

# Addicted to Danielle



By  
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I'm at the bar, looking around for someone to pursue. She has to be hot. She must be sexy. Success on a night like this depends on making the right choices. I need to be able to pick out the right girl.

Then she strolls into the club, and I'm immediately drawn to her.

Honestly, she doesn't look that much different from the other beauties here. This girl has long, straight blond hair. Her bangs are neatly trimmed, but when she turns in my direction, she immediately notices me staring. A subtle smile tugs at the corners of her mouth, and I make my decision.

Rather than rush up to her right away, I observe. Lots of guys get in trouble because they get impatient. They don't really understand what it takes to get a girl in a place like this.

Letting my eyes linger on this unknown female, I admire the white shorts she has on, the pink tank top clinging to her body. It practically shimmers under the occasional pulse of light. For the most part, the club's dark, but it doesn't make any difference to me. I'm seeing everything I need to.

She saunters up to the bar, about ten feet away from me.

Although I studiously look in a different direction, I can somehow sense her presence. It's like she knows I'm looking at her. It's like she can tell I'm interested without even tossing a glance in my direction.

Somehow, that possibility makes me nervous, yet that doesn't stop me. If anything, the nervousness only heightens my desire, making me hungry for this girl that much more.

Bracing my elbows on the bar, I gaze back out at the different crowds dancing. There are bottle blondes hopping up and down like over-caffeinated bunnies. There are guys like me, each one searching for a target, someone to go home with.

From the corner of my eye, I sense movement.

She catches my attention, smiling at me. Her eyes are locked directly on me, yet I still turn around, almost like she might be making eye contact with someone behind me. There is no one.

When I face her again, this girl is grinning. She shows the whites of her teeth, and there is something so incredibly confident

about her. This isn't some little college girl out for the first time. She doesn't even have any friends with her.

Without meaning to, I swallow, and I feel my Adam's apple rise and fall down the length of my throat. The girl giggles, and then she waves me over with one finger.

I spent a lot of time talking to other guys about how to get a girl. One of the biggest mistakes a man can make is letting her take control. The illusion of choice is useful with these girls, but I'm not supposed to walk right over.

Despite that very good advice, I head in her direction, almost like I can't stop myself.

"Hello there," she says to me. "You're cute."

Cute. There's something about the way she says it. Before I can get a handle on what she's doing, she sizes me up, running her gaze up and down the length of my body. For the very first time ever, a girl has objectified me.

Under normal circumstances, I can talk. I can be so smooth.

Now, I try to get my lips to move, but I only sputter out something incoherent. My face turns a bright shade of pink, and I try to shake it off.

Some instinct at the back of my brain shouts for me to retreat. The damage is done, so I can't possibly get with this girl. I should simply withdraw and find better prey.

Before I can make the right decision, she leans forward and whispers in my ear. "I'm Danielle. What's your name, cutie?"

I stumble back. Honestly, I can barely keep my feet beneath me. Something about this girl confuses me. I'm almost dizzy, and her voice sounds so good, so warm and her breath is hot along the contours of my inner ear.

Although her hands are no longer on my shoulders, my skin tingles beneath the spots where she had touched me. My chest rises and falls with exaggerated capacity.

"Mike," I tell her, half impressed that I manage to speak in the first place.

"Well then, Mike, let's dance."

She doesn't ask me. She simply flows out toward the floor and expects me to follow. Rather, she grabs my hand, and there is

that same spark of evanescent energy running through my skin. I can't explain it, but I can't tear my hand away either. She pulls me down to the dance floor, and then she's all over me.

A techno beat pounds from the speakers. All around us, girls grind on guys. They jump up and down, everyone eager for some physical contact. People are sweating. People are concentrating so hard.

My face is flushed, and it feels as though every inch of my body is radiating extra degrees of heat. Then there's Danielle, right in front of me. She's beautiful as she twists and turns. Around this, the other dancers instinctively move away, giving her all the room she needs. She holds her hands at the nape of her neck, spinning her body. Her blonde hair flares outward, and some of those tresses strike my face.

The same tingles reverberate along my cheeks.

Then something else hits me. My cock is hard. My erection strains against my pants, and it feels like I need an orgasm. I need one so badly!

Surrendering to my desires, I move closer to her. I put my hands on her waist, and we move together. She opens her eyes, and they lock onto mine, two perfectly blue irises which seem to entrance me. I feel like I'm staring into spirals, an infinite circle of color.

She is smiling at me, but there is something so taunting, so intimidating about her expression. For a moment, I remind myself that I'm bigger than her. I'm a male. I'm the hunter here, but those small details don't seem to make the slightest difference.

The song is about to end.

I turn back to the bar for a moment, wondering if I should go buy some water. I need to cool down. I need to regain control of myself, but when I glance back in her direction, she pounces on me, running one hand along the nape of my neck until she fists my hair.

She tugs me close, kissing me hard. Her tongue explores the ridges and lines of my teeth.

Instantly, I know that I can pull back. I know that I can shove her away. This is my choice, but I don't.

On some level, I understand how this is dangerous because there is something predatory about this girl, but I kiss her back,

grinding my body against hers. My erection presses into her thighs, and she's kissing me, moaning all the while.

The final beat resounds and silence hits the dance floor.

Her eyes are on me, holding me tight.

"Want to get out of here?"

I try to speak. Nothing gets out.

Grabbing my wrist, she pulls me from the club. Before I know it, I'm in her car, and she's driving, weaving through traffic. At the same time, she has her hand between my legs, her fingers brushing the outline of my erection.

Several minutes later, we pull up in front of a skyscraper. Filled with condos, this place has to be insanely expensive. I imagine millionaires living here.

"What, what do you do for a living?"

"Biological chemist," she tells me, grinning like a minx. Then she winks, so I can't tell if she's messing with me or not.

Whenever I hit the clubs, I expect to meet silly girls who don't quite know how to read, let alone what a biological chemist would even do. Heck, the more I think about it the more I don't really understand the term myself.

Either way, Danielle pulls into the underground garage. She parks, hops out of the car and turns off the engine all in one smooth motion. She makes her way toward the elevator bank as I fumble with my seatbelt.

What is happening to me?

When I slip out of the vehicle, I look around. I inhale, filling my lungs with fresh air. The aromas of gasoline and tire rubber hit my nose but my head starts to clear for a moment.

Maybe I should just walk home, I think to myself. Maybe I can go back to the club and find someone else.

But my eyes seem to gravitate toward Danielle. As she walks, sashaying forward, I can't help but admire her ass. I picture my hands on those smooth curves. I picture myself fondling her breasts, licking at her neck and kissing her hard.

Then a different image flashes through my head. What would it be like to grab her and pull her down onto the bed? How would it

feel to take her and hit her beneath me, seizing everything I want from her hot little body?

My erection presses out against my trousers.

Inhaling and exhaling, I promise myself I can do this. I tell myself that she is just some young woman. She is probably lying about the whole chemist thing anyway.

Jogging to catch up, I sprint after her. By the time I catch up, she is already in the elevator, and the doubled doors are sliding closed. Panic blasts through me, and I jump in at the last moment.

"I wasn't sure you were going to make it," she says to me, that same teasing smile on her lips.

"I'm fast enough," I say. "Let's hope you're not too fast," Danielle replies easily.

It is a silly joke, but I blush nonetheless. For some reason, I just can't get my thoughts together, not in front of this girl.

Danielle slips behind me, and just as I start to turn around, she puts her arms around my shoulders. She holds her own hands, right over my chest, and I feel suddenly trapped. Really, I try to tell myself that I am stronger than she is. I have to have at least fifty pounds on Danielle, but that doesn't make the slightest difference. As hard as I try, I can't convince myself that I would be strong enough.

"I'm going to have a lot of fun with you," she says, her warm breath caressing my neck. I shiver with desire, feeling my erection press against my boxers. "We are going to play tonight. And if you do a good job, I'm going to keep you."

"Keep me?" I ask.

"First, I want to see just how pliant you can be for me. Right now, I want you down on your knees."

None of those words make any sense to me. As hard as I struggle and attempt to draw coherence from them, I can't. Then she puts her hand on my shoulder, and she nudges me down. All of a sudden, I feel like a toy. Or maybe a puppet. Someone cut my strings, and my knees give out. They buckle, and I drop down.

Obviously, I try to stand up again. This time, she just puts her hand on the top of my head, and I can't stand!

"Stay down," Danielle tells to me.

She pulls her hand away from the top of my head, yet I still can't get back up. I keep trying, sending the command from my brain, down my spine, to my legs, and yet the signal must get lost somewhere along the way. I stay there on my knees, prone and subjugated before this girl.

Danielle runs her fingers along my cheek. She touches the underside of my chin. "You look really good like this," she tells me.

"What's, what's going on?"

"I'm having some fun," she replies easily, flashing me that same impish smirk.

"Mike, I think I want to see you take off your shirt for me. Do it. Slowly."

"No," I insist. Losing my shirt isn't a big deal. Obeying her without question definitely is.

Standing above me, Danielle puts her hands on her hips. She pouted with her lower lip, and she would be adorable except for the fact that she wields so much control.

She leans down and puts her hand on the back of my head again. This time, I try to pull away, but some deep-seated need takes control. She kisses me, running her tongue along mine. She teases me constantly with the feel of her kiss, and then she pulls back, but I want more.

I shake my head, clearing my thoughts.

"Do it," Danielle says again. "Take off your shirt. Unbutton it and show me your chest," she says.

My breathing turns shallow as I fight the impulse, yet some part of me wants to obey her. Some part of me feels the need to do so.

My hands move up toward the base of my throat, and I find the first button. I slip it free. Once the rhythm starts, I can't stop myself. No matter how hard I try, my hands work down my shirt.

"Take it off for me," she says. I'm still on my knees, but I can't bring myself to look up at her. This girl is controlling me, yet I can't explain it. I'm not handcuffed. I'm not technically helpless in any way, but she is playing with me, teasing and taunting me, and I don't understand what's happening.

Danielle runs her fingers through my hair, and then she whispers, "Good boy. Now lose your T-shirt."

Under my shirt, I have on my T-shirt. It is just a little bit tight to show off the definition of my pectorals and biceps. Girls usually love it, but this time I'm embarrassed. Yes, I look fit, but that doesn't seem to matter now. Again, I can't help but think about how this girl is objectifying me. She is making me do what she wants for her amusement.

"Take it off," she instructs.

I peel off my shirt, and I toss it onto the floor of the elevator.

"Nicely done," she tells me. She actually sounds impressed. "Would you like a reward? Would you like me to kiss you again?"

There's something about being so close to this girl. If she kisses me again, she's going to scramble my thoughts.

I try to shake my head, to tell her not to do it. Instead, I look up at her with big, pleading eyes. I feel like a small child or adult hoping for a treat. "Please, Danielle, kiss me." My voice is breathless, like I can't keep up.

She smirks again, so adorable and sexy.

She leans down and she kisses my lips slowly, barely touching my mouth with hers. Even so, the tingles run through my skin, igniting that hot need. She reaches down for my crotch and starts to stroke my penis through my pants. At least she didn't make me take those off, I think, doing my best to console myself.

"Do you want me to play with you?"

Again, some small part of me in the back of my mind tells me to flee. I should get out of there as quickly as possible. Obviously, this girl has some kind of power over me. She is doing something to me, but then she kisses me again, and I nod eagerly.

"Say it," Danielle commands.

Helpless to resist, I reply, "I want you to play with me."

"How do you want me to play with you, Mike?"

I lick my lips, uncertain how I can respond. Then she just smirks and turns away, strolling down the hall. I stand up quickly, jumping after her. I walk, taking a few steps, but then she pauses. One hand on her hip, she turns around.

"Did I say you could walk?"

"I..." Somehow, I can't bring myself to finish the thought. Her eyes are on me, blazing with irritation. Even so, I swallow back my nervousness. Then she points to the floor.

Immediately, I understand what she wants me to do. More importantly, I automatically drop down onto my hands and knees. My discarded shirts are left in the elevator, and I turn back as I hear the doors close.

"Follow me," she says, motioning with her hand.

Humiliated beyond belief, I scamper after her, scurrying along on my hands and knees. I'm crawling. I'm actually crawling behind some girl. Not only that, when I lift my gaze and open my mouth to argue with her, I can't. Instead, my eyes lock onto the curves of her ass, the beautiful contours of her toned legs, and every coherent thought just disappears from my brain.

Danielle unlocks the door, and she pushes it open.

"Inside," she says.

Nostrils flared, I don't want to do it. This should be my stand, I tell myself. If I cross that threshold, especially on my hands and knees, then I don't know what she's going to do with me. She's already in control. She pulled me out of the club, she put me in her car, and I've been helpless at every step.

She snaps her fingers, which knocks me out of my reverie.

"Inside," she says again.

I scurry forward, into an entryway. The walls are a cream color, and there are various pictures as well. Most of them look pastoral, water paintings of trees and rivers.

"Follow me," says this mysterious girl, and I don't see any other alternative. Still crawling, I'm on my hands and knees, doing my best to keep up with her. It is surprisingly difficult, especially because I'm not used to this kind of ambulation.

Despite being a condominium, this place is expansive. It's definitely a lot bigger than my apartment. Her kitchen is huge with granite countertops and recessed lighting. It's everything a young woman would crave.

"Are you impressed?"

"Look, Danielle, I don't know what's going on here, but I think I should leave."

"You don't want to stay?" Danielle asks. She walks into the living room, and she is pouting ever so slightly. She drops down onto the couch, putting her hands on her lap. At the same time, she crosses her legs.

Danielle wiggles her foot forward and back.

"I should leave," I say, but I can't do it. Each time I try to stand up and simply walk back to the door, something stops me. It's like I don't really want to do it. For a moment, I'm reminded of those mornings where I'm all wrapped up in my blankets, it's warm and soft, and I just don't want to go to work.

Danielle is an entirely different sort of temptation.

"Are you sure you have to leave? Are you sure you wouldn't like to stay here?" As she speaks, her voice takes on a higher pitch. She sounds seductive and innocent in equal measure. My mouth goes dry she reaches down and pulls off one of her shoes. She lets the flat drop down, and I see her toes, each nail painted a shade of cool pink. She wiggles her toes in my direction.

Although I can admire a pretty girl's feet, I've never been especially enticed by that part of the feminine form. But now, as she moves her toes along the air, I can't look away.

"Mike, would you like to crawl over here? Would you like to suck on my feet?"

My eyes flicker wider, and I immediately jerk my head from side to side. No way. I would never do something like that. Although I've been experimental in the bedroom before with other girls, I've always been the one to get the best sorts of treatment.

Girls can suck my cock. Girls can massage me with their breasts. Ultimately, my pleasure has always been the most important part of every bedroom activity.

"Go ahead. I can see it in your eyes. You want to do it."

"No," I say, my voice shaking. I'm determined, yet I'm not sure that my resolve makes much difference. "I, I can't."

"Would you like to kiss me instead?"

"Yes," I say, hissing through my teeth. This is an admission, one I probably shouldn't make, yet the word slips out nonetheless. Just like I can't control my body, it seems I can't control my mouth either.

"Come here then, cutie."

There. She's doing it again, using some diminutive nickname on me. I inhale, catching the scent of her perfume. For some reason, I didn't notice it before.

Her aroma fills my lungs, and I'm moving. Crawling along like some dog once again, I make my way across her living room floor. Then I'm right in front of her, and she puts her heels down against the soft carpet. She leans forward, puckering her lips.

No, I shouldn't! I can't do this!

As of those denials shoot through my body, I feel her lips against my mouth all over again. Hot yearning flashes through me, and I can't resist the temptation. I continue to kiss her, letting the second melt away. Our time dances together, and her mouth is so warm. I want to press my body against hers again. I want her to touch me, to let this moment last forever.

But it can't because she puts her palm on my forehead, and she nudges me back. When I look into her eyes again, I see that she is giggling at me.

"Are you sure you don't want to suck on my toes?" Danielle asks.

She just asked me this question a few seconds before, but now the temptation burns through me. As much as I want to tell her no, I open my mouth, I inhale, and I can't do it. For some reason, I look down at her petite digits, and I wonder how they would feel between my lips. I wonder how it would feel to run my tongue between her toes.

"Maybe," I say.

"You're going to have to do better than that," Danielle says with a knowing smirk.

"What are you doing to me?"

"Does it matter?" Danielle responds easily, waving away my objections like they don't mean a thing. She leans forward again, crossing her legs. She still has her bare feet in front of me, her toes wiggling on the air. "What you should really concern yourself with is the fact that my feet are right here. And if you're a very good boy, and if you asked very nicely, I might let you have a taste."

My cock is so hard, and the urge to lick at her feet shoots through me. I keep trying to insist to myself that I'm not a dog. I'm not an animal to be trained, but how can I deny the obvious. How can I ignore the inevitable?

Because it already feels like I'm going to lose the matter what I do, I crawl forward, and I open my mouth.

She jabs one finger at my forehead. "Oh no," she says. "You don't get to start until you ask for permission."

Furrowing my brow with a mix of confusion and anger, I'm about to pounce. I'm going to show the world that she can't control me. Only she holds up one finger. "Stop." Immediately, my body relaxes, and I can't bring myself to move.

"If you want to suck on my toes, which you so obviously do, then you need to ask for permission. You need to beg for it."

Beg her? She has to be kidding, but the longer I look into her beautiful face, the more I can tell she absolutely means it. This isn't a joke, not to her, which means it isn't one to me either.

My breath comes in short, angry gasps. But then something inside of me breaks, and I can't hold out any longer. Although I don't like to admit it, not even myself, I lower my gaze and I start to speak.

The words trickle out, slowly at first, "Danielle...do you think I could suck on your toes?" I glance up at her, and she turns her head from side to side, like she's playing with her decision. Desperation shoots through me, and I try again, "Danielle, I promise I'll be good. Please, can I just lick your toes a little bit? I'm sure you'll enjoy it!"

"How badly do you need it?"

"I'm desperate! I've never wanted anything more badly in my entire life!" And as I utter those words, I realize that they feel absolutely true.

"Is that right?"

"Yes!" The words sound so desperate and pathetic. As a guy who's good at picking up girls, I've never made these kinds of sounds before. I've never shown this kind of need in front of a young woman, but she is so beautiful, and her toes entice me like nothing else.

"Okay," she says lazily, holding out one foot for me.

Right away, I crawl forward, just as she tells me, "Mike, you aren't allowed to use your hands."

Because she's given me permission, ecstasy courses through me. I feel incredible as I open my mouth and wrap my lips around her big toe. Right away I think, and I don't even care about the saltiness of her sweat.

This should disgust me. Again and again, I wait for some sense of revulsion to lance through me. It doesn't happen. I lick and suck on her toe, and she starts to giggle, almost like I'm some dog licking at her feet.

On and on, I suck her toe.

"Switch," she says.

Despite her command, I can't bring myself to break away. Then she pulls her toes back, and she touches the ball of her other foot to my cheek. She is teasing me, patting me with her feet, and a different sort of desperation floods my psyche. As hard as I try, I can't resist the urge. The temptation is too much, so I start working on her other toes, simply because this girl told me to do it.

I lick and I suck eagerly, making her giggle and laugh, all at my expense.

"I like your tongue. I think I'm going to find some great uses for it," she tells me.

Danielle allows my time on my knees to stretch onward. Once or twice, I open my eyes, it is always this way because I just see her gazing down at me, the corners of her mouth lifted into her trademark smirk. She is having some fun with me, taking away my self-control.

"Now, I think it's time for you to show me what else you can do."

"What are you talking about?"

Danielle touches a finger to the corner of her mouth. She has her eyes narrowed and aimed right at me. Obviously, she is thinking about what I'm going to have to do next. "I think I want you naked."

"No! Please, don't make me do that," I say, pleading with her. I actually bring my hands together, leaving my fingers against one another. I shake my fists together like some peasant pleading with a

princess. "Please, I've already taken off my shirt. Isn't that good enough?"

She leans forward again. "No, it isn't." She makes this all seem so very simple.

"I won't do it."

Finally, I focus on the adrenaline and anger spiking through my bloodstream. No, I'm not going to let this girl control me. No, I'm not going to allow her to take away my independence.

I'm bigger than her, stronger too, and am about to show her. Slowly, I force myself back up onto my knees. Then I straighten my back, and I slowly start to stand.

Honestly, I'm surprised when Danielle doesn't say a word. She simply watches, her eyes lit with amusement while I reclaim some semblance of control.

Once I'm back on my feet, she grabs my hand, and she pulls me forward, right onto her lap. I'm straddling her, looking down into her beautiful eyes. Whatever lipstick she is wearing catches the light, and a shiver of need runs through my body.

"You're thinking about doing something rude, aren't you?"

I inhale, catching another breath of her scent. Intoxicated, I blink, trying to get my thoughts together.

"You look confused. Let me help you," Danielle says. She reaches up, touching her hands to the back of my neck again. She pulls me down, and I know that she is about to kiss me again. I should tell her to stop this. I should make her.

Our lips meet again, and she kisses me hard. She holds my mouth to hers, and I inhale again, breathing in more of her perfume. Between the physical contact and her scent, it feels like I'm on the verge of an orgasm.

Instinctively, I reach down, hoping to catch myself. All I need is a little bit of pressure. That's it, and I would be able to come. It would feel so good!

Danielle catches my hand, and she holds it down against my thigh. As hard as I try, I can't slip free from her grasp. It's not that she's particularly strong. Rather, it's like some part of my body can't stand the thought of losing contact with her fingertips.

She pushes me, shoving me back onto the floor.

I stumble down, landing on my knees.

At first, I'm confused, at least until she grins at me and says, "Mike, take off your pants, your shoes, your socks, and your underwear. Do it right now."

In spite of myself, I scramble to obey. Before I know it, I've already slipped my shoes off. My socks follow next. Then I sit upright, and I start to unbutton my pants again. No, why am I doing this? I should stop.

As those thoughts shoot through me, I pull off my pants, throwing them off to the side like they don't matter at all. Now, there is only one layer of fabric hiding my genitals from this girl. It is my last shred of privacy and dignity.

I loop my fingers into the elastic waistband of my boxers, and I pull them down.

Now, I'm naked in front of her.

"Stand up for me," she says.

This fresh command gives me the impetus to try to respond, to defy her.

Despite my best efforts, I stand up, naked before this girl. "Hold your hands behind your back," she says. I despise the notion of posing for her, but I do it anyway.

Closing my eyes, I automatically think back to the last time I was with a girl. She was into me. It had been easy to manipulate her, and before long, I had her in just her bra and panties. I made her stand up for me and pose.

Now, it's like the universe has decided to get back at me. Danielle hops up onto her feet, and she circles me slowly, enjoying the vision I present.

"Very nice," she says, touching my back, sliding her fingers down my torso. Then she stops in front of me, and she puts her hand over my chest. "Your heart is beating. Are you excited?"

This time, I refuse to respond. I'm not going to play her game. I'm not going to let her manipulate me!

"Oh, are you trying to pretend that you're the strong silent type? Is that it?" Danielle sounds amused by the notion. But then she leans forward, and when I can't see her hand, she wraps her fingers around my cock. It is naked and easily accessed by this

young woman. She caresses me, stroking me. Already, the tip of my shaft is wet with excitement, but that's only the beginning for her.

"You're so big and hard," she says to me. "Would you like me to use this? Is that what you are hoping I'm going to do?"

The more she touches me, the more helpless I begin to feel. In fact, I'm quivering from side to side, helpless to tear my hands away from behind my back. I may not be restrained in any way, but it certainly feels as though I am.

"Please," I say, my voice taut with need.

"Beg." She caresses my chest, moving her hands up and down my body. Every time her skin grazes mine, I want to shiver. I want to shake, but I manage to remain somewhat stoic. I stare ahead, doing my best not to even look back at her.

"Please, let me talk to you. Please, please let me know you. I need to. I want, so badly. I want and I'll do anything for it."

"Silly boy, the way you're talking, you'd think that you were going to be on top." She shook her head, coming back into my line of sight. She taps her hand against my cheek. "You're going to be my plaything. You're going to be my little sex toy, and when I decide you've earned the privilege of an orgasm, I'm going to ride you, Mike."

Narrowing my eyes, I want to argue with her, but I can't bring myself to do it. In spite of everything I wish to believe about myself, this girl is clearly in control. Somehow, she can manipulate me. She can alter my needs and make me so incredibly desperate.

No other girl had been able to tempt me like this. No other girl had ever tantalized me the way Danielle did with such ease.

She kisses my neck. She kisses my sternum. "Tell me you want to be my little slut."

Locking my teeth together, my lips pulled back, it requires all of my self-control not to immediately obey. Honestly, it would have been so simple to accept her orders and do what she wished.

But no, I am better than that!

Then she comes up, and she kisses me again. She molds her body against mine. She even rubs the swell between her legs up against my tumescent member. She is grinding against me, getting me so close to an orgasm. Honestly, I probably smear some of my

excitement on her shorts, but Danielle doesn't seem to mind. When she pulls back, my lips tingle. In fact, every inch of me is alive with desire and need.

"Beg to be my toy. Tell me you want to be my little slut."

"Please, can I be your toy?" I ask, my voice little more than a pitiful whisper.

"Not yet," she says. "There's a laptop in the room at the end of the hall. Go fetch it for me."

Naked and humiliated, I bow my head low, but I walk away from her. I inhale and exhale, breathing quickly. The farther I got away from her, the more my head starts to clear. I go into that other room. It is small, probably a bedroom, but Danielle is clearly using it as an office.

I spot the laptop, I unplug it, and I carry it back to her.

While I am gone, Danielle takes a seat on the couch again. She holds out one hand, and I pass the computer to her. She opens it, placing it on her lap, and then she logs in.

"Mike, I've definitely decided to keep you. Isn't that wonderful news?"

"Keep me?"

"Yes. By the end of the night, you're going to belong to me: mind, body, and soul." She smiles again, making this sound like the best news I could have ever heard.

I swallow again, uncomprehending.

"But first, I need to show you just how far you've fallen. You might think you're still an independent man, but you're not. Now, you are my toy."

"I'll never be your toy," I insist.

"On your knees," she says, pointing to the spot in front of her knees.

"Look, you can just let me go now. I promise, I won't tell anyone about this. I won't tell anyone about you or what you can do. You can find someone else," I tell her, doing my best to sound sincere. "Besides, it's not like anyone would believe me."

"I don't think you want to do it. I don't think you really want to give up your spot at my feet. Now get down on your knees."

Using every iota of my self-control and discipline, I manage to stay up on my feet for another three seconds, but then her order compels me down, so I drop onto the floor.

"Such a good toy," she tells me. Danielle reaches out and strokes my chin. Each time she touches me, I feel those rippling tingles of desire and energy. She is like a drug, something irresistible.

"I'm not your toy," I tell her again.

She smiles at me. She continued to pet me, my eyes close, and I start to relax. Despite everything, the tension leaves my body. Yes, I'm still hard and horny, but every caress makes me settle down. "Mike, where do you bank?"

Now, my eyes are open, but I feel groggy. She continues to stroke me, moving her hand along my cheek and down to my neck and back under my chin. Those soft caresses lull me into contentment.

"What?" I asked, feeling dreamy.

"Where do you do your banking?" She continues to touch me, and everywhere her fingers go, those tingles trail.

I give her the name of my bank. I don't even think about it.

"What's your username?"

I tell her.

The words just slips from my lips, like I'm not even thinking. Then she pulls her hand away, and I can hear the sound of her fingers dancing along the keyboard. I start to recover, but just as I'm about to inhale and ask her why she needs that information, she reaches out and touches me again.

She cups my cheek, and her palm is so warm. In spite of everything, I hold my hand down to the side, savoring every sensation she gives me. I revel in her attention.

"Maybe you're not going to be my toy after all," she says to me, the skin around her eyes crinkled with delight. "Maybe I'm just going to keep you as my pet. Would you like that? Would you like to be my pet?"

She is still stroking me, caressing me, keeping me nice and relaxed. Deep down, I try to resist. But it is so easy to simply stay there on my knees, letting her touch me.

"What's your password?"

I murmur something, but it isn't what she wants to hear. She pulls her hand back, and right away, I miss the heat from her skin. Swallowing, I force my eyes open, and she is looking right at me.

"Mike, what's your password?"

Now that she's not touching me, I can think more clearly.

Should I give her this information? What is she going to do with it?

"I know you want to be a good pet," she tells me. "I know that you want to please me." Just then, Danielle stretches her hand back toward me, and I close my eyes, waiting for the moment when she caresses me again.

It doesn't come.

A second more, and I open my eyes, but she isn't touching me. No, she pulled her hand back, and I immediately start to long for her touch again. I need her to stroke me and pet me. I want it more than anything else.

"What's your password?" Danielle repeats.

I tell her.

I give her a string of letters and numbers that feel absolutely unimportant. And when I do, she flashes her brilliant smile, and just seeing her scimitar grin is enough to warm my insides. Then she reaches out with both of her hands, her elbows stretching past the laptop monitor. She runs her fingers along my cheeks and down my shoulders. She starts to caress the soft spot along my forearms, and it feels like I'm melting.

A brand-new swoon of contentment rushes over me.

"You're a very good pet," she says, continuing to run her fingertips along my skin. On some level, I hear her words, and I understand them. But at the same time, none of this makes sense. But then she pulls back, and she's typing on the keyboard again.

I open my mouth to speak, but she jerks one finger into the air. "Quiet, Mike."

Just like that, I'm silenced.

No girl has ever been able to shush me like this. My eyes narrow and I try to summon up some characteristically misogynistic comment about girls and how easily they should be controlled. But

as I look at Danielle, I can't do it. This girl is too beautiful, too perfect, and I only want to please her.

Please her? Where did that thought come from?

Doing my best to focus, I look back at the front door. Although I'm naked, part of me insists I need to get the heck out of that apartment. I need to jump back on my feet and run for it.

Danielle closes laptop with a click, she set it to the side, and then motions for me to crawl forward. Without even thinking, I do it, and she leans down. She kisses my forehead, which only kindles the frustration at the back of my mind.

"Would you like me to kiss you?"

"Yes, please," I say, and I'm not arguing. I'm not even insisting or demanding. No, this is a simple request.

She flashes me another one of those smiles, and then she waves a finger for me to straighten my back. Without hesitating, I do it, and she kisses me again lightly at first. A rush of ecstasy surges through me.

"Mike, would you like me to take you back to my room?"

There is something so patronizing in her voice. On some level, I know she isn't really giving me a choice. This isn't my decision. No, she is simply toying with me.

That doesn't stop me from telling her exactly what she wants to hear. "Yes, please." My voice is quiet.

That doesn't matter this time. She gets up, and saunters from the room, walking away. Immediately, I jump up onto my feet, ready to follow. She twists back slightly, looking at me, one eyebrow raised. "Did I say you could walk, pet?"

Pet.

For an instant, I cling onto that word, using it to summon up a bulwark of anger and frustration. I'm supposed to be better than her! I'm supposed to be the one in control!

It doesn't work that way, and I immediately drop down on my hands and knees. She turns away, not even bothering to watch as I crawl after her.

A few heartbeats later, I cross the threshold into her bedroom. The walls are a shade of pale pink, there are various art prints including a picture of painted asteroids falling through the night sky.

She has her bed set off to the side, and her dressers and the nightstand. To the left, I see the entrance to the master bathroom.

All of those details register in my brain, yet none of them seems more important than the young woman seated on the edge of her bed. She has her legs crossed, her weight supported on her palms behind her back.

"Come here, pet," she says.

Pet. I hear the word again, only this time it starts to sound right. It starts to sound accurate as I crawl to her feet. Her toes are still bare, and it takes all of my self-control to avoid trying to lick them. I want to suck on her toes. I want to move my nose along the arches of her feet, to nuzzle her and show her all of my adoration.

Danielle hasn't allowed me those privileges, so I stay there on my knees.

"You want to get onto the bed?"

"Yes," I growl back, hating the desperation in my voice.

"Then ask. Ask nicely."

"Danielle, may I please get on the bed?" I hate making this request, but I get my reward. She taps the coverlet to her right, and I immediately scamper up.

Right away, she pounces on me. She catches me off guard and she starts to kiss me. I try to roll her beneath me, but Danielle won't stand for it. No, she keeps me on my back, grabbing my wrists and pinning them over my head despite our different sizes.

She kisses me, sapping me of my strength.

All over again, one press of her body intoxicates me. She has the entrance, and I completely lose all sense of place and time. There is nothing but the feel of her lithe physique pressed down on mine. My cock is hard against her inner thigh, but Danielle is very careful with me. She never gives me enough pressure to incite an orgasm.

No, she wants me desperate. She wants me right on the precipice, squirming and eager. She does such a good job of keeping me in such a state. She kisses me lightly, then hard, only to go back to the gentle pressure of her lips against my mouth.

My heart is pounding, and perspiration begins to spread along my naked form.

When she pulls back, her face is flushed, and her breath is sharp in her lungs. "Very nice, pet. What do you know, I think it's time for you to give me a massage."

"What?"

Considering how we were just making out, I thought we were going to get to sex very soon.

Apparently not.

"You want to please me, don't you?"

"Yes," I say, my single word. At this moment I learn to despise those three letters.

"Then I want massage. You're going to give it to me."

Just like that, she takes off her top, and my lips stiffen. My breathing quickens, and my heart is beating seriously as I see her in just her bra. Then she gifts me with another treat. Danielle unclasps her bra. Now naked from the waist up, she is glorious. She is perfection personified, and I actually freeze.

One corner of her mouth rises as she lays down. She cuddles up against the sheets, and her back is on display. I understand exactly what I'm supposed to do.

"Go ahead," she says. "I give you permission."

Although I hate to admit it that was exactly what I have been waiting for: permission. Even though I try not to think about it, this girl is in control. Little by little, I'm learning to obey her commands, even the ones she hasn't yet spoken.

I come up behind her, bracing my knees just above her pert little ass. I reach down, and I start to stroke and massage her back. I move my palms along her naked skin, and I feel so incredible. With every touch, I can feel those tendrils of tingling energy run up the length of my arms.

All the while, my cock is still hard, but it makes no difference. I massage her, kneading her skin. I give her everything I have, and the minutes run by. In some ways, time seems to go by so much more quickly. In other ways, it is excruciatingly slow.

With a purr, she says, very satisfied, "I like that. I like that a lot, but I think it's time for you to show me what else you can do."

When she starts to roll back over, I retreat several feet. I brace myself at the edge of the bed, and then she smiles at me. All

the while, I take in the glorious visage before me. I concentrate on memorizing this moment, the curves of her breasts, her pink nipples, and the bright blue of her eyes all at the same time. Everything about this girl entices me and addicts me.

"What would you like to do right now?"

"I...I..."

She giggles at me, savoring my discomfiture.

"Mike, would you like to touch my breasts? Is that what you're hoping for?"

Just a second or two before, my brain refused to work, but now that she has put the idea in my head, there is nothing I desire more. I jerk my chin down and up again, nodding eagerly.

Danielle giggles at me. I must be so adorable from her perspective.

Normally, when I spend time with a girl from the club, I expect her to look at me with adoration and awe. She is supposed to be grateful for my presence. That's why she's willing to do whatever I ask.

Now, Danielle just glances at me like I'm her pet. Not only that, I'm her possession.

"Come here," she says with a wave of her finger.

Instinctively, I crawl across the bed, and when close enough, she takes me by my wrist, pulling my hands up into the air. Then she places them right over her nipples, and a groan of ecstasy escapes my throat. I can't help it, not when I feel the softness of her flesh. I squeeze and massage the breasts, savoring the way her nipples tighten under my attention.

All the while, she keeps her eyes aimed right at me. She is studying me, enjoying every one of my reactions.

"Now come here," she tells me, using her hand and guiding me even closer. She has her palm on the back of my head again, and I immediately lean in, like we're going to kiss.

Oh no, she has something else planned for me.

She tugs my head lower, toward her nipple. My eyes go wide, and I can't believe it. "Go ahead and suck." Her voice is lower now, quiet and encouraging. Even so, I can hear that little undertow of ridicule as she speaks.

I hold out for a moment. Despite the overwhelming urge to simply open my mouth and run my tongue along her nipple, I think about what her touch has already done to me. "Go ahead, Mike. You know you want to do it. You know you want to belong to me."

The more she touches me and the more time she spent with me, the more pliable I become. I give a quick little shake of my head, but she just grins like a feral cat and pulls me closer.

My lips brush against her nipple, and I can't control myself, not anymore. I make the decision, and I lose control, latching my lips around her nipple. I lick and swipe my tongue over her, and pounding ecstasy blasts through my body. I can feel it, all the way down in my core.

When she pulls me back, I'm helpless to resist. But then she gets me over to her other breast, and I'm licking and sucking again.

This time, it's her turn to moan, and I know she must be getting aroused by all of this. But it's not simply the pleasure of my time she enjoys. "Mike, the more time you spend with me, the more helpless you are going to become. You don't mind, do you? No, of course you don't. You want to belong to me, don't you? If you didn't, you wouldn't go along with all of this."

Danielle makes it sound so simple.

As hard as I try, I can't hold my lips away from her nipple. The desires keep spinning through me, finding it right there.

"You know, the more time you spend with me, the more helpless you become. By the end of the night, I think you're just going to become my little pet. You're going to do whatever I say." She strokes my back, petting me all the while I continue to lick and suck and nuzzle. "Just look at how forthcoming you were with your bank account information."

She nudges me back, and Danielle peers into my eyes. "You remember that, don't you? Do you know what you gave me?"

I inhale, and the scent of her perfume makes it hard for me to think once again. "I gave you, I gave you my money, didn't I?"

"That's right," she tells me with a slow nod. "You gave me every single penny, so I guess I really do own you now, don't I?"

I open my mouth to respond, but she puts her hand on the back of my neck, and she pulls me forward, kissing me again. All of

a sudden, my concerns disappear. We are kissing, and she lowers me down onto the bed.

When she breaks away, she is smiling. "Do you really want to please me? You really want to make me happy?"

"What are you doing to me?" I ask. I barely whisper the words, almost to the point where I can't be certain I've spoken at all.

Danielle reaches down, and she touches my lips. "I'm a biological chemist, remember?"

Those words don't really mean anything to me, which only makes her giggle some more. "Mike, I've come up with some very special genetic alterations. The more time you spend with me, the more you become addicted to my pheromones. They're in my skin and even the warmth of my breath."

She means it literally. I am actually becoming addicted to this girl, so I should jump from the bed. I should marshal the last of my mental fortitude and sprint from the room.

It sounded so easy, at least in my head.

But then she kisses me again, and the urge to flee suddenly fades into nothingness.

Eyes crinkled again with delight, Danielle pulls back. "Do you really want to become my pet? Do you really want to become my possession?"

"Yes," I tell her without thinking, one syllable stretched across the seconds.

Danielle puts her hand on my shoulder, and she nudges me back. That's all it takes to practically toss me on my ass. Then she sits up, and she starts to pull off her white shorts.

Before long, Danielle gets down to her panties. I admire the curve of her hips, and my eyes drift down toward that spot between her legs. Her panties hold all of my attention, at least until the moment when she pulls them off. Now, she is naked, just like me. But unlike me, she is in control.

Danielle gets down onto her back, and she spreads her legs. "Would you like to lick me? Would you like to taste me?" Before I have a chance to answer, she slips one hand between her inner thighs, and she caresses her pussy. When she takes her hand back and holds up her fingers, they are damp with her juices.

"Lick," she commands.

Obviously, I have gone down on girls before, but I can tell this is going to be different. This time, she will set the tone and the pace. This time, she will tell me when I'm done.

I crawl forward, and I lap my tongue along her fingertips. The flavor of her excitement shoots through me, sending those same tingles running through every inch of my body.

"You know when you go down on me, you're going to make it even harder for you to ever get away. With every step, you become more and more mine."

Danielle tells me those words, yet it doesn't make any difference. Then she puts her hand on the back of my head again and guides me down toward her opening.

I start to shake my head. I try to murmur something, perhaps even beg her not to do this. All the while, she nudges me down, yet I don't have the strength to resist or fight back. Then my mouth is right up against her opening, and I stick out my tongue. I lick at her crevice, and she moans.

Loving that sound, I start to lick more furiously, sliding my tongue right into her entrance. The flavor of her excitement shoots through me again, and I can feel the chemical bonds wrap around my wrists and ankles. In every way, I become hers.

"Good boy," she says to me. "There's my good possession. There is my eager pet. Lick me. Lick your owner. I have everything you have," she says, arching her back and moaning. She keeps her legs spread, and I move my head up and down, left to right, swirling my tongue around her clitoris.

An orgasm races through her body. I can tell from the way she raises her hips up and then she tells me to get back. Right away, I retreat, helpless to defy her commands.

"You like that, don't you?"

In spite of myself, I tell her yes in a very small voice.

Danielle rolls over onto her side, and she reaches down toward the bottom of the bed. There are a series of drawers underneath us. She opens one and she takes something out.

"I have some good news," she says, "and I have some bad news. I think you'd like the bad news first." Danielle is teasing me

again. There's nothing I can do about it, so I stay there, naked, my cock still aching with desire. "The bad news is that you're no longer a person. You're now my pet. I'm going to keep you for a long, long time. And while I've got you, you are going to serve me and service me whenever I want. You belong to me now. And part of that means wearing this."

She sits up straight, and she's holding a black, leather collar in her hand. "The good news is once I have you collared and once I take you and claim you, you're always going to have a place at my feet. You're going to be so happy, knowing that you belong to me. You can deny it all you want, but I'm going to make you enjoy your new position, Mike." She smiles at me, and then she points to that spot before her knees.

"Let me collar you. Let me put this around your neck so you're always going to have a reminder of your place."

Somehow, I sense that if I let her do this, she really will be able to own me. I will no longer be my own man.

"Come here," she says, pointing down to that spot again.

My resistance crumbles, and I crawl forward. I straighten my back, and she slides the collar around my neck, clicking it into place.

"Good boy," she says, touching my chin and looking into my eyes. "Now, would you like me to fuck you? Would you like me to claim you and make this permanent?"

For an instant, I try to shake my head. I try to beg her not to do this. Please, Danielle, don't take me. Please, I don't want to be your property! Those thoughts echo at the back of my head, but I don't utter a single one of them.

She puts her hands on my shoulders, she pushes me down onto my back, and then she lowers herself onto my cock. It all happened so slowly and so fast at the same time. She is hot and wet around my cock, and she impales herself, letting out another little moan of ecstasy. Her eyes lock onto mine, and we both know what's happening.

"I want you to come for me. I want you to, and make this all permanent. Embrace your place at my feet. Do it, Mike. Give yourself over. You know you want to do it. You know you want me to own you from now on." Her lips move into a precocious grin as she

starts to move up and down the length of my cock. She is so tight and wet. It feels incredible.

She puts her hands on my wrists, holding me down as she rides me.

Second after second of pleasure boils through my body. But I was already so aroused before she started, so I can't hold out.

As she pumps me, taking what she wants, Danielle cries out. That sound pushes me over the edge, and I feel my own orgasm boil over. I spurted hard, coming, a rush of ecstasy crashing down on me.

With every pulse of my body, I know I'm losing more and more of my independence. When she's done, she will have transformed me. I was a player, the kind of guy who can get any girl in any club.

She's done. She pulls off.

"Good boy," Danielle says to me.

As the surge of pleasure dissipates, I understand. I finally get it...and I accept it. I become this girl's property. She has claimed me: mind, heart, and body.

**The End**

**(Want more? Check out *Fem Lessons*, another tale of female domination from Mina Black.)**

## **Fem Lessons**

### **Mina Black**

"Follow me," she commanded. She had shown him the file. They both understood what it meant.

She got up from the table and marched back outside to the parking lot. He had to scramble to follow after her, though he still couldn't force himself to believe this was really happening.

Liam had drawn her ire, or so she said in her e-mails. When he first received her messages, he thought she was going to try to destroy his blog, to tear down his work. For nearly two years now, Liam had been a vocal proponent of male empowerment.

According to him, men had every right to be paid more than women. They had every right to take control of any relationship. Ultimately, women were naturally designed to submit to men, and he made his views well known on an anonymous blog.

Somehow, this young woman who couldn't have been more than one or two years older than Liam tracked him down. More importantly, she had hacked into his computer to discover how he had been dodging his taxes.

Unless he wanted to go to prison for tax evasion, he had to do exactly what she said.

Liam followed this girl out in the parking lot. "Give me your keys," she commanded brusquely.

Once again, he got a good look at her. She had dark red hair, straight bangs, and she wore formfitting attire. Taken together, he decided she was quite beautiful, but he didn't like her attitude.

"Where are we going?" Liam asked as he fished his keys from his pocket. Then he tossed them in her direction. Agile, she grabbed them from the air and strode straight toward his car.

"Somewhere private," she said.

In some ways, Liam kept expecting some jolt of fear to rocket through him. After all, she had lots of blackmail material. She could destroy his life entirely. And yet, she wanted to go somewhere private? That only supported his beliefs. Girls like this could talk

about feminism and female empowerment all they wanted, yet they still just needed sex. They craved a strong man who could take control.

"What should I call you?" Liam wanted to know as he got into his car. Sitting on the passenger side felt a little bit strange, especially with a woman behind the wheel.

"My name is Brenda," she said.

He raised one eyebrow. He was expecting something a little bit more powerful. Brenda reminded him more of some Valley girl.

She ignored his expression of confusion, pulled out of the parking lot and drove them through the town. Buildings and restaurants flashed by, yet Liam simply sat back in his seat, curious to see how this all played out.

She parked in front of a large building out on the street. She got out, heading inside. This time, she didn't tell him to follow, but he did so anyway.

"What about my keys?"

"They're mine now," she said, and he thought he heard the trace of a smirk in her voice. She had to be kidding. This had to be some big game, he kept telling himself. Ultimately, Liam was too arrogant to believe anything else.

For several years now, his blog had drawn a lot of attention. People from all across the country, and even the world, e-mailed him to agree with his points. So many men really thought they could be in charge, but only because they didn't understand a deeper truth, one which Liam himself was about to learn.

Brenda stopped at the elevator bank. The button was already lit, so Liam sidled up next to her. "So you couldn't help yourself? You just decided you have to have a piece of this?" He gave his hips a little wiggle, smirking.

"You really do believe your own hype, don't you?" Brenda almost sounded surprised.

"Hype? This isn't hype. I just tell it like it is," he told her. "And trust me, you're going to agree with me when I'm done with you."

The doors to the elevator opened, and she stepped inside, her small purse hanging from her shoulder. Liam followed, and once the elevator doors closed, he came up upon her. He cupped her

cheek, looping one arm around her waist. He thought he was going to pull her close, to kiss her and make all of those natural female instincts come to the fore.

It was a nice idea, and it failed miserably because she had no intention of fighting with him. Yes, he had more muscle, but that didn't make him superior. Relying on his physical strength only made him a silly male who didn't really understand how the world worked.

With a furtive movement, she slid her hand into her purse, and she retrieved a small, pink device. It was about the size of a matchbox, and it came with two metallic prongs.

She tapped the button and shoved it forward, sending an electrical charge rushing through his body. Liam yelped and felt back, panting hard.

"On your knees," she commanded.

He looked up at her, ready to spit some hostility invective. She didn't give him the chance. Instead, she brought the stun gun up and jabbed him in his shoulder. Another dose of electricity raced through his nervous system. Once she released the button, Brenda had no problem grabbing his shoulder and shoving him down onto his knees.

"I know you're just a silly man, but this is how things are going to go. I'm going to take you into my apartment, I'm going to tie you down, and then I'm going to have some fun with you. Nod if you understand."

For the first time, a tendril of fear coiled through his chest. Liam didn't really believe this woman could be so aggressive, that she would really do it.

His nostrils flared, and Liam lifted his chin. For an instant, he was going to speak, but then she tapped the button on her stun gun one more time, and he heard the snap of electricity.

Liam nodded like a good boy.

"There. That wasn't so hard. You see, it is easy to obey me. And don't worry, you're going to get many chances to practice this newfound skill of yours." A certain, feminine charm slipped and her voice. She sounded almost seductive as she talked about breaking his will.

Liam wouldn't allow that to happen.

No matter what was this girl believed, she was going to fail because he had a stronger will. He would not crack, nor would he break. By the end of the night, he would have her eating out of his hand. He really did believe that with every fiber of his being.

The doors opened, and she spun around. Her hair flared up for a moment, the light reflecting along her red strands.

Liam walked out into the hall, doing his best to regain his composure. She went up to one of the doors and unlocked it. Next, she stepped inside, and Liam figured this could be his chance. He could turn around and disappear back down in the lobby. He leave see this building for ever. Yes, she had his keys, but it wouldn't be so difficult to call a locksmith.

But what about the blackmail?

If she gave that information to the government, then he was screwed.

Okay, so she had a little stun gun. It was pink. It wasn't like she could have that many tricks up her sleeve. Besides, Liam knew that men were smarter. He had every confidence in his gender's innate superiority.

And maybe tonight would be a good opportunity to show her.

Yes, he liked that idea a lot, so he marched down the hallway, listening to the way his shoes pounded against the tiles. He went right up to the door, grabbed the knob, and he stepped inside.

The moment he did so, Brenda stepped up to him, and she circled something around his neck. There was a click at the nape of his neck, and he felt an extra weight of leather. There was something else, something cold against his skin.

"What the hell is this?" Liam demanded even as his hand went up to the alien material. He touched it, and he was instantly punished. Another blast of electricity rushed through his pain receptors.

He managed to stay upright, but only by bracing his weight against the wall.

"On your knees," Brenda commanded.

He glared up at her, shaking his head. "No way. I am not getting down on my knees ever again."

Brenda strolled down the hall, and then she waited several feet back. She held something in her hand, and he could have sworn it was another stun gun. But no, this one was black and smaller. She pointed at him like a remote control.

Only then did he turn to the side and catch his reflection in a side mirror. Yes, he still had on his dress coat and black shoes. He still wore an expensive pair of trousers and his favorite belt. But there was something else, something white and silver around his neck.

It was a collar.

That bitch actually managed to collar him!

"Get this off of me right now," he ordered, expecting her to quake and fall all over herself to obey. After all, she was a woman. When faced with a man's strength, she should've backed it down.

She didn't.

Brenda had her own agenda.

He took one step toward her, and she pressed the button again. It was as simple as that for her. Yes, evolution may have granted him superior upper body strength, but that didn't protect him here. The pain swarmed through him. His knees buckled, and he dropped down onto his knees.

The second that electricity stopped, his hand shot up for the collar one more time. Apparently, Liam had learned his lesson.

He touched the collar, and another blast of electricity rocketed through his skin.

"You claim to be smart. Well, why can't you figure out that touching the collar activates it? It's tamperproof," she said, smirking in his direction.

Lifting his gaze, he stared daggers at her. That didn't do any good. He couldn't intimidate her, no matter how hard he tried, especially down on his knees.

"Now, since you've been such a bad boy, I want you to crawl over here and kiss my shoes."

"You're crazy if you think—"

Another jolt cut him off. He hissed through his teeth, the world turning to a white haze of pain. It only lasted a second, maybe two,

except that was too much. Liam dropped back down. He was on all fours now, glaring at her.

"What are you waiting for?" This time, she may have actually been flirtatious.

Liam just had to get close, he told himself. That was why he started crawling, closing the distance between them. Then, when he was only a few strides away, he tried to jump up. Unfortunately, he was nowhere near fast enough. She tapped the button again, and another spurt of electricity washed over him, making his muscles twitch and robbing Liam of his dexterity.

He tumbled down on the hard floor, both his body and ego stung.

Brenda tilted her head to the side. "You can do it." She was encouraging him, which only added to the weight of his embarrassment. How did he get into this situation? How did this girl have smart and so easily?

For just an instant, he wanted to accuse her of cheating, yet such a comment would only be childish and absurd. He was better than her, and yet he still found himself surrendering. Liam dipped his head low, and he puckered his lips. He kissed her shoes, first the left, then the right. He barely pecked them.

"Oh, that was pathetic. You can do better than that."

He tried again. A growl simmered at the base of his throat, but he was never going to sound happy about this. It was demeaning, and his only bit of luck was that no one else would know about this. He would certainly never admit it.

"You know, since you suck at kissing, I think I'm going to have you lick my shoes now."

Liam's eyes went wide. She had to be kidding. That had to be some kind of twisted joke. Putting his lips to her shoes had been embarrassing enough. He was never going to like them.

Swallowing, he stared down at her feet. She wore white flats with a trim. They were actually very cute shoes, he thought. They were the kind of shoes he expected to see on a schoolgirl. And for a moment, he smirked, thinking of how she must have wanted to be more feminine and subservient. On some level, this girl really did understand her place.

Liam came to his conclusion, and when he looked up, he was about to say something. He didn't get the chance to utter a single word because the controller was pointed in his direction. His throat clenched, and she pressed the button again. That invisible signal crossed the air, and a blast of electricity rushed through his skin, lighting up his pain receptors.

Brenda kneeled down in front of him. "I really don't like punishing you, boy."

Boy? She was talking down to him like a dog?

Perhaps she sensed his confusion because she reached out and touched his cheek. "You have a lot of potential, but you need training. That's why you're here. I'm going to train you."

"No, I'm going to train you," he snapped back.

Because she was so close, Liam thought he had a chance. He tensed his legs, jumping forward. He thought he was going to grab her and tear the controller from her hand. It almost worked, except it took her almost no time at all to tap the button. Another signal shot out.

He darted through the air when the collar came to life once more. It shocked him brutally, lancing electricity up and down the length of his body. It destroyed all of his concentration, so Brenda had no trouble shoving him back down onto the floor. She stood above him, tracing her shoe right along the curves of his chest.

"That's right. I'm going to train you. You came in here a willful and defiant animal, but when I'm done, you're going to be an obedient servant. You're going to understand exactly where you belong, which is at my feet, just like this."

She smiled at him. It was such a beautiful smile, but he longed to jump up and throw her back down. Hot anger simmered through him. Something else went through his body as well.

"Are you excited right now?" Brenda smirked at him. Her eyes drifted down toward his crotch.

"Of course not," he snapped, but he couldn't deny the physical evidence. His cock tented his pants, revealing his arousal.

"You're cute," she said. It was a disdainful remark, but he couldn't do anything about it. She still had her foot on his chest. "Maybe I'll play with that little cock of yours later, *if* you're good."

She really was looking down at him like he was prey. Her attention sent shivers of embarrassment and something else rippling down his back. Then she spoke again. "Liam, I want you to lick my shoes. Can you do that? Can you lick them like a good little animal? Maybe if you do this, then I will believe you can be trained, and then I will let you act like a person again."

With every syllable, she came off as condescending and patronizing. She wasn't looking at him like a man. She peered down at him like a pet or a toy. Her expression dripped with disrespect.

"Fine. Then will you let me go? You'll have proven your point?"

"We'll see," she said, stepping back.

Once the pressure disappeared from his chest, Liam was tempted to try again. Maybe he could tackle her. Maybe he could grab her and drag her back to the bedroom. That was such an incredible thought. He was hard, yet he told himself it was only because he needed to act like a man. He wasn't supposed to be subjugated, not like this. She was cheating, using the shock collar against him.

This wasn't primal or animalistic, not yet. But it would be.

"Got ahead," she said, waving down for her feet.

Liam got back up onto his hands and knees. He bowed his head, and he looked at her feet. He caught the aroma of leather, and it reminded him of the weight around his neck. Embarrassment flushed through his cheeks, only he couldn't stop himself. He lowered his lips, and he kissed her shoe again. Then he opened his mouth, and he ran his tongue along the soft leather.

"Very nice. I like your tongue. I think I'm going to have some uses for it," she said lasciviously. He glanced up at her glaring, knowing that to respond would be futile. He needed to get the controller. Throwing barbs in her direction would only be a waste of time and breath.

He moved his head toward the other shoe. He licked it, this one more quickly.

"It always fascinates me how people can get used to anything. It takes you a long time to lick my first shoe, but then you

do the second one so much faster. All of your training is going to be like this, Liam."

"I'm going to make you pay," he sneered back at her.

She punished him with another shock. He fell down on his side, unable to stay up even on all fours. His chest rose and fell as she walked away. Then she stopped on a door down the hall.

Brenda glanced back. A bang had fallen over her eyes, giving her some slight sense of mystery. She flashed another lopsided smile. "Liam, come here."

Without even thinking about it, he crawled down the hall. It felt natural. It felt easy. And it was only when he made it back toward her feet that he realized his mistake.

"Good boy," she said, opening the door. Then she waved for him to go inside.

His eyes lingered on the controller for just a moment more. He really needed to grab at it, to take another chance. But every time that collar sent a jolt of electricity running through his skin, he could feel his determination waver. Deep down, he didn't want to think about this, yet he knew each punishment wore him down.

Liam crawled forward into the room.

His heart was pounding as he looked around. At first, he couldn't see much. It was very dark, but then Brenda stepped in behind him, and she tapped the light switch. Suddenly, the room was bright, and his breath caught in his throat.

At some point, the space might have been a large bedroom or a massive office. But it had been converted.

Now, Liam couldn't describe it as anything but a dungeon. Along the wall, he spotted two manacles hanging by a set of thin chains. Next, his eyes locked onto a cage in the corner. There were shelves and cabinets, each one neatly filled with various toys. He spotted dildos, strap-ons, handcuffs, bundles of rope, and other items he couldn't even name.

Then there was the bed, a four-poster behemoth.

"Is this where you're going to have your way with me?"

"This is where I'm going to train you," she said. Brenda ran her fingers through her hair, and then she took a moment to look

around the room. "Let's start with something simple. I want you naked right now."

"Never."

She let out an irritated sigh, only to shrug like it didn't matter.

And on some level, it really didn't. She lifted the controller, she aimed it at him, and she hit the button. Electricity zapped act through his flesh, and he collapsed down onto his side.

This time, she didn't wait for him to see reason. Brenda leaned down, and she grabbed him by the back of his collar. She practically dragged him back up on his feet. Disoriented, Liam didn't know how to react.

She shoved him down onto the bed, and she yanked down his pants. Next, she pulled down his underwear. Sapped by the shocks, he couldn't fight back.

Then she took a tuft of his hair and jerked his head back. Pain danced through his scalp. She definitely had his attention. "Since the collar isn't working on you, I guess I'm just going to have to do this you old-fashioned way. Now, if you move even one inch, I will send everything I have on your financial situation to the government. So unless you want to end up in prison, you're going to be perfectly still."

Before, she'd been playing with him. Now something dark and special hovered in her voice, something utterly serious which he didn't dare test.

"I, I understand," he said, doing his best to sound like her equal. He didn't do a very good job.

She walked back toward one of the closets. When she came back, she was holding something in her hand. He could barely see it on the edge of his peripheral vision.

"This is going to be satisfying," she promised him.

Promising himself he would not break, Liam inhaled and held his breath. His pants may have been pulled down, and he may have been bent over a bed, but he was not going to let her break him. He was not going to lose; he was not going to surrender.

Or so he kept telling himself.

The crop came down with a loud thwack. She struck hard, leaving a line of red along his bare ass. "Very satisfying," she said,

almost giddy.

She swatted Liam again and again, crisscrossing lines along his bottom. Each time, he did a good job of keeping his mouth shut. He didn't want to make any sounds.

She struck one, two, three, four different times. She seemed to get better with practice, hitting harder and harder. The redness kept spreading, creating fresh patterns along his flesh. She was an artist, and he was going to be a canvas.

Then he let out a little yelp. She liked it. "Make that sound for me again," she commanded.

"No." He really couldn't think of anything more powerful to say than that. Although he loved to believe that men were almost always more articulate than women, Liam had to concentrate all of his efforts on maintaining his stoic silence.

"I guess I'll just have to work harder then," she said with a smirk. She swung her arm again, letting the tip of the crop bite down into his skin. She didn't draw blood, and she didn't do any permanent damage. But it hurt like hell! She watched as the crimson continued to spread. It was incredible, and she loved the power of having this hapless male at her mercy.

It was even better knowing Liam still believed he would be able to get out of this.

On the sixth or seventh strike, he let out that sound. He yelped, it's his eyes were watering. He tried to bury his face in the sheets, but she heard it nonetheless.

"Roll over," she commanded.

For heartbeat, he was tempted to resist. But then his body started to move without him actually thinking about it. Then he found himself facing her, his legs still bent down onto the floor, the bulk of his weight resting on the bed.

She kneeled down and grabbed his shoes. She pulled them off, followed by his socks, his pants, and even his boxers. It all happened so fast. And then she stood over him, domineering and imperious.

"You're still wearing one piece of clothing. I want you to take it off for me."

He swallowed and shook his head. Liam understood how important clothing could be, what it represented. Yes, she had already stripped him mostly naked. His erection was on full display, yet he wouldn't take off that final piece, not for her, not for anyone.

Such proud ideals might have worked somewhere else, but Brenda knew how to deal with a stubborn boy like him.

She kept it simple. She raised the controller, and she pointed it at him.

"I could make you squeal right now, just like a little girl. Is that what you want me to do?"

Despite his vaunted rebellion, he gave a little shake of his head. Liam couldn't help himself. He may have tried to cling to his ideals, only he already knew he had to obey. He had to surrender to this woman because she was more powerful.

Brenda took her time. She didn't force him to lose his shirt right away.

"Good boy," she said. She sat on the edge of the bed, and then she moved her hand down. At first, he didn't know what to expect, but then she brushed her fingertips along his naked cock. She started right at the base, moving her fingers up for his tip. And when she started at him again, she started at his scrotum this time.

All of his resistance melted away because it felt so good. He even lifted his hips a tiny bit, hoping for some more attention.

"Is this how you want me to train you? A little bit of pleasure and you'll do whatever I desire?" She smirked at the idea.

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