

# Fem Lessons



**Written by  
Mina Black**

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Smashwords Edition

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**First Edition**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Somewhere private," she said.

In some ways, Liam kept expecting some jolt of fear to rocket through him. After all, she had lots of blackmail material. She could destroy his life entirely. And yet, she wanted to go somewhere private? That only supported his beliefs. Girls like this could talk about feminism and female empowerment all they wanted, yet they still just needed sex. They craved a strong man who could take control.

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

"My name is Brenda," she said.

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

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

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

"What about my keys?"

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

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

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

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

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

The doors to the elevator opened, and she stepped inside, her small purse hanging from her shoulder. Liam followed, and once the elevator doors closed, he came up upon her. He cupped her cheek, looping one arm around her waist. He thought he was going to pull her

close, to kiss her and make all of those natural female instincts come to the fore.

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

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

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

"On your knees," she commanded.

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

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

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

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

Liam nodded like a good boy.

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

Liam wouldn't allow that to happen.

No matter what this girl believed, she was going to fail because he had a stronger will. He would not crack, nor would he break.

By the end of the night, he would have her eating out of his hand. He really did believe that with every fiber of his being.

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

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

But what about the blackmail?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"On your knees," Brenda commanded.

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

Brenda strolled down the hall, and then she waited several feet back. She held something in her hand, and he could have sworn it was

another stun gun. But no, this one was black and smaller. She pointed at him like a remote control.

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

It was a collar.

That bitch actually managed to collar him!

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

She didn't.

Brenda had her own agenda.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You're crazy if you think—"

Another jolt cut him off. He hissed through his teeth, the world turning to a white haze of pain. It only lasted a second, maybe two, except that was too much. Liam dropped back down. He was on all fours now, glaring at her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Liam came to his conclusion, and when he looked up, he was about to say something. He didn't get the chance to utter a single word.

because the controller was pointed in his direction. His throat clenched, and she pressed the button again. That invisible signal crossed the air, and a blast of electricity rushed through his skin, lighting up his pain receptors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She really was looking down at him like he was prey. Her attention sent shivers of embarrassment and something else rippling

down his back. Then she spoke again. "Liam, I want you to lick my shoes. Can you do that? Can you lick them like a good little animal? Maybe if you do this, then I will believe you can be trained, and then I will let you act like a person again."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It always fascinates me how people can get used to anything. It takes you a long time to lick my first shoe, but then you do the second one so much faster. All of your training is going to be like this, Liam."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Liam crawled forward into the room.

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

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

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

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

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

"This is where I'm going to train you," she said. Brenda ran her fingers through her hair, and then she took a moment to look around the room. "Let's start with something simple. I want you naked right now."

"Never."

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

And on some level, it really didn't. She lifted the controller, she aimed it at him, and she hit the button. Electricity zapped act through

his flesh, and he collapsed down onto his side.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or so he kept telling himself.

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

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

She struck one, two, three, four different times. She seemed to get better with practice, hitting harder and harder. The redness kept

spreading, creating fresh patterns along his flesh. She was an artist, and he was going to be a canvas.

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

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

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

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

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

"Roll over," she commanded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is this how you want me to train you? A little bit of pleasure and you'll do whatever I desire?" She smirked at the idea. It was adorable, yet it wasn't going to work that way. Maybe she would use some pleasure to incentivize him from time to time, only she was in charge. She was never going to let him believe otherwise.

"Brenda," he started to say, "I know you're upset about the things I wrote online. What if I went off-line for a while? Would that be a fair compromise?" This was a huge concession, but it simply irritated her. She grabbed his cock and gave it a squeeze.

"You are such a silly boy," she said. "Take off the shirt right now or I will make sure you learn new depths of humiliation tonight."

His eyes opened for a moment, only to narrow. Then he shook his head. He was winning. She was allowing herself to get upset, so he couldn't back down now!

When he hesitated, she rolled him onto his back again, and she used the crop mercilessly. This time, she kept going. He yelped and shrieked. He even offered to take off his shirt, but she used her free hand to hold his neck down into the mattress. No. He had been given a

chance to obey, and he had failed to take it. Now he's going to learn to regret that decision.

Again and again, she swung the crop, letting the harsh tip bite down into skin. And when she finally stopped, his flesh practically glowed.

"Are you ready to obey now?"

Brenda stepped back, doing her best to sound harsh and brutal. In spite of herself, she was actually pretty gleeful. She wanted to see that expression of humiliated defeat on his face, and she didn't have to wait long.

Half naked, he rolled over onto his back, and he sat up. Slowly, he started to peel away his shirt. Then he dropped it down on the floor with the rest of his clothing.

"That wasn't so hard, was it?" Brenda asked, her eyes locked on him.

"Look, you have me naked. You won, okay? Just let me go now."

His eyes were almost wet. He was almost crying, which struck her as adorable.

She came closer, and she shook her head. "Nope. I have some very big plans for you." She touched his chin, feeling his stubble. "And right now, I think it's time for you to take a little shower before I really start your training."

"This wasn't training?" He sounded like a fool for asking the question, but it was too late.

She giggled at him and shook her head. "No. This was just to get you naked. Your training really starts after your shower." She reached down and grabbed him by his hand. Then she tugged back Liam up on his feet and led him to a different door.

"Don't worry. Your collar is waterproof. But you probably shouldn't linger in there for too long." Brenda yanked on his arm, forcing him to look into her eyes. "I'm trusting you now to do a good job. If you aren't clean when you come back out here, I'm going to put a leash on the collar and drag you out into the street. I'm going to let everyone with a camera phone see you get walked like a dog. You don't want that, do you?"

For an instant, he searched her features for some sign of deception. This had to be a trick. She couldn't really mean a threat, but as his eyes wandered over her beautiful face, he didn't see any indication of a bluff. She meant it. She would really do it.

She shoved him into the bathroom, and then she shut the door. A moment later, he heard it lock behind him.

The bathroom was nice with dark gray marble tiling. He stepped into the shower and turned on the water. Right away, the water turned hot. It felt good, and he turned around, letting the beads splash along his tormented backside.

Liam tried not to think about what was happening.

He shoved away thoughts of Brenda and simply enjoyed the shower. He grabbed some of the body wash and applied it quickly, spreading it over his arms and legs. That was a mistake. He should have paid attention to what he was doing.

As he scrubbed off the last of the bubbles, he came away with a strawberry scent. He sighed, thinking that it was childish of her to give him such a feminine soap. He shook his head and glanced down at his body, only to realize something.

His body hair was gone. He had scrubbed down, and somehow, it had removed all of his body hair. From his neck down, he was completely smooth.

Eyes wide, he shook his head, unable to believe it.

But then he kept checking. From his scrotum to his chest and his ankles, he didn't have a single strand of body hair!

He turned off the water, and he quickly toweled off. Then he rushed back out into the bedroom.

"My oh my. You look fantastic." Brenda was smirking at him. He took several determined steps toward her.

She tapped the button on the controller, his knees gave out, and he dropped down in front of her.

"Don't be rude," she said with a wagging her finger. "You belong to me now." As those words echoed in his head, she chortled again. "I think you just need me to wash your hair, and then you're going to feel so much better."

He was too weak to argue with her. She dragged him back into the bathroom, and then she bent forward, his head right over the sink. What was this going to do?

"Don't worry. This is just going to help you feel a bit better. I don't want my toy getting too stressed," she said. After so many punishments, he just couldn't think straight. Although Liam always believed in the innate superiority of men, he couldn't resist anymore.

She splashed water over his short cropped hair. Then she scrubbed something into it, some kind of shampoo. Again, there was that girly, strawberry aroma. He didn't really care about being bald. Back in high school, he experimented with shaving off all of his hair.

Then she finished, rinsing him off and massaging his scalp. Finally, she helped him stand. "You are going to be so pretty!" She was practically hopping up and down with excitement. She came off a lot like a little girl getting to play at makeup.

He didn't understand.

"Come with me," she commanded. Once she dried him off, she dragged him back into the bedroom. Again, Liam couldn't help but glance at the various toys all along the shelves. She didn't really intend to use all of those, did she?

"You seem a lot more timid now," she said to him.

"You have this stupid collar around my neck. Of course I'm going to sound timid," Liam insisted. His voice came out as sharp, but only because he didn't want to think about what she had done to him. Liam kept wondering about his body hair and when it was going to grow back. Without it, his frame seemed very lean and slim.

"Just lay back and I'll help you relax," she said.

His eyes narrowed. He couldn't hide his suspicions.

"You can do what I say right now and enjoy your petting, or you can insist on being stubborn, and I'll just have to punish you again. Take your pick."

Liam's mouth went dry at the prospect of getting shocked again. He should have been stronger, yet the notion of another dose sent shivers rumbling through his stomach. So he wandered onto the bed, and he plopped onto my stomach. Again, there was a tingling in his

scalp, but Liam kept telling himself it only meant that he was going to be bald shortly.

She was teasing him, playing with him. This was all a big joke to her.

Her fingertips brushed along his naked back. It felt good, especially when she traced her fingers down toward the curves of his buttocks. "What are you like as a little boy?"

"I was like any other little boy. I played sports. I chased girls."

"Chased?" Brenda asked. Although he couldn't see her, it wasn't difficult to imagine her raising one eyebrow.

"On the playground, we played little games. I would chase them around and grab them. It was all very silly."

"And they never chased you?"

Blush ran along Liam's cheeks. "No," he replied quickly, maybe a little bit too fast.

She ran her fingers through his hair. Something felt different, not that he could name it. "I think you're lying to me. I bet you were one of those little boys who always looked underdeveloped. Heck, you probably looked like a little girl half the time."

"No, that isn't true," he insisted to her.

"What about your babysitters? Did any of the older girls ever decide you would look cute as a girl?"

His throat tightened again. A different image flashed through his brain. When he was in elementary school, he needed someone to take care of him for a few days. His parents had business out of state, and they didn't want him to miss any school. So they left him with a family friend, a family friend who also had a young girl.

She was about a year older than him, and they didn't really get along. Sure, she could be sweet when the adults were around, but alone, she could be strong and vicious. And one night, she had her friends over, and they were bored. They wanted to do something different. They set their sights on Liam, and they decided to give him a makeover.

He must've tensed up as he thought about it.

"There something you're hiding from me. I don't need to shock you again, do I?"

"Fine. One girl tied me down and she gave me a makeover." Liam tried to make it sound as boring and uninspired as possible.

"Really? How far did she go with that?"

Although many years had already gone by, Liam had no problem recollecting every single detail. After all, when the girls had finished with him, they untied him and dragged him over to the mirror. They made him stare into his reflection.

And he had looked like a girl.

"They stripped me down to my underwear, they made me wear a dress, and they did my makeup."

"What about your hair? What did they do with your hair?"

"They put little pink ribbons in it," he said, his voice rough and not all amused.

Unfortunately for him, Brenda found this to be very funny. To her, his humiliation sounded like a big joke. "Now I wonder if that's why you insist on spouting such misogynistic garbage online. Are you secretly resentful of those girls who showed you so early on that women are really superior?"

His eyes snapped open, but Liam did not rise to the bait. He wasn't going to let her trap him. If she required an excuse to punish him, he was not going to provide it.

"It's not garbage," he finally said.

"Of course it is. If men were really as powerful and smart as you claim, then you wouldn't be naked and collared, would you?" She made it seem so obvious. "You've been a very silly man. So we're going to try something else."

I didn't know what she meant. But then she hopped up onto the bed and climbed on top of me. Her legs touched my flanks. She straddled me, keeping me down and in place. "What should I do with you?" she smiled. "Should I play with you?" Brenda started to touch me. Almost immediately, my cock responded to her attentions. "Should I get you to record a confession? Should I force you to retract everything you said before?"

"I won't."

"Not yet," she said, only to clamber off of the bed. She spun about and slapped her thigh. "There's something I want to show you. Come

here, Liam.”

She used his name, and there was something in her tone, something possessive and almost proprietary. He sat up and walked over to her, naked, with nothing but the leather band around his neck.

She guided him over to the mirror, and I couldn't believe it.

Liam already knew his body hair had been taken. An entirely different detail caught his attention and stole his breath. “Look at that. You're very pretty.” Brenda stood behind him. She grabbed his chin, keeping his face directed toward the mirror. She wouldn't allow him to look away, not even for a second.

“Look at that. Look at the pretty sissy.”

Sissy?

Liam didn't understand exactly what she meant but there he was...and I appeared so small and pathetic. Without my body hair, his lithe physique seemed simply girlish. And his hair...what was the stuff she used on Liam's hair?

It had grown.

“Such a pretty sissy,” she said again, forcing him to take a step closer to the full length mirror. “And don't worry. This isn't a trick or anything. You really have been endowed with these luscious tresses.” She reached up and ran her fingers through my hair.

Before she washed it with that formula, Liam's hair had been dark and short—like a man's. Now? Now he stared into his reflection and found blond bangs curving along his forehead. Thick tresses cascaded down the back of his neck to tease at his shoulder blades.

“What did—what did you do to me?” he demanded, his voice rising an octave or two.

Brenda chuckled. “I gave you a gift. Like I said before, you're going to become such a pretty sissy.”

“I'm not a sissy!”

“You will be,” she said, grabbing him by the wrist. She tugged him across the room.

No, no more! He wasn't going to tolerate this sort of treatment. He tried to jerk his hand away from her grip, only to realize he couldn't! What was happening to him? As Brenda pulled him across the room, she tossed a glance over her shoulder.

“Sorry. I should have mentioned that your hair formula may have led to some other side effects.”

Doing his best to remain calm, Liam demanded, “Like what?”

“Well, you’re obviously a lot weaker. Now get your butt over here.” She tugged him in front of a dresser. “Go ahead. Look through here and find something pretty to wear.”

Only because he detested being naked, Liam opened one of the drawers. His heart sank when he found socks, pretty socks with little white ruffles and embroidered hearts.

Quickly, he checked another drawer and discovered panties. There were pink, white, and bright red briefs. They all seemed a little bit bigger than something a girl like Brenda would need. No, these seemed to be his size.

“I’m not wearing any of this,” he said without even facing her.

The collar activated. The electricity sizzled through him, and he had to throw out my hand to grab the dresser.

She grabbed his mane and yanked him back. “Liam, you are going to be a pretty sissy. Pretty sissies wear pretty clothes, so stop being a stubborn brat and pick your outfit.”

She released him, making Liam stumble. He panted, his eyes glistening and wet. He wouldn’t cry in front of her, though the temptation lingered at the back of his thoughts. Swallowing, he grabbed a pair of socks, some panties, and then he worked his way up the dresser.

There was a neatly folded piece of cloth. He could only hope it would be a pair of pants. When he stretched it out, he discovered it to be a miniskirt. Next, he found a blouse.

“Well?” she demanded, her hands on her hips.

“Please don’t make me wear this stuff!”

“It’s not so bad. You’re going to be very pretty,” Brenda insisted.

He paused for several more seconds, clutching the women’s clothing. He didn’t want to wear this. For a long time, he had gone on about how men were superior. Stronger, faster, and smarter, he should have been able to take this girl down. He had several inches on her.

But now some chemical or hormone ran through his bloodstream, robbing him of his innately superior strength.

Something approximating mercy flashed across her features, and she sidled up to him. She put her arms around his shoulders. "You know, this would be a lot easier if you just decided to have fun with it. Do you think you can do that?" She dropped one hand down, skimming her fingertips along his flat stomach.

Liam froze.

It felt as though his entire body became paralyzed. Before she started training him, he would have slapped her hand away. Now he felt stuck, like his arms wouldn't obey.

She touched his scrotum and slowly worked her digits up toward the base of his shaft. She caressed and stroked his member. His cock began to harden.

Liam tried to distract himself from his erection. His mouth became dry as she kept going, gently squeezing and relaxing. "You're going to belong to me," she promised. "My pretty sissy."

He shook his head.

"I'm going to play with you," she said, alternating her tone, turning it into a sing-song sentence.

She squeezed and relaxed, squeezed and relaxed, sliding her palm down and up until the tip of his penis glistened with a drop of pre-come. "If you want an orgasm, you're going to get dressed. Now."

She used her other hand to squeeze his ass. He hopped up and turned around.

Of course, she still had the remote control. It rested right there between her fingers and palm. She could make it hurt whenever she wished.

Because Liam's entire body seemed to ache for an orgasm, he scrambled to put on the clothes. First, he pulled the socks up onto his feet. Liam tried not to grimace at the silky softness. Next, he donned the panties. They slid up his legs like any other pair of underwear, but when he let go of the elastic, he realized something.

They fit him perfectly. The soft satin squeezed his cock, but the panties were just his size. Without even thinking, he wiggled his hips from side to side. It was a decidedly feminine gesture, not that he wanted to think about it.

"So cute!" Brenda cried out. "Now put on the skirt."

He glared at her.

Liam still couldn't believe he was going to put on a girl's clothing. He didn't want to be dressed like a girl!

"Do it," she commanded again.

Loathing the ease with which she could manipulate him, Liam slipped the skirt up his legs. He zipped it into place, only he still wasn't done. He was just about to put the blouse on when Brenda poked him in the back.

"What?" he snapped.

"Put this on," she said.

Liam faced her and found a bra in her hand. He shook his head, the color draining from his cheeks. No...that would be too much. "Put it on or I'll put it on you," she threatened.

Frustrated but helpless, he grabbed the bra and he pulled it over his chest, only to realize this thing had been designed for a man. It had been designed for a man who wanted to look like a woman. The bra came with faux breasts, giving him a girlish figure. These breasts weren't large. He would seem slight, like a young woman.

He slid the bra over his chest and worked the clasp between his shoulder blades. "Wow," Brenda commented. "You're really good at this. Maybe there's something you want to tell me?"

"No," he grouched back.

But she went between his legs, grabbing his shaft. He was so hard! He might come at any second. "Should I give you an orgasm right now? Would you like that? Would you like to mess up your new panties? Don't worry. There are dozens in that drawer."

He shook his head, his cheeks colored red, his breath hot along his lips.

"I'll...I'll get dressed," he promised.

She released him and stepped back. Crossing her arms over her chest, Brenda really did have the air of a princess. She could command this sissy boy.

"That's right," Brenda taunted.

He pushed his hands into the blouse and buttoned it up. The sleeves puffed out, and it was a little bit short, showing off his midriff.

But he buttoned it up, and he was done. He was dressed like a girl, but at least he didn't have to do anything else.

Turning back to Brenda, he was going to ask her a question. While he had been focused on his top, she had set out a chair near the bed. Also, he noticed the plastic box sitting on the edge of the sheets.

"Sit," she commanded, resting her weight on the chair's back.

Seething, Liam didn't see any other choice. He took several steps toward the chair when she snapped her finger. "I forgot! We need to get you some shoes. Go to the closet and pick out a pair. Pick something cute and fun. I think you're a trendy girl."

"I'm not a girl," he muttered just under his breath.

"Maybe not. But you're definitely a sissy," she said.

Brenda kept her eyes on him as he scuttled across the floor. He stopped at the sliding door and nudged it to the right. He found another set of shelves covered in sex toys. He didn't like thinking about the dildos or how they might be used.

Swallowing back his trepidation, Liam glanced down at the lower levels. There were shoes, dozens of pairs. Flats and heels spread along the three tiers, each one glossy and girly with sparkles or plastic inlays.

"Pick."

Liam snatched up a pair without really seeing what he grabbed. It didn't matter. These were all women's shoes, each and every pair. There weren't any sneakers or tennis shoes, nothing that even came close to gender neutral.

He came back to the chair and dropped the shoes on the floor, only to realize that they were high heels. Liam slipped his feet into the shoes, shivering with mortification because his outfit was now complete.

"So pretty..." she said. "But I think we can do better."

"Better?" he barely squeaked that question.

"Oh yes. We can do better. Let's start with some foundation," she told him, unclipping the makeup case.

Liam tried to sit up, but she touched his shoulder and shoved him down. Seated now, he could try to get up, only he knew better. He had learned his lesson.

“Close your eyes,” she commanded, holding the foundation packet in one hand, a silky brush in the other.

Wishing he didn’t have to do this, Liam gave in nonetheless. He closed his eyes and felt the silky soft bristles run over his skin. Little by little, she applied the foundation. Next came the blush.

From one step into the next, Liam had no choice. He sat there like a good sissy, letting his owner ply him with makeup.

Once his cheeks practically glowed, she told him to close his eyes again so she could put on some eye-shadow. After each step, he kept hoping Brenda would finish with him.

The minutes rolled on. Brenda hummed to herself, enjoying the work. For her, it was so fun to take this manly misogynist and dress him up like her sissy doll. She gave him fake lashes. And to finish it off, she grabbed a bright red shade of lipstick.

“Pucker your lips for me,” Brenda ordered.

This time, Liam opened his eyes, not that Brenda seemed to mind.

“Do it, sissy.”

He complied. He hated it, but he tensed his lips and felt the thick goop of lipstick as the red hue was smeared over his mouth. “There! You look perfect!” Brenda announced. “Just rub your lips together.” She demonstrated.

Liam had seen women do this in movies and on TV many times. He never once imagined he would be in this position.

Once she was satisfied, he reached down and took him by the hand. She pulled Liam back across the room before placing him in front of the mirror.

“You look really cute!” she said. “In fact, I think you should take some selfies.”

Selfies. He despised the word. It was one of the terms only an airheaded college girl could enjoy.

“I am not going to take any pictures of myself,” he declared. Something solidified within him. If she hoped to break his spirit with a few stitches of clothing and a bit of makeup, then she would be sorely disappointed.

She exhaled a puff of exasperation. “I guess you’re just going to need another punishment.”

“What? No! Just don’t make me take a picture.”

She spoke again, her voice crisp and sharp. “Go to the closet and fetch me a paddle.”

“I don’t deserve this! I don’t deserve to be punished,” he snapped back, but it was too late. Liam had already made his mistake by resisting. She grabbed his forearm and yanked him back across the room.

This time, she picked out the paddle herself. Made of pink leather with cruel looking rivets, she tapped it against her hand. It was shaped like a heart, a mix of cruel domination and feminine mockery.

“Come with me,” she said, dragging him again.

Liam repeatedly tried to free himself. She was smaller. She should have been weaker too, but whatever made his hair grow also sapped his strength. Brenda had no problem manhandling her pathetic sissy.

Brenda dragged him over to the chair, only she didn’t shove him into the seat. No, she had something better in mind. She took the seat herself, keeping her knees together. Then she patted her lap. “Down,” she commanded.

“I am not getting across your lap.”

“You will unless you want me to take you outside and leave you to wander around dressed like *that*,” Brenda may have said he was pretty, yet she held no illusions about the dignity of his station, namely that he didn’t have any. “So unless you want your fans to see what you look like, you’ll get across my lap and ask for your spanking.”

His eyes watered, and his lip began to tremble.

For just a moment, he imagined his fans’ reaction to his outfit and hair. What would they say? They were just as aggressive as he. They believed men should be tough and strong. Liam literally had on frilly socks. And he couldn’t tell them she forced him into this. What kind of man could be so easily tricked?

Liam grunted, defeated.

“Please spank me.”

“Louder.” Brenda wouldn’t make this easy on him.

“Please, spank me! I need to be spanked.” He bit through every sound, wishing he could be somewhere else, anywhere else.

She raised the paddle, savoring this moment of his sissy subjugation. Brenda had always yearned to put a man in this position. Feeling his cock twitch with humiliated arousal only added to her pleasure.

Yes, she was going to have fun teasing his little cock. He deserved this and so much more. Brenda was just the woman to dish out his punishment for all of those naughty things he had written online.

Moving fast, she lifted his skirt and yanked down his panties. They bunched around his hips, the satin and silk serving to denigrate him even more. Liam simply couldn't escape.

She swung and struck.

The paddle connected with a dull thud. That didn't diminish the shot of pain roaring through his skin.

"Say thank you."

"Never," he growled.

"Liam, Liam, Liam...why do you try to disobey me. I've already got you collared. We both know you're going to surrender like the pathetic sissy you are. So why fight it? Shouldn't you be smart about this and try to make the best of a bad situation?"

"I won't lose to you!" he spat back.

"Liam, you already have," she said.

To accentuate her point, she resumed his paddling. The air swished around the pink paddle as she punished this naughty boy. After the first blow, his skin turned scarlet. Two more and the curves of his ass morphed to an adorable shade of crimson. Yes, she loved this.

"No more..." he whimpered. It only took a couple of swings before he started to beg. Brenda loved that sound, which meant she wanted to hear some more.

She swatted his naughty bottom again and again.

"What do you want?" he pleaded. "Please, just tell me!"

"I want to hear you beg some more, sissy!" She spanked him harder this time, getting some good heft.

He grimaced, his eyes wet as he tried not to cry. On some level, he realized that if he smeared his makeup, she would only apply it again.

The pain and heat spread along the contours of his ass.

Liam squirmed from side to side, feeling a lot like a bug. She had him, and she could do with them whatever she wished. Each time he attempted to slide off of her lap, Brenda employed a very simple countermeasure. She grabbed his hair and pulled, sending a jolt of pain running down his back. That was all it took to make sure he didn't try to escape.

"How many more spankings do you need?"

"None!"

She smacked him several more times without counting. "How many?"

Tears still dampened his eyes, yet he needed to pretend that he wasn't on the verge of crying. He was supposed to be better than this, a real man who didn't show weakness. And yet as he tried to hide his feelings, he simply failed.

"Five?" Liam understood that if he aimed too low, she would disregard the suggestion. Perhaps she would even punish him for his impertinence.

"Let's say ten," she replied.

His throat clenched, but he braced himself, doing everything he could to maintain his masculine dignity. Then the paddle came down again, connecting with a sharp whoosh of air. His entire body seemed to shimmer through the pain. It tingled along his skin, lighting up every nerve ending.

Gritting his teeth, Liam tried to think about something else. He tried to concentrate on how good it would feel when he eventually turned the tables. He would find some problem, some flaw with the collar. She wasn't going to keep them like this forever.

Then he would have his way with her. He would grab her and hold her down. He would spank her and use her.

As nice as those thoughts were, they dissipated into nothing but mist when the paddle came smacking down. Before long, he couldn't think. He couldn't even fantasize. His entire body seemed to become one raw nerve ending.

And when she was done, Brenda had another torture in mind. She lightly caressed her fingers along his tormented backside. "You do have

a cute little bottom," she announced. "I'm looking forward to penetrating you."

He tried to ignore her words, hoping they were nothing but an idle threat. At the same time, he could feel his cock twitch, as though some part of him truly craved this attention. That didn't make any sense, so he ignored it.

It was easy, especially because Brenda's soft caresses kept his nerves aflame with need. He squirmed back and forth, the sharp tingles running all along his body. She wanted him to scorn. She wanted him to feel nice and helpless, and it was working.

"Get down on your knees and tell me you're going to be a good sissy," she commanded.

Helpless to resist, Liam did it.

He rolled off of her lap, and even with his panties still pulled halfway down his legs, he gazed up at her. "I'm going to be a good sissy for you," he said, biting through every word. He didn't need them, but that wasn't the point.

This was another lesson, a demonstration of the power and authority over him. Liam realized this, and he hated the lesson even more for it.

"Now tell me about one of your blog entries," she said.

That caught him off guard. Liam barely ran his tongue along his mouth, only to taste the fix much of his lipstick. "I wrote one article about how women are happiest when they are married and take care of their husbands."

"I remember that one," Brenda replied. "You said something about how a woman's natural state is in a subjugated relationship where she can be most useful."

"Something like that," he replied, worried that no matter what answer he gave, Brenda would twist his words.

"Were you wrong when you wrote that blog?"

He challenged her again. "No," said Liam.

"And I want you to think about that while you are going down on me." Brenda was still seated on the chair, and she scooted forward, lifting up her skirt. She pulled down her panties, exposing her sex.

His eyes went wide for a moment. "I'm not going to do that," he insisted.

Brenda didn't bother to argue with him. She simply picked up the remote control, and she tapped the button, sending a flurry of electricity dancing through his skin. He let out a yelp of shocked pain.

"You still don't understand how this works. I own you, so I get to do whatever I want with you." She grabbed his thick hair and pulled Liam's head between her legs. "Now eat me out like a good sissy. If you do, maybe I will play with you a bit. Would you like that? Would you like me to play with that little cock of yours?"

Just the possibility was enough to make Liam hard. He could feel his cock press against the prison of his panties.

Brenda pulled on his hair again, sending another twitch of pain on his scalp. "Don't make me use the controller again." He didn't have the endurance to take another jolt of electricity.

So he stuck out his tongue, and he started to lick her, eating your pussy, just the way she desired. He was surrendering, tasting the flavors of her excitement. Before his tone even ran along her opening, he knew she was aroused. Simply having him helpless, an adorable little sissy, was enough to get her wet.

But now it was time for her orgasm.

"There is my good sissy," she said, patting his soft hair. Liam had become so pretty as a girl. Yes, she loved having him in that position, down on his knees, doing whatever she wanted.

He licked and nuzzled, flicking his tongue up and down and from side to side. Although he had never gone down on a woman before, Liam quickly learned how to do it. He listened to Brenda's voice, those little gasps and exhalations of pleasure. He needed this to end as quickly as possible, so he couldn't waste his time on the faulty effort.

"Yes, you're very good at this," she said. "I think you might have to go down on me every morning. That's a good way to start the day, don't you think?" With his face between her legs, he obviously couldn't respond.

He kept licking, swirling his tongue all around. We have never wanted to be in this position, yet he hardly had any choice in the matter.

She brought her hips together, squeezing them against his cheek as she threw her head back and cried out. Brenda Sager: orgasm for several more seconds before she put her hand on his forehead and pushed him back.

"Wow. That was very nice," she said, touching his chin and looking into his eyes. "Now I want you to scamper back to the bed and redo your makeup. It looks like you smudged your lipstick."

A grimace of embarrassment flashed across his features, but he stood up and he went to comply.

All the while, Brenda kept her eyes on her new plaything. She was having so much fun with him.

Because he was still hoping for something, Liam redid his makeup. When he was done, his lipstick looked smooth and even. He was a quick learner. He made an excellent sissy, whether he wished to acknowledge it or not.

"Very impressive," she said, touching her fingertips to his neck. She tugged on the collar gently, just giving him another reminder of his place. "Now I want you to lay down. I have a very special treat for you."

Liam scampered to obey, his erection raging against the satin layer of panties. Yes, he was dressed like a girl, yet his urges kept to storming through his body. He got down on his back, and he closed his eyes.

He heard Brenda giggle. "Silly sissy. That's not how this works."

Liam didn't understand, but then she was on the bed, she grabbed his shoulder, and she rolled him onto his stomach. Liam still did not realize what was going on, but it was too late for him. Brenda had grabbed a pair manacles, locking them around his wrist. Then she connected them to the headboard.

All of a sudden, he was trapped in place.

He tugged on the shackles, wondering if he'd be able to slip free. He couldn't.

"Look, if you let me go right now, I can pretend that none of this happened," he said. She technically kidnapped him, so perhaps he would be able to use that against her. It was a nice idea, one destined to fail.

"You're mine," she said simply. "I have you collared, and now I have you tied to the bed." As she spoke, she connected something else to his ankle. Liam had been so focused on trying to intimidate her that he stopped paying attention to what Brenda had actually been doing. Within another couple of seconds, she had both of his ankles shackled to the bed too.

He had just enough slack to stay up on his hands and knees. Other than that, he couldn't move. The restraints went tight each time he tested them, which meant she had him right where she wanted him.

"Before, I said you were going to get to have some fun. That's true. You're a sissy now, so I'm going to show you the pleasures of being penetrated. I'm going to take you, just like a girl gets taken."

Despite the makeup on his cheeks, he could feel the color drain away from his face. Bright humiliation rampaged through him, especially when she started to apply the lubricant. Brenda wasn't gentle as she slid the material along his opening. Before long, he was ready.

She hopped off the bed and went back to the closet, coming back a few seconds later; she held two things in her hand. "Do you want pink or blue?" She let him see the dildos in her hands. They would connect to a strap on harness, and she would take him, using him like a little sex toy.

He shook his head from side to side, which prompted her to punish him with another shock from his collar. A gasp of pain escaped his lips, and he bowed his head. Without even thinking, he picked the pink one.

"Good choice. Very feminine," she commented.

Facing forward, he could see what she was doing once she climbed back up onto the bed. Brenda pulled her strap-on into place. Then she connected the double headed dildo. It slid into her pussy, making sure she would enjoy this, both for the effects it would have on her sissy as well as the process itself.

"No, please don't. Please, don't use me like this," he tried to beg.

It was so sweet getting to hear him beg. "Just relax. I'm going to take some of your virginity," she said, enjoying the irony. Then she pushed forward, working with the slender dildo into his hole.

At first, he clenched down as hard as he could, yet Brenda had done an excellent job with the lubricant. She pushed forward and pulled back, gently relaxing his muscles. As hard as he tried to bear down, he couldn't. She had him right where she wanted him, and she was enjoying every second of this. Not only did she get to revel in the power she wielded over him, Brenda simply enjoyed the way the dildo rubbed up against her clitoris.

"Yes, just like that," she said. She spoke in soothing, calming tones. "You're going to enjoy this. I'm going to use you. I'm going to take you in on few, just like a pretty little girl. That's what you are right now. You're just a pretty little sissy."

Shaking his head from side to side, he jerked on his chains, hoping to free himself. Each and every time, he failed. The resistance was just too stiff, and couldn't get away. She had him right where she wanted him.

And to emphasize that, she gave him a spanking. She brought her own palm down against the curves of his ass even as she shoved forward, burying the dildo deep inside of him.

But worse than anything else, he felt his cock harden even more against the panties. The rhythm of resistance, of his shaft grinding against the satin, it was almost enough to make him come.

Brenda wasn't kind. She rode him hard, enjoying the little whimpers of defiance the maid. This was where he belonged, and she wanted to keep him in his place. She pulled back and shoved forward, again and again. Each movement sent shivers of pleasure throughout her body. She was so hot!

One orgasm after another ran through her body. In those first couple of seconds, she managed to stay quiet and in control. Occasionally, she would taunt him with another comment about how he was such a pretty sissy. Yet then she lost control.

Ecstasy overwhelmed her, and she began to moan, throwing her chin back and crying out with raw pleasure.

One final orgasm exploded through her, and she pulled out.

For a few seconds, everything turned to a white haze. When her vision cleared and she could reclaim her thoughts, Brenda had a decision to make.

"Did you like that?"

"No."

In theory, such a word should have been a sign of his defiance, yet she didn't hear anything beyond a simple statement of fact. "Don't worry. Every young girl worries about losing her virginity," Brenda said, her tone consoling. Then she reached along his buttocks, stroking and caressing him.

He whimpered, every inch of his skin supersensitive.

Brenda chuckled and shook her head, amazed at how weak Liam really was. Again and again, he insisted that he was better than her, that he was somehow stronger. Yet in every test, his fortitude wavered and broke.

"Do you want an orgasm? Is that what you need?"

Brenda didn't immediately give person sees a chance to respond. Rather, she slid her hand between his legs. She found his stiff cock, and she gave his shaft a little squeeze. His excitement dribbled down into her hand, and she grimaced with revulsion. Boys really could be very messy.

"Yes. Please, I want an orgasm."

"Then you're going to have to ask your mistress for it," Brenda replied. "After all, I own you, so that makes me your mistress. I get to tell you what to do. I get to tell you how to behave. Most importantly, I get to punish you when you are a bad sissy."

This time, his eyes didn't even narrow. Shackled to the bed, his cock aching for attention, he didn't see any other choice. "Please, mistress, may I have an orgasm? Please, I will do whatever you want. I will be whatever you want."

If only his body didn't ache for her touch, then he could have acted like a real man. He could have roared with aggression and rebellion.

Every nerve ending along his body wanted her to touch him. He couldn't help himself. At that moment, he felt a lot like an addict trying to stay away from his drug of choice.

Simply put, he just couldn't do it.

"I'm going to make you come, and it's going to spurt all over the bed. Then I'm going to make you clean it up. Can you do that? Can clean up your mess?"

He hissed through his teeth, hating that subordinated position. After all, he was supposed to be better than a maid.

But that didn't stop him from agreeing. "I promise. I will clean it up."

"You'll clean it up like a good sissy?"

Another grunt of frustration escaped his lips. "Yes, I will clean it up like a good sissy." Brenda considered taunting him a little bit more. She was having so much fun, after all. But with a little sigh, she decided that he needed this reward. After all, what kind of owner would she be if she only punished him and never gave him treats when he behaved well?

Really, to be a good sissy, he would need the right incentives.

She moved her hand back into place, and she mercilessly grabbed his cock. She started to jerk him off, moving her hand forward and back.

For his part, Liam realized something. If she was going to maintain and even your dignity, then he couldn't just blow his load right away. Then Brenda would truly understand just how pathetic and desperate he had become.

He struggled to hold out, to keep himself from climaxing. After just a few seconds, Brenda realized that he was doing, so she grabbed a dildo, and she slid it back between his butt cheeks. She penetrated him again, and it was all it took to shatter his resolve.

He blew his load, coming hard. Liam would never admit it, but she knew the truth. He liked this kind of attention. On some level, he craved it, and she was simply providing what he needed.

One spurt after another shot out from his cock. And when he was finally done, Brenda withdrew her hand. She wiped it off on the back of his skirt.

Then she went ahead and she removed the shackles. "Now, it's time for you clean up your mess."

With a frown, he remembered his promise. Blinking through the haze of arousal, he glanced around, expecting to see a sponge or some paper towels. There had to be something, something he could use.

"No. I want you to clean it up in a more natural way."

"With my hands?" Liam asked; a tremor rippled through his voice.

"No, no. You're going to do it with your tongue."

He opened his mouth, ready to argue, but Brenda wasn't in the mood to debate such a simple point with her sissy slave. She grabbed him by the back of his neck, and she shoved his face down into his hot semen.

We made another attempt at communicating with her. He tried to speak, only to smear his load all over his mouth. It was hot and sticky.

"My threat stands. Unless you do this right now, I'm going to take lots of pictures of you and send them to your followers. What would they think of you like this, a little sissy with his face covered in semen?"

No way. He couldn't do this.

Again and again, Liam tried to hold out. Yet she had her hand braced at the nape of his neck, just above his collar, and she wasn't about to let go. Brenda had made her decision, and he was going to have to live with it.

To give him another incentive, she swatted her hand down hard on his naked backside. She spanked his bottom even as she turned his head from side to side, smearing his face all over the mess on the bed.

Liam fought so hard to keep himself from doing it, but then the stinging became too much. He couldn't endure any more spankings, so he stuck out his tongue, sliding along the soft sheets.

She watched as he licked up his jizz, his whole body red with humiliation.

When he finally finished, Brenda clapped her hands.

"Go wash up, and then I have something to tell you."

Eager to get away from that bed, Liam scampered across the room. He was still wearing those high heels, so he had to move around awkwardly. But as he did so, he really did feel like a young girl who had just been taken and used.

Somehow, he had to find a way out of the situation. He had to break Brenda's hold on him. Of course, such thoughts were easy. He just couldn't think of any plan to make it happen.

Back in the washroom, he splashed warm water on his face. And when he looked up into his reflection, he didn't see a powerful man, not anymore. Even with most of the makeup gone, his face was smooth. He had big eyes, and a small nose. Had he always looked so feminine? Had he always looked so girly?

Liam couldn't tell if Brenda had secretly done something else to him. Or maybe whatever drug had been placed in the shampoo somehow affected his perceptions. Either way, he promised herself that he was going to get out of this.

Taking a couple of seconds to catch his breath, he fortified his resolve. Then he turned around and he walked back out into the bedroom.

Brenda was waiting for him. She pointed back to the makeup case. "Get ready. I'm going to take you out tonight."

Liam argued and cajoled. He threw up every counterargument you he possibly think of, yet it made no difference. Brenda had already made up her mind, so this was going to happen one way or another.

So about an hour later, he was still dressed in the blouse and short skirt as he walked out. Brenda led him back to the elevators, and he squirmed, feeling like the entire world would be able to tell what had happened.

But when he saw his distorted reflection in the elevator doors, he realized that the world is going to see him as a girl from now on. He had his fake breasts. He had his high heels, which accentuated his calves and raised his buttocks.

"Where are we going?" Liam asked.

"I have some friends who would like to see you," she said.

Obediently, Liam followed her back outside. Then he saw it, his car. It had only been a few hours since she started this blackmail.

"Can I drive?"

They were outside now, and the cold air ran along his bare skin. His arms and legs were exposed, and he felt especially vulnerable. After all, he looked like a pretty girl out for a night on the town.

Cars drove by, and he wondered how many of the drivers noticed him. His flowing, blonde hair and slim physique would certainly attract some attention. Without even trying, he remembered one of his posts. He had written about how women deserved all the attention they got because they always dressed for it. He said something along the lines of how a girl shouldn't dress attractively if she didn't want men to notice her.

Now he was in the same position, and it made him blush brightly.

"I love the way you ask so nicely," Brenda said. She lifted the keys up, letting them jingle from her finger. "But no. I'm going to drive. You're going to sit in the passenger seat, and you're going to cross your legs like a proper young lady."

Liam glared at her for several seconds, but Brenda had already turned away. She sauntered back toward the car, waiting for a break in the traffic. Then she got the driver's seat. Having no other choice, Liam followed.

Brenda started driving, taking different roads. Before long, they left the city. They negotiated a freeway before heading onto some country roads. The pavement was well-maintained, but darkness surrounded them on all sides. There was just the car and the headlights to guide them.

Then she pulled up in front of a large house. It seemed to sit in the middle of nowhere.

Several lights were on, and other cars were already parked outside.

"What is this?" Liam asked, and he was surprised to hear the timidity in his voice. At that moment, he actually sounded like a young woman.

"This, my dear, is a gathering of some friends."

Brenda got out, and she stood a few feet away. She was waiting, tapping foot. With a sigh, Liam lamented the fact that he never tried to hide an extra key his car. If he had done so, then he would've been able to take his car back right then and right there.

Of course, he might still go to prison, but maybe that would be worth it?

Opening the door, Liam slipped out, feeling very much like a pretty girl on her way to a dance. He negotiated the rough ground, doing his best not to trip or stumble. He had to concentrate on every step, feeling his high heels.

When he came close enough, Brenda grabbed his arm and yanked him up the porch steps. She knocked on the door, and they had to wait a second before it swung inward. Then there was a woman with black

hair. It was long and shiny, yet her features made it abundantly clear that she was in charge.

"Brenda, it's good to see you," said this woman.

"Veronica, thank you for inviting me." Brenda smiled and the two women hugged, leaving Liam to stand there, embarrassed and confused. He didn't know what to do, and so he peered around, hoping to pick up any useful information.

Past the threshold, it seemed to be a party. There were lots of women, some young, some more mature. They all wore cocktail dresses, each one designed to show off the contours of their bodies. It struck him as strange because he didn't see any men around. That made him even more nervous.

Who were these ladies? What did they have planned for him?

Veronica, the dark-haired beauty, motioned for Brenda and her sissy to come inside.

Still holding his hand, Brenda brought Liam into the house. "This is Liam. I haven't decided what I'm going to name him though."

Once they entered the house, the conversations seemed to stop. Liam got the very uncomfortable feeling everyone had their eyes on him, rather than Brenda. There were smirks and little twitters amusement. These girls were going to have fun with him, and there was nothing he could say about it.

"My, my. This sissy does look pretty incredible. Where did you find him?"

"Actually, he was practically begging for this." Brenda made the declaration, and several of the girls started to laugh again. They were all very polite, yet Liam knew he was the butt of some joke he didn't understand. Brenda continued, "I was playing online one day, and I found a link to this sissy's blog. You see, before I grabbed him tonight, he was a very rude boy. He was talking about women, insisting on things he couldn't possibly understand. So I decided he needed some reeducation."

He narrowed his eyes, feeling his lower lip began to twitch. Liam needed to argue, to insist that these ladies that they couldn't do this to him. It was a nice idea, except he could still feel the weight of his collar

around his neck. That leather symbol of subjugation made it clear that he wasn't going to be able to speak unless invited to do so.

Veronica raised up her glass and moved toward the center of the room. "Ladies, we have a very special guest here tonight. Brenda has a new sissy, and she wants to show him off."

His heart started pounding more quickly, a frantic thud in his chest. Suddenly, lights felt much brighter, especially because every woman unabashedly stared at his direction. They were admiring his hair, his makeup, and that feminine gait as he was guided to the middle of the room.

"Have you trained your sissy to do any tricks?" Veronica asked.

"Not yet. I've only had this one for a few hours."

"A few hours?" asked one of the other women. I couldn't see who.

These ladies were all very beautiful, yet I couldn't make eye contact for more than a second or two. "That's right," Brenda said. "As I was telling our lovely hostess here, Liam has been a very bad boy, so I've decided he needs to be my sissy. Fortunately for me, he has a great deal of potential. In fact, if I didn't know better, I would think he had always wanted this."

"And you have used the shock collar?" another woman asked.

"Nothing but the best for my sissy," Brenda replied, and the women all laughed at me again.

"So Brenda, tell us about some of these articles. What exactly did he write?"

"The usual misogynistic trash," Brenda replied, waving my ideas away as though they didn't matter at all. "But if you're very curious, maybe you should ask my sissy. I'm sure he'd be happy to talk about his work. After all, he did write something about how many proud of everything accomplish, like they could do any of that without the help of the women in their lives."

Suddenly, everyone focused on Liam again. He could feel the cloud of blush for the longest in. He didn't want to admit it, yet these ladies really did intimidate him. Without even trying thinking about it, he held his hands behind his back, showing off his newly feminine physique.

"What about it, Liam? You think men should be proud of their accomplishments? I mean, you're clearly not a man, not dressed like

that, but maybe you have some ideas you'd like to share anyway?"

Liam understood the dynamics here. He couldn't argue. Maybe he could politely excuse himself or say something about how he didn't want to share. If these ladies were at all merciful or sympathetic, they would let it drop. After all, they just wanted to beat him right? If he showed the proper amount of humility, then maybe they would leave him alone.

But Liam wasn't wired like that. He straightened his back, and he let his gaze wander over each and every one of those ladies. It didn't matter that he had on eye shadow or lipstick. It didn't matter that his hair had been changed or that he now appeared to be a young woman.

"Yes. I'm very proud of what I've written," he said. Brenda smirked, unsurprised at his arrogance and just as eager to punish him. Liam raised his voice a little bit. He tried to sound louder, yet his tone only became squeakier and higher pitched. He did sound like a young girl, but he didn't care. He was going to do his best and hold onto whatever dignity he could by showing these ladies that he was not going to be broken. "I did write an article about how women should be grateful for everything the men in their lives do. They should even be willing to crawl along on their hands and knees if that's what it takes."

"You know, maybe I misjudged your work," Brenda said. "Maybe it is a good idea for young girls to crawl to show their gratitude. And you know, I've done a lot of favors for you tonight," she said. The ladies giggled, and Liam could only wonder where she was going with this. "So I think you should crawl around on the floor. Show me just how grateful you are for everything I've done for you tonight. After all, I did your makeup and I helped you get dressed. I even gave you an orgasm. You loved that, didn't you?"

The color drained away from his face. At the same time, it seemed like all of these ladies stepped forward, eager to get a better view.

"No, please don't make me," Liam whispered to her. But because the room was so quiet, chances were good that everyone in that room heard exactly what he said. More importantly, they probably picked up on that note of desperation in his voice.

"Right now," she snapped.

He didn't think about it, but his knees seemed to weaken. He collapsed down onto all fours, and he still work the skirt.

In this position, the hem of his skirt rode up. "Oh! I love his panties!" one of the women cried out and clapped.

Hoping to avoid another shock from his collar, Liam started to crawl along the floor. This was beyond degrading. He couldn't believe she really made him do this.

"Did I mention that he loves kissing shoes? He can't get enough of it."

"Really?" Veronica asked, sounding impressed. "If he likes it so much, then I think we should give him the opportunity to really enjoy himself."

Liam shook his head silently, his eyes large and pleading. Only a few seconds before, he had been so defiant and determined, yet Brenda had broken down his will one more time. She showed him that he couldn't resist.

"Liam, go around the room and kiss each and every foot. Show our guests how grateful you are for the opportunity to be here."

Humiliation burned through his skin, lighting him up.

But then he remembered what he wrote, how men should be in charge. He stood up, and he started to march right over toward Brenda. He wasn't going to let her get away with this any longer.

Before he made it even three strides, she had the controller out, and she pressed the button, shocking him. "Stubborn little boy. You don't get to defy us. You don't get to try to argue. I own you now," Brenda said. Then she turned back toward her friends. "Sissies. Sometimes I swear, they never learn."

Liam dropped down onto the floor as electricity coruscated through his body. It felt as though every inch of his skin seared with hot energy. This spike of pain wiped away all of his concentration.

Suddenly, he found himself back on his side, on the floor. One of the ladies strolled up to him and nudged him with the point of her shoe.

He wasn't going to be able to escape this fate. At least for the moment, Liam knew he had to play along.

"Liam likes to write a lot about how women should be grateful. He thinks it's important for wives to stay home and cook and clean for

their husbands. He thinks that men should always be in control because they're stronger. Is that how you're feeling, Liam? Are you feeling stronger now?" Brenda turned her attention on him, and with hers went the other women's.

They were watching, waiting to see if he would really do it. Would he bow his head down and kiss that shoe?

Yes. He would do it because he really didn't get any choice. Unless he wanted to be punished again, he would obey. Brenda simply didn't give Liam any other choice. He was her sissy after all.

He kissed her shoes.

It was as simple as that.

Liam lowered his lips down to the patent soles, brushing a kiss to demonstrate his subjugation. The girl giggled.

Then she glanced up and sent to Brenda, "I don't know about you, but it doesn't seem fair to me your sissy kiss everyone's feet." For a moment, Liam really believed that they were going to be nice to him. Maybe they were going to grant him the small mercy of keeping his dignity.

No. The girl continued. "Your sissy's hair is getting in the way. Maybe we should tie back into something cuter, like pigtails!"

"No!" Liam called out. He was never going to let that happen.

"Ladies, I think we know what we have to do," Brenda replied.

For most of the evening, these women all seemed pretty sedate. Liam didn't know they could move so fast because they swarmed him, getting down on her knees and grabbing his arms and legs. Before he knew it, strong hands had twisted his arms back behind him. Other ladies held his legs in place, and another pair of hands touched his cheeks, making sure he didn't turn his head from side to side.

Then, Veronica and Brenda strolled up to him. "You're going to look so cute in pigtails!" Brenda promised, practically giggling every word. She couldn't wait to see her sissy with such a juvenile hairstyle. "You know, I could change my mind. You're nothing special right now, but maybe I can make you into a schoolgirl sissy. Would you like that? I could get you adorably pleated skirts and a blouse with little heart buttons. Of course, you'd also need a tie and some cotton panties. But I don't think those would be so hard to come by, do you, Veronica?"

"Absolutely not. In fact, I think we have a couple of outfits just like that off the play room," said the old woman.

This time, Liam knew better than to try to contradict them.

The girls finished their work, putting his hair into cutesy pigtails. Then they tied them into place with pink ribbons.

Liam couldn't see his reflection, not this time, but he didn't need to. He could already imagine how feminine and childish he probably looked.

When they were done, the women all withdrew, stepping back.

Braced on his knees, he could theoretically try to pull those ribbons from his hair. To do so would invite punishment, obviously. No, he couldn't waste his strength on something like that. Instead, Liam needed to figure out some way to get away.

He crawled, just the way Brenda wished. He moved along on all fours, dipping his head low and brushing his lips along each woman's shoes.

"How long are you planning keeping him?" Veronica asked.

At that, Liam perked up. Maybe she had a deadline in mind. Obviously, she couldn't keep them like this forever.

"I haven't decided yet," Brenda said. "I'm keeping it open ended for his benefit."

Disappointment speared Liam, but he kept going, kissing one shoe after another. It was humiliating and demeaning, but at least the women had gone back to their conversations. They were chatting about the weather and local politics, tax rates and what they thought might happen in the next election. It all seemed to be so normal, just a regular cocktail party except for the collared sissy who kept crawling around on the floor, kissing the women's feet.

When he was done, Liam didn't know what to do.

Reluctantly, he went back toward Brenda. For several seconds, she ignored him. She kept talking to her friend.

He hated being ignored like this. She shamed him in front of everyone, so she at least owed him the courtesy of acknowledging his presence. But then that was part of the lesson. Liam didn't realize it, but she was training him, subjugating him to the point where he would

have no expectations. His only goal would eventually become to service her.

But Liam was too arrogant to figure any of that out on his own.

Finally, Brenda glanced back at her sissy. "Are you done already?"

"Yes, mistress," he replied. That second word just slipped from his lips.

Whether it was intentional or not became irrelevant because she gave him a little pat on the head. Then, just for fun, Brenda pulled on his pigtail. He grimaced, frowning with embarrassment, but there was nothing else for him to do.

"Stay right there on your knees. I'm going to have a conversation with my friend here." She didn't dismiss him or let him leave. Instead, he simply had to wait for them to finish. It was maddening!

They continued to chat, leaving Liam there down on his knees like some kind of decoration. He hated every second of it, especially because he had another article, one which argued men should always be the center of attention. Women should never focus on themselves when there was a guy in the room.

"Getting frustrated?" Brenda asked, finally turning her attention back toward Liam.

"I'm fine," he growled.

"No, I can tell you're getting frustrated. You're very impatient. Like so many other silly boys, you don't know how to just sit still. Maybe that's a skill we should work on." Having made up her mind, Brenda clapped her hands. "Everyone, can I get your attention? I have a little game for my sissy here. I'm going to stand in the middle of the room, and he isn't allowed to move. If you see him move, I want you to give him a nice, open palm spanking."

Just after he heard those words, Liam tried to convince himself he somehow misunderstood what she said. But then Brenda grabbed him by his pigtails, pulling him back up onto his feet. He whimpered in pain and then she took his hand and lifted him up, weaving his fingers behind his head.

"My sissy is now on display. Feel free to fondle him or touch him. Feel free to comment on his makeup or talk to him. He isn't allowed to respond in any way; he can't react at all. So have fun, girls."

Brenda turned her attention back to her sissy. "This is what you wanted, isn't it? All of these ladies are going to give you some much attention now." She flashed a wicked grin and turned back toward her friend. Veronica and Brenda started chatting once more, but Liam had other things to worry about.

The girls started streaming by, standing in front of him. A few smiled or giggled.

At first, they seemed a bit timid, like they didn't know what to do with him. But then one mischievous girl got aggressive. She lifted up his skirt. "Oh, he's wearing such cute panties!"

"And he definitely likes it!" said someone else. "Just look how hard his little cock is!"

"It's not small," Liam replied instantly. He couldn't help himself. Like so many other men, he felt compelled to defend himself, even when it was such a terrible idea. Really, he should've just kept his mouth shut, but he lacked that sort of self control.

The girls all pounced on the opportunity.

They lifted his skirt back, exposing his panties. Then they started spanking him, a flurry of blows that stole his breath away. As hard as he tried, he just couldn't concentrate on anything else. His eyes started to water...

"I think that's enough," someone announced. Liam couldn't see who spoke those words. He didn't know the girl, so it really didn't make any difference.

The strong hands let go, and he kept his eyes on the floor this time, unable to look up and face the expressions of these girls. After all, they were females. They were supposed to be inferior, yet they had grabbed him with ease. Liam had never felt so powerless. He had never felt so feminine and vulnerable.

It was a trick.

Just as he relaxed, one of the women changed her mind.

"Back to it!" Veronica called out, snapping her fingers. Almost immediately, the other girl started laughing and giggling. A few of them were talking about Liam, not that he could hear exactly what they were saying. Then again, it didn't back the matter, not when he could guess. They were teasing him, talking about how he had been such a strong

man. And look at him then and there. He was little more than a dolly. He certainly resembled one.

Raising his arms back and the former position, Liam tried to summon up a veneer of dignity and self-respect. These girls really didn't need to know how humiliated he felt. Besides, it was easy enough to guess anyway.

While he resumed his position, the girls went back to mocking him. A few of them walked up and squeezed his ass. Others touched his cheeks, tilting his head from side to side as they admired his makeup.

"Brenda, you really do need to let us borrow him from time to time."

Borrow him? Liam didn't understand. Another blast of humiliation ran through his skin. They were talking about him like he was some object, and they were only just getting started.

"No. You shouldn't just lend him out. You should put him up for sale. I'm sure there are a lot of people who would love to pay for some time with your sissy." Liam couldn't hear exactly who spoke, but he felt the red drain from his features nonetheless. Bone white, he shivered, and of course someone noticed. She gave his bottom a firm spanking, making him yelp out.

They kept at it, teasing and taunting him. They wanted him to make a mistake, so they pushed him.

One girl got very bold. She came up behind him. At first, she simply stroked his head, running her fingers down through his blond tresses. "I want to see the little sissy, and his panties," she announced.

Right away, that provoked another round of laughter from the other girls.

Now that they'd started spanking him and touching him, they became more accustomed to his helplessness. They loved the fact that he couldn't resist. He could remain motionless and quiet like a good sissy, or he could try to respond in some way, but to do so would mean that every girl there would have free reign to punish his tight little bottom.

Oh yes, they all enjoyed that idea a great deal.

Someone lifted up his skirt again, revealing his panties. Then the other girl behind him reached over, and she grabbed his cock. She

began to stroke his member, teasing gently. But as the second continued, she started to jerk him off more forcefully. Every squeeze was another reminder of subjugation. This wasn't for his pleasure. It was for their entertainment.

Liam tried to control himself. Then he heard an annoying voice, one he wished to block out. It was Brenda again. "Tell us about how men really are better at controlling their libidos. Tell me how women just pretend that they can avoid sex."

"Really?" It was one of the girls again, someone he didn't know.

Liam blushed, hating having his words thrown back in his face. His mouth went dry, especially because the girl kept squeezing and relaxing her grip on his shaft. She seemed to sense that he was right on the edge of an orgasm. If she teased him anymore, he might be able to enjoy himself. These women definitely didn't want that to happen, not if it wasn't on their terms.

"That sounds like a very naughty thing to say," one of the girls commented. "Maybe we should hear him beg. Maybe we should hear him tell us how desperate he is."

"But he was talking about men, wasn't he?" questioned one of the other ladies. "We should be fair. Liam here clearly isn't a man. He's just a little sissy."

Liam jerked his head from side to side, making his pigtails bob. "Oh no. It looks like someone needs another spanking," said the girl from behind him. Right away, she pulled her hand away from his cock. Then she started spanking him, slapping his backside as hard as she could. Pain went through his body, faster than he could process.

When the spanking finally came to an end, he was panting. At least he managed to keep his hands behind his head. That was a victory of sorts.

"Are you ready to recant?" Brenda demanded. "Yes, tell us about how wrong you were. Tell us how women are so much stronger. That's what want to hear."

He swallowed, refusing to back down because he believed in his principles. He was supposed to be a man dedicated to his ideals, to a core set of values. For the moment at least, Liam refused to break.

But then one girl standing behind him decided she still wanted to play with his little cock. She reached back down into his panties, stretching elastic back. Right away, an unintended groan escaped his throat. He couldn't help himself, not when her hands were so soft and warm. She felt incredible against his cock.

"Are you sure you don't want to explain yourself?"

He didn't respond.

"Are you really sure?" she asked. Whoever that girl was, she was good at teasing him. She made her questions seem so normal.

"I'm not going to break," he hissed through his teeth.

Of course, that provoked another round of spankings. Those girls were brutal on his behind, swinging with all the force they could muster. They used their open palms, slapping his buttocks until his skin glowed bright pink beneath his panties.

Then the girl came back, and she grabbed his cock again. Although Liam couldn't see her, he didn't need to. He recognized her grip and the feel of her hand. What had once been a symbol of his virility and power now became a rein for her to control him. But really, all of these girls were playing with him, using Liam for their entertainment.

"You know you want this. You know you want to have your orgasm. You're just like every other man out there. You can't control yourself, not really. Prove it right now. Show us that we're right. Demonstrate that you are completely wrong about everything you have ever written," Brenda said.

"It'll be so much easier for you this way," Veronica confirmed.

The girls were all waiting, using him like a board game. He was a diversion, entertainment for the evening. Bound by the collar, he didn't know what to do or what to say. His heart thrashed in his chest, and his eyes were watering, yet he thought he could hold out.

And he was wrong.

The girl squeezed again, and he came so, so close to satisfaction! His panties had soaked through with his excitement. Everyone there could see it. After all, they still enjoyed inspecting the sissy. Liam had been a proud man, and all of the women there were fascinated by his plight.

"I was wrong," he said quietly.

"Louder, sweetie," Veronica called out.

Another dash of humiliation ran through his body.

"I was wrong," Liam declared. He stared straight ahead, doing his best to hide his shame. It didn't really work. All of the women there understood exactly what he was feeling, and they savored it.

"You're going to have to do better than that," said the girl holding his cock.

More than anything, Liam wished he could spin around and grabbed her. After all, he was supposed to be bigger and stronger than her. At that moment, he didn't know what she looked like. He had no idea that she was just some cute blonde girl, a coed from the college who enjoyed male humiliation.

"I was wrong. Men aren't superior. We are inferior," Liam said. He tried not to hear the tremor of disappointment in his own voice.

"We?" Veronica asked, challenging him.

Instantly, he understood what he said wrong. "Men are inferior, but I'm not a man. I'm just a sissy."

"Tell us more about men," commanded the girl standing behind him. It wasn't Veronica, their hostess. And it wasn't Brenda either, the girl who owned him. This was some stranger, someone younger than him. "I think everyone here would like to hear about how women and men should get along."

He hissed through his teeth for just a moment, realizing that he had already lost. This was it. This was his lowest point, or so he wanted to believe. Of course, Brenda still had other ideas for him. Then there was the fact that Liam assumed he would be able to get out of this. It was a nice fantasy.

"Men should be subjugated. Men should be obedient and servile. Obviously, you're stronger than me."

"And?" The girl gave his shaft another little squeeze, just something to keep him right on the precipice of that satisfaction he so desperately craved.

"And women are better. They are in charge. They should be in charge. They deserve to be in charge," he said, making every syllable come off as a confession. "Men need to be trained. They need to be collared, just like me. Brenda is better than me. She is my mistress

now," he added, feeling lame. "I belong to her. All men should be owned."

"But why? Why should women over men? Why should we all be mistresses with you down on your knees, begging for the privilege of servicing us?"

"Because you're smarter. Because you know how the world really works. We are just arrogant jerks, and I was wrong about every single thing I ever wrote!"

There. That was what they longed to hear, so the girl standing behind him gave him one more jerk, letting him cross the threshold. His cock exploded, shooting out its load. He soaked his cute little panties, but it kept going. For one second into the next, she jerked him off, making sure he savored his orgasm. After all, this might be his last one for a long time.

When she was done, she pulled her hand back, and she wiped her palm off on his dainty little skirt. Then she stepped back. She disappeared into the crowd, so when Liam turned around, he didn't even know who'd done it. It could've been any of these ladies.

"On your knees," Brenda commanded.

Instantly, he obeyed. Something within him had been broken. He wasn't going to be able to repair it. Brenda and her friends had shown him exactly who he was. Behind all his bluster and arrogance, he was just a sissy.

"You're going to service me in front of these lovely young ladies. And as you're doing it, I want you to think about where you belong. Once I finally come, you're going to tell me. You're going to tell me where you belong and how long you deserve to be there."

She raised her skirt, dropped her panties, and there she was, her pussy on display. No one seemed self-conscious about her nudity. Then again, these women had their eyes on Liam. They were watching him, waiting to see what he would do.

Ultimately, he leaned forward, and she started to lick her, just as he'd done before. This time, he felt different. He wasn't fighting. He wasn't trying to think of some way to get out of this. No, he had told those women what they wanted to hear, and how he realized something very important.

Everything he said had been true. Every single word had been right and accurate.

Like an obedient sissy slave, Liam tried to please his mistress. He did it intuitively, automatically, like he couldn't imagine any other possibility. It had been less than one night, yet she had molded his personality, altering him down to the very core of his being.

He licked eagerly, moving his tongue from side to side, up and down, and in little circles. The muscles in his face started to ache, but he didn't care. He just needed her to come. He just needed to please her the way she deserved.

Liam worked her harder and faster, giving her everything he had. All the while, he could feel the heat from his climax in his panties. That cooling sensation served as a constant reminder of his place.

Despite her instructions, he didn't really think about where he belonged. No, it was nonverbal. It didn't require conscious explanations. It was simply something he felt, something he accepted as though Brenda only needed to show him the truth. Now that he had seen it, he could never go back.

"Yes. There is my sissy slave. Yes, that is so good. You like that, don't you? You like being down on your knees, licking and eating me out, don't you? Keep going, slave. Keep going, sissy." With every word, she both encouraged and ridiculed him.

Following her command, Liam slid his tongue all around her opening. He worshiped her clitoris, gently caressing it with the heat of his time. He alternated between fast and slow, giving her everything she could possibly want.

Despite his best efforts, he couldn't satisfy his mistress. She grabbed his pigtails, forcing his head between her legs. She took him, using him. She made him into her pet, her sex toy. She turned him into an object of her desires. At that moment, he really was nothing more.

"Yes, just like that," she said, giving his pigtails another Yank.

He whimpered and cried out, his tongue still flicking from side to side as fast as he could. And then she climaxed, crying out. She arched her back, standing up straight.

Only then did Brenda release him. But he wasn't done yet. He looked around at the assembled women. "I'm a sissy, so I belong at your

feet. I deserve to be your slave. I am your pet."

"That's right. And that's what I'm going to rename you right now. Your name isn't Liam anymore. Now you're going to be Lisa, my adorable sissy. You won't answer to any other name, will you?"

"No, mistress," Lisa said, astonished at how easily those words floated on the air.

"Lisa, tell me how long this is going to last."

"Forever," said the sissy slave. "This is permanent."

**The End**