

**Mina  
Black**

**Laced  
Subjugation**



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**First Edition**  
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I'm hungry for something other than food. It nips at the edges of every thought. As I drive home from work, I might appear the same as so many other women leaving the downtown office buildings. We make our way through one stoplight after another.

At one light, I pull down the sunshade, and I check my reflection. My dark hair is pulled back into a neat braid, and my makeup still looks good. I press my lips together, marveling at the light glinting from my lipstick.

Jacob is going to like that. Of course, thinking about his enjoyment makes me smirk at first. A few more seconds go by, and I start laughing.

Before the "transformation" of our relationship, I sometimes wondered about the idea of makeup. Some of my friends like to debate the purpose of makeup. Is it to build up your own confidence? Is that why you might spend an hour or more in front of a mirror, checking to make sure that every little detail is just right? Are you doing it for someone else or you doing it for yourself? Are you trying to build up your own confidence?

Before everything changed, I didn't have an answer.

Now I do.

I know that this makeup is for me. I put it on because I love the way it makes me feel.

At this point, everything is a question of making me feel good. That's why I get to be in control. That's why I get to have every ounce of power.

At home.

Out here, I'm just one more woman.

The traffic finally breaks, and I maneuver my way along some of those busy thoroughfares, eventually pulling into our neighborhood. Finally, I pull into the driveway, I turn off the engine, and I can't help myself. I tap my fingers against the steering wheel, almost giddy.

It's been a long day, certainly. There was a lot of paperwork, and a couple of people did manage to get on my nerves.

That said, it wasn't a terrible day.

And I'm home now. That's what really counts.

I grab my purse, and I go right up to the front door. I unlock it, and I step across the threshold.

And there he is, my sissy husband.

If a stranger walked into the house right now, she wouldn't know what

to make of the scene in front of her. Yes, the couch looks normal, the TV appears average, and the books along the shelves are unremarkable.

But there is a young man, my husband, currently down on his knees. He has on a pink and white dress, smooth stockings, and I heels. His hair has been grown out, and it is currently set into two short pigtails.

"Hello, Mistress. How was your day, Mistress?"

Oh yes, I love hearing those words.

"My day was good, sissy. Help me out of my boots."

My husband immediately crawls over to my feet. He works the laces of my boots while I lower my purse down onto the floor. I remove my name tag, and I stretch my back just as he finishes with the first boot.

"Faster, slave. I'd hate to have to punish you so soon."

"Yes, Mistress. I'm sorry, Mistress."

His abject servitude sends a thrill running down my back. In fact, I cock my head to the side slightly as I watch my husband work. His fingers move along the laces. He does speed up; I can tell that he is doing his best.

Perhaps his best isn't good enough. Maybe I'm going to have to punish him anyway.

And there it is, another thrill.

Before all of this happened, I used to think about how males could appeal to females. For the most part, I bought into the usual BS regarding masculinity. Honestly, I was one of those girls who could go to a movie and see in action hero with his shirt off and quiver a little bit.

It would be fun.

But this is better.

This is total control.

My sissy slave takes my boots off of my feet, and yet he remains down there on his knees.

"Are you ready for an inspection?"

"Yes, Mistress. I hope I can please you."

Jacob wasn't always like this. I smirk again, not that he can see. He keeps his face and down toward my feet like a good boy.

Now that I'm more comfortable, I walk into the living room. I stop, and I look around. "You've done a good job here," I tell him. It's true. Everything is immaculate. The floors have been vacuumed, the pillows have been fluffed, and it looks like he even dusted the bookshelves.

Before this, we would occasionally bicker about household chores.

No more.

It's funny what you can get done if a wife simply owns her husband. There is certainly a lot less friction in our relationship now.

Smiling to myself, I glance over at my sissy slave. "Get up."

He stands, and he keeps his hands demurely held just below his stomach. At the same time, he walks over and takes his place a few inches behind me. I sniff the air, and that's when I catch the aroma.

"You're making dinner like a good slave, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress." His voice is relatively quiet. He doesn't sound like a blustering male anymore. No, he's a good little servant.

I make my way back into the kitchen, and here too the floors have been swept and mopped. The countertops are actually sparkling. The sink is empty of all of the dirty dishes, and I can smell the roast coming from the oven.

"You've done a very good job, sissy."

To reward my slave, I walk up to him, I grab one of his pigtails, and I pull his head back. Then I kiss him, pressing my mouth down.

He starts to whimper, moaning in ecstasy. At the same time, I reach down, I lift up his short little skirt, and I find his cock hidden away under his silk panties. I feel the plastic encasing his shaft, making sure that he isn't allowed even an erection.

I break away from the kiss, and I smile at him.

"I'm going to go relax in the living room. Finish dinner. Come get me when it's ready."

My sissy is flustered; he quickly nods his head, and he tries to say something coherent, but he doesn't quite succeed. That's okay. I like it when he has a hard time thinking. Because really, he is just a servant. He doesn't need to think. He only needs to obey.

Before I enslaved my husband, there was always a little bit of stress that came at the end of the day. We would have to negotiate like equals. Did we want to go out? If we decided to go out, where would we go? Who would drive? If we decided to stay home, what would we cook? If we cooked, who would do the dishes?

Yeah, I don't worry about any of the questions anymore.

Now, I issue a command, and he scurries to obey. If he fails to please me, he knows that there will be...consequences.

As I enjoy myself on the couch, scrolling through some of my favorite websites with my tablet, I hear Jacob scurrying around the kitchen. His high heels click against the tiled floor.

Ah yes, this is good. It is so nice to have an obedient slave who will do whatever I demand. Setting aside my computer, I call out to him, "Sissy, come here."

Just a couple of seconds later, he rushes into the living room, and he bows his head. He keeps his hands held in front of him. He looks so demure. He looks so sweet!

I can't help but chuckle.

"Yes, Mistress?"

"Sissy, can you step away from the stove for a little while?"

"Yes, Mistress," he says, pressing his lips together.

I wear a little bit of makeup every day, just enough to highlight my features. Jacob, on the other hand, must go through a far more brutal regimen. He knows that if he ever smudges his lipstick or ruins his foundation, he will be in trouble.

"Come here and massage my feet, slave."

"Yes, Mistress."

At moments like this, I concentrate on my slave. I try to get a sense of what he is thinking, what he is feeling.

Back in college, I once took a class on gender studies; the professor spent several weeks facilitating discussions about natural roles. There were a couple of muscle heads in the class who insisted that the roles between men and women were inborn; those idiot guys loved to believe that men naturally gravitated toward control.

I occasionally wonder what those guys would think if they ever saw my husband.

Shaking my head, I know that with the proper training, any man can be turned into a sissy slave. Any man can be trained and broken down until he is eager to serve his owner.

Jacob crawls across the floor, and I love the way his little skirt swishes along the air. Once he comes to my feet, he lifts one foot up, and he starts to massage me.

Resting my arms on the back of the couch, I simply enjoy those sensations. He knows exactly how to touch me.

"That's very good, slave."

"Thank you, Mistress."

"What are you thinking about, slave?"

"I'm thinking that you have very pretty feet, Mistress." He speaks in a small, timid voice. I love how he sounds so *defeated*. He is in the presence of his owner, his better, and he knows it.

Yes, I've done a good job training my sissy slave.

Granted, when we first set out on this path, I had no idea where would lead. I never imagined that I would be able to wield this sort of control over my husband, nor did I realize that he would eventually be completely sissified by my hand.

Sometimes the world can be a very surprising place.

He massages my toes, working his fingers against my skin. Little by little, I feel the stress drift away from my body.

"What do you like best about my feet, slave?" That last word is very important; it emphasizes his position in our household. It makes it so that my sissy won't forget who and where he belongs.

"I love how they are petite and strong, Mistress. I love the pink nail polish you wear, Mistress."

"You did such a good job with my last pedicure," I tell him.

At once, Jacob lifts his head, and our eyes meet for just a moment. Then he drops his gaze back down. Smart little sissy.

"Next foot," I command.

Without question or hesitation, Jacob moves to my other foot. He works my toes, my arch, and my heel. His fingers press into my ankle. Again, the stress drifts away, soaking back out into the air.

Eventually, when I've had enough, I looked back down at him.

"Jacob, stand for inspection."

"Yes, Mistress," he responds.

He gracefully stands back up. At moments like this, I think that he would actually make a very nice little ballerina. Then I snigger, thinking about how I could show him off to all of my friends. What would they say about my husband? Or maybe I should show him off to his friends?

Savoring some very juicy memories, I lean forward, pressing my elbow into my knee. "Turn around for me, slowly."

He swallows; he's nervous. Good. He needs to remember that he belongs to me.

Rotating slowly, he takes small little steps. My eyes wander along his

uniform. It is mostly pink except for the white apron. I love all of the little ruffles. Each one seems to emphasize his newfound femininity.

More importantly, he finds this uniform to be incredibly humiliating. As well he should. This uniform makes it clear that he isn't a man. He is a slave and a sissy. He is my property.

Once he finishes turning around, he turns his gaze back down to his high-heeled shoes. They are pink, just like the rest of his uniform. In fact, those shoes seem like something that a little girl's doll might wear.

Taken together, this all adds to the singular effect of making him into someone else, someone subservient and eager to please.

"Curtsy."

"Yes, Mistress," he says, crossing his legs and bending his knees. With his hands, he takes a hold of the hem of his skirt, and he dips down. He has spent a lot of time practicing his curtsy; frankly, I think he has learned quite well.

"Does this please you, Mistress?" Jacob asks me. He risks lifting up his gaze again. I smile, and I nod.

"Yes, sissy. You're doing a very good job."

Before he can say anything else, the timer on the stove begins to chime.

"May I go take care of that?"

"You may," I reply, nodding for him to scurry back to his place in the kitchen.

It takes a few more minutes for Jacob to prepare everything. But when he comes back into the living room, he crouches in front of me, and he bows his head down. He is very close, so I reach out to him, and I touch the back of my hand to his cheek. At once, he tilts his head to the side as he hopes for more contact.

"Have I ever told you how much I love having you like this?"

"Like what, Mistress?"

"Submissive. Subservient. Obedient."

A little pink tinge colors his cheeks. He doesn't like to think about it. On the one hand, he's very good at being a slave. On the other, some part of my boy here probably yearns to go back to his old life. Too bad. That's not going to happen.

"I'm glad I can please you, Mistress." That's the right answer.

"Let's go get some food," I tell him, standing up. I walk past my slave, and I go over to the dining room. There, I see my plate at the head of the table. He has made me a delicious steak, a little bit of salad, some green beans and steamed carrots.

He's also put out some water, some wine, and even a glass of my favorite diet soda.

"You may eat at the table," I tell him.

At once, Jacob rushes back into the kitchen, and he gets his plate. Like a good sissy, he has given me the best cuts.

When he sits down at the table, he keeps looking around, almost like he's nervous.

"Is there something wrong, slave?"

"You don't usually allow me to eat at the table with you," he says, remembering to add "Mistress" a half second later.

"That's true," I answer slowly. I cut into the meat, I poke a piece, and I bring up to my lips. "But you've done such a good job for me lately. In fact, if you continue to do a good job, maybe you'll get a reward after your maintenance spanking tonight."

Yes, my sissy gets maintenance spankings. To anyone else, that idea might seem strange or perhaps even cruel. I don't care what those people might think. I know what is best for my slave, so I'm going to give him that and nothing less. Every day, he needs to be spanked. Even if he is on his absolute best behavior, he needs the reminder that he is owned.

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress."

I really don't know why he is thanking me. Is he referring to the spanking or the possible reward?

It doesn't matter.

"Tell me about your day."

Jacob eats slowly from his plate. At the same time, he tells me all about how he cleaned up the living room, the kitchen, and our bedroom. He was a very busy sissy. Perfect.

"Would you like to tell me about your day, Mistress?"

I roll my shoulders back, considering his request. "It was a pretty straightforward day," I tell him, thinking about the various stressors I faced. "I had some trouble with Karen, but that's to be expected."

"Unfortunately yes, Mistress."

We continue to eat and chat. When my glass of water gets low, my

sissy hops up onto his feet, and he rushes back to refill it.

When I'm done, I look over at Jacob. "Would you like to go back to the bedroom?"

He gulps. He knows that this is going to mean a spanking. At the same time, he's probably thinking about the possibility of a reward. There's no way for him to know what I might give him, what kind of treat he might receive.

His mouth might even be watering with anticipation.

We go back to the hallway and to the staircase. I make my way up the steps before stopping and turning back to see my sissy checking out my ass. He's always had a thing for this skirt.

Perhaps, someday, I will make him wear it.

"You know, I think I want a bath. Go ahead and get one ready for me."

"Would you like bubbles, Mistress?"

"Yes," I answer with an almost feline expectation. I know that he's here to serve me because he belongs to me.

When we get up onto the landing, Jacob rushes ahead. He goes into the attached bathroom, and he turns on the water. As those sounds fill the air, I lay down on the bed. I place my fingers behind my head, and I gaze up at the ceiling, marveling at just how good life can be.

At the same time, I think about what I'm going to do with my sissy. Obviously, he's going to need a spanking. Last night, I spanked him as well, but it was relatively brief. Tonight, he's going to need something much more strict. I wouldn't want my slave thinking that I'm going soft on him.

After all, he needs to feel loved.

If I don't give him all of the force and attention he deserves, then he's going to think that I don't really care about him. I can't have that.

Interrupting my thoughts, my sissy slave reappears in the doorway. "Mistress, I think your bath is ready."

Getting off of the mattress, I unbutton my blouse. I start just below my neck, and I work my fingers down the length of my torso. With every button, I show off a little bit more of my cleavage, some of the bra I'm wearing underneath.

At the same time, I keep my eyes aimed squarely at my sissy slave.

He gulps, nervous. He tries not to let his anxiety show. He tries, and he fails. He can't help himself. Even if he isn't allowed an erection, he

squirms with desire in front of me. His eyes keep bouncing from the floor back up to my body.

I shrug off my blouse, and then I take off my bra. From there, I unzip my skirt, I pull off my stockings, and I'm soon down to nothing but my panties.

Feeling cruel, I stroll over to my sissy slave. When he sees me approach, he reacts like a prey who sees a predator. He freezes up, and his eyes go down. But I grab one of his pigtails again, and I start kissing him. I make out with my boy for several more seconds.

"Touch me."

Jacob doesn't need to be told twice. He understands exactly what I expect from him.

As I begin to kiss him again, pressing my lips into his mouth, his hand moves toward my pussy. I still have on my panties, but that isn't a problem for my slave. He glides his fingers along the silk, sending a shiver through my body. I can feel those tingles of ecstasy in my toes, in my fingertips, the echoes of the true sensations he inspires within me.

"Do you like this, sissy?"

His voice shakes ever so slightly. I love just how meek he can be.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Speak up."

"Yes, Mistress," he tells me, his voice strengthening ever so slightly.

"Good boy," I say, and I kiss him again. At the same time, he continues to touch me, his fingers pressing into me. My eyes are closed, and I enjoy the heat of his body, the satin of his uniform, and of the presses his lips.

This man belongs to me; no, he isn't a man. He is a sissy.

I love my little sissy. I take good care of my little sissy.

As I savor his body, I hear him groan. That's right. He loves this, yet it is still a special kind of torment for my boy. He yearns for release.

It's the same kind of release I'm about to get.

Yes. There. Right there! Just like that. He touches me, stroking me down and up. He hasn't been allowed to touch my pussy, but that doesn't matter. He continues on and on, working me up.

He doesn't try to tease me. He doesn't try to take control.

He understands that he's here for my pleasure, and just like that, I climax!

I pull away, my features are flushed, but we both know that this was

only an appetizer.

"Kneel."

"Yes, Mistress," Jacob responds, dropping down onto his knees. I stroll right by him, my fingers playing with the top of his head. From there, I go to the bathroom, and I start to close the door.

"Are you allowed to move?"

"No, Mistress. Not without your permission."

"So what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to stay right here and wait while you finish your bath or until you call me, Mistress."

"Good sissy." As an afterthought, I ask, "What are you going to be thinking about while you kneel there?"

"I'm going to be thinking about how I can be a better slave for you, Mistress. I'm going to think about how I can please you and make your life better."

"And why are you going to be thinking about that?" We both know the answer, yet these little exercises are good for my sissy slave. They help him to remember his place. More importantly, they help him to remember his purpose.

"I'm going to be thinking about pleasing you because I belong to you, Mistress." His voice gets a little bit stronger as he speaks those words.

"How fun," I reply, closing the door.

My bath is wonderful. I luxuriate in the heat, savoring the water as it hugs my body. At several points, I'm tempted to touch myself, but I resist. I need to remain focused.

My sissy slave deserves some rewards, so I enjoy the heat and the smell of my bath soap. Once or twice, I caress my pussy, but only a little bit. For the most part, I keep my hair up, and I close my eyes, relaxing.

More importantly, I think about my slave boy out in the bedroom, down on his knees, waiting for me.

These moments are particularly instructive for him. He gets the opportunity to stay in one spot and not worry about anything but his devotion to me.

No matter how much I tease him or humiliate him, he always has this time where he can think about how grateful he is.

After a little while, I exhale, relaxed. I get up, and the water dribbles

down my naked body. I grab a towel, and I wipe myself off. I head out into the bedroom, and there is my sissy slave, still down on his knees, exactly where I left him.

"Massage me, slave."

I get down on the bed, my chin resting on the backs of my hands.

Jacob doesn't need to be told twice. He hops up, and he positions himself beside me. Again, he's on his knees. His fingers begin to play along my shoulder blades and down my rib cage. He strokes me and caresses me.

A while ago, I saw a sitcom about a new couple. This boy and girl were giving one another back massages. The joke was that the boy would reset the timer so that he would get extra time. It was supposed to be very funny.

But really, how many couples bicker like that? How many couples want to cheat us to get a little bit more attention?

That's something I don't need to worry about. My sissy slave does whatever I want. I found something within him, I molded it, and now I get the rewards. Smiling to myself, I decide that it's time to talk to my little sissy boy.

"What were you thinking about while you were on the floor?"

"Many things, Mistress. I was wondering what you would like me to make you for breakfast tomorrow. It's Saturday."

"True," I allowed.

"Would you like breakfast in bed, Mistress?"

"As much as I like that idea, I think I prefer to have a real meal in the dining room."

"Yes, Mistress. Whatever you say."

"Were you thinking about your old life at all?"

He gulps. "Maybe a little bit, Mistress." His voice trails off. He is uncertain. Just as importantly, he is getting nervous. I like that. There's nothing more fun than watching my sissy slave squirm around beneath me. Even if I'm the one on my stomach, it doesn't matter. He knows his place. He knows who has the true authority here.

"What were you thinking?"

He swallows again. He doesn't really know what he should say. He doesn't understand what might get him in trouble.

Yes, this is delicious. My eyes might be closed, but I concentrate on his every intonation. Each little inflection tells me something about his state

of mind.

"I was thinking about how I used to make my own decisions. I was thinking about how I used to be more of a man."

"Oh, you don't feel like a man anymore?" I ask, easily picturing him in his little pink and white uniform. From his stockings to his ruffled skirt, he is precious. He is adorable. And he is the opposite of masculine.

"No, Mistress," he answers dutifully.

"You know why that is?"

"Because of the way you make me dress?"

"No, slave. Try again."

"Because of the makeup you tell me to wear?"

"Nope. Give it another shot." I sound indulgent, but we both know that I'm mocking him with every word I speak.

He tries again. "Because this is who I'm supposed to be?"

"That's right, sissy. Jacob, you don't really deserve to be a man. If you did, you never would have gotten yourself into this position in the first place, now would you?"

"No, Mistress."

"There's my good little sissy," I tell him. He is probably smiling. He probably can't help himself. After all, what is more enjoyable to a slave enjoying than praise from his owner?

"Tell me, do you think you're ever going to go back to your old life?"

There is a pause, a long stretch of silence. He doesn't speak. He knows the truth, but he doesn't want to face it.

"Sometimes I hope, Mistress."

"Stop massaging me."

His hands fly away from me as I roll over onto my side. I get up onto my knees. I might be completely naked, but that doesn't make the slightest difference. I'm cloaked in the power I wield over him.

"Should you hope to go back to your old life?"

He swallows. I see his throat move. He's so nervous. It's adorable, really. Looking away, he can't meet my gaze, but this time I want to see his eyes. I touch the underside of his chin, forcing him to really face me.

"Should you hope to go back to your old life?" I repeat.

"It's just, sometimes I think about how good it could feel to be a man."

"What felt good about it?" I ask, sounding almost indulgent.

His nostrils flare for a moment, he pulls in a slow breath, and then he speaks. He doesn't want to disappoint me. Nothing could be worse for a little sissy slave like him, but he still needs to answer. He knows that.

"I got to feel powerful, Mistress."

"Should you feel powerful?"

He swallows again.

"No, Mistress."

"Why not?"

"It didn't make me happy."

"No," I agree. "It didn't make you happy at all. In fact, how did it make you feel?"

"Miserable." He whispers that word, but I hear him easily.

"Explain." Obviously, we've done this before. We had these conversations, but that's okay. The repetition helps. He needs to understand that he doesn't have any rights; he needs to understand why he is so powerless in our household.

He takes another slow breath. "Before, I had to make my own decisions. I had to act like I was tough and I knew what I was doing."

"You don't have to act that way anymore, do you?"

"No, Mistress."

"So now you are my grateful sissy, aren't you?"

I reposition myself on my knees. I put my hand on his shoulder, and I nudge him down so he's on all fours. Jacob knows what's going to happen next, and his bottom lip starts to tremble a little bit. He knows that he is in for a rough maintenance spanking.

"Yes, Mistress. I'm grateful."

"Are you really?" I ask him, and I grab one of his pigtails, pulling his head back.

"Yes, Mistress!" His eyes are shining ever so slightly.

"Convince me."

He presses his lips together, though he is still careful not to smudge his makeup. He wouldn't want to smear that pretty pink lipstick of his. But then, he starts to speak. "Mistress, I know where I belong. I know that I should belong to you. I'm so much happier as your slave, Mistress. I love being your toy and your doll. I love knowing, when I wake up, I will always have a place at your feet. I'm grateful, Mistress. I know who I am and I know that I belong to you. So thank you, Mistress. Thank you for training me and

breaking me. Thank you for showing me how I can be happy as your servant, Mistress!"

When he finishes, he is almost panting.

"Now you may service me," I tell him.

Languidly, I position myself down on my back. I spread my legs, and he immediately assumes the correct position. Like a good little sissy, he presses his weight into his elbows, and he leans forward. He begins to kiss my inner thighs. He knows how I like it.

After a few more seconds of this, he leans in, and he starts to lick me. His tongue is quick and deft, darting along my crevice. At first, he touches me lightly with the tip of his tongue. After a few more seconds, he plunges forward, bobbing his head down and up. "There you go. That's right. You are a good little sissy," I tell him.

After that, my breathing becomes more erratic. I start to pant. He swirls the tip of his tongue along my clitoris. He licks harder and faster. He goes deeper. Pleasure rampages through my body, making it hard for me to think.

"Just like that," I tell him, though I'm not even sure I get those words out.

Jacob continues to lick, maneuvering his tongue up and down, then left and right. He swirls along my button, giving me everything I could want. Other girls need to beg their husbands and boyfriends for this kind of service. Not me. I just point down, and he does whatever I want.

Yes, it's very good to be the owner. It's good to be the Mistress with an obedient slave.

Those thoughts are soon obscured by the pleasure coursing through my body. I feel the flickers of ecstasy. They start just below my belly, and they spread out, rippling to my fingertips, and my toes. Soon, I arch my feet, and I pant. My heart pounds in my chest. Every symptom of raw pleasure is right here, pounding through my body.

On and on, my slave licks with everything he possesses.

Unlike other girlfriends and wives, I don't need to worry about timing. I don't need to consider whether or not he's going to get tired or bored. We both know why he's here. He's here to serve me.

So I lay here, enjoying his every movement.

For a little while, perhaps a minute or two, I even hold out on purpose. I extend the ecstasy of this moment. I refuse to allow my body to hit

that point of completion.

But then, I squeeze my legs together, pressing my inner thighs to his cheeks. And then, I cry out. Every muscle in my body clenches and locks up. This delicious intensity roils through me as I scream out in ecstasy.

And yet, my slave keeps going.

"Stop," I force from my lips.

Mostly breathless, I give him the command, and he obeys instantly. He pulls his lips from between my legs, and he kneels right there between my feet, right where he belongs.

"That was very good," I tell him.

"Thank you, Mistress. I'm glad I was able to serve you. Is there anything else I can do for you? Where would you like me?"

"Cuddle me," I order.

Again, Jacob rushes to obey me. He comes up along my side, and even though he is fully clothed and I am naked, it doesn't matter. If anything, I have this primal power that I can wield. He is bound up in bows and lace. Every garment on his body makes him feel small and helpless.

I stroke his hair, I hold him tight, and I enjoy the solidity of his frame. It's such a strange paradox.

He might be dressed up like some little dolly, yet he still possesses this firmness that I can enjoy. I clutch him to my torso, at least for a little while.

Before long, I'm drifting. Frankly, I'm almost asleep. But then he shifts just a little bit, and my eyes flutter open. No, it's not time for me to sleep. Time for me to play with my sissy. After all, I can't neglect his maintenance spanking. What kind of owner would I be if I didn't give him a red bottom.

"Bend over the bed," I whisper to him.

He tenses up, though only for a second. Then he slinks along the bed, slowly assuming that position. If he is reluctant, that's okay. I don't mind.

He presses his elbows into the mattress, his legs are straight, and he's just waiting for me.

Taking my time, I get dressed. I fetch two pairs of panties from my dresser. "Which one do you think I should wear?" I ask my slave.

He swallows, and he looks up at me. His eyes are already starting to moisten. Oh, that's so adorable. He knows he's in trouble.

Yes, it's going to hurt. Yes, he is going to flinch and whimper, but

that's okay. He knows that he needs this. Deep down, he is eager to be trained. He hungers for this kind of domestication. Because really, that's what I'm doing. If we think of men as wild animals, then I'm just training him so he can serve me better.

There's nothing wrong with that.

"Which one?" I ask again. "Oh, and by the way, there is a right answer."

His eyes widen for a split second; his breath catches. Poor boy. He's trying to think, but it's very difficult. I've kept him locked away in chastity for such a long time; I've denied him so much that he probably can't quite think with any sort of clarity.

Poor sissy.

"Which one is it going to be?" He can tell that I'm getting impatient. I'm not going to tolerate his silence for much longer.

I rotate the panties in front of his face. One is white, and one is a dark shade of red.

"The red panties," he finally says, almost gasping. "I think you should wear the red panties!"

"Okay," I tell him, and I bundle up the white panties, rolling them into a neat little ball. Then I shoved them right into his mouth. My sissy boy doesn't need to say anything else. He takes his gag without complaint.

That's when I pull on the crimson underwear. These panties hug my curves. He still has his eyes on me, so I turn around, and I shake my bottom, just enough to make him groan with frustrated desire.

And then I go back to the dresser, I open up one of the drawers, and I take out a paddle. I tap it against my palm.

TAP.

TAP.

TAP.

Then I come right back up to him, and he faces forward. He keeps his eyes open, just as I trained him. But really, I know that Jacob is thinking about the next few seconds or minutes. He's wondering exactly how difficult this maintenance spanking is going to be.

Slowly and deliberately, I pull back his skirt. I pull down his panties, and I look at his cute little ass. He is smooth all over. My sissy must shave every day for me.

"Are you ready? Are you ready for your spanking?"

He mumbles something. Despite the panties in his mouth, I know exactly what he's trying to tell me: yes, Mistress.

He's a good sissy that way.

I cock my arm back, I savor the moment, knowing full well that every second is a special torment for this slave. And yet, there's nothing he can do about it.

I swing the paddle down, striking hard against his bottom. Pain flashes through his skin, and even though I struck with a decent amount of force, it's about to get worse. So much worse.

I strike a second time, going for the other butt cheek.

Then I examine his soft skin. No, it hasn't started to turn pink yet. Give it time.

I cock my arm, and I spank him. I show him exactly what happens when he misbehaves, and even if he doesn't misbehave. Yes, that's fun. I love knowing that it doesn't matter what he does or says. He can try his hardest.

He will always get his maintenance spanking; he'll always know that he's valued.

Every time the paddle comes down, it swishes along the air. He is pushed forward with each strike. His eyes start to water some more, and I hear him gasp. He is panting through his nostrils. Poor little slave.

I strike again and again, savoring the sounds that clap through the bedroom. To think, this young man used to have a say in this room. He used to get the privilege of an opinion. Fortunately, those days are over.

The curves of his buttocks start to turn pink. Pretty soon, they turn red.

I don't stop. I swing harder and faster until his eyes are wet and shining.

"Have you had enough, sissy?"

I love moments like this, moments where Jacob really doesn't know what he is supposed to say. On the one hand, he is probably desperate to tell me that he has had enough. Or maybe, if only I would pluck those panties from between his lips, he would tell me that he knows his place, that he won't ever try to defy me or resist my will.

It's a nice idea, but I'm not taking those panties out of his mouth, not quite yet.

At the same time, if he presumes to tell me that he's had enough, then

he is misbehaving. And if he tries to misbehave, then he obviously needs to be trained some more.

It is a very simple equation.

A smile stretches at the corners of my mouth while I watch him struggle with the different answers. Of course, this calculus is a lot easier for me. Then again, my ass isn't stinging. My skin isn't hot with those jolts of pain.

"Well, sissy? Have you had enough?" Touching the paddle to the back of his ass, I glide it over the contours of his body.

He shakes his head.

No, he hasn't had enough.

Yes, he needs more.

So I oblige.

Just as the tears are about to burst from the corners of his eyes, I stop spanking him. Instead, I pull back up his panties, causing him to flinch all over again. I yank down his skirt, and I grab him by the back of his dress. I pull my sissy slave onto his feet, and I look back into his eyes.

He meets my gaze for but a second. Then he peeks back down at the floor.

I take the panties from his mouth. "How do you feel?"

"Chastised," he replies. "Obedient."

"Good. That's exactly how my slave should always feel."

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you for the spanking, Mistress."

"You're a good little slave," I tell him. Then I lean in, and I kiss him one more time before I shove him back down onto the bed.

Jacob doesn't know what's going to happen, not until I'm on top of him and straddling him.

I grab him by his wrists, pulling them towards the sides of the bed. Back before our relationship had evolved into this new dynamic, our room had been completely normal. But now, there is a restraint system built under the bed and held in place by our mattress. I loop the straps around each of his wrists. Pretty soon, he is spread out and helpless.

Even so, there's something I want from my sissy.

"Struggle."

We both know that he doesn't stand a chance, that he can't possibly break free. He has tried on countless occasions, all without any sort of

success.

"If you can get up on your own, then I will let you out of your chastity cage for at least an entire week."

Yes, I'm a very generous owner.

"Begin."

At my signal, he starts to struggle. He pulls, he tugs, and he yanks. He tries to twist his way free, but he can't get away. I keep my knees tight against his flanks as he squirms, and I love the way he presses up between my legs.

"Poor little slave. What's wrong? Can't get up? Can't get away?" My eyes are probably glimmering with mischievous delight. Good.

And yet, Jacob bites down into his lower lip as he continues to strain against his bonds. He must really believe that he can get away. He's fighting so hard. His face is turning a cute shade of pink, his chest is pumping, and his heart must be pounding away in its cage.

He continues to buck and thrash, but it doesn't make any difference.

"Stop."

By my command, he freezes. His arms fall back down against the mattress, and he knows that he has failed.

"Lick then suck and lick again."

He nods his head ever so slightly as I lean forward, lowering my left nipple toward his mouth.

"You know, you really are a very lucky sissy. I've been doing some research online, and there are some Mistresses out there who don't allow their slaves to touch them at all. You wouldn't want to be in that position, would you? That would be really tough for you, I imagine. Just think about every day you would have to see me, cooking for me, cleaning my house, and you still wouldn't get any satisfaction."

Then I start laughing.

"Yeah, you might not get any satisfaction anyway. I guess it's going to depend on what I decide."

He's trying though. I can tell. He is so eager to please me.

Just to tease him, I reach up, and I grab one of his pigtails. I pull, just enough to make him squirm some more.

A fierce grin plays along my lips. He continues to lick and suck. He alternates from one to the other. At this point, I'm not making any sounds for him. He keeps looking upward, but he can't really see my face.

Slowly, I pull back. "Sissy, sissy, sissy. Settle down."

He freezes again.

"There we go. That's right. Just relax. You know that you are mine." I love those words. I love the truth they convey. Because really, he is mine. He knows this. He can feel it in every inch of his body.

Then I move my other nipple over his mouth. I tease him with that point of firm skin and flesh. He can feel the warmth radiate from my body.

Jacob starts to clutch his eyes shut. He's nervous. That's okay.

Even so, I want him to look at me. "Open your eyes. Look up at your owner."

"Lick then suck then lick some more."

Jacob slowly wraps his mouth around my nipple, and his tongue slides a slow circle around that point. I lift my head, and some of my loose hair brushes along his chin and cheeks. He must be so desperately horny right now.

Even so, he doesn't allow himself to speed up without permission. Then he starts to suck gently, just the way I like. He's doing a very, very good job. He knows how to please me. I close my eyes, and I lean down, my breasts still in that same position as I touch the tip of my nose to his.

Then I pull away again, and I hear him whimper with frustration. Poor boy. He wants more.

"Maybe I will let you out of your chastity cage. Would you like that?"

He eagerly nods his head down and up.

"You can speak, sissy."

"Yes, Mistress. Please, please let me out of the chastity cage. I promise, I will be so good for you. I'll do whatever you want."

"Of course you'll do whatever I want. You'll do whatever I want whether or not you're locked up. Isn't that right?"

He blanches for a moment, perhaps worried that he's made a mistake. Because really, my sissy slave needs to always remember that he doesn't have any leverage. I'm the one who's in control, and I'm the one who makes every decision.

"Yes, Mistress!"

He sounds so eager, still I slide off of the bed.

I go to the dresser, and I take out his key. It dangles from a short chain. "Sissy, what do you own?"

He touches his lips together, hardening them into a line of deep concentration.

"Nothing, Mistress."

"And that's the right answer," I tell him, pushing myself back up onto the bed. I position myself between his legs, I yank down his panties, and I reveal his shaft, still locked away in that plastic tube.

"You like your chastity cage?"

"I like that it pleases you," he replies of so diplomatically.

I can't help myself; I start giggling. And yet, because he's done such a good job, I slide the key into the lock. He can probably feel every tumbler, every little bump of resistance.

"You're clever," I tell him. "But obviously, you weren't clever enough to be a real man, were you?"

He grimaces; he blushes.

"No, Mistress. He agrees with me. He knows that I'm always right.

"Good boy," I tell him, popping open the lock. I remove the small bar, and then I slide the chastity cage off of his shaft.

At once, his member stiffens to an almost impressive erection. Jacob might not be a particularly well endowed male, but it could be smaller, I suppose. He doesn't impress me, that's for sure.

But right now, I want to tease him some more, so my fingertips drift back down to his scrotum. I play along his sensitive skin for one, two, three seconds. Then I move my touch north, toward the tip of his member.

Just a few more seconds. I take him in my palm, and I squeeze lightly. He starts to moan. I let go. He begins to groan. Disappointment resonates through his body.

"If I decided to ride you, could you take it?"

His eyes widened just a little bit before. Now, they are the size of quarters. Jacob gets ahold of himself. He swallows. "Yes, Mistress. I know I can."

"Remember, you aren't allowed an orgasm until I say so," I remind my sissy slave, touching the tip of his nose. That's when I position myself above him. I take off my panties, sliding them down the length of my legs. Then I toss them, letting them land on his face.

Jacob probably catches the aroma of my arousal. Good.

With a wicked grin on my face, I lower myself back down onto his cock. I'm wet, and I'm ready to use him. He is my sex toy, my plaything. When I first touch the tip of his cock to my pussy, I bend forward just a little bit. "Yes, you feel good. You like that, don't you?"

His bottom lip trembles. I grin at him again, savoring the nervous tension playing along his body. Jacob doesn't want to admit it, and he doesn't want to think about it, but that dread is still lurking within his body, clenching at his arms and legs.

What if he loses control? What if he disappoints me?

"You know, if you come without permission, there is a very good chance I'm going to lock you back in that chastity cage, and then I've never, ever going to let you out."

As that possibility echoes behind his eyes, I take him, lowering myself down as I enveloped his cock. He feels so good right there between my legs.

"Don't move," I command.

His fingertips are pressed it down into his palms. His knuckles are turning white. Summoning up every ounce of willpower he possesses, he fights not to lose control, not to embrace that rush of ecstasy that his body quivers for.

As I move my body down and up, savoring the feel of his shaft deep inside of me, I consider the greatest source of pleasure here. It's not his tumescence; it's not the solidity of his sex either.

Oh no, I enjoy this because every time I look down at his face, I can see his pinched concentration. He's fighting so hard, struggling with every iota of willpower that he possesses just to keep himself from losing control.

"If you do a really good job, maybe I will use you like this every night. Or maybe every morning. What do you think of that?" Straddling him, I settle in position, holding my place. Still, I keep my eyes aimed down at him.

Jacob is biting on the inside of his mouth. That probably helps him focus.

His eyes open, they lock onto mine, and I just smirk again because this is power. This is control. This is knowing that my husband is my sissy slave, and he must to do whatever I want.

Reaching down, I touch my fingertips to his chest. I scratch him, and another gasp escapes his throat. He tries to arch his back, but I don't let him go.

"Tell me you love this."

"I, I love this, Mistress." His voice is frantic, soaked with desperation.

"No," I reply, obviously disappointed. Shaking my head, I even wag

my finger at him. "You can do better than that. I want you to speak clearly. I expect you to enunciate, sissy."

Hissing through his teeth, he inhales, he holds his breath for a moment, and then he figures out what he needs to say.

"Mistress, I love this. I love being your slave and your servant. I love belonging to you. Thank you for training me."

"Oh, that is really good. I love knowing that you are so delightfully well trained."

"Yes, Mistress. I'm very, very well trained. I belong to you, Mistress."

The corners of my eyes crinkle. Even if I appear serious and solemn, he knows that I love having him in this position, perhaps even as much as he loves being in it.

Slowly, I start to move again. I rock my hips forward and back, down and up. I ride him. I use my plaything like he's nothing but a human dildo.

"Thank you, Mistress," he tells me. I didn't demand this particular bout of gratitude, but that's okay. I love knowing that he will be a good boy. I love knowing that he will yield to me.

Another fierce grin plays along my lips. I ride him harder and faster, my pussy clenching around his cock. Even so, he doesn't lose control. His arousal must be raging through his body, but he manages to hold off his natural instincts.

Under other circumstances, I might even be impressed.

Then I pull up and away, robbing him of the warm, delicious tightness of my pussy lips around his cock.

Right away, he starts groaning. He moans with despair. Pulling against his restraints, he tries to get away. More than anything, he wants to be taken again. He needs to be owned and controlled.

"Tell me what you want." A second later, I give them another command. "Beg for it."

Inhaling, he tells me, "Please, mistress. Please, don't leave me hanging like this. Please, I want to please you. I want to belong to you. I really, really want you to use me and to show me how I can serve you, Mistress. Please, can't I do something for you? Please..."

His voice trails off, and even if he is panting, his thoughts are so scattered. He is just a hapless male after all. He might want to try to think for himself, but that's something he really can't do on his own. It's better if he has someone like me to take care of him, to control and own him.

"Should I put this back on you?" I ask him, picking up his chastity cage. The light catches along the contours of that plastic tube.

It would be easy for me to wait for him to settle back down. Given enough time, his cock would go flaccid again.

Quivering, he shakes his head, every little movement another cry of desperation. "No, please don't, Mistress. Look, I know that I belong to you, and you can decide what you want to do with me, and I can't argue with you, but I'm begging! Please, I'm not trying to be a bad slave. I know that I belong to you. I know that you own me!"

"Is that why you are wearing your lacy little dress?"

"Yes!"

"Is that why you are always going to do whatever I tell you?"

"Yes, Mistress! Anything!"

I grab onto his shoulders, I position myself above his cock, and then I lower myself back down again. My body is already relaxed, my pussy slick and ready for him. I take him, savoring the feel of his erection.

Then I look back down at him, and I give my sissy one very simple command. "Struggle. Pretend you have a chance of getting away."

His eyes widen ever so slightly, but Jacob isn't about to defy me now. He pulls on his restraints. The cords become taut. It doesn't matter; it doesn't make the slightest difference. As he thrashes against his restraints, he manages to shove his cock deep up inside of me.

Ecstasy washes over me, and I start to ride him harder and faster.

"Please, Mistress! I can't take anymore!"

He keeps fighting though, wiggling and squirming, bucking and thrashing as he tries to escape.

I love knowing that he's going to fail, that he can't possibly win. He belongs to me, after all. He is my slave, my pet, my property. I have trained him, and even now, he somehow manages to hold back his natural instincts, all while he waits for my permission.

Because I am such a wonderfully kind and glorious owner, I give it to him. "Okay, sissy. You can come."

Almost immediately, his shoulders fall back, and he gasps as I sense the pulsating movement of his cock. He pumps every drop of pleasure he can from his body. And all the while, I continue to ride him, knowing that he only did this because I allow it.

"That's right. This is mine. You belong to me."

"Yes, Mistress," he says. At this point, he would make any promise to me. He would say or do or surrender anything and everything just for this opportunity. He keeps talking. "Thank you, Mistress. Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

As those words reverberate along the air, I just enjoy his body and his surrender. I savor the fact that he won't try to argue with me. He keeps talking, after all. His lips keep moving. Again and again, he makes it clear that he is mine.

My orgasm is powerful. It snakes through my chest. And when I'm finally ready, I pull away from his cock.

"Clean me, slave," I command. I maneuver my body just over his face. I lean down, and he raises his head.

Jacob didn't know it, but just now, this was a test for him.

And he's passing because I feel his tongue dart along my pussy lips. He swipes his tongue over my sex several times. He starts to lick and he sucks. He's such a good boy. That's why, while he does all of this, I reach down and I stroke his hair.

"There you go. That's right. Show me what you can do with that mouth of yours. Good sissy. Yes, you are. You're such a good sissy. That's why I'm going to keep you forever."

My husband knows that this is true. He doesn't even try to argue. What would be the point? He couldn't possibly win.

The End