



Anna R.

After Ascension

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Commissioned Erotica
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Welcome!

To start off, this was a commissioned project, so please keep that in mind as you start reading. Someone had a fantasy in mind, so they reached out to me to get see what we could create together.

My name is Anna Ritter, and I've been writing female domination and gynarchy erotica since 2018. You can find my short stories, novellas, and novels on Amazon. Now I'm doing commissions!

Do you have a personal fantasy you'd like to see? With no limits and a vivid, biting imagination, I'll write out your favorite scenario. Keep it short or get as detailed as you like. I currently charge one cent per word. You get a written fantasy designed to your specifications, and I keep the publishing rights.

I'm happy to include specific descriptions and any plot points you desire. Have a special someone in mind you'd like to see in a story? Maybe a celebrity? Some unique kink you can't find anywhere else? I'm your girl! If you can dream it, I can write it!

Let me know what you'd like me to write with an email to ARitter664@gmail.com.

I look forward to hearing from you!

After Ascension

It was done; Emma had successfully completed her Ascension Days. She had asserted herself as an adult. In the process, she had shown the boys in the Sherbin household that they really were inferior. Both her father and brother had surrendered completely to this young woman. From one day to the next, she had shown them and the rest of her family, plus one of her closest friends, what femininity really meant.

Out in the wild world, maybe people were still mistaken. Perhaps they still viewed femininity as the gender based on weakness. Girls were supposed to be cute, soft, compassionate, sweet, and nurturing. This was a grand mistake. Sometimes Emma's mother, Morgan, actually wondered about the source of those dynamics. For her, it seemed almost inconceivable, especially when she understood the true strength and power of femininity.

Perhaps men tried to derive their authority from wild aggression. Men could throw themselves at their projects, channeling this barely controlled fury. For women, it was different. They possessed a different kind of strength. They had the capability to seize control, to look into men's eyes, to snap their fingers, and force those boys down onto their knees.

As far as she was concerned, this was the one true ideology. Yes, she could respect other women and their right to decide how they wished to live their lives, but Morgan also believed that every woman needed to experience female supremacy. As a female supremacist, she wanted to see a world where women took control.

And tonight, she felt like she had done an excellent job. She had been so proud as she watched her little girl, Emma, humiliate and degrade the men in their household. Yes, she loved both her husband and her son, but she also understood that these men needed to be put in their place. Too often, boys could look out at the rest of the world and pick up on the silly ideas of independence and freedom.

Derek, her son, was a very sweet boy. She loved him more than anything, but Morgan wanted to see him succeed and be happy. Pursuing some independent agenda wouldn't work for him.

He would be most satisfied once he found a girlfriend, then a wife, who would take care of him and tame him. Lots of parents probably would have been horrified by this prospect. And yet, Morgan understood the historical precedent; maybe the dynamics needed to be reversed, but she thought of those fathers all across the world who decided they should be protective of their daughters. These were the same men who thought they should make the most important decisions for their little girls. If it worked for them, then why not Morgan and her boy?

After all, she was a woman. She was smarter and stronger than the men around her.

And now, she finished showering and stepped out of the bathroom. She was naked and hadn't bothered with a towel. Her skin was still a little bit damp, and yet she had her hair pulled back. She glanced down, and she saw her husband.

Timothy was down on his knees, exactly where he belonged.

He kept his eyes locked on the floor, and he had his arms held behind his back.

"Are you feeling guilty?" Morgan asked.

In some other place or time, maybe the woman was supposed to feel nervous while naked. Perhaps she was supposed to send some kind of inner vulnerability. Not here. Not in this house. As a female supremacist, she knew what her nakedness gave her. She understood the core vulnerability that existed in the male psyche. Even now, Timothy was struggling hard not to glance up. He wanted to see this woman, to slide his gaze along her naked toes to her bare shins, thighs, stomach, and breasts. Despite those urges, he remained right there on his knees, exactly where he belonged.

"Yes, Ma'am," he said.

"Good," she said. "I want you to know that I haven't forgotten about your behavior today. Emma comported herself beautifully. I have never been more proud of my daughter. Even Derek ultimately did a reasonable job. I could see it in his eyes. He's grown up in a female supremacist household, so he knows his place. You, however..."

Timothy opened his mouth. It was pretty clear he wanted to argue with her. He could have said something about how it wasn't

his fault that he had grown up in a mainstream home. When he had been a little boy, he had been taught incorrectly again and again that he had the right to make his own decisions. He had never imagined that he would be subordinate to a powerful woman like Morgan, but did that serve as an excuse?

No. Morgan was in charge. She was the one who made every important decision in this household, including the training and oversight of this boy. Sure, he was the father and the patriarch of this house, but that didn't mean anything as far as she was concerned. His authority, if he had any at all, would always be secondary when compared to her own.

"What, what is going to happen?" Timothy asked instead of trying to defend himself.

"Obviously, you will need to be corrected," she said. Still naked, she circled him. Her voice sounded out onto the air. She brushed her fingers along his shoulder, along his head, then down toward his ear. She just barely touched him, and he clearly enjoyed the sensations, yet there was something else: the threat of punishment.

"How may I please you? What can I do to make this up to you?"

"Right now?" Morgan asked. "Nothing. There's nothing you can do to make up for your mistake. Right now, you can try to avoid compounding your error by messing up again, but that's really it."

His lips parted, and he was about to speak. Then he thought better of it, shut his boy mouth, and nodded instead. After another moment or two, he agreed, "Yes, Ma'am. I will do everything in my power to please you."

"Good," she said. "Now, give me a massage, boy."

Boy. She smirked as she climbed onto the bed and remembered what it had been like the first time she used to that diminutive term on him. They had been dating, and she had called him a boy, and he had bristled for just a moment. Then, he had come to see the truth.

As she slid down onto the mattress, he scurried up into position, and he started massaging her. For several minutes, his

fingers maneuvered along her back, between her shoulder blades, down to her flanks, and along her buttocks.

Then she rolled over. She reached out casually, gliding her fingers along his neck until she had her hand at the back of his skull, and Morgan tugged him down. She brought his mouth to her left nipple. "Lick," she commanded.

Unable to question her decision, he parted his lips and started licking. For this boy, maybe it felt like a reward, which would be doubly confusing. If so, she didn't care. Right now, as always, she concentrated on her own pleasure and satisfaction. His lips tightened around her nipple, his teeth grazed her skin, and she savored those sensations as they ran through her skin. She closed her eyes and basked in the two facets of this experience: the physical impulses, plus the knowledge that she had control over this boy.

She arched her back, her muscles tensed, and her bottom lip trembled with delicious need.

Intent on delaying her satisfaction for as long as possible, she grabbed his neck and pulled him over to her other nipple. "Suck," she commanded.

He obeyed, latching on, hollowing his cheeks, and serving her.

"Rub me," she said next.

He didn't stop licking; he knew better than that. As his mouth moved, he braced his weight on his right arm. With his left hand, he reached down between her legs and started to slide his fingertips along her pussy. He gently touched her, maneuvering his fingertips along her opening. She was already damp, which was unsurprising.

Over the course of their marriage, he had spent a lot of time in this position, pleasuring his wife. She was a woman, after all. Sex was intended to pleasure her. As far as they were both concerned, intimacy like this started and ended with female arousal.

His fingertips dipped down into her, first one, then another. He rubbed her, penetrating her. She savored those seconds even as she kept her eyes closed and told him, "Oh, that's good. You're doing a very good job. But no, I don't want you to get your hopes up. You're still going to be punished. Maybe it will be tonight or tomorrow or the day after. You don't get to know when I'm going to bring you back

into this room, tie you up, and punish you. You're not going to enjoy it, Timothy. You're not going to enjoy it at all..." She lowered her voice to trail off, then this quick moan escaped her body.

In spite of his best efforts, Morgan could sense the fear radiating off of her husband.

Soon enough, she came hard. The pleasure burned through her body, exploding along her limbs. She savored those lightning bolts of sensation as they made her tense, arch her back, and moan with delicious ecstasy. Those pleasures swirled through her body, and then she pulled her husband down onto the bed. She held him tight, and soon she fell asleep with her obedient husband in her arms.

For the next few days, he had to wonder what was going to happen. When would his punishment commence?

Over the course of the next day, he kept waiting for his wife to snap her fingers and to order him back into the bedroom.

It didn't happen.

The day after that, he tensed, waiting again.

Still nothing.

He tried to tell himself that this was part of her game.

His punishment didn't simply include the restraints or whatever toys and she decided to use. His punishment also meant soaking in this worry, dread, and anticipation. Yes, he cooked and cleaned, serving alongside his son. But every time Morgan walked into the room, he had to wonder if now would be the moment.

Two more days went by.

Three more went by after that.

Little by little, he started to think that perhaps she had simply forgiven him. Maybe there wasn't going to be any grand crescendo of pain and sensation. There were several nights where he went down on her again, licking her pussy. Afterward, she smoked and blew those silver clouds into his face or his mouth.

Every time he glanced back at Morgan, she seemed quite content.

Maybe she had forgotten? No. He knew his wife better than that. Perhaps she had forgiven him? This seemed like a possibility. Again, however, he went back to the other theory: she wasn't ever

going to discipline him. Instead, she just wanted him to dread the possibility, knowing that it could come at any time. Not only that, there was nothing he could do about it.

More than a week went by when she had finished eating her dinner. Derek was off in the kitchen, doing the dishes, Emma had wandered off to her room, and now she glanced back at Timothy. "Come with me," she said. She got up, and he quickly scurried over to her. She held out her hand, and he took it. Or rather, she yanked, guiding him forward. Morgan escorted her boy back to their room.

Today, he had been allowed to wear clothing, but she revoked that privilege. "Strip," she commanded.

A nervous swallow ran down his throat, yet he had been well-trained, so he obeyed. He pulled off his shoes, socks, pants, shirt, and boxers. Naked now, he stood there with his back straight and his wrists crossed just above his buttocks.

Morgan went to their closet, and she pulled out a crop in one hand and a paddle in the other. She tossed them both onto the mattress. Next, she walked right up in front of him, raised her hands, and slid her fingers down along his face. She started at his forehead before sliding down to his cheeks, then his neck.

Finally, she dropped her hands away before slapping him across the face. His eyes widened. "You disappointed me," she said. "You messed up. As far as you're concerned, you have one goal. What is that goal, boy?"

"I must please you. You're my wife, and I must be an obedient boy for you at all times."

"Exactly," she said. Her left hand flew up, and she struck him across of the other cheek. Pain and heat flashed along his face. At the same time, his eyes blurred for just a moment.

But really, this was only the beginning, and he had to know that.

She stepped behind him, grabbed Timothy by the back of his neck, and bent him over at the bed. His chest hit the soft sheets, and she reached down, gliding her fingertips along the back of his leg, then up to his buttocks. She pinched, he tensed again, and he had to know what was coming.

"What kind of example can you set for our children if you disappoint your wife?" Morgan asked. This time, she didn't expect an answer. Instead, she gazed down at her naked husband. Excitement flared through her body, but she resisted the temptation. Instead, she knew she had to concentrate on his punishment. Discipline, after all, was her responsibility. She took it seriously.

And now, she struck. Her hand flew down. She blurred her palm as she struck again and again.

"I'm sorry, so sorry I disappointed you! I, I will try harder. I will do better!"

"Yes," she agreed. "You will do much better in the future. After today, you're not going to forget. You're going to be a sweet, obedient husband."

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"Quiet," she snapped.

He shut his mouth, and she focused. She struck hard on his left cheek, then his right. She made sure that pain drilled through his psyche. But really, this was just a chance for her to get started.

Morgan grabbed the crop next. He couldn't see it, not exactly, but he bristled and flinched when she touched the tip to his right flank. Then she pulled the crop into the air, swung down, and let its leather edge bite down against his skin. Little red welts started appearing. They looked quite lovely next to the storm of crimson gathering along his buttocks. Morgan didn't stop. She struck again and again, swinging until her heart pounded, her breathing came fast, and this boy was trembling.

"Are you learning?" Morgan asked. As she spoke, she tacitly gave him permission to speak.

Even so, it took him a second to gather his breath and thoughts. "Yes, Ma'am. I'm learning to be a better husband. I'm learning to be an obedient boy. Thank you for training me. Thank you for disciplining me. Boys need to be trained. Boys need to be disciplined." Frankly, Morgan knew the truth about him. He was speaking, propelled by those bursts of pain. And yet, he told the truth again and again. Even if he didn't quite understand the words tumbling from his mouth, it hardly mattered so long as he understood

his place. He reinforced his subjugation with every syllable, which was precisely what she expected.

Now she grabbed the paddle.

She touched that solid surface to his left butt cheek, and he flinched again. It didn't hurt.

Not yet.

She grabbed the paddle, lifted it into the air, just as she had done with the crop, and she swung down with all of her strength. She imagined she could hear the sound of whistling as the wooden surface cut through the air. She struck down hard, and he cried out. She did the same on the other butt cheek. Then she aimed for the same spot as she struck again and again. She paddled this boy, making sure he endured that wild burst of agony. It swarmed through his mind, stripping away every other thought and concern. Now, he didn't worry about anything but pleasing his wife. She was a woman; she was better than him, and so he always had to obey. If he didn't, he would end up in a position exactly like this...again and again and again.

This thought made her smirk for just a moment.

"Go get the cane," she instructed.

"Are you, are you sure?"

"Honestly, no, I wasn't until just now. I was thinking that maybe a spanking, the crop, and the paddle would be enough. But guess what? You're questioning me now, which means you obviously need to be caned. Go get it."

With his backside a bright shade of red, he obeyed. He stood, took several unsteady steps, but he didn't see any other choice. Her boy scurried to the closet, he found the cane, and he brought it back to her.

"In position," she commanded.

He pushed his elbows down against the mattress as he bent forward. She took the cane from him, used it to stroke his back, and then she struck. She aimed for his left thigh first. It bit down. A red line appeared, and she laughed. She started with another barrage, striking different spots as she punished this boy.

By now, he was trying so hard not to make any noise, but he couldn't help himself. Desperate little sounds flared onto the air as

he cried out.

She struck again and again, swinging hard. Panting, she savored the strikes as they played across his skin. Excitement ran through her body, and she felt it.

As her boy whimpered and begged, she came hard. The pleasure exploded through her. He didn't have his hand or tongue between his legs, but that didn't matter.

As she finished, she tossed the cane down onto the mattress.

"Wow," she said. "We're going to have to do that again at some point. Right now, I think I want some more. Get your head between my legs, boy."

One orgasm hadn't been enough.

After having successfully completed her Ascension Days, Emma thoroughly enjoyed being a true adult in this household. While other girls measured maturity in terms of getting to go out, abandoning their curfews, securing jobs, or something as basic as driving, Emma had a different set of ideas. As a young female supremacist, she knew this was a better world.

True maturity for a woman meant taking control of the men around her, including her hapless father.

Although he had never really been able to assert his authority over her, he had still been an adult, and she remembered what that difference in their ages and sizes had meant while she was a little girl. Only now, she had decided to watch TV and give her father a nice reminder.

He had first been busy in the kitchen, cooking or cleaning. She didn't really care which. "Come here, boy," she called out.

He had tensed up, perhaps surprised. That tone of hers didn't feel natural to him, not yet. When Morgan asserted her authority, it felt right and normal, like there couldn't be any other possibilities. But Emma? There was still that conflicting sensation. He had held her when she was a baby. In some ways, he would always see her as a child, and yet...

It didn't matter how he "saw" her because she was a woman, and he was a boy, which meant she would always be his superior.

He scurried out of the kitchen, and she sat down, crossing her legs. She wore a tight little black T-shirt and denim shorts. Her legs were on display as she crossed them. In her sandals, she wiggled her toes as she pulled out a pack of cigarettes plus her lighter.

"Kneel," she ordered, indicating the spot next to her. At the same time, she reached out and turned on the TV. She started scanning through her different options as she decided what she wished to stream.

Perhaps her father intended to say something about how he had chores to do. In this household, this could be one of the most difficult decisions for a boy to make; what was he supposed to do when two different women gave conflicting orders?

Morgan wasn't around, but Emma was, so he dropped to his knees.

"Good boy," she said with just a hint of mockery in her voice. She opened up her pack of cigarettes, took her time, and brought one to her lips. Using her lighter, she snapped a flame into existence and lifted it to the tip of her cigarette.

Her father watched, his expression neutral. For the next few seconds, she continued to scan through the different offerings. Ultimately, she settled on a teen drama with hot guys and beautiful women. She selected her favorite episode and said, "I love this one. Basically, there's a competition between the girls and boys. Guess who wins?"

"The girls," he said automatically.

Emma glanced at him. A look of irritation flashed across her face, but she inhaled, savored the rush, and breathed out slowly.

The puff of air hit her father's face while he kneeled there before his imperious daughter. After less than a second, he turned his head away, pursing his lips and closing his eyes.

"What was that?" Emma asked. The show had just barely started, but she hit the mute button.

"Nothing," he said.

"No," Emma replied. This young woman cocked her head to the side, letting her hair play along the contours of her ear. A slow smirk tugged at the corners of her mouth. "It wasn't nothing," she told

him. "You turned away. What's wrong? You don't want to be my ashtray?"

"I will do whatever you want. I'm a boy, and it's my obligation to serve you, Miss."

She inhaled slowly, nodded to herself, and then she grabbed the controller again. This wasn't a good sign, he realized. She turned off the TV and said, "I think we need to have a little conversation about what it means to serve me. When I'm smoking, you know what you are?"

"I'm your father and an obedient boy," he said automatically.

This callow girl slowly shook her head from side to side. "No, that's not what I'm talking about. That might work with Mom, but I'm going to turn you into my ashtray." She nodded slowly, dipping her head down before lifting it again as she taunted him. "Hold your hands behind your back and lean forward. No flinching this time," she said with a flirtatious smile.

As hard as he tried, he couldn't meet her gaze. Even so, he still obeyed. He crossed his wrists, and he leaned forward just as she had commanded. She took another pull on her cigarette, filling her cheeks. Then she exhaled out slowly. A narrow line of silver smoke shot out from between her beautiful lips and smacked him right in the face.

"How does that feel, boy?"

"I will obey you," he said.

"Not good enough," she replied. "Keep your mouth open."

Maybe hot frustration played along his insides. If so, he did a pretty good job of hiding it. Then again, he had been married to Morgan for a very long time. But this wasn't Morgan. This wasn't his wife. This was supposed to be his little girl, and he should have been able to hold on to some semblance of dignity.

Nope.

Emma grinned at this man as he parted his lips. She took another long pull on her cigarette, and this time she leaned forward, almost like she was about to kiss him. She came closer and closer, tilted her head to the side, and she breathed out again. She pushed that smoke right up into his mouth. He could taste it at the back of

his throat now, and she touched the underside of his chin, forcing him to close his mouth and hold it right there.

"One," she started to count. "Two. Three. Four. Five. Six..." After that, she let her voice trail off. It burned at the back of his throat; he wanted to cough it out so badly, especially when his eyes started watering, but Emma didn't allow that. She was having so much fun, he could see. This girl was on the verge of laughing at him. Despite the amused crinkling at the corners of her eyes, she grinned ferociously and watched.

Savoring his discomfort, she made him stay right there in that position. He couldn't breathe despite the smoke in his mouth.

"Open your mouth," she said next.

He quickly coughed out the smoke, and Emma gave him a slow shake of her head. Obviously disappointed, she asked, "Really? That's the best you can do? I guess we have to help you practice, now don't we? Open your mouth again."

As she prepared another breath of smoke for her father, Timothy obviously wanted to argue with her. Maybe he thought he could beg or plead. One glance from this beautiful girl, however, convinced him that would be a bad idea. He had already provoked her wrath. Did he really want to make it worse? Maybe he was thinking of the punishment he had recently endured up in his own bedroom with his wife...

Either way, he opened his mouth, and he prepared for this.

"Good," she said. She exhaled again slowly, blowing the smoke right in his face. It hit his eyes. It drifted up into his nostrils. Most of it, however, went right into his mouth. She touched the underside of his chin, forcing his mouth shut. "Hold it," she instructed. "You know, you should be grateful for this. I bet there are a bunch of boys who would love a chance to get close to me like this."

It didn't matter, especially since she wasn't going to let him speak. He didn't get to have an opinion, not here, not now.

"Good," she said. She took another drag off of her cigarette. Reveling in the chemical reactions, she relaxed. Of course, there was something else happening here. Not only did she get to enjoy her smoke, she could also exercise her control over this man.

"That's right, boy. You know where you belong, don't you? I get to relax up here with my legs crossed, and you stay there on the floor exactly where you belong. Why is that again?" As though she needed to think about it, she snapped her fingers and came to the only possible conclusion, "That's right! Your wife has trained you, hasn't she? And now, your little girl gets to do whatever she wants!"

His eyes narrowed as the humiliation cut through his defenses. Despite anything else he may have wanted or hoped to believe, Timothy had to drift back to that one truth: she was right. Everything she said was completely right.

She let him open his mouth, and now she grinned. "Oh, look at that. There's a lot of ash on my cigarette. That's not acceptable, now is it?"

He understood what was about to happen. He shook his head from side to side, but she ignored his silent protests, "Open your mouth."

Reluctance played across his features, but he didn't have any choice. He opened his mouth.

"Stick out your tongue," she said next.

Again, he obeyed this young woman. He stuck out his tongue, and she tapped the end of her cigarette. Sparks of glowing orange ash hit his tongue, and he tensed, flinching. His shoulders locked up, but he didn't pull away.

"There we go," she said. "That's right. This is what you are good for. This is what you have to do. When a woman gives you a command, you have to obey. I could ask you a question, but then you would have to talk, and I'm not interested in hearing what my ashtray has to say."

His eyes watered as the pain continued to play across his face. Second by second, he obviously wanted to spit out the hot ash. He wanted to run up, grab some water, and rinse out his mouth.

Too bad.

A woman had given him the command, so he had to obey. He relied on all of the training he had received from his wife. At the same time, maybe he thought about Derek, a boy who had been raised in this household and understood that men always needed to

comply. Boys didn't need to think for themselves. They didn't need to resist. They could only accept the commands of their superiors.

And that's what Timothy did. No matter how young or inexperienced she may have been, she was still better than him. She was stronger and smarter. She would be the kind of girl who would always assert herself. She would take control.

Maybe those thoughts helped him as he embraced his status.

"Okay," she said. "I think I want you to stay there just like that while I watch my show."

His eyes widened.

Yes, the pain had started to fade a little bit, but the horrible taste remained. Even so, his daughter didn't seem to care. She watched her show, smoked, and occasionally blew those silver pulses right into his face.

He had to kneel there. He had to take it. This boy didn't get any other choice. There were no other options, no other alternatives.

After several more minutes of watching the show, she paused it again, grinned, and she said, "I'm almost impressed. I guess you deserve a reward, don't you?" She uncrossed her legs, leaned forward, and reached out with her free hand. She pinched his nose shut. He inhaled through his mouth. What was she doing? What was she thinking?

"Take it, boy. Take my smoke, boy!" With that, she pulled on her cigarette, filled her mouth, and then she leaned forward again, blowing right between his lips. The smoke filled his mouth, only this time she pushed his jaw up, making sure he had to hold it in place. Simultaneously, she placed her soft, petite hand over his lips. "Hold it," she instructed. "That's right. Hold it. You have to, don't you? Yeah, you do. This boy doesn't get a choice." She giggled and watched as he struggled so hard. His eyes watered. The tears were right there, straining against at the corners of his vision.

"Remember when you used to be in charge? Remember when you used to get to tell me what to do? Those days are long gone," she told him.

Timothy nodded obediently. Yes, those days were gone. And even though he couldn't speak, especially with her hand pressed against his mouth, his eyes conveyed that sense of surrender. One

way or another, he would be a good boy, both for Morgan as well as his daughter. He would obey her every command.

"Very nice," she said, nodding to herself. "You're on your way to becoming an excellent ashtray!" She giggled, pulled her hand away, and he coughed desperately. As the tears streamed down the sides of his face, she grinned and told him to open his mouth again. At once, he obeyed this young woman.

Emma and Morgan sat in the front seat of the car. Emma was driving, and Timothy found himself in the back. As the two women talked, he had no choice but to sit there and wonder why he was here. Normally, when the women of the house wanted to go out, they just left him and Derek back at home. They had plenty of chores to keep them occupied. Besides, both males had been thoroughly trained, meaning that they wouldn't get into any trouble or mischief.

Of course, Timothy glanced out through the windows. He saw familiar buildings pass by, and then his stomach started to tighten as a possibility occurred to him. It seemed unlikely, especially because Morgan could be incredibly territorial. And yet...

Emma made another turn, and now he knew there was only one person in this neighborhood who they could be visiting: Natalie.

"Have you figured it out yet?" Emma asked from the driver's seat.

At first, either out of some lingering sense of defiance or maybe because he didn't want to believe or accept the truth, Timothy couldn't bring himself to answer.

"Timothy..." Morgan chided him from the passenger's seat. "Your daughter asked you a question. You want to answer, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he said, remembering himself. He sucked in a slow breath, and his daughter glanced at him from the front seat. Her eyes darting over to the rearview mirror, and she saw that dread as it radiated from the corners of his eyes out into the rest of his face. At the last second, he licked his lips and continued, "Miss, yes. I, I think I have figured it out."

"Well?"

"We're going to see Natalie."

Natalie. Emma's aunt.

She already knew everything about their household. In fact, Natalie was a female supremacist as well. She had come to the logical conclusion that men were inferior. Yes, boys had taken control, but only because women had messed up. Women made the mistake of treating males like equals. Then, somewhere along the way, the same boys started throwing tantrums. Consequently, women stepped aside, but that tradition would come to an end. Maybe it wouldn't happen today or tomorrow, but in the coming years and decades, women would secure more and more resources. They would take positions in business and government. They would secure their assets and ensure that the boys around them learned to be respectful.

As far as women like Morgan, Emma, and Natalie were concerned, it was a historical inevitability.

"We thought there should be someone to babysit you," Morgan said.

"Yeah, Daddy," Emma added with mock concern. "We thought you might be bored at the mall. This way, you can spend some time with someone who wants to enjoy your company. I'm sure you will have plenty of opportunities to serve. What do you think of that?"

He sucked in another breath, and his first instinct was to beg, plead, and protest. He could have said something about how they should have left him at home. Of course, if he uttered words like those, they could have been misconstrued as criticism. As a boy, it wasn't his place to comment on the decisions these women made.

Inevitably, Timothy pushed away his concerns. After all, he couldn't risk upsetting these women. "I, I will be a good and obedient boy for her."

"Yes, you will."

Only a few seconds later, their car rolled up in front of Natalie's home. Emma and Morgan got out. Timothy hesitated for a few more seconds, but he followed. He puffed out his cheeks and followed his wife and daughter up the steps to the front door. Morgan knocked, and the door swung inward almost immediately.

When he saw Natalie, his spine stiffened. At the same time, he bit down. Fear pulsed through his body.

"So, what do we have here?" Natalie asked.

"Thank you again for doing this," Morgan said as she reached out and hugged Natalie. The two women embraced. From there, Natalie turned back to her niece.

"Emma, you're getting more beautiful every single day," she said.

"Thank you, Aunt Natalie," said the young woman.

"So, what are you all going to be doing?"

"Lunch, shopping, maybe a trip to the salon," Morgan said as she wobbled her head from side to side. "Really, I think we just want to relax and have some fun."

"Thank you for taking care of my father," Emma said. She glanced back at Timothy. "I know he's supposed to be tamed or whatever, but he can be pretty disobedient sometimes."

"I'm sure we can work on that," Natalie said. "Isn't that right, boy?"

All three women turned back to him. Their gazes bored into his psyche. Again and again, he tried to force himself to speak, but the words failed to vibrate at the base of his throat. He coughed once, glanced up timidly, and tried again. "Yes, Miss. We can do whatever you want. You're in charge."

"I like it when the boys understand how things are supposed to work," she said.

"Be careful though," Emma said with more wisdom than a young woman at her age should have possessed. "Boys can be deceptive."

"I'm not lying!" Timothy called out.

The young woman chuckled, "That's exactly what I would expect a deceptive boy to say."

He opened his mouth again and thought better of trying to contradict her. Clearly, he wouldn't be able to win this argument.

"Anyway," Natalie said. "You two should have fun. I know I'm going to enjoy some time with this boy."

She reached out and grabbed him by the wrist. She pulled hard, practically yanking him through the door even as Emma and Morgan headed back to the car.

Natalie guided him to the center of her living room, she stood there, crossed her arms, and cocked her head to the side. Then she nodded to herself as she made a decision. "Yeah...Clothes on a boy should definitely be a privilege. Strip."

"But, but..."

Natalie smacked him across the face. He didn't see her hesitate, nor did he notice her beginning to raise her hand. In one instant, he was starting to speak. In the next, his vision blurred as the tears coursed along his eyes. The pain flared along his cheeks, and he couldn't speak.

"You need me to say it again?"

"No, Miss!"

"Then strip," she commanded.

Like a good boy, Timothy pulled off his shirt, pants, shoes, socks, and even his boxers. Soon, he was naked. He assumed that obedient position with his wrists crossed behind his back. And now, Natalie circled him. "Very good. You see, I'm going to be showing you off this afternoon."

"What?"

When he looked back at Natalie, he couldn't help but notice her short, pleated skirt and her white, collared top. It was cute with those quarter-sleeves and the buttons moving up along the length of her torso. Her outfit seemed to convey this contradictory sense of sensual innocence. Then his gaze locked onto her face, and she smirked. When she smiled, she revealed the edges of her teeth.

"Don't worry about that," she said. "But right now, I want to show you something."

She stepped forward, reached out, and grabbed him by his arm. She pulled one limb out from behind his back, and he didn't know what was going to happen. His muscles only tightened as his fingers and knuckles brushed along at the hem of her short skirt. Then there was the warm, soft give of her inner thighs as she parted her knees. His fingers were right there, close to her pussy.

"Touch me, boy," she instructed.

"What? Why would you want me to do that?"

"Because I like knowing that this is hard for you," she said.

"Right now, you wish you'd be back at home, cooking or cleaning,

doing dishes or vacuuming. Am I right?"

"I, I don't know," he said.

"That's probably the smartest thing you've said all day," Natalie commented. Her eyes shined with glee. She could tease and taunt him as much and she liked, and there was nothing he could do about it. As she spoke, she held onto his hand, and she used it like he was nothing but a toy. With her knees slightly parted, she gave him access to her pussy.

His body tensed up since Timothy probably hadn't anticipated anything like this happening. It should have been completely impossible, but his fingertips moved along her crevice. She dampened almost immediately.

At first, he kept his eyes shut until he heard that next command. "Look at me."

He lifted his eyelids.

"Smile," she ordered.

His nostrils twitched. Clearly, he didn't want to do this. Trapped between confusion and frustration, he didn't get a choice. Ultimately, he smiled as though he enjoyed this. He tried to pull away at several points, but Natalie wasn't going to release him. In fact, she shifted her weight forward, and she almost impaled herself on two of his fingers. At the same time, she continued to guide him. Pinching his palm, she forced his hand back before pushing into her again.

"Why, why are you doing this?" Timothy had to ask, his tone desperate and pleading.

"Because it feels good," she said. "What? You're not enjoying yourself? You don't like touching me?"

Timothy started to answer, only to stop himself at the last second. He saw this for the trap that it was. If he said he liked touching her, then she could use that against him. Did that count as infidelity? Would that be reason enough for Morgan to punish him again? Remembering the sting of her palm, the bite the crop, and the excruciating pain of the cane, he didn't want to get in trouble! Fear flashed through his body. But if he answered Natalie's question with a no, then he might offend her...He couldn't win!

"Poor boy. You look so scared. You look so confused and frustrated." She giggled, and that's when she started moving his

hand forward and back, faster and faster. She kept her eyes locked on him, only now she lifted her chin just a tiny bit. Her bottom lip began to shiver and tremble, and she grinned as her muscles tightened. At this point, he knew he couldn't speak. If he said something, he would probably regret it.

"That's right," she said, filling the silence. She seemed to enjoy taunting him, like she could revel in his powerlessness. At some other place or time, if he had married a different woman, then he would have been able to enjoy some semblance of independence and freedom. "You're getting used, boy. You're getting used. You're getting owned. What are you right now?"

His throat tightened, but he managed to get the words out, "I'm a toy."

"Right here and now, you are my toy," she told him. Her eyes blazed with amusement. If he wanted to argue or disagree, he didn't get the chance. Oh no, she was having fun with him, and they both knew it!

"On your knees," she said next. That's when she turned around and strolled back over to the couch. She sat down, gingerly grabbed the hem of her skirt, and she grinned as he lowered himself down into another subordinate position.

"Crawl," she said and pointed to the spot right in front of her.

He hardened his lips into a pout, but then he threw himself forward, and he obeyed her command. Just as she expected, he crawled across the living room floor. At the same time, her eyes blazed with fresh delight.

He stopped a few inches away, but she smirked. "You're not done," Natalie told him. "I expect more from you. I expect so much more." As she talked to him, she revealed her teeth again. He saw those bright, shining edges.

Then she reached out, and she brushed her fingers along the back of his neck.

She tugged him forward, and she pointed him toward that spot between her legs. This time, she spread her knees, and he probably wanted to argue. He probably wanted to complain, like he thought maybe he should be able to argue with her.

Suddenly, his lips were right there.

"I, I shouldn't do this," he complained. "This isn't right."

"You're a boy. How could you possibly know what's right?" Natalie taunted him.

Timothy remained quiet. Understanding that he wasn't entitled to an opinion, he gulped and nodded.

"Lick, boy," she commanded.

His nostrils twitched, but he followed her command. Like a good, obedient boy, he slid forward. His heart kicked wildly in his chest. The adrenaline burned through his body, yet he still did precisely what she wished. He brought his mouth right up to her pussy, he parted his lips, and he stuck out his tongue. With a condescending little smirk on her face, she raised her chin and gasped.

"That's right," she said. "Lick me. Lick me because you know I'm your superior. I'm better than you. I'm smarter than you, and I deserve all of your attention. When I tell you to do something, you have to obey, don't you? You are just like a well-trained animal!"

If he wished to argue or disagree, he didn't get the chance. Instead, he served this woman. Just as she expected, he licked, gliding his tongue up and down along her opening. He worshiped her body. His tongue darted up and down. He tasted her. Natalie lay back, he felt the tension as it played through her frame. Her inner thighs tensed against his cheeks, but he still didn't stop.

"That's right show me what you can do. Show me where you belong, boy. What are you again? Yes, you're a boy. And what is a good synonym for a boy?" With his head between her legs and his eyes blocked by her skirt, he didn't get to answer. He couldn't even see her face, yet it was so easy for this young man to imagine her telltale smile. She would feel so victorious and unstoppable. Confident in her abilities as well as her status, she would savor the movements of his tongue, up and down, again and again.

As he licked and served her, he tried to think of something he might be able to do or say. There had to be some way for Timothy to reclaim some small iota of independence or freedom, right? Yes, he had been with Morgan for a long time, and she had trained him, but most of their games were private.

With a woman like Natalie, he wished he could retain some semblance of traditional masculinity.

Then he almost chided himself. Traditional masculinity? Really? He was a boy. He had been taught to understand his place and his instinctive and natural inferiority. As a boy, he shouldn't have questioned anything these women did or said. They all outranked him. They were all superior to him.

Those thoughts flashed through his head as he licked.

"I'm almost there," she said to him. "I'm almost ready. Yes. Keep licking. Just like that. Use your tongue. You're a boy, and there's no reason for you to think for yourself. Just keep licking. Show me what you can do. That's right. Keep going. Lick. Faster. Yes!" Her body tensed, and she finally shoved him back as she squealed with excitement. The ecstasy flared through her body, and he stumbled back, landing on his buttocks.

"Not bad," she said, nodding to herself. "I'm almost impressed."

He glanced over at her, but he didn't know what to say.

"Come here," she beckoned him forward.

"Use this," she said, pulling out a lighter.

His eyes widened. He understood what was about to happen.

"No," he said with a frightened little shake of his head. "Not that."

Silencing him, she lifted one foot and braced against his shoulder. "Are you really going to try to tell me what to do, Timothy? You think that's a smart idea?" Right away, he needed to say something, only she kept talking! He would only compound his mistake by interrupting her. "Think about it. Really think about it. Should you interrupt a woman when she's talking?"

A little bit smarter now, he shook his head from side to side without speaking. She still had her foot braced against that spot near his neck. It was an effective reminder of his status and his inferiority.

"Good boy," she said. "Now, Emma told me how much fun she had using you as an ashtray. Let's see if she was right."

Casually, she pulled out a cigarette and held it up. That small, white tube was pressed between her fingertips as she lifted it out. He had the lighter, and he looked down at it. Part of him didn't

comprehend what was going on. Another part of him understood perfectly well that she intended to make him participate.

Gripping the lighter tightly, he flicked on the rounded edge, and the flames sparked to life. Tentatively, he reached out, and he held that small fire up to the edge of her cigarette.

"Emma was right. You're good at this," she said.

Timothy had no idea whether or not that was true. Ultimately, it didn't matter one way or the other. If she gave him a command, then he had to obey. If she gave him a complement, then it may as well have been true.

"Do you like being of service to me?" Natalie asked.

His eyes narrowed, and he wanted to be honest. Unlike his son, Derek, Timothy hadn't been raised in a household of female supremacists. He could still remember what it was like to feel independent and free. But now, he watched as Natalie waited for his response. With a knowing, condescending smirk, she brought the end of her cigarette up to her beautiful lips, she tightened her mouth around those soft contours, and she inhaled, filling her mouth.

This time, when she was ready to exhale, she breathed out. Her lips tightened, and it almost looked like she was going to play a musical instrument. The narrow line of silvery smoke cut across the air and off to the side.

"Yes, Miss," he finally said. When she didn't acknowledge his response, he continued, "I'm grateful to be of service to you." His nakedness supported his need to serve her. At the same time, however, Timothy understood something else. As he kneeled there before her, naked and with the aroma of smoke filling his nostrils, it was harder for him here.

With Morgan, or even Emma, he felt as though he had been thoroughly conditioned. Perhaps some part of him didn't like the idea that a young woman could boss him around, but Morgan had been training him for years.

But with Natalie, things were completely different.

"Interesting," she said. "I did enjoy having you service me." Her eyes sparkled and shined. It was obvious she meant something else, but he didn't dare comment. "Right now, let's see how else you can be useful. Let's test Emma's theories. Shall we?"

That's when she reached out and pinched his nose. It was an easy, casual motion. Suddenly, he couldn't breathe through his nostrils, so he opened his mouth without even thinking about it.

She straightened her back, inhaled deeply, savored the buzz of smoking, and exhaled again. Her lips tightened. She looked like she was about to play a flute, only this time the line of silvery smoke didn't go off to the side or up into the air.

She exhaled into his mouth.

Although she aimed for his opening, the tendrils of smoke lifted up both into his mouth and nostrils. He inhaled it. At the same time, Natalie smirked.

"Not bad," she said. "Let's try that again." Only now, she glanced down at her cigarette. "But you know, I think I need to get rid of some of this action. Open your mouth and stick out your tongue."

"Please, please, don't do this."

Rather than answer his plea with a statement, she used a question, "What are you?"

With the taste of her smoke still vibrant at the back of his throat, he bit down and said, "I'm a boy."

"Yes," she agreed. "You are a boy, and that means you must obey. You must do whatever you are told. And what am I?"

His nostrils flared, his lips hardened into a frown, and she giggled at that the mix of frustration and chagrin. Clearly, there was a lot more he wanted to say, yet Morgan had done an excellent job with this boy. He knew better than to defy this woman. Maybe Natalie wasn't his daughter or his wife, yet it hardly mattered. She was a female; females were superior.

As he had been taught, he knew that females deserved to reign supreme.

"This is really challenging for you, isn't it?" Natalie asked. Again, her eyes glimmered with that amusement. "Poor boy. I bet it's a lot easier at home. When you go home with your wife, your daughter, and your son, you can forget about everything else, can't you? But here, or just with me, you don't really understand, do you? What was that? Some kind of psychological defense mechanism? Maybe part of you doesn't really view your home life as 'real'?"

"I don't know, Miss."

"Exactly the kind of answer I'd expect from a boy. And since you can't stimulate me with an intellectual conversation, stick out your tongue." Her tone tightened. She sounded strict, like she wouldn't tolerate his hesitation or disobedience any longer.

Hearing a woman speak like that forced him to obey, so he stuck out his tongue. He braced himself for the stinging ash. Unfortunately, he didn't have to wait long. Natalie jerked her hand out, and she tapped the tip of her cigarette. The dark, bitter ash hit his tongue as this beautiful woman smiled at him. "There we go," she cooed. "That's right. You want to make yourself useful, don't you? You know, some of my friends and I have been talking about this. We have been wondering whether or not a boy like you was simply made to serve."

With his tongue out and flat, Timothy couldn't answer, and she knew it.

"That's right. You don't have to say anything. I mean, you're a boy. It's not like you have any opinions worth sharing. But hey, at this rate, I guess I won't have to punish you." The corners of her eyes crinkled with another thought. "Or maybe I will? I guess that depends on how you behave."

That depends on how you behave. Those words echoed inside of his head, and he couldn't help but think of his babysitters and teachers from when he was a child. Timothy was a fully grown adult, yet these women around him had no problem talking down to him. Yes, they acknowledged that he was a man, but that still put him on the same level as children and animals. Perhaps he could be taught or trained, but he would never, ever be respected. He would never be allowed to think of himself as an equal.

As a condescending smirk curved along her lips, she nodded to herself. "Oh, look at that. I have some more." She tapped the end of her cigarette again, spreading fresh ash along his tongue. He tried to ignore the snap of pain as the hot ash burned his tongue. Despite those discomforts, his eyes kept drifting back toward Natalie. Yes, he was in love with Morgan and ultimately loyal to his wife, but some instinct still prompted him to study this young woman.

Natalie was beautiful.

Maybe it was the contours of her breasts, the curve of her nose, or at the contours of her cheeks. It could have been something else entirely, like it was simply the sound of her voice or the knowledge that she was a woman. When he saw her, something inside of him tightened, like he knew he had to make himself smaller in order to make room to obey her. It was physical and psychological, primal and trained all at the same time.

Then the doorbell chimed. His brows creased, and he started to turn his head, only to stop himself. Timothy knew better than ignoring her.

Unfortunately, he lost focus for a few seconds, so he hardly saw her lift her hand. She brought the cigarette tip down against his tongue. This time, his fingers shoved down into the palms of his hands. As a boy, he endured pain, but the burning exploded along that damp appendage to the back of his throat, and up straight into his brain. His eyes watered, and she just grinned while she rotated the cigarette from one side to the other.

She discarded the cigarette, rose to her feet, and ignored the naked man on his knees.

Immediately, he ducked down behind the couch. Someone was obviously visiting her. It was probably just a delivery or something, but Timothy didn't want to be seen!

"Mother," Natalie said with just a hint of feigned surprise in her voice. "It's a pleasure to see you."

Mother? Emma's grandmother.

Timothy had encountered Margaret at several family gatherings, but he had never been in a position like this. All at once, the burn along his tongue seemed to fade away as he held his breath. Although he could still taste the smoke at the back of his throat, he didn't care about that.

He didn't want this matronly woman to see him. He didn't want her to understand what was really going on.

"Won't you come in?"

"I was just in the neighborhood, so I thought I would stop by. Are you sure that's okay?"

"Absolutely," Natalie said. "I was just working on training a boy."

"Training a boy?" asked Emma's grandmother. As he clenched his eyes, Timothy thought of her name: Margaret. He thought of her dark hair and those strands of silvery gray. She was an older woman, obviously, but she still looked quite fit. She was someone who had aged incredibly well.

"I'm sorry," Natalie said as though she had forgotten some important detail. "I didn't want to be rude. You know Timothy, don't you?" She knew they had met before, and yet she still wanted to draw this out as much as possible. Worse, she intended to make it sound normal or average, like this wasn't extraordinary.

"Timothy? Morgan's husband?"

He remained on his stomach, hidden away. He desperately hoped that Natalie wouldn't do this. She had already used him as a human ashtray! She had forced him to pleasure her. Wasn't that good enough?

In theory, Timothy was supposed to recognize his inferiority to all women, young and old. As a father, that had always been an awkward and difficult question. On the one hand, he couldn't be utterly subordinate to a toddler or a kindergartner when Emma was little, but she had grown up. There had always been that question of how and when she would be able to assert herself. That question had recently been settled, but what about the rest of the women of the world?

When he was out with Morgan, obviously, he deferred to her. Not only that, he could behave like an obedient boy for her. But then there were those moments when he would go out shopping, and other women would treat him with something approaching respect. He did his best to remain deferential. He stepped out of the way and yielded as much as possible. But still, it was different.

This was Natalie. This was Margaret.

He didn't live with either of these women. In fact, Margaret didn't even seem to know about his subjugation. His breath came cold and fast between his teeth as he panted while simultaneously fighting hard to remain silent.

"Yes, he's here. Apparently, Morgan and Emma wanted to go hang out at the mall for a little while, so they dropped him off to spend some time with me."

"He couldn't just stay at home?"

"Do you mind if I share something special with you?"

Timothy tightened up again. He didn't try to do anything, yet his body locked up. His muscles clenched, and he froze in place. Unable to think, unable to move, he knew he had to simply wait and listen as this played out. That helpless frustration grated against his psyche, but there was nothing he could do!

Without trying, he came to the obvious conclusion; he was just a boy, so he had to wait. One way or another, the women would settle this. He had no control. He simply had to wait.

"Okay," Margaret said with a hint of uncertainty.

"Timothy, present yourself," Natalie called out.

Those words beat against to the air, they vibrated through his body, and he knew that if he thought about this, he would make a stupid mistake. He would hesitate. He would try to assert himself as a person. None of that would be allowed, so he didn't think. As he had done with his wife and his little girl, he jumped to his feet. He found himself standing there. He raised his chin, rolled his shoulders back, stiffened his spine, and crossed his wrists. He was on display, and he stared ahead into the middle distance, as though none of this mattered because he was just a boy, and he had to do as he was told.

"Timothy?" Margaret asked.

He had always been respectful when it came to this woman. She was female, so he had to be deferential. And yet, he was now naked.

"Why don't you go ahead and have a seat?" Natalie asked.

"Why is he naked?"

"I will explain everything," Natalie said. Somewhere deep down, perhaps he hoped she would start to get nervous or uncomfortable with this situation.

At first, Timothy managed to keep his gaze in some random, neutral direction. Yes, he faced abusive women, but he didn't dare make eye contact. This was respectful, but it also allowed him to try to hide as much as humanly possible while also naked and on display.

"Let's go ahead and sit down," Natalie suggested. The two women positioned themselves on the couch, and Timothy tried not to notice, but one detail was inescapable: Margaret kept glancing in his direction. She was studying him. And maybe, just maybe, she seemed to enjoy the view.

A shiver of embarrassment ran down his spine. He was on display, and he knew it. Simultaneously, he was fully aware of the fact that he couldn't stop this. No, he wasn't chained down or restrained, yet that hardly mattered.

"Have you ever heard a female supremacy?"

"No..." Margaret said.

"Basically, it is the idea and the ideology that women are superior to men."

"That sounds..." Margaret started, her voice trailing off. After a few more seconds, she managed to finish the idea, "Interesting." Clearly, she was doing her best to be diplomatic even as she struggled to understand what all of this meant.

Natalie leaned over, took this woman by her hands, and she looked into her eyes. "This isn't just interesting. This is a new way of life. I would like you to watch something. Is that okay?"

"Sure," Margaret said without any real conviction on her part.

Natalie turned her head, flashed a wicked smile, and said, "Kneel."

He lowered himself down onto his knees. He did this without question or hesitation. Actually, this command was easier to follow. More difficult orders were coming.

"Crawl over to the front door, touch it with the tip of your nose, and then come back."

He tensed for just a second, yet he obeyed again. At least this didn't really require any kind of thinking. Instead, he moved automatically, scurrying along on his knuckles and knees as the two women watched. He heard giggles; he couldn't tell whether they came from Natalie, Margaret, or both women.

He went to the front door, he touched it with the tip of his nose, and then he turned around. He crawled back to that spot before these females.

"He really will do anything you say, won't he?"

"He will."

"But doesn't this feel wrong? I mean, he's a man. Don't you want to respect him?"

Natalie chuckled. It was a sultry, amused sound. "No, not at all," she said simply. She made it sound like there were no other possibilities, not when one really considered all of this. "If you stop and think about it, you're going to see that men need to be owned. They need to be trained. Just look around at the rest of the world. There are so many problems. Men are shortsighted. They get angry and aggressive. They focus on the stupid goals, and they never really think about what's going to happen next. Women deserve to be in charge."

Timothy pressed his lips together. Although he did his best to maintain a neutral expression, he anticipated that moment when Margaret would shake her head. She was from another generation. There was absolutely no way she would accept an idea like this.

"Actually, it makes sense," Margaret said.

The color drained away from his cheeks, and he jerked his head up. For one moment, he made eye contact with her, and he tried to read her thoughts. He couldn't do it, and now Natalie glanced back at him. He returned his attention to the middle distance even as Margaret seemed to talk through the possibilities. "To be honest, I sort of suspected there was something like this going on with Morgan and Timothy. He wasn't like some of the other men I have encountered."

"Oh?" Natalie asked as if she didn't already know exactly what this woman meant.

"He was so polite. Thinking back, I guess when I looked at him, I could tell that there was something special going on between him and Morgan. I just figured that he was a different kind of man."

"She trained him," Natalie said.

"That sounds amazing," Margaret replied. Only then she blinked, like she was surprised by the words that just jumped out of her mouth.

"It is. We can do whatever we want with him. First, there are the most obvious aspects. He cooks and cleans. He takes care of all of the housework."

"That sounds incredible."

"And of course, he will follow every command, from crawling to stripping. You can even use him as a human ashtray." Natalie smiled, lowered her voice, and then she said, "You can even force him to service you."

"Really? Morgan allows that?"

Morgan allows that? This was the question she wanted to ask! Part of him could hardly believe it. Already, Margaret had stopped seeing him as an independent person. Instead, she viewed him like he was Morgan's property. In so many ways, he was, but he wasn't used to hearing other people talk about him like this.

"I already used him once today. Would you like to try?"

"I couldn't," Margaret replied automatically.

Both Timothy and Natalie, however, heard that little tickle of interest vibrating through her voice.

He closed his eyes and desperately hoped he wouldn't have to go down on this woman. After all, he was supposed to be loyal to Morgan. At the same time, Natalie and Morgan must have talked about this. His heart kicked faster, and Natalie cocked her head to the side. "If you really stop and think about it, he's basically just a toy. There's no reason not to let him service you."

Margaret pressed her lips together into a line. "This isn't what I was expecting when I decided to stop by," she said with a little giggle.

"You only live once," Natalie prodded.

"Okay."

"And look at that. You decided to wear a dress today. It's almost like you knew," Natalie replied. "Now, just remember that you can make him do whatever you want. It's not like back in the day when guys would get squeamish about licking. He knows his place. He knows he has to serve and obey every single command. Isn't that right, boy?"

"Boy," Margaret echoed as though she really enjoyed that single syllable.

"We always find it to be helpful to remind these males of where they really belong. In a hierarchy of society, women are on

top, followed by adolescent girls, little girls, men, and then boys." Her eyes twinkled as she made that comment.

"Am I really going to do this in front of you?"

"I can give you some privacy if you like," Natalie said. "But really, he's going to do whatever you want. You should be proud of this. You should be able to relax and enjoy yourself because you deserve to have some fun with him."

Margaret had stood up, and now she lifted her skirt. Very modestly, she pulled down her panties. She dropped them onto the carpet, she spread her legs, and then she finally made eye contact with him. Surprising everyone in that room, she said, "Come here." Her voice lacked the easy confidence that Morgan or Natalie could have wielded, but she still issued the order.

He crawled forward. He closed his eyes. Soon, he had his lips pressed against her. Yes, she was already wet. It had only been a few minutes, but that hardly mattered. Perhaps, deep down, she had always held onto these fantasies. They could have remained unacknowledged and unspoken, yet that didn't matter, not here, not now.

"Tell him to start," Natalie suggested.

"Start," Margaret commanded.

This time, he couldn't mistake the authority in her voice as he started to lick. He moved his tongue up and down, again and again, just as she desired. In other relationships, men could have argued or said no. Here and now, that didn't apply. He was a boy, and he would be used however these women wished...

"Timothy, go into the bedroom and stay there until I come to you," Morgan commanded.

"Yes, Ma'am," he said. He didn't turn back, and he didn't look at his son.

Now Derek was there alone in the middle of the living room.

"Strip," Emma ordered.

Yes, she was younger than her brother, but that hardly mattered. By the grace of her gender, she was his superior, so she had every right to issue this order.

Derek obeyed. He pulled off his shirt, his pants, shoes and socks. Maybe he hesitated for a moment when he got down to his boxers, but he understood how this worked.

"Now," Emma said. "I have been thinking about you, Derek. I was considering whether or not I wanted to keep you for myself as a slave. I thought there would be something kind of sweet about it, you know? Like we grew up together, so you could just be my servant forever."

Because he had no choice, he said, "Yes, Miss." If he objected, he kept those thoughts to himself.

"But then I was thinking about Alicia. She likes you. She likes you a lot, and so there's a question of whether or not we should just marry you off to her." Morgan leaned forward. "Personally, I think that would be a great idea, but there's really just one big question. Can she handle you? When it comes to training you and owning you and giving you the discipline you need, would she be up to the task?"

That's when the front door opened. No one knocked and the bell didn't chime either.

Alicia.

He lifted his head and saw the young woman standing there. He didn't know how to read her expression or her body language. She seemed to be at ease, but there was something about the stiffness in her shoulders, like she wanted to make sure she could perform here. After all, he started to put the pieces together.

"Think of this as a little test," Morgan said. "We want to make sure she will be able to tame you."

"But, but I am tame," Derek said.

Neither Morgan nor Emma said anything. Alicia, however, strode forward. She walked toward this boy, stood in front of him, and he met her gaze. This was a mistake because her hand flew up, and she struck him across the face. Hard. With that slap, he stumbled back. "Did I say you could look at me?"

"No..." Derek said.

"And did I say get out of position?" Alicia asked.

"No, Miss!" Derek called out louder than he expected.

Apparently, that still wasn't good enough. She brought up her left hand and struck him across the face again. The heat played

along his flesh. The stinging didn't go away, but then she reached up, grabbed him by the back of his neck, and shoved. His knees bent and buckled. He fell forward.

"Ladies," Alicia said, "I want to show you that I am going to be able to give this boy the discipline and punishment he deserves. Whether I simply need to make him suffer to remind him of his place or punish him for some indiscretion, I can do it." This young woman carefully enunciated each word, as though she had silently repeated and rehearsed these phrases again and again. She had known what it might take, and now she grinned down at the kneeling boy.

"Can I use a paddle?"

Eager to see her friend succeed, Emma grabbed one and held it out.

Alicia took it, lifted it, and smacked it hard against the palm of her hand. Since she had struck herself, the pain was muted. Derek wouldn't get that same advantage.

She snapped her fingers and barked, "On your hands and knees. Face down. Ass up, boy."

Determined to impress these women, Alicia strode forward as the boy trembled and obeyed. "What you think of that? What you think of becoming my property?" Alicia asked. "Because if I can get their permission, then I'm going to own you."

"I, I will do my best to be a good boy for you," he said.

"Your voice is shaking. You sound scared. Good."

Emma and Morgan glanced back at one another, obviously impressed. By this point, however, Alicia didn't even notice. This was authentic and performative, true to the person she was supposed to be but also a demonstration of her capabilities. Neither Morgan nor Emma tried to stop her.

The paddle flew down hard, striking. There was an explosion of sound. It burst through the air as she connected once, twice, three times. She paddled, swinging her arm as hard as she could. Vibrant red played along his naked flesh. He cried out. He gasped, moaning as the pain ripped its way through his body and along his nerves.

His toes curled, he shoved his elbows down, but he mostly stayed in place.

"Don't move," Alicia snarled.

The boy obeyed as best he could.

By now, his buttocks were a bright shade of crimson.

"Oh, and I have another visitor," Alicia said. She kept her hands around her mouth. "You can come in now!"

Another woman with dark hair appeared in the doorway.

Although Derek didn't dare move, he still heard the footsteps. He could hear their voices.

"This is quite an event," said Tanya, Alicia's mother. "When she first started telling me about it, I didn't believe her. But yes. It's really happening, isn't it?"

Why was she here?

Then Derek figured it out. Alicia wanted to show the other women that her mother could be an excellent in-law. Together, the two families could be joined. In doing so, female supremacy would spread. Little by little, it would move out into the rest of society.

Was this happening all across the country? All across the world? Were there groups of women coming together and uniting as they trained and taught one another? After all, this would be a learning experience, not just for Alicia, but Tanya as well.

The women embraced, hugging one another. They chatted for a few seconds, and now Alicia cleared her throat. "Can I resume?"

"You don't have to do that. You don't have to do that at all," Derek wanted to say. The words were right there at the back of his throat. They buzzed along the tip of his tongue and at the edges of his teeth, yet he was still a boy, and he had been trained. He understood that he wasn't supposed to utter a sound, not here, not now, not while women were talking.

"Can I continue?" Alicia wanted to know.

The boy froze up again, locked in place by his own sense of indecision and obedience. He concentrated on that one mantra: obey. Again and again, he told himself to stay quiet, to wait and obey. He would do whatever they said.

For the moment, that meant he simply had to endure.

Alicia crouched down beside him, and she brushed her fingers along his naked back, then down toward his buttocks. "Derek, I want you. I want you to be my boy. I want to know that I can come home to you every day and own you however I want. That's

going to start with this paddle. It's going to end with something else." Her eyes twinkled mischievously as she considered the possibilities.

He didn't know what she had planned. He couldn't.

And then, it hardly seemed to matter to this boy. The paddle flew down again and again as she struck hard. She channeled all of her vicious energy. She did this for him because he needed it; she did it for herself because she wanted to!

The pain tore through his defenses, making it impossible for this boy to think of anything except enduring. He took one blow after another until she finished.

And then he heard a strange noise. It sounded like it was coming from far away.

Then he recognized the sounds for what they were: applause. The three women watching this were clapping for Alicia! As far as they were concerned, she had done an excellent job, so she deserved this.

"I think my boy is starting to learn," she said. "But we can do better. Can't we, Derek?"

The young man had to answer. His mouth moved automatically, "Yes,." He turned his head. Perhaps this was a mistake. Maybe he would have been able to brace himself. Yes, he could hear the sounds of shifting fabrics as she pulled off her shorts and put on something else. If he had looked, he would have spotted the little black pair of panties. No, they weren't panties, not exactly. This was a harness. Then she slid the toy into place, she took out the lubricant, and she squirted it onto her fingertips.

On some level, perhaps he knew he should look. But he was scared. He didn't want to see what was going to happen.

Finally, at the last second, he tilted his head to the side, and he saw this girl approach. She strode forward with that same easy confidence from before. Only now, there was a slender shaft emerging from her legs. He didn't know what it was, not exactly, not at first. Then he remembered something he had seen online. His throat tightened, and she lowered herself down between his legs.

She had a dildo! She was wearing it in a harness, and she was going to use it on him! As he put all of those pieces together, he

had no choice but to remain there on his hands and knees with his face down and ass up as she came up behind him.

She touched the tip of her toy to his opening.

With a ferocious grin on her face, she shoved down. Without trying, he clenched. He didn't really want to do this. He didn't want to fight her. After all, he had been trained. He understood that he was a boy, so he needed to comply.

Despite his best efforts, she pushed down, and she had no problem. Maybe there was a little bit of friction, but she didn't mind. Grinning wickedly, she pumped into him, thrusting slow and steady at first.

The other ladies clapped. Yes, they were clapping! They were applauding because they thought this was amazing!

She grabbed him by his hair just above the nape of his neck. She jerked his head up, and she called out, "Mine! Right here, right now, I want you to know the truth, Derek! You are going to be mine! You are going to belong to me, and I will do whatever I want with you because I'm a woman, and you're just a boy. Say it."

"You're a woman, and I'm just a boy!"

"What do boys need to do?"

"Boys, boys need to obey!" Derek cried out even as she slammed into him, thrusting forward and pulling back. She taunted him with every second of stimulation.

Not only that, they could hear it in her voice. Something else was happening, something different, something unique, something special.

While these women watched, she came closer and closer to release. Her breathing quickened, and it was obvious she wouldn't be able to hold out for much longer.

Finally, her body tensed, and she cried out, practically screaming at the top of her lungs.

When she finished, she jerked back. She turned slowly, and she faced her audience.

Morgan, Tanya, and Emma jumped up to their feet, applauding. None of the official plans had been made yet, but Derek could already guess what these women would decide. Maybe it

wouldn't happen today or tomorrow, but he was about to get owned by this beautiful girl. From now on, he would be hers.

The End

Connect with me:

My name is Anna Ritter; thank you for reading my story. I love books about erotic power play, and I'm eager to connect with my readers and talk about our favorite fantasies. You can email me here at ARitter664@gmail.com. Feel free to ask questions or send me ideas for future stories. I'm also available for commissions.

My favorite games:

Female supremacy is my favorite fantasy. I love stories and novels about entire societies where women have seized control. Men are reduced to the status of chattel, slaves, and toys for their female superiors. In these storylines, men can fight, but they're destined to lose. Sometimes women have taken control based on magic or technology. In other stories, women are just smarter and work to outmaneuver the boys who foolishly thought they were in charge.

Dominant women make up many of the characters in my stories. These tales focus on wives, girlfriends, and other female rivals who take power in specific microcosms. Here, the women are still very much in charge, but their control is limited to a single man. He'll still be enslaved, but the rest of the world remains largely the same.

Chastity training is intense. Boys are obsessed with their libidos, so there's something magically enticing about locking a man up and reducing him to a pathetic, kneeling slave ready to obey every command. Sometimes these males need to be tricked. Maybe they need to be blackmailed or even kidnapped and forced into a chastity cage. One way or another, they'll give in. Holding his key is one of the most delectable pleasures I can imagine.

Cuckolding is another incredible fetish. Since I am interested in how men can lose control, I'm fascinated by the idea of a wife or girlfriend who's decided that her man just isn't good enough. Yes, she still cares about him and wants to keep him around, but he will be a slave, forced to watch his girl with another man—if he's lucky. This kind of the trail is one of those ultimate expressions of power and control.

Bondage can be psychological, but I tend to prefer the literal restraints. The notion of having a man strapped down, his arms and legs spread, his naked body on display is powerfully erotic. I love knowing his girlfriend or wife can touch him and tease him, forcing him to beg and plead. His dignity drains away as he succumbs to that overwhelming desperation.

Spanking is an amazingly simple punishment. Take a man, put him across your lap, and spank him. Make him cry out. Pain might be one of the oldest incentives, but it works beautifully. When a man whimpers, he understands what he's lost.

Humiliation is one of those tools men seldom acknowledge. They want to believe they're capable of dealing with any slight or insult, only this isn't true. So many men are incredibly fragile. They tell themselves that they're powerful, but they still worry about what the women nearby might think. Getting collared, leashed, and crawling before a woman is an incredibly humiliating experience. It strips him of his identity now that the world can see who he really is.

These are just a few of my favorite fetishes. If a game involves taking or losing control, I'll probably love it. So please, if you have any fantasies or ideas you would like to share, feel free to email me: ARitter664@gmail.com.

Commissions:

Do you have a fantasy you just have to explore? If you're interested in hiring me for a commission, you can get started by sending me an email.