cummyslut explained. “As per the rules, the first outfit is free, but everything else must be purchased. Do you wish to put money on your bracelet now?”

“Sure, let me go to my car and get my purse and I’ll be right back.”

Cindy stepped out of line and walked to her car. Fetching her purse from the trunk, she was on her way back to the kiosk when she turned back, stripped out of her clothes so she did not lose them in the Farm and when everything was in the box in her trunk she returned to the line, placed \$1,000 on her bracelet, returned her purse to her car and finally entered the Domination Farm – placing the purple collar around her neck as she entered the waiting room and the armband around her right bicep as she walked to the door to the Farm.

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Cindy inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly as she emerged from the fetish clothing shop wearing her new submissive outfit – thigh-high latex boots, long latex opera gloves and a latex garter belt all in a deep purple that matched the armband and collar she wore to denote her status. *Alright Cindy, you can do this*, she thought as she made her way down Caning Court towards Domination Drive. *It’s only three more months and then you’re a bona fide Dominant.*

Having spent more than a year on the Farm, Cindy knew the layout pretty well. She knew what buildings were what and what attractions and events required participation and marks of completion – tattoos or brands marking the completion of some of the Domination Farm’s most humiliating events and attractions. Heading south along Domination Drive, she made her way to the Main Office to see Master Lucas.

Entering the small building that served as the Domination Farm’s main office, Cindy saw three people. The first was Fistybutt – a Farm submissive that worked as Mistress Simone’s personal assistant. The second was Mistress Simone – a raven-haired, blue-eyed goddess of a woman that owned and ran the Farm. And finally there was Master Lucas – a tall, well-toned, handsome man of forty that was married to Mistress Simone and worked at the petting zoo as well as helped train new and aspiring Dominants.

“Hey Cindy,” Master Lucas smiled at his star pupil. “WHOA! Why are you dressed as a submissive? Sorry, Switch. I didn’t know you had a submissive bone in your body.”

“I don’t but...wait...why are you surprised I’m dressed as a Switch? Cummyslut at the kiosk told me it was you who was supposed to tell me about the ninety day switch.”

“The ninety day what now?”

“What the fuck is going on here?” Cindy said, not bothering to hide the anger rising in her voice. “Are you telling me there’s no such thing as the ninety day switch?”

“First I’ve ever heard of it. What about you, hon?”

“Um, well...”

“What did you do?” Master Lucas asked his wife of sixteen years.

“Well, to be honest, I was getting a little jealous of just how close the two of you were getting so I may have placed something in Cindy’s records...”

“YOU DID WHAT!” Cindy exclaimed loudly. “Undo it! You had no right to go fucking with my records like that!”

“She’s right, dear. That was a shit move on your part and I agree it should be undone.”

“Oh, you would agree wouldn’t you!?” Mistress Simone snapped back. “Sorry, but what’s done is done. In fact, it has already been removed and according to the system, the

decision to become a Switch was solely your idea,” she said to Cindy. “Sorry, but you will never become a full-fledged Farm Dominant now.”

“That is some seriously fucked up bullshit! Your husband fucks whomever he wants anytime he wants and you go after me? There has to be some rule that you broke doing what you did and I will find it and make you pay!”

“She’s right, Simone,” Master Lucas said shaking his head in disappointment. “What you did was wrong and broke one of the cardinal rules and you know full well what the punishment is.”

“As the owner of the Farm those rules don’t apply to me,” Simone said folding her arms over her chest while looking smugly victorious.

“You’re wrong on that one,” her husband countered. “Perhaps you should actually crack the rulebook open and read it. You are bound by the same rules and regulations as every other Dominant, bare-neck or submissive that walks through the doors. And by forcing Cindy into accepting the role of Switch over Dominant denies her of what she worked so hard this last year for.”

“She’s still a dominant. Only now she may be used by other Dominants as if she were a submissive. You are dismissed now,” Simone said waving a hand dismissively at Cindy.

“I’m not a full Dominant!” Cindy said standing her ground. “What is the punishment for breaking a cardinal rule?” she asked Lucas.

“That’s entirely up to the individual harmed, but can be anything up to and including loss of status.”

“So, I get to decide what happens to her?”

“That is correct.”

“And what about my status as a Switch? Can that be changed to Dominant since she tricked me into it?”

“I’m afraid not. Unfortunately, you agreed to the terms when you put on that collar and armband and it cannot be undone.”

“I see. So, what you’re telling me is that I wasted more than a year and thousands of dollars in training because your wife is a jealous bitch!”

“You better check the attitude before I strip you of your Switch status as well!” Mistress Simone bit back.

“Not likely! Farm submissives don’t have that power!” Cindy replied. “If I cannot be granted the status I’ve worked my ass off to achieve, then as punishment I want her stripped of her status and made into a Farm submissive. I also demand repayment of every penny I spent on training and I want her sole duty as Farm submissive to be working as a urinal!”

“You’re out of your damn mind! Get the fuck out of my office and leave the Farm at once! You are no longer welcomed here!” Mistress Simone replied angrily.

“Sorry dear, but as the one you wronged, she has issued her punishment and you have no recourse but to comply, or step down as owner and leave the Farm for good. What name would you like her to be registered under?”

“You can’t be serious! You’re going to side with that fucking cunt over your own wife!?”

“That fucking cunt isn’t the one breaking the rules. No offense,” he grinned at Cindy.

“None taken. And I think the name Judas BitchCunt has a nice ring to it. And as the Dominant responsible for her registration as Farm submissive I believe that entitles me to not only determine how the name is applied, but what other work will be done at the time of registration, right?”