

**By  
Mina  
Black**



**Husband  
Training**

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“Hey honey, what have you got there?” I maneuvered around the back of the couch with the garbage bag. It had always seemed like a good idea to make sure my wife saw when I did this particular chore since it was the only bit of housework I ever performed.

“Just a birthday present from Sarah,” Alexis answered as she ripped through the wrapping paper. Gold and expensive looking, it seemed a lot like Sarah. She made quite a bit, and she never had any problem showing off.

Frankly, it was one reason I didn’t like Sarah. One of many.

I dropped the trash off in the garbage can outside. A few seconds later, I came back into the house. Alexis giggled on the couch. Curious, I leaned against the back and peered over her shoulder.

“What’d you get?” I expected there to be some knickknack, maybe a cartoon figurine or something. It would’ve been even better if she had a sex toy or something else naughty. Instead, Alexis held a book in her hands. She had it facedown, so I couldn’t read the title or see the cover.

“Just some reading,” Alexis told me. She quickly turned to the book on its side, hiding the spine for me. She giggled a little bit, clearly nervous. “Nothing you’d be interested in.”

“What? Is it something cheesy and romantic?” Somehow, I found that idea rather endearing. If it came from Sarah, I would’ve expected something aggressive straightforward. Maybe she really did have a soft spot. Maybe she was like one of those high-powered CEOs who secretly wanted to be controlled or taken by some beautiful man with long, flowing blonde hair.

I chuckled at the idea, but Alexis just shrugged.

After that, I didn’t see her with the book again, so I didn’t think that it was a very big deal. Since we had been married for several years, I expected my wife to be upfront with me. If she had a concern, we could deal with it together. Ultimately, we had settled into a very comfortable for routine, so I was confident that if Alexis had something on her mind, she would share it with me.

I was overconfident. I was cocky. And it was going to cost me dearly.

The next day, I found Alexis at the kitchen table. She had the book in front of her. Eyes down, she devoured each page, her face flushed with excitement. For a moment, I just stood over her, admiring my little wife.

Mostly straight, her curly strawberry-blonde hair tumbled down the back of her head to her shoulder blades. She had sweetly rounded cheeks, sharp eyes, long lashes, and full lips. I loved the way she smiled or when she leveled her gaze on me. She could pout so adorably.

Of course, Alexis still had a rocking hot body. Long legs, tight abs, the glorious pair of breasts, and a cute little ass made for my perfect wife. From the moment I first saw her, I knew that I wanted to be with her. I wanted to have and own this woman.

I settled on the couch, a few feet from her, pulled out my phone, and I started reading through some interesting articles. It was a lazy day, and I didn't need to worry about work or chores.

"What do you think of our relationship?"

Automatically, I parked my head to one side. Honestly, I couldn't help it. I felt a little bit like a dog that just caught the sound of something unusual. Before we had gotten married, this sort of question might have frightened the. After all, women could be so aggravating with their demands for status updates.

"I think we're happy?" This may not have been the best answer in the world, but she caught me off guard. I was a guy. I didn't exactly keep a running tally for our relationship. I loved her, and she loves me, and she generally did what I wanted, so why wouldn't we be happy?

"Do you think we're equal? Do you think our relationship is balanced when it comes to the power dynamics?"

Power dynamics? Where was she getting this?

Glib, I chuckled and said, "Alexis, you married me, which means that I own you. You're my chattel now."

Silence.

Reluctantly, I stowed my phone back in my pocket, and I got off the couch. I looked over at Alexis, and she had her eyes on me. They were slightly narrowed, and I remembered that Alexis could have a temper from time to time.

Opened diffuse any bad feelings before they arose, I walked over to her, I put my arms around her waist, and I squeezed her tight. "Alexis, you know that you're the most important person in the world to me. I will always protect you and take care of you."

Normally, those words would've been enough to settle her down, but this time she nudged me away and leveled her eyes on me again. The serious part of the conversation was over, which made me groan on the inside. Yeah, women could be really crazy when they wanted to.

"Elliott, I need to know that you respect me. I need to know that we are genuinely equal of this relationship."

I blinked. I blinked and then I said, "I'm not sure there is such thing as equality. We're different people, so there can never be genuine parity. I'm taller and bigger and stronger, so I usually take the lead."

"What if I want to take the lead?" Alexis spoke quietly, but there was something just beneath the surface, something in her tone I should have noticed.

"Sweetie, I'm the man so I will take care of you. I'll be in charge, and you don't need to worry your pretty little head about anything." Maybe it was supposed to be a joke, and maybe it was supposed to calm her down. I kissed her on the cheek, and then she smiled at me.

Of course, I had no idea what that smile really meant.

For the rest of the day, everything seemed usual. We had dinner together, we watched TV, and even though I could tell that Alexis was still a little bit peeved with me, I knew she would get over it.

When it was time for bed, she made a peace offering. Or at least, that is what I thought it was. She brought me a glass of water and a pill. "Vitamin C," she said. She dropped into my palm, and I took it without even thinking.

"Thank you," she said to me. She was grinning from ear to ear, so I tightened my brows in confusion.

"What? It was just a vitamin, right?"

"Right," she said just a little bit too quickly. "Just a vitamin."

That night, we went to bed, and I fell asleep with my arms around my little wife. Really, I only had a few inches on her, but I still enjoyed pointing out the fact that she was shorter than me at every opportunity.

Actually, by most standards, Alexis was a well-built woman. She could go toe to toe with pretty much any guy I knew, not that I treated her as such. As far as I was concerned, she was something of the decoration, ornamentation for my life and my house. She would do the chores and make me look good.

That was her job.

Of course, she actually did have a career as well, not that I give her much respect for it. Several years before, I had made some good investments in a local insurance company, so I could mostly live off of those dividends. Whenever I chose to work, it was usually because I was bored. I mean, we weren't super wealthy or anything.

We are comfortable.

Beautiful wife, relatively easy money, oh yes, I was living the dream.

But then that all changed when awareness started to dawn on me again. Some night across the bedroom, and I could feel the warmth spread through the room. I tried to shift my weight, but I couldn't do it.

With enough, I was on my back. I never slept on my back.

Blinking, I try to rub my eyes, but I couldn't. That didn't make any sense, and I really didn't understand what was going on. But then I turned my head, and I saw something bizarre, something I never could have anticipated.

Black leather and circled my right wrist. I pulled on my hands, thinking that it had to be some kind of joke. But I pulled again, and the restraint went tight. I could only move a few inches, and that was all.

Turning my head to the left, I found my other arm in the exact same position. In fact, I tried to bring my legs up, but they were shackled as well, leaving me spread-eagle.

What was going on?

Before any genuine panic could set in, the door to her bedroom opened, and Alexis sauntered in. She had on a short black

skirt and a white top. She could've looked like a server at some restaurant, but there was something in her expression, something I couldn't quite name.

"Alexis, what's going on?" I managed to get the question out without stuttering or letting my voice crack. To be honest, I was only half awake that morning, yet the adrenaline started pumping through my veins.

Alexis climbed onto the bed, and then she straddled me. I opened my mouth to ask again, but she touched one finger to my lips, effectively silencing me. "No, no. Your time talking is done, and if you insist on blathering about, I will have to muzzle you."

She had to be kidding. This had to be some kind of joke! I kept waiting for Alexis to crack a smile, to tell me that she had really gotten one over on me.

Rather, she waited several more seconds. Each moment seemed to move in slow motion, and I gave a furtive tug on the restraint. The leather dug into my skin, it was very tight, and it made me wonder who had put these shackles on me.

Eventually, Alexis nodded to herself, apparently satisfied with my silence. "Last night, I asked you about the power dynamics in our relationship, and I didn't like your answer."

"Look, Alexis—"

"Shush," she said, and something in her voice made me go quiet all over again.

My wife smirked down at me, like she had just achieved something important. My eyes narrowed with aggravation, but I didn't speak again. After all, she had me tied down, and I clearly wasn't going to be able to get out of this without her help.

"Very good," she said, patting her palm against the tip of my nose. She must've noticed the way my jaw locked because she threw back her head and laughed. "Oh yes, this is going to be a lot of fun."

Rather than speak again, I bit the inside of my mouth, waiting for her to give me something useful. My patience paid off. "Elliott, I'm sure that you're very confused right now, and that is to be expected." She moved her hand down the length of my face, her soft fingertips

leaving tingles of electricity running in my skin. She touched my cheeks, my chin, moving her fingertips down my neck to my chest.

"Sarah gave me a very interesting book, one all about gender dynamics. Well, it's more about sexualized gender dynamics and how women really should be in charge."

"You have to be kidding me," I started to say.

Alexis cut me off by grabbing my nipple and twisting. Last night I had gone to bed in nothing but my boxers. Fortunately, I still have those on, but it meant that I was vulnerable. That twist sent a shock of pain running through my body, and I arched my back, utterly astounded by the intensity of the sensation as well as the strength in my wife's hand.

"I'm not kidding," she said her voice cold all of a sudden.

"Elliott, I'm very serious right now. So you'd better listen to me."

I swallowed.

"Are you listening?"

I didn't want to respond. I didn't want to justify her response with any kind of appliance. Already, I had been quiet for her. The idea of giving any more ground seemed absolutely repugnant to me.

Alexis kept her beautiful eyes on me. They were like crystal, sharp and dangerous. I had never seen this side of her, and I didn't know how to react. Somehow, she left me befuddled and confused with nothing but a glance.

"Yes, I'm listening," I said.

"Good boy," she said, patting me on the head.

That made me tighten my lips into an annoyed line. Frowning, I glared up at her, but Alexis just smiled. Oh yes, she was definitely having a very good time with me.

"Elliott," she started, and they didn't like the way she addressed me by my name. It made her sound superior, like she was somehow in charge. "Like I said before, Sarah gave me a very interesting book. It's all about female domination and the idea that a woman should be in charge of any given relationship. So, starting right now, I'm going to be in control of this household. From now on, you belong to me."

Alexis made it sound so simple, like I would be a fool to fail to understand.

"Now you may speak," she said, giving me a permission I didn't request.

After all, I had been white because she ordered it. Rather, I just didn't know how to respond. What was I supposed to say when my generally subservient wife suddenly decided that she wanted to take control? It didn't make any sense, and I found myself silently cursing Sarah for putting these ideas in my wife's head.

"Alexis, this has to be some kind of joke. I know you don't really think you can do this. I'm not going to let you dominate me or something," I said, and to prove my point I pulled on my restraints. The chains clinked and jingled against the headboard. I yanked on them with all the strength I could muster.

For her part, Alexis simply sat back and watched. "I like it when you get all feisty," she told me. "But right now, we really need to get started on your training. Obviously, we have a lot of work to do."

Then she clambered off the bed, I watched her go, snarling that she couldn't just leave. "Don't worry," she said. "I'm not going far."

She left the bedroom, and I was alone. For several seconds, I just checked and thrashed against my shackles. The leather bit down into my skin, and I knew that I was probably going to get a bruise, yet I didn't care. I couldn't let my wife do this to me. I was the husband, and I was the man, so I got to be in charge, damn it.

The door opened again, and Alexis sauntered back in. This time, she held a pair of scissors. She sniffed the air, and the sound made me shiver.

"Don't worry," she said. "I'll make this quick."

"Alexis, you can't do this. Just let me up, and we can forget the whole thing," I said, and I could hear the panic starts to creep into my voice. The matter how hard I tried to sound bold and brave, it was impossible.

Helpless, I watched as Alexis I'm back onto the bed, and then she started to cut away my boxers. Snip, snip, snip. She splashed through the soft material, pulling away the shreds and dropping them onto the floor like they were nothing but garbage.

"See this?" Alexis asked, touching my penis. "This is mine now."

"You can't be in charge," I said again. "You can't do this..." My voice trailed off, and even I could hear how small and pathetic it sounded.

"I can't? I can't touch you right here?" asked Alexis even as she started to stroke my cock. She moved her soft fingers from the base of my shaft to the tip of my head. I could feel my body start to respond, the desires begin to awaken within me. It wasn't fair. Since Alexis had serviced me so many times, she knew exactly what I wanted.

My cock twitched and started to harden. "I can't play with you? I can't stroke you and watch as you go digging for me? C'mon, Elliott. Get nice and big for me. Get all big and hard for your mistress," Alexis demanded, teasing me even as the command reverberated against my ears.

Whether I wanted to or not, I couldn't stop myself. My cock tensed until my erection wasted upward. Alexis ripped my shaft a little tighter. "I know this is hard for you to understand, but you really do belong to me now. I've taken control, and I am in charge."

"No!" Desperation prompted me to say something stupid. "You can't be in charge because I make most of the money."

"That's right," she said, almost like this was an important detail she had almost forgotten. "I guess that just means you're going to have to tell me the password for your bank account. Once you've done that, I can change over all of the automatic deposits, and then there would be confusion about who's in charge."

"You wouldn't dare," I snapped back.

"Wouldn't I?" Alexis tossed back at me as she used to stroke my shaft. Already, there was a little droplet of pre-come at my tip. More and more, she caressed my member, and it was impossible for me to completely ignore the pleasure she provided.

Much to my dismay, it also meant that I wanted more. No, I needed more. She kept working me, and Alexis was clearly patient. One minute led into the next. Before long, I was squirming and struggling, wiggling against my shackles as though I would be able to break the leather or the metal.

Those iron links were too strong for me, and I couldn't hit away. She had me trapped, and Alexis knew it. "It sure is a shame that you can't orgasm right now." Like I said before, she knew my body. She knew exactly where my lines were, how far she could push me, and how long she could make me wait.

"But you know, this would be so much easier if you just gave me the password. Then I could go make some slight modifications to our financial setup, and then maybe, just maybe I'll play with you until you came. Would you like that? Would you like to come? Because it would be really easy of me to let you."

Alexis was teasing me, taunting me with every stroke and caress.

"No. No way," I shot back, refusing to yield. I was the man in our relationship, and I wasn't going to let her do this to me. Besides, if I gave her the password, there would be no going back.

That couldn't happen.

"A pity. I know how happy you get after you climax," she said to me. To make it worse, she leaned forward, stroking my shaft with one hand, but then she moved her deft fingers beneath my scrotum. She started to pet that spot between my ass and my balls, which sent shots of desire pumping through me twice as hard.

"Oh look at that. I remember exactly how to press your buttons." She smiled down at me, her grin mischievous and dangerous all at the same time. I glared at her, but my wife just chuckled, giggling at the as though I presented absolutely no threat. She could play with me as much as she wanted; she had me tied down like her toy.

My fingers locked up in defense, and I glared at her helplessly. I grunted and growled like some wild animal, yet Alexis continued to tease me. She stroked my cock and maneuvered her fingers right along that sensitive spot beneath my balls.

"You like that, don't you? Oh yes, you really enjoy it when I touch you right here."

This time, I couldn't even rest on. I locked my eyes shut, blocking out the world, yet those tactile sense stations continued to assault me. I couldn't defend against them, and Alexis knew this quite well. Tensing my muscles, I strained against the shackles, but

the leather and metal refused to yield. It didn't bend or break, which meant that I was helpless, my wife atop me.

"I'm going to have a lot of fun playing with you," she said.

"Don't be too gentle with him," said another voice.

Immediately, my eyes shot open, and I tilted my head to the side. Walking through the door into that room was Sarah.

For several seconds, my breath caught in my chest, and I didn't know how to react. Sarah. Although she was a close friend of Alexis, Sarah and I had never gotten along. Right then, I could tell why. Even though she had on a pleated skirt and a black tank top, she swaggered into the room like she owned the place.

"You don't want to be too gentle with him," Sarah said again. "He needs to learn that you are control. He needs learn that you own him."

"No one owns me! I'm the husband, so I'm in charge!" I highlighted those points by shaking on my chains again, but Sarah and Alexis both laughed at me.

"Honey, you're not in charge of anything, not right now," Alexis told me.

"He really is quite handsome," Sarah said, walking over. She braced her elbows against the mattress, and she just took in the sight of my helplessness. She licked her lips, running her teeth along the bottom half of her mouth, and I knew that she was enjoying this.

Our antipathy had been mutual, so she probably enjoyed seeing me like this. I had to wonder how often she fantasized about my powerlessness. I strained again, yanking and making the chains rattle.

"Oh yes, you have a lot of fun breaking his will."

"Never," I hissed. "I'm going to get out of these chains, and I'm going to make you pay for this, Alexis. I'm going to—"

Alexis threw back her head and laughed. "Well, that's a very silly thing to say. If I know that you're going to punish me for doing this, then I might as well never let you up. You're not a very good negotiator, are you?"

"The arrogant ones never are," Sarah said, and she walked her fingers along the sheets. Then she had her hand on my

shoulder. She gave my bicep little squeeze, treating me like a piece of meat that needed to be examined before purchase.

In spite of myself, I blushed with humiliation. Although I had a fairly dark complexion, I could feel the heat run through my body. It didn't help that Alexis continued to stroke me, ramping up my desperation as well as my sensitivity.

"Sweetheart, I think you're missing the point. You see, I'm going to keep teasing you just like this until you tell me what I want to know. Do you remember what I want to know? Do you?"

I turned my attention back to Alexis, and she was just smiling at me, collate and sweet and innocent and dangerous all at the same time. I grunted at her, knowing that I could never give her the password. Between Alexis and Sarah, that was my only little tiny bit of leverage.

"I know how to make you especially eager to tell me," Alexis said.

"Are you going to spank him? Maybe take some pictures of him?" Sarah sounded especially excited about the prospect. She wanted to take away my power, to see me down on my knees. "Of course, there's the other toy I told you about. I have it just in the other room."

"Not yet," my wife said.

Although I wanted to think of myself as an alpha male, a strongman who could take anything, a shiver ran down my spine. She didn't say no. Alexis just said not yet, in line that I would get to know this new toy very soon.

Before I could question either of them, Alexis gave my cock another little squeeze. It wasn't anywhere near enough to make me climax, but it heightened my desires again and forced me to gasp with an excited hunger.

Before I knew it, Alexis pressed her body down against me. She still had my cock and balls in her hands, but she was kissing me, pressing her chest against mine. Already, I could feel her nipples as she moved above me. I yearned to kiss her harder, so I strained my back, hoping to press my lips against hers.

The heat of pure arousal built inside of me, kindling into an inferno. My breathing came faster, and I tried to kiss her harder, but

each time I pulled myself up, Alexis just withdrew a little bit more. She could do that.

My eyes opened, and there she was, giggling down at me, drinking in the fact that I was totally under her control.

Alexis kissed me again, just a little bit harder this time. She bit down into my lower lip, almost painfully. Somehow, my sensations swirled together, my perceptions mixing up hurt and longing. She let go, cheeks kissed me again, her tongue running along my lower lip. Meanwhile, she continued to move her chest forward and back, practically grinding her nipples against me. I could feel them through her shirt, and I wanted to feel more. Oh, I was so incredibly desperate, and they pulled against my straps.

My efforts didn't make any difference, yet I distantly heard Sarah chuckle at me again. She probably approached this is a fantastic little show.

"Are you ready to tell me that password yet?"

I inhaled, swallowing back and trying to reboot my brain. Honestly, Alexis left me feeling scrambled. It was hard to put my thoughts back in order, but then I blinked several times, and my nostrils flared. "Never," I snarled at her.

"I guess we'll just have to wait," Alexis said, leaning down again. "I can be very patient." She barely whispered that last sentence, yet it was enough for me to feel the heat of her breath against my flesh.

"Should we start taking bets?" Sarah asked, leaning back on her heels.

"I don't know. I don't think you going to last very long," Alexis said her friend. "I know Elliott pretty well. He isn't exactly a patient man."

"Oh, that is something you are definitely going to want to work on. An inpatient slave can get very frustrating."

I inhaled, the air hissing between my teeth. Then I let it out, "I'm not a slave. I'm never going to be a slave. I am not property, and you cannot own me, Alexis!" I tried to sound his intimidating and ferocious as possible. I summoned up all of my frustration and pinned it into one declaration.

The girls laughed at me. Their voices rang out like bells as they giggled and chortled, savoring the notion that I could be anything except property. Sarah even had the gall to wipe a tear from her eye.

"Sweetheart, this is going to be your new life down. You're going to belong to me, and I'm going to take very good care of you. You're going to do what I say, and you like it." Something hard and in Alexis's voice. I looked at her expression, searching for some kind of weakness, yet I didn't find anything.

It was like she had made a decision. It was like something at the corporate being had changed.

I had to wonder if one book could bring this out of her, or maybe this has been something should always thought about, but between the reading and her friend, she now had the courage to pursue my enslavement.

"Never," I said.

"Are you sure? Are you sure you don't want me to let you come? Because it has been quite a while," Alexis said to me. With every word, she dripped with mock concern. Even so, she tightened up her grip just a little bit, just enough to push me closer to the edge.

I tried to buck my hips, hoping that I could force my wife to make a mistake. Instead, she simply relaxed her hold on me. And when I settled back down, she tightened it again, teasing me. The shift from tight to relaxed and back again drove me wild. My heart was pounding my chest, and I really didn't know how much more I could take.

"Look, can we negotiate?" I said, trying again. "Just you and me, Alexis. Sarah can wait outside, and we can talk about this."

Much to my surprise, Sarah remained quiet. I expected her to jump in and demanded that she be allowed to stay, but I think that she wanted this to be my wife's decision.

I bit down into the side of my mouth again, nervously awaiting a reply. Alexis let go of my cock, and she ran her fingers up my torso, for my stomach to my chest. She stroked my neck, and I relaxed just a tiny bit, yet the arousal burning between my legs didn't settle down.

"No."

Obviously, I was waiting for more. She was supposed to say something else, to give me some hint about what she wanted. There had to be something, something else that I could do or say to get Sarah out of the room, to get me out of the shackles.

Under so many other circumstances, I would've been able to talk my way out of this, but Alexis just stared at me, the corner of her mouth rising into a sultry and mischievous little grin.

"No?" There had to be something else. They just had to be something else she wanted to say to me.

"No," she said again, making me sound silly for asking her to repeat the response. "I'm quite serious, Elliott. You belong to me, and you're going to give me that password. Until you do, I'm going to keep you nice and horny."

"You see that? You see how his lower lip is shaking? Your husband is definitely getting truly desperate. It won't be long now," Sarah said helpfully.

I glanced at her balefully, yet she didn't seem to care one way or another. As far as she was concerned, I was little more than a dog that required training. This was just a lesson in obedience.

Pushing Sarah out of my mind, I looked over to my wife again. "Please, please don't do this. Come on, I've always been a good husband. You don't need to train me. You definitely don't need to try to enslave me."

"He's definitely near the breaking point," Sarah said.

"Just tell me the password," Alexis said.

Could I do it? Could I surrender that one piece of data that gave me the upper hand in our relationship? As long as we've been together, at always been the one with the money, and now Alexis wanted to take that away from me.

She kept touching me, teasing my cock, and the desires had turned almost painful. It felt as though every nerve in my flesh cried out for her to finish. I wanted it so badly, and there was nothing I could do to force her hand.

Gritting my teeth, I swallowed another gulp of air, hoping that something brilliant would come to me. There had to be some way out of this situation, some way that didn't involve my subjugation or subservience.

"Tell me," Alexis said. She made it sound so reasonable, so easy.

No! I couldn't do it. But then she worked the tips of her fingers down along that soft spot beneath my balls all over again. I shivered and shook, my cock dripping with excitement. Even so, my wife didn't seem to care one way or the other. She could be patient. She couldn't wait me out for hours or days.

No, there was simply no way I could stand it for that long.

As my body ached for release, I strained and pulled and fought my shackles with everything I had. I writhed like some trapped animal, captured beast, and the two women simply giggled, smiling back and forth at one another.

"I think he's starting to understand," Sarah said, and she sat up, reaching her hand to pet my brow. I did that the air, trying to scare her off, but she simply giggled again. "Sorry, boy, but you're not that intimidating. Not anymore."

I glowered at her, my teeth bared. She just gave my nose a little pinch, but then she pulled her hand back, and I understood why. She wanted me to focus on Alexis. She wanted me to know exactly how it felt to have my wife stroke and tease me.

Every caress, every gentle touch reminded me of what I needed. Longing and yearning mixed together, making my heart run faster.

"You can do it," Alexis coaxed. "Just give me that password. It doesn't really make that much of a difference, does it? You're only giving me one piece of information. Just relax and I will give you the opportunity to come just the way you want." To highlight her power, Alexis gave my shaft another gentle squeeze.

Pre-come practically dribbled back down, hitting my pubic hair, and I groaned, knowing that it would take so little for her to be able to push me over the edge. I wanted to make that jump. I wanted to feel the ecstasy of release, but my wife wasn't going to allow that to happen.

"Alexis-4-3-1-2-2!" I finally said, refusing to think about what every syllable meant, how I have just submitted my wife.

"Good boy," she said, petting me just a little bit faster.

She pushed me higher and higher, turning me on more and more. Of course, I was already so close to the crescendo of arousal, but then I could feel her slowing down, just a tiny bit.

"What, what are you doing?"

But it was Sarah who answered, "Alexis playing with you."

I stuttered and sputtered, unable to put together a coherent response. More than anything, I wanted to shout out that it wasn't fair. She couldn't do that, yet I could feel her tempo shifting, keeping me aroused in desperate.

"Elliott, your wife can do whatever she wants with you now," Sarah informed me, her tone harsh and unforgiving. "That's the point, you silly boy. She owns you now, and you just gave up one piece of leverage you had."

"Sarah, would you mind doing to the pier and making sure that the password he just gave us is correct?" Alexis made it sound like a very small favor, but she was given her friend the ability to tap into our accounts. I never would've trusted Sarah like that, but I wasn't her best friend either.

"Sure thing," Sarah said and she scampered from the room.

Once she was gone, I turned my eyes up to Alexis, hoping that I would see some other side of her. I wanted her to look down on me with compassion, but instead her lips curled up in another smile. "Elliott, I know that difficult for you, but I think it will really be better for our relationship. You really should be on your needs. You need to recognize that I'm going to be in charge, that I'm going to be the mistress and you are going to be the slave. You're going to obey me and do whatever you're told because that is your place now. You understand?"

I gasped another lungful of air, panting because she started to speed up.

"Tell me you understand or I won't let you come," she demanded.

"I understand!"

"All of it," she said without a hint of sympathy.

"I understand! I understand that I'll be your slave! I'll do whatever you say!" She squeezed again, stroking me just a little bit more. But it was enough. It was enough for me to finally click into

place, and then I could feel my cock shudder as I pumped out my orgasm. It blasted forward, shooting along my stomach and chest.

My wife squeezed me, jerking me off, and when the door opened, Sarah popped her head in and said, "He didn't lie."

"It's very good," Alexis turned her eyes down on me, and I could practically imagine what she would've done if I had tried to deceive her. I really would've been strapped down for hours, tormented as she stroked me and tease me, turning me on and letting me relax over and over again. Sometimes, I thought that blue balls really could be a very good torture.

"Would you like any more help?"

"No, I think were good," Alexis said. I took that to mean that she was almost done, that my wife had her fun, and that she was about to let me go.

Sarah shut the door again, leaving me let my wife.

"Okay, you can let me up now."

"No." She sat back, looking down at her nails. In fact, she seemed to a forgotten the altogether.

"Alexis, please, I need to get cleaned up," I said, speaking about the situation as though it had been nothing but some sex game.

What her eyes lit on me again, I knew that she really did want to make this permanent. Of course, I was about to allow that to happen.

"I gave you your treat, you have service to me yet," Alexis said.

"No," I said this time. I got down on her plenty of times, and I never enjoyed it. She knew that perfectly well, so she shouldn't have asked.

"I think your problem, Elliott, is that you're really selfish. You need to learn how to give a relationship."

"You know I don't like giving oral," I said.

"But you're plenty willing to ask for it time and time again." Her eyes narrowed on me, and I could see the long burning aggravation. She may have been right, but I didn't care. Now that I had enjoyed my orgasm, I didn't really have the patience for this anymore.

"Let me up. Let me up right now."

"I will, but only if you promise to get right down on your knees to service me. I want to feel your tongue right between my legs." It was easy to spot the flames of desire burning in her eyes. She seemed almost feral as she looked down at me, and I had to suppress another shiver. I never wanted to think of my wife as the predator in this relationship.

But right there, she really did look like a huntress.

And of course, that made me the prey.

"I'm not going to make that promise," I shot back. "I don't care if you leave me tied down here for a long time." Really, Alexis had played her one card. If she wanted me to be perfectly obedient, then she should not have allowed me to climax.

Maybe she realized her mistake now, but it didn't really matter.

Alexis smiled down at me, and she said, "Elliott, unless you do differently if you're told, you're going to be in trouble. Don't think I can't thank you. Don't think there are other ways I have to punish you as well. For a very long time, you've been kind of a jerk in our relationship, so I've come up with what a few ways to make sure you do what you're told."

I wanted to call her bluff. I wanted to call it so badly, so I gave in to the impulse, "I don't believe you. I don't think you can really punish me."

"You'll see what I can do," said my wife. Honestly, I had been hoping to hear a trace of panic in her voice, like she didn't really have anything in mind, but then I remembered Sarah. That woman would certainly know how to torment a man.

"I'm still not going to go down on you," I insisted, holding onto the one piece of defiance I have left.

"Sweetheart, you keep acting like you're the choice," she said, sliding off the bed. With my eyes on her, I watched as Alexis stripped off her clothes. She started with her top, peeling it off and dropping it to the floor. Her pink bra cupped her breasts, and I could feel my arousal start to prick me again.

It wasn't fair that she could turn me on so easily, I thought, trying to regain control of myself. It wasn't easy, not as I watched her

unclasp her skirt. She shimmied out of that light material, and then she only wore her panties.

But those didn't last long either. She hooked her thumbs into the elastic waistband, pulling it down. Before long, she only had her bra on, and I licked my lips, eager to play with her again. Heedless of the restraints holding me down, I wanted to put my arms around her and kiss her. I wanted to get on top of her and show her who was boss.

Naked from the waist down, Alexis climbed back onto the bed, straddling me. Already, I caught the realm of her arousal. Clearly, having the helpless turn her on. "You really do look like a fine specimen," she said, touching my chest. She made sure to avoid the damp spots.

Then she moved a little bit higher up, straddling my chest. "You know, there really is anything you can do to stop me."

I didn't understand what she meant, not at first, but then the truth of my situation dawned on me. Alexis got up and came forward, resting her knees against my ears. I looked up, and I saw her split right there. She was damp and almost glistening. As my situations sank in, I licked my lips, pulling on my restraints.

"Are you sure you really want to struggle, Elliott? You know that only turns me on!" I didn't want to believe her, yet she started to lower herself down, and I didn't have any choice. She was going to sit right on my face, and the only way to change her mind was to do what she wanted. Otherwise, she could rest right there, leaving me helpless.

"You know you have to do. Be a good boy, and lick your owner. Lick me right between my legs. Do it. Do it and know that I own you," she said, lowering herself down, one inch at a time. "Just face it, Elliott. There isn't anything I can't do right now. Besides, Sarah is off in the other room, changing the information on your bank account. Unless you do exactly what I want, I could kick you out, and you would be out on the street. I don't think you want that. I think you want to stay here with your owner. I think you want stay here with your mistress."

I kept trying to tell myself that she wouldn't really do it. Alexis wouldn't have the fortitude to kick me out, but then I considered the

shackles around my wrists and ankles, how she had stripped me naked and put me on display for her friend to see.

Right then, it truly clicked that there wasn't anything Alexis was due to me. She wanted to train me, and if that required a little bit of tough love, then she would do it.

Shivering with humiliation, I stuck my tongue up into her pussy. She let out a groan, lowering herself a little bit more, impaling herself on my tongue. Her taste filled me up, and she started to flex her hips, working herself up and down. At the same time, I flicked my tongue forward and back, swirling it from side to side just the way I knew she liked it.

Even as I serviced her, I felt the shame of surrender. How could I've given in? How could I have allowed this to happen to myself? I was supposed to be the husband, I thought again and again.

My regrets were trapped on a loop, circling around the fact that I'd somehow let my wife do this to me.

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't deny the truth. She had me trapped and helpless, and right there, she forced me to service her.

I licked and pushed my tongue forward, again and again, all while my wife moaned and cried out. She practically hopped up and down, using my tongue like a sex toy. All the while, I tried hard to get her to orgasm. I wanted this to come to an end.

Then I heard her cry out, and she went for it. The taste of her excitement burned on my lips and my tongue, but there wasn't anything I could do about it.

Alexis climbed off of me, and that she faced me again. "Your lips are all shiny," she said to me, making me blush again. I really hope that she would be able to tell how ashamed I felt of giving in, yet she probably could.

"Now, are you ready to tell me that you're going to be a good slave?"

"You have to be kidding," I said, unable to think of any other response. In fact, those words just kind of spilled out of my mouth, mostly because I just serviced her! This game, whatever it was supposed to be, should have already come to an end.

Apparently, Alexis disagreed. She shook her head from side to side, slowly, wagging her finger. "Elliott, I meant what I said this is permanent. So unless you do exactly that want, I'm going to give myself another little orgasm with your face."

"You wouldn't dare," I snapped back.

That was a mistake.

Alexis resumed her previous position above me, and then she was lowering her pussy down against my lips. She bent forward, giving me even easier access, but I tried to resist. I didn't want to service her again. This was to demeaning, too perfectly humiliating. She was supposed to be the one down on her knees, sucking on my cock!

"Do it. Do it, slave."

Slave. She shouldn't have been able to address me like that!

For a second, I contemplated revenge. I thought about spanking her ass red, tying her up, and shoving my cock down her throat. I wanted to come all over her face as she whimpered, but those punishments were beyond me.

Instead, I opened my mouth and I tasted her again.

"There's a good slave. Don't worry," she said as I worked her most sensitive bits, "you'll get used to servicing me. And maybe even Sarah. Would you like that? Would you like to lick out her pussy too?"

Alexis was testing me. She wanted to know if I would try to respond. To do so, I would have to stop licking her, and then she would certainly want to punish me.

Refusing the player game, I kept looking at her, teasing her clit with the tip of my tongue. I thrust my member upward, filling her up as much as I possibly could. At the same time, she started to lower herself down again, and it felt as though the taste and scent of her arousal might overwhelm me.

For several seconds, I couldn't think about anything else. It felt as though the entirety of my being went to servicing her, which was exactly what she wanted from me. She wanted me to stop thinking about myself, to become nothing but her plaything in the most absolute terms.

"Yes, oh yes! More! Give me more, give me everything you have," she said, panting as she moved her hips up and down, using my tongue. Using me.

She bent forward, coming hard. She cried out, and her shriek of delight filled the room. This time, when she climbed off of me, her hair was splayed against her forehead. She turned around and smiled at me. "Oh yes, you're going to make an excellent slave," she said.

"Will you let me up now?" Surprisingly, I sounded rather timid. I was used to that.

Alexis simply shook her head from side to side. All of a sudden, she looked very drowsy and very spent. Considering what she'd just taken, the two orgasms must have knocked her out. I pulled on my restraint, making the chains jingle.

She smiled at me like a little cat before she curled up against me. "Go to sleep," she said.

"I can't, Alexis. I can't sleep like this."

"Then just be quiet," she said, "or I will have to muzzle you."

A muzzle? She couldn't be serious. I opened my mouth to contradict her, to argue or complain, but then she cuddled up against me a little bit more, resting her head against my shoulder. She was sleepy, but I could hear that little note of condescension her voice. She meant it. She really would muzzle me like some wild animal if I didn't do what she wanted, namely stay quiet.

Closing my mouth, I found it oddly easy to shut my eyes as well. Before long, I fell asleep. After all, that orgasm had been incredibly intense for me as well.

It should've been difficult to sleep with my arms and legs spread like that, but Alexis was warm, and I often slept on my back. Besides, the shackles to give me a few inches of wiggle room. It wasn't much. It certainly wasn't enough to try to get away, but it made sleeping possible.

Once I fell asleep, I was gone. I was absolutely submerged in the darkness of my eyelids. Although it was pretty bright in the bedroom, I didn't care. Everything was warm and soft, and I didn't even notice when the two women came back in.

Maybe on some level I could tell that I was being shifted around, that my arms and legs were no longer stuck in place, but it didn't make any difference to me. I didn't want to open my eyes, and I certainly didn't want to awaken.

It was just the kind of sleep where everything fell into place, and I knew where I was supposed to be.

But a few hours later, my eyes fluttered open, and I was alone in the bedroom. I didn't know what to do.

I sat up easily enough, only to realize that my hands have been locked behind my back. Pursing my lips, I glanced down at my feet. They were unrestrained, so I could get up off of the bed.

That was something.

I didn't get up right away. Deciding that I needed to marshal my strength, I contemplated the situation. Alexis and Sarah had probably been able to change the passwords to all of our bank accounts. From this point on, Alexis controlled the household money.

More importantly, she had my hands cuffed behind my back.

I had to convince her that none of this was necessary.

I could tell her that I had changed, that I would be more generous and giving. Sitting up, I threw my weight to the side, and managed to straighten my back. Once I was up, I looked at the door, contemplating what else I could tell her. Whenever I said, it would probably include a lot of groveling.

My blood pressure went up at the thought of telling Alexis everything she wanted to hear. I could crawl on the floor and beg to be her servant, her slave. I could offer myself up, body and soul, and it might just be good enough for her. Certainly, she would at the end of the shackles at that point. She would let me put my clothes back on.

But at the same time, I needed to calculate the other costs. Although I could be arrogant from time to time, I tried to be flexible. Despite this, my dignity and self-respect mattered great deal to me. Could I just offer them up?

I seethed, exhaling through my teeth because I didn't have an easy or simple answer. Maybe if it had only been Alexis, then I could have crawled and begged for forgiveness for whatever imaginary offense I had committed.

Only it wouldn't just be Alexis. I imagined Sarah was probably around, maybe hanging out in the living room or kitchen. They were such good friends, and I was certain the game certainly bonded them together even more.

My nostrils flared again, and the frustration boiled in my chest. For a moment, I threw myself down on the side of the bed, pulling on the leather shackles that tied my hands behind my back. I kept thinking about how good it would feel to get free, to grab Alexis and throw her down into the sheets. I want to pin her and trapper beneath my weight. She needed to know what felt like to be truly helpless, and maybe Sarah would get to watch.

Of course, that bitchy woman would be tied up as well, gagged and effectively bound. She could squirm as I took wanted from my wife.

Those bold thoughts continued to stream through me, especially as I wiggled and squirmed pathetically, do my best to free my hands. But it didn't matter how hard I thought the shackles. They held.

Whether I wanted to admit it or not, I simply wasn't strong enough to rip through leather. Really, I should've known better before I even tried, especially because now my skin pricked up with heat, and I was panting from the exertion. Really, I haven't done anything but waste the effort.

It would have been smarter of me to figure out what I could say to her. With a sigh, I realized that Alexis really did have all of the power. She would be the one to decide when to free me.

Breathing through my lips, I tried to calm myself down. Frustration, anger, rage, shame, and ambition would be my enemies here. My wife needs to believe that I had cowed to her authority.

This wasn't going to be easy, but I figured that I could just be quiet. Maybe if I promised her that she would be the one who could make every decision, then she would decide that she had won. Maybe the Dean would even lose interest for her since I wasn't going to be a challenge.

Those were nice thoughts, and I hoped they might become a reality.

I sat up again, only this time I fell back down against the mattress before I could make it all the way up. Grunting with effort, I finally got my equilibrium, and I managed to straighten my back.

I walked over to the door, turning around so that I can reach the knob with one hand. It took me a few seconds of fumbling, and then I turned the handle, but that wasn't good enough. It was locked.

This felt a lot like a test of my endurance.

How many small obstacles can overcome before anger and aggression got the best of me? I had to wonder if Sarah had set it up this way, if she had convinced Alexis to try to make me feel small and powerless.

Well, it wasn't going to work.

I fumbled with the lock, eventually turning the button. I try to get on the door, and this time it did swing inward. I stepped back out into the hallway, my feet soft against the carpet. I glanced in both directions before finally taking the stairs back down to the first floor.

"There's her handsome boy," Sarah called from the kitchen. She was sitting at the island, her computer tablet laid out in front of her. Maybe she was playing a game. Maybe she was checking up on some social network. Really, I didn't care one way or the other.

Rather than respond to my wife's best friend, I turned back toward the living room. I kept expecting to find my wife, but Sarah just chuckled.

Several seconds later, I came back, standing before Sarah. I was naked and bound, humiliated beyond belief, yet she didn't even look up.

Finally, I cleared my throat, but she still didn't respond. I didn't understand her gain, not until I finally said, "Where's my wife? Where is Alexis?" My voice probably sounded pinched and tenanted from frustration. I didn't like playing hide and seek, especially when I needed to find her. She needed to unlock these cuffs.

Sarah glanced up from her tablet, turning her body slightly. For a moment, I was reminded why she was such an arrogant woman. One very good reason was simple. She was hot. From the shine of her hair down to the finally stopped features of her face, breasts, and legs, she could have easily been a model. Rather than

subjugate herself to the desires of men, she propped you turn it looks to get mail to do whatever she wished.

Now she wanted to train my wife to do the exact same thing.

I wasn't going to allow that to happen. Even if I had to become subservient for a short period, I would eventually convince Alexis that this wouldn't be a lifestyle for her. She would never take absolute control.

Alexis watched me, seeming to contemplate my position. Her eyes moved along the length of my body, and I did my best not to squirm under her attention. Yes, her good looks had to be a part of the way she influenced men, but there was also an air of authority about this woman. She looked down at me, patronizing me with just a glance. Honestly, I couldn't even explain it. There was just something about the way she looked at me. It made me feel small.

Doing my best to retake control of the conversation as well as a situation, I asked again, "Where is Alexis?" This time, I didn't ask twice. Instead, I strained my back and stared right back at her.

Sarah curled her lip derisively, and I could tell that she wasn't impressed. If anything, maybe I'm going out with my attempt at taking control of the situation. In any case, her look of disdain passed quickly, and then she smiled at me. "Alexis left me in charge."

"Where is she?"

"She went out use of chores," Sarah said evasively. "But, she did leave you a note." The beautiful woman hopped off her stool and grabbed the phone off of the kitchen island. Right away, I realized that it belonged to me.

"You really should be more careful about personal security," she said, holding up the phone for me to see. "I was able to hack pretty fast." Then I watched as she typed in a new password, one that clearly wasn't mine. At the same time, her fingers moved too quickly for me to guess what the new security code would be.

Sarah had effectively stolen my phone, accessing all of my personal information.

When she looked up at me again, I could tell that Sarah expected me to respond. She wanted me to make some kind of

comment about what she had done and how she violated my privacy.

Instead, I shook my head briefly. No, I wasn't going to rise to that particular bait. At the same time though, I did have to wonder what she had found. It wasn't like I cheated on Alexis or anything, but there were a few websites that I occasionally visited on my phone. I tried to convince myself it didn't really matter.

After a moment or two letting me study the possibilities, Sarah held up the phone. I couldn't take it in my hands, not with my wrists locked behind my back.

There was a text message on the screen: *Sorry I had to leave, especially since we are only now just beginning your training. But don't worry; I'm leaving you in very capable hands. While I'm gone, Sarah is in charge. She will make sure that you don't forget any of the lessons we started to discuss last night. Be obedient. Kisses!* Finally, there was a kissy face emoticon.

"Well, you read it. I'm in charge, which means that you're going to be doing some chores while your wife is going. I think she would be really impressed if you cleaned up the house of little bit."

At first, I opened my mouth, ready to tell her to go straight to hell. This was my house, damn it, and I wasn't about to take orders from her.

Instead, I decided that I needed to get more information from her. "Do you know what she wanted to go get?"

Sarah smiled, inclined her head slightly, and I immediately knew that she already had a very good idea of what Alexis intended to procure. She smiled at me again, and something shivered down my back. Even so, I refused to budge. I wasn't going to show any sign of weakness.

Honestly, staring down Sarah felt a lot like facing some kind of predatory feline.

She circled around the kitchen island, and she got down on her knees, rifling through something. Then I remembered that the bag from beside the door was gone, which meant that she must've put her toys elsewhere.

"Elliott, you need to understand that when a woman gives you a command, you will obey. First, there is your wife. She owns you.

After that, you will still be subservient to every female you encounter. That is how this is going to work, and the sooner you learn it, the easier life is going to be."

She came back, and Sarah held some kind of baton in her hand. I stepped back instinctively, and the curves of her smile only deepened. She was looking forward to using that on me, whatever it was.

"Look, if you just unlock me right now, I won't make Alexis break off her friendship when I regain control. And Sarah, you know that it is going to happen," I said, my voice steeled.

Despite the strength of every word, Sarah continued to approach, practically prowling at me. "You think you're going to be able to put her back on her knees? Sorry. That's where you go now."

She came closer and closer, and at the last moment, the baton swung out, and he connected with my site. Immediately, I felt the sting of letter against my skin. But there was something else, something that knocked me back.

Electricity.

My eyes watered, and I nearly fell back down on my ass. With my hands trapped behind my back, keeping my balance became more difficult.

"That's right," she said, pouncing again. Sarah jumped forward one foot, and she stabbed the baton forward. It struck and I felt the jolting bite of electricity. It lanced through my skin, lighting up the pain receptors throughout my body. It felt like a snap, like a quick jab from a hundred different directions at once.

Stumbling backwards, I retreated, unable to process what I was seeing and feeling. "What is that? What the hell is that?" My eyes watered. My breathing turned into sharpened rasps.

Sarah tossed back her hair, and she laughed. The light danced down the strands, and she kept her eyes on me. "Elliott, this is a training tool. I'm going to use it to make sure that you learn your place. Now, your mistress has said that you're going to be doing some chores."

"Never," I spat back.

That was a mistake.

Sarah rushed at me again, the baton swinging in a wide arc. Instinctively, I tried to throw hands up into the air to block the attack, but my hands were still tied together. Somehow, I forgot in the fury of the moment, and she quickly connected the tip to my body.

I had never been tailored, but this was how it must have felt. Another jolt of electricity ran through my body, the power coruscating through my flesh. My eyes watered, but I fell back down against the wall.

Sarah didn't show me any mercy. She jabbed me again and again and again. Three more zaps, and I couldn't think. I couldn't really breathe, and it finally came to an end.

Sarah crouched in front of me, looking down at me. I was on my knees, and she asked, "Elliott, are you going to be a good boy?"

I raised my eyes slowly, and I found her grinning down at me. She had won, and she knew it because I couldn't take anymore. "What am I supposed to do?"

"First, you're going to follow me back into the kitchen," she said. Immediately, Sarah turned around and started walking. My mouth dry, my body practically shaking with humiliation, I followed her reluctantly.

With every step, I tried to think of something else that I could do. In my mind's eye, I envisioned the possibility where I might try to tackle her. Of course, she still held the baton, and it didn't help that Sarah was a well-built woman. Unlike so many other girls, she had strong muscles, and with my hands locked behind my back, it wasn't difficult for me to imagine her witty in a wrestling match.

Besides, I was naked, and that meant I had more than one vulnerability.

Coming back to the kitchen, I found Sarah standing behind the island. "Down, boy," she instructed, pointing at the spot at her feet.

My nostrils flared again, and I stiffened my lower lip, doing everything I could to hide my reaction. I didn't want Sarah to realize exactly how she could make me feel, though it was hard to imagine that she couldn't guess on her own.

"Don't make me say it again," Sarah threatened.

Hating myself for yielding to this woman, I got down on my knees, first my left, and my right, and I was crouched down before her. Sarah took another step closer, and she towered over me. At first, I kept my eyes forward, most because I didn't want her to realize how degrading it felt for me to have to tilt my chin to see her face.

But then Sarah grabbed my hair and yanked, forcing me to look up at her. "I am your better," she said. "I am the woman here, so you are going to behave. This starts with teaching you your place, and for that, you need a status symbol."

She reached down into the bag, and she pulled out a leather collar, black and shining. I bit down into my lower lip, hating the prospect of having it renewed my neck, but there wasn't anything I could do.

Sarah released my hair, and it felt like a release, at least until the moment when she looped the collar around my neck and tied to the class together at the back. Then she reached down and back again, and this time she came back with a small lock.

Before I could even think about it, I started to shake my head. Of course, that made her laugh.

"It's really cute that you think your input makes any difference," she said, holding the baton in her offhand.

Gritting my teeth, I tried to ignore the sensation of the collar around my neck. I shook my head from side to side, but that didn't make it any worse. If anything, it only heightened my humiliation because Sarah was giggling at me now. She held her hand over her mouth like she wanted to spare me the embarrassment, but we both knew the truth.

She was enjoying every moment of this.

"Now that we have you more appropriately dressed, you want to beg for me to unlock your hands?"

I glared at her with everything I had, but Sarah didn't care. There was no way for me to intimidate her. If anything, my feeble attempts only amused her further.

I flashed a brief and curt nod. Besides, if I could just free myself, then my chances at escape went up immeasurably.

"Oh no," Sarah said, chuckling again. "You can do better than that. I want to hear you beg. I want to hear the desperation in your voice as you plead with me. After all, I'm in charge."

I narrowed my eyes at her again, hating the power she could wield over me. At the same time, I felt my gaze drift down to the baton. I wondered how many times he could hit me, how many times she could send the current of electricity flaring through my body.

Whether I wanted to confront the truth or not, I had to do as she said. I had to subjugate myself, no matter how degrading or humiliating it felt.

"Sarah, please unlock my hands."

"Last chance," she said.

I had never begged before. Even as a kid, I refused to demean myself by pleading with my parents. Even when I had been in trouble, I never whimpered. But that is exactly what Sarah wanted from me. She wanted me to surrender that little piece of myself.

She lifted the baton just a few inches, and my mouth went dry. After adding shocked several times already, I simply lacked the resolve to resist her anymore.

"Please, please Sarah, please let me use my hands. I swear, I will be good. I will be a good slave." Each and every syllable tasted like garbage, but I managed to get them all out.

Perhaps she hoped for more, but Sarah inclined her head to the side. She kept her eyes on me for several more seconds, and I couldn't help but squirm, shifting my weight from one knee to the other.

"Good enough," Sarah decided. She held a baton, and it took all of my willpower not to flinch. "Now, Elliott, were going to sell something very simple. I want to see you sweep the floor."

With my mouth shut, I tightened my teeth together. It was the only way I could hold my time to check.

Meanwhile, Sarah came around and she unlocked my cuffs. The leather restraints fell away, and part of me wanted to spin around and try to shut her up against the wall. Of course, that would have been foolish mistake considering that she still have the baton. Unless I was absolutely certain that I could get it out of her hands, I couldn't take the risk.

It was too easy to imagine her getting in one good shot. The jolt would knock me down onto my knees again, and then she would be able to pounce, shocking me over and over until I was completely helpless.

"Do you think you can handle it? Do you think you can sweep up the floor like a good little husband?" Sarah came closer, reaching up and sliding her fingers through my hair. It was such a small violation of my personal boundaries, yet it highlighted the point she really wants to make.

She could touch me. She could tease me. She could take away my dignity, and I couldn't stop. Instead, my only hope was to learn to deal with it.

"I can do it," I said.

"Then get to it," Sarah gave my ass a little slap.

Again, I bit down on my lower lip to keep myself from saying something that I would probably regret later on.

Naked, I walked over to the nook where we kept the broom and dust pan. With Sarah's eyes on me, I went to work, sweeping up the floor. I started in the corner, taking wide, sloppy swipes.

Really, the floor was pretty much spotless already. Alexis did a very good job of keeping a clean house, so I didn't think I had to do a good job.

I was wrong.

Sarah came out quickly, and she tapped me with the baton. Although the blow was light and glancing, electricity still jumped out, and I could feel the power surge through me. It lit up the pain receptors in that spot on my body, and I nearly fell down.

"When I give you a command to do something, you better do a good job."

Glaring at her, I didn't respond. I tightened my grip around the broomstick, and I went back to work, sweeping. "Better," she said. "Now, you have five minutes. If you aren't making significant progress by then, we're going to have to have a little discussion about your behavior."

She was talking down to me again, patronizing me. Pursing my lips, I gave her a quick nod.

"Oh no. You don't get to be silent and sullen. Tell me that you understand like a good boy." Boy. Again, there she was, condescending and arrogant. More than anything, I wanted to grab her and throw her up against the wall. I longed to bend her over the bed and spank her.

If only I could get a hold of that baton...

"I understand," I said. Honestly, I practically choked on those two words, but I have to say that. I didn't have any choice.

"Good boy," Sarah smiled and she took her seat back of the kitchen island. She started to play on her tablet, leaving me to my housework.

Of course, this wasn't really my work. This was for Alexis. This was something that a wife should have been doing. Those thoughts kept coursing through my brain as I swiped at the floor. From one movement to the next, I gathered up the dust, hating every second of it.

Several minutes passed, not that I really paid much attention.

Sarah pushed her stool away from the countertop, and she sauntered over to me. I could see the arrogant swagger in every movement. This girl really did believe that she was better than me, that she absolutely deserved to be in command. Worse, I knew that she wanted to instill the exact same attitude and my wife.

When she stood up, I found myself freezing in place. It was hard to move, especially considering how easily she held the baton.

For a few seconds, Sarah simply glanced around the kitchen floor. She was inspecting it, and I figured I had to be good enough job. "Tell me, do think you did a good job? Did you work as hard as you possibly could have?"

"I think the floors clean," I said, do my best to sound diplomatic.

Sarah smiled at me because she could hear the way I hedged my response. She gave me a quick little nod before walking around the floor. She kept glancing down at different corners, and then she halted.

"Elliott, come here," she commanded.

With obvious and stilted reluctance, I walked over to her. For several seconds, she simply pointed down at the floor, but I didn't

see anything in particular. That spot really did look clean to me. "What you do with the dog when he doesn't know how to behave? Would you do with him when he makes a mess?"

Somehow, I just couldn't draw implications from her words. "You rub his nose in it," I said automatically.

Sarah's hand flew out, she grabbed my hair, and she forced me down onto the floor in one swift movement. Pain and confusion blasted through me, wiping away all of my other thoughts.

Crouching down, Sarah held my face against the floor. She rubbed my nose against the tiles, "Elliott, do you feel that? That's the floor feel clean to you?" She jerked my head from side to side, every twist another painful reminder of her power over me.

I could feel the dust against my nose. "Yes! I feel it!"

"And what do you feel?"

"I can feel the dirt on the floor," I said.

"Yes, you can," Sarah told me. "You could feel the dirt because you didn't do a good job. So now you're going to clean the floor again, this time with a brush."

Sarah let go of my hair, leaving me on the floor. At first, I wanted to spring back up on my feet, but by the time I regained my equilibrium, she was coming back, this time with a strip of leather dangling from her hand. I saw the locking hook at the end, and I knew what she was holding.

"Bow your head forward for me," she ordered.

I didn't want to do it. I didn't want her to put that leash on me, but I didn't see any other choice. After all, and her other hand, she still held the baton. Her grip was iron tight, and I didn't want to risk another shock to my system.

So I dipped my head down, bracing my forehead against the cold tiles. Sarah locked the end of the leash to my collar, and she gave it a gentle tug. "I know this is embarrassing for you, but like I said before, when you get used to it, you will start to appreciate your place on the floor."

"Never," I insisted.

"Never is a very long time," Sarah replied, a little giggle at her voice. I had to wonder how many other men she had met before me, how many other guys she had trained.

With a pull on my leash, Sarah kept me on the floor. I crawled along on my hands and knees like some kind of animal. She took me over to one of the closets, and there was a bucket with different cleaning supplies. She handed me a spray bottle and a small brush.

"Do the entire kitchen floor," she said simply.

She walked me back to the kitchen island, though this time she wasn't going to give me free reign. Rather, she tied the end of my leash to her chair, making sure that I would have to stay close by.

Doing my best not to focus on the humiliation, I stayed down on my hands and knees, I spread the floor, and I started scrubbing.

After a while, the embarrassment started to fade. Even though I could feel Sarah glancing at me from time to time, I tried to block her out. But then she decided to rest her feet on my back while I cleaned, and I could feel the bullish run through my skin all over again.

Later on, she decided that I cleaned the for the kitchen floor by her spot, so she brought me over to the kitchen table. She tied my leash to one of the links, and then she went back to her computer.

Scrub, scrub, scrub. Spray, spray, spray.

I cleaned and cleaned, do my best not to think about anything else. Right then, it would be useful to plot. Thinking about my situation or Sarah would only hamper my ability to control myself. So instead, I tried not to think at all.

"There is my good little husband," came another voice. "And look at him! He's so well behaved!"

Alexis's voice rang through the kitchen, and I snapped my head up, beating her eyes. She had two different bags, and she was smiling down at me. She dropped the bags across the room, getting her. She was all over the kitchen floor I had just cleaned.

Despite that, I didn't make any comments. She crouched down in front of me, touching my cheeks and petting me like I was some kind of dog. "Get out of your back," she ordered.

I didn't want to comply, but then I glanced over at Sarah, and I knew that Alexis can wield the baton just as easily. Hating myself for my subservience, I fell back down onto my side, and then my wife was petting me again, telling me I had been a good little slave.

"He really did behave," Sarah said.

"How many times did you have to punish him?"

They were talking about me like I wasn't even there, like it couldn't understand. I hope my mouth to speak, but Alexis reached down between my legs. She started to stroke me, working her soft fingertips along my shaft; I could feel my body stiffened immediately. It wasn't fair, I thought futilely.

She touched me and taunted me with those caresses, getting me worked up. And somehow, I could feel my arousal spread throughout my body. Silently, I shook my head. Then I started to whimper.

I didn't want to grow. I didn't want to make any sound at all, but Alexis started using both her hands. She gave me those soft little squeezes even as she worked her way beneath my scrotum. Before long, I was nice and hard, and then she let me go.

"Just a few," Sarah said, her eyes on my erection.

It wasn't long before I withered beneath her gaze, my cock turning flaccid once again. Even so, I could still feel the desires thrumming through my body.

"Thank you for all your help, Sarah. But I think I can take it from here."

"Are you sure?" Sarah raised an eyebrow. Apparently, she didn't think that Alexis was quite ready to truly take control. In that moment, I hoped that she was right. If Alexis had any doubts, I would be able to use those to my advantage.

"Oh yes. I'm very sure," Alexis said. She leveled her gaze on me, and I kept looking for some flicker of doubt, some sign that she was hesitating. I found nothing.

Sarah packed up our stuff, and I watched her get ready to go. Still on the floor, I felt small and helpless, but at least the women didn't have their attention on me. Sarah gave Alexis a hug, and then my wife said, "I just had a really good idea. You know, Elliott here should be thankful for how you took such good care of him."

Those words had the desired effect. In spite of myself, I started to blush again, gritting my teeth and failing completely to hide any of my emotions.

"I think you should service you as a thank you," Alexis said.

"No. No way. I'm not doing that," I announced. Considering that I was naked, collared, and leashed, my outburst was probably inappropriate. Even so, I couldn't bring myself to care. I didn't dare stand up all the way, but Alexis grabbed the baton from the counter, and she quickly jabbed it into my chest.

The tip sent another burst of electricity flickered through me. It seemed stronger now, or maybe my endurance has diminished. Either way, I fell back, my eyes wet.

"Bad boy," she said to me. Not only that, Alexis even had the gall to wag her finger at me like I had been some badly behaved pet.

Of course, I wanted to leap about her, to put her in her place, but something held me back. I couldn't take another painful shock, so I simply stared back at her. She grabbed my hair, much as Sarah had done only a little while before. She pulled me over to my leash, untying it quickly. And she practically dragged me across the kitchen floor until she dropped me at Sarah's feet.

"First, you're going to apologize. Then, you're going to make her for permission to lick her."

My wife sounded so authoritative, so perfectly steeled. I blinked several times, unable to process this. I didn't know what to do, and for the first time, I really did feel like some confused animal.

She jabbed the baton into the small of my back, knocking me down. My nose hit Sarah's shoe.

"Well?" Sarah asked. I didn't even look up, yet I can already imagine this imperious woman with her arms crossed over her chest.

I swallowed back my dignity. I buried my self-respect. "I'm sorry for being rude," I told her.

"And?" Alexis prompted.

Lifting my head, I looked back at my beautiful wife. I kept hoping that I would find some hint of a reservation. She shouldn't have wanted to do this to me. I kept telling myself that I had been a good husband, that I had always taken very good care of her. Sure, I could be demanded from time to time, but that was my prerogative. As the man of the house, I took charge. I took care of her, and she owed me. From time to time, I could take what I wanted.

As all of those thoughts streamed through my head, I kept my eyes on her, silently pleading with her. Please, please don't do this to

me. Please, don't make me service her. Sarah, of all people. Please, please Alexis. Please, have some mercy.

I pictured my tongue sliding into her pussy, and the idea filled me with repulsion. I was supposed to be somewhat stronger than this, better.

"Do it," Alexis ordered, and I knew that this was my last chance. If I refused to obey, then I was going to be shocked again.

Turning to face Sarah, I lifted my head. "Please, may I lick you? Please, may I service you?"

"What a polite little gentleman," Sarah said as she pulled down her pants. She tugged down her panties a second later, and I could see her pubic hair. Without hesitating, she grabbed my hair and pulled my face up between her legs.

Knowing that I would be punished if I refused to please her, I stuck out my tongue, gently teasing her opening. Doing my best to zone out, I halfheartedly licked and pushed my tongue into her slit. More than anything, I wanted to lose myself. I didn't want to think about what my wife and her friend had done to me. I didn't want to think about how I had been collared or leashed or forced to service a woman like this.

When I was growing up, I was thought of women as servile and weak. They were best when they knew their place. In the interim, I have learned a basic level of respect for the fairer sex, but that didn't mean they ever got to take command. Certainly not like this.

"You can do better than that," Sarah said, grabbing my hair again and giving it a sharp tug. Pain sizzled through my scalp, and I let out a grunt. At the same time, I focused on what I was doing, finding her clitoris and gently caressing it with the tip of my tongue.

The flavor of her excitement gnawed on my taste buds. I couldn't block out the sensation, no matter how hard I tried. But then my wife came up behind me, crouching down with me.

"Remember, this is Sarah. You have to do a good job for her, especially since I remember all the times you told me just how much like her," Alexis taunted.

Yes, I had railed against her friend on more than one occasion. But Sarah had always acted like a jerk with me, so she

deserved nothing less. I grimaced and groaned, but that wasn't apparently the response Alexis desired.

To punish me, she brought her hand against my naked ass. She was thanking me, forcing me to lick and suck and nuzzle Sarah's pussy. Hot shame boiled in my chest, yet I couldn't do anything about it. Whether I wanted to admit it or not, I was under the influence of these women. I was in their power, and they could use me however they saw fit.

Alexis gave me another spanking, slapping both of my ass cheeks. Shockingly, she was very strong, able to bring her hand down with a sharp slap of pain. Every swat made me flinch, yet my tongue didn't falter. I kept licking and nuzzling, pushing that pink appendage up as high as I possibly could.

And it was having an effect on Sarah. She started to moan again, looking down at me. At the same time, I could feel her run her hands through my hair. She was gentler this time, practically petting me like I was some beloved hound.

"There's a good boy," Sarah said to me as I licked her. "Eat me out like a good little puppy, and maybe you're owner here will let you come tonight. You'd like that, wouldn't you? You might even be able to hump her if you are especially well behaved for your owner."

My owner. I hated those words, and I wanted to rebel against them, but if I even so much as slowed down, my wife would give me another spanking. Refusing to allow that to happen, I kept up the pace, doing the absolute best that I could. I licked and thrust my tongue again and again, using everything I had.

Finally, I could feel Sarah's body tightened around me. She brought her hips together, squeezing my cheeks, and then Alexis grabbed my past. She pinched hard, making me flinch one more time, but then Sarah pushed me back.

She was done with me.

Quickly, I wiped my mouth with my wrists. From there, I sat on the floor like a pet while Sarah and Alexis chatted quietly. It took me a few seconds to regain my balance, and by then Sarah looked completely put together.

"Just remember," Sarah was saying, "if you need anything, anything at all, just called. I will be happy to help you however I can."

Then she turned to me. "I will be happy to help both of you." She smiled again, and I couldn't help but shiver.

"Oh no, I have everything I need to train him. When you come back next, I'm sure that he will be very willing little slave boy."

I didn't like the way they talked about me like I wasn't even there. I hated the way they sounded like I was some hapless male to be trained.

Despite my aggravations, I didn't take a sound while they continued speaking. Sarah and Alexis eventually left the room, and I knew that I could try to get away, but I didn't see the point. I glanced at the door and remembered that my wife had stolen all of my money. She'd been gone for hours, and with my password, she had the ability to move all of the money we collected into other accounts.

Sure, I could run out into the street naked, which would accomplish nothing. I would probably just get arrested, and with a call to come pick me up?

Alexis came back, and she was smiling. "You did an excellent job. You know, I always thought you were something of a boor. Seriously, you could act like such a jerk so often. You were arrogant and overconfident. But now, look at you!"

I let her enjoy herself for a few more seconds before I swallowed and tried to talk to her. "Alexis, please, I've learned my lesson. Please, just take the collar off of me. You don't need to keep the subjugated like this."

Doing my best to sound reasonable, I kept my eyes on her. I wanted her to see me as the man she had promised to be with forever. I didn't want her to see me as just a toy, her private plaything.

She walked across the room and kneeled down in front of me. "Things are going to be very different. You can't change this." She shook her head, making me feel silly for even broaching the subject. "And right now, I think the living room needs to be vacuumed."

My eyes widened just a tiny bit. Although it would have been smarter to keep my reaction to myself, I couldn't quite manage.

"That's right. You're going to go into the living room and start cleaning up. From now on, this house is going to be spotless. If it isn't, guess who's getting get punished. That's right; it's going to be

you! I will pull you over my knee and spank you." She sounded so solemn and serious.

Alexis went over and grabbed my fallen leash. She picked at the end and wrapped it around her wrist. Then she gave it a quick tug, but I realized something. If I followed her at that moment, then she would truly be I owner. She would be able to assume command of me whenever she wished, and I couldn't allow that to happen.

She gave my leash another poll, but I braced my hands and knees against the tile. "No. This ends here and now," I said. I stood up, and I was about to grab for the leash, to make it back from her hands when she picked up the baton.

My heart quickened several beats as I looked at the rod in her hand.

"Be a good husband and get into the living room." This time, she didn't sound teasing. This was a battle of wills, and we glared at one another. I wasn't going to blink first, but she didn't care if she did.

Alexis crossed the distance between us in three quick strides, and then she swung the baton at me. I threw my arm, hoping to block it. In my mind's eye, I imagined that I would be able to grab it from her, and then I would be in charge. I would have all of the power, and she would have to recognize me as the man of this house.

At the last second, Alexis brought the baton back. She held it close to her chest for just a moment before she stabbed it forward. She caught me squarely in my stomach, and electricity roared through my body.

For several seconds, I couldn't hear anything, and then I realized that I had collapsed onto my back. Alexis was on top of me, and she leaned down, kissing me roughly. "Your mine," she said when she was done. "You're always going to be mine, and I will train you. I'm going to break your spirit and make sure that you see yourself as nothing but my slave."

"I don't want to do vacuuming," I whined. My breath was weak, my words little more than whispers. Even so, my brain continued on autopilot. After taking a shock like that, I couldn't think straight. I just knew that I had to defy her however I possibly could. "I don't want to do vacuuming," I said again. "It's woman's work."

My vision started to clear, and I was looking at that my beautiful wife. She was smiling at me, clearly thinking about something in particular. Then she stroked my cheek, I knew better than to try to stop her. She still had the baton, and it was placed just above my leg. It would be so easy for her to use it on me again.

This time, I had to recognize her power. I had to acknowledge the fact that, at least for the moment, I did belong to her.

"You think housework is only for women?"

At this point, I could think more clearly, but I wanted her to understand that I wasn't going to give up. Even after that incredible punishment, I wasn't about to yield to her.

"Yes."

"All right then," she said, and she gave my leash a harsh yank. At the same time, she poked me with the baton, striking my thigh. The shock of electricity sizzled through my nervous system, knocking the breath from my lungs. "I wasn't sure this was going to be necessary, but you're coming with me right now."

She gave another uncompromising pull, and those forced up onto my knees. I was hoping that she would let me walk, but whenever I tried to stand up, Alexis pulled even harder, throwing me off balance. The collar dug into the skin around my neck, and I landed back on my hands and knees.

Humiliated and powerless, I was forced to crawl.

She took me back into the master bedroom, where there was a big bag of waiting on the bed. Alexis quickly tied the end of my leash to one of the dressers. I watched her do it, knowing that I could untie the knots easily enough, but it would take time. Meanwhile, she would come back at me with the baton, ultimately rendering me helpless.

Feeling trapped and bound, I watched as she fished out several items from the bags. Each container appeared to be completely nondescript. I had no idea where she had gone shopping. Yet if I had, I didn't think that I would like it.

Alexis set out several pieces. She started with a pair of black shoes. These came with buckles. After that, there were some white socks, white and sheer tights, a black skirt, ruffled petticoat, a corset,

and a black top with puffy shoulders. Taken together, these pieces looked like parts of the French maid uniform.

"What are you doing?" I tilted my head to the side, thinking that this had to be some kind of game for me. Hope started to blossom in my chest because this had to be something she was going to wear. Yes, it looked a little bit large, but I had never been very good at understanding the dimensions of women's clothing.

"I'm just getting a few items ready," she said.

I watched, and with every garment she pulled out, I could feel my desire start to swirl within me again. My cock started to harden, and it wasn't fair, but after everything I've been through, my body felt sensitized.

Then Alexis stepped back, and she held out her hand, waving down at the assembled outfit. Yes, it was clearly a French maid uniform with a big bow and everything. "Guess what?"

"You're going to wear it for me?" The words spilled out before I could try to stop them. Maybe she was going to be nice to me now. Maybe this entire thing had been one big display for Sarah. But now that her friend was gone, I would be able to take control again.

After all, if Alexis wanted to make me feel better, this would be a very good start.

"No, no," she said, walking over to me. She took my hand and tugged me across the room. She made me face the uniform. "You're going to wear," she said. "Since vacuuming is a woman's work, maybe you should be dressed like a man."

For several seconds, I couldn't think, I couldn't breathe, and it really did feel like my heart simply stopped. My entire body was paralyzed, and slowly, I glanced up at her. Alexis wasn't joking. I could tell that her lips were set, and she was waiting for me to defy her.

But then she cut off any response I may have summoned by simply lifting of the baton. She could spank me and punish me in shock me all she wanted. Eventually, I would break, I glanced back at the door, but she gripped my hand a little bit tighter, they get clear that I wasn't going to be able to get away.

Even if I somehow managed to leave the master bedroom, it wasn't like I could go back outside.

"You're going to wear this for me because you're going to be my maid."

"Alexis, no. This isn't to happen. Just no! No way. I'm not going to let you dress me up in some silly costume. It's not going to —" I started to turn around, which was a big mistake because she poked the prod into the small of my back. I crumpled instantly, falling down onto the floor.

When I rolled over, my wife put her foot on my forehead. "Elliott, you don't get disobeyed me. He took it to disregard what I say. If you insist on this behavior, I will punish you. Tell me you understand."

My mouth went dry because she looked absolutely vicious standing over me. Sadistic and cruel, Alexis meant every word. I kept searching for some sort of hesitation on her part, and I found nothing.

"I understand," I said quietly.

"Louder."

"I understand!" Panic started to run through me, especially because she increased the pressure. A second more, and she relaxed a bit, sliding her toes along my face. This didn't hurt, but that wasn't the point. Alexis wanted to train me with a mixture of pain as well as humiliation. She wanted me to know that my place was on the floor, beneath her feet.

"What are you?"

"Your slave," I told her.

"And what does that mean?" Alexis drilled me, treating me like some high school kid who needed to study for the SATs.

Another shiver of humiliation ran through my body as I stared out at my wife. On the periphery of my thoughts, I couldn't help but wonder again and again how I have allowed this to happen. She wasn't supposed to be able to do this, yet there I was, naked collared and on the floor, literally beneath her foot.

"It means that I belong to you. The design you're totally. It means that I have to do whatever you say."

This time, Alexis smiled down at me. Clearly, she was pleased with my subjugation. She crouched down in front of me. "Good boy. And right now, I'm telling you to put that uniform on. You're going to

be doing some housework, and I want you dressed appropriately. After all, vacuuming is a woman's work."

My lips tightened together, but I couldn't speak, not even when she motioned for me to stand. This time, I scampered up, and I went over to the outfit. Looking down at the made costume, I couldn't imagine myself wearing this. Even in college, I had never done anything this silly or this embarrassing. Part of me couldn't even comprehend the possibility of genuinely donning something like this.

Alexis give my ass a little slap to prompt me forward. With my eyes down on the floor, I approached the outfit. Then, with her encouragement, I picked up one of the socks. It was so frilly and thin, I thought to myself.

"Put it on."

I tossed a glance over my shoulder at my wife, wishing that she would show me some kind of mercy. I kept waiting for her to hold up her hand and tell me to stop because this really was all just one very big joke.

It didn't happen.

I pulled on the first sock, and Alexis let out a little giggle. Then, I put on the second sock, and I turned around, facing her. For the moment, she seemed serious, yet I could see the way the skin crinkles around her eyes. She was trying not to laugh at me.

"Keep going," she commanded.

I faced the bed again, I picked up the panties. I really didn't want to put these on, but I didn't see any other choice. My wife sounded absolutely serious, and she scared me more than a little. After all, it felt a lot like dealing with an entirely different person.

Something changed in my wife, as I didn't know how to deal with it.

For the moment, I just had to obey.

I slid the panties up the length of my legs. Before I knew it, my cock was surrounded by soft satin. I swallowed, my whole body turning a bright shade of pink. I stared down at the floor, hoping that it would fade.

After all, the human body could get used to pretty much anything, I told myself.

Then, I reached for the stockings. Before I could pick them up, Alexis said, "Elliott, turnaround for me."

I faced my wife again, but she just held her finger and twirled a little circle on the air. "Give me a little spin," she said.

But I licked my lips, and my eyes flickered a little bit wider. I knew this game. From time to time, I had stripped my wife of clothing, and I made her to a slow turn for me just so I could admire every inch of her body. Now, my wife was going to do the exact same thing to me. I did the slow rotation, holding my hands over my chest defensively. It took me a moment to realize that she had done the exact same thing.

Our roles had reversed.

When I faced the bed again, I reached down for the next garment. Before I could pick anything up though, my wife came up to me. She put her arms around me, and she held me tight. She ran her fingers along my body, touching my nipples, my neck, and her hands moved down between my legs.

"This is mine," she said, her voice little more than a whisper as she slid her fingers past the elastic waistband. She found my cock; she gave it a little squeeze. I could feel myself responding again, and it wasn't long before I was hard. "This is mine, but don't worry, I will let you enjoy it from time to time."

I didn't respond.

"Thank me for being such a generous owner with you."

"You for being so generous," I told my wife.

"Good boy," she said, patting my bottom. But then she held one finger to her lips, "Or should I say good girl instead?"

I threw her a spiteful glance, but that only made Alexis giggle again. My wife motioned for me to continue, and I pulled on the stockings. After that came the corset. I lifted it up in the air, not sure how to put it on exactly. My wife clucked her tongue, and that she helped me, forcing it over my arms. Then she tied it, pulling it snugly around my chest.

I went for the skirt next, but my wife held up a finger and told me to wait. Then she went back into the closet, and she came back with a bra.

My eyes lingered on the garment hanging from her hand, and I shook my head pathetically. "No, please don't. Please Alexis, don't make me wear that."

"But I think it's going to be really cute on you," Alexis said, make it sound like nothing else could possibly matter. Then she pulled over my shoulders and hooked it into place between my shoulders.

Another searing jolt of embarrassment hit me.

The bra was big padded, so it actually looked appropriate on me. Even so, my wife insisted on grabbing some tissue and stuffing it down there. "I want this to look really good," she told me. "I mean, what if I decide to put you on display? I've a lot of friends, you know."

I laughed my teeth together, nodding. Ultimately, Alexis wanted me to react. She could feed on my humiliation, so I couldn't respond in any way. Instead, I simply looked at the far wall.

My wife gave me a little pat on the head. She pinched my cheek and told me to resume. Reluctantly, I pulled on the petticoats, followed by the black dress. Finally, I was going to put on the white frilly apron, but Alexis shook her head. For a moment, I really hope that she wasn't going to make me wear it. Maybe, just maybe she was going to show me a mercy.

After all, I reviewed looked so incredibly silly...

Oh no, she wasn't going to be coming to the. Instead, she took the apron herself, and she fluttered it in front of me. She did type it on herself. She started the base of my neck, giving me a big white bow. After that, she tied another ribbon at the small of my back.

"You look incredible," she said, dragging me over to the full-length mirror.

"I look stupid," I insisted. Of course, I should've kept my mouth shut.

Alexis examined me again, looking at me from head to toe. I felt absurd. I felt small and pathetic. I felt like a woman, and I didn't like it at all.

She nodded to herself and then a big smile spread across my wife's face. "You know what? I think you're right. I think you do look a bit silly. And you know why?"

Alexis waited for me to respond, and I didn't want to do it, but that she still had the time so I finally forced out of that single syllable, "Why?"

"Because you don't have any makeup on!"

"No, please don't," I started to cry out, but Alexis had already made her decision.

She shoved me down onto the chair by her nightstand. I tried to sit up again, but she kept her hands on my shoulders, and then she was looking at my reflection. Our eyes met the in glass and she said, "Don't forget what it means to be a slave."

"But please, don't do this. Please, I don't want to wear makeup," I whined pathetically.

"You're going to do whatever I say," she reminded me. "And if I say you're going to wear makeup, then you're going to wear makeup like a good girl."

A good girl. Those three words sent another shiver down my back. I looked at my reflection, I still felt like a guy, at least for the moment. But then she came back with lipstick and eyeliner, foundation and powder.

Giggling like a young woman eager to play with her little brother, Alexis started to apply the makeup. First, she put on the foundation with light little swabs. She told me not to move, even with wanted to flinch so very desperately. Next, she put on the eyeliner. It was a pretty shade of pink, not that I wanted to wear it. At the same time, Alexis could be especially cruel because should occasionally pitch up my skirt and showed her hands down my panties. This way, she would be able to tease my cock.

Alexis wanted to keep me nice and hard. That way, I wouldn't be able to forget about what she was doing to me. I will be able to forget what she was taking away from me.

Last, my wife applied the lipstick. She made me pucker my mouth, and then she had me rub my lips together. And which was done, I looked at myself, and I shivered because I looked pretty. Honestly, she had somehow taken on new features and made me look like some girl.

"So pretty!" She said those words and clapped her hands together.

"Okay, you put makeup on me. Please, please can you take it off?"

"No way! You still have some work to do, remember?"

Work. I swallowed back a sharp response, and I let Alexis put the leash back on the. She let me back into the living room, and I noticed that the vacuum was already waiting for me. I have to wonder how long she had been planning this.

"Get to work, maid," Alexis commanded.

I turned on the vacuum, and I started to clean our house. All the while, Alexis took her seat on the couch. She had her phone out, she was playing on it. Every few seconds though, I could feel her eyes on me as she enjoyed the sight of her husband dressed up like some servant girl.

Once in a while, she would even glance up and tell me to pick something up. I would be forced to bend over, thereby revealing my panties and petticoats. Oh yes, she loved that. Each time, she would giggle and laugh at me. I tried to ignore the sounds, but it was nearly impossible. After all, this was my wife.

On three separate occasions, I tried to tell her that I was done, but then Alexis would simply get up, look around the floor, and she would tell me to do it again.

"Again?" I kept asking.

This wasn't right, and it wasn't fair. But she would nod, and I knew that I didn't have a choice. Unless I wanted to face our wrath, I had to obey.

Humiliation burned through my body as I kept cleaning, knowing that she could control and command me. After the fourth time of vacuuming the floor, she finally said that I was done. I was about to slip down on the couch, but Alexis grabbed my leash and she dragged me back to the cabinets. She took out a feather duster.

"Oh no, you have to be kidding," I moaned. Even as those words left my lips, I knew that she wasn't joking.

"I've always wanted to see you test for me." Her eyes sparkled with delight, and then I was moving around the house, dusting. This time, I didn't have to stay on the leash, mostly because we both knew that I couldn't go anywhere. Even if I grabbed my keys

and jumped in my car, I wouldn't risk any other driver noticing me like this.

I dusted the kitchen and the living room. I dusted our bedroom in the bathrooms. I worked and worked like a diligent little maid, and Alexis would stop by from time to time. She was relaxing, eating snacks and giggling at me. She watched some TV while I worked, and I glared at her with everything I had, that only made my wife chuckle or at my expense.

Finally, she told me that I was done for the day.

She reattached my leash and took me back to the bedroom. I expected her to let me take a makeup off, but when I headed for the nightstand, Alexis shook her head. "Where you think you're going, pretty girl?"

I grimaced at those last two words without responding otherwise.

"Come here," Alexis braced herself on the bed, and I followed her. I sat down, my mouth very dry all of a sudden. My heart started to pound, especially when she looked at me again. That eye contact was very thing, and I knew what she was thinking. I knew what she craved.

"Can I go take the makeup off, please?"

"I want to have sex with you."

I locked my teeth together, "Alexis, please. Can't I be on top question mark can we have sex like we always do?"

Alexis sprinted at me, and she ran her fingers through my hair, taking a tight grip over again. In one hand, she held my lease. In the other, she had my scalp. "No. No one, in you are mine, remember?"

"But this isn't fair," I said, almost simpering.

"Elliott, this isn't about fair. This is about you learning your lesson. You belong to me, and you're going to do whatever I say. So right now, I want to take you. I want to have you." Alexis gave my hair a little time, and she pulled me closer. Her breath was hot against my ear. "You're going to be the girl."

I shook my head desperately, unable to be. Even so, Alexis just threw her head back and laughed.

"I think you need a little reminder. I think you need to remember how this works," Alexis said. Then she scampered off to bed, she went back to one of the dressers. She pulled out a hair brush.

I didn't want to look at it. I didn't want to keep my eyes in her direction, yet there is something about the wooden handle and of those tines that I simply could not ignore. She slapped the back of the brush against her palm.

"Get down on the floor."

Heart pounding, I comply. I did exactly what my wife told me.

Alexis put her hand on the back of my neck, and she bent across the bed. My ass was right there, and she lifted up my skirt, hitching back. She did the same with my petticoats, exposing my panties. "These are really nice and really soft." She seemed to admire the satin for several seconds.

"Should this be a bare bottom spanking?"

"I don't need to be spanked at all," I said.

"Wrong answer," Alexis said, and then she brought the handle down. "Since you're so confused, and I spanking should help you remember. First, I want you to tell me whether or not you deserve this."

Deserve a spanking? She couldn't be serious, but then the hairbrush came down and slapped the back of my ass. Hot pain shot through me, and I could feel the redness already start to form.

"Anything to say?"

Stubborn, I stayed quiet.

"You know, someone else wouldn't be so silly. Someone else would learn his place and accepted that he's a totally. But then, I guess someone else would be a lot smarter than you." Her jibes didn't rile me up, so I stayed quiet.

But that doesn't mean every spanking didn't hurt. Fresh agony shot through my body, and it felt like I couldn't take anymore.

Finally, I bowed my head against the mattress. "Fine. I deserve this. Okay? Is that what you want to hear?"

"Say it again. Say it politely," Alexis commanded. Just as I opened my mouth and inhaled, she brought the hairbrush down three more times, whacking my ass.

Politely. I inhaled, my eyes shining from unshed tears. I was never going to cry in front of her, but that didn't mean she didn't know how to make sure this thinking hard. A lot. "I deserve this. I deserve to be spanked," I kept my voice low and humble.

"That's right. You do deserve this," she said. "You are my property, and I get this thank you whenever and however I want."

"You do," I agreed.

"I'm glad to hear that you're coming to your senses," Alexis told me. "So now, I just need to know, how many more times should I spank you? How many more before you truly understand your place?"

"Five?" I suggested. Obviously, I tried to keep the number low, hoping that Alexis would tire of this game quickly.

Alexis didn't respond, not with words. Rather, she smacked my ass again, swinging so hard that I imagined I could hear the whistle on the air. "Do better than that," she said, striking again and again. "I want a real number this time."

If I wasn't good enough, I had to try for ten.

"No. Do better."

"Twenty?"

"Twenty might work," she said. "But you know, I'm not really convinced. If you really want ten spankings, then you need to ask for them. Nicely."

She wanted me to beg for a spanking. Alexis wanted me to ask for, to make it sound like this was my idea, like I consented to this degradation and subjugation. My breath came in quick gas, and it felt like I was panting. How many times has your destruction? How many swats the brush had already connected, leaving me pink and hot?

Time wasn't on my side, and I knew that her patience would run thin very soon.

Swallowing, I kept hoping that the universe will offer me some sign, some possibility that I would be able to get out of this on my own. With every beat of my heart, I implored the universe, yet nothing happened.

So, without even thinking about it, I heard the words tumble from my mouth. "Please, please Alexis, spank me. Please, I've been

a very bad girl, I need it. I need you to put me in my place. I won't behave unless you show me where I belong!" I stopped, freezing up, and those words don't like someone else's memory.

"Good girl. Such a good girl," Alexis said, and I flinched, bracing myself for another paddling. It didn't come, at least not right away. Rather, my wife decided to stroke me with the flat of the hairbrush. The gentle strokes didn't calm me down. In fact, I shuddered each time she made contact.

I just couldn't help myself, not with my skin stinging.

"Don't be afraid, Elliott. I know this is a very different experience for you, but you're going to get used to it. You're going to be my good little maid. You're going to do as you're told. You're going to be so obedient and happy."

I inhaled, going so far as to open my mouth, yet I stopped myself at the last moment. I could contradict Alexis. To do so would only invite additional punishment, and no matter how strong I wanted to believe myself to be, I knew perfectly well that I cannot take any more.

"I understand," I told her.

"You know, I really think you are starting to get it," she said, a little bit too chipper. But then, this was exactly what she had desired. She wanted to see me brought low, and bent over the bed, and dressed in this humiliating garb; I couldn't imagine myself any lower.

She set the hairbrush aside, and then she simply used her fingertips. She started to massage my buttocks, and it felt so good. In fact, I could feel my cock start to harden again. Of course, I didn't want my body to answer her touch in this manner, yet I couldn't control myself. In fact, I felt forward, breathing in the aroma of the sheets.

For several seconds, I simply relaxed, going perfectly limp. "This is how things are going to be. I know you want to fight me, but you should give up. Just surrender to me. Accept that I'm going to do whatever I want. You belong to me now, and that means you have to obey." Alexis cooed those words down at me, and they filled me up, relaxing me. In some ways, she felt a little bit like a babysitter or an older woman. She seemed so much more powerful and experienced than I could have imagined.

To think, I had married the scroll without knowing her potential. Now I was going to pay for that mistake.

Alexis smiled. I could hear her voice. "Elliott, you have to set up for the rest of your spanking. If I'm not mistaken, I still owe you twenty strikes. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"Yes, who?"

I licked my lips, uncertain exactly what you wanted to hear. Of course, a variety of different guesses streamed through my head, but I couldn't be certain what would please her. That meant I had to take a guess, which made me nervous. Of course, Alexis probably do this and loved it all the same.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good girl," she said and swung.

Thwack! The hairbrush connected with my skin, and I heard the loud shock as it boomed through my body as well as the room. Pain flared through me an instant later, and I grabbed on the sheets, clutching them between my fingers.

Alexis quickly went through the rest of my spanking, paddling my naughty bottom. At first, I managed to stay silent. I didn't want my wife to know how much this could hurt me. If she figured it out, then she would certainly use that information against me in the future.

Despite my best efforts to stay quiet, by the tenth strike, my resilience gave in. I let out a pathetic little yelp. Then I started to grunt and cry out each time she whacked my bottom. Again and again, it went on. I couldn't even keep count. For all I knew, Alexis decided to double or even triple my punishment.

When she stopped, I fell forward. I couldn't think or breathe. I lost all coherence. In fact, even my sense of time had abandoned me.

Several minutes must have elapsed before I rolled over and looked up at my wife. She was naked from the waist down, she held something up. "We're going to have sex," she announced. It wasn't a request. It wasn't even a demand. Rather, she simply made it sound like a statement of fact, like there was no question of how this would go down.

This time, she held a harness in her hands. I didn't understand at first, but I watched, dreading every moment as she pulled it up her legs and hips. Then she locked the clasps in the place, and I saw the dildo stretching from between her legs.

"Please, Mistress, wouldn't you rather I serve you with my tongue?" Desperation rang through my every syllable, but Alexis simply shook her head slowly. She was smiling, and I knew that she was looking forward to this.

"Crawl over here and suck on me," she commanded, pointing down to the dildo. I didn't want to do it. I had never entertained any homosexual fantasies, so the idea of putting my mouth on something like that only filled me with dread and revulsion.

Knowing that she would change her mind, I moved to obey. I crawled across the bed, and opened my mouth. Alexis wasn't gentle. She grabbed me by my collar and pulled my head forward. Immediately, she stuffed the dildo down my throat, and I was forced to suck. "Be sure to get it nice and wet," she advised. "You aren't going to be getting any other lubricant unless you're willing to beg for it."

Somehow, I couldn't bring myself to beg. Sensing my continued resistance, my wife pushed for, thrusting the fake cock deep down my throat. Immediately, I could feel my eyes water. "It's not so easy, is it?"

Timidly, I moaned and whimpered, shaking my head a little bit from side to side. That wasn't enough to stop Alexis though. She pushed again, thrusting the comic even farther into my mouth. She banged it up against the back of my throat, and it took all of my self-control not to gag.

"Oh yes, that is very nice. Yes, you're really good at this," she said, looking down at me. I was braced on my stomach, utterly pathetic as I serviced her. Of course, she couldn't feel the dildo, yet it pushed against her pussy nonetheless. She was grinding against it, taking all the pleasure she could ever want.

Then there was the reality that she was doing this to me, degrading me subjugating me. This was domestication. This was teaching her husband how to behave. She couldn't want anything more.

Finally, she pulled the cock out of my mouth, and then she twirled her finger again. I knew what she was going to do to me. I knew what she was going to enjoy so very much.

Following her silent command, got back up on my hands and knees, and I braced myself forward. She came up behind me to give my ass another slap. Immediately, I lifted my hunch is even higher, and I felt her push forward.

"This isn't going to be pleasant," she told me. "But don't worry. In time, you're going to get used to it. In fact, I don't think you'll be very long before you start begging me for this kind of treatment."

I didn't want to believe her. But my body started to stretch. She worked her way slowly, taking her time. Little by little, she said more and more of the dildo inside of me. It was so big, and I never imagined getting penetrated like this. It made me wonder how Alexis itself on our wedding night, on all of the subsequent times we've been together.

As a lover, I have never been especially gentle. Even when Alexis moaned and whimpered, begging me to be more considerate, I never gave her feelings much concern.

After all, I was the man, and she had every obligation to serve me. I treated her like a sex toy, this was my reward. She slapped my ass, "Elliott, tell me like this. Tell me this where you belong." Her voice had turned ragged, but the demands were still intelligible.

"I, I like this, Mistress. This is where I belong!" I called out those words, hating myself for yielding. But knowing that I have no other choice, I gave my wife what she demanded.

She pushed harder, burying the cock deep inside of me. At the same time, she let out a gasp of pleasure. I knew that she wanted to talk to me, to be greatly further, but she was losing herself to the rhythm. She pumped harder and faster, working me. By this point, my cock was big and hard. I couldn't help it. The stimulation was too much, and I wanted orgasm, not that I could without any pressure.

My wife pounded me for a minute, two, then three. Droplets of her sweat fell from her beautiful skin and splashed against my body. I whimpered for her to stop, but she kept going, faster and harder, taking what she desired.

I was hers.  
Her sex toy.  
Her plaything.  
Her pet.  
Her slave.

I couldn't stop her, which Alexis showed me again and again. But then she cried out, her voice filling our bedroom. She pulled out and I fell into the sheets, panting even as my cock ached for attention.

"Would you like to come?" she asked a few seconds later.

I rolled over onto my back. Alexis sat over me, and she looked like an angel against the light. A very dangerous angel.

"You want to come?" She made it seem like a very simple desire, yet I knew the truth. Ultimately, the decision would belong to her.

"Yes, please," I said politely.

Alexis leaned down and said, "Elliott, I'm not going to let you the inside of me, not anymore. You have that privilege before, and maybe someday you will. Again, but right now, you don't deserve it."

Closing my eyes, I said what I thought she wanted to hear, "Yes, Mistress. I understand, Mistress." I glanced up at her a moment later, and she was smiling down at me.

"Since you've been such a good girl, I'm going to let you pump your pillow," she said. She made it sound like very good news, yet I didn't know what to think.

On one level, the desires continued to burn and simmer inside of me, but the idea of grinding against a pillow while she watched only filled me with shame. But then she gave my ass a little smack, and I knew that this wasn't a decision for me to make. My owner had made her choice, and she wanted to see me grind on a pillow. She wanted to see me offer up the last of my dignity and self-respect.

If I did this, and I really would be her toy. I really would be replacing, and there would be no going back.

Alexis grabbed one of the pillows and set it in front of me. I got back up onto my hands and knees for just a moment, I crawled about the pillow, and then I lowered myself down. My cock rubbed

against the soft satin of my panties, and I started to buck forward and back.

Hot shame roiled through me, yet I ignored it. Instead, I concentrated on the pleasure of getting to rub myself. It had been so long, especially after all of the humiliating treatments I had already gone through.

"There's my girl," Alexis said. "There's my good servant. Yes, you like this, don't you? Of course you do. You're a good little servant, and you're going to do whatever your owner says from now on. I'm going to keep you collared so you remember your place. I don't want you getting confused. I don't want you thinking that you have any rights or opinions of your own."

I kept grinding.

At first, I tried to block out her words, yet I knew it was futile. They permeated me, swirling through me, no matter what I did. And then I knew that she was telling the truth. Every single thing she said about me was absolutely accurate, and then I started to climax. It felt so good. The relief was intense, and I savored it even as Alexis continued, "Elliott, your mind. You're always going to be mine."

My cock shots load into my panties, and tendrils of satisfaction coursed through my body. Eventually, I settled forward, and I felt my collar and my uniform. This was my place now, but if my wife, and we both knew it.

**The End**

*(Want more? Check out [Taming Her Teacher](#), also by Mina Black.)*

## **Taming Her Teacher**

### **Mina Black**

Seraphim Academy held a number of special distinctions. Chief among them, the school had already graduated secretaries of state, powerful executives, and even a prime minister. It helped that the students who attended the academy all shared one distinction: ambition. The young women who went to this school intended to be great.

Yes, their disciplines and specific ambitions varied, yet these girls all wished to excel. Rather than complete their senior years of high school at another place of learning, they transferred over to this place. Technically, it could be described as a finishing school, but the curriculum was as intense as it was specialized.

I was the only male teacher, and there have been quite a bit of controversy when the decision to hire me at first been announced. The Head Mistress insisted that I was qualified, but more importantly, the academy's students needed to learn to deal with both genders.

Besides, she said that no one else could bring quite the level of cynical analysis and discussion that I had gained a reputation for.

At first, I might've been a bit reluctant to teach at an all girls' school, especially one based out in the wilderness. Yes, the facilities had all the modern amenities one would expect from a high-end campus, but it was almost a hundred miles to the nearest town. Eventually, the promise of incredible pay was enough to draw me in.

Of course, if I had realized what was going to happen, I would have taken an entirely different position. I never imagined that I would go up against someone like Sasha.

I can remember the exact moment when I first saw her. I walked into my classroom, and there were twenty young women seated in their desks. They all watched me warily, clearly uncertain about having a male teacher.

Some of the girls were cute and some of them are less than attractive, but I put those thoughts out of my mind. Frankly, my paycheck was more important than any dalliance or fantasy.

Besides, the girls would only be here for a year, and then they'll go off to their universities.

I scanned across the roll sheet, and I started coughing aims. One by one, the girls acknowledged when I called them. I would glance up and smile politely. But then I came to Sasha's name, and I paused.

There was something about her.

Honestly, I couldn't name it. If I'd been given ten hours to try, I wouldn't come up with any reasonable solution or explanation. There was just something about her, some kind of charisma or energy that seemed to radiate off of her.

She had dark brown hair which framed her face. It shined under the light, and she had a headband to hold it in place. Other than that, she wore the same white blouse and dark blue vest as the other girls. Then she had on knee-high socks and a dark blue, plaid, miniskirt. Technically, the girls were supposed to wear slightly more modest attire, yet they collectively decided to assert their independence with their clothing.

Since none of the other teachers complained, I didn't feel like I should either.

Sasha had her eyes on me, and I didn't know what to think. She held my attention for a moment or two, only slightly longer than any of the other girls. But in that span of time, my heart jumped three beats, and I seemed to freeze up. No student has ever done that to me before. Even when I taught at some of the world's most prestigious universities, no girl had ever been able to make me feel tongue-tied.

It really didn't help that she was so much younger. All the girls in that room were legal adults, but just barely.

Sasha acknowledged me when I called her name, and I moved down the list. I really hoped that no one noticed that little pause, but after that, I couldn't forget her. This was especially true because she insisted on debating every point. And unlike so many of her classmates, she was advanced. Sasha clearly knew a great deal about the world, both academically and somehow, she had the confidence of a woman who had been around the world many times over.

Occasionally, I encountered a student who simply understood the universe of people. These girls knew the calculations and mathematics that went into how humans behaved, and Sasha was probably one of them. Ultimately though, she was more interested in physics and biology than my field, so I didn't worry about her.

But then we got into a discussion of epistemology and metaphysics.

"I do believe that the essential nature of things can be altered," she said. Most students, when seated at their desks, automatically became subordinate and almost servile. After all, they could wreck nice that the teacher was in control of the class.

Only Sasha carried herself differently. When she spoke, she straightened her back, she lifted her chin, and she wielded the force of pure confidence. Although I might have been at the front of the class and standing, she could project her personality out across the entire room.

"How so?" I asked. Of course, it was simply a rhetorical question, a question designed to get her to think and speak a little bit more. Technically, that wasn't a problem for her, but I still needed to fill a few more minutes before my class came to an end.

"Considering how quickly science is advancing, I don't think it's a stretch to assume that very quickly we will be changing the very nature of things, humans in particular. Whether we are using physical hardware like cybernetic implants or genetic manipulation, people will be entirely different."

"What about human nature?"

"No such thing," she said, the corner of her mouth rising with a knowing smirk.

"There are people out there, Sasha, who would disagree with you fervently. For example, if you're someone who holds to some kind of religious faith, that person probably wouldn't look too kindly on the idea that you could just rewrite them."

"Not yet, but soon," she said with easy certainty.

"You're wrong," I said. "Even if you can change physical dimensions, a person will still be the fundamental same. There is a foundation to what a person is, psychologically speaking. Although the research indicates that there is a baseline like personalities."

Her eyes narrowed, and I could tell that she was frustrated. I started to wonder how often teachers questioned her. "You think I'm wrong?"

I smiled at her, hoping to defuse her annoyance.

No matter where I taught, I never wanted to aggravate a student at the point where she might go to my superiors. Granted, I was very certain that the Head Mistress would take my side, but there was no reason to provoke a confrontation.

"I think you're getting ahead of yourself," I told her gently. "Sasha, you are still very young, and you have quite a few years ahead of you before you really get to be an adult. Give yourself some time, and I'm sure you'll come to some very well reasoned conclusions."

She gripped the sides of her desk, her knuckles were white. Right there, I knew I had to stir off, but she thought we needed it. A girl like her couldn't be allowed to get too arrogant, after all.

Later that evening, I was in my apartment. The students had their dormitory on one side of the campus, while the teachers had another residence hall on the opposite side. It sounded small and cramped, but it really wasn't. I had a full living room, two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a well-stocked kitchen.

It also helped that the school paid for a cleaning service to come in and take care of my place. In some ways, this felt a lot like living in a hotel.

Perhaps the only downside was the fact that students could come and go as they pleased, so they frequently stopped by to talk to their teachers. When I heard the knock on the door, I figured it would be some girls interested in hearing about her grade or asking for extra credit.

Of course, there were downsides to having such ambitious group.

I went to the door, still dressed in my dark slacks and collared shirt. This time around, I didn't have my time on, but I was off the clock. Opening the door, I blinked a couple times, surprised to see Sasha there. She had never visited me before, so I didn't know what to expect.

"I'd like to continue our debate," Sasha said. She held her hands behind her back, and with any other girl, that posture would have made her look sweet or innocent. With Sasha, she came off like some kind of predator, a feline waiting to pounce.

"By all means," I said, motioning for her to come inside.

My pupil sauntered in as though she owned the place. That girl really had no problem with making yourself comfortable. For a moment, I wondered what, if anything, could throw her off her game.

Just as in class, she wore her plaid skirt, knee-high socks, and her white blouse. Now that we were alone, I realized that her shirt was a bit tighter than I would have expected. It hugged her breasts, and I could feel an inkling of desire the back of my mind.

There was no way I would ever pursue any of those instincts, yet they remained nonetheless. I walked over the dining room table, and I pulled out a chair for her. "Would you care to have a seat?"

"Thank you," she said, crossing her legs. Despite wearing her school uniform, she somehow came off more mature than I could have possibly imagined. There is nothing especially unique about her facial features. She was pretty, with an almost vulpine expression, but there is just something about her.

Like any good host, I went back to the kitchen and I got the two of us some water. I set her glass down in front of her. "Have you come up with some kind of rebuttal?" I sat across from her.

"Absolutely," she said. "I don't know if you're aware, but I'm studying both biology and cybernetics. Nanotechnology in particular."

"Interesting," I said, nodding along. Like any well-educated member of the staff, had to stay apprised of the basic developments in pretty much every field, but it surprised me that a student at our school have the kind of resources.

But really, I shouldn't have been shocked. So many of the girls came from money, and even those that didn't were still quite brilliant. It wasn't unheard of to have one, two, three or even four of these girls when prestigious grants on a monthly basis.

"So, how do you respond to the idea that a person can change when drugged?"

"Drugs are a temporary concern," I told her.

"What about drugs that do irreversible harm?"

"I acknowledge that the hardware for person psychology might change, but that individual would still be the same person. That core essence doesn't change." I spoke with the finality of the teacher who wanted to get a student out of the room. After all, we were almost upon the weekend, and I was ready to relax for a few days. Having a girl like Sasha in my apartment wasn't terribly restful.

"You're wrong," Sasha said. Her eyes crinkled, and I could tell it she was hiding something. Even so, I found myself just getting annoyed with her.

Rubbing the ridge of my nose between my fingertips, I tried not to sigh. "Do you have some piece of evidence in particular that you would like to share?"

"This," she said as she placed a capsule on the tabletop. It looked like a gelatin pill, nothing terribly special or unusual about it. "This is something I've designed to alter the way people act. In particular, it has been designed to affect an individual's conception of gender."

"You can't change gender, not with hormones or chemicals." Like any well-educated individual, had read about the hormone treatments forced on people in previous decades. None of them worked.

"Are you so sure?"

"I am, but Sasha, it's getting late, and I think we can continue this discussion on Monday." I stood up, expecting her to do the same, but she didn't. She didn't move a muscle.

"If you're so sure, take my pill, let's see what happens."

I smiled at her, do my best not to insult the poor girl. Perhaps my original estimations of her had been too high. After all, I would have to be insane to take some untested compound, especially one designed by a student.

"Look, I appreciate your zeal, but I'm not taking that pill."

The beautiful brunette pouted her lower lip for a second, and I want to laugh her face, but that would've been rude, so I sighed and asked if there's anything else she needed.

"Do you think I could take the water with me?"

It was an odd request, but if it would get her out of there more quickly, I was happy to lend her a glass. I glanced over at her cup,

and I realized that it was actually one of my more expensive tumblers. "Sure thing," I said indulgently. "Just let me get you a different glass."

I got up and went back into the kitchen, and I found her a far cheaper cup. Honestly, I didn't know why she cared about some simple water, but maybe the faculty building's tasted better or something. In any case, I just wanted to get on my weekend.

I set the cup in front of Sasha and she smiled at me. It was a big, happy grin, and I wasn't quite sure what I'd done to earn it. "There you go," I said to her.

"Thank you for letting me stop by. I'm sure that will have a lot more to discuss very soon," she said to me. With that, she got up and left.

It took me a minute to realize that she didn't take her glass of water with her. Shrugging, I decided that teen girls were crazy, and that I really shouldn't bother trying to understand them. With that, I picked up my glass of water, I took a long swig, and I went back into my bedroom to watch TV.

It was strange. After that first sip of water, I started to get really thirsty. I found myself gulping more and more until my glass was empty. Once the glass was finished, I actually felt pretty good, so I kept watching TV. It was nice to relax, to simply let myself go and not worry about teaching or philosophy.

Sure, there were papers to be graded and homework assignments to be entered into the campus portal, but my students could wait a few more days before learning about their scores. I grinned, thinking that patience was an important virtue these girls needed to learn as well.

After a while, I took a shower and I went to bed. Everything seemed normal.

But when I woke up, everything had changed.

I could feel it almost from the first second when I opened my eyes. There was something different about the room. It seemed oddly bigger. The dimensions were only slightly off, but it was enough for me to notice.

Blinking, I rubbed my eyes. When I pulled my hands back from my face, I noticed the first signs of a change. My hands were small and delicate. Petite would've been a good description to even as I balled my fists, thinking that this had to be some kind of weird dream.

Hoping to wake up completely, I sat up, and I could feel extra weight on my chest. My heart started to pound, and I figured this had to be some kind of joke. Maybe some of the girls snuck in here last night and did something to the furniture. Maybe they taped something to my chest.

It was a nice thought, only it was a wrong.

Thinking that I could just wash my face and that I would be less figured this all out, I walked across my bedroom and into the adjacent bathroom. With every step, my sense of dread continued to grow. This seemed too weird.

I paused for a moment and looked around, and it was definitely true. Everything was bigger. That couldn't have been possible, I thought. After all, all of my possessions were still the same spot. I noticed my wallet, just where I left it. There was my comb, just where I left it. Every single detail was the exact same, only bigger.

I got it the bathroom, and when I saw my reflection, I froze. It wasn't me.

Looking back at me, there was a pretty girl with strawberry blonde hair, sharp features, and a pair of small breasts pressed up against my T-shirt. It was the same shirt I went to bed in, only now it looked huge on my frame.

What happened?

Hoping that I would find makeup or statics or something, I stripped off my top, and I started to feel the breasts attached my chest. With the light on, I looked straight ahead at my reflection. This couldn't be real.

Without taking myself off the mirror, I palmed my chest, touching these breasts. Honestly, I couldn't think of them as mine. I gave them a gentle tug, surprised to *feel* them. I couldn't explain it, yet when I ran my fingers along the skin, my whole body tingled.

"What's, what's going on?" I whispered to no one in particular.

Swallowing, I tried to touch the nipples, and the second fingertips make contact, a shiver of pleasure and raw delight streamed through my body. I stumbled back, shocked at how sensitive that flesh could be.

This was impossible.

But then something else occurred to me, and my hand down to the spot between my legs, but I was surprisingly and teasing my trousers. My pants were looser, and I pulled them down along with my boxers.

I didn't find my cock.

Instead, there was a woman's pubic hair and a vagina.

My mouth tightened up, and I looked back at my facial features, and I was just a young girl. I actually looked younger, maybe an older teenager. I started to laugh for a moment, thinking that I could probably pass for one of my own students.

My students...

...Sasha...

It all started to click, and I had to wonder if she could do this to me. Last night, we talked about the essential nature of things, and she practically dared me to take her pill. It wasn't possible, was it?

I had no idea what to think, but I couldn't just go to the hospital. What could I say to the doctors? I woke up as a woman one day? This was insane.

Determined to make sure that this wasn't some kind of prank, some absurd the elaborate prank, I let my hand trailed down to the spot between my legs. Gently, I barely touched the opening to my pussy.

The sensations nearly knocked me down.

As a guy, I was thought that the penis was most sensitive thing I could imagine, but this opening was so much more powerful. In fact, some kind of instinct overtook me. Before I knew it, my fingers were lightly caressing my opening, working them from the bottom to the top and down again. Over and over, I crossed myself with two fingers.

Panting now, I moved from the bathroom and I fell back down on my bed. Wearing nothing but my socks, I started to stroke myself. Deep down, I thought this had to be a joke. I didn't think this could

really be happening, but then my nipples hardened, my pink lips were parted, and I could feel the moisture coat my fingertips.

I was becoming aroused, horny, so very, very horny.

New yearnings, hot and irresistible, coursed through me, and I couldn't control it. Maybe I should stop trying terror, but this was too intense, too powerful for me to ignore. I kept at it, caressing my body, pressing down on my clitoris.

Pleasure exploded through me. I cried out, and I heard my voice for the first time. It didn't belong to me. It was high-pitched, more the squeal, and I might even sounded like some kind of silly cartoon character.

The orgasm faded, but my heart was still pounding. I stayed there in my bed, staring up at the ceiling, trying to contemplate exactly what happened. I ran my fingers through my hair, and I realized that it was longer than when I went to sleep. The strawberry blond tresses now reached down to my shoulder blades.

What was going on? As the player started to fade from my nervous system, I tried to breathe. I tried to simply relax, but only one possibility came to mind. Sasha. This had to be her work.

Pursing my lips, I thought about what I could do. Ultimately, I came to one conclusion. If Sasha was genuinely responsible for this, I would need her help. After all, I didn't know how long this transformation would last.

I rolled off the bed, and I almost fell on my butt. Getting used to this new body was going to take some time. Eventually, I made it back to the living room, and I turned on my computer. I quickly pulled up the students' information and found her cell phone number. Wrapping my phone, I typed in the digits, and I hit send.

The phone started to ring, and I wondered exactly what I was going to say. Honestly, nothing occurred to me, and my heart was pounding. What if she wasn't responsible? What if she said she didn't know what I was talking about?

What would I do then? It wasn't like I could leave my apartment, not like this. For one, I didn't have any clothes. Second, no one would recognize me, so I would have to answer a bunch of different questions about what I was doing on campus.

Maybe I could think back to my car and...

"Hello?" Sasha's voice rang against my eardrum.

What was I going to tell her? From moment, I wanted to grab my phone and shut it off without speaking a word.

My hesitation must've been enough of the declaration though because she asked, "Brandon, is that you?" She used my first name.

"Yes, it's me," I said before I remembered how my voice sounded.

On the other end of the line, Sasha giggled at me. I could hear her laughing, and she didn't bother trying to hide her chortles. As far as she was concerned, this was hilarious. "It worked. Didn't it?" Technically, she asked a question, though I could hear the certainty in her voice.

"So it was you," I said, gripping the phone more tightly in my hand. I wanted to spank that girl for this. I wanted to hold her up in front of all her friends and humiliate her. Whatever she had done, Sasha had gone way too far. She was going to pay for this.

"Yes, it was me."

"Change me back here change me back right now," I demanded. I was practically snarling every word, and when I finished, my petite chest rose and fell with dramatic energy. I could feel my emotions getting out of hand.

Normally, I could always be levelheaded and rational. What was happening to me? Why was I getting so upset so quickly? After all, she was going to change me back. I knew it.

Sasha didn't jump to my demanded no. Instead, she waited an extra second or two and finally asked, "Do you really want me to come over there?" In fact, she even sounded bored, like she wasn't sure what she was going to do.

"Yes, get over here right now."

"Really? You can't ask any more nicely?"

"Ask nicely?" I repeated, utterly dumbfounded. She couldn't be serious, but when I didn't hear another giggle on the other line, I knew that she meant it. "Sasha," I did my best to sound like an intimidating teacher. Unfortunately, it didn't work, not when my voice sounded more akin to some Disney princess.

"That's right," she confirmed, making me sound like an idiot for even asking. "I want to hear you ask nicely."

"Sasha, get over here right now. If you don't, I will make sure you—"

My student interrupted me with ease, "You'll what? Brandon, I'm not sure if you realize this, but you are in the body of a young woman. No one is going to believe a single thing you say, so if you want my help, you have to ask for it."

I blinked again, uncertain how to proceed. I really couldn't believe that she would have the gall to address me like this. Once I got back to my body, I swore that I was going to fail her. I was going to make sure that she was kicked out of the school. I would make sure that no college ever accepted her.

Her life was over, I swore to myself. Those thoughts were nice, but they weren't enough, they could feel my eyes start to water. What if she didn't help me? Damn it, I realized that my emotions were out of whack. It had to be a part of the transformation, I thought, grimacing.

"Well, are you going to ask nicely?"

Sasha sounded so utterly smug.

Realizing that I didn't have any other cards to play, I exhaled through my tightened lips. "Sasha, would you please come to my apartment to help me?" With every syllable, I came off as aggravated and annoyed. Obviously, I wasn't terribly patient.

But I did what she wanted, so she had to say yes. She had to get her little butt over to my apartment to change me back. Instead, she giggled a little bit and said, "I think you can do better than that. In fact, since I don't believe you really want me over there, I think you should *beg*."

Utterly dumbfounded, I opened my mouth to tell her that she was crazy, only I stopped myself last second. Really, I couldn't antagonize this girl. But begging? She was my student, for crying out loud. She couldn't really expect me to beg.

She did. As I thought about Sasha and everything I knew of her, this made perfect sense. And if I didn't do it, she would hang up, and I would be stuck like that until I figured out some other strategy.

Biting down, I locked my teeth together as I forced out the words, "I'm begging you. Please, Sasha please come over here to

change me back. Please, I really don't want to be like this any longer."

"Like what? Say it. Say it all."

There was no sympathy in her voice, no trace of pity. Hating myself for getting into a teenage girl, I spat out the words, "I don't want to be a girl."

"All right, I'll be over in a few minutes," she said.

She didn't come over within a few minutes. In fact, I was left there in my apartment, feeling trapped. I started to pace in the middle of my living room, walking back and forth. By this point, I just had on a pair of sweatpants that barely fits. In fact, they kept falling down the link of my hips.

The T-shirt I wore looked up served on me, but it was better than nothing. I kept glancing at the door, waiting for it to open. Come on, come on, I thought, aggravated beyond belief. Sasha had always been on time for my class, which made me think that she was doing this on purpose.

At the same time, I had to wonder what would happen if she didn't show up at all. Maybe she decided that she didn't like my attitude. It would be much trouble for her to simply ignore my call.

No, she was going to show up, I tried to tell myself.

Finally, there was a knock on the door, and I practically rushed over. I swung it open, and there was Sasha. She had her camera phone out, and she held it up, clicking a picture before I could even react.

"Beautiful," she said, smirking at me. But then she lowered the phone and still stowed it back in her jeans pocket. For once, she wasn't in her uniform. Instead, she had on a tank top and a tight pair of jeans with a flower embroidered down her right shin. Maybe she looked a little bit more like the girl next door, but I could still read the predatory gleam of her eyes.

"Get in here," I said, reaching out and grabbing her arm. I yanked with all my strength, but she barely moved. In fact, Sasha had no trouble bracing her feet against the ground and holding her position.

"Oh no," she said. "You're going to invite me in and you're going to be polite about it."

I poked my head out the door and glanced from side to side, worried that there might be a colleague nearby. Luckily, we seemed to be alone.

This time, I wasn't going to argue with her. If she wants to be a precocious little brat, then I could play along, if only for the moment. "Sasha, please come inside."

"I'd love to," she said and strolled inside. I shut the door after her, and Sasha took a moment to let her eyes wander up and down the length of my body. Strangely, had the instinct to cover my chest, as though I had something to hide. Resist the urge, determined to act like a man.

"How, how did you do this to me?" I hated that little starter in my voice, yet it was the best I could do.

"Remember when you got me that glass of water? Well, while you are in the kitchen, I slipped another pill into your drink." Sasha explains how it all worked and she walked over to me, letting her gaze move along my body. I felt like a science experiment, like a lab rat on display for this girl.

She was younger than me, less experienced, and I should have had every advantage, yet I felt small and weak in front of her. This didn't make any sense, but then she grabbed my shirt and yanked it over my shoulders.

"Oh my gosh, you even have adorable little breasts!" She giggled again, holding her hand over her mouth. My features turned bright pink if I blushed, and no matter how hard I tried to get a handle on my body, it just didn't work.

My palms immediately jumped up, covering my nipples. "Look, you had your fun. Please, Sasha, just tell me how to undo this."

"Maybe," she said, walking around me. She reached up and touched my skin. She noted the way I shivered from her lightest caress.

"Maybe?" I squeaked.

"Maybe," she said. "After all, you've been so rude to me in class. I mean, you really brought this on yourself. If you don't want

girls dosing you, then maybe you shouldn't be so standoffish in class. Have some humility." Her eyes sparkled, and I sputtered unable to really respond with something coherent. She wanted me to be polite? She was just a snotty brat!

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