

**Court Ordered
Anna Ritter**

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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!

Court Ordered

From *On Female Supremacy* by Alice Docksen:

All across the nation, things have changed. If you go back just a few years, things look so different.

Let's just consider a couple of men: Aaron D., Billy S., and Alex J. These are random boys, but they demonstrate how our communities have changed.

As an obedient husband, Aaron waits for his wife by the front door. Even though he knows she won't be home for another few minutes, he strips naked, and he scrambles over to the entrance to their home. He kneels, lowers his head, and crosses his hands behind his back. Wearing nothing but a collar and his chastity belt, he is ready to serve her.

According to Aaron, this time is actually very useful for him. Although some wives might criticize this as a waste of effort, he respectfully disagrees, "My wife wants me to be waiting for her. More than that, this time gives me the chance to think about my status." His status. That is such an important phrase. He knows his place. He understands who he is and where he belongs. He understands that he has to wait for her. She has been at work all day, and she will come home tired. She will want some attention.

Obviously, that will include dinner. But more than that, he will be ready to massage her feet, service her, perhaps bathe her, and give her the attention and affection she requires.

Or maybe she will be frustrated and upset and will decide that he needs to be punished. His wife might walk through the door and vent about some incompetent colleague, a difficult policy, or an obstinate customer. And in that case, she can grab him by his collar, and she can talk to him, guiding him back through the house and into the back room. She can shove him up against the wall, spread his arms, and chain his wrists to those hooks.

Helpless now, he might beg. He might plead with her. He might tell her that he is sorry she had a rough day.

Perhaps that will be enough. Probably not.

His wife can spank him. She can slap his ass again and again, releasing all of that frustration and exasperation. After a day of being a well-behaved employee or considerate manager, she can expunge those stressors.

For Aaron, this is simply how the world works.

The same is true for Billy S.

Unlike Aaron, Billy is younger and one of the rare boys who has been allowed to enroll in high school. He might not be married yet, but he goes to school, and he wonders what his future will hold for him. He looks around, and he sees the girls who are already superior to him.

Obviously, Billy is in a very different curriculum. His classes are largely dedicated to domestic service: cleaning, cooking, baking, and more. He is allowed to take history and English with the girls, but that always makes him nervous. He says, "Whenever I'm in a co-ed class, I do my absolute best to stay on my best behavior. I know that if I make a mistake, the teacher might give any one of those girls permission to punish me."

For a high school boy, that means the other students will raise their hands, and his teacher will nod to one of them. With a triumphant grin on her face, she will jump out of her

desk, grab him by his hand, and pull him outside. She will push his hands up against the wall, yank down his pants, and spank him.

That's just one possibility, of course.

There are also the public stocks on campus.

Since most boys no longer make it to high school, these kinds of public punishments have become somewhat rare. They happen, just not as often as before. Besides, if a woman is interested in a public display of contrition, she can always head down to the local mall, park, or city square. There are usually boys who have been stripped and restrained and put on display after making one mistake or another.

Billy does his best to avoid that particular fate. Instead, he usually gets one of his classmates. She will take him outside, pull down his pants, glide her fingers along the curves of his butt, take her time, and spank him. Granted, she knows she can't stay out there for too long. Still, the girls who get to discipline him always enjoy it.

"I understand that is completely fair. The teacher is doing this for my own benefit. I just, I just get really nervous, depending on who she's going to pick," Billy said. When pressed, he added, "It's hard. I mean, if I really like a girl, and maybe she's my friend. Or maybe..." he paused, "Maybe I have a crush on her, but suddenly she's spanking me for doing something? I know this is how it's supposed to work, but it can be hard." When gently reminded, he acknowledged that punishments aren't supposed to be fun, and he needs them to correct his worst, masculine urges.

When asked about his favorite class, Billy said that it was Male Behavior and Comportment. This is a relatively new curriculum, but it has been incredibly helpful. Young men need to be taught how to walk, how to smile, how to listen politely and how to cooperate. Out in the wider world, there is sometimes this misconception that men simply have to sit down and look dumb in order to please the women around them. That's not true.

An important facet of masculine subservience is the willingness and drive to obey and please. That second part requires foresight. It takes effort. Technically, a boy could probably drag his feet and simply cooperate, following every order. That is good enough. They need to be energetic. They need to try their best. Effort, consideration, and foresight are all important aspects to a well-behaved male.

Aaron might be an obedient husband, and Billy can be a good student, but there are other elements of society as well.

We can just look at someone like Alex J.

As one of the so-called "Men's rights activists," Alex has been arrested several times. He has tried to lead protests (all unsuccessful) against the current administration. Each time, he has ended up in the public stocks. Stripped naked, locked in chastity, and put on display, he has been spanked thoroughly.

Even so, he still insists that he deserves the same rights and freedoms as any woman.

Consequently, he has been taken to the Redwood Correctional Facility in Nevada. While there, he will receive the best attention from local psychologists and trainers. It's going to be a difficult task, but he will learn his place. That's the most important part, isn't it? These boys need to be corrected and cured when they make these mistakes, and they come to these erroneous conclusions.

For the most part, men understand who they are and what they're supposed to be. They have learned to adapt to this new society. Things have changed over the last few years, and that's good. We had so many problems before. And although issues remain, we can see how society is improving by virtually every metric: poverty and hunger are down, armed conflicts have been reduced massively, and there is a general sense of safety and stability. For decades, we saw a nation where uncertainty ruled. While lots of people want to blame videogames, the internet, or pop culture, we now know the truth. It all came down to the boys.

And now, we work on them. We correct them, and we make sure that they learn how to behave. We know what's best for them.

From Rise and Repair: A Brief History of the Women's Revolution by Amber Tanner

It shouldn't be surprising that the transformation of society took many years. For those who are paying attention, maybe it seemed obvious even as those first steps were taken. The trends were there, of course. Little by little, women inched toward a goal that many of them couldn't even articulate: supremacy. They would take over society, seizing control of every facet of society. Whether at home or in the voting booth, at work or out in public, women are now the dominant sex, and they will never let go.

Although historians might debate the exact causes, there are two factors that are of obvious importance.

First, there were the demographic shifts, especially in terms of wealth accumulation. For centuries, men looked down on women when it came to financial success. This was easy, especially when women weren't allowed access to the best jobs. In many cases, females weren't allowed to work outside of the home at all. Consequently, they could be derided. When women had to endure the indignity of getting an allowance or "pin money," they had little say. Most of all, they had to smile, play nice, and pretend that this wasn't infuriating.

With the advent of feminism, this changed.

Women were able to take control of their lives. It took decades, and there was so much pushback from the male half of the population, but the feminists made progress. It wasn't fast enough, and they didn't achieve all of their goals, but they struck hard and took those first strides toward something far better.

Little by little, women could work. They took on new jobs. As they did so, they proved something.

They were better with money.

Objectively, this became true, although most of the boys in society refused to face this fact. If anything, many men still insisted that they were better, largely because they were willing to jump into one incompetent risk after another. Granted, they could occasionally get lucky, but the odds were seldom in their favor. A few victories here or there could be trumpeted, but the trends were clear.

Women were more conservative with their money. They were willing to save. They bought houses, invested carefully, and took reasonable risks.

Men, in the meantime, came up with silly acronyms like YOLO (you only live once) and "diamond hands" to describe their strategies. More often than not, they would see or hear about some new development, and they would rush into it without waiting for it to be

proven. A couple of them might have gotten rich here or there, yet the broader trend became obvious. Even when it came to the professionals, men simply couldn't be trusted with the finances. From hedge fund managers to financial asset advisors, the data was clear. Very, very few of them could actually outperform any of the broader indices. If you wanted to make money, trusting a man was foolish. Rather, it made far more sense to invest in a fund that mirrored the S&P 500 or Dow Jones Industrial Average.

Most of the guys in society didn't want to listen. They kept chasing after the same old ambitions. They followed their worst instincts and impulses. Women in the United States, however, preferred to take their time. They weren't rushing after quick wins or instant success. That's why, year-by-year, they became wealthier and wealthier.

With money came power. With power came influence.

Consequently, they could eventually seize control.

But money wasn't the only part of the equation, of course.

There was also the question of education.

An odd thing happened just a few decades ago. In the days and years leading up to the acceptance of female supremacy, a different kind of dynamic evolved. Men decided that they didn't want to be educated.

Some of the explanations made sense. First, there was an affordability crisis in the post secondary education system. In many states and cities, a university degree became incredibly costly. In many situations, there were other options: financial aid, scholarships, and more. Still, the general trend was hard to resist for lots of these boys. Many of them went to school, learned as little as possible, received their degrees, and realized that they hadn't actually learned enough to find a job or start a business. Infuriated, they went online and ranted about the futility of getting an education.

Granted, they ignored some of the most important dynamics. In terms of financial success, the degree helped, but it was never a guarantee of success. Second, lots of students enrolled in colleges and did their best to rush through as fast as possible. They didn't actually want to learn anything. They simply wished to check off one box after another.

Immediately after the founding of the nation, the college system had largely been designed for men. In every state and territory, males were the ones who would go to school, get an education, network, and develop the ideas and ambitions that would drive the country forward.

Little by little, however, women started to take over the university system. They were the ones who were enrolling. Boys dropped out or never went at all.

Consequently, they didn't get to network. Yes, they spent a lot of time online, and they ranted about their difficulties, but that was it. A few of them were successful, of course. These were the individuals who had drive and the motivation to learn. But these rare individuals couldn't reverse the general trend. In aggregate, the boys stopped getting degrees.

This meant that more positions of power led to women. Although there were digital denizens who insisted that a degree wasn't necessary because the average person could go learn to code or jump into a trade, those positions seldom led to the most influential spots in society. Becoming a doctor or a lawyer required special certifications in education. Without those protections, the average individual would get lost in the legal system or would be far more likely to fall for some fraudster selling a miracle cure. But this meant that the women of the nation had started to take over the hospitals, the colleges, and their

influence extended into the business world. It wasn't long before they took control of politics as well, especially since the boys started chasing after ridiculous memes and beliefs.

Women were better educated. They learned to see through the nonsense that polluted the internet and news sites.

One commentator suggested that women had "become collectively far more mature". They learned to take their time, to consider, and to research from a variety of sources. More than that, they didn't fall for false equivalency fallacies or other deceptive tactics. As a group, they worked together.

They won elections.

They became judges.

They claimed society.

And yet, the rules weren't enacted all at once. At the same time, the boys couldn't point to some specific moment and say, "It happened right here. This is the moment when I lost my rights. This is the moment when the women of the country took over." It was more subtle than that. And that's why we should go back. That's why we should look at one of the most significant rulings. At the time, it probably seemed innocuous. It didn't get very much attention. Most people didn't hear about it. His story didn't hit their feeds. Later on, however, historians would decide that Owen Cross was one of the first boys to taste female supremacy.

Owen's Story

Seated in the courtroom, Owen did his best to follow his consultant's advice: he had to keep his back straight. He needed to maintain a neutral yet polite expression. He couldn't smile too much, nor could he frown, even as he had to listen to the arguments against him.

His attorney, Erica Stevens, sat next to him.

Despite her best efforts, she hadn't been able to figure out who had brought this suit forward. Somehow, that struck him as ridiculously unfair. Erica had approached the judge and said to the Honorable Stephanie A. Caliber, "My client has a right to know who has accused him of financial malfeasance. Considering what is at stake, he should be able to respond directly to his accusers." When he had first heard of the indictment, Owen had instinctively assumed it would be the SEC who came after him.

It wasn't.

He received the subpoena, he called his lawyer, and he tried to figure this out. Apparently, some of the laws had quietly been changed over the last few years. They were suing to find him, nor did they want to throw him in jail. Instead, he had been accused, and the threat was of a very different nature.

If he lost his court case, he would be placed under conservatorship.

Back in his expensive office at the TRX home office, Owen had leaned across the table with his elbows braced. "What does that mean? What does that mean exactly?" Unlike other founders and CEOs, Owen Cross wasn't arrogant enough to believe he could handle the entire business on his own. TRX had been his second startup, and it succeeded partially based on his willingness to bring in the best people. He had a knack for choosing ambitious people who were hungry and eager to succeed. More than that, they were willing to work together even as they drew on their own expertise.

For too long, tech companies had been run by engineers. Although these individuals understood the math, programming, and complicated computational issues that could get in the way of their company's success, engineers didn't necessarily know enough about people, society, legality, or the broader issues that could quickly become relevant in any marketplace. The old adage, "Move fast and break things" certainly proved true at this point. They wanted to build, but they didn't know what they might damage along the way.

Owen Cross refused to make that mistake.

Her expression neutral and businesslike, Erica had informed him, "Simply put, they don't believe you are capable of running this company."

"They're forcing me to sell?"

"No," she said with a shake of her head. "Technically, you would still be the owner of your shares and equity positions."

"So what does this mean?" Owen had asked. He liked to think he had a lot of patience, yet he could still feel the strain just beneath the surface, especially because there were other questions, issues, problems and projects he wanted to deal with. He had to wonder whether or not one of his competitors had come up with this lawsuit simply to distract him.

"The court would appoint a conservator to handle all of your important decisions."

"Please. Be specific."

"Pretty much everything," his attorney told him.

As he sat there, Owen had narrowed his eyes, almost as though he expected some punch line. There had to be more. Instead, the attorney simply watched him as he processed all of this. "It's a lot to take in," Erica told him. "But if you lose this case, you'll essentially be considered a minor...legally speaking. Your new guardian will have the authority to make any decision for you."

That had been several weeks ago.

He had braced himself for legal wrangling that could have taken months or years. At the same time, he had contemplated what this could do out in the public sphere. Sure enough, some of his investors had gotten skittish, though not as many as he had expected. In fact, he had met with his board of directors comprised of eight women and two men. They had nodded along as he reported what was going on. One of the guys had raised his hand and insisted that Owen would make it through this. He also made several suggestions for lawyers in case the CEO wanted another perspective.

Owen had politely declined, and now he glanced over at the other side of the room.

There was a jury.

It was not a glance over at the twelve individuals. Theoretically, they were supposed to be his peers. Back in high school, Owen had given a brief presentation on the absurdity of this concept. Technically, any given individual could receive a trial in front of a jury, but were those twelve people really going to be "peers"? If a doctor was on trial for some kind of malpractice situation, would those regular individuals understand medicine well enough to render a realistic judgment? As a tech entrepreneur, Owen Cross dealt with difficult design and incentive choices on a daily basis. More than that, so many people seemed content to throw themselves into their own little echo chambers. Most of all, few people understood their own blind spots. With instant access to unlimited information, too many people thought they "knew" everything they needed.

Throughout the proceedings, Owen had done his best to read their expressions and figure out what they were thinking. He did the same thing with his attorney.

At one point, after speaking with Erica Stevens, Owen had gone online, and he spent several hours studying the concept. If he lost this case, then he would get a court-appointed guardian. That individual would have the right to make every legal, financial, and medical decision for him.

He saw other cases. Because he was online, he quickly wandered into debates about identity and politics, especially since these kinds of cases seemed to be brought up against women far more often than men. There were guys who had gone online and destroyed their careers in the span of just a few seconds. Even so, no one questioned their autonomy. Then there were the girls who partied too hard and lost their rights to their husbands and fathers.

Then again, those sorts of cases had seemed to die down.

Instead, Owen was the target, and he still didn't know who had accused him.

On the other side of the room, another attorney sat at the other desk. She had made her case, pointing to Owen's online behavior. Somehow, she had gotten access to his search history. More than that, she took a bunch of his comments out of context. She pointed to erratic, misogynistic, aggressive, and ultimately self-destructive behaviors. She had told the judge and jury, "Ladies, I think it is clear that this boy is not capable of making his own decisions. Up until this point, he has gotten lucky. He has been able to skirt the rules of society, but he's going to get himself hurt if we allow him to continue on this path. We have seen this before. Tech founders start to believe they can do anything. They engage in substance abuse, they rant and rave online, they think they know everything. But remember, this isn't just about Mr. Cross. Obviously, we need to do this for his own good, but consider his employees. His company, TRX, employs hundreds of people. If he destroys his enterprise, those women and men will lose their jobs. They will have to figure out how to feed their families." The attorney paused for dramatic effect. "Is that a risk you're willing to take?"

In that instant, Owen had tapped his fingers against his knee. More than anything, he had wanted to jump up and shout back at her. As a founder, he wasn't like so many of the other brash men who would shout and scream at their subordinates. He was supposed to be the nice CEO, the one who was patient and methodical. Even so, the frustration had simmered just beneath his skin. Inevitably, his fingers had tightened, and he wished he could just jump up and go throw a punch at one of the walls, if only to unleash some of that barely contained fury.

Worst of all, Erica had leaned over and said, "Don't frown."

"Next, you're going to tell me to smile," he had growled back at her under his breath.

It was supposed to be a joke, but Erica nodded, "That might help."

Owen refused.

The jury took required two hours to make their decision.

So now, the judge turned back to the group of mostly women, "Have you made your decision?"

"We have, your honor," came the quick answer.

Owen braced himself. Underneath the table, he pushed his hands up against the wood. In high school and college, he had contemplated starting his own company. He had always been curious about the different dynamics, the strategies, and the choices. He

always loved wargames, and there was something incredible about throwing himself into these real-life scenarios. Who should he higher? How much should he pay? Who are his customers, and what do they want? How did the digital landscape change every day? Which apps were popular and how did the platforms reshape society?

But now, he felt like the dice had already been rolled, and someone else made the decision, and there was nothing he could do about it.

The bailiff handed a note to the judge. She nodded. Owen tried to read her expression. Was she disappointed? Was she happy? Despite his best efforts, he couldn't tell what she was thinking. Even if he had picked up on some emotional cue, he hadn't been able to decide whether or not the judge liked him or even cared about this case.

Erica had seemed fairly confident throughout the proceedings, but this wasn't his arena. He didn't know how these games were played, so he couldn't make any realistic guess, and he knew that the court dramas he had streamed wouldn't help. More than that, running through different articles and blog posts about the current state of the judiciary didn't help either.

"What is your verdict?" asked the judge.

"Your honor, we have determined that Owen Cross, CEO of TRX Technologies, is unfit to lead and should be remanded to the custody of a court-appointed guardian as soon as possible."

"I see," said the judge. And now, she nodded. More than that, she smiled. It was slow. It curved along her mouth as she turned her attention back to him.

"What happens now?" Owen whispered. He knew he should have stayed quiet, and now Erica shushed him.

The judge began, "Owen Cross, I have reviewed your file. Because you do not have any immediate family members capable of handling your situation, I have chosen another individual."

"Who?" Owen blurted out. Even as he spoke, he tried to run through the different scenarios. He tried to figure out exactly who it would be and what he would be able to accomplish now. Technically, he was still supposed to be in charge of his company. But was that really true? Maybe this was all just some kind of weird formality, like there would be someone overseeing his decisions. Maybe he would have to behave better and be more circumspect whenever he posted something online.

As far as he had been concerned, he had never been especially aggressive. A few years ago, there had been those CEOs and magnates who routinely jumped on their socials and made brash predictions and aggressive promises. Those were the men who tried so hard to get attention. They shouted and screamed, desperate to troll their users, all because they equated fame with power. Sometimes, they had been right. Most of the time, they had simply trashed their reputations without anything to show for it. In a few cases, they even provoked the SEC and lost hard.

"Kayla Dean."

Owen's eyes shot open wide as he stared and leaned forward. At the same time, he tried to hiss, "What?" The sound failed to emerge from his mouth, all because he couldn't believe it and forgot how to make his lungs function correctly.

Kayla Dean. At first glance, she didn't seem like she was anything special, unique, or extraordinary. A girl who wore black-framed glasses, she had wavy brown hair, big eyes,

and a warm smile. She was competent and capable, yet she had never excelled in any way that made Owen think of her as a potential threat. Once or twice, he had asked her about her future and her plans. On those occasions, she had always answered with one noncommittal response or another.

Still, she had been a capable assistant, keeping track of his schedule, making the requisite arrangements, and generally listening whenever he needed to talk through his thoughts.

Seated in the courtroom, she had spent her time at the back of the room, only now she rose to her feet. Erica, the opposing counsel, many members of the jury, and Owen himself all turned back to see her as she rose up onto her feet.

At first, Owen almost expected her to look different somehow.

She was his guardian?

She was his guardian?

The concept seemed ridiculous, only then Owen almost wanted to smile as he realized something. This was good news. This was incredible news! Apparently, the court hadn't really taken the verdict seriously. As his subordinate, Kayla would obviously do whatever he wanted. He would still be in charge. On paper, maybe she would be his handler, or whatever, but that didn't mean anything to him. Perhaps he would have to be careful, but he would just have to wait, and then they could get this entire process reversed, and he wouldn't have to worry about Kayla.

"You are Kayla Dean?"

"That's right," she said.

"And you have worked as Mr. Cross's assistant?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Kayla said with a quick nod. She didn't seem especially nervous, nor did she sound surprised. Owen narrowed his eyes slightly. As he squinted back at the girl, he tried to decide if there was something else going on. No, he quickly decided. That wasn't possible.

"Are you ready to take on this responsibility?"

Everyone in the courtroom seemed to hesitate. They all paused. They all waited for her answer.

"Absolutely," she said, her head inclined.

When he left, there weren't any journalists outside. There was no one waiting for him except for his assistant. She stood there on the steps of the courthouse, her hands held behind her back. He pushed his way through the double doors with one of the bailiffs walking behind him. Apparently, she wouldn't let him out of her sight until his new "guardian" had taken charge of him.

The concept was ridiculous. They knew where he lived. It wasn't like he was going to flee the country or anything.

"Kayla," he called out.

She turned around, and she smiled at him.

"I'm really sorry about this," she said.

"It's okay," he said. "Is not your fault."

"I can take him from here," Kayla said. She turned back to Owen, "I arranged for a car to pick us up. It's right over there."

"Thanks," he said, stuffing his hands into his pockets. Really, it wasn't that cold, but he kept his head down. She walked in front of him, but she didn't say anything. As his assistant, Kayla knew him well, and she could tell he needed to process all of this.

Nothing was going to change, Owen told himself. Everything could remain the exact same. He was still the CEO of TRX. It was still his company, and he could still make whichever decisions he wanted. With each reminder, he tried to reassure himself. At the same time, he glanced back up at Kayla. He saw the curly tips of her hair since she waited every time she took a step forward. She had on dark tights, black pumps, and a snug jacket that reached down just past the small of her back. He found himself admiring the curves of her ass.

Normally, Owen did a good job of maintaining his professionalism, but right there he experienced something else, a different urge altogether...

That girl was supposed to be his Guardian? She was supposed to be in charge of him?

He knew what this legal assignment meant. Technically, she could have called the police and ordered them to take him to the hospital. She could have had him committed to a psychiatric facility. She could have emptied every one of his bank accounts. She could do so much...

Technically, she was supposed to follow the instructions of the court and supervise his estate for his "well-being". Even so, so many different critics of the system had pointed out the potential conflict of interest. After all, Kayla would be responsible for compensating herself. Again, the court would review the documents, but they had always been extraordinarily lax on this question.

She had power over him. He didn't want to think about it.

Maybe that was why it was so easy to think of grabbing that girl. He wanted to lunge forward, slide his hands through her long hair, take a firm grip, and drag her back to the sedan. He could tell the driver to ignore everything. Better yet, he could pull a couple of bucks from his wallet and throw them at the employee, telling him he didn't see anything. In the meantime, he could grab this girl, shove her across the back seat, pin her hands over her head, lean down, and kiss her hard.

In a beautiful fantasy, he knew he could touch her all over. And even if she struggled initially, she'd submit. In his fantasies, he could slide one hand up her tight little blouse. He could wiggle his fingers beneath the squeezing fabric of her bra and cup her breasts. He wanted to feel her nipples stiffen as he pinched and stroked, teased and stimulated her. He wanted to hear her moan, "Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Please, more!" With his other hand, he could slide his fingers into her panties, stroke her, tease her and touch her before ripping down his pants, freeing his cock, and thrusting into her hard and fast.

He wanted it to be rough, dirty, and primal. This was supposed to be the kind of sex where a man could wield physical superiority to show her exactly how the world was supposed to work.

But then, he closed his eyes.

He made it to the car, opened the door, and climbed inside. He closed the door behind himself, closed his eyes, and leaned back. He was glad he didn't have to deal with any of his board members, investors, or even his employees. In that moment, he knew he would have to deal with the messaging. There was a lot to do with a lot to say.

But first, he just wanted to go home.

The fantasy lingered for a few more minutes, but then he pushed it aside. He was a feminist, after all. As a powerful man, he understood how it was his responsibility to help create a sense of fairness and justice at his company. Yes, he had to chase after the numbers and make sure he could generate revenue growth every quarter, but success meant more than that. He didn't want to be an oligarchy; he wanted to be a real leader.

The car rolled away from my parking spot, and they made their way through traffic.

For those long minutes before he made it back home, Owen simply stared out and admired the world. He saw other cars, other drivers, people walking down the street, parks, houses and businesses.

Then he glanced over at Kayla, "How're you doing?"

"I'm doing okay," she said. "Maybe a little bit nervous? Maybe a little bit worried about you?" She blinked once, perhaps surprised. Their relationship had been odd, of course. He was young and attractive. She was beautiful (although he always tried to convince himself that her appearance had nothing to do with why he hired her. He had never acted inappropriately with this young woman, but those images occasionally popped into his head, and he especially liked having her around for those moments when he was stuck dealing with some obstinate investor, regulator, or maybe a supplier who didn't actually understand what his company did. Being a CEO meant sitting through a lot of meetings, and having Kayla nearby had always served as a balm for those moments of painful boredom.

Did she know?

Owen had asked himself the question on many different occasions, although he had never come to a concrete conclusion. First, he couldn't actually ask her. Simply doing that would be inappropriate. Besides, how would he phrase it, "Hey, Kayla. Did you know that I think about stripping you naked and playing with your body?" Clearly, that would be a very bad move.

Maybe she knew, and she simply chose not to say anything. As a young woman, she had probably considered her own appearance on countless occasions. Perhaps she compared herself to other women. She probably couldn't have been a model, but she was pretty. No, he corrected himself. She was beautiful, but there was something clean and comforting about the shape of her face, her warm smile, and of the color and texture of her hair. Still, she wasn't exotic. Perhaps she was wise enough to realize that there were lots and lots of incredibly beautiful women out in the wider world. Simply spending a few minutes online could prove that point easily enough. Instead of trying to become an influencer or content creator, she had gone into the business world, and so she ended up at his side.

"There's no reason to be worried about me," he said.

"This could be a big change," Kayla pointed out.

"Right," he said.

He was going to have to sit her down and strategize. He would tell her exactly how this was going to work. He would make it clear. Perhaps she didn't really understand yet, but he intended to educate her.

Later.

Suddenly very tired, he didn't want to deal with anything.

The car pulled up to the gate around his neighborhood. The driver plugged in the code, and the metal barrier pulled away, giving them access. They drove past other estates, and then they made it to his relatively modest home. He was a CEO, so he had some resources, but he wasn't living on an island out of the Bahamas. Not yet.

Owen headed inside.

Kayla followed. He made it through the huge, oak doors, and they closed behind both of them. He made his way across the marble entryway and wandered into the front room. He sat down on the couch, falling into place. He glanced up, and he saw that Kayla must've retrieved something from the trunk. She carried a bag, and she looked at him. She held her hands in front of her, and she said, "We need to get you equipped."

His brows tightened as he watched her. At the same time, he tried to understand what she meant. Instinctively, he went through the different possibilities and guesses, only none of them felt right.

"What are you talking about?"

"There's something you should know?"

"What?" he asked. By now, he had one hand resting on his forehead. He just wanted to close his eyes and forget about that day. He could strategize later.

"I've been reading up about your...situation." She seemed nervous as she considered him. Standing there, she gripped her hands over her waist. Then, tentatively, she said, "I think I can help you."

"You have a way out of this situation?" Excitement reverberated in his voice, especially because he was making plans. He was thinking about how he could get out of the conservatorship. If this worked, he also promised himself that he would give Kayla a promotion and a big raise.

"Not exactly," she said. "Actually, that's not it at all. You see, I was reading up on what this all means. I started looking at some specific websites. They had ideas for what a dynamic like ours should look like."

"A dynamic like ours?" He repeated those words as though they didn't quite make sense. The individual words may have been logical enough, only he didn't like some of the implications.

"Whether we like this or not, and I'm your guardian, and that means it's my responsibility to help you."

"You're my assistant," he pointed out. "It's always been your responsibility to help me."

"But now, things are different," she pointed out. "Besides, this might be better for you anyway." That's when she lifted up the bag. He tried to stare through the opaque plastic, but he couldn't see anything beyond the faint outline of a rectangle.

"Kayla, what are you talking about?"

That's when she stepped boldly past the coffee table and sat down. With her knees pressed together, she straightened her back and looked right at him. "Owen, you have made some really brilliant decisions when you started TRX, but there have been moments of...erratic behavior."

"Are you talking about my online antics?" That was how a lot of the bloggers and pundits liked to describe his behavior. Then again, he was a rich man, and he needed to get attention for his company. Although he may not have been as aggressive or strident as some of the previous generation's tech entrepreneurs, he still knew the importance of

making an occasionally outrageous statement, if only to garner more support, debate, and discussion. When people are talking about his company, he invariably ended up gathering some new users.

"That's a big part of it," she said. Then she bit down on her lower lip. In that moment, he thought she was especially gorgeous. The light glinted off of her glasses, yet his gaze seemed to drop down along the ridge of her nose to the contours of her mouth. He studied that soft, pink hue. More importantly, he wished he could lean over and kiss her.

His fantasy from outside of the courthouse came roaring back. All at once, he wanted to grab her. Right then and there, he could have leaned over, pouncing. He could have slipped his hand around the back of her neck and pushed her down onto the soft cushions.

There was more, of course. There was so much more he wanted to do with her...to her.

Pushing aside those desires, he focused on her again. Maybe it was the simple fact that he was at home and with his assistant. Or maybe it was something else entirely, as though he had been defeated today, so now he craved a victory. She may have been an easy target, yet that detail only stoked his desires.

"Fine. What do you think we can do differently?"

"This," she said, exhaling, reaching in, and pulling the box out of the bag.

When he saw it, tension splashed all across his body as his eyes narrowed and his lips hardened. On the front of the box, he saw a mostly naked man wearing some kind of metallic belt with a chrome tube and pouch between his legs. Owen's read the text, *Cyber Lock Chastity Cage 117A*.

"What is that?"

"When I was researching guardianship, there were lots of conversations about why men stepped out of line and how they got in trouble," Kayla said, speaking a little faster. She sounded nervous, he noted. Good. This idea already sounded ridiculous, so he kept watching her. All he did was level his imperious gaze back at this girl. He wanted her to back down. He expected her to apologize, to shove this stupid device back in the bag and to tell him that she was sorry. "One of the ideas was pretty simple. Men get excited, they lose control of their hormones, and they start thinking with their libidos."

"Is that what you think I did?"

"It doesn't matter what I think," she pointed out. "It matters what the court thinks. If you agree to wear something like this, then we can take that back to the judge. Maybe that will be enough to get her to reconsider the decision."

"This is insane," he said.

"If you want, I could always force you," she said with a nervous chuckle.

His gaze had drifted off to some random point along the wall, but now he snapped his focus back in her direction.

Surprisingly, she didn't back down. "Technically..." Kayla began, "I can call the police and have them help you with this. I can also have a local hospital come here and pick you up. If that's what it takes."

"You're joking," he said flatly.

"Right," she agreed. "But I'm serious. If you want to get out of this, then I think this would be a really good step. What do you say?"

"What is it exactly?"

"It's just a chastity belt," she said. "Honestly, it sounds really medieval to me. Basically, we lock it on, and you will no longer have access to your erections or orgasms." As she uttered that last part, Kayla sounded like a high school health teacher who had rehearsed those lines again and again.

Cyber Lock Chastity Cage 117A. He studied the text. It didn't tell him much.

"Fine," Owen said. "Give it to me." He held out one hand.

The reluctance must've radiated off of his body, only she did hand him the package. "It doesn't work like that," Kayla said. "First, you have to put it on front of me. From there, we download the apps...one for the keyholder...one for the boy."

"I'm not getting naked in front of you," he said.

"I'm your guardian. It's not a big deal," she said. At the same time, she shrugged and wobbled her head from side to side. Kayla flashed him a nervous smile.

"That's what you keep telling me," he said with a slight edge in his voice.

Again, he waited for this girl to back down. She didn't. If anything, she watched him, and he started to wonder if maybe this would be a good opportunity to take advantage of her. Perhaps that was the point of it all? Maybe she just wanted to see him strip?

He dipped his head down, and he ran the tip of his tongue along his teeth. Then he rose up onto his feet, and he kicked off his shoes. Next, he peeled away his jacket and pulled off his shirt to reveal his toned abdomen. He wasn't a bodybuilder or anything like that, but he was proud of those developed contours. And now he pulled down his pants. For this first couple of seconds, he had channeled that easy arrogance that so many men seemed to possess, as though nudity didn't matter. Women always got so skittish, he thought. They were always so terrified of some random guys seeing them in their bras or panties.

Only now, he looked back at Kayla, and he saw something in her expression.

Hunger.

He didn't know why it made him nervous, but suddenly there was this pinching sensation of the base of his stomach, like he wasn't really sure he could do this. With those first layers, Owen had moved with his trademark confidence and efficiency. Whenever he did something, he went all in right away. He knew how to rush forward when necessary.

That dark-haired girl continued to watch him. Her gaze slipped down along his shoulders to his biceps, his forearms, his hands and fingertips, his flanks and legs.

It must've been the slight smile she wore. It was completely appropriate, only he sensed something else.

Owen experienced that flutter of nervous energy at the base of his stomach, almost as though he needed to be scared of her. That was ridiculous! He tried to channel his fantasy again, only this time, there was a different kind of reaction. It wasn't the predatory instinct that sometimes seized him. He tried to find that easy confidence and the urge to take her hard. Instead, he glanced away from the box and saw her lovely features again.

A shiver ran through his body. "Go on. Just take off your boxers and put it on. It'll be fine." He hated the fact that he actually searched for that sense of reassurance in her voice.

Exhaling slowly, he grabbed onto his boxes and pulled them down. At the same time, he tried to tell himself that this wasn't a big deal. It was just nudity.

Above all else, Owen Cross considered himself to be a realist, an empiricist, someone rational and dedicated to logic and reason. He understood the world by dissecting the different variables and drawing strategic conclusions. But now, he was naked in front of this girl.

She was a little bit younger than him. She was smaller than him. Not only that, she was a girl, so he always saw her as a subordinate. He would never have uttered the words aloud, but she was supposed to be his inferior.

But now, she remained fully clothed, as he crossed one leg over the other. Straightening her back, she rested the heels of her palms on the curve of her knee as she watched him.

"Give it to me," he said.

She handed him the box. At the same time, Owen fought hard not to react to her presence. Normally, he controlled himself. And yet, there was something about it. That vulnerability. Normally, he fantasized about inspiring a jolt of fear deep in her gut. This time, he was the one who experienced it. He tried not to think about it. He tried to push those emotions aside.

Only then, Kayla rose to her feet. She pressed her heels to the tiled floor, and then she came closer and closer. She leaned forward, just a tiny bit, "Can I lend a hand with any of this?" She glanced down at the box. He had it in his hands now. His fingers fumbled with the strip of tape. At the same time, he realized something.

Her eyes are on me.

Just as that idea popped into his head, he peeked up at her again, only now she turned her gaze away.

Had it been his imagination? Yes. No. Maybe?

She took the box from him. She opened it. Then she removed the belt, and he looked at it. He saw the hinge. More importantly, Owen focused on the lock's teeth. Those different edges could come together and he wouldn't be able to remove this. He smirked. This was still Kayla, he reminded himself. If he gave her a direct order, she was obviously going to obey. Maybe she enjoyed this little role-play, but he knew how things worked.

With her phone in her hands now, she downloaded the app. She smiled. She touched the contour of her phone to the device, and suddenly they both heard it: a quick chirp. A red light started blinking. It turned green.

"Perfect," she said, dropping her phone back into her pocket.

"What do I do?"

"Slide the belt around your waist," she instructed. "From there, I will handle the rest. Just hold your hands behind your back." When she spoke, Kayla didn't look at him. Instead, her gaze had shifted down toward that spot between his legs. He cleared his throat, and she peeked back up at him, but she didn't seem embarrassed this time. She was checking him out!

"You look good naked," she told him.

"Are you teasing me?"

"Just trying to cut some of the tension," she said with a half smile.

His nostrils flared, and he sucked in a breath, but he pulled the belt around his waist, and then he looked down at the two ends. If he brought them together, they would lock on. He understood that concept. It was simple. He wasn't an engineer, per se, but he spent a lot of time considering different diagrams, programs, and coding sequences. He understood equations.

Exhaling slowly, he pulled the tips together, and they locked on, just as he had expected.

Then he pulled his hands behind his back. He closed his eyes.

Kayla came up, and she slipped the tube over his shaft first. He shivered. That rush of cold splashed along his nerves.

"That wasn't so bad," she said. And yet, she wasn't done. She pulled the pouch up, and then she slipped it up, and underneath his balls.

"Is that really necessary?"

"For denial," she said. "You're still going to be able to take care of all of your bodily functions, but you won't be able to touch your scrotum or your shaft, not without permission. Plus, there are the electrodes."

"Electrodes?"

"That's just one feature. The chastity belt also includes geo-fencing."

"You're not using any of those features," he stated emphatically.

Kayla just shrugged. "We will see. Oh, and it does include some gentle vibrating functionality as well. Would you like to try that?"

"No," he said. "Come on. You are a scientist deep down. I mean, you love research, don't you? Besides, this is a new kind of technology."

Owen hated the ease with which she made that argument, especially because he had always considered himself to be experimental. Other business leaders failed when they stopped learning. They would master some technique, some product or service. Then, rather than continue to learn and adapt, they would become complacent, relying on the same revenue streams for years. Sometimes, they would even get anti-consumer and start actively fighting with their own customers rather than trying to offer the best possible product.

"Fine," he said.

"Good boy," she replied.

He didn't like that. He didn't like that at all! She wasn't supposed to talk down to him, but he didn't get the chance to say anything. She pressed down on the button, and that's when he felt the soft brace around the base of his cock. He had noticed the soft and flexible padding when she slid his member into the tube, only now delicious vibrations raced up into his body. His eyes widened, and his cock started to stiffen, only to push up against to the inner contours of the lock.

He stumbled back. He closed his eyes. He hit the wall, bracing himself so that he didn't collapse. It felt incredible!

"A little faster?"

Perhaps Owen said something. Maybe he didn't. Either way, she made her decision. She pressed the icon on her phone and suddenly the vibrations increased, becoming even more intense! Something close to ecstasy flared through his body, yet there was that disappointing counterpoint as well...

Yes, it felt remarkable, only his manhood still couldn't stiffen. That erection still eluded him, which just seemed...wrong. Like so many guys, Owen had enjoyed easy access to his body throughout his adolescence and all the way into adulthood. At the end of a long day, he could drop into his bed, reach into his pants, and gently stroke his shaft before gripping his member, stroking, and savoring that incredible release. The ecstasy could surge through his body, relieving pressure, dissipating stress, and sapping some of his strength. Or maybe, if it had really been a bad day or he had to deal with some annoying woman, he could think about her again. He could imagine taking control.

"Turn it off," he told her.

"Not yet," she said.

His fingers tightened into fists. "Turn it off," he said again. "No," she replied. "I think this is good for you."

She turned up the vibrations. Fresh stimulation rushed across his nerves, tightening every muscle he possessed. From his heels all the way up to the nape of his neck, every muscle locked all at once. Owen tried to fight it; he struggled to relax, only the instincts wouldn't let go.

That's when he tried to grab her phone.

This boy didn't think about it. He didn't make a conscious decision. All he knew for certain was that he needed to make the vibrations stop. He'd end that stimulation no matter what!

She jumped back, easily escaping his grasp. Worse, she tapped the screen again, and that's when his world morphed.

At one moment, Owen had been forced to reluctantly enjoy the soft undulations along his cock. Consciously, he may have hated it, but he couldn't deny the programming and his DNA. His body craved this, whether he wished to acknowledge it or not!

Only then, her screen dissected the new input, the programming assembled the next step, the signal jumped from her device to his belt, and the battery connected to those small electrodes suddenly activated.

He hadn't noticed them before. They encircled the root of his cock and balls. Not only that, there were other electrodes strategically placed around his waist as well. Suddenly, they activated, delivering a half dozen shocks from different angles all at once. He fell back.

The vibrations had stopped, only now Owen glared at her.

"You are never, ever going to do that again!" He practically roared those words.

"Don't raise your voice to me," she said.

He stomped toward her again.

She shocked him.

It was so easy for this girl. Her finger hovered above the surface of that screen, and now she delivered another blast of agony. It cut through his defenses. It washed over every idea inside of his head. Normally, he could assess any given situation based on dozens or hundreds of variables. He could consider likely outcomes, various effects and their causes, and it all seemed so intuitive to him. But right then and there, he just wanted to grab her phone and to throw it down against the floor.

She shocked him.

As she hit that button, the agony knocked the breath from his lungs, his knees buckled, and he hit the floor hard.

When his vision cleared, Owen found himself down on his hands and knees.

"Are you going to act appropriately now?"

Her question sounded as though it should have been intended for some high school kid who had gotten loud, rowdy, or rambunctious on a field trip. He locked his teeth together, his lips pulled back, and he could feel the cool air run up along the roof of his mouth. His heart was beating faster.

"Get this thing off of me right now," he said.

"Nope," she replied. "But if it helps, I think you should go spend some time in your bedroom. You can calm down."

Was she dismissing him? Worse, was she sending him off to his room like he was some child?

"Be a good boy and go to your room," she instructed.

"Kayla, you're my assistant," he pointed out. Owen intended to say more. There were so many different reasons why this couldn't work. Most of all, he intended to remove the belt because he didn't care what the judge said or thought one way or the other.

Even if he wanted to talk to her, he didn't get the chance. She typed something out on her phone, and then she tapped another icon. "You have ten seconds."

Cocking his head to the side, he glared at her, "Until what?"

"Right now, you are only allowed in your bedroom. If you go anywhere else, there are going to be consequences."

Consequences...

That idea didn't occur to him as a question. Instantly, he understood what this young woman meant. The moisture drained away from his mouth. His body tightened again. He hated how the adrenaline flared along his veins, only he recognized the truth. He had a few seconds, so he could use it. "Kayla, you have to change your mind. Rescinded the command."

"Nope," she replied. Then she flashed him a knowing smile.

He glanced to his left, then his right. He couldn't believe this.

All at once, he made his decision. "No," he said emphatically. He may have been mostly naked with just the chastity belt to hide his modesty, but the CEO of TRX Technologies crossed his arms over his chest and glared at her.

The seconds ticked by, one after another.

Another blast of electricity shot through his skin. He cried out. Any thought of defiance or masculine obstinance suddenly evaporated. He dropped down. He tried to clamber back up onto his feet. "You only have a few more seconds," she told him, her tone a mix of teasing condescension and genuine concern. "I don't care," he lied.

Kayla said something else, only another blast of electricity hit him. It felt like getting struck by lightning. He didn't think it would cause any real harm. Kayla wouldn't want to hurt him, but she clearly had some other idea in mind.

He glanced over toward the hallway.

His eyes were wet, his vision blurred. He blinked back those tears, and then he locked his teeth together. "You only have a few more seconds before the next dose," she chided him.

There had to come a moment when he would break. He didn't know how much electrical charge the battery on his chastity belt actually possessed, and he didn't want to find out either. After all, he knew just how sensitive the human body could be. Each shock probably required a tiny percentage of the full capacity. That meant this could go on for minutes or hours, or even longer...

He couldn't take it!

Recognizing the truth of his situation, Owen ran. All at once, he regretted the size of his house, especially because his feet kicked down, and he didn't know what would happen if the belt struck again. The next blast of electricity could knock him to his knees, only this time he would go rolling. He might smash into one of the walls.

He ran hard, he jumped across the threshold, and he landed against the edge of his bed. Then he braced himself, locking his eyes shut.

Nothing.

Panting for several seconds, Owen waited with his eyes shut. He tried to block out the potential sensations, like he thought he could hide. And then he heard those footsteps.

"What did you learn?" Kayla asked. She walked right up to the threshold of his bedroom, and she waited there. She lifted her hands, and she pressed them against the door frame as she leaned in slightly.

He spun around, faced her, and snarled, "This isn't funny, Kayla. You are my secretary, and I'm ordering you to get this thing off of me right now."

"Secretary?" She arched an eyebrow. "Is that really how you see me?"

The wrong word had slipped out, and now he didn't know what to do. "It doesn't matter what I call you. You work for me," he pointed out.

He took a step toward her. She didn't react. He took another step closer. He was marching toward her now, and she waited until that last second. Then she stepped back. Only a couple of feet separated them, but he halted right at the door frame.

Ellen could have tested it, of course. If he jumped out, maybe nothing would happen at all...

Better yet, maybe the chastity belt had deactivated.

She watched him, and now he got his temper under control, mostly because of that quick injection of fear.

Owen didn't allow himself to admit it, not even in the privacy of his own thoughts, yet he hated the idea of stepping beyond the confines of his bedroom. That's why he watched her. "Look," he began. "I'm sorry. I was upset, but I want you to understand that this is not a joke, it's not a game either."

"Who's laughing? Who's playing?" Kayla asked.

"What is this? Is this about money?" Was she trying to blackmail him? Did she want to extort a raise out of him?

Owen didn't know one way or the other, but it was impossible to tell.

"You never really saw me, did you?" Kayla asked.

"What do you mean?"

"You never really saw me," she repeated, only this time, there wasn't any questioning inflection. Then she continued, "As far as you are concerned, I was just the nice college grad who followed you around and took care of your schedule. I answered questions when people called you, and I intercepted the people you didn't want to see. You just saw me as a secretary." She shook her head from side to side, apparently disappointed. "And when you talked about promoting me or assigning me to one of your research teams, was that a lie?"

"It wasn't a lie," he insisted.

"Funny," she said. "I don't believe you. Let's try something else. I've actually been wondering about this for a while..." The corners of her eyes crinkled, and she leaned forward again. He wanted to pounce, only he knew better than to try. She could have stepped away, and then he would get punished. She didn't even have to do anything. Simply leaving that room would have provoked the chastity belt. And now, she asked, "Have you ever checked me out?"

His eyes widened to the size of quarters as he stared back at her. In an instant, the words got jumbled and clogged at the back of his throat, almost as though he had forgotten how to speak altogether.

At some other place or time, like in a meeting with HR or some fundraiser, he would have been able to laugh off her question. Better yet, he would have answered with this amazingly realistic sincerity.

Serious, frustrated, and unwilling to cross that invisible line separating them, Owen struggled hard to think of some way to convince her. In those negotiations, he could assess his assets, determine his liabilities, reconsider what he needed, and offer different angles of approach. It almost always worked. It was one of his greatest strengths as a founder and CEO of a small tech startup. Only right then and there, his heart pounded faster, and he kept staring at her.

She watched him as though she already knew the answer.

That wasn't possible.

"No," he said.

"Are you lying to me?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Your pulse is elevated. And more than that, you just look scared," she told him. She had glanced down at her phone again. Did it have sensors? Did it study his physiology?

His fingers tightened. "Get this thing off of me."

"Or..." Kayla said. That's when she closed the door.

Owen rushed forward, and he intended to slam his fists against the door. Before he could make that dramatic demonstration, he stopped himself. He pulled back, spun away, and paced across the room. He was walking from one side to the other again and again like some trapped lion. Broken frustration clawed at the insides of his guts.

Then, little by little, he forced himself to relax. He exhaled and worked hard to release that exasperation. He tried to think of those semi-helpful trends that rolled around Silicon Valley: mindfulness, deep breathing, holding onto a growth mindset, and any other trendy notion that was supposed to help with high stress scenarios.

His chest still rose and fell. He was still breathing harder and faster. His heart kept kicking. After a few more seconds, he managed to sit down on the edge of the bed. Extending his arms behind him, he braced his palms, he raised his chin, and he stared up at the ceiling without really seeing anything at all.

What the heck had happened?

A few hours ago, he had been embroiled in a lawsuit, but this was ridiculous.

Then he glanced back at the door again.

He wanted to throw himself at it.

That was ridiculous. If he intended to escape, he could just go to the window, slide it open, and...

Geo-fencing. The term popped into his head again. He hated how the concept had never really struck him as all that interesting before. As a technologist and futurist, he liked studying the different developments out in the digital world. And yet, GPS systems had never been especially useful for his purposes.

But now, was he really trapped in his bedroom?

That question kept booming inside of his head.

And yet, he wasn't old enough or brave enough to just open the door, step across the threshold, and find out. Most of all, he already understood what would happen.

That's why he reached down for the belt. It was tight around his waist. He could feel the smooth curves of the metal pressed against his skin. If he pulled it off, there would probably be gentle indentations encircling his torso. He didn't care in that moment, he decided he would get it off! He was going to remove it, he didn't care what it took.

Biting down, Owen tried raw brawn first. He didn't grunt or growl, but his thumbs pushed down against the metal. At first, he was surprised by how it was warm to the touch. He tried to get some kind of grip. He tried to slip his hands into position. At the same time, he rotated his hips, jerking to the left, then the right. He felt ridiculous, but he remained determined.

He had to get this off!

Owen worked at it for two or three minutes. Then he jerked his hands back, and he wanted to pace again. Most of all, he wished he could just leave the problem right there. He itched to toss the chastity belt down onto the bed, walk away, relax, and then face the problem again in a few minutes.

Simply taking a break could make a big difference when it came to approaching a difficult situation.

In this case, that obviously wasn't a choice. With every step he took, he brought the belt with him. He figured that was probably a metaphor for...something, but he wasn't in a poetic mood, so he threw himself down onto his bed. Normally, he could relax there. This was his inner sanctum. This was the spot where he could relax over the course of any given weekend. Maybe he would play some videogames. Perhaps he could just catch up on sleep or watch TV. He tried not to spend too much time scrolling on his phone, especially because it never truly felt relaxing or even satisfying once he was done.

Those amusements remained. Even so, he didn't want to relax. Instead, he needed to free himself from the belt.

Kayla's legal authority bothered him, but it was an abstract issue. This was physical. Worse, he thought of that girl, and there was that little tickle of arousal. His shaft twitched, and he could feel it push up against the inner lining of his chastity cage. He bit down again, fresh frustration flared through his body, and he moved his arms. He tried to focus on the cool touch of the coverlet.

The door to his bedroom opened.

Kayla stood there.

"How are you doing?"

He jerked up instantly, and now he rushed off of the bed.

Owen covered three full strides before he saw her lift her hand and wag her finger from side to side. "No," she said simply.

No. That one word stopped him. He shoved his feet down against the floor, and his legs halted. He glared at her again.

"What do you want?"

"I've been thinking," she said.

"About what?"

"Our relationship," Kayla said.

"Kayla, you are my assistant, and I value you. You have helped me do some really important work."

"Quiet," she said, cutting him off. He had paused for dramatic effect. Most of all, Owen had assumed she would enjoy the flattery. After all, she was supposed to look up to him.

Quiet? He stared across the distance and waited for some kind of explanation. At the same time, he intended to straighten his back and puff out his chest and march right up to her!

He couldn't.

That simple idea stopped him, because he knew what would happen.

"Kayla, this isn't funny," he said.

"I'm not laughing," she said. "I have been doing a lot of reading and research."

"What are you talking about?" He did his best to keep his temper in check. As every syllable jumped out of his mouth, he could sense the temptation to embrace the anger. It was right there, boiling and bubbling. It threatened to splash out into his arms and legs. If he lost control, he would do something he would regret.

As a businessman, he had dealt with lots of noxious people. There were vendors, suppliers, customers, investors, and critics. He remembered the first time he allowed himself to get into a stupid argument with someone online over one of his company's press releases. By the end of the "debate," Owen realized the troll hadn't even read the announcement. Since then, he'd learned a lot about self-control.

Standing there in the chastity belt with this smirking girl in front of him undermined every ounce of stoicism he had built over the course of his career. At any second, he felt like he would lose control, like something would break and he would rush ahead, ignoring every consequence and concern.

"I'm talking about a new ideology. It's a new belief system, and I think it might actually change the world."

As a futurist, Owen spent a lot of time considering how society might change. Occasionally, he listened as people opined about their desire to return to the "good old days," yet that always seemed completely and utterly impossible. Like every individual, society remained in a constant state of flux. Politically, economically, and technologically, change seemed inevitable. But now, he stared at her, and he wondered if this would be some ridiculous notion.

That happened a lot.

He considered how desperate articles about some brand-new technology or miracle cure polluted the internet. What had she read? What has she studied? And did it convince her of something utterly ridiculous.

"What is it?" Owen almost snarled.

"Female supremacy," she said. As she uttered those words, they sounded almost like an incantation, something special and new, something hidden and secret, arcane and powerful, all at the same time.

"Female supremacy..." Owen repeated the words. "And what is that supposed to mean?" He refused to make any assumptions even as he wore that chastity belt. Or maybe he couldn't allow himself to consider the most obvious implications. Most of all, he had never heard of the term before. It sounded strange, exotic, like a phrase that simply wasn't supposed to exist. Feminists had argued about the patriarchy for so long, but this was new.

"It's a simple concept," she informed him. "Women are supposed to be in charge."

He smirked. He couldn't help himself. Hoping to hide that reaction, Owen glanced off to the side and down.

Only then, he heard a giggle. This dainty, feminine little sound rang across the air as she laughed at him. Even so, he recognized something dangerous and powerful lurking beneath those gentle notes.

She continued, "Women deserve to rule. Do you know why?"

He tried to stare right back at her without answering. It took all of his gravitas, all of his confidence to maintain that single position. He wouldn't look away. It was childish and immature, but he didn't care. Sometimes, business and negotiations came down to questions of stubbornness. He needed to show this girl that she couldn't break him!

He didn't blink, nor did he turn away, it was something inside of him. Then he asked, "Why?"

"Because we are the superior sex," she said. "And that's why we are taking over."

"How long have you been reading this stuff?"

She smirked at him, her eyes narrowing, "A while."

He had no idea what that meant. She claimed that she had only started to research this stuff because of his legal troubles. And yet, he glanced down now. He saw the shining chrome of his chastity belt. He thought of the iron, the steel, the different components, the locks. Most of all, he considered how he had tried and failed to remove it.

Another blast of frustration rocked his body, but Owen maintained that stoic demeanor. He wouldn't let her see just how frustrated or upset he became with every new second and minute. Most of all, he needed to focus. He had to concentrate. If he could get himself to think clearly, then he could find some gap in her reasoning, some weak point he could exploit.

"How is something like that possible?"

"Isn't that what the internet is for? For a very long time, people have gone online and found their communities. For the most part, that's a good thing, don't you think? Like right now. Granted, there are problems. Quite a few of you boys have gone online and gotten together and come up with some truly asinine concepts." She shook her head from side to side. "Men's rights?" She started the term, "Isn't that just another way of saying misogyny?"

"You know me. I'm not a misogynist. You know I'm not a sexist."

"Maybe," she said. "Maybe not. But you know what I am?"

"What?" Again, he had to channel every ounce of patience he possessed.

"I'm a woman," she said simply. "And that makes me a member of the superior sex."

As his nostrils flared, he could sense that heat along the back of his neck. Part of him itched to lunge forward and grab her. Of course, that wouldn't work. He had to suppress the idea. He needed to bury it. At the same time, he wondered what she had found. Which websites and forums had she visited? Who did she talk to to come to these conclusions?

At the same time, could he convince her to change her mind?

"You can't really believe that," he said. Right away, he knew that was a mistake.

"Why not? Have you looked around? Women are taking over. Whether you want to believe it or not, we are the ones who are getting degrees, saving our money, and learning how to navigate a more complicated world. You boys might have been able to take control back when swinging a sword or a hammer was the most important skill. Is that the most important skill now?"

Owen didn't answer. He looked down, he knew the truth, of course. He had given interviews to several journalists, and he had talked about the importance of navigating a complicated society. Centuries ago, an individual could have lived on their own. They could have built their own house, raised to their own animals, and lived a short and hard life without any kind of help. But now, everything had become hyper specialized. Even as a CEO, he couldn't claim to be an amazing programmer or engineer. Rather, he dealt with the investors. He talked to people, and he organized his teams. That was his skill. Then he had project managers, engineers, programmers, people who worked in HR, individuals who specialized in traditional media over digital influence. Trying to master every skill had become exponentially more complicated as different systems proliferated throughout society.

"No," he said. "But that doesn't mean you're better."

"Actually, it does," she retorted. "Just look at the numbers."

He knew she was right. He had seen the data. Demographers have talked about the shifts for several years now. Women were mastering the realms of finance and education. Consequently, they could take over everything else. Still, he silently balked at the idea.

"Why are you here?"

"I just wanted to see you. You look good like this," she told him. Her eyes practically glowed with some other desire, some other urge as she watched him. "Anyway, would you like to come out now?"

She expected him to ask. She wanted him to slice off a chunk of his dignity and offer it up to her. Something inside of him twitched, and he held his hands off to his sides. His knuckles turned white as his grip absorbed most of his energy. "No," he stated emphatically.

She shut the door.

It wasn't locked, but he felt imprisoned.

He didn't care.

Alone again, Owen tried to remove the belt. This time, he didn't think about it rationally, not even for two or three seconds. Instead, he simply tried to rip the stupid thing off. He wanted to break it. He wanted to grab onto the contours, to pull, to feel the strength flow down into his muscles, and to know that he had destroyed it with his bare hands. It should have been barbaric. He needed to let out this roar of satisfaction.

He failed.

Owen Cross worked as a CEO. He spent most of his time focused on contemplating questions of business, technological advancement, and innovative theory. Although he worked out several times each week, he mostly focused on cardio and maintaining his health and well-being.

With his teeth locked together, he tried to pull the belt off. He fought hard to break it.

Those bands refused to yield. Even when he pathetically sucked in his breath and tried to push it down past his hips, he failed. Whether he liked it or not, he remained imprisoned in that chastity belt.

"What's wrong?" came Kayla's voice. "The dumb boy can't get out of his chastity belt? Is that it?"

"Kayla?" he asked, spinning around to face the door, yet it remained shut.

"Your belt comes with speakers and microphones," she said. "Isn't that handy? This way, I can talk to you wherever you are and wherever I am," she said with that little hint of laughter at the back of her voice.

"Fine. Whatever," he said.

"You know, I don't like your attitude. Maybe a little bit of yoga would help you relax? Maybe a little bit of training would be good for you?"

"I don't care what you do. I don't care what you say," he said.

"Besides, you're busy trying to get your belt off, aren't you?"

"How did you know?"

"Sensors," she said. "The belt can detect when anyone has touched the exterior."

"How much money did you spend on this?"

"Who said I spent anything on it?"

"What?" Owen demanded.

"The company that makes them is sending them out to select individuals. There are lots of women who would like to use these on their boyfriends, husbands, neighbors, teachers, friends, bosses..." Kayla allowed that final word to hang on the air. "But anyway, get on your knees."

She wasn't there, so she couldn't see him. Even if there were speakers and microphones, she didn't say anything about a camera.

"Fine," he said. "I'm down on my knees." It was a lie, easy and obvious. He remained right there on his feet with his legs straight, his back stiff. At the same time, he tried to keep that little smirk from curving along his lips, mostly because he didn't want her to pick up on his intonation, nor did he expect her to come check on him.

"You shouldn't lie to your legal guardian," she told him.

Before he could figure it out, a shock of electricity snapped through his body. He stumbled back. Somehow, he remained upright.

"What about now? Are you on your knees now? Are you on your knees now like a good and obedient boy?"

A good and obedient boy? He heard those words inside of his head. They seemed to bounce around within his skull, and he opened his mouth to answer. "Yes," he said, a little faster, a little more frantic now. Despite the panic in his voice, he refused to acquiesce. Still standing up straight, he didn't think she would be able to discern what he was actually doing, not a second time. The first one was just a lucky guess.

As much as he wanted to believe that, he couldn't deny the next blast of electricity. The electrodes came to life, delivering a sharp zap. The energy flashed along his waist and down his legs, and up into his torso before it bounced along his arms. He could even feel those sharp needles of electric pain in the tips of his fingers.

This time, he fell forward.

"That's better," she said through the transmitter on his belt.

"How, how did you know?"

"Come on. You're supposed to be smart. You're supposed to be able to think through the different dynamics here. How would I be able to tell?"

Right away, he thought of his phone. "There's a gyroscope on this belt, isn't there?"

"There is," she said. "And it's very sensitive. Now, I can give you any kind of command I want. Really, I can train you from anywhere on the planet. But what if I'm busy? I mean, I have a lot to take care of. Now that I'm in charge of your company."

"What?" Owen snarled. He jumped back up onto his feet, only for the automated system to give him another shock. The energy pulsed through his body, and he fell forward again. He hated how that could happen again and again.

"You heard what the judge said. I'm in charge. Technically, you might still be the owner of all of your assets, but you need a capable woman to take care of you. That's me, Owen. I tell you what to do and how to behave. Then, if you're a very good boy, maybe the judge will change her mind."

"You're not going to get away with this!"

"Don't worry," she said. "To make sure that you are fairly represented in every decision and transaction, I will find an attorney who can represent you."

"You will find an attorney for me?" He traced out those words even as he processed the exact implications.

"That's right," she said. "And I'm sure that lawyers are going to work really, really hard to reverse your conservatorship. This way, you can get back all of your rights. Does that sound nice?"

"You're taunting me," he said, sharpening those words into an accusation.

Kayla didn't seem to mind, "Yes. Yes, I am!" Laughter rang out. "But like I said, I might get really busy. There are lots of decisions that need to be made, especially when we work on your new sites."

"What are you talking about?"

"Social media is important," she reminded him. "You have said that so many times, haven't you? If you can control the feeds that people see, you can influence how they see the world. And now, I can influence how people see the world, can't I?"

"Don't," he ordered.

"I'm sorry, Owen. You're going to be busy. You see, I got a training regimen. I'll program for you. This way, I don't have to tell you what to do myself. The program can do it instead. Have fun!" It was so easy to imagine her patronizing way even as he heard a beep next.

"Boy Training Program One initiated," came a recorded voice.

"What is this?" Owen asked.

"Speaking is not permitted. Any additional infractions will result in punishment," came the same recorded voice.

"I'm serious. What is this?"

The belt delivered a shock.

"That was an initial warning," announced the voice.

He needed to talk. And yet, he also wanted to speak with Kayla. Arguing with the machine would be a waste of time.

He reached for the belt again, thinking he would make another attempt to remove it. Then, after just a couple of seconds, he stopped. His fingers hovered above the smooth, curved metal.

Making another attempt would be a waste of time and effort. More importantly, he feared what that next jolt might feel like. Even if he didn't like to think about it, Owen knew his endurance had a limit.

"Complete five push-ups," said the program voice.

His eyes widened, and he stared down at the belt as though he expected some kind of additional explanation. "You have five seconds to begin," said the program.

Even though he didn't think of himself as a programmer, Owen had taken a couple of coding classes back in school. He remembered the teacher making that announcement, "The machine can only do what you tell it to do. If there's a mistake, it's almost always yours." And now, Owen had to decide what he was going to do.

Push-ups...

Technically, it didn't sound that bad, only he hated the idea of obeying this belt, especially when Kayla had been the one who tricked him into putting it on in the first place. He felt like an idiot. He should have known better. Then again, how was he supposed to have realized that his assistant had decided to join this fringe political movement?

It was fringe...right?

Shaking his head, he discarded those thoughts. Realizing that he didn't have much time, he found himself pushing forward. He braced his weight against the tips of his toes, his knuckles, and then he performed those push-ups. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. There. It was done. After this, hopefully the program would finish.

"Roll onto your back, lift your legs, and extend your arms toward the ceiling," the program instructed next.

What was this?

Reluctantly, he obeyed.

For the next thirty minutes, he worked out. He did push-ups and sit-ups. He got down onto his knees, and he held his hands behind his back. He positioned himself. Worst of all, the program adjusted his posture, telling him to lean forward or back, to the left or right slightly. Each time, he had to cooperate.

"Boy Training Program One completed," she announced.

Once it was done, he thought about trying to remove the belt again. Instead, he climbed up onto his bed, he laced his fingers behind his head, and he tried to think of what he was going to do or how he would get out of this.

She kept him in his bedroom for the rest of the day. Then, after the sun had set, the door opened.

For a long time, he tried to contemplate the different resources at his disposal. In truth, he didn't have anything. There wasn't any technology for him to use in his bedroom. He didn't have his tablet, his laptop, his phone, and there was even a TV in here. Then again, having access to those devices wouldn't help all that much.

He thought of the judge. He thought of the government. He thought of the fact that his rights had been stripped away. Whether he liked to admit it or not, he was still just one individual.

He had met plenty of hyper-successful entrepreneurs. Those were the individuals with billions of dollars at their disposal. He thought of the men who ran electric car companies, social media platforms, and dominated so much over the conversation. Despite all of their wealth and power and influence, those people were still single individuals, meaning that the rest of society could come after them. Assets could be seized, regulations could be imposed, and law enforcement was virtually unstoppable. Checks and balances may have existed, but Owen glanced down at his belt, and he wondered what would happen if this went mainstream.

He didn't simply consider the girlfriends and wives who would be able to coax their boyfriends and husbands into these kinds of belts. Owen went farther than that. He imagined

what could happen if these became required. What if, when the boy hit puberty, he suddenly had to wear one of these belts? Who would hold onto the controller? Who would get to download the app to dictate his behavior?

Although he traced out those possibilities, Owen forced himself to think about something else instead. He needed to contemplate who he could contact and how they might be able to help. He thought of his attorney again.

She was a woman.

Consequently, he had no idea whether or not to trust her. It seemed somehow unlikely, as though she could be a danger as well. And she worked with Kayla? The judge? What kind of conspiracy did he face?

All at once, Owen laughed.

Normally, he didn't like conspiracy theories. They were annoying, mostly because they seemed too dependent on faulty pattern recognition. Any conclusion, no matter how ridiculous, could be justified by cherry picking the data. There was an objective reality, and he wanted to access it. Consequently, he believed in using strong reasoning and the best and most reliable sources. This was one reason why he had succeeded...until now.

Despite his best efforts, he hadn't been able to think of anything, and now the door had opened, and he lifted his head. Snapping away, he saw her outline.

Owen opened his mouth, only to stop.

Before he could reconsider, Kayla laughed, "Don't worry," she told him. "You can speak right now."

He hated how that little rush of fear had tickled the back of his neck.

"Kayla, can we talk?"

"Sure," she said as she slid forward.

He watched as she began to strip. She worked the buttons on her blouse before shrugging off the garment. Moments later, she unzipped her skirt. She kicked away her shoes. She yanked down her panties and removed her bra, freeing the hook before letting that last garment fall.

"What, what is this?"

He hadn't really seen anything. That streak of light cut across the floor, revealing her outline, but he couldn't pick out any of the specific details. Still, he recognized her voice and her figure as she strode toward him.

Suddenly, she climbed up onto the bed. "Just in case you're wondering, I can use my phone or my voice to control your belt."

His nostrils twitched when he registered those words. "Also, if I don't enter in a command, there would be consequences for you later..." Of course, he had considered the possibility of jumping, grabbing her, pulling her arms against her sides and bracing his palm along her mouth. He wanted to silence her, to make it so she couldn't issue any command. Without her phone or voice, she was supposed to be helpless. Maybe then he could have forced her to release him.

She had anticipated all of this and so much more, which meant those strategies couldn't work.

She laughed.

"Poor boy," she said. Apparently, she could make out his features, so she saw them crumple into disappointment.

"Don't talk to me like that," he shot back.

"Like what? You don't want me to talk to you like you're a boy who can be easily controlled and manipulated?" Completely naked, she climbed up onto the bed. She crawled across the distance between them. Then she leaned down, and she pinched one of his toes. From there, she casually brushed the heel of her palm up along his ankle, his shin, his knee, and then his thigh.

His body froze. Paralysis hit him; the inability to move seemed to swim along his arms and legs, as though he didn't know what to do. This girl was dangerous, he realized. On some primordial level, he knew he couldn't move or react. He had to stay right there, and now her hand went up to the chastity belt. First, she stroked the metallic pouch that encapsulated his balls. Finally, she stroked the tube that imprisoned his shaft.

"This must be so frustrating," she said. "But you know, I checked out the training data. You did a really good job. You hardly resisted at all. If I didn't know any better, I'd suspect that you have always secretly wanted to be an obedient boy who does *whatever* he's told."

"That's not true," he began to say. His captor reached up with her free hand, and she touched a finger to his mouth. That was enough to silence him. He hated how a single caress could rob him of his voice, yet he knew better than to try to speak.

"Poor, poor boy. You're still confused, aren't you? You still don't understand how this works, do you?"

He glared back at her.

Pulling her hand away, she commanded, "Turn on the light." The switch rested just above his head. He reached over and hit it. Suddenly, he saw this girl naked. He drank in the details of her hair, her lovely features, the curves of her breasts, the color of her nipples, the perfect lines of her waist, and her exquisite legs. He had always known she was attractive. He had always known that she was beautiful, yet he had forced himself to ignore those details, because he never wanted to be accused of harassment or inappropriate behavior.

Only now, his shaft twitched again. He could feel that nascent erection search for freedom.

His body remained trapped. Although he may not have worn shackles or straps, he could hardly move. Most of all, his manhood remained stuck right there, and she knew it as she toyed with him.

"I think you deserve a treat," she said, sitting up and pulling her hair behind her back. With the curves of her knees held together, she motioned for him to come closer.

"What, what do you want me to do?"

"I'm commanding you to lick my nipples," she told him.

"What?" He stared at her. He couldn't believe it.

"Like I said, I monitored your behavior, and I was impressed. You broke a lot faster than I expected, Owen." She waited for him to catch up; she let those words sink in. "So now, you're going to break again. Come here." She waved one finger at him.

"No," he breathed back.

"Do I need to punish you again?" She watched him. She waited.

This girl wasn't supposed to wield that kind of gravitas, strength, poise, or confidence. In an instant, she seemed to bend the laws of reality around her with hardly any effort.

She's supposed to be my assistant! Even if he ran to the refuge of that idea, it didn't mean anything. Worse, he wondered how she had been able to hide this slice of her personality, only to remember something: he had lied about his attraction. As a guy, he had routinely wandered through the world, spotting different girls here and there and instantly wondering what it would have been like to take control. He wished he could see them naked. Wildly inappropriate thoughts and urges had pulsed through the entirety of his body.

If he could hide those predatory urges, why couldn't she?

"No..." Owen said again.

As she had predicted, he broke. As she waited for him near the other side of the bed, he began to lean forward. That wasn't good enough. He'd have to crawl.

"Come on," she said, her eyes shining.

Naked on the bed with this man, she was supposed to be nervous and frightened. Dread should have played across her face as she wondered what he might try to do with her or to her.

Instead, she waited, that eager expression making it clear that she couldn't wait for him to yield again and again. She expected him to surrender...and she was probably right.

Owen didn't want to accept that possibility. He locked his teeth together, and he tried so hard to defy her.

Even so, she'd win. Each and every time, she would be able to defeat him because of what he wore. He contemplated the belt, the metallic curves, and his frustration when he had tried to remove the entire rig.

Then he was right in front of her, and Kayla didn't hesitate. She reached out, and she brushed her fingers along his throat, up to the back of his neck, and into his hair. She tightened her grip, and she pulled him down. Suddenly, his face was right there in front of her left nipple.

"Lick," she demanded. It was an order, and she wouldn't tolerate any kind of disobedience or hesitation.

Ridiculously, he had one thought, *This is inappropriate*. At the same time, however, there was that other impulse. He didn't know where it came from, yet the tension splashed down between his legs. He sensed the tingling along his imprisoned balls and up into his trapped shaft. The moisture drained away from his mouth, but he obeyed this girl.

As she watched, he leaned in, and he gave her exactly what she craved. His tongue gently darted along the tip of her nipple.

"You can do better than that," she ordered. When Kayla spoke, he could hear the pleasure resonating across each syllable. She loved this. She loved knowing she could do whatever she liked with him. For so long, she had obeyed his wishes, chasing after him as she followed his commands. Only now, he couldn't do anything but obey her.

He licked faster now, his tongue darting and sliding along that single point. "Suck," she commanded next.

He tried to pull away.

Her grip was surprisingly powerful there at the back of his head. She didn't allow him to pull away. At that moment, she wouldn't allow him to talk to her either. His mouth had another function, and he yielded to her.

His breathing came faster, but Owen obeyed. He thought of the chastity belt, the electrodes, the energy, and those spikes of pain. He thought about what this girl could do to

him. More than that, he contemplated the stinging humiliation of being locked in this room. It wasn't a prison cell. While he wore that chastity belt, it didn't need to be. It could still confine him as she dictated the borders and boundaries of his existence.

"Good boy," she taunted him. "Suck. More."

As she ordered, he latched on, licking, sucking, his tongue darting along and his mouth tight against the rounded contours of her chest. Heat splashed off of her body, and she grinned down at him. At one point, he made the mistake of looking up. Her eyes met his as heat seemed to dance in her pupils and glow along her irises.

She told him, "Good. That's right. Lick. Suck. Show me where you belong, boy. Make it good for me!"

His nostrils flared all over again. There was that twitch of aggravation, yet he thought of how many guys would have considered themselves lucky to be in a position like this.

But that was only half of the equation, he also reminded himself. While he wore the cock lock, the desires flared down between his legs, reminding him again and again of what kind of power she had over him. It wasn't fair.

Arousal, in a guy, should have granted him strength. It was supposed to offer him a new kind of motivation, something strong and unyielding. He should have been able to chase after this girl, frightening her as he threatened to take everything he desired.

That wasn't how this would work, not while he wore the belt.

She knew it. Most of all, she knew she could own him.

With that sly smile, she studied him. Better yet, she could clearly read his expression. Need and want, frustration and fear, all mixed together, swirling into this storm at the base of his chest.

"Switch," she ordered. Without giving him a choice, she yanked on his hair, and she pulled his head back before pushing him up against to the other side of her torso.

Suddenly, there was that stiffened nipple right in front of his eyes.

Conscious desire warred with biological yearning as he followed her command.

This wasn't right, he told himself. He was supposed to be an entrepreneur, a CEO, a founder. He was supposed to be the kind of bold visionary who could stride into some empty warehouse and turn it into a successful company. It took work, dedication, luck, and skill. Most of all, it was supposed to be *his*, and he'd be the one issuing the commands.

No matter what he said about having a flat power structure, the need for collaboration, equality, and equity, Owen and his employees all knew the truth. He was still in charge. He was the one who made the decisions. He found the investors, spent the money, and ultimately retained as much ownership of the company as possible because it was his. If journalists wanted to talk to someone, it would be him!

Right then and there, he licked. He sucked. He became her toy.

Kayla practically vibrated as she told him, "Good..." She purred that single word. "That's right. Lick. Suck. Show me where you belong, boy. Show me how you should be used. Yes. More. Keep going. Yes. Just like that. Good. That's right. Good. You know what you need to do, don't you? You know who you are, don't you?"

He tried to pull back.

She didn't let him.

In theory, he was stronger. Technically, he probably could have shoved her off of the bed, jumped to his feet, and...What?

She just had to utter a word or grab her phone. With a couple of syllables or the tap of her phone, she could turn his world into a jagged ocean of electric pain.

That's why he kept licking. At the same time, the pleasure and eagerness swarmed through his head. He didn't want to believe it or acknowledge it, only he couldn't deny the truth either: this felt incredible. She was a beautiful girl, and he loved being right there.

Instinctively, he tried to reach out, to slide his fingers plus the curves of his palms along her waist and toward her toned butt.

Kayla grabbed his wrists. Then she pushed. All at once, he was down on his back. He didn't even know a girl like this could be that strong. She straddled him, her dampened sex hovering just above him.

"I want you down on your back, naked. I want you to understand where you belong, Owen. And if you beg very, very prettily, maybe I'll let you out of your belt. Would you like that?"

"Yes. Please."

"Who's your guardian?"

Hesitating or allowing the doubt to play across his face might have provoked her. Perhaps she would have decided all at once that she didn't need to be kind or generous. She didn't need to give him even a hint of pleasure. After all, she'd be the one to decide how long he remained in his belt.

Even without the battery and its electric bite, Kayla could tame him with simple denial. She could make him wait. How long? A couple of hours? In that instant, every minute became a prison sentence. A couple of days? It seemed cruel. She could be cruel. A couple of weeks or months?

Owen had never gone that long without coming, not since he hit adulthood. The concept seemed ridiculous, especially because he was a guy. He relied on that rush of pleasure to relieve the stress.

What was going to happen to him if he couldn't climax? What was going to happen to his willpower, his personality?

Normally, Owen loved to ask questions. As a business leader, he needed to evaluate different economic issues and problems from a variety of angles. Only right then and there, he couldn't do it. Perhaps the ideas were there. Maybe the curiosity buzzed at the back of his head, only he couldn't take control of that conversation.

"You. You're my guardian," he said, forcing out the admission. He hated to enter those words, only Owen couldn't find any other choice.

"And what does that mean?"

"You know what that means," he said.

"Shock him," she answered right as she leaned back to make sure she wasn't touching him.

As his face started to tighten with confusion, he figured it out because the belt zapped him. Along his waist and between his legs, the electrodes came to life, delivering that powerful jolt. He writhed there on the bed.

Sliding forward again, she straddled him. She grabbed his wrists, and she peered down into his eyes. Her dark bangs fell forward and almost brushed along the curves of his forehead. "Do you need another one?"

"No," he said.

“And what does it mean?” Kayla asked, almost close enough to kiss him now. She spoke slowly—like she needed to luxuriate in every sound she made, “Tell me. Tell me, boy. What does it mean?”

“It means you make every important decision for me.”

“Am I in control of your company?”

“Yes.”

“Am I in control of your life?”

“Yes,” he agreed. She had her hands on his wrists, and she pushed her weight down, trapping him. Again and again, he struggled to believe he could shove her away, jump up, and retake control.

This boy didn’t because he couldn’t.

And now she asked, “Can I play with you whenever I want? Can I walk right in here and tell you to get down on your knees?”

“That’s not part of the arrangement,” he insisted.

His tormentor threw her head back and laughed. When she glanced down at him again, that bang streaked across her face. He tried to hate her expression, yet something about her still intrigued and attracted him in ways he could scarcely comprehend.

“Try again,” she commanded.

“Yes,” he admitted. “You can play with me whenever you want.”

“Good boy,” she said. That’s when she reached over toward the bedpost. He didn’t understand what was happening. Turning his head and bracing his weight against his shoulder blade, he watched as she pulled out the black, leather strap.

“What is that?”

“I installed these a little while ago,” she said. “You know, before your court appointment.”

“But, but what if I had found them?” Owen demanded.

His captor grinned down at him. “We both know that wasn’t going to happen,” she said smoothly.

He hated that she was right.

Kayla pulled the first strap over his wrist. She tightened the leather along his skin, strapping him into place. Then she did the same with his other arm. From there, she spread his legs.

“Nice,” she said, apparently impressed with her own handiwork. “If you want, you can struggle,” she said.

“I’m not going to struggle,” he said, fully aware that he wouldn’t be able to break free. Even if he got lucky, it would have made little difference, especially since she still had her voice commands.

“And if you don’t, I’m going to leave you here.”

“No,” he breathed out, one sharp sound that made it clear just how scared she could make him.

“Struggle,” she ordered again.

His lips hardened into a frustrated pout, one that made her laugh. She was taunting him, he knew. Even so, Owen yanked on his right arm. Next, he tried for his left.

In the meantime, Kayla kneeled between his legs. If he had been allowed to stand, she would’ve looked so sexy and subordinate, powerless, like an eager assistant who knew

she had to please her employer to ensure her position. And yet, this girl now towered above him. She exuded power, confidence, and absolute certainty.

Then she reached down, and she touched her soft fingertips to his flanks. She moved her hands along his flanks.

Kayla grazed his pecs and massaged his abs. Her hand slid back up to his neck, and then she leaned down. Straddling him, she tilted her head to the side, and she touched the underside of his chin, forcing this boy into the perfect angle.

"I'm going to kiss you," she said. It wasn't an offer or a request.

"You shouldn't be able to do this," he began to say. Deep down, he yearned to believe in that simple truth as though they could return to those once-obvious rules.

She didn't care.

Kayla kissed him, touching her mouth to his.

Then she broke off the kiss and told him, "I've been thinking about doing that for a very long time."

"You're not going to get away with this," he whispered.

"Get away with what? I'm your guardian. This is my right. If I decide you belong in chastity, then you need it. I can send you off to a hospital or take you out of the country. Remember, you don't have any rights." She touched the tip of his nose, "No. You don't!" Tilting her head to the side, she smirked again, "If I decide that you should get fucked nice and hard, then that's my prerogative."

Blinking, he didn't know how to answer. His thoughts scattered, mostly because she wasn't supposed to use that kind of language. A girl like Kayla wasn't supposed to speak with that kind of tone either. Then again, he didn't know what a girl like Kayla could actually do or accomplish. He had underestimated her. He'd always underestimated her.

Even now, he couldn't quite accept the power and authority she wielded even if he had to endure it.

"Lick," she ordered again, only this time he wasn't going to get the pleasure of brushing his lips along with the smooth curves of her chest. Instead, she placed two fingers on his bottom lip.

Breathing hard and fast even though he had hardly moved, Owen yanked against his shackles again. He pulled on the straps, desperate for escape.

As he had predicted, he failed to escape. He could squirm and writhe beneath her, but that would be all.

Worse, she knew it.

"I can punish you first if you want. Either way, you know you'll do whatever your court-appointed guardian decides."

His muscles contracted. His fingers shoved down against his palms, digging little crescent trenches in his flesh.

Obvious reluctance played across Owen's face. She had no trouble reading him. Then again, he glowered at her with all of the obstinate frustration he could muster. Maybe he secretly believed he could intimidate her. Perhaps this was just some reflex, one a boy like him couldn't control. In any case, she grinned down at him with triumph written across her beautiful face.

He licked. He lifted his head slightly, and he licked and sucked on her fingertips exactly as she wished.

"Do you want to beg your keyholder to let you out?"

“No,” Owen said flatly.

“Too bad,” she said.

Still straddling him with her legs spread, she reached down with her right hand. At first, she traced the tip of her pinky along her inner thighs. She just barely touched herself. Second by second, she let her digit glide up. And then she had her hand between her legs, and her two glistening fingers hovered just above her pussy.

He watched.

Owen didn't know where to put his eyes. Part of him ached to study her face. Another part needed to drink in the vision of her breasts and those stiffened nipples. Other instincts screamed out for him to watch her hand and to enjoy the way she touched herself.

Even as all of this took place, however, the desperation flared between his legs. He could feel his manhood push. It was futile, of course. Even if Owen tried to ignore those sensations, he couldn't do it. There was no way for this boy to deny the needs gripping him.

“Please...” Owen exhaled without any kind of thought. In fact, he blinked again, shocked that this single word had escaped his mouth.

“Keep going,” she commanded.

He tried to tell himself that if he defied her, she'd punish him all over again.

In truth, he had no idea whether or not that was true. After all, she clearly had something else in mind.

And yet, he held onto that excuse. He needed it as he called out to her. “Please. Please, let me out? Please! I can't take this!”

It was true. He had never imagined this kind of denial or frustration. Perhaps there had been moments in his life here or there where the arousal had flared through his body, and he hadn't been able to excuse himself to deal with it. But even then, he never had a beautiful, dark-haired girl like Kayla playing with him.

She didn't answer.

His pleading wasn't good enough, not yet.

She did, however, slide her fingers along her slit. Her hand moved slowly, rhythmically. At the same time, she kept her eyes locked on him. She rubbed slow circles as she enjoyed herself.

“Please. Please, let me out. Please, I can't take this! This, this is driving me insane!” As he howled out those words, Owen thrashed and bucked. His muscles tightened, and he tried to kick and punch his way free.

Still straddling him, she enjoyed the ride as he wiggled and bucked like a wild animal.

He channeled his most dangerous, primal instincts, yet that simply entertained her. She savored those futile movements. He could snarl, bark, or reveal his teeth. He could snap at the air like a beast, yet she had him under lock and key.

A girl like Kayla would never have to fear a boy like Owen Cross.

A shiver danced down her body. In the next moment, she jerked her head up, and she moaned, crying out as the ecstasy gripped her.

She kept touching herself as that lingering pleasure raced to a climax.

Kayla cried out, practically screaming. The sounds reverberated against the air before bouncing along the walls.

“Last chance,” she said.

"Please," he said, breaking again. "Please. Please, let me out? Please, I swear, I'll do whatever you want...you are my guardian. I, I know what that means now. You, you're in charge. You can do whatever you want with me. I get it. Okay? I get it!"

"If I'm your guardian and if I can do whatever I want with you, what does that make you?"

He honestly didn't know what she expected him to say. Different possibilities flashed between his ears, only he couldn't come up with any easy or obvious response. That's why he had to guess, "A slave..." His voice drifted. He couldn't help it.

"I like it. Keep going," she commanded.

He bristled, his muscles tightening all over again. Without thinking, he vented some of that tension by shoving his knuckles down against the sheets. "I'm your slave. I, I'm your slave because I always have to do whatever you want."

"Good boy," she said.

That's when she positioned herself right above him.

She lowered her pussy down to his mouth.

"Lick," Kayla ordered again.

This time, Owen didn't hesitate. He couldn't. He understood that if he messed this up, he might not get another chance. With the need clawing at his body, he had to yield to her, so he slid his tongue along her sex.

He went in deep. He started out slow. He sped up. He tried to focus on her. He did it without thinking, as though he threw himself into a different kind of concentration. Focusing entirely on this girl's body and her responses, he needed to make it good for her. He couldn't have any other priorities or goals. Everything else faded as he lapped at her sex like a thirsty dog.

It took less than a minute for her to come again. Then again. The pleasure rippled and pulsed along her skin because she didn't need to deny herself. She didn't have to draw this out either. She could take whatever she craved, so she embraced that raw wave of pleasure when it came crashing down on her. Arching her back as she rode his face, Kayla embraced that wild heat.

Then she jerked back, and she slipped off of the mattress altogether. She stepped away from the bed.

"Where, where are you going?" Owen demanded.

She left him alone. Raising his head, he called after her again and again. He shouted. He practically screamed. Even so, she continued to stroll away, beautifully naked and powerfully confident in his house.

It may have been his house according to the deed, but she was the one who made the decisions. She had taken control.

Slave. The word seemed antiquated, like it belonged in a textbook. He could hardly process it. Even so, that word kept booming between his thoughts.

She'd left him there, spread out, naked and strapped down.

He waited.

At first, Owen told himself that he could close his eyes, relax, and let time flow around him. He didn't need to get excited, nor did he need to let the uncertainty gnaw at him.

She was messing with him; of course, she was just playing with him. For her, this was a game, one she intended to win. For this man, there could only be one response:

apathy. If he pretended he didn't care and that she couldn't influence him, then he would win. He'd demonstrate that she couldn't really torment him as she expected. Perhaps she could use the electricity from time to time, but that was an entirely different dynamic, one born of a physical response. He couldn't control those reflexes, yet he could choose how he responded.

Within those initial seconds, that idea sounded incredible. He could almost convince himself...

But more and more, Owen's patience began to flake and fracture.

His breathing turned ragged, morphing into one sharp gasp after another. He glanced up along the length of his body, past the foot of his bed, all the way to the door. He stared, and he tried to will it open.

More than anything, he needed that girl to reappear.

Even if she sauntered in there, fully clothed and completely confident as she held onto her phone, he needed to see her again. If she reappeared, he would get the chance to speak. He could try to negotiate with her.

He waited.

Nothing.

He waited some more.

Only several minutes had gone by, yet Owen itched to call out for her. Part of him wanted to shout. Another part of him wanted to snarl or even scream.

Those reactions didn't make sense. Even so, he gasped in one breath after another. The cool air ran along the edges of his teeth, yet she still stayed away.

Then the door swung open.

"Kayla?" Owen whispered.

She reappeared.

Still gorgeous, enticing and totally naked, this girl gripped her phone. Her bare skin held his focus as she strode across the threshold, and he saw her again. Relief hit him hard, only to get replaced by jagged anger a few seconds later.

"Let me up! Let me up right now!" He made his demands. He jerked and bucked again. Flailing and thrashing, Owen battled those restraints. Again, the straps defeated him.

Within seconds, he collapsed back down against the mattress. His chest rose and fell with every desperate pull of air.

"Try it again," she instructed.

Raising his head, he glanced back at her. "What?" Owen asked as he licked his lower lip. "What do you want from me?"

"You know."

He had to beg. The answer occurred to him all at once. Immediately, he rebelled against the notion, only she could turn around again. She might saunter off, and he wouldn't be able to stop her.

Spread out and helpless, he had to play her game. He didn't have any other options.

"Please. Please, you can't just let me stay like this. Please!"

"You can do better. You can do *a lot* better," she informed him.

Her imprisoned CEO didn't want to believe it! Only then, another barrier broke inside of his head, and he tried again. "Please! Please, let me out! Please!"

"And if I do, you won't come without permission. Will you?"

Owen's lips parted for a second. "No..."

“And you’ll focus on my pleasure, won’t you? Deep down, you know that’s all that matters, don’t you? You can see the truth, can’t you?” As she spoke, she casually reached up, gliding her fingertips along his bare ankle and up to his torso. He sucked in another breath, his body going tight and rigid as she extended her touch up along the length of his body.

“Yes,” he told her. In truth, he didn’t even know what this agreement meant. On some level, he understood that he had to follow her wishes, whatever they might be. Telling this girl what she hoped to hear needed to be his singular priority.

“Tell me I’m your superior.”

“You’re my superior!” He hated the frantic desperation in his voice. Even so, he still couldn’t control those intonations.

“Good,” she replied.

She picked up the phone, she activated the app, and her finger dropped down onto one of the icons.

He heard the click of the lock as it released.

At first, he thought there had to be some sensation of pressure, as though the tube had somehow opened or expanded. Within moments, he realized that that was just his imagination.

Still smirking down at him, Kayla hummed to herself as she reached for the belt. She removed the tube, the pouch, and then the metal band. All at once, he realized he was free!

His breathing came even faster.

It didn’t matter, of course. He may have been free, but she stroked his erection.

His cock stiffened instantly.

That rigidity reflected the eager desires spinning and swirling out from his center. Blazing need gripped him. If anything, it became even stronger now.

He had never realized how good an erection could feel! There was a sense of freedom combined with an alluring longing.

Underneath that, he experienced something else: gratitude. Immediately, he tried to stifle that emotion, only she climbed on top of him, spread her legs, and locked her eyes on his as she lowered herself down.

His captor watched him right as she started to ride him.

With one hand, she grabbed onto the base of his cock. Then she used his shaft like a toy.

At the same time, he fought the temptation. At any instant, from that soft touch and tantalizing pressure, he could have lost it. This boy could’ve come so easily!

She touched him.

She used him.

She squeezed and taunted him.

In those opening seconds, he kept his eyes clenched shut. As the adrenaline burned hotter across his veins, he opened his eyes, and he watched as she played his shaft. Then she pushed down on his erection and took his length between her legs.

That delicious heat and the incredible pressure triggered something unstoppable.

Somehow, he managed to maintain his control. His discipline held.

He breathed in. At the same time, he considered what he had told her. He had made a promise. While begging and pleading, he had vowed not to come...

“If you lose control, I’ll lock you up for at least a month,” she promised.

He didn’t want to believe it. He didn’t want to accept it.

Maybe that threat was what gave him the willpower and strength to hold out and deny those primordial instincts.

She rode him, starting out slow. She took her time. She sped up as she rode him.

He grabbed onto the sheets all over again.

Arching his back, he shoved into her, yet he still maintained that silent defiance. He didn't succumb to his body's impulses or natural instincts. Instead, he became her toy as she enjoyed herself.

Harder and faster, she fucked her boy. She rode him until it felt like he had to lose control.

"Give it to me," she growled.

At first, he thought that had to be his imagination, as though these words sparked as some auditory hallucination.

"Now," she ordered. "Right now!" She was laughing as he bucked his hips up and rammed his cock deep into her. She loved the friction; she savored every motion of flesh on flesh.

As she climaxed, he panted and moaned without hearing any of those sounds.

Owen Cross had never experienced this kind of desperation before. The satisfaction seemed to swirl hotter and faster. It felt like staring into a supernova as the heat felt like an avalanche down along his body.

She jerked away, finished with him.

For this boy, it felt like losing consciousness. He closed his eyes, and he was breathing hard. She wiped him down, and then...

The tube.

The pouch.

The belt.

On some level, Owen felt as though he was supposed to argue or fight with her, as though he could stand any kind of chance at all.

He heard those final clicks, and he recognized the truth. It was too late. The exhaustion had subsumed his will to defy her, and now she looked down into his eyes. With her hands braced by the sides of his head, she smiled down at him. "Nicely done, boy."

These days morphed into a blur.

She gave him commands, and he obeyed each one.

His guardian made him exercise "for his own good". She forced him to go into the home gym that he had used once or twice each week. Normally, his sessions were supposed to last between twenty and thirty minutes.

Now she wanted him and there for one hour, two or three. He stretched, ran on the treadmill, and lifted weights.

He worked out hard. She didn't give him any other choice. He ran and lifted until the rivulets of sweat made his face and shoulders shine for her amusement.

Sometimes, she watched him. There were other moments when he would attempt to slow down. Occasionally, he actually got away with it. But then there were other instances when she would be watching him through one of the new cameras she had installed. With the sweat dripping down his naked body, she'd see him begin to relax, so she'd shock him.

More and more, he learned that he couldn't know what was going on or whether or not she was watching. Consequently, he had to do his best. He couldn't slow down. He couldn't try to relax. Doing so was a mistake. Each and every time, he regretted it.

After that, he would shower off.

Next, he would clean his own house.

The idea seemed ridiculous. He didn't know how something like this could be happening, yet he vacuumed, he wiped down the windows, he scrubbed the plates, and he swept the floors. Normally, he hired people for this kind of work. As a CEO, he was supposed to be better than these mundane tasks.

Sometimes, he'd clean for an hour, and then she would come and get him.

Whenever he saw her, Owen didn't know what he was supposed to feel. Yes, there'd be those hot spikes of anger behind his eyes and deep within his chest. But there was something else as well. He didn't know how to name the second sensation. At first, it felt a little bit like fear. But then he realized it wasn't quite *fear*. It wasn't some amorphous dread, nor could it be described as any kind of panic.

Instead, he'd glance up at her, and there would be this nervous energy simmering just beneath his skin. At the same time, he itched to act.

The desires remained. Day by day, they grew stronger and stronger.

He couldn't help it.

She fucked him once, and then...nothing. She kept him locked up. Occasionally, he thought about asking or begging or pleading. Each time, he dismissed those ideas, largely because he already knew she had made up her mind. She had a plan, and she would enact it whether he liked it or not.

Besides, Owen still retained some sliver of his dignity. Despite what he had told her, he wanted to think he would find a way to escape.

Even so, he didn't dare try the windows or even the front door. Perhaps she had allowed him out of his bedroom, but that wasn't enough.

He needed more.

Given enough time, she'd make a mistake. She could call herself his guardian or whatever she liked, but the truth was that she was still a person, and she would get arrogant. She would allow her ambitions to override her diligence. And when that happened, he would be able to take the initiative.

At least, Owen used that idea to balm his savaged ego.

Initially, he had no trouble thinking of the time that collapsed around him. He counted out those days. Only then, he woke up after several weeks, and he couldn't remember exactly how long he had been there.

When he wasn't exercising or cleaning, she sometimes enjoyed toying with him.

At one point, she had tied him to his bed with a blindfold over his face, a gag in his mouth, and headphones covering his ears.

Music played. At first, he wondered if she was trying to hypnotize him or something. That wasn't it. Instead, she simply intended to distort his sense of time.

It worked.

When she pulled the blindfold off of him, Kayla had looked down into his eyes and asked, "What day is it?"

"Wednesday," he had told her. He hadn't been under her control for that long.

"No," she said with a smile and a quick shake of her head. "It's Thursday."

"You're lying," he told her. At the same time, he braced himself for a disciplinary zap. Instead, she had smiled, "You can believe whatever you want."

He didn't have his phone. He couldn't access a computer.

Consequently, he didn't know whether or not she was telling the truth. Was she messing with him? With a blindfold on, he had fallen asleep at several points. Since there was nothing else to do but listen to that music and sleep, he had drifted in and out of semi-consciousness.

She did this on several different occasions.

More and more, it was hard to tell the difference between the days.

When he had worked as a CEO of his company, Owen had obsessively tracked the passage of every minute and hour. It had been a professional requirement. He had to be aware of the short-term problems, long-term opportunities, and ongoing issues. When he woke up, he would contemplate exactly how many minutes he had to get dressed, to eat his breakfast, to drive to work, and how long it might take to answer the different emails and questions that confronted him on an hourly basis.

Whether he liked it or not, Owen always had to chase the clock.

That wasn't true anymore.

His guardian now dictated his schedule.

And then there were the other moments when she used him.

On that first occasion, she rode him hard. Whenever those flashes of memory came roaring back, he'd close his eyes and embrace the echoing heat and those remembered sensations that still seemed to lurk within his skin. Each time, his cock twitched. His shaft would start to stiffen, only to press out against the cruel, curved boundaries of his chastity cage. But later, she expected service.

She'd order him onto his knees or his back. She'd ride his face or pull his head up between her inner thighs.

He got used to the taste of her excitement.

After that first encounter, he had hoped it could happen again. She would want him, use his mouth, demand the service of this tongue, and tie him down so that he could be helpless while she rode him.

Instead, she would enjoy her orgasm, taking her pleasure. She would bask in her authority, revel in her satisfaction, and finish with him.

Sometimes, she'd have him tied down. Naked except for his chastity belt, he would be little more than a living pillow. She could rest her head on his shoulder and tell him about the new order.

"Women are going to rule every facet of society," she would say dreamily. "Women will have total control over everything."

When she made those kinds of comments, he stayed silent. Kayla didn't seem to mind. If anything, she enjoyed voicing those ideas.

"It's going to be remarkable. We're going to need new systems. Daughters will outrank their fathers. Wives will own their husbands. It's only a matter of time, boy." With each word, she could either relax and lazily imagine what this new society could look like. "It's going to be an inescapable social order. A few boys might try to run, but do you know what I think?"

"What? What do you think?" If he had tried to remain silent, she might've decided to discipline him. That was something he couldn't take, especially as he got lost in those different days.

"I think we're going to lock down the borders. The smartest of you boys might see what's happening. Maybe they'll realize that women hold more power than we ever have before. A few of them might think it's a good thing. Those are the guys who can identify themselves as feminists. Isn't that sweet?"

"I guess," Owen said when she first suggested the idea.

"But then, the other boys are going to be skittish and nervous. A few of them are going to try to run. The ones with money and real skills can probably leave the country and go somewhere else. But you know what I find to be really, really funny?"

"What?"

"There are those boys that have been screaming about feminists for decades. The misogynists, the chauvinists, the jackasses who think that a little bit of progress for women is somehow terrible for society. They have no idea. But we *are* coming for them now."

She loved that phrase: *We are coming for them.*

When he first heard it, Owen shivered. But as she made that point to him again and again, it became almost natural, another mantra, something for this boy to absorb as he learned how to behave.

We are coming.

With every session, he could feel something inside of him weaken. Or maybe it was just this cloud of warm desire that seemed to envelop him. He couldn't help it. He would be down on his knees, by the front door, and he would wait for Kayla to return. Sometimes, she alluded to what happened back at the office.

At one point, she told him, "Don't worry. Everyone heard about the judge's decision. They know that I'm in charge now. A couple of the guys might be upset, but that's okay. They're going to be fired or demoted."

He had perked up when he heard that. Stiffening his spine, he had tried to argue with her.

She disciplined him. First, she shocked him. After that, she pointed to the corner and ordered him to take his place. Maybe she used the geo-fencing feature. Maybe she didn't. He never got to find out because he wasn't brave enough to test it.

When she got really annoyed and decided to shock him, she could take away every other thought and sensation. He would be there on the floor, braced, twitching and writhing as one blast of energy after another slammed into him. Those flashes of pain left him hollow, exhausted, and ready to obey.

It didn't help that he tasted her sex, that she could touch him, that she sometimes allowed him to fondle her breasts, squeeze her ass, or lick her nipples. When she kissed him, he wanted to beg for more. Sometimes, he could cling to his old sense of propriety, ego, and self-respect. But then there were those moments when he would look up at this dark-haired girl, and he knew she could own him so completely. She could take whatever she liked from him, and she would give it up almost willingly.

And if he didn't, she could always punish him. She could always tame him again before taking whatever she liked.

Then came the day when she told him to get dressed.

She tossed him a bag filled with clothes: pleated slacks, shined leather shoes, socks, even underwear, and a shirt. With a nervous gulp, he had looked back up at her. "What is this?"

"Get dressed," she told him. "I'm taking you out."

Her boy didn't understand when he heard those words. After so long, the idea of "out" seemed strange and impossible to grasp. Still, he obeyed. Knowing full well that she could shape his behaviors however, she saw fit, he pulled on the socks, underwear, pants and shirt. Then she took him by the hand, and she guided him to the front door of his home.

For a few seconds, he could hardly comprehend what was about to happen. But then, he clenched his eyes shut, shook his head from side to side, and reminded himself of the man he had been. This was only the front door.

How could he be scared of a front door? How could he be nervous when it came to the prospect of going outside?

That afternoon, she took him out to a restaurant closed for a private function. At first, he didn't understand, only then he put the pieces together, especially when he saw most of the partygoers. They were women. There were a few men like Owen. Like him, they seem somehow disoriented, aloof, shy, and completely withdrawn. Occasionally, they would lean over and whisper something to their handlers or guardians, but that was it.

Right away, Owen tried to think of some way he could utilize this change in circumstances. When he saw those other guys, he wondered if maybe he could surreptitiously go up to them and to try to figure out what was going on and what was happening to them. If they worked together, perhaps they could find some leverage.

The idea occurred to him, only he couldn't chase down that strategy. Although he itched to try, Owen couldn't execute his plan. Instead, he followed Kayla around. Occasionally, she showed him off, putting her hand on his butt or nudging him forward. Sometimes, she enjoyed brushing her fingertips along the nape of his neck and through his hair. Then she would say something like, "This is Owen Cross, former CEO of Cross Technologies. He built a really nice little company, but now it's all mine. I make the decisions, and he has to do whatever I say. Seriously, this is the future. We can take out all the powerful boys. We're taking the courts. Then we take the world of business, and that the rest of society can fall. The boys can all be enslaved, just like Owen here!" As she made that final point, Kayla loved to reach up and pinch his cheek.

She was talking to a bunch of other women. He didn't dare speak. In theory, he knew he could have grabbed one of them.

He didn't. He didn't dare.

He didn't want to believe that his personality or behaviors could truly be shaped by this girl, especially when she had been his assistant. She wasn't supposed to wield this kind of influence or power. Then again, his expectations had been rendered utterly irrelevant. It didn't matter what he thought or believed. Over and over again, he came to that conclusion. She could say whatever she liked. She could do whatever she wanted. Most of all, he couldn't stop her.

"Isn't that right?" Kayla asked him.

Owen immediately realized that all of these women were now looking at him. He glanced up and around. If he hoped to find any kind of sympathetic responses, he must've been disappointed. These women were watching him, and he realized something. Their

expressions all reminded him of Kayla. There was something condescending, hungry, and utterly confident about the way they watched him.

As a guy, he had understood the concept of male privilege. Men received so much more respect by default. A guy could walk into different offices for business, and people would take him seriously. He didn't know if that was because they were taller or bigger or if their deeper voices made some significant difference. Still, he could acknowledge this small advantage.

Only now, that same privilege seemed to be turned against him. Owen Cross wished he could seize that moment. But with his shaft locked away, and with those desires simmering just beneath the surface of his skin, and the weight of those women's stares...he couldn't. He couldn't do it. He couldn't do anything but look back at them, his eyes wide. He felt like prey. There was this pack of women in front of him, and they exuded that authority. They had money and power, influence and control. More than that, they were at the edge of victory, and they knew the men in society wouldn't be able to stop them.

Again and again, he wished he could just jump up, straighten his back, lock his elbows against his sides, and scowl at all of them. He needed to be defiant, to tell them, "I don't care what you think you're going to accomplish here. It's not going to work. Your plans will fail. We will fight back. We'll show you what we can do!" Better than that, he yearned to remind them that men had been in charge for millennia. The male half of humanity had taken control. These women wanted a war? Fine. The men in society would fight back!

He saw those women looking back at him. Some of them wore glasses like Kayla. Others had their hair tied back into severe buns. A few wore dresses. Others were in snug skirts. He saw several women in formfitting black pants and blouses. As he let his eyes jump from one female to the next, he tried to think of what he and the other men in the world could accomplish if they worked together.

At the same time, he instantly tracked back to that other problem.

So many guys out in the wider world didn't even realize there was a problem. They didn't bother tracking something boring like the transfer of wealth from men to women. They probably didn't study the numbers either. Women had outnumbered men at the colleges and universities for years, and no one seemed to care. No one seemed to work out what that would mean in the long-term...If anything, more men argued against getting an education. He had skimmed most of the headlines and read a few of the articles.

As hard as he struggled to act, Owen couldn't do it. He forgot how to speak, and now Kayla came up to him. She put her hand on the back of his neck, and she squeezed. She may have been shorter than him by several inches, yet her cool touch and the curves of her fingertips made him shiver. "Isn't that right, boy?"

He realized she had asked him a question, and now he gulped back his trepidation. With the pressure of those women watching him, he answered with a meek, "Yes."

"And now, you're proud to be a slave, aren't you? You're glad that I'm your guardian because you know that you couldn't handle the responsibilities of running a company. Politics should be reserved for women. Business should be reserved for women. Every major decision should be a woman's choice. Isn't that right, boy?"

"Yes," he answered, just as meek and timid as before.

"And you want to show everyone here how I'm training you, don't you?"

His eyes widened, and he spun back. He glanced at her. He didn't want to believe it. He didn't want to acknowledge what she had just commanded.

Dropping his voice, he tried to whisper, "Please. Please, Kayla. Please, don't?"

His guardian pretended not to hear him. She let go, stepped back, and crossed her arms over her chest. With a severe look on her face, she watched him. All at once, he began to move. His hands seemed to hover up on their own, as the gravity could no longer touch him. But then, he worked the buttons on his shirt, pulled it away, shrugging off of the garment. All at once, he felt like he was back at home. Then again, that house wasn't his, was it? If she could make any decision she liked, then that meant he had become little more than her plaything. He thought of how she could trap him in his bedroom or even a random corner in the house. With a few programmed instructions, she could ensure his compliance.

Suddenly, he was shirtless in front of those women.

He saw it again: that eager amusement. They were having fun. They watched him. As he stripped, he could practically read their thoughts. They were thinking about touching him, rubbing their hands over his body, teasing him, and playing with him. To them, he had become an object of amusement and derision as well.

All at once, a shiver of fear sprinted along his body. He could feel it in his arms and legs, like his muscles clenched. Worse, heat and cold seemed to mix together. A chill seemed to ram into the pit of his stomach, yet he sensed a different kind of heat play across his cheeks and down the nape of his neck.

In business, Owen had always been cool and rational. Although he knew how to get aggressive online, especially in terms of social media, he never actually made any impulsive decisions. He always strived to be rational, cool, and utterly collected with every choice he made. Only right then and there, these girls seemed to activate something primal, something programmed into the essence of his DNA. Whether he liked it or not, he couldn't ignore that fear.

His hands hovered over the button on his pants. The moisture draining away to the back of his mouth, he yearned to glance back up at Kayla and to make another request. He already knew what the answer would be, but he also needed to delay the inevitable.

Then he started to pick up on the whispers.

"He's cute," said one.

"I love knowing that he *used* to be a CEO."

"I'm glad the judicial system is finally working the way it should," suggested another.

They kept their voices low. Even so, he could hear those murmurs, and he knew that every single woman there had decided that Owen needed to be enslaved...just like all of the other boys.

If he cooperated, that meant he was part of the problem. Owen didn't know where that idea came from, only then it disappeared.

Kayla had taken out her phone and surreptitiously delivered a quick snap of electricity. It wasn't one of the agonizing bolts. It didn't knock him down onto his knees. In fact, he barely flinched. Still, his head jerked up, and his eyes met hers. In that instant, she conveyed the most important detail.

Hurry up.

He had no choice.

As those women watched, he stripped. He pulled off his pants, and then he paused again for his underwear. This time, he only hesitated for one or two or three seconds at most. Even so, it felt like much longer. At the same time, he knew they could see the outlines of his chastity belt. Most of all, they had probably talked about it. He doubted this was any kind of secret.

The women watched him. Their collective gaze stripped him of more than just his clothing or his dignity.

He pulled down his underwear. He kicked it away.

They continued to watch him. He stood there, his head dipped down, his knuckles tight, his calves tensed. At the same time, he tried not to imagine their eyes gliding along the contours of his flanks, up his chest, along his neck to his hair, nor did he want to think of them enjoying that look of embarrassed trepidation on his face.

"On your knees," Kayla ordered.

He lowered himself down onto his knees.

"Hold your hands behind your back and tell these women that you're grateful for subjugation. Tell them that the court made the right decision. You aren't supposed to make your own choices." She listed off her demands one after another.

His eyes widened as he looked back at her. Owen understood that he wasn't supposed to be surprised by any of those orders. She intended to show her friends and colleagues what kind of influence she could have on him. She intended to demonstrate her control and power. In that moment, it wasn't even about him necessarily. Rather, she meant to show off.

Owen began to comply. He brought his hands behind his back, and he crossed his wrists. Then he opened his mouth. His lips parted, but the words refused to come out. This time, he couldn't do it.

"No," he said.

That's when he jumped up onto his feet, and he turned back to the women. All at once, he knew what he had to do. "No! I'm not going to let you do this to me! I'm not going to let you get away with this! I'm a man, and I have rights, and I deserve to make my own decisions!" He shouted those words, and the women watched.

Then came the inevitable.

The electricity stabbed into him. It flared out, and he hit the floor hard. He was breathing now, and then he glowered back up at Kayla. "It's just the belt," he told her. "If I wasn't wearing this, you wouldn't be able to control me!"

Kayla didn't shock him again. Instead, she brought her hand up and covered her mouth. Then she started to giggle. "Is that what you think?" asked his former assistant. "Is that what you *really* think?" That beautiful, dark-haired girl adjusted her glasses, and the light reflected along the lenses. "Should we show him the truth, ladies?"

He didn't pick out any of the individual responses. Instead, he focused on Kayla as he tried to understand what she had in mind. Then he glanced over at the door, and he knew this might be his best chance.

She held up the phone again, she tapped in a command, and then he heard the clicks. All of the locks on his chastity belt had just released.

"Go on," she said. "Take it off."

Tentatively, he reached down. He removed the tube. He slid off of the pouch. He even yanked the belt away, and he let each piece clatter down onto the floor.

The women watched him and waited.

Owen didn't think. He didn't strategize as he leapt up onto his seat, and he ran for the exit.

The women came together. He didn't know how many there were here. Dozens at least, and now they blocked the exit. He tried to rush his way through, like he could just lean down, use his superior strength as a man, and break past them. Maybe he would knock one of them down. Maybe he would leave a couple of bruises. He didn't care!

Escape.

That had to be his only priority!

Owen smashed into that group. He tried to move past them. He didn't want to tackle anyone, if only because that would mean falling to the floor himself.

It didn't matter.

They grabbed him. There were hands on his shoulders and forearms. They took hold, snatching him up. It was just the weight of numbers. Suddenly, they turned him around. There had to be at least three or four women on his left, more on his right, and he tried to yank away, but it didn't matter.

They dragged him to the center of the room.

Kayla, his owner and guardian, waited for him. She had her hands on her hips, and she looked back at him. "You thought it was just the chastity belt, didn't you? But you see now? Can you see what we can do to you, especially when we work together?"

Refusing to respond, Owen struggled to break free. At that moment, he didn't wear the chastity belt. He wasn't even shackled or tied down. And yet, he kept bucking and thrashing, pushing and twisting as these women held him. They were laughing.

He could hear those sounds as well. They seemed to resonate along his skin, vibrating to the depth of his being.

"Against the wall," Kayla ordered.

They shoved him into place. All at once, he could feel the solid surface, and then Kayla came up behind him. "We will tame you," she vowed. "It's going to take a while," she acknowledged. "You can struggle. You can fight. You can do anything and everything in your power to escape, but it won't matter, Owen. I have you. Remember, this is all legal because the court knows who you are and what you need."

"I can think for myself!" he roared back.

That's when she came up behind him, and she spanked him. Her hand struck against the curve of his rear.

He froze, suddenly shocked into stillness. He didn't understand. He still had those hands on his wrists, elbows, and shoulders, locking him in place. Despite everything, he didn't want to believe it.

Then she came up to him, and she struck again. With one hand, she grabbed him by his hair. With the other, she smacked his ass over and over again.

He tried to deny the pain. He did his best to ignore the sensations. Compared to the electric shocks, this shouldn't have meant anything, only he was trapped. At the same time, the laughter continued to wash over him. He could hear those errant comments and asides.

"I think this is going to be really good for him."

"Absolutely. Boys need to be spanked."

"Whenever I see a man, he goes out of his way to prove that he isn't capable of acting like a capable citizen."

"Let's face it. Men are closer to animals or children," said someone else.

In the meantime, Kayla struck again. Her hand swung down, and it felt like this lightning bolt of sensation with each impact.

Then she yanked on his hair again, pulling his head back, so he had no choice but to stare up at the ceiling. Her voice cut through the din, "Are you going to be a good boy? Are you going to do anything and everything I command?"

"Yes!"

These girls had wrestled him into place, and now they pulled him back to the middle of the room. They pushed him down, and that's when Kayla went to work. She pulled the belt around his waist. She slipped the tube into place. It took some doing. His shaft started to stiffen again. He couldn't help it. Just a taste of freedom was enough to excite him. But then she peered into his eyes, "Should I grab some ice?"

"No," he breathed out with a panicked shake of his head.

Kayla got the tube on. Next, she imprisoned his balls. His genitals were now under her control...again.

"What would you like to tell the ladies gathered here?"

This time, he couldn't hold out. Down on his knees and defeated, he raised his face. "I'm a boy. I'm a boy, and that makes me inferior."

"And what about the rest of society?"

Somewhere deep down, Owen had hoped he wouldn't have to utter those words. But now, that dark-haired girl stood over him like some goddess, and she had that knowing smirk on her face. The curve of her lips made it clear: she would accept nothing less than his total surrender. And now, he had to give her precisely what she desired. If he failed, she would tame him. She would discipline him. She would give him whatever he needed to ensure his compliance.

"Everywhere, men need to be enslaved. We deserve to be enslaved."

"Is that because we're breaking you right now?"

"Yes!" Owen answered.

All around him, the women watched and laughed.

When he woke up the next day, Owen reached down under the blankets of his bed. She had allowed him to sleep on his mattress, and now he slid his fingers along the smooth contours of his chastity belt. Then he glanced over at the window, and he knew he had to make the attempt.

Up until now, he had resisted the urge. He had defied the temptation again and again. On some level, it had seemed so futile as though she would simply shock him the moment he stepped outside without her to guide him.

Bristling, he thought of what that meant. He needed an *escort*. It made him remember those old movies and books set centuries ago, where women could only be permitted out in public with a chaperone.

That was what she anticipated. That was what she expected. That was what she *planned*. All of those women, powerful individuals with so much wealth and influence, would reshape society. Boys wouldn't be allowed any power or freedom.

It wouldn't happen instantly, he knew. Even if he was one of the first to get trampled beneath the female supremacists, he understood how they could make their way across society.

The transition couldn't be instant, but it could still happen quickly. He thought of what social media had done to society within just a few years.

If these women worked together and came from the different facets of government and business, they could accomplish so much...

He couldn't let it happen.

He had to get out there. He had to talk to people.

At that moment, the female supremacists were still a conspiracy. They were big, and they were powerful, but there were still men in the government. Powerful individuals existed who could stop this. At the very least, they could resist.

Then he bit down, bristling all over again as he thought of the guys who had wasted so much air arguing against the feminists. Simultaneously, Owen had to wonder what would have happened if the male half of humanity had been kinder. And yet, he closed his eyes. Despite everything he had endured, he thought of those bad actors on his side of the gender spectrum. He pondered the immature, aggressive, cruel men who had enjoyed their positions of power and tormented the females underneath them.

"It's our turn," Owen whispered instinctively.

But then he shook his head from side to side.

No, he told himself. Males could still push back. They could still rise up. Kayla and her compatriots were not guaranteed any kind of success. More than anything else, he needed to believe it. And that's why he went to his closet. When he opened the door, he expected to hear a beep from his chastity belt, as though he had triggered some protocol or algorithm.

Nothing happened.

He took out some pants and a shirt, shoes and socks. He pulled them on quickly. At the same time, he kept waiting for the inevitable. Kayla may have been gone. Maybe she was home. He didn't know, but if he waited for a more opportune time, he worried his courage would flake away. After all, he had something else inside of him, this instinct to...obey.

Owen refused to contemplate that impulse, yet it seemed to buzz inside of his head like a new drive. Part of him genuinely wished to wait there for his owner to come back. She would tell him if he needed to exercise, clean, or service her. Maybe she would tie him down and ride him. Probably not. Even so, he could hope. In fact, he might even look up at her with big eyes, hold his hands together, and beg. He could plead.

More than that, he could adapt to this new system. Maybe his life had changed, but he didn't need to be the man from before. He could let go of his previous position and forget he had ever enjoyed those ambitions. Instead, he could see how this new system worked, and he could adapt. He could learn.

Shaking his head, Owen refused. "I am Owen Cross, CEO of Cross Technologies." He whispered those words with as much fierce determination as he could muster.

And then, once he was dressed, he went to the window. He was on the first floor, so he lifted it up, and he jumped. His feet hit the soft grass outside. Owen raised his head, and he looked around. He saw the fence, the street out beyond, and then he started running.

He pushed himself, kicking his feet to the grass. At the same time, he could still feel the extra weight of the chastity belt around his waist and between his legs.

He ignored it.

He made it out onto the street.

With every second, he expected some timer to activate. Perhaps the belt would remind him that he needed to be back inside.

Once his shoes touched the concrete of the sidewalk, he didn't know what to do. He paused, and then he waited.

Nothing.

Nothing happened.

He could do this, he told himself. He could get away!

Owen turned to the left, and he ran. He made his way out of the gated community. He ducked under trees, and he kept moving along the street.

She had worked him hard, forcing him to exercise almost every day. And now, he used that strength. More importantly, a jolt of excited adrenaline seemed to shoot down into his legs, making it easy, almost as though this didn't require any effort at all. He kept running hard until the heat on his brow morphed to light perspiration.

And then he saw something up ahead.

There was a police cruiser.

Without thinking, he waved his arms, and he flagged them down. The car rolled past him, and he thought maybe they didn't see him. Then the vehicle pulled off to the side of the road, and he turned back. He ran over to them. He started to shout, "Officers, I need your help. Please." Even as the words left his mouth, he didn't know exactly what he intended to say or how he would explain this. At the same time, he knew he just had to get away from Kayla. If he could find a lawyer, anyone really, he knew he would be able to work against her. Even if he had lost his rights as a citizen, an attorney would take his case, if only for the chance to win a part of his wealth. It would be a speculative play, but he was sure he could make it work.

And if he could get in front of a different judge with a different jury, then he had a chance.

All of the pieces fit together behind his eyes right until that moment when the doors opened and the police officers stepped out onto the street. There were two of them, both female.

The wore shades, and he saw the glint of their guns. They both wore their firearms on their right. They had stun guns on the left.

"Everything okay?" asked one of the officers.

He had to lie.

"Yes. I...I'm sorry, officers." In truth, he'd never spoken to the police before. As a CEO, he had talked to regulators, different investigators, accountants, and other bureaucratic individuals. But the police...the actual officers who patrolled the streets and drove around with their sirens blaring had never come into his life before. "I think it was a mistake. I was just a little bit confused. I'm sorry."

He turned around, and he started to walk away. He hoped the two officers would just shrug, get back into their car, and decide he wasn't worth their time. Owen took one step, another, and another after that. With every stride, he resisted the temptation to burst into a run. The adrenaline from before came singing back through his body, practically screeching for him to sprint as hard as he could.

Several more seconds elapsed.

He was doing it.

He was getting away.

These police officers had something more interesting to deal with. Maybe he had already gotten lucky, and their radios had chirped for their attention, informing them of a burglary, assault, or some other crime.

"Stop, boy," one of them called out to him.

Boy.

If she had only uttered that first word, then maybe he would have been able to turn around, face them, and sincerely hope that this might work out for the best.

Instead, Owen glanced over his shoulder, and he knew he only had one or two seconds at most to make his decision, especially because they now marched toward him. He tried to read their strides as though he could figure out what they had in mind.

Boy.

Only female supremacists would use that kind of language. He was an adult. He was a man. He obviously knew how to take care of himself, and he deserved respect. Even so, they used that syllable, and it told him everything he needed to know.

Boy.

He had to run!

He had no choice.

Slamming his heels down against the concrete, he raised his arms, cut through the air, and threw himself forward. He ran with as much panicked speed as he could muster in that moment.

He took a few steps.

Owen didn't look over his shoulder. He didn't try to duck, or weave from side to side either. Without thinking about it, he gave them an easy shot.

Something snagged against the small of his back. He could feel that pressure right before the electricity slammed into him. He crumpled, falling down hard against the concrete. He was twitching, and then the two officers were standing above them. They rolled him onto his back. Panting, his eyes wet, he stared at them. "I, I didn't do anything wrong," he tried to say.

"You ran," one of them replied as she lifted her boot and pushed it down against his chest. "And now, you're under arrest."

They ordered him onto his feet, and then they noticed something. One officer glanced back at her compatriot, "You notice that?"

"Do you think he's one of them?"

One of them? One of whom?

Owen couldn't answer, and he didn't dare speak either. Although they had read him his Miranda rights, informing him that he had the right to remain silent, Owen hadn't answered. He stayed quiet and hoped that would be the best move. But now, they had his hands behind his back, and they were about to cuff him. One of the officers grabbed his pants, and she tugged them down, revealing the silver shine of his chastity belt.

Face hot now, Owen itched to come up with some kind of explanation. He wanted to say something to these women, to tell them that this had been some kind of mistake or that it didn't really mean anything. He wanted them to understand that they had to let him go.

Even if those concepts sounded great inside of his head, he knew the police officers weren't going to listen to him. As policewomen, they had authority, and now they just needed to figure out what they were going to do with him.

"Should we ask him?"

"No. Scan it. We just did that training program, so let's see how this plays out."

"Do you really think he's one of the boys that we were told to look for?"

At first, he wondered if maybe Kayla had already called the police, and if there was some kind of warrant out for him. But no, that wasn't what they meant, he quickly realized. There had been conversations about this, about people like him...

With this boy back on his feet and his arms cuffed behind his back, they turned him around, and then one of them pulled out her phone. She brought up the required app and touched the device to his belt. Her phone chirped. "Owen Cross. Yup. He's in the registry. According to this, he has been assigned a guardian, and he isn't supposed to be out without an escort or chaperone."

"Someone has been a bad boy," said one of the officers.

Finally realizing that he had to say something, Owen glanced back at her. Realizing that his assets had been stolen away from him, he couldn't try to bribe her. Besides, she was a police officer. Corruption could seep into any department, he knew, but there was no guarantee that either of these women would accept a payment. That's why he tried something else. "Please. Please, can you talk to me for just a second? I know you have to take me in or whatever, but I want you to think about what's going on here."

The officers glanced back and forth at one another. Then they turned their attention to him.

One woman said, "Oh?"

That was it. That was all she gave him.

Even so, Owen exhaled with just a hint of relief, if only because that was better than he had expected. Despite his rumpled clothing, the chastity belt, and his cuffed wrists, Owen did his best to prepare. He only had a couple of seconds, but he knew this could be the most important speech of his life. He looked right back at them, and he said, "I don't know if there's anything you can do, but I'm asking for help. That's it. I mean, I went to a judge, and she decided that I was unfit to lead my company or make any of my own decisions. You're right. I have a court-ordered guardian. But this isn't right. I didn't do anything wrong, and I didn't hurt anyone. Please, can you help me? Please?"

The two officers seemed uncertain now. "We'll take him in," one said. Then they grabbed him by his arms, they escorted him toward the police cruiser, and they shoved him in the back seat.

This boy had no idea what might happen next.

In school, Owen Cross had never been in trouble. He remembered one moment when a teacher picked him to take some paperwork to the principal's office, and Owen had sheepishly asked, "Where's that?" The teacher blinked in surprise. As far as she had been concerned, every student got in trouble at one point or another. It didn't mean they were bad kids, just that they could get tired, frustrated, or upset. As they dealt with their hormones and struggled with the pressures of adolescence, a lot could go wrong.

Then she had laughed, realizing that Owen had never gotten in trouble. He studied hard and followed the rules. More importantly, he knew how to fade into the background.

She gave him instructions, and he followed them. He dropped off the documents as requested.

But now, Owen was in the back of a police car. His hands were cuffed, and he wore a chastity belt. At the same time, he had to wonder what was going to happen next. He glanced toward the front of the vehicle, and the two officers were whispering back and forth. He couldn't make out any of their words, but one of them kept peeking over at him in the rearview mirror. Her reflected eyes met his, and he tried to look away.

As they drove, he realized something. He was really helpless back here. If they decided to drive him out into the middle of nowhere, an abandoned warehouse, or some empty parking lot, they could tease him and play with him. He wondered, as police officers, if they had the authority to remove his chastity belt. Clearly, the programming on this thing was more complicated than he had originally assumed. He wouldn't be able to use it, of course. More importantly, no one would tell him how it actually functioned.

But what if those women decided to take him? They could grab him, shove him across the hood of their cruiser, ride his face, and enjoy themselves. This boy already knew he wouldn't be able to stop them.

He nibbled on the inside of his mouth and did his best to pretend that there wasn't any frustration or trace fear of the pit of his stomach.

Perhaps it was dumb, yet he still wished for Kayla. He actually wished his guardian could be there.

Right as that idea popped into his head, he blinked through the surprise. What? No. He tried to shake it away.

They pulled up in front of the police department, and the two officers yanked him out of the backseat. They guided him forward. A few minutes later, they deposited him in a small room. They didn't bother cuffing him to the table, but maybe he heard the door lock as they left.

He had done his best, he told himself. Owen still braced himself for some punishment. He glanced back at the door, and he stared at it intently, wondering if or when it would open and Kayla would saunter in.

Or perhaps one of the officers would toy with him. He didn't want to believe it, yet another idea occurred to him. There must've been lots of times where corrupt police officers had played with female criminals.

In that moment, he was a criminal. More importantly, he didn't have any rights. They could do whatever they wanted with him.

He bit down and did his best to remain calm.

If he allowed his emotions to run away, then he would make a mistake. He would mess something up.

The door opened, and he expected a police officer, or worse, Kayla would come striding in before she slipped a collar around his neck, attached a leash, and guided him out. First, she would probably order him to strip. Maybe she would make him crawl out of the police station, if only to remind him of his new status.

Instead, he saw a woman in a gray skirt with a black blouse. She also wore a red scarf, and she had her hair tied back into a loose ponytail.

"Who are you?"

"I'm with the Public Defender's office," she said, clutching a tablet to her chest. She sat down across from him. She turned on her device, swiped a couple of times, and nodded to herself. "It looks like you're Owen Cross. Is that right?"

"Yes," he said. "Does that mean you're a lawyer?"

"I am," she said. "It's my responsibility to make sure you get a proper hearing."

He sucked in a breath. He parted his lips. "Is there, is there any way I could actually talk to a man instead?"

She narrowed her eyes slightly. She sat up, and she leaned back. "Owen, I'm the best you're going to get," she informed him.

"But..." He hated this request. He hated how it sounded. For a long time, there had probably been lots of guys who thought that men were fundamentally better. In that moment, he recognized that this girl was probably quite competent. But could he trust her? That was the problem.

After all, she couldn't understand what he was going through. She probably couldn't even see the problem. If he looked back at her and told her of some grand conspiracy where women were working together to try to oppress the male half of the population, she probably would have laughed. A girl like her must've dealt with lots of sexism, especially as a lawyer. Even as the older, male judges started to retire, she would still carry those bruises and scars from the arrogant men who ordered her to wear skirts and defer to them with unearned "respect" and "due deference".

All too often, it was difficult for any given individual to see how society had changed, especially if they experienced something completely different early on.

As those ideas pumped in through his head, he wanted to explain. He suppressed the urge.

Before he got the chance, the attorney leaned forward now. "I'm sorry to tell you, but there aren't any boys who work in my office."

"What?"

"To be honest, we didn't even notice it was an issue until a couple of months ago."

"A couple of months ago..."

"My supervisor actually wanted to see about hiring some men, but have you looked at the recent law school graduates lately?"

Numbly, he shook his head from side to side.

"Men just aren't enrolling in these programs. I mean, there are discussions about it. From what I can see, the advisers are trying to figure out if it's a question of intelligence, testing scores, or some hidden bias. But as near as we can tell, the guys just aren't getting the required classes or going through any of the certification processes."

"Right."

The attorney clapped her hands together, "But anyway, I need to know what you want to do. You can have me talk to the judge to see if we can get a hearing, or I can discharge you now to your guardian. What's it going to be?"

Her new client made his choice.

He had to remain there for a couple of hours. Then a police officer came for him. He hoped it would be a man.

It wasn't.

She escorted him down the hall, through an intersection, and up to a pair of double doors. Apparently, there was a courtroom connected to the police department. Owen had no idea if this meant anything. The doors opened, he walked inside, and he took a seat.

The attorney from before was already seated at one of the tables. Owen took the other seat.

He wanted to look over at the lawyer and ask her what they were going to do there. Specifically, what was her plan? What did she have in mind? Most of all, he needed to know what he could do to help.

Before he could formulate any of those words, the judge walked in. She was an older woman. She had dark gray hair that framed her face and hung down around her black robes. Everyone in the courtroom rose for her, and then they sat down again a few seconds later.

"Let's make this quick, shall we?" The judge looked around the room, and then her eyes locked on to him. He shivered. At the same time, Owen struggled to remember if he had seen this woman back at the party. When he had been stripped and forced to perform for Kayla, was this judge there? He didn't know. He didn't think so. Then again, he couldn't be certain one way or the other. "Why am I here?"

"Your Honor, this boy is requesting a hearing for the immediate review of his legal status."

"I see," she said. "Owen Cross, would you like to make a statement?"

"That's probably not a good idea," whispered the lawyer.

Owen really wished he could take her advice. He had heard that old aphorism about how anyone who represented themselves in a court case had a fool for a client. Even so, he didn't see much choice. He rose to his feet. He faced the judge, and he told her, "Your Honor, I mean no disrespect, but I would very much like to make a statement."

"Go ahead," she said, waving her hand with just a hint of impatience.

He nibbled on the inside of his mouth.

The lawyer glanced at him again. Her eyes conveyed everything: she thought this was a very bad idea.

He didn't care. This may have been risky, but he had to try. If he didn't, he already knew he would regret it, especially because he couldn't trust these women to help him.

Owen drew in a breath, expanded his lungs, exhaled, and began, "My name is Owen Cross. I understand that I said some things online, and I realize how that might make me seem like I am unreliable. Your Honor, that simply isn't true. I may have made a couple of mistakes in terms of how I have represented myself, but I don't need a guardian. I can make my own decisions. If nothing else, allow me to offer up control of my company."

There. He said it. Owen hadn't really believed he could do something like this. And yet, he raised his chin, and he stared up toward the judge. At the same time, he did his best to convey his seriousness and sincerity. This was a real offer, and he hoped it would be good enough.

He continued, "I know this might sound extreme, but I want to make myself clear. If I did something wrong while I was running my company, then I'm offering to give it up. I want you to please understand that I can think for myself. I understand what the other lawyers said. I know that this might seem crazy, but I need you to listen to me." Most of all, he knew that this was a bribe. Maybe they weren't interested in him at all. If he didn't have this singular asset, then maybe they would just let him go. They could decide he was unimportant.

Most of all, he knew he was offering legitimacy to their takeover. Right then and there, maybe there were rumors spreading online. Perhaps people had realized that Owen Cross had lost his position and was no longer the effective CEO of his company. He had started it, but he never walked away. The digital denizens who followed this kind of thing

would see the truth. But if he actually surrendered and signed over his assets, then the female supremacists would have a veneer of legitimacy.

Offering that up felt like some kind of treachery, but he had to do it.

"I'm listening," the judge said, her eyes sparkling with interest.

"If I have to start over, I can do it," he said. He said all of that. And now, he found himself breathing harder and faster as he waited for the judge to make her decision.

"This is an interesting offer you have proposed," she told him. "To be honest, I have never had anyone make a suggestion like this before." Touching her fingertips together now, she considered him. "That said, are you sure I should trust you?"

"I will do whatever it takes to demonstrate that I am capable. I don't need someone to take care of me. I don't need a woman to tell me what to do."

"Are you sure about that?"

He blinked, uncertain. All at once, he didn't know what he was supposed to or say how he should respond.

"What?"

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yes," he finally told her.

"You just offered me your entire company. Does that sound like a rational thing to do?"

"But, but..."

"Young man, I understand that things are complicated and that you're having a difficult time. I'm sure that starting your company was very taxing. It probably put a lot of strain on you and your mental health. That said, I think having a guardian for you is an excellent idea. You need someone to tell you what to do and how to behave."

"But, but she keeps me in a chastity belt," he said.

"Really? Is that the case?"

"Yes," he said, practically hissing out that answer.

"And that is a problem?"

"Yes!" He hated how that exasperation spilled into his voice, only he didn't know how to control himself, not under circumstances like these.

The judge watched him. She seemed to consider him for several long seconds. "Tell me why this is a problem."

She was listening to him. That made this sound like a victory. Owen breathed out again and worked hard to center his thoughts. He couldn't allow himself to sound like some hysterical male. Instead, he needed to be calm and rational. "This chastity belt allows my guardian to have far too much control over me. It can be used to shock me, track my movements, and control me," he hated admitting that last part, but he couldn't deny it.

"How did she use it on you?"

"She keeps me locked up most of the time," he said. "She makes sure that I have to do anything and everything she says."

"She expects you to be obedient," said the judge. Again, he tried to read her tone, only he couldn't pick out any of her thoughts.

"She does," he said. "But it's more than that. I, I think she wants to enslave me."

"Come here," said the judge, motioning for him to step into the center of the room.

Owen hesitated as he glanced over at his attorney, but the young woman motioned for him to obey the judge. In this courtroom, that woman was in charge, so he couldn't dare provoke her ire.

Tentatively, he stepped up toward the judge. "Show me," instructed the woman.

Again, he hesitated for a moment or two, but she seemed intrigued. Maybe she would see it, realize that this was completely unfair, and decide to release him, all because of the equipment Kayla had forced him to wear. In fact, he loved that idea! She had tried to control him. With this belt, he would win his freedom.

The ideas fit together, and he tugged down his pants to reveal the belt.

"I see," said the judge. "And what has she made you do?"

"She makes me cook and clean, crawl, exercise, and beg her. She makes me service her sexually," he said. Admitting that last part triggered another jolt of frustration deep within his stomach, but he didn't admit it.

"And what about your handler? How do you feel about her?"

"I can respect her," he said diplomatically.

"Apparently, you obey her?"

"I do."

"Do you think she's beautiful?"

"Is that relevant?"

"I asked you a question," snapped the judge.

"Yes. I guess I think she's beautiful," he said.

"Then you should be grateful."

"What?" Owen asked.

The judge leaned forward a little, almost as though she wanted to make sure he understood the importance of what she was about to say, "Mr. Cross, I appreciate the position you are in, and I can understand why you are confused. But if you stop and think about this, you will understand that you're lucky. You have a woman who will own you and control you and take care of you. That's why I'm going to alter the status of your guardian. From now on, her position is permanent."

That's when the police officers walked into the room.

Owen spun back. He opened his mouth. He looked to his lawyer.

These women had made the determination. The decision had been set, and now those officers grabbed him, and they dragged him from the courtroom. With each second, Owen tried to call out, to shout. He tried to think of something you could say. And yet, he didn't dare defy these women.

The officers took him straight back into the parking lot. He didn't resist, yet he still struggled to comprehend what had just happened. Only a few minutes had gone by since the judge made her announcement, and now the paperwork was probably getting processed. Clerks, lawyers, and the judge would need to sign off on her decision. The information would fall through the pipes of the judicial process, cementing his fate.

Once they had them back in the police car, Owen tried again. "Please. Please, where are we going?"

"We're taking you back to your guardian," said one officer. She made it sound like a chore.

"No," he quickly answered with a defiant shake of his head. He was handcuffed again. More importantly, the back of the cruiser functioned as a cage. Even if he had been free to try to break out, he knew he wouldn't be able to succeed. His shoes wouldn't have been able to kick past of the reinforced windows. He couldn't have punched or knocked his way out, no matter how hard he fought.

Since he didn't have any choice, he tried again. "Please. Please, isn't there something else you can do? Isn't there somewhere else you can take me?"

"You just had your hearing," said one of the officers.

The other policewoman agreed, "Seriously? That was special, boy. And now, after wasting the court's time, you want even more special treatment?"

Owen couldn't answer; every possible response morphed into static before he could voice another word.

"What do you expect?" asked her partner. "He's a boy. Of course, he's going to expect special treatment."

Minutes later, they drove back into his neighborhood. Then again, Owen had to wonder if this qualified as "his" neighborhood. But then, they rolled up in front of his house, and that's when he saw her standing there on the porch.

Kayla.

Her expression seemed serene, and she had her hands at her sides, yet he still wished he could say something. More than anything else, he yearned for the chance to convince these women, but they had already made up their minds. They knew exactly what was going to happen, so he couldn't change anything.

The officers pulled him from the vehicle, shoved him forward, and finally nudged him down onto his knees. "I think you owe your owner here an apology," said one of the officers. As she spoke, she made it clear: he no longer counted as a person. He needed a conservator; he needed a woman to make important decisions for him.

"I'm sorry," he said, his voice low.

The officer grabbed him by his hair, yanking and pulling his head up so that he now had to stare right at Kayla. He was only a few feet away, yet she seemed so tall, so powerful. He tried to remind himself that she was a petite girl. She was just a young woman. In fact, she probably could have put on a miniskirt and a tank top and walked around on some college campus. People probably would have mistaken her for a first-year.

Kayla enjoyed this.

The officer commanded, "Do better."

This time, his voice gushed out, "Kayla, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

"Address her as your Mistress. After all, you are a slave, and she owns you."

The officer didn't have to pretend now. She didn't have to act as though he had a separate set of rights that entitled him to some kind of protection under the law. Rather, everything he had owned and worked toward now belonged to this one girl.

"Mistress..." Owen said, his voice tight with aggravation. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry I ran off. I'm sorry I made a mistake."

"Yes," she told him. That was a mistake, wasn't it?" She finally stepped forward, destroying the distance between them. And now, she held her hands behind her back, perhaps mocking him with that mirrored body language. She leaned down, "I'm glad he ran off. My attorney has already told me about the judge's decision. Court ordered enslavement.

I like it." Her eyes sparkled. "And to think, I was trying to come up with a good justification for your perpetual servitude. You saved me the trouble." The officer let go of his hair.

Kayla reached out, and she patted him on the head. "Thank you so much for bringing him back, officers. I really appreciate it. By the way, I heard that a couple of the boys on the police force were just demoted. Is that right?"

"Actually, they got the demotions, and they decided to quit. I guess they think they can find better positions with other departments?"

"Impulsive boys," Kayla said with a shake of her head.

"They're fools. They have no idea how things are shaping up."

"They'll figure it out soon enough," said the other woman.

After that, the cops left, and now Owen glanced up at this girl...his guardian and now his owner.

Smiling down at her enslaved boy, Kayla reached into her pocket. She pulled out the collar. She pulled out a leash too.

"No..."

"You want to beg?"

Owen dropped his head down against his chest. "Please, Mistress," he started. "Please. Please, don't make me wear that."

"You're right. Get naked first." The police officers had removed his cuffs before they left, so now he was nominally free to make his own choices. And yet, this boy understood the truth. He would have to do whatever this girl commanded.

That's why he stripped. Right there on the porch, he pulled off his shirt, shoes, socks and pants. He even removed his underwear. Now he only had on his chastity belt. If only he could take off that last piece...

Kayla wouldn't allow it, of course. None of the women who now ruled his existence would allow it.

"On your knees," she said next.

He obeyed.

Then she slipped the collar around his neck. She locked it on. From there, she connected the leash. Then she grinned, and she ordered him to crawl.

He moved on his hands and knees, following after her. She took her time. Most of all, Kayla seemed to enjoy this, especially since she glanced over her shoulder with every few steps. She saw him, and he glanced up, making eye contact with her. His heart pounded, and he wished he could have done something differently, but he knew the truth. They both did.

They went back into his bedroom, and that's when she said, "Stand."

He obeyed. "Place your hands on the foot of the bed," she ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," he answered.

Almost completely naked now, he slipped into position. She grabbed his wrist and pulled them towards the bedposts. Then she grinned at him before gliding her fingers down his naked back, over his belt, and along the curves of his ass. She squeezed before she pulled her hand back.

With a flash of motion, she spanked him hard!

There was that first sharp snap, and she laughed before telling him, "That was just a taste. That was just your first taste."

He didn't understand what it meant, but she was about to teach him.

"You tried to run off," she told him. "You tried to run off, and that is completely and utterly unacceptable, boy. You need to be grateful. You need to understand that I am your superior, and I own you, and you should be grateful for my guidance. Say it."

"Mistress, I should be grateful for your guidance."

She stepped away and came back only a few seconds later. That's when she locked one leather strap around his right wrist, then another run his left. She connected their shackles to the bed frame, instantly, trapping him. She spread his legs and did the same again, only this time with his ankles.

All at once, he realized he was trapped in that awkward position with his limbs spread, his back and butt vulnerable and on display for her amusement.

His eyes narrowed, he sucked in a breath, and then he jerked to the left, then the right. Owen tensed, pulling. He fought, jerking on his right arm, then his left.

And in the meantime, she left him alone. At least, he didn't hear anything from her, not until she touched something to the curve of his ass. Instantly, he froze.

She answered his unspoken question, "This is a cane," she said. "It's going to sting. A lot."

She had the chastity belt. She could have shocked him. Instead, she pulled her new toy back, and then she struck hard. It hissed through the air. It almost whistled. She struck once, twice, three times.

An incandescent blaze of pain exploded out from the curves of his buttocks and into the rest of his body. His muscles tightened, his fingers clenched, and he tried to tear himself away from the bed all over again. She struck once, twice, three times on the left side of his posterior. She delivered three fresh doses on the right. "I'm sorry!"

Owen didn't want to speak. He didn't want to apologize, and he didn't even feel as though he had made that choice. Instead, natural fear or some other reflex took a hold of him. "Mistress! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! I never should have run off. You are right. You're my owner, and you make the decisions for me. I'm not able to make my own choices. I'm not smart enough...not strong enough. The world is too big and complicated for a boy to think it through. I, I have to do whatever you say."

"Not bad," she said. "I'm thinking ten more."

Ten?

That numeral shined behind his eyes as he tried to pant out some kind of argument, apology, or plea.

This boy didn't get the chance because she struck hard and fast, swinging down. Sharpened bolts of pain burst along his nerves, overwhelming him. Within seconds, he lost track of the count. She didn't expect him to say anything. Rather, she only expected him to learn his lesson and to realize what kind of power and authority she now had over him. Before, it had been entirely academic. But after his little field trip to the courthouse, maybe he could figure it out.

It stopped.

His body still twitched. He still tugged halfheartedly against his restraints.

She came up behind him, and she gently stroked his ass. "Are you mine?"

"Yes," he said.

"You are," she agreed. "And that's why I'm going to fuck you right here." Her hand brushed along the curves of his ass. He didn't understand, only then she disappeared again.

With his face, braced against the mattress, he savored the cool texture of the sheets. Heat still played across his flesh.

She was gone for a little while. Several minutes? Longer?

"Look," she said as she approached his left side. He turned his head obediently. And then he saw her.

Kayla, with her dark hair pulled back into a braid, now watched him from behind her glasses. She had stripped off everything except for a harness. Next, he saw the glistening contours of her dildo.

This girl wore a strap-on cock in a black, leather harness. She put her hands on her hips and rotated her body from side to side, making her artificial shaft sway.

"No. No!" Owen called out those words, only it was too late. She stepped behind him, and she braced one hand along the curve of his bread and ass. She put her other palm on his hip, and then she pushed forward, jabbing into him, the smooth contours of her shaft pushing against the walls of his opening before she buried her member deep inside of him. His eyes widened. It happened all at once. Reflexively, he tried to clench down and block her. He failed. The slick lubricant made sure that she could thrust into him. She pulled back. He hated it.

And yet, there was some narcotic satisfaction that seemed to race across his body. Actually, it wasn't satisfactory because that would have implied completion. Instead, she teased him. His shaft twitched. His member tried to expand, to harden.

Those instincts failed.

She rammed him again and again, coming in hard, yanking back, only to push and to him over and over again as the desperation gripped him.

She claimed him hard, thrusting until her face turned a bright shade of red. Then she jerked back, and she leaned down, "Are you ready to use that mouth?"

"Yes. Please. Please, let me use my mouth!"

She yanked off of the harness.

"I'm already wet," she told him. "There's something about fucking you the got me very worked up, Owen." Although he understood the words, he couldn't predict where they might lead or what she had in mind.

His guardian came up onto the bed. She spread her legs, and she shimmied in the position. He could bow his head forward again, only now he wouldn't be pressing his face against the sheets. Instead, his mouth would slide into position against her slit.

"Service me," she said.

"Yes, Mistress," he told her.

Tentatively, the former CEO lowered his head down. As he breathed in, he caught the aroma of her desires. Her arousal seemed to permeate the air. Eager need danced across his frame. He could feel it from his hairline down to his fingertips, his toes, everywhere...

And now, Kayla put her hand on the back of his head, and shoved his face against her pussy. "Lick," she demanded.

He obeyed. His tongue darted out, and he lapped at her slit, just like before.

His owner moaned. She arched her back. She kept her heels down, and she savored every sensation. Even so, those physical sensations weren't good enough for her, because Kayla had to tell him, "That's right. Lick. Lick, boy. Lick and show me over and over again who you are and where you belong. Lick! Lick because you know you're mine. My court

ordered slave. My obedient plaything. That's what you are! That's what you're always going to be! I'm breaking you. Mine! You're all mine!"

It was true.

Despite his history, all he had accomplished, and everything he had been, this boy couldn't argue with her. Owen Cross could sense that shift somewhere within his psyche even as his tongue slid up and down again and again.

"Deeper," she commanded.

He obeyed, sliding his tongue between the walls of her opening.

"Faster," she said next.

Again, he cooperated.

"Slower," she said next.

He worked to please her. He concentrated on her.

"Faster," she said again.

Once more, he yielded, and his cock ached, but he didn't care.

She cried out; she screamed through the pleasure. The ecstasy swam across her body. He could sense that orgasm even though he wasn't allowed one of his own.

Then she pulled away. Kayla grabbed him by his hair and looked down into his eyes. "What are you?"

"Mistress, I'm your slave." Those words should have felt strange, exotic, and bizarre. Slave? Mistress? These terms should've sounded ancient and antiquated, as though they belonged to another era. Instead, his eyes were wide, and he meant every single syllable.

She released him from his restraints. And then she grabbed him again. She pulled on his collar, and she shoved down onto the bed. Spreading his arms and legs, she restrained him again, moving with frantic, excited need. Satisfied that he wouldn't be able to get up, Kayla picked up her phone, and she released him from the chastity cage.

She stroked his cock. She touched him. She teased him. "Stay silent," she ordered.

At the same time, she gently moved her hand up and down along his shaft. With every moment, those desires swirled and spun through his body. Owen needed to moan, to plead with her again, to say something, anything! Even so, his owner had given him a command, so now he remained utterly silent. He didn't say anything. He couldn't bring himself to utter a single sound, not while she had ordered him to remain quiet.

"I'm breaking you," she promised, only this time it didn't seem like an announcement. Instead, it was the conclusion she had drawn.

Kayla grabbed his shaft, and now she said, "You are not allowed to come until I tell you. This orgasm belongs to me."

He opened his mouth to speak, only to stop himself. She laughed. "Now you can beg," she told him.

"Yes, Mistress," he agreed. "I, I will do whatever I can to pleasure you. I will please you. I will do my absolute best. I, I belong to you!" Those words were swallowed by a moan as she began to undulate her hips, sliding forward and back. By now, she had him lodged in the canyon of her sex. Excitement rolled across her body and his. Even so, she leaned forward, and she braced her hands against his shoulders. The heat of her body, her weight, and that passionate expression of conquest made him shiver with need. Even so, he knew he couldn't disappoint this girl.

It wasn't fear. It was gratitude, desire, need, and utter subjugation all mixed together. He discovered a new level of subservience, one he had never imagined possible.

Throughout his life, he'd thought of himself as ambitious and aggressive. He was a boy. He was supposed to push through every obstacle presented by life. Only now, he knew he belonged on his knees.

"You've conquered me," he declared, his face hot, his heart thundering.

"Now you're figuring it out," she said, only then she started to move faster, sliding up and down as she rode his cock. His erection felt so good right there between her legs! She savored every moment. She basked in her power and authority. Physical desire and the knowledge that she had defeated him raced across her skin as she lost herself to those impulses.

Her braid bounced against her shoulders. She laughed. Then she looked down at him. His eyes met hers, and she could feel it. She was right there on the edge of another orgasm.

"Give it to me," she commanded. "Come for me right now. Come for me, boy!"

A tsunami of pleasure instantly crashed down onto him. If he had thought about it, he wouldn't have been able to explain how he denied those impulses, but now those words registered. He didn't make any kind of logical decision. He didn't think about this consciously either. There was just that moment when Owen broke. His will shattered because she had him. His cock pulsated, he throbbed, and the excitement washed over him. He lost himself for seconds or minutes. Then it was done. With her knees held together, she sat above him.

He blinked. His senses came back into focus, and he watched as she locked them back into his chastity belt.

"Say thank you," she ordered.

"Thank you, Mistress," he said. And somehow, he meant it.

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.

Other Works by Anna Ritter

Sometimes I get asked about my other projects, so here are some of the novels, novellas and short stories that I especially enjoyed writing.

Novels

[American Matriarchy](#)

A realistic novel:

Stacey Farber is a wildly successful businesswoman who is now funding the construction of an entirely new city called Bella Springs. She's doing this for one reason: promote female supremacy. In this new city, women will enjoy every advantage. The outnumbered men in this city will discover what second-class citizenship looks and feels like. Farber uses her influence to ensure women have every opportunity to succeed when it comes to employment, compensation, political power, and freedom. Men like Matthew O'Reilly are given curfews and uniforms, turning them into second-class citizens. College students Mia and Zack enroll in the new university, but he's confined to "service" classes, focusing on pleasing the woman rather than she's busy learning leadership skills. Despite their efforts, men remain surrounded by powerful women who may not let them go, all of which demonstrates how "The future is female."

This 85,000-word novel features extreme female domination, male subjugation, spanking, public humiliation, stocks, chastity training, pegging, and more.

[Male Disadvantages](#)

A realistic companion to *American Matriarchy*:

This is Bella Springs, a new city where women have taken complete control. The founder, Stacy Farber, built the city with one ambition in mind: ensure female supremacy. She wants to see the men of the world enslaved, and she'll prove it's possible here in her new city. This collection of short stories illustrates what life is like when women rule. The men here are subjugated, owned, and humiliated on a daily basis. When the future is female, men had better prepare to surrender. Women enjoy every advantage. In Bell Springs, being male is the biggest disadvantage of all.

This 78,000-word anthology features female domination, pegging, chastity training, bondage, and humiliation.

[The Matriarchs](#)

A mostly realistic novel

A virus infects men, causing them to lose their ability to think rationally and engage in mindless aggression. Women, led by the female President of the United States, seize control and help the men behave. They develop a control band to stun males when they lose control and succumb to their virus-induced emotions. With the virus still running rampant, males lose power. Male lawyers, judges, doctors, and corporate executives all lose their influence and positions of power since they can no longer be trusted. Their wives and mothers must handle every decision. A young man, Jordan, decides to go to college only to

face strict rules and severe consequences when he messes up. He must be obedient, docile, and subservient to succeed in this new world.

This 115,000-word novel features female supremacy, human puppy play, spanking, bondage, pegging, and male subjugation.

[Love Locked](#)

A realistic novel:

Amber and Brian have grown up together, only it's time for their relationship to change since she's about to become his keyholder. She'll have complete control over Brian's manhood. She will win every argument, and Brian will eventually improve his grades and become a useful member of the household. Amber now sees Brian as her brother, but she wonders if she should view him as something else—maybe a slave?

This 65,000-word novel features extensive female domination, chastity training, domestic discipline, and spanking.

[Prisoner 616](#)

A mostly realistic novel:

Nick Athens, an analyst at a local investment firm, is determined to maintain his position in the female-dominated finance industry. He doesn't know it yet, but one woman might take away any chance he has, especially if she can trick him into committing a crime. The female supremacists in charge are reforming the prison system for boys like Nick, forcing them to wear collars, restrictive jumpsuits, and chastity belts. If he messes up, Nick's only hope will be his sister, Chloe Athens, a journalist who can write about his situation and potentially trigger a public backlash to get him released. Chloe would need to learn about the facility and its conditions, but her initial ambivalence might evolve into something new if she begins to see why these boys deserve to be leashed and caged.

This 128,000-word novel features a gynarchy, bondage, male chastity training, CFNM, discipline, teasing and denial, female supremacy, foot worship, oral service, and extensive humiliation.

[When Women Rule](#)

A mostly realistic novel:

Things have to change in Crystal Canyon, a city where men are losing their free will. Everyone can see how this community must change to meet these new challenges. If every male automatically obeys any command uttered by a woman, then everyone will need new rules—an a new hierarchy. Men are becoming more reliant on women for guidance and training, leading to a decline in their independence. Dr. Elizabeth Hunt, a psychologist, notices this change and crafts a plan. Soon, the men are forced to accept women as their handlers, trainers, and owners. Step by step, these boys are becoming slaves. The girls in Crystal Canyon may be kind or cruel, but they all share a common goal: own the boys.

This is an 80,000-word novel about the sexual subjugation of men.

[Wild Space](#)

A sci-fi novel:

Humanity will eventually reach beyond our solar system, but to do so, intrepid explorers and ambitious men like Aric Donovan and the crew of Ranger 3 will first travel to Tau Ceti. Their journey will take decades, so the crew of Ranger 3 will need to enter cryogenic sleep. While they're gone, Earth will change. There'll be wars, unimaginable destruction, and a rebirth. The matriarchy will take control, leading to advancements in science and technology. A new starship will reach Tau Ceti in just five years. They'll catch up to the Ranger 3, so this new crew must decide whether to let the wild males sleep or wake them up and retrain them. Corporal Cara Dare, the sole woman on the Ranger 3, may be able to save Donovan and the rest of their crew. Or she might be tempted to embrace a new way of life if it means women rule while men serve and obey.

This 70,000-word novel features female domination, a futuristic gynarchy, extensive bondage, elements of medical play, pony play, CFNM, male humiliation, spanking, and hypnosis.

[Witch Mark](#)

A fantasy series:

The world is complex and difficult to understand, especially when it comes to the covens and spellcasters who have learned to tap into the arcane winds and manipulate reality. Although these women remain hidden, they have the power to shape reality to fit their desires. Marina Diamonte, as one of these empowered casters, has ignored her family's political intrigues. But now, she's preparing to compete for the leadership of her coven. Along the way, she'll have to claim a boy for herself. She discovers Eric Samuels, a boy who seems to resist her influence. He intrigues her. More importantly, he knows how to amuse her.

This 49,000-word novella is Part One of the Witch Mark series. This novella features extensive female domination, elements of gynarchy, bondage, mind control, orgasm denial, chastity training, CFNM, foot worship, and more.

[Automatic Training](#)

A sci-fi novel:

Isaac Drake arrives in a new city and is greeted by an autonomous vehicle. In seconds, the car traps him. He's strapped down and helpless...like cargo. The car reaches an automatic training facility where female supremacists use specialized devices and AI to train males like Isaac. The women here will use conveyor belts, collars, and chastity cages. Within a week, these boys will become servile slaves eager to please their owners. Isaac is one of the first males to endure this automatic training.

This 80,000-word novel features gynarchy, domination, pegging, chastity training, robots/automation/androids, CFNM, bondage, hypnosis/mind control, ideological reeducation, and more.

[Auctioned on Athena](#)

A sci-fi novel:

In the far future, Justin is a navigator on a courier ship; his captain tasked with a mission to purchase plasma converters in a city dominated by women. Along the way, he must contend with the humiliating catcalls and demeaning comments from women. If he fails to return to a ship, his status as a Registered Male will be revoked, and he could be taken or sold to any of the trading syndicates. He's a tempting target since a boy like Justin could fetch a high price in the slave markets...

This 115,000-word novel features a futuristic gynarchy, extensive female domination, bondage, male humiliation, pegging, chastity training, teasing and denial, exhibitionism, CFNM, and much more.

Novellas

[Male Progress](#)

A mostly realistic novella:

The patriarchy is eroding as women like Elizabeth assert themselves and take control of their families. Her son, Felix, still clings to old fantasies about male independence. The school district is implementing Male Progress Reports to encourage better attitudes and behaviors in high school. Boys like Felix are required to wear a leather collar with two buttons, green and red, which will be used to record their decisions and overall behavior. Each collared boy will be assigned a handler, and she'll decide what kind of punishment or reward he deserves based on his number of merits and demerits. Felix's sister, who is expected to be his handler, will review his scores and decide his punishment. This boy should know better, but he can't help himself. He gets one demerit after another. Clearly, he needs some extra discipline.

This 25,000-word novella features extensive female domination, bondage, male humiliation, elements of orgasm denial, all set in a nascent gynarchy.

[No Escape from Matria](#)

A modern fantasy novella:

Matria is a small, beautiful country with a pristine lake, forests, and ancient castles. However, it is a country where women are in charge and slavery is still prevalent. Daniel Michaels, a photographer, is designated a Wild Male and has a couple of weeks to document Matria. If he stays past this assigned deadline, he'll be eligible for enslavement. Daniel has traveled extensively, but Matria is a strange and dangerous place—especially for boys. Leaving should be easy...only something is intent on keeping him here. If he can't escape, he will be captured as he confronts Kayla, Amanda Amata, and Lady Renata. Whether he likes it or not, Daniel Donovan is about to discover the true nature of this land.

This 27,000-word novella features extensive female supremacy and domination, bondage, male subjugation, elements of chastity training, light pony play, and more.

[Surrender in the Sky](#)

A paranormal fantasy:

Like so many other business travelers, Samuel is used to long hours in the air. He tolerates the cramped seats and drone of the engines as the world passes by beneath the plane. This time, there's a storm. Lightning cuts across the sky. He blacks out...and discovers he has fallen into a new dimension where women rule. It's a new reality. He's no longer on a jet; instead, it's some kind of zeppelin. In this reality, men are owned. In this world, women are dressed in fine clothing, while the males are naked and leashed. Samuel struggles to understand the differences, but then he meets Marina Castillo, who senses his potential and seems willing to help him return to his own world—unless she has her own agenda.

This 26,000-word novella features extensive female domination, a strict gynarchy, male chastity training, pegging, spanking, orgasm denial, and much more.

[Into Her Web](#)

A superhero fantasy:

Nova City is a wild, wonderful and chaotic place with dozens of superheroes and villains who call this place home. And yet, there's an odd dynamic. There might be male metahumans, but most individuals with superpowers are female. Riptide might be one of the few men with extraordinary abilities, yet he's still a powerful superhero. During the day, he's Logan Drake, a marine biologist. But when he takes on his secret identity, he uses his superpowers to improve the world and help people. He is getting a lot of attention. The Weaver has special plans for Riptide. She can drain Riptide's strength and strip away his powers before she retrains him as a slave. Without understanding the danger, Riptide may have already stumbled into her web...

This 33,000-word novella features extensive female domination, bondage, male chastity training, humiliation, and pegging.

Short Stories

[Social Status](#)

A mostly realistic short story:

Over the past five years, significant changes have occurred in the United States, leading to a backlash from the women who're tired of toxic masculinity and the dumb decisions made by elected officials. Women have taken charge, which has led to the creation of the Male Monitoring Bureau (MMB). The MMB regulates male behavior and has even created a new social status: male chattel. Logan had the chance to be a good and obedient young man, but he's been reclassified as male chattel, ending his freedom in one instant. He calls his best friend Tricia Perkins to help him understand his new status. And yet, Patricia has plans for Logan...

This 11,000-word story features a female dominated society, female supremacy, male submission, foot worship, elements of chastity training, bondage, spanking, and other forms of punishment.

[Surrender Ceremony](#)

A mostly realistic short story:

In the new future, women have taken over and men are stripped of their rights under the Female Supremacy Party. Weddings are replaced by Surrender Ceremonies, where a woman claims a man, either as a slave, pet, plaything, or servant. Allison enjoys Brandon's service, but he still believes he has something to say about his future. Perhaps he'll learn the truth when he's spanked and humiliated at his Surrender Ceremony.

This 10,000-word story features female domination, a strict gynarchy, bondage, elements of pegging, male humiliation, CFNM situations, spanking/paddling, oral service, and chastity training.

[Pony Inspection](#)

A realistic short story:

As the world changes and women assert themselves as the nation's rightful rulers, Luke must turn himself in at a processing facility to face indentured servitude. But this won't be the kind of servitude he expected; he discovers that the boys are being turned into human ponies, stripped of their rights, trained, and even put on display. This man is about to learn the meaning of service and obedience.

This 6,000-word story features female domination, intense male humiliation, extensive pony play, bondage, and more.

[Tutoring Britney](#)

A realistic short story:

Jared might be smart, but he's also naïve, especially when it comes to tutoring. He automatically assumes he should be in control with his students, but Britney is a charismatic girl who understands how the world *really* works. For her, it's easy to manipulate Jared into a game of seduction—one she's destined to win. By the end of their first session, she'll have him tied up and powerless. Once Jared understands what it means to be helpless, he'll be ready to learn the most important lessons of all.

This 6,000-word story features female domination, male orgasm denial, bondage, corporal punishment, and chastity training.

[Boy On Display](#)

A realistic short story:

Ever since the recent elections, Michael and Cassie have struggled with their relationship. Michael understands he owns his girlfriend, but Cassie has a special plan for her friends. She suggests stripping Michael naked and displaying him in front of women, but she's unsure if this would help him adjust to his new status. Other suggestions include restraints, a collar and leash, and marking him to ensure he understands his ownership. The idea is just an idea for now.

This 10,000-word story features extensive CFNM dynamics, female domination, male humiliation, bondage, and a public shaving.

[Amazon](#)

Here, you can get a list of every book and story I've published. Enjoy!