

Friendly Advice



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Friendly Advice

Dawson kept his eyes aimed down at his phone as he worked hard to appear relaxed on that concrete bench just outside of the classroom door. Every few seconds, however, he glanced up as he waited. Then the doors opened, his pulse kicked into overdrive, and he watched as the college students streamed out.

This was pathetic, he knew. He was probably behaving more like some silly middle school kid. He was an adult, and he should have been able to just walk up to her, but this was Jade Morgan, probably the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

He didn't know exactly how to explain this girl's appeal. Yes, she had the perfectly sculpted cheeks and chin, those vibrant blue eyes, that long blonde hair, and the perfect body. But what made her so different compared to the other beautiful girls on campus? Yes, he loved staring at her breasts, her ass, and her toned legs, especially when she decided to bless their school by wearing those denim shorts.

Dawson didn't try to figure it out; he didn't try to articulate any real answer.

Still, he knew that it was more than just her body. Last semester, he had a class with her, and he loved the way she laughed, her bright smile, and even the scent of her perfume.

After the class ended, he told himself he would forget about her.

But he hadn't.

There was something special about her.

Or maybe this was just animal lust, and he needed to get over it. Maybe it was a childish crush.

But then he saw her come out between other groups of students. Like so many others, she had her phone out in one hand as she swiped through different messages. A girl like Jade would be wildly popular, he assumed. Girls wanted to be her, and guys yearned for the chance to be with her.

Dawson rose to his feet, and he took a step forward.

He needed to go talk to her. He just needed to go up to her, say hi, ask her how her winter break had gone and maybe how she did in their astronomy class. It should have been so easy. He talked to other girls; he could put himself out there.

Not with her. Not with Jade Morgan.

He took another step forward, only then he watched as a girl in black rimmed glasses with brown hair tied back into a ponytail and a pair of overall shorts went up to Jade. The two girls started chatting. Dawson couldn't pick out the exact words, but his fingers pushed down into the palms of his hands.

Damn it. Not this. Not again.

It wasn't fair.

Wait a second.

This wasn't some random girl who wanted to be Jade Morgan's friend. It was...Katie. Dawson knew her from his anthropology class, they had sat near one another, and they even worked on a project together.

Oh, this was awesome.

Okay, so maybe he didn't quite have the courage to go talk to Jade himself, but what about Katie? This could work. This could work beautifully.

His confidence fractured as he wondered if this was some fever dream. Seriously, did he have a chance with a girl like Jade? Even if he could enlist Katie's help, Dawson didn't know one way or the other, but he had to try.

Right?

Because he refused to act like some stalker, he didn't follow them for more than a few feet. But then he saw the two girls head off toward the Student Center, the building on campus with all of the auditoriums, restaurants, and arcade.

Dawson did the responsible thing, headed to the library, and worked on one of his essays for his criminal justice class. After that, he decided to wander back toward the Student Center. He didn't think luck would be on his side, but he decided to try.

As he walked toward the dining hall, he caught the aromas of tacos, Chinese food, toasted bagels, lunchmeat, and sushi. While he worked on deciding what he wanted, he couldn't help but scan the different tables.

He hoped to see that special gold yellow glint of her blonde hair. Yeah, there were lots of blondes at their school, but her hue was distinct and special. But he didn't see her. He didn't spot the lithe lines of her arms, the gorgeous curves of her breasts, nor did he hear her laughter.

But he did see someone else.

Katie.

At some point, she had pulled the ribbon from her hair, letting the dark brown cascade around her shoulders. She was cute, he knew, but she wasn't magical. She wasn't special.

Still, he could go talk to *her* without any trouble at all.

Straightening his back, Dawson strode forward as he wove between the different tables. Within seconds, he found himself standing above her, "Hey, can I talk to for a second?"

"Sure," she said. "It's Dawson, right?"

"Yeah," he said.

"Anthropology with Dr. Roberts?"

"Right again," he said.

"It's good to see you. And hey, I never got the chance to thank you for your help with that group assignment. Usually, I hate group work. Seriously, you always have like two or three people who won't do their fair share, but you weren't that guy."

"No problem," he said with a smile.

"So I'm guessing you didn't come over here to reminisce?"

"No..." Dawson inhaled, filled his lungs, and felt like he was about to jump off a cliff. If you got lucky, there would be a deep ocean on the other side. If not, you might fall onto some very jagged and painful rocks. "I was just wondering, do you know Jade Morgan?"

"Yeah, she's my best friend," Katie told him. At first, she didn't understand, but then it clearly dawned on her as she put the pieces

together, “And you saw us hanging out, so now you’re wondering if I can give you any friendly advice.”

“If you don’t mind,” he said a little too fast.

Her shoulders slumped, she leaned back, and she stared up at the ceiling as she asked, “Why should I help you?”

“Because I made your life a lot easier with that group project?”

“Your grade was on the line too,” she reminded him.

“Because I would be a great boyfriend for your best friend.”

Katie sat up, leaned forward, and rested her hands on the table. Her dark eyes locked on him, and he realized they were a lot prettier than he had ever noticed before. “Tell me about yourself,” she said.

“What do you want to know?”

“I’m her best friend, and I would never encourage a jerk or a jackass to go out with her, so I need to know more about you. Yeah, yeah,” she said dismissively, “you did a great job in our class or whatever, but this isn’t an academic competition. I want to know what kind of boyfriend you’d be.”

Boyfriend. He hadn’t enjoyed that title since high school.

He breathed out slowly, considered his answer, and started, “I’m majoring in psychology and computer science. I’m a junior, and I really like your friend. I’m not the kind of guy who cheats, and I know how important it is to be grateful for a girl like Jade.”

“Not bad,” she allowed. “But I don’t think you would match up with her.”

Katie started to put her things away. Within seconds, she rose with her backpack slung over her shoulder. “What? Wait. Why?”

“Your type.”

“What’s her type?”

Katie smiled down at him. Her eyes seemed to sparkle behind the lenses of her glasses. “Not you.”

“Wait. Please. Just tell me, I’m begging,” he said.

That made her laugh, but he didn’t know why.

“Oh, you silly boy.”

He bristled.

“What? What did I say?”

“That wasn’t begging, but if you really want to try it, I’ll let you.”

His brows tensed with his confusion, especially because he was a young man in a modern society where male privilege very much existed. Perhaps he could acknowledge the benefits he enjoyed based on his gender. Maybe not. Maybe he didn’t realize people paid more attention to him because he was a guy. Maybe he didn’t understand that women still had to deal with getting cat-called or underestimated or talked over because they were shorter and had quieter, higher pitched voices.

In any case, he still didn’t understand.

“You’d let me? You’d let me do what?”

“Beg,” she said. The words seem to pop from her lips.

“You’re joking,” he said. Yeah, he knew that this was college, and people did silly things, but beg? Here? Right in the dining hall?

“Do you want chance to get with her or not?”

As a boy, he had no idea what kind of girl he was dealing with right there. He probably assumed Jade was this cunning, dangerous young woman. But Katie, with her boring brown hair, dark glasses, and overall shorts didn’t look dangerous. Yeah, she was cute. Yeah, she was geeky, but that was about it.

Dawson glanced around. He didn’t know anyone in the dining hall, but something still held him back.

“Last chance,” she taunted.

“Okay, okay,” he said, dropping his backpack to the floor.

His knees followed a few seconds later. He got down in front of her. Awkward and uncomfortable, he didn’t know what to do, so he held his hands together and said in a quiet voice, “Please? Please, can you help me with Jade? Look, I really like her.”

“Are you willing to do whatever it takes?”

“Yes!”

“Are you willing to learn?”

“Yes,” he promised emphatically.

“Are you willing to bend too?”

“Absolutely.”

“Are you willing to break?”

His brows creased with more confusion, but she just burst out into another round of giggles. With her hand over her mouth, she shook her head and said, "It's okay. Give me your phone."

Dawson couldn't know it yet, but this was his second test. The first had been getting on his knees to beg the way a boy should. But now he took out his phone, and she asked, "What's your password?"

Like anyone else, Dawson hesitated, but then he told himself that it didn't really matter. He puffed out his cheeks and tried to remember what would appear on his screen. Realizing she wouldn't remain patient for long, he finally said, "One-one-five-seven."

"Cool," she replied as she typed in the digits.

His screen unlocked, and he had to stay there on his knees. He started to rise at one point, but she noticed with her peripheral vision and gave a quick, definitive shake of her head. "No, stay on your knees."

His nostrils twitched again, but he didn't resist. Obediently, he stayed down there. A couple of other girls walked by. They giggled.

Sure, this was a college campus, but seeing one boy on his knees in front of a girl still counted as unusual.

"Tonight, come to my apartment. I just programmed in my address along with some special instructions for you."

7725, Apartment 2A, Humboldt Street. 7:00.

Wear pink panties. You can get some from any department store.

When he stared down at the message typed into his phone, his fingers tightened around the device. Katie had already wandered off, so he couldn't ask her any questions. Heck, he didn't even have her phone number.

Was she serious about the whole panties thing?

Yeah.

The thought occurred to him, dull and frustratingly blunt.

Katie was probably the kind of girl who hated being the best friend to the hottest girl on campus, so now she had the chance to mess with him, and she would take it. At the same time, he really

believed she would help him. Yes, she intended to tease him and maybe embarrass him a little bit, but would Jade be worth it?

Absolutely.

That's why he drove to a department store after he finished his last class. He walked to the women's section, did his best to ignore the heat cascading along his skin and the pounding in his chest. He didn't know much about panties, but he found some in a little plastic container. He was about buy medium women's underwear, realized the sizes would probably be different, so he grabbed a pack of large as well.

After that, he stowed both bags under his arms and prayed the universe would be kind and that he wouldn't see anyone from his school.

He strode as fast as he could to the checkout registers. As he tossed his items onto the conveyor belt, he waited for the young woman behind the register to glance up at him, maybe smirk, or perhaps ask some embarrassing question.

She didn't.

Like most employees who made minimum wage, her only goal was to get through her shift with as little effort as possible. They didn't pay her enough to care about her job, so she hardly noticed. Or maybe she had seen so much weird stuff, especially in a college town, that she just didn't care.

Either way, he made his purchases and left.

He headed back to his apartment.

Once there, he went straight into his bedroom, tore open the plastic on those neatly bundled pairs of panties. There were three in each one: blue, red, and pink. When he touched the panties for the first time, he almost expected some kind of static shock. Lightning should have blasted away in the distance followed by the angry crack of thunder.

Still feeling nervous, he picked up the pink pair of panties. He held them up, examined them, and marveled at how light and small they felt, especially compared to the boxers he usually wore.

This was so weird, he kept thinking.

Could he really do this?

They were panties.

Shaking his head, Dawson kicked off his shoes, and he pulled off his slacks along with the boxes underneath. He tried to pull the medium-sized panties up along the length of his legs.

They squeezed painfully.

Nope.

He opened the other package and took out the large pair. He pulled these up.

Yes, they were snug, soft, and far tighter than anything he would normally wear, but there wasn't the painful squeeze.

Okay. He was wearing panties. As he looked down, he realized just how feminine and dainty they made him look.

His nostrils twitched again, but he put his pants back on. Then he checked his phone. It was time to go.

As he drove, Dawson could almost forget that he was wearing pink girl's underwear. When he got out, however, he took a few steps, and he felt the way the soft, nearly silky fabric rubbed along his balls and shaft. He never realized how confining underwear could be.

But still, he went over to her apartment, knocked, and wondered exactly what she had in mind.

The door opened, and she stood there with one arm pressed against of the frame. "Hello, Dawson," she said. "Before we get started, I want you to understand something."

"What's that?"

"The chances of you ever getting with Jade are almost nonexistent."

"I have to try."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yes," he said, defiant and determined. Giving his answer, he stood tall like some knight from the Dark Ages. He would fight dragons, battle brigands, and defeat warlords if it meant the chance to get with Jade Morgan.

Her eyes glided along his frame. She nodded to herself as though she just made a decision and then she said, "Okay. You can

come inside, but only if you strip down to your panties. Oh, and you have to crawl.”

The moisture drained away from his mouth. He glanced to the left and right. There wasn't anyone else out in the corridor, but that could change at any moment.

“You have got to be kidding me,” he said.

“No,” she said simply. A smile tugged at the corners of her pretty lips, “Besides, what would make you think I'm joking?”

“Please,” he said, his voice straining. “I'm already wearing the panties. Isn't that good enough?”

“No,” she said simply. “I want to see them on your tight little ass while you crawl through my doorway and into my living room.”

“I can't...”

“Then I guess you can leave now,” she said, only Katie didn't move to close the door.

Gritting his teeth, he glanced to his left and right again. Good fortune remained on his side because none of her neighbors chose that moment to step outside.

“Fine,” he said. He yanked off his shirt, peeling it from his torso and shoulders. Next, he loosened his belt, kicked off his shoes, and pulled down his pants.

The giggles washed over him as she savored the sight of this young man standing there in those pink panties. Then he got down on his hands and knees, and he crawled into her living room.

She closed the door behind him. “Don't get up,” she chided. “I'm enjoying this way too much.” She walked over to her couch, sat down, crossed her legs, and demurely placed her hands on her knee.

Still braced on all fours, he didn't say anything.

“Sit up straight, hold your hands behind your back, and let me see you.”

“Why?”

“Because you and I are about to have a conversation, and you need to be in the right frame of mind. Your posture will help.”

Dawson didn't understand how that could possibly be true, yet he obeyed anyway. He crawled up in front of her, sat up, and

crossed his wrists behind his back. As he did so, he stared just past her shoulder, like he couldn't make eye contact with this girl. When they took their anthropology class together, he always assumed she was just some bookish, geeky nerd. He probably expected her to spend her nights playing MOBAs or some battle royale every night.

Instead, she commanded him, and he obeyed.

He didn't understand.

With his heart kicking in his chest, he couldn't think clearly.

"I'm impressed," she allowed. "You've done way more than I expected. Lots of guys have asked me for my help, but none of them have come this far."

"Please, does that mean I can put my pants back on?"

"Nope," she said. She leaned forward just a little bit. "All of those boys failed with Jade. You know why?"

Dawson shook his head. "No, why?" He'd do and say and ask anything to speed this up.

"Because they couldn't handle a girl like Jade. Or a girl like me for that matter." Her eyes twinkled with amusement. "Are you familiar with Female Supremacy?"

Female Supremacy?

The phrase didn't mean anything to him, so he shook his head.

"This is why boys always fail with Jade. Yeah, they see her blonde hair, her big breasts, her long legs, but being attracted to her isn't good enough because she's interested in something very, very specific."

"Female Supremacy," Dawson said.

"Give the boy a prize," she said with a condescending grin.

"What is it?"

"It's exactly what it sounds like. Female supremacists believe in the inherent superiority of women over boys."

"You're kidding," he said, his voice flat and devoid of any inflection.

"I'm not," she said simply. "If you consider the statistics, the evidence is right there. As the patriarchy falls away, we can see how much better women really are. In aggregate, we have higher IQs, are

more intuitive, empathetic, emotionally intelligent, we can handle more pain, and we have better endurance. Yes, I can acknowledge that men are really good at lifting heavy things, but that's not exactly a skill that will let them compete in any modern, information economy. Just think about it. There's a reason why there are more women in college now. Boys are outnumbered because your time is over. Before long, you'll find yourself in a female dominated society."

His lips parted as he tried to absorb all of this, but it came too fast.

"And look at that. Your body betrays you. I saw it from the moment you stripped down out in the hall."

He didn't understand.

Adrenaline had clouded his thoughts. No, he didn't need to fight or flee from any threat, but her ideology and the humiliation of wearing pink panties made it hard for him to keep track of everything happening.

She nodded down toward his crotch.

He followed her gaze.

He saw his erection and experienced the first sparks of arousal. How long had he been hard? How long had his stiff member pressed up against the pink fabric?

"You see," she said. "Even on a purely biological level, you know you're inferior and that you should serve and obey."

"That's not true," he said. "I believe in equality. I believe in—"

"Be quiet," she said. Her words weren't overly harsh or cruel, but there was a perfect confidence in each syllable that made him bring his lips together and shut up.

"Good boy," she purred, apparently impressed. "Maybe you are suitable for the coming changes in society."

Clearly, he wanted to say something, so she nodded, allowing him to speak.

"This is a joke, right? This is just some sort of elaborate prank." Frankly, he couldn't imagine some genuine political party or ideology where women actually asserted their superiority.

"It's not," she said. "And you're going to learn the truth tonight."

“What do you mean?”

Her grin broadened to reveal the points of her teeth, “To put it simply, I’m going to consider whether or not you could be a good boyfriend for Jade. Like I said, she’s a female supremacist, so she will only date a boy who can be appropriately subservient and servile. He needs to recognize his place and understand that he should serve her.”

As she spoke, Katie watched him. She waited for him to jump to his feet, pull off his panties, and maybe run out of her apartment.

He didn’t.

This boy remained on his knees, braced before her with his back straight and his arms crossed.

“Do you think you can handle that?”

“Yes...” His voice trailed off. “I think so.”

“Stay here,” she said.

She rose to her feet, walked across the room, and opened a drawer on a nightstand in the corner. When she pulled out the dog collar, he saw it and instantly knew what she had in mind. For a couple of heartbeats, he thought of shaking his head or insisting she couldn’t do this to him, but he stayed still as she approached. She hooked the collar around his neck, clicked it on, and patted his head.

“Good boy. Now, do you know why I put a collar on you?”

“No. I don’t.”

“A collar is a symbol. It represents your inferiority. In our culture, who wears collars?”

“Pets,” he said.

She grinned. “That’s right!” Her tone dripped with patronizing condescension. “Pets wear collars. They need to be marked out as owned. Right now, if you’re wearing a collar, what does that mean?”

“It means I’m owned,” he said.

Dawson had to remind himself that this was a collar, but it was also temporary.

“Have you noticed any of the other boys on campus?”

Dawson didn’t understand, but then he remembered something strange from a couple of days before. Yeah, he did see a

guy who wore a black choker around his neck. Dawson had assumed this was just some weird fashion trend.

“Yes. One.”

“There are others, but do you know what that meant for him?”

“No way,” Dawson replied. “You’re kidding.”

“No, I’m not. There are lots of boys on campus who are owned.”

“But Jade, she doesn’t have anyone?”

“She’s waiting for the right boy.” Katie leaned back on her couch, and she grinned at him. “If you want to be the right boy, you need to acknowledge your own inferiority.”

“I’m wearing the collar,” he said.

“True,” she allowed, “But that’s not good enough. Tell me about boys and why they are inferior.”

When he swallowed, he hesitated, glanced down, and even glanced over his shoulder and back toward the door. He could rise to his feet, grab his clothes, and rush off. It would be easy enough.

But if he did that, he’d burn any chance he had with Jade, especially if Katie decided to trash him to her best friend.

“I don’t know if I can.”

“Go on,” she said. “I know you’re just a boy, but I’m sure you have some intellectual flexibility. You managed to get into college, didn’t you?”

His lips parted, mostly because he didn’t know what to do with that casual disdain.

On campus in class, this girl could behave like any other young woman. She could sound reasonably respectful, but there she was, going on about how he was just a male, which made him naturally inferior.

“Fine,” he said.

“Watch your tone,” she instructed.

“Or what?”

“Well, I could make sure you don’t stand a chance with Jade. But more likely, I would punish you in other ways.”

“How?”

“Trust me, you don’t want to find out,” Katie promised him. “But you know, you still haven’t told me about why you’re inferior.”

“I’m inferior because I’m a boy,” he began. Again and again, Dawson told himself that he was just lying to her because he had to manipulate her to get what he wanted. He remembered a liberal student taking a class from a conservative instructor. The woman, a staunch Republican, made it very clear that she didn’t want to hear alternative perspectives in her students’ papers. No, she wouldn’t officially grade them down for disagreeing with her, but the effect was the same. That student had to learn to lie and hide her real feelings.

Right then and there, Dawson had to do the same.

“I’m inferior because I’m a boy,” he repeated, if only to buy himself some more time. “I’m a boy, and that means I’m not as smart as you. It means I can’t think as quickly, and I’m not good at multitasking.”

“Oh, that’s a good one,” she said. “Keep going.”

“Boys are naturally inferior. I’m a boy, so I’m naturally inferior.”

“If boys are naturally inferior, what are you good for?”

“I don’t know,” he said.

“Then I will give you a hint. If boys aren’t as smart, then how can they help?”

“They can support women,” he said.

“How?”

“As househusbands?”

“Oh yeah,” she said with a purr of excitement. Clearly, she had pondered this potential future a great deal, and she loved hearing this boy talk about it. “Boys can be househusbands. There are so many domestic tasks that still need to be done out in the world. I think men are really well suited for them, don’t you?”

“Yes,” he said, mostly because he would agree to anything if it ended this conversation faster.

“A boy can be a househusband. You think you could be a servant?”

Servant. The words sounded so old, like it belonged to another century. Even so, he agreed with her, “Yes.”

“Would you like to be my servant?”

“I don’t think I could,” he replied, mostly because he couldn’t lie fast enough.

“Oh? Does that mean you want to be my slave instead?”

Slave?

He started to rise, thought of Jade, and something stopped him. He lowered himself back to his knees. “Yes,” he said. “I can be your slave.”

“Prove it,” she taunted.

Katie may have been a geeky girl in glasses with brown hair tied back into a simple ponytail, but she still exuded this incredible confidence. Dawson never saw a girl behave like this; she acted and spoke with the swagger most men crafted intuitively.

“What you want me to do?”

She kicked off her flats, wiggled her toes, and said, “Come over here and kiss my feet.”

His eyes bulged as he heard those words.

“Do I have to?”

She wiggled her feet again; he saw the bright pink along her toenails.

They were so small, dainty, and feminine. Even so, Katie could still use them to subjugate him.

“You do.”

He bit down on his lower lip and hesitated for just another second or two. If he waited much longer, she might tell him to get out, and he had already come so far. That’s why he lunged forward, pushed his knuckles down against of the yielding carpet, and he kissed her big toe. As he did so, his face brightened to a shade of scarlet as the embarrassment wracked his insides.

Blood pounding, lungs locked, and skin hot, he couldn’t believe he was doing this.

He started to jerk his head back after he kissed her big toe, only she leaned down and grabbed him by his collar. He choked himself on the nylon webbing around his neck.

“I didn’t say you were done,” she teased.

His muscles relaxed, and he settled back down on his knees. She slipped her foot right back in front of his face, and she said, "Suck gently on all of my toes. Start with the smallest and work your way up, boy."

His eyes narrowed at her.

Okay, so he said that boys were inferior, but that didn't necessarily mean he could accept this new ideology.

Perhaps he would break and try to run off. Katie knew that there would be lots of boys out in the world who would resist the revolution, but it was coming one way or another. Maybe the men would go out and buy lots of guns, but that wouldn't stop women from taking political office, asserting authority in business, and generally subsuming power across society.

The boys could throw their tantrums, but it would hardly matter when their bosses and politicians were female.

He wrapped his lips around her smallest toe. He gently started to suck on it as she giggled, "Oh, that tickles!"

He started to pull away. "Don't stop," she commanded.

Like an obedient boy, he kept licking. He sucked gently on her toes just as she craved.

Yes, it tickled, but the pleasure coursed through her body.

She could hardly believe that this boy was really serving her like this. She had enjoyed humiliating some of the other guys who hoped to date her best friend, but Katie started to see real potential in this young man. He looked so cute in his pink panties and with that black collar around his neck.

He worked his way up her toes as he nuzzled, licked, and sucked.

Pretty soon, his lips were wrapped around her big toe. He stroked his tongue along those soft curves.

"Very nice," she said, pulling her foot back. "Now say thank you."

"Thank you."

"Tell me you're grateful for the chance to be trained."

"I'm grateful for the chance to be trained."

“Tell me that you are sexually excited by the possibility of getting enslaved.”

He paused again. He wasn't quite sure he could utter the words, but then he forced them past his mouth, “I'm sexually excited by the prospect of getting trained.”

“Yes, you are. You can't even lie, can you?”

“No,” he admitted. “I can't.”

“Why not?”

“Because I'm a boy and boys are inferior. You can just look at me and tell that I'm turned on.”

“Very nice. In fact, you're doing such a good job that I'm going to let you touch yourself.”

“I don't want to,” he said.

“Okay,” she allowed. “Let me clarify my demand. I'm telling you to touch yourself. Pull off your panties, stand up straight, and position yourself in front of me.”

“Do I have to?”

“You do,” she said. Technically, that wasn't true, but this boy was becoming subsumed by his need to obey. It would become a habit. Eventually, his instinct to follow her commands could even be a belief, a full ideology. He would recognize his own inferiority and defer to her because she was a woman while he was just a boy.

He stood up straight.

He pulled down his panties.

He kicked them off, grateful to have them disappear, but now she had a clear and easy view of his erection.

“It must be embarrassing to be a boy. I mean, you get excited, and you can't hide it from anyone. Just look at you. You're wearing a collar like a dog.” She shook her head. “I think you prove male inferiority all on your own, Dawson.”

He said nothing. He just stood there, embarrassed.

“Go on. Touch yourself for me.”

His throat clenched, but he obeyed. One hand slipped beneath his scrotum as he began to stroke the underside of his balls. With his other hand, he wrapped his fingers around his length. He

moved his palm up and down as he rubbed his shaft right there in front of her.

“Stop.”

He froze.

“Good boy,” she teased. “Okay, you can keep going now.”

Aggression surged through his body. This wasn't fair. She wasn't supposed to be able to play with him like this, but he didn't know how to defy this girl. She was just some geeky college kid, but she knew what she was doing. More than that, every time she issued a command, he felt the need to obey somewhere deep down in his psyche. It was like she understood what it took to unlock his natural subservience.

Natural subservience? No way. He went to college to learn about leadership, to discover himself and to mature as a man in society.

He never anticipated meeting someone like Katie.

“Stop,” she said. “Hold your left hand behind your back. With your right, gently stroke your shaft.”

He complied. As he did so, he closed his eyes and surrendered to her authority.

“That's right. At this rate, maybe you'll have a chance as some girl's slave.”

He wanted to say Jade's name, but something held him back.

“Look at me while you touch yourself,” she ordered.

His eyelids rose, and he saw the beautiful girl seated there in front of him. She tilted her head to the side and brushed her fingers through her hair. That long, lustrous brown held his attention.

“Stop,” she commanded.

Without looking away, he obeyed. He dropped his hand from his crotch.

“Good boy,” she said. “Now, I think it's time for you to pleasure me.”

She stood up, pulled the straps of her overall shorts away, and stepped out of her denim garment. Suddenly, she was standing there in just her white undershirt, bra, panties.

His heart started to kick faster in his chest as he marveled at her. She was gorgeous, he realized. He had never really noticed before.

“Pull my panties down,” she instructed.

He swallowed and obeyed. He hooked his fingertips into the elastic around her waist and he tugged the underwear down along the length of her body. Instantly, he caught the aroma of her arousal. Clearly, training this boy had turned her on.

“Have you ever gone down on a girl before?”

“Once,” he confessed.

“Just once? That’s pathetic. You know, when women take over, this will be expected of every boy. Men love to fantasize about blow jobs, but that’s going to become a distant dream. Instead, you’ll wonder how long it will take before you’re on your knees, licking and eating girls out just to keep them from bullying you.”

Dawson tried to believe this was just her fantasy; something like that couldn’t really happen, but he was naked and collared.

Even though she had stripped off most of her clothing, she still carried herself with the easy authority of a woman who knew she would always win. She sat down, spread her legs, and pointed to the spot right between her heels.

He kneeled, and Dawson probably would have hesitated, only this girl grabbed him again. She slid her fingers up into the boy’s collar, pulled, and guided him toward her opening. He saw her glistening slit, he pressed his lips up against her body, and he started licking.

Dawson shivered with humiliation.

“You’ve done a very good job. You have obeyed my orders and surrendered to me. This is exactly how a boy should behave,” she said. She patted him on the head even as he licked her.

Another wave of embarrassment ran down his back. He was supposed to be better than this, yet he didn’t know how to stop.

“This is where you belong, as a slave, on your knees, serving your superior.”

She spoke casually at first, making it sound normal, like he should just accept his place. But then, she grabbed his hair,

tightened her fingers around the soft strands of his scalp, and held on. She pushed his face down deeper, impaling herself on the sliding movements of his dexterous tongue.

“Oh yes,” she panted. “Just like that. More of that. Keep going. Give me more! More!”

Her breathing turned frantic, she closed her eyes, straightened her back, and savored the sensations coursing through her.

Soon, she cried out as the orgasm shot through her body. Just beneath her skin, the pleasure raced between her nerves as the satisfaction swept her up.

She pulled his face from between her legs and glanced down.

“Are you proud of yourself?” Katie asked. “Because you should be.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You made me feel good. That’s all that really matters. Now, I want you to follow me.”

She got up, grinned at him, and headed toward the short hallway that led to her bedroom.

This boy didn’t know what to do or how to react. When he didn’t rise to follow her instantly, she walked around to that same drawer where she found his collar. She took out a leash, let it dangle back and forth as she sauntered over to him, and she attached it without asking for permission.

“Come along, boy.”

She told him to crawl, so he crawled. He remained on his knuckles and knees and scurried after her as she took one impressive stride after another down the hall. She moved like a ballerina with a grace he didn’t expect.

She came to her door, grinned, and opened it. “Come along,” she said with another gentle tug on his leash.

His leash.

She guided him as though he were an animal.

Every few seconds, an argument formed behind his eyes. She couldn’t do this because he had rights. They were both people. They

were both adults. She couldn't do this because it was wrong. No one person should try to own another. Somehow, he couldn't bring himself to utter a single point. Instead, he watched as this half naked girl led him into her bedroom.

He crawled after her. Then he could only watch as she went to her closet and pulled out a set of four shackles.

"What are those for?" Dawson asked, although he should have been smart enough to figure it out on his own.

She attached the first cuff to the right corner of her bed. She attached another one to a second bedpost.

Then she glanced down at her collared and leashed boy, "Do you really want the chance to be with Jade?"

"Yes. Please," he said.

"Then I need to see you are truly willing to submit to a woman."

"I'm naked. I went down on you. I even let you order me around when I masturbated," he said, listing off his "accomplishments".

"True," she said, "But that's not the same as being truly helpless. Up until this point, you have allowed yourself to serve me. And that's a great start, Dawson. But you know, I want to see you on your back, spread out, strapped down and truly helpless. That's what slavery is all about."

He inhaled, filled his lungs, and glanced over at the bed again.

"Please, don't make me do this," he said.

"You see. You're trying to negotiate with me like we are equals. Are we equals?"

He gave a quick, nervous shake of his head.

"No," she agreed. "We aren't equals. That's why I'm wearing clothing and you are naked."

"I understand."

"Then get on the bed," she said.

"I don't think I can," he said.

"Do you want some friendly advice?"

"Yes," he said, if only to delay the inevitable.

“If you want any chance of getting with Jade, then you need to be willing to surrender to a woman. You need to be willing to embrace slavery and accept your place. You’ve already done a great job of admitting the truth and telling me about your inferior status, but you have to do better than that, Dawson. Now get on the bed.”

Her tone shifted for that final order.

He found himself rising. She allowed enough slack in his leash for him to climb onto the bed. He sat on the edge, but Katie became impatient. She jabbed his shoulder, shoved him down, and climbed up on top of him, all in the span of a couple seconds. Suddenly, she held him down with her knees pushed up against the sides of his chest. She grabbed his right wrist, pulled it toward the corner, and slid his hand into the leather shackles. She pulled it tight, secured the clasp, and watched as he flexed his fingers. Instinctively, he tried to slip out, but she had done an excellent job.

And while he played with that first arm, she leaned down and strapped his other limb into place. Then it was only a matter of a few seconds before she secured his legs to the final corners of the bed.

And when she finished, she grinned down at him. “That’s nice. I like seeing that you are completely helpless. In fact, let’s test that.”

“What are you doing?” Dawson had to ask, but she just touched a finger to his lips before she slipped off of the bed and left him there.

The door closed behind her.

She really abandoned him!

Dawson couldn’t guess what this young woman had in mind, but he didn’t think he would like it.

He heard clanging and something falling in the kitchen.

Then she came back, and she held a bowl in one hand and an unlit candle in the other.

“What are you going to do to me?”

“Don’t worry,” she said. She set those first two items on the bed before she opened another drawer and drew out a paddle. “This is just a little bit of sensory play.”

“Sensory play?”

“Think of it as a more politic way of saying torture.”

“No,” he said. “No way.”

“Dawson, you already let me tie you down. I can do whatever I want with you. Besides, I’m a woman. I know what’s best for you.”

“No!” He said defiantly.

“Oh, you silly boy. You don’t get to say no to me.”

“I can say whatever I want.”

“We will see about that,” she told him with a grin as she opened the bottom drawer on her dresser. When she sat up, she held a pair of pale pink, satin panties. They practically shined under the light.

“Please say no to me?”

“You’re not going to get away with this,” he said.

“What? You signed up for this? You wanted to be enslaved. You already admitted you were inferior. Besides, it’s not like anyone would ever believe a big boy like you could be overpowered by a little girl like me.” Her eyes twinkled as she considered how she could use the standard, sexist preconceptions against a defiant male like Dawson.

Dawson knew he should argue with her, but he couldn’t summon any counterpoint.

Besides, he watched as she pulled out a lighter, triggered the flame, and touched the little orange blaze to the candlewick.

“What you going to do?”

“Punish you,” she said. She held the candle over his restrained body. She wobbled the candle to the left, then the right, all while his eyes tracked the movement.

He couldn’t look away. That’s why he didn’t notice her reach into the bowl or pull out the piece of ice. She rubbed the ice cube against his shaft, making him howl out.

In the next moment, she tipped the candle to her left, and that’s when the hot wax splashed it down against his chest. He howled out as his brain struggled to deal with the different sensations.

“I like watching your struggle,” she said. “You look so powerless. You look so helpless.” She flashed a cruel smile. But I do have a question for you.”

“What? What you want to know?” He kept glancing from the bowl to the candle and back again.

“Why do you want Jade so badly? Seriously, you don’t know her. You aren’t her friend, but you probably think you’re in love with her.”

“She’s beautiful...”

“And that’s all, isn’t it?” She set the candle carefully on the nightstand before she grabbed the paddle. She smacked it hard against the palm of her hand before she looked down at him. “Boys are dumb, aren’t they? You see some pretty girl, and you tell yourself you have to be with her. There are lots of other girls who could really train you and make you better, but you think you have to be with the blonde. You think you deserve to be with the hottest girl in school. And why? Foolish, male entitlement. That’s all it is.” She shook her head. Then she swung the paddle down.

The wooden tip came at him in a tight arc before the flat panel struck his naked, unprotected thigh.

He thought the ice had been bad. He believed the candle had been worse. But now that first blow rocketed through his body. He tried to tense up, to lift his hands and protect his vulnerable flesh. The restraints didn’t allow him to move.

She had him tied down and helpless. She could do whatever she wanted with this boy.

“Foolish, foolish boy,” she said with a shake of her head. “You know, there are female supremacists who think that boys have some kind of intelligence. But then you come along and prove those girls wrong, don’t you? Tell me you are silly for chasing after a girl who’s better than you and way out of your league.”

He bit down.

Since she didn’t hear an answer fast enough, Katie struck the same spot just above his knee three times in quick succession. Each blow landed hard and painful. Each blow sent those shocks of stinging sensation coursing through his body.

“You want some friendly advice?”

He glowered at her.

His eyes were wet, and his face had turned a bright shade of pink, but he remained quiet and stoic like this was some sort of achievement.

“Ask me for some friendly advice,” she commanded.

He didn’t answer, so she picked up the candle.

“Wait, you don’t have to do that,” he said, sputtering out his plea, “Please, stop! Please!”

Since he had already defied her, he deserved this. She tipped the candle over again and watched as the white wax splashed down against his stomach, just above his navel. Then she moved the candle up as she let a line of hot wax sting his skin up to his sternum.

Finally, she pulled away.

By this point, his cheeks puffed out as he gasped through the pain.

She reached down into the bowl, plucked out a pair of ice cubes, and dragged them from his armpits all the way down to the sides of his buttocks. She left twinned trails of icy water against his skin.

“Ask me for some friendly advice,” she ordered.

“Please,” he begged. “Can I have some friendly advice?”

“You see,” she said as she slipped into a digression, “that’s exactly what I’m talking about. You couldn’t just ask for some friendly advice. You had to make me punish you first.” She shook her head with mock disappointment before she picked up the paddle again.

He tried to scoot away on the bed, but there was no escape for this male.

Dawson could only watch as the light flared across the paddle when she lifted it into the air and brought it down in another tight arc. It struck his skin, slapping his flesh and sending another jolt of pain through his body.

She paddled him five times, always at the same spot. When she finished, his skin glowed, but she grinned down at him. She leaned forward. At some other place or time, he would have marveled at her cleavage and savored the bright smile on her face.

But as he suffered through his training, Dawson felt himself surrender to her.

“Accept your place as a slave. That’s all you need to do. Face it, I really have you collared and tied down.”

“What are you saying?”

“I think you can figure it out for yourself,” she said before lowering her mouth down toward his ear, “Unless you’re telling me you’re dumb, even for a boy.”

He bit down.

After the teasing and humiliation, the stripping and training, nothing should have affected him, yet his male ego still suffered those assaults.

“Tell me you don’t have a chance with Jade.”

His lips parted. “No,” he said. “I can’t. I won’t!”

“Tell me you don’t have a chance with Jade,” she instructed again.

She set down the paddle, but she picked up the candle again. She gently pulled it to the left, then the right.

“No. Please, no more. I can’t take any more!”

“Then you know what you need to do.”

He set his mouth in place and still refused to give her what she demanded. “Poor boy,” she said. “He still doesn’t understand what slavery is all about.”

She tipped the candle over again.

Time seemed to slow down as those globs of hot wax dribbled onto his skin. He hissed through his teeth, squirmed, and tried to escape, but he couldn’t move his chest far enough to the left or right to evade that hot pain.

“Poor boy,” she said. “Tell me you don’t have a chance.”

“I don’t have a chance! Okay? I get it. I don’t stand a chance. I’ll never get to be with her.”

“Good,” she said. “So what does that mean?”

“What? I don’t understand?”

“Dawson, would you like me to fuck you right now?”

He blinked, confused. At first, he honestly didn’t know if he had heard her correctly. But then he licked his lips and said,

“Please?”

His shaft had stiffened again. In fact, the stimulation made him harder than he had ever been before. A girl like Katie wasn't supposed to attract him. She was cute and sweet, geeky and plain.

“I know what you want,” she said. “Because I know who you are.”

Her fingers brushed along his shaft, gently stroking and teasing. She pinched at the base, moved her fingers up, swirled one digit around the tip of his cock, and watched as he squirmed beneath her.

As Dawson peered up at her, he yearned to ask who he was supposed to be. This girl knew, but she kept touching him. The arousal burned bright through his body, searing away every other thought.

“Please, please take me,” he said. He knew he was begging for sex, but he couldn't imagine remaining quiet, not here, not now.

A flirtatious smile danced across her lips. “I want to, but I need you to say it first.”

Say it? Say what?

“I won't get to be with Jade. I know that now.”

“So?”

He yanked and twisted on his restraints. A flurry of energy exploded through his body as he frantically struggled against those shackles, yet they easily held him down.

“I don't know!”

“Think harder, foolish boy.”

He didn't get to be with the hot, perfect girl on campus, especially now. He was trapped on his back, spread out and helpless before Katie's tender mercies.

Then it clicked.

Eyes wide, he stared up at her and called out, “Please, I can't be with her. That means you're going to claim me, doesn't it? You want me as your slave.”

“I don't want you as my slave,” she said tenderly.

Then it really clicked for him. “I'm already your slave,” he said.

“That’s right,” she replied as she positioned herself over his cock. She looked down at his erection, took it in her hand, and aimed for her slit. She lowered herself down, impaled her tight opening on his member and enveloped him. She started riding this boy, claiming him for herself.

“The moment you came up to me, I knew I could make you mine,” she promised. “And that’s exactly what’s happened.” She rode him gently, sliding forward and back.

He said nothing, yet it hardly mattered as he absorbed those words. “You’re my slave now, Dawson. You’ll cook, clean, fetch, and obey. I’ll make sure of it.”

He didn’t understand, but then her words fractured as she started to moan through her own ecstasy. The friction of their bodies together drove him wild. She grabbed his shoulders, slid up and down, took him hard, and finally clenched as the orgasm burned brighter and brighter. It exploded in a burst of satisfied ecstasy. She threw her head forward, splashed his face with strands of her dark brown hair, and moaned with the incandescent completion.

Then she pulled back.

She grabbed a couple of tissues, wiped off his cock, and he assumed she would release him.

Sure enough, she slid off of the mattress.

As his eyes opened again, he watched just in time as she slid something around the base of his scrotum. Next, thin metal bars encased his shaft.

“What, what are you doing?”

“I’m locking you in chastity,” she said. “What? Did you think we were playing? Oh no, Dawson. I’m claiming you. I’m going to keep you locked up. Your cock belongs to me because you belong to me.”

Frantically, he started to struggle twice as hard as she slipped the lock into place. Once the mechanism engaged, she would be able to keep him for as long as she wanted, and he would not be able to stop her.

But his arms and legs remained trapped at the corners of the bed as she finished.

With the click of the lock, she claimed this boy for herself.

“Just some friendly advice,” she said with a wink. “If you ever want to get out of this for another orgasm, you had better be a very, very obedient boy.”

He threw his shoulders back, glared at the ceiling, and finally admitted the truth. “Yes. I understand. I’m your slave. I’m always going to be your slave.”

Katie patted him on the head because he finally started to understand.

The End