

# New Traditions

**Rise of the  
Gynarchy**

**Michelle  
Means**



**New Traditions:  
Rise of the Gynarchy  
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## New Traditions

Jessica really hated this part. She shifted her seat, moving her feet, stretching her legs, straightening her back, and fought the urge to roll her eyes or simply stare up at the ceiling.

Up in front of his classroom, Michael Blackburn, their “esteemed” teacher, started his lecture. “The world might be changing. Change itself might be a perpetual force in the world, but there are certain cultural traditions we should always hold onto. Ethics and a robust sense of morality are important, but a lot of this comes down to understanding your role in society.”

Jessica fought hard not to snort.

To make matters worse, plenty of her classmates stared on longingly, watching the teacher as he strode from one side of the classroom to the other. The girls, in particular, seemed willing and eager to listen to whatever this *man* had to say. It didn’t help that he had that strong jaw, broad shoulders, and the kind of height that made every one of the girls feel thrillingly intimidated whenever he came close. With his dark hair and bright eyes, he looked gorgeous.

Even Jessica had to admit it.

And yet, he ruined his good looks by continuing to speak, “Traditional gender norms are good for society. It’s important for women and men to recognize their place. There’s a reason why, from a purely evolutionary perspective, men traditionally assume dominant roles in virtually every relationship. We don’t like to think about it, but these traditions are good for people. Over the last fifty years, we have chipped away at the social norms, these traditions, and things are spiraling out of control.”

Jessica tensed up again, her shoulders bunching near her neck. More than anything, she ached to leap up and say something along the lines of, “That’s crap, and you should know it. Everyone has always been scared about the future. You think things were that much better fifty years ago? You want to go back to the threat of a nuclear holocaust and the end of civilization? Because that’s what we faced, jackass. That was the Cold War!”

Of course, Jessica had to sit there like a good girl and stay quiet.

She earned high scores in every class, even Mr. Blackburn's. Considering that she was on a scholarship, she couldn't risk irritating any of her instructors.

And that was something she really didn't like. As a realist, Jessica had to face one fact of life in a school: education had two parts, skill acquisition and obedience. Far too often, her teachers just wanted her to do as she was told. Read certain pages, write a paper in a particular way, follow certain steps for an equation, or complete an experiment going through one prescribed step after another.

Jessica always did it, hence her status as first in the class. Unfortunately, she knew her teacher could decide that her attitude or "sense of professionalism" wasn't quite good enough, so he could drag down her score.

Jessica found herself tapping her fingers against her desk. After another second, she stopped when Michael Blackburn glanced in her direction. That was the only warning she needed.

She jerked her hand back and did her best to not to look nervous or chastised.

"Girls need to understand that there's nothing wrong with playing a subordinate role. In fact, society and humanity at large, can only succeed when men and women have their assigned places."

Jessica wished she could raise her hand and challenge everything he just said. Assigned places? Assigned by whom?

But instead, she had to sit there with her arms locked over her chest. She straightened her back and did her best to stare straight ahead. Unfortunately, simply working to ignore everything he said seemed to double the rate at which she absorbed his words. It felt like telling herself not to think of elephants. The harder she tried, the more she'd think of them.

"Socially, I know a lot of people are worried about the pay gap. Men consistently earn more across a variety of industries. Whether we're talking about technology, business, or education, men get promotions more rapidly and make more money. But this isn't the result of some grand conspiracy," Blackburn told his students. "It is

simply reflection of normal ability. Our society is meritocratic. People get what they deserve. If men make more money, it's because they're working harder and are taking bigger risks."

Jessica really, really wanted to plan her fists against the desk. She wanted to grab it by its leg and fling it across the room like some superhero fighting a monster.

Instead, she sat there like a docile girl.

He lectured on and on, ignoring the actual topic of the course—geography. Instead, he kept talking about traditions.

"Traditions," she started under her breath, quiet enough that no one could hear her. "I'm going to make some new traditions," she promised herself even as she looked over at the boy sitting next to her.

Jessica always enjoyed the solitude that came from walking between classes. She found it fascinating how there could be dozens or hundreds of students, yet she could do whatever she liked, principally because no one would notice. As she walked, dodging between the different cliques, she glanced over her shoulder.

Sure enough, the boy who had sat next to her in class followed along like an eager pet.

"Where're we going?" Josh asked.

Immediately after their teacher dismissed of them, Jessica had looked right at him and said simply, "Follow me." A strange, complacent expression washed across his face, just as she had expected.

Considering she had been working with this boy for several weeks, she wasn't surprised.

"Here," she said, stopping behind one of the buildings. Just a few feet away, their classmates continued to scurry from one building to another. But here, just out of sight, they had as much privacy as they want. This was usually a popular spot for some of the couples to stop and make out.

Jessica figured they didn't have much time, but then she looked right at him.

“Josh, put your hands up on the wall and spread your legs.”

That's same look of complacency from before spread across his features. He obeyed her, spreading his fingers and leaning against the stucco wall. She came up behind him, grabbed his ass, and breathed into his ear, “Mr. Blackburn was wrong. Say it.”

He didn't hesitate. And frankly, Jessica expected nothing less.

“Mr. Blackburn was wrong,” Josh replied immediately.

After so much training, this boy had to obey. In fact, it wasn't a fight, not anymore.

“But someone needs to be punished for his idiotic statements.”

His head jerked over his shoulder. It looked like he wanted to pull away from the wall, only his arms twitched and stopped before he could actually break the contact.

Jessica smirked. “What's wrong? Are you feeling trapped? Are you feeling helpless?”

“I can pull away if I really want to,” Josh insisted.

“No, you can't, Josh. We've been over this. What are you again?” She touched a finger to the tip of her chin as their eyes remained fixated on one another. Without giving him a chance to answer, she let a fierce expression play along her face. Her eyes narrowed slightly, and a wicked smile touched her lips. “Oh, that's right. You're a *slave*. You do as you're told.”

“How are you doing this?” Josh asked as he fought to pull away from the wall, only it felt as though invisible shackles held him.

“Do you want another taste?”

She pulled out her phone, opened up the app she designed herself and waited for him to answer.

Jessica didn't need to wait longer than a second before his eyes got big. “No, not that. Not again!”

“Yes, *again*. Just think of it as behavioral reinforcement.”

“No!”

“Josh, look at my phone. Watch it.”

He stopped struggling against the invisible shackles, relaxed, and stared, his head turned so he had both eyes focused on the screen. She started the program.

Light began to flash over his face, different colors and patterns. Jessica, when she first read about this online, she didn't really believe it would work. But she'd been bored, so she programmed in the specific patterns to mold the male mind. On the dark web, she had found a website dedicated to female supremacy. There had been one article about how certain patterns of light and stimulation could affect the mind.

Apparently, men were especially susceptible.

So now, Josh watched the colors play out again. Once the application ran through the sequence, Josh stayed right where he was, motionless like a statue or a plastic puppet.

An object, Jessica thought with a little giggle.

"Get down on your knees and beg me to own you."

He lowered himself down to his knees. For seconds, she thought she saw the flicker of defiance. But no, it must've been her imagination because he swallowed and looked up at her. "Please, Jessica, would you own me? Please, I want to be your slave! Please, allow me the privilege of being her slave and serving you!"

"How do you address your owner?"

This had been a point of contention, a word he always tried not to use. But now that she had him enthralled, Josh couldn't help himself. "Mistress."

"Say it again," she taunted. "Yes, Mistress. You are my mistress. I belong to you because you only. You have trained me." He spoke with a mechanically obedient inflection.

"Good boy," she said. Then she giggled again. "As a reward, you may kiss my feet."

Josh bent forward, and he pressed his lips to her wedge sandals. He kissed her toes through the straps. He must've been able to smell the leather even as his lips brushed over her skin.

A freshman appeared, perhaps lost, maybe looking for something. The girl saw Josh on his hands and knees, kissing Jessica's feet.

Rather than get embarrassed, Jessica smirked at the newcomer. "Don't worry. It's okay. He's just a slave."

The girl turned around and quickly retreated.



“What do you think of that? We just showed her a new tradition.”

Hypnotized and helpless, Josh continued to kiss. He’d remember this...later.

“Carry my books, slave,” Jessica ordered.

Theoretically, she was pretty enough that she could’ve enticed any one of the boys to do this for her. Instead, Jessica enjoyed the thrill of authority that ran down her spine as she held out her backpack. Of course, that little tradition of the boy carrying books for a girl only reinforced the traditional gender norms Michael Blackburn loved so much.

The girl got to be helpless and dependent, valued for her looks. The boy could demonstrate his viability with his strength. At the same time, there was something even more subtle and sexist about the tradition. It was like a girl didn’t really need her books. She wasn’t strong enough to handle an education...

Perhaps Jessica was reading too much into it, but she didn’t think so, not really. She was sick of the daily lectures about the value of “tradition.”

Tradition.

It sounded like a buzzword designed to appeal to a very specific kind of sexist. More often than not, society needed to change.

Obediently, Josh took her backpack and slung it over one shoulder.

A few seconds later, her sister and best friend came out of their respective classrooms. Jessica smirked. “Hey, want my slave to carry your bags for you?”

Stephanie looked back at Josh. “Are you still going to let her treat you this way?”

Having already been told what to say, Josh lowered his head and said deferentially, “I must obey my Mistress.” He blushed. Even though the words came out automatically, he knew he couldn’t resist them. At the same time, the hypnotic programming held him in its

way, but he was still aware of what was happening. He knew he had no choice.

At this point, Josh was free to complain or argue. Below what was the point? Jessica would simply give them another demeaning task. No, it was better to be quiet and try to go unnoticed.

"That's right. The slave knows he has to obey his mistress." Jessica practically saying the words. She hopped up, happy to show off her plaything.

"This is so crazy," said the third girl. Alyssa swallowed nervously. The three of them had been best friends for a while. Jessica didn't even know when it happened. When they were little kids, Jessica and Stephanie had fought like most sisters, but as they grew older, they started to see one another as allies rather than competitors.

Then there was Alyssa. While Stephanie and Jessica both had light brown hair, Alyssa was a blonde with vivid blue eyes sharp features. If she had been more aggressive, she very easily could have joined the cheerleading squad and become one of the mean girls. But instead, she was sweet and kind, which meant that pretty much everyone liked her. Boys would ask her out, but she would just giggle, saying something about how she would rather be friends.

Jessica still didn't quite understand how that worked, but she shrugged. If her friend wasn't ready for any kind of real relationship, she wouldn't force the issue.

Over the last couple of weeks, their trio had added a fourth, assuming you decided to count the slave.

"Would anyone else like him to carry your bags?" Jessica asked generously. "Ladies, you don't have to worry about him. He doesn't mind. Tell us you don't mind."

"I don't mind," Josh answered obediently.

Really, the other two girls should've hesitated longer. Stephanie, Jessica's older sister, had occasionally pointed out some of the potential problems with enslaving a boy when she first started this experiment. But now, Stephanie shrugged off her backpack and handed it off to Josh.

It was just easier this way.

The three girls started to walk away from campus toward their respective homes. They made their way along, and Stephanie glanced over at Jessica. "Are you sure you want to keep them like this? What if he snaps out of it? What if he develops immunity?"

"I don't think he will," Jessica said. "If you believe traditional psychologists, you can't hypnotize someone to do anything you don't already want to do."

Josh opened his mouth, perhaps thinking he would say something about how he really, really didn't want to obey. And yet, he closed his mouth again. Over the last couple of weeks, he had seen, again and again, how these girls could order him to do whatever they wanted.

Reluctantly, he started to think about that very first time.

"Hey Josh," Jessica said. "I want to show you something." They were both having lunch when she took out her phone and lifted the screen. Before he could say anything, he glanced at the device.

That was a huge mistake.

But then, how could he know a pattern of lights flashing over his eyes would actually have the power to strip him of his free will?

Just thinking about it would have been absurd.

But he had been trying to study, so he just wanted this girl to go away as fast as possible. Then the lights began to play, photons hitting his retinas. Different colors swirled, and the world seemed to shrink around him, bending and becoming distorted until he had no idea what was going on.

"Josh? Hello?" She snapped her fingers in front of his face. After another couple of seconds, he blinked, feeling as though his brain had just rebooted.

"What?" Josh glanced down at his physics textbook. He really needed to study.

"How're you feeling?"

"Fine. But Jessica, look—"

"Do you feel like you have to obey me?"

"What kind of question is that?"

A brief look of disappointment flashed across her face. He really just wanted her to go away, and she even started to turn, like maybe she would apologize quickly and retreat.

A second before she left, however, she turned her head to the side slightly. "Josh, give me a dollar."

Josh didn't know why he did it, but his hand fell to his side. He reached into his pocket, took out his wallet, and pulled out a dollar.

Then he held it out.

"Josh, lift your foot."

He raised one foot off of the pavement.

"Why did you do that?"

He shrugged, not really able to think about it.

Over the next couple of weeks, Jessica would develop a theory. Apparently, the male ego wasn't strong enough to accept that he had been truly reprogrammed to obey this girl. Consequently, he had a difficult time remembering precisely why he obeyed.

Psychologists had a specific word for this: confabulation. Essentially, it meant that the mind would try to come up with reasons why certain choices were made, even if those explanations were entirely fictional.

"Josh, do ten push-ups for me."

He didn't seem confused. If anything, this strange, complacent expression played along his features as he got down on his hands and knees before straightening his back. He performed ten push-ups, exactly as she ordered.

After he finished, his heart kicked quicker, and then he peeked up at her. A wicked smile played along her face. "After school, meet me by the flagpole."

He didn't say anything, so she commanded, "Tell me you're going to obey."

"I'll obey," he answered. Then he blinked, shook his head, and she thought about asking him something else.

"Josh, how do you feel about becoming a slave?"

"What?" He seemed horrified by the prospect.

"Yeah," she teased, stepping closer. Over the last few minutes, he'd already demonstrated he'd do whatever she desired.

Suddenly, she felt this swelling Gleevec came with absolute power. She stepped next to him, reached out, and tugged on his T-shirt. She pulled in a little bit closer. "What do you think about having to do everything a girl says? What do you think about being her puppet?"

"That, that would never happen."

"Yes, it will. It's going to happen to *you*," she breathed those words into his ear.

Throughout the rest of the day, Josh promised himself he was going to avoid Jessica. He alternated his routes between classes, and he thought about simply sticking off campus altogether. But then, he finished with his last course of the day, and he quickly tried to rush the way from the school.

Just as he was about to step onto the sidewalk, she called out to him, "Josh. Come here."

Josh couldn't be certain that he had gritted his teeth and tried to seize control of his body. Even so, he recognized her voice.

Her voice.

Those beautiful, alluring tones would have been enough to seduce him before. But because of that stupid device, he found himself obeying her instantly and automatically.

He turned around and started marching. With his backpack over his shoulder, he rushed back to the girl who had figured out some way to control him.

The next thing Josh knew, he was blinking again, near the school, with Jessica standing right there in front of him.

"Hey," she said with a flirtatious smile.

Josh brought his hand up to his ears or at least he tried.

"Don't move," she said with practiced authority.

Suddenly, his arms froze.

For a couple of seconds, Josh couldn't think for himself. He was blanketed by the simple serenity that came every time he obeyed her. But within moments, he started to think for himself again, yet her command persisted, locking him in this spot as though he really were nothing but a mannequin or a puppet.

"Were you trying to away from me?" Jessica asked. Then she lifted one finger and wagged it from side to side. "You don't get to do

that. But don't worry. I'm sure I can give you a nice spanking when we get back to my place."

"You can't spank me," he protested.

"Tell me I can spank you."

"You can spank me," he replied automatically.

"Tell me you're going to be a good slave for me."

"I'm going to be a good slave for you," he said again, speaking without any real thought. Instantly after he finished obeying those commands, this boy found he could think and understand what was happening. Even so, he stayed right there, still trapped in his own body.

"Carry my backpack home for me. Let's go to my bedroom where I play with you."

She held out her bag, and he took it without question. Sliding over his shoulder, he followed her like an obedient boy. Along the way, Jessica asked her new plaything a few questions.

"Tell me the truth. Are you just messing with me?"

"No. I'm not messing with you," he said beautifully.

"You really can't help yourself?"

Josh didn't answer.

That's when she smiled and realized she had important to respond, so he didn't have to.

"Tell me the truth," she ordered and reveled in the authority pulsating through her voice. This was so much fun!

Before discovering the program design, Jessica never would've imagined that having this much power over a boy could be so enticing or intoxicating. And yet, she itched to spin, jump, and little pirouettes like a ballerina. Instead, she just quickened her stride, and he automatically adjusted, following her like an eager animal.

"Can you help yourself? Can you keep yourself from doing what I tell you?"

"No, I can't," he told her truthfully.

"Perfect," she said.

"So if I told you to empty your wallet and give me all of your money?"

He didn't answer.

Josh clearly hated the idea, yet he opted to remain quiet, perhaps because he wished to preserve some semblance of dignity.

Yeah, right. That wasn't going to last.

It seemed like Jessica was out to prove the old adage about how power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. She stopped at the next intersection, grabbed his hand, and stared into his eyes. "Tell me you love doing everything I say."

"I love doing everything you say," he said, only to frown a second later because he understood what he just told her.

"Tell me I can spank you if you try to defy me."

"You can spank me if I really try to defy you," he answered.

Only a second later, he bristled, tensing up. This wasn't fair! It seemed like they were playing some sort of game, only he could possibly win. Worse, Jessica wasn't only guaranteed victory because it acquired so little effort on her part.

With another grin, she reached down, grabbed his hand, and she started to jog back down the street. Pretty soon, she pulled him into her bedroom.

When he crossed the threshold, Josh expected some rush of anticipation. After all, he hadn't been in many bedrooms belonged to girls. But now, he looked up pale pink paint, the white sheets, and the romance novels along the shelves, but he didn't feel like some conquering hero. On the contrary, a sense of helplessness worry nagged at the corners of his brain.

"You know, I never had a plan before."

"Why don't you just let me go?" To prove his point, he turned around and tried to leave.

"Stop," she commanded.

He froze again.

"I'm going to let you speak, Josh, but you will not raise your voice. You won't shout out for help either."

Bristling, he realized too late that that had been an option. If he caused a ruckus, then maybe someone would have come to help him. Or not.

Only now, he turned back toward her. He reached out, almost like he wanted to grab onto the doorknob. If he can just turn and

walk back out into the hallway to run for the front door, he could escape!

Josh never imagined himself trying to run from a girl. Small and petite, Jessica never should have been able to control him like this! In any fair physical contest, he would've had the advantage.

Apparently, she had no problem guessing his thoughts because she asked, "You're thinking about how unfair this is, aren't you?"

"Maybe."

"I want to try something." When she strolled over to him, she sauntered with the absolute confidence of a girl who couldn't possibly lose. Then she leaned forward.

Jessica started to speak. A moment later, she told him to obey the command, but he needed to forget about it. Whenever he tried to remember, he would think of pandas instead.

A moment later, he scrambled to remember what she told him. Less than five or six seconds had elapsed, but he blinked, and he tried to recall what she had whispered into his ear.

Pandas. No. It couldn't be "pandas".

On some level, he suspected that was completely wrong. She would just say something about pandas. So what had she *really* told him? When he struggled to remember it, all you can think of were those black and white bears eating bamboo, sitting around, and generally looking adorable.

Pandas.

Pandas.

Pandas.

"What did you do to me?"

"Nothing much," she said, poking his chest with one finger.

"But hey, don't you think you should tell me something."

"I'm nothing but an inferior male who belongs to you, Mistress. I belong to you and should always do everything you say because you're smarter than me."

Once he finished the words, he found himself panting, almost as though that had taken more strength than he could have possibly anticipated.



“I like that. I like it a lot.”

Was that the only command she had given him, forcing him to utter those humiliating mantras?

Pandas.

Pandas.

Pandas.

Frustrated, he turned around, but then he tried to reach for the doorknob again. He froze. Next, he spun, rushed toward the window, and froze again. As hard as he tried, Josh couldn't touch the window frame. He was trapped in this bedroom, stuck with a girl who could force them to do whatever she liked!

“Now, I think you're pretty cute, Josh. That's the good part. The bad part is you have to do whatever I say. So right now, I think an inspection would be a good idea.”

“An inspection?” Josh asked, choking out the words. He could hardly believe it.

“Oh yes. An *inspection*. You know, because I own you, I should get to see exactly who and what you are.”

He couldn't believe this was happening!

“I'm going to give you the chance to strip naked for me before I make you.”

Before she showed him the flashing lights and colors, Jessica would have been able to force them to do anything! Bigger and stronger, he would have been able to throw her to the ground. Obviously, Josh was a gentleman, so he would never do anything like that. Even so, Josh, like so many other men, still derived strength and confidence from the fact that he had the ability to physically intimidate the females around him. Larger and more powerfully built, that one option was there, even if he never considered using it.

“Well? What's it going to be, slave?”

“I'm not a slave!”

“Get down on your knees and tell me you're my slave.”

Josh fell to his knees, kneeling before this young woman.

“I'm your slave.” A second later, he opened his mouth again, perhaps thinking he should contradict himself. But if he did that, she

would simply reassert her control.

“Strip, Josh.”

By exhaling those two syllables, she seized control of his body, forcing him to acquiesce all over again. Within scant moments, he started to take off his clothing, stripping down one layer at a time.

Josh blinked, yet his hands moved, seemingly of their own accord. He unbuttoned shirt and pulled it off. Next, he removed the long-sleeved undershirt he wore beneath it. Finally, he slipped off his shoes and socks. That just left his pants.

Perhaps some small voice inside of Josh’s head told to stop this. Instead, he looks into the button, unzipped his pants, and yanked them down, taking his boxers. Once he removed the last vestiges of clothing, Josh blinked again, shocked to find that he was naked before her.

His owner didn’t hesitate. Jessica teased, “Very nice. I like that look here on your face, Josh, but you don’t need to be scared of me. As long as you do everything I say, I’ll never need to punish you.”

“I’m my own person. You can’t punish me!”

That made her laugh!

Chortling happily, she started giggling like some eager girl. But then, she brought her hand up to her mouth. “Oh? You were serious! That’s adorable.” With a quick shake of her head, she stepped closer to the naked boy.

Josh wondered if retreating back a couple of steps would be smarter, yet he held his ground and pretended he wasn’t intimidated by this lithe young woman. Theoretically, they were the same age. They should have been equals. But they weren’t...all because of some flashing lights on a cell phone screen.

“I can punish you whenever I want, Josh. I can strip you naked just like this. Now stand up straight. Hold your hands behind your back and don’t move until I tell you to.”

Josh assumed the required position, crossing his wrists of the small of his back. With his spine straight, he stared straight ahead. His eyes can move, yet the rest of his body remained locked in

position. He felt like some toy that had been discarded, left up on a shelf.

But for her part, Jessica enjoyed circling him. She studied him, occasionally reaching out to pinch at his waist, brush her fingertips over his buttocks, or because squeeze his ass. Each time, he flinched just a little bit.

“Very nice. I was grateful girl. I mean, I get to own this boy, and you’ll do everything I say.”

He didn’t respond.

“Yeah, I’m definitely going to keep you. As far as you’re concerned, you’re now my permanent slave.”

“Please, don’t do this,” he growled back at her. The words sounded desperate, yet she still picked out the undertone of anger.

“Don’t worry, Josh. I’m sure you’ll learn to enjoy it.”

“No, I won’t.”

“Let me show you,” she said. “Follow my lead.” From there, she grabbed him by his hand again and pulled him toward her bed. He took several tentative steps, nervous like some blushing bride. But then, she was still fully closed in her jeans and sweatshirt. Josh, on the other hand, felt completely and totally exposed.

Pressing her hands to his chest, she pushed him down onto the bed. He had no choice but to follow. Then she climbed up on top of him and straddled him.

Josh didn’t know what to do or say. Perhaps he had even fantasized about being with a girl like Jessica. Now, she kissed him on the mouth, her lips gently caressing his. At the same time, her nails lightly scratched his flanks, sending a flurry of sensations rushing through body.

“This feels so good,” she said after another second.

Josh didn’t answer. He looked up at her, his eyes filled with a nervous confusion, but then she clarified something for him by reaching down. Her fingers brushed along his body, moving past his chest, over his sternum, all the way to his shaft.

With a smile, Jessica realized that he was hard. She wrapped her fingers around his erection.

“You know, some girls are intimidated by horny boys.”

“There’s going to be a cure,” he said. “Someone is going to figure out some way to stop this.”

“Maybe. Maybe not.” Then she kissed him again.

Seconds later, she pulled away. She was breathing heavily now, her heart pounding.

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

Josh didn’t answer.

“Go on. You can tell me.”

He still didn’t respond.

“Get on your hands and knees,” she ordered.

Josh obeyed at once, assuming that demeaning, requisite position. Then she braced herself before him. Underneath her panties, she could feel that heat swirled through her body. She was horny, almost desperately so. And yet, she knew she could have whatever she wanted whenever she liked, which in turn granted her a measure of patients. Besides, Josh needed to understand that there were other ways to control him.

“Have you ever been spanked by a girl?”

“What? No!”

“Good.”

Josh didn’t understand what she meant, not until she slapped his rear end. Her hand flashed down, a quick movement that sent a sharp stinging running through his body. “This way,” she explained, “You can learn as an adult. Girls can spank you because we’re better than you. Say it.”

“Girls can spank me because they’re better than me,” he replied.

She struck his other buttock, her hand coming down hard and fast. When she pulled her palm away, she giggled at the red outline of her fingertips and, over his curves.

“You know, I think boys cause most of the problems in the world. Guys get so aggressive. Even went completely unnecessary. I mean, do we need to spend all of this money on armies? Yeah, we do. Why? Because boys in other countries get so excited. Women wouldn’t be that dumb. Sure, we might be passive aggressive or

competitive, but we don't throw punches, and we don't waste tons of money on giant bombs."

Josh itched to argue, to tell her that she wasn't right about any of this, yet he couldn't, not when her hand crashed down against his backside again. Another flash of pain exploded through his body, originating at his buttocks and shooting into the rest of his flesh.

The enslaved boy kissed her feet as he struggled to maintain some veneer dignity.

Within seconds, his eyes started to shine.

"Tell me you deserve a spanking for being disobedient."

She phrased the words as a command, which meant he had no chance.

"I deserve a spanking for being disobedient," he replied, his voice coming out smooth and apparently earnest.

When he regained control of himself, Josh didn't know what to do. He looked around, yet he still couldn't move. Locked in place by her order, he waited for the next spanking.

He didn't have to wait long.

She brought her hand back, only to slap her palm down hard against the curves of his rear. She struck the left side four times in a row. She went for the right side next. Over and over again, she unleashed that torrent of pain on her slave.

"I'm going to let you decide when you've had enough. All you have to do is beg for forgiveness and tell me you can't wait to be my sex slave."

"I won't!" Josh chirped out, only to instantly regret the words.

This girl could punish him as thoroughly as she wished, which meant attempting to hold out was a terrible waste of time. And yet, he challenged her, so he couldn't simply yield immediately. Now, his dignity was on the line!

"Silly boy. We both know you're going to give up. We both know you can't help yourself."

Next, Jessica waited for that one moment when he attempted to speak again. Maybe he intended to negotiate with her. Maybe he had some promise he needed to make.

Either way, she didn't get to hear him. That's because she resumed the spanking, cutting off every word he attempted to say.

As though he had been strapped down and shackled and place, he remained on his hands and knees, naked and spread out before this girl.

After the next bout of spanking, she reached between his legs, stroking the underside of his balls which immediately made him start to moan.

"You like this, don't you? You love being owned by a girl."

"I don't!" He gasped, snarling those two words.

It was the best he can do.

And yet, Jessica simply wasn't convinced.

"You're not very good at lying. I mean, I can look in your eyes. Not to mention the fact that you're a boy after all, so you have an obvious tell." She moved her fingers up to his erect shaft. It pointed down along the length of his chest as she rubbed the tip, slowly bringing her fingers down along his circumference.

"Oh, I like touching you this way. I love knowing how desperate you are."

Within a few moments, she got some of his excitement on the palm of her hand. She looked at it, disgusted. At first, she figured she would have to go wash.

Then a different idea occurred to her.

"Don't fight me," she commanded, wondering if such an ambiguous command might work.

Somehow, it did.

Jessica reached out, put her hand on his shoulder, and yanked him up. She brought him to his knees. If he felt any relief at shifting position, he didn't get to enjoy it, and when she placed her hand right over his mouth.

"Lick my palm clean," she ordered, once again savoring the simple party of her voice. To make matters worse for this boy, he couldn't fight the order. He immediately parted his lips and started licking, tasting his own juices immediately. The pre-come seemed to stick to the tip of his tongue even as he worked to swallow it down, fully aware that there would be no interruption for him.

“Good boy. I love your tongue. Yes. I feel so good.”

Oh no.

At the same moment, they both came to the same idea, the same conclusion, the same natural consequence of her power.

She leaned in again. Still braced against his back, she whispered, “I want to feel that mouth of yours right between my legs. I know how much boys love the idea of blow jobs. I wonder if you’re going to be as eager to go down on me.”

She didn’t give an actual command even as she began to loosen her jeans. She pulled down the zipper, stripped of her panties, and enjoyed that feeling of nakedness. Then she spread herself out before him. She got down on her back and parted her legs.

Under other circumstances, this kind of position might’ve made her nervous.

Still on his knees, he was taller than her; he should have had the advantage.

And yet, her physical position didn’t matter when she could force his obedience was just a word, phrase, a breath.

“Please, don’t make me do this,” he said.

“Tell me how much you fantasize about girls going down on you.”

“I fantasize about girls going down on me pretty much every time I masturbate,” he said. He blushed bravely; he never imagined that a girl would be able to force him to admit his masturbatory fantasies. But there he was, unable to stop himself.

And once the words were out, this boy couldn’t stop himself. He blushed bravely, shivering with humiliation and she smiled up at him. To make matters worse, she shifted, bringing her hands up behind her head.

“Go on,” she ordered.

That was enough to force him.

He lowered himself down onto his stomach. Naked, he began to lean in.

“No, no. Go slowly. Take your time. Start by kissing my inner thighs. Then you may lick me.”

The same complacent expression came over his face as Josh lost control. He began to kiss her, his lips brushing along her smooth skin. He felt the warmth of her body, and his erection remained strong as he served this girl.

“Oh, you feel so wonderful. I don’t know if it’s true, but so many my friends who complained about her boyfriends won’t go down on them. So many guys think it’s demeaning. I hate that hypocrisy.”

If Josh had been in control of himself, perhaps he would’ve asked what she meant. As things stood, she decided to explain anyway. He was a boy, after all. Maybe it would be good for him to learn this.

As he kissed her gently right between her legs, he must’ve been able to smell her arousal. The aroma must have washed up his nostrils, but he didn’t dare pulled back.

“You should be proud of yourself, Josh. You’re being a very good boy right now.”

He didn’t say anything. His mouth was otherwise occupied.

Just seconds later, she put her hand on the back of his head, tightened her grip, and pushed his meltdown against her slit.

At once, he slid his tongue forward, licking her. Pleasure roiled through her body. She didn’t know which one was better, the psychological thrill of owning this male or the peer sensations that rushed through her skin. She could feel blessed pulsations of desire, each one coalescing into something powerful and profound.

She arched her back as she pushed her slit up against his mouth as his tongue delved deep into her.

“That’s right, Josh. Show me what you’re good for. Show me how you belong to me.”

Again, he couldn’t respond. But then, she didn’t want him to say anything. His obedience mattered so much more.

She giggled, thinking about how impossible this should have been. But then, the internet was a huge place filled with very dark corners. It made sense to her that people would come up with this kind of technology. It could be simple, something that triggered a specific response in the brain.



“Keep going. Keep going, Josh.” Every time she said his name, she seemed to reassert her authority over him. “Yes. Just like that. Oh yes, I feel so good.”

His tongue flicked along her clitoris, teasing, stroking, grazing from one moment to the next.

Jessica lost herself to that haze of sensation while the raw pleasure simmered through her body. “I own you!” With those three words, she came hard, the pleasure rushing through her with a fresh intensity. By the time he pulled his head back and she let go, he could see she was panting, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

“Get on your back,” she commanded. She felt really good, yet those words jumped from her mouth like a snarl.

Josh had no idea what might happen next. If he could have thought about this clearly and coherently, that he probably would have been able to come up with an obvious answer. Then, there was something about this girl. When he glanced at her, he didn’t see that mask of dainty femininity so many women were instinctively. Instead, she seemed almost hungry. Predatory. Dangerous.

He lowered himself down into the required position, and then she smiled.

There was something very dangerous of the curve of her lips. What did she have mind?

“What, what are you going to do?”

“Close your eyes and spread your arms and legs.”

Naked, he obeyed. But then he heard the command that really made his heart pound as anxiety flooded along his limbs.

“Don’t move.”

She looked at this boy, spread out and helpless on her bed.

When guys imagined themselves in a girl’s bedroom, they pretty much always thought of themselves as the dangerous hunters, the ones who were going to take what they wanted. But now, Jessica looked down at her prey. Her eyes ran along the curves and contours of his body. But then, she didn’t simply have to look; she could also touch!

With that same wicked grin on her face, Jessica moved her hands along his shoulders and up his arms. Then she jumped her

fingertips to his neck. "Have you thought about wearing a collar?"

"What?"

He couldn't see her, not anymore. With his eyes shut, everything was dark, yet he shivered with anticipation. Her proximity made him nearly whimper, but he managed to hold the sounds back, each one locked deep down in his throat.

"A collar," she said. "I think it'd be a great symbol for you. I could wrap it around your neck right here." He should have been able to guess she would stroke his neck, yet he still flinched. His eyes open; he couldn't get them to open, not when faced off against the power of her order.

So she stroked him, teasing him. At the same time, she continued, "I think it would be really good for you. Boys can be so forgetful. They don't remember what it needs to be owned."

"I'm not owned!" Josh protested.

"If you aren't owned, then get up," she taunted. Braced between his legs, he waited for him to try to follow her suggestion. But since it wasn't an order, it didn't overwrite the previous command.

Josh actually struggled, sending one signal after another to get his arms and legs to move, yet they stubbornly refused. Instead, it felt as though there were invisible shackles or manacles around his wrists, unseen straps around his ankles.

He tensed his muscles, but he couldn't actually rise up!

Consequently, he looked as though he were struggling, fighting against those invisible restraints.

"This is fun! I love seeing you try. You're so adorable. It's even better because we both know you're going to fail!"

"That's not true!"

Immediately, Josh regretted the words.

"Oh?"

He hissed an angry breath through his teeth, gasping and almost moaning as she reached down for his genitals. Because she could, she stroked his balls and moved her fingers along the sides of his shaft. With her every soft caress, another rush of sensation pummeled through his body.

“It’s not? Prove it then.”

Josh tried to get up. Again and again, he made the attempts, only to fail.

“I can’t!”

Those two simple words sounded like music to Jessica’s ears. Another wicked grin and played along her pretty mouth. She simply couldn’t help herself. It felt so good to hear him say that. Normally, boys like Josh could saunter through life, doing whatever they wanted.

Not anymore.

“Are you subservient now? Do you acknowledge the fact I can do whatever I want with you?”

“Yes,” he said.

“Good.”

She climbed up on top of him. She reached down, stroked his balls, his shaft, savoring the way he twitched beneath her touch. Part of him hated all of this. He must have despised of the lost control. And yet, the sensations couldn’t be ignored. It must have felt so wonderful to have her soft fingers moved along his most sensitive parts.

And then she lowered herself down, inch by inch until she enveloped him.

Josh hissed through his teeth, frustrated and powerless.

“You belong to me, Josh. But don’t worry. I’m going to make sure that you learn to obey me. Right now, I’m using the device to keep you in line. Eventually, however, you will surrender control completely. It will be second nature for you. The hero woman speak, and you’ll know you have to do whatever she wants.”

“No!

She had settled on him completely by this point. She had his shaft deep within her. She savored the heat and solidity of his body.

Then she leaned to down.

“You can’t control me. You can’t own me!” Josh kept attempting to speak, only she cut him off by kissing him.

Another frustrated protest vibrated in his throat along his lips, but she kept him from finishing whatever he wanted to say.

As they kissed, he started to squirm. It was clear he wanted more. He twitched his hips upward, sending another wave of pleasure through her body.

As the invisible manacles held him in place, Jessica enjoyed the way he struggled underneath her. After all, his helplessness only added to feel poor of this moment. Oh, having a boy and sleep like this just felt amazing!

She broke off the kiss and laughed, only to press her lips down to his again.

"Tell me you belong to me," she whispered into his ear, a soft and tantalizing command.

He couldn't resist, "I belong to you."

"Does that make you property?"

This time, she didn't phrase the question as a dictate, which meant he could freely choose what he would do.

"Yes," Josh said, demonstrating how he could be trained.

"Good. As my property, I can team you and give you away."

"What?"

Jessica sat up straight, rose, gliding the walls of her slit over on his length. Just as it felt like she might withdraw entirely, she slid down again, taking him.

In so many ways, men like to think of themselves as the aggressor, the invader, the penetrator. And yet, girls took boys just like this. With her eyes twinkling, she looked down at her property, and she rode him, sliding up and down. With her back taut and her eyes aimed toward the ceiling, she allowed her own instincts to take a hold.

"Josh, Josh, Josh," she said, almost chiding even as she had sex with him. "You need to understand that I can give you away if I want to. You're property now. I could find some nice girl and tell you to do whatever she says. And guess what?"

Much to her amused delight, he actually asked, "What?" That lone syllable seemed to tremble with nervous anticipation.

"Or if you really annoy me, I might decide to give you a way to sum me girl. She could be so cruel. She might delight in teasing and breaking you."

“No, please don’t,” he said, his voice shaking as he begged.

“Tell me you like it when I write you.”

“I like it when you ride me!” At that point, the command had been completed, so he didn’t need to say anything else. Even so, he looked up at her. He studied at the contours of her waist, the curves of her breasts, and the lines of her beautiful face. “I love it!”

“Is that because you want to be owned?”

“Yes!”

“Say it.”

“I want to be owned. I know I can’t be my own person! I’m not strong enough. Not smart enough!”

“And why is that?” She loved the interrogation, especially as she alternated between fast and slow. At one moment, she glided up and down, savoring the heat and friction of their bodies. In the next, she would brace herself, almost withdrawing or perhaps enveloping him completely. Either way, he had to feel and experience that obvious fact of her control and power.

“Because I’m just a boy!”

“Just a boy,” she repeated.

She decided that warranted another kiss, so she bent down and pressed her mouth to his. “Oh, you feel so good! You’re amazing,” she said.

When Josh gazed up at her, it felt as though she were really talking to him anymore. A genuine conversation would have been an exchange of information between equals. This was more like obedience training, he reflected.

As she rode him, sliding up and down, Josh attempted to break free of her hold several more times. She could feel it, the way his body twisted to the left or right. And yet, he still couldn’t escape. She had him tight between the walls of her slit, and she wasn’t about to let go, not until she was done.

Then it looked like he might climax at any moment.

“Don’t come. Not yet.”

For another young man like Josh, those words might’ve been impossible to obey. Fortunately, she didn’t need to worry about his free will. Instead, he bit down, and he obeyed, not out of any desire

to follow her order, but because of simple biology and neurology. Whoever had designed the light patterns forcing his compliance would have been proud.

Even his autonomic responses were subject to her whims.

As Josh realized all of this, he felt that blockade take place in his mind. Simply to rebel, he tried to climax. He ached to feel the throb of his shaft as he came hard. It would probably be the most intense orgasm of his life, but he couldn't do it. Something stopped him. Yes, he remained desperately hard. The desires kept swinging and swimming through his body, yet they weren't enough. They couldn't batter down that mental wall now erected behind his eyes.

That he heard it again: her laughter.

"You can't help yourself, can you? You silly boy!" She laughed uncontrollably, giggling at that look of utter helplessness on his face.

And that's when she came. It was her first orgasm, but it wouldn't be the last.

Helpless beneath this woman, he didn't fight her. Instead, he simply became her toy. From time to time, she ordered him to thrust into her. At other points, she wanted him to remain there, spread out and still.

As the minutes coalesced, he bit down, wishing he could get his own reward.

Then a thought occurred to him, one that sent a special kind of cold terror bouncing through his insides: what if she didn't let him climax at all? What if she didn't let him finish?

It was obviously within her power to simply get up, put her pants back on, and stroll away with a happy whistle, especially because he was pretty certain that she had already come to her three times.

"You look scared," she teased. "What's wrong? What're you thinking?"

At this point, she had taken something of a break. Yes, she moved up and down along his legs, but she has slowed considerably. Obviously, she wanted or needed to catch her breath. When he glanced up at her, he saw the red along her cheeks.

"It doesn't matter," he said, trying to evade her question.

For so long, girls had been frustrated by boys' inability to communicate. With her newfound power, Jessica didn't need to wait. Instead, she forced his obedience with just two words, "Tell me."

"I, I was wondering whether or not you'd allow me to climax," he said. The words felt awkward in his mouth, but they came out nonetheless.

Jessica started laughing! "Oh, that's so funny! You're an adorable boy!"

As she talked about him, he got the distinct impression she wasn't discussing a person, not anymore. In this short time, she objectified him so completely and saw him as her source of entertainment, a toy in the plaything, not an equal.

He bristled at the implication. Then again, he never thought of how women had been treated for so long...but then, he was just a boy, so maybe we shouldn't expect those kinds of difficult thoughts from him.

"Maybe I'll let you come," she teased as she started to speed up again. Before she could really quicken her pace and she bobbed up and down, sliding her sides against his shaft, Josh started to think she would let him come soon. Only then, she slowed again. All the while, she studied his expression, enjoying the looks of relief and then panic on his handsome face.

"You could always try begging."

This time, it wasn't in order. She didn't force him to do anything.

And yet...

Jessica kept her expression neutral, but he strained to the bounds of her self-control when he started to plead with her, "I can take this! Please, please can I come? I'll do anything you want!"

"Obviously," she snorted.

"Please, I'll be your slave! I'll follow every one of your commands! I will do everything to please you."

"Will you address me as your Mistress?"

This time, he didn't hesitate. Smart boy. "Yes!"

"Will you *really*?"

She started to ride him faster as she moved her body up and down. At the same time, she could feel herself clench around his circumference. Josh must have loved and hated this is so, so much! She resisted the urge to giggle again, but he kept going.

“Yes! Please, Mistress! Please, will you let me climax? Please?” Desperation strained his every syllable.

“Yes,” she said. “Come for me!” By this point, she rode him hard and fast, moving her body quickly up and down. With every sliding inch, she forced him to enjoy this.

His subjugation. His enslavement.

His shaft began to pulsate and throb. She could feel it. She climaxed again, it may have been her fourth or fifth time. Jessica lost track. In the haze of pleasure, she grew her head back, cried out, screaming at the top of her lungs.

And when she finished with him, she allowed him to get up. Then she rolled over and commanded him to give her a nice, long massage.

Oh yes, having a slave could be so much fun. But as his fingers moved along her naked back and over her legs, Jessica realized something.

She enjoyed having Josh as her plaything, but there was someone else she craved, someone she really, really wanted to enslave instead.

A wicked grin tugged at the curves of her mouth as she considered the possibilities.

“What do you want to show us?” Alyssa asked.

“Just something kind of funny,” Jessica had said, so her older sister and her best friend had automatically assumed Jessica would pull out her phone and maybe bring up some hilarious video.

Instead, Jessica escorted the two girls into the living room.

Stephanie had her arms over her chest, apparently skeptical about how good this whole thing could possibly be. But then, she saw the young man on his knees with his hands held behind his back.



At first, his clothing seemed relatively normal. He had on loose jeans, a dark shirt, and his usual sneakers. Only then she saw the leather band around his neck. Not only that, it had been decorated with a bright red bow tie.

"Is that Josh?" Alyssa asked, squeaking out the words. She immediately brought her hands up to her mouth, like she couldn't quite contain herself.

Braced on his knees with his hands held behind his back, he kept his gaze and to the floor. At first, Stephanie and Alyssa glanced back at one another like they couldn't believe this.

"It's true," Jessica told them. "I could make do whatever I want. He follows every command that he perceives as being given by a woman." She spoke precisely, going through the different variables.

"This incredible," Stephanie said, clapping her hands together. "This could change everything." Clearly, she could imagine the possibilities.

Alyssa remained somewhat more skeptical. In fact, she seemed reluctant to approach even as the older girl skipped ahead.

"It really is," Jessica agreed.

"It seems turned him into a slave?"

Jessica shrugged. "Slave. Toy. Whatever."

"Let's play with him," Stephanie declared, her eyes bright with potential.

"My thoughts exactly," Jessica said.

Both girls went into the living room and sat down on the couch. Alyssa hung back, apparently reluctant to come any closer. As her eyes drifted over Josh, she experienced that same little twinge every time she saw him. She didn't understand it; she couldn't explain exactly which processes went into play, but every time she rested her eyes on him, she experienced that tug of desire.

They met all the way back in kindergarten. Never quite friends, they had always been companions, chatting occasionally, sometimes sitting next to each other, frequently complaining about their teachers her homework. But in the last year or so, Jessica had felt that familiarity begin to blossom into something more.

“Josh, bark like a dog.”

If Alyssa or Stephanie doubted Jessica’s power, that one command seemed to be enough to reassure them. He straightened his back, lifted his chin, and he barks like a dog.

“Now bark and slap your hands like a seal,” Jessica ordered.

Again, Josh obeyed, seemingly without question. He slapped his hands together and looked ridiculous. He seemed to sacrifice every iota of dignity he may have otherwise possessed.

Jessica watched, yet she didn’t experience the twinge of conscience she expected. If anything, this little bit of heat began to gather between her legs. Tentatively, she sat down with the other girls.

“I was thinking we could play game with him,” Jessica said.

“I like games,” Stephanie replied. Then again, the older girl had always been the more sadistic of the two.

“Josh, we’re going to throw some popcorn at you. If you can’t snatch it out of the air with your mouth, then you’ll get a reward. Every time you fail, you’re going to be spanked.”

Alyssa let out a little squeak of dismay. They couldn’t do that to him. Just as importantly, Josh wouldn’t allow himself to be treated this way despite all evidence to the contrary.

Stephanie started the game by reaching into a bag of popcorn. She took out one puff and tossed it through the air.

Alyssa bristled as she watched the boy she liked rush forward on his hands and knees. Apparently, he’d been subjected to this kind of humiliation before, so he knew what to do. More than that, he actually impressed all three girls when he nearly caught the kernel of popcorn from the air. Unfortunately, he moved just a little bit too slowly, so it bounced off of his nose and hit the floor.

“That’s one spanking,” Stephanie called out to him.

Alyssa immediately looked back from the slave boy to her two female friends. “That’s not fair. We should give him another chance.”

“Or we should just spank him right now,” Stephanie suggested.

“What do you think, Josh? Want to go double or nothing?”

He kept his head down. Apparently, he didn't have to speak, yet all three girls waited, wondering precisely how he would react. Nervously, he forced himself to say, "I'll do whatever you want."

Jessica and Stephanie clapped, plotting his obedience. Alyssa tried to ignore that little tingle running through her body.

How long had she had a crush on him anyway? A month? Two or three? It could have even been longer. Alyssa never realized exactly when her feelings shifted, developing into something much more powerful than she ever expected.

"Double or nothing," Stephanie said and made the choice for their toy. She pulled out another piece of popcorn and held it up for him. "Keep your eyes on this. You don't want to mess up. I don't think you want to get spanked."

"A bare bottom spanking," Jessica assured everyone in the room.

Josh seemed to flinch as he heard those words, but he nodded. Not only that, a nervous gulp ran up and down his neck. All the while, Alyssa kept studying her crush, wondering why she wasn't more offended.

She puffed out her cheeks, exhaled, and watched as Stephanie through the next piece of popcorn. He leaped forward, scurrying on his hands and knees. He bit down into the air and caught the piece of popcorn.

"Not bad," Stephanie said, clearly disappointed. She pulled out another piece. "Catch."

Josh scurried backward a little bit. Stephanie had thrown this next piece with greater force, so he really had to scramble to catch it.

Because of the practice he already endured, he managed to get this third piece as well.

"Very nice," said Jessica, clapping her hands.

"Okay. He's proven he can play fetch like a dog," Alyssa told the other girls. "I think we're done here."

"He can catch when he gets a break. But what if they come faster?" Stephanie asked. The corners of her eyes wrinkled with sadistic glee.

"That's not fair," Alyssa said.

“Josh, tell us it’s fair.”

“It’s fair,” he replied.

Alyssa opened her mouth, ready to protest. Obviously, he would agree. He was just a boy, so he couldn’t argue anyway.

Those thoughts sent another little tremor of desire through her body. She never imagined that power or control could turn her on like this, but she enjoyed her new status. Each girl on the couch loved taking control for one reason or another.

No, this wasn’t right. She wasn’t supposed to think that way! Alyssa was supposed to be nicer to him.

When she tried to force herself to say something, Alyssa just couldn’t find the words. Instead, she watched helplessly as Stephanie threw one piece of popcorn, then another. He snatched the first one out of the air, chomping down on it. The second one bounced off of his forehead and hit the floor.

Before Josh could reorient himself, Stephanie tossed another piece. He pivoted to the side, trying to grab it in his mouth.

This is so embarrassing for the poor boy, Alyssa thought. He wasn’t supposed to be treated this way. She knew that if she had access to him all on her own, she would have been a lot nicer.

Would she have let him go? If it had been in her power to release them completely and allow him out of the mental bonds she controlled him, would she have done it?

The blonde-haired girl reached up and ran her fingers through her hair. She couldn’t come up with an answer. As hard as she tried, she didn’t know.

“Oh, you’ve dropped four pieces of popcorn already. Your bottom is going to be bright red, isn’t it?” Stephanie asked. Since she had worked as a babysitter, she was apparently very comfortable talking down to boys. Granted, they were usually children, not mature young men like Josh.

Even so, she had no problem viewing him as a subordinate, someone inferior.

“I need to stop this,” Alyssa told herself again. But then, she pressed her lips into a frustrated line when she thought about Josh

spread out across a girl's lap, his pants pulled down, his buttocks on display.

He probably had a really nice rear end, she reflected.

Telling herself that she would choose the proper moment, Alyssa instead sat back and watched as he kept trying.

By the time Stephanie was done, there were six pieces of popcorn on the floor.

"Clean them up," Stephanie ordered.

At once, Josh crawled to pick them up with his fingers. But then, Jessica giggled out, "No, silly boy. Use your mouth. Now open up wide."

Alyssa bristled again, but then she told herself the floor was pretty clean, so this would be embarrassing, but that was all.

If Josh hated this or tried to fight it, he didn't give any indication. Instead, he ate up the different pieces of popcorn, chewing and swallowing just as the girls wanted.

And when it was all done, Stephanie slapped her lap. "Get up here. We all know you need to be spanked."

He obeyed again. Another look of complacent serenity flashed along his face. But once he was in position, Stephanie yanked down his pants.

Alyssa looked away, at least at first. This was wrong, she told herself. They weren't supposed to have this kind of power over a boy, especially someone like Josh. He was a good guy!

Or was he?

Without even really meaning to, Alyssa started thinking about the different times he had teased some of the girls at school. He had made some pretty inexcusable comments. But then, didn't every guy do that? Wasn't this just "locker room talk"?

Or maybe there was never an excuse for this kind of bad behavior. If men really expected to believe that they were supposed to be in charge of the world, that they had a right to be more dominating and controlling, then shouldn't that mean they had to behave even better?

Alyssa sucked on the inside of her mouth as she tried to answer those questions, yet the heat continued to spread through

her body because she really wanted to see him get spanked.

"This is for your own good," Stephanie promised, but the delight in her voice made it clear she didn't really believe that. She simply wanted to do this. The cravings couldn't be controlled, not when these girls had this much power.

She held up her hand for a moment, almost as though she couldn't quite bring herself to do it. But then, with a giggle, she swatted her hand down, swinging hard. She struck into his naked behind, making him cry out.

It was just a quick gasp, little more, but Alyssa still felt this thrill ripple through her body.

What was wrong with her?

Why was she enjoying the so much?

I get him again, Alyssa imagined herself standing up, telling the other girls to let him go, and bringing this whole thing to an end. Maybe they could just tell him to pretend he had never seen the patterns in the first place, so everything to go back to normal.

And yet, Alyssa didn't do any of that. Instead, she sat there, off to the side, watching. As she did so, she nibbled on the inside of her mouth, if only for slight distraction.

"Get ready for another one," Stephanie taunted as she swung her hand down again. When she clapped her hand against his backside, he did a better job of staying quiet this time. She spanked him several more times in quick succession as this boy endured the discipline.

"This is so fun!" Stephanie laughed.

"A lot of boys need to be spanked," Jessica said with a shake of her head. Apparently, she had no problem sharing her toy.

"I'm not sure this is the right thing to do," Alyssa managed to say.

If either of the other two girls even noticed her complaint, they gave no sign of it.

"Are girls better than boys?" Stephanie asked their captive.

At this point, it seemed like Josh could think for himself again. With his pants pulled down, he swallowed down his frustration.

Clearly, he hated every second of this, yet he didn't dare provoke the young women.

He must've realized he would lose.

Alyssa wondered exactly how much training he had gone through.

Really, she wanted to free him. Or rather, she wanted to start touching herself. She imagined taking Josh out on a date, one where she could command his loyalty and obedience effortlessly.

Oh, that'd be so much fun! It would be so hot!

"Yes," he said.

"That's the right answer," Stephanie said. "But you didn't respond fast enough."

To punish him, she spanked the boy five, ten more times. Again and again, her hand flew down, and Alyssa watched as the poor boy suffered.

Pretty soon, his buttocks turned a bright shade of red.

"Do you want to spank him?" Stephanie asked as she looked at Alyssa. When the older girl spoke, she made it sound as though she were offering to share a bag of chips.

Alyssa gave a quick, nervous shake of her head.

"Are you sure?" Jessica asked, sounding perhaps surprised. "It's a lot of fun."

"How could that be fun?" Alyssa asked with more of an edge than she expected.

Jessica shrugged. "Honestly, I think it's a question of how guys behave. I mean, just look at them. They're always so arrogant. Look at what they do on TV and YouTube. Guys always think they can do whatever they want and get away with it. Really frustrating part is that sometimes they're right. It's not fair."

"Girls can do what they want," Alyssa said, sounding lame.

"But the expectations are different," Jessica persisted.

"Seriously, a guy rips off his shirt, and it's not a big deal. Girls always have to be more modest. And if anything bad happens when a girl's dressed provocatively, people blame her, not the people who treat her poorly."

All of that was true, but then she glanced over at the enslaved boy on Stephanie's lap. Was this really justice?

Alyssa didn't know, only then she realized something else. She didn't care either.

"I don't want to spank him," Alyssa said.

"Okay," Stephanie said. "That leaves more for me!"

Sure enough, the older girl swung her hand down in another barrage. Sounds of applause bounced against the walls as Josh experiences punishment for failing to please these girls.

"I have an idea," Jessica announced a few seconds later.

She jumped up, strode over to Stephanie, and carefully whispered something into her ear.

Immediately, Stephanie started grinning. "I like it. I like it a lot."

"Let's do it," Jessica said.

Stephanie peeked down at Josh. "First, strip naked in front of us. Second, go over to Alyssa, and convince her to spank you."

Apparently, the programmed obedience was complicated and sophisticated enough to allow for multiple commands. His expression became neutral once again as Josh slipped off of Stephanie's lap. Then he stripped, pulling away his pants, shirt, shoes and socks. He didn't even hesitate when he got down to his underwear.

Alyssa turned her head away, but only for a moment. Then the temptation overcame her, and she studied the contours of his body. He looked good. Obviously, he worked out, probably swimming a lot and maybe lifting weights. She studied his muscles, his arms and legs, his face once again.

Then he lowered himself down onto his knees, and he presented himself in front of Alyssa.

If she had been excited before, the heat redoubled throughout her body.

This was amazing, she thought silently. The idea felt treacherous. Why was she supposed to believe in equality? But with this naked boy on his knees ready to plead with her, she couldn't help but be enticed. In fact, she could feel the moisture gather in her mouth.



Yeah, she yearned to feel his touch run along her body. She wanted him on his back, his hands over his head. She could hold down and ride him like a wild animal.

It would be so amazing...

"Please, would you spank me?" Josh asked, only to blink.

"You can do better than that," Jessica teased.

Her sister added, "Oh yeah. You took your spanking. Besides, Alyssa is the nicest one here. If she spansks you, it might not even hurt. Plus, I bet you would look good on her lap."

To Alyssa, it seemed as though she should do something or say something, yet she couldn't find the words. Honestly, she was just so torn between the two different possibilities. Was she supposed to be a nice girl and a good girl and let this play go? Or should she embrace her desires?

If she had been a guy, she never would've felt so ambivalent. She would see what she desired and never questioned it. That's why she didn't know what to say. That's why her brain turned to static.

Now that he completed his commands, Josh glanced back at the three different girls. He blushed brightly, humiliated. She had to wonder if his embarrassment came from being naked in front of the three girls were being helpless. Which one bothered him more?

Pressing his lips into a frustrated line, he glanced down, then back up at her. When their eyes met, Alyssa tried to convey something, some measure of comfort, yet she also wanted to grab him, kissed him, and shoved into the floor. Or maybe she just savored the idea of slipping a collar around his neck, leashing him like a pet, and leading him wherever she wanted to go. Having this handsome boy follow her would be so much *fun*. It would be so hot.

"You don't have to do this," she said.

"Actually, you do," Stephanie taunted.

"Please, would you spank me? Please, allow me to crawl up on your lap so that I need be spanked," he told her.

And that's when Alyssa let her eyes shift down, and she saw his erection. Part of her wondered what would be like to touch him, to tease him and stroke him. Theoretically, she could have simply ordered this boy to present himself. She could have demanded that

he rise to his feet, hold his hands behind his back, it remains still while she explored his body. He wouldn't have been able to stop her...

Another rush of anticipation shot through her body. She wanted to do it so badly!

Puffing out her cheeks, Alyssa forced herself to be polite. "Is that what you really want?"

He glanced over at the other girls, apparently considering his answer before telling her, "Yes. Please, it's better if you spank me."

"Get on my lap," she ordered, reveling in the power of command.

He obeyed again. He scurried into position, pressing his stomach down against her lap even as she felt the weight of his body. She enjoyed the heat and solidity of his frame pressing down against her thighs.

This was incredible. His simple proximity sent a thrill running through her skin.

Breathing out slowly, Alyssa started to stroke him. She didn't know why she did it. Her fingers lightly danced along his skin, just barely touching him. Even so, he let out a groan of pleasure.

Little goosebumps appeared along his shoulders and down his arms.

She placed her hand on the back of his neck. She felt the warmth radiating from his skin.

With her other hand, she touched his already reddened but cheek. Then she cocked her hand back, and she swung down, spanking him.

He let out a different kind of groan.

"That wasn't bad," Stephanie said, "But we all know you can do better."

Alyssa didn't know whether or not she wanted to believe that.

"You know, he's been a jerk. Maybe he deserves this," Jessica said.

"I don't think he's been a jerk," Alyssa told her friend.

But then Stephanie smirked, her eyes glittering. "Josh, tell us what the worst thing you have ever done is." She spoke clearly and

crisply as she enunciated every word.

He tensed up on her lap, clearly nervous about what this might mean or entail. And yet, he couldn't stop the command either. His brain registered the words, he knew they came from a woman, and so he instinctively obeyed.

"Last year, I was hanging out some guys, we were online, and we spread some rumors about Tiffany Hansen."

"That was you?" Alyssa asked. Ultimately, the rumors had flown through the school, destroying her reputation for about a day. After that, her friends rallied around her, they made public declarations about how they were on her side no matter what, and there had been no lasting damage. Of course, most rumors didn't work that way. And even then, there was a very good chance Tiffany still got nervous whenever she thought of that incident.

"You were part of that?" Alyssa repeated, almost as though she were seeing this in boy for the first time.

"He's a boy," Stephanie said with a shake of her head as though that explained everything.

When Alyssa slapped his ass again, she didn't hesitate or hold back.

Her hand flashed down, hard, or so she thought. But within a few seconds, she doubled and tripled the force. She channeled all of the leverage her arm could bring to bear.

By the time she finished, her arm ached from the exertion. And yet, she somehow craved more. Forcing the impulse aside, she looked down at him. "Kneel and apologize," she ordered. Somehow, the vehemence and determination in her own voice caught her off guard.

"I'm sorry," he said, sounding sincere as he kneeled before the girls.

"Yes, I think you are," Alyssa hissed through her teeth.

"Ladies, would you mind if I played with him in the other room?" Stephanie asked.

Alyssa raised an eyebrow, surprised. At the same time, she experienced something else, something she didn't expect: jealousy.

“Go for it,” Jessica said with a dismissive wave of her hand. She had no problem sharing her toy.

Once the boy and older sister were gone, Jessica immediately jumped up onto her feet and sat down next to Alyssa. “So?”

“So what?” Alyssa asked, blushing just a little bit.

“So what do you think of Josh?”

“He’s fine,” Alyssa said, glancing down at the floor because she couldn’t meet her friend’s gaze. If Alyssa had tried to look up, she already knew she’d blush even brighter.

“Come on. You can’t lie to me,” Jessica said.

The two girls peeked back at one another before bursting out into laughter. Of course, they could try to lie to one another. Josh was the only one who had been completely forced to tell the truth.

“Okay. I’m a little bit unsure about all of this.”

“Really? Why?” Jessica asked, sounding more intrigued than anything else. She leaned back, resting her arm over the side of the couch.

“Because...” As hard as Alyssa tried to finish the sentiment, she couldn’t.

“You like him,” Jessica said. It wasn’t a question.

“No!” Alyssa shot back, a little too fast.

“You like him! You really like him. You have a crush on him because you think he’s cute and smart and funny.”

“But he’s your toy now,” Alyssa said.

“He doesn’t have to be.”

“What do you mean?” Alyssa asked. She snuck a glance at her friend. Jessica was smiling brightly.

“I’m not especially attached to him. Sure, he’s been a great test subject, but that’s all this was. I just wanted to get a sense for whether or not my device could work. Now I know it does.”

“Wait a second,” Alyssa said. “You’re going to use it again?”

“Absolutely!” Jessica promised. “There are so many guys out there who need to be trained to just like Josh. Besides, I don’t know how long this lasts. Maybe he’ll get his freedom back if I don’t

reintroduce the pattern. But honestly, I'm not worried about him. I'm a lot more interested in the other guys on campus."

"What? You want a football player?"

"Nope," Jessica replied with an audible pop of her lips.

"Who then?"

"Don't worry about it," Jessica said. "All you need to think about is the fact that I have someone in mind. And if everything goes my way, I might decide to expand."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want to jinx it. Besides, we are talking about me. We're talking about you and your crush on Josh."

"I can't keep a boy as a slave, can I?"

"Why not?" Jessica asked, sounding genuinely confused. "I do."

"Because it's not right!"

"Alyssa, do you know where I found that the patterns to enslave him?"

"Where?"

"Online," Jessica replied. "You know what that means. If the information is out there, it's going to spread one way or another. The men of the world might think they're safe, but that's only because they don't understand how everything is about to change. It's going to be inevitable. Unless someone comes up with a countermeasure, which I don't think is going to happen anytime soon, the guys will be enslaved. The *world* is about to change. We can take advantage of it, or we can try to hide from it, but we won't be able to stop it."

"What are you saying?"

This time, Jessica shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe enslaving him would be for his own good. Maybe he needs it. Think of yourself as his guardian. You can train him and teach them how to behave. This way, he'll do a lot better as property."

"What if he doesn't want to be property?" Jessica asked.

"That might not matter. After all, if you don't claim him, someone else might."

Alyssa nibbled on her bottom lip as she considered this. Part of her didn't want to think it was possible. It sounded crazy. People

couldn't be owned. And yet, through most of human history, slavery had a very much been a part of so many different societies.

Alyssa could only hope that maybe this time around society would be more generous. And yet, she thought of Stephanie and the sadistic glee with which she had spanked Josh.

Breathing out slowly, Alyssa nodded her head. "Okay. I'm going to take him."

"You can use my bedroom if you want to inspect him. You know, make sure that he understands his place."

"I think I will," Alyssa said.

Just a few minutes later, Alyssa found herself in the same room as Josh.

When he looked up at her, he pouted for a moment. "What? Are you going to punish me now?"

"Do you deserve it?" Alyssa asked, surprising herself. This almost sounded like flirting, and it was easy, probably because she was completely confident in the outcome.

Normally, when she talked to guys, she would get tongue-tied and flustered. She never knew the right thing to do or say. But right then and there, Alyssa understood that his opinion really didn't matter.

Or did it? Honestly, Alyssa couldn't decide.

"I don't need to be punished," he said. But you should know, this isn't going to last."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know exactly how Jessica did this to me, but I'm going to break her hold. And then I'm going to make her pay for humiliating me like this!" He didn't speak for long, but by the time he finished, he was practically panting.

"So do you think you're wild? Is that it?"

Wild. Like an animal. But animals could be domesticated and trained. More importantly, they could be owned.

"I'm not going to be a pet or a slave," he vowed.

"Unless you don't have any choice."

"I do!"

“Be quiet,” Alyssa said.

Before she realized what she was doing, she started to circle him. Her eyes moved along his body, and she was really, really turned on. With every second, she wanted to grab him and kissed him.

In fact, she yielded to the temptation, pressing her body up to his.

She leaned in and kissed him.

She had only told him to be quiet, so he tried to retreat back, but when he stepped away, that allowed her to speak again. “Stop.”

Just like that, he froze in place. She strode up to him, wrapping his wrists and leaning in. She kissed him harder, savoring the feel of his mouth against hers.

Alyssa never imagined she would get to do anything like this. And yet, she enjoyed it so much more because she took what she wanted from this boy.

Pretty soon, she started to rub herself against him. All the while, she could feel his erection press against her. “I know what you want, Josh. You can try to deny it all you like, but you belong to me now. Jessica gave you to me.”

He opened his mouth, and he clearly wants to say something about how he could be traded around. He wasn’t something that could be owned!

“Kiss me; touch me,” she ordered.

Maybe those words were ambiguous, but he kissed her again, and then his hands moved up underneath her blouse. She loved the way his fingers roamed along her skin. If he had done this of his own volition, perhaps she would have felt nervous. But right then and there, she could dictate exactly how fast they went.

“I think I need to have sex with you,” she said, breaking off the kiss. “That way, you’ll know you belong to me.”

He gave a quick, nervous shake of his head.

“Oh, are you scared?” Alyssa teased.

She looked at his handsome face and savored the flash of panic. He was so cute! His reluctance somehow added to the arousal already pounding through her body.

“No,” he snapped back at her.

“Be honest. Are you scared?”

“Yes,” he said automatically.

She put her hand on his chest. Sure enough, his heart pounded behind the ribs of its cage.

“It’s okay. You know I’m going to be a nice and generous owner with you. I won’t make you do anything especially humiliating.”

Josh opened his mouth like he wanted to say something, only then he shut it again.

“Owner,” he said, his voice loaded with disdain.

“What’s wrong with that?” Alyssa couldn’t help but smile.

“It’s not fair.”

“Are you sure about that?” Alyssa asked.

Stepping in front of him, she reached down and slid her fingers up along his thighs. That didn’t garner much of a reaction. With a slight frown, she tried again, only now her digits glided her his scrotum and up to the base of the shaft. That’s when she heard the quick intake of breath.

He liked that. He liked it a lot.

“I should get to be your equal,” he said.

“Really? Why?”

“Because this isn’t fair,” he said.

Like some patronizing teacher, she replied, “Life isn’t fair.”

“Don’t do this,” he said.

“What’s wrong? You don’t like it?”

Although Alyssa had dated various guys, she had never felt this kind of confidence search through her. Whenever she had been with the boy, there was always that nervous anticipation, the prospect he might want to go faster than she could handle. Only now, Alyssa could start and stop things however she wanted and whenever she liked.

That’s what was so easy for her to wrap her hand around his member. She squeezed gently, enjoying that look of chagrin on his face.

He was embarrassed!



Josh probably didn't want to admit that he was turned on; he couldn't face the truth.

"You know, there are probably lots of boys out in the world who'd love to be owned. Besides, I've already told you I'm going to be very generous with you."

"What, what do you mean?"

"I'm going to touch you. I'm going to touch you until you beg for the chance to be my slave."

Those words were specific and deliberate. In fact, Alyssa had carefully chosen her words. With a nervous gulp, Josh didn't know what to do.

The sensations continued to course through his body, lighting up his nervous system. He hissed through his teeth as he breathed hard and fast. Moments later, he opened his mouth as he panted for her.

"You sound like an overheated dog," she said, thinking of her pet canine at home.

Josh clearly hated the jibe, yet her previous command precluded him from moving away. There was no escape for him. Imprisoned by the invisible bonds, he couldn't stop her!

All the while, she teased him.

And then a different idea occurred to her.

"Touch my breasts."

His eyes widened.

Under other circumstances, that suggestion would've been delicious and enticing. Only right then and there, this wasn't a suggestion. Oh now; it was a command, one given from an owner to her slave boy.

Over and over, Josh told himself he wasn't a slave or a toy. He couldn't be property; he wouldn't allow himself to be owned.

Unfortunately, though silent entreaties didn't change anything. This young woman had him and could do *whatever* she liked with him.

And that's why his hands dropped from behind his back, only to rise up and glide over her breasts.

Alyssa still had on her shirt, so he didn't get the full feel, but the soft give of her flesh was still wonderful!

The arousal pumping through his skin doubled again.

When Josh closed his eyes, he tried to ignore the commands. Theoretically, he should have just been able to enjoy every second of this, only then she put her hands on his shoulders and shoved him back toward the bed. He fell across the mattress, hitting the soft pad hard. But then she was on top of him.

She grabbed his wrist, pushed him down to his sides, and leaned in to kiss him.

Normally, Josh would have been able to easily break her hold. He should have been able to use his natural strength to push her away. Bigger and stronger, Josh was supposed to be able to control the situation. He should have been the predator, the hunter. But those natural roles had been reversed by a piece of code, some technology a girl had discovered online.

Before he could grit his teeth or complain, she leaned in and kissed him again. He spread his legs instinctively as she stroked the underside of his balls with one hand. She loved the soft give of his skin. More than that, she enjoyed the way he tensed and flexed beneath her.

For Alyssa, touching Josh was an education in male pleasure. Of course, she would always be able to use this information against him whenever she liked.

That was the frustrating part of this, Josh realized. She made it feel good, yet this was just another phase of his training. His domestication.

"You're a good boy," she said. "I'm going to keep you. I can't wait to show you off. At school, you'll hold my hand and carry my books. You'll be so good. I can't wait for everyone to see us together as a couple!"

She giggled at the prospect.

Apparently lost in her own fantasy, she continued, "Just think about it. You'll do whatever I want. You're always going to be such a good boyfriend. You won't forget my birthday or any important dates. You'll always pay attention. Isn't that right?"

He didn't say anything.

"Promise me," she ordered.

"I promise," he said, not realizing the commands were becoming layered with in his mind, one protocol after another, each one dedicated to determining his future behaviors.

"That's right," she teased.

Alyssa kissed him again and reveled in the feel of his body.

Then she sat up, her back rigid as she unbuttoned her shirt. She shrugged it off, removed her bra, and then she leaned to down. "Suck," Alyssa commanded.

He knew he should fight this; he wanted to demonstrate some kind of resilience or independence. And yet, Josh just couldn't do it. He raised his mouth and started to suck on her nipple as she commanded.

For the next couple of seconds, she adored the feel of his mouth and tongue.

Of course, this just added to the heat running through her body. It felt like an inferno. And now, with her split wet, Alyssa decided to reward herself.

She sat up, stripped away her jeans and her panties. She was naked now, just like her slave. But unlike him, her nakedness felt right—powerful.

She reached down and told him to suck on her fingertips.

He obeyed.

With her legs spread, she started to masturbate on top of him. She moved one hand along her left breast. With her right hand, she stroked her slit. She moved her fingers down and up, just as she had done so many times underneath her blankets in the dark of night.

It took less than a few seconds for her to climax. The pleasure shot through her body, one quick pulse of satisfaction. It felt delicious, yet she craved more. That's why this girl leaned in again, brushing her mouth on his and rubbing her slit over his shaft. Through every wonderful second, she enjoyed him as though he were a toy.

On his back and unable to move, Josh learned what it meant to be truly helpless, especially because this girl took everything she

wanted from him.

But that was just the beginning.

“Josh, while I’m riding you, I want you to tell me about how much you’re going to enjoy being my slave.”

“Never,” he growled back at her.

Rather than get offended, she answered with just two words, “Do it.”

With those simple syllables, she stole away his free will and compelled him to follow her command.

She lifted herself up, aimed his shaft for her opening, and then she took him, enveloping his manhood as she enjoyed his surrender. She just took him! She could do whatever she wanted! “Oh, that feels good. I feel so good,” she growled with a wicked grin. She started to ride him, moving her body up and down as she enjoyed the strength, curves, and solidity of his cock.

Gliding her opening over him, she embraced every sensation. She savored the friction of their bodies against one another. “You’re so beautiful, Alyssa,” he told her.

“Keep going,” she purred.

“You’re so beautiful. I love the way the light shines on your hair. I love your eyes. You’re gorgeous, Alyssa. You’re so beautiful.”

She smiled, straightening her back and closing her eyes.

Everyone, whether male or female, could enjoy a good ego stroke. As she rode him, claiming him, he kept going, “I’m so grateful to be your slave. You know how to tame me.” He blinked after another second. Torn between embarrassment and ecstasy, Josh wasn’t thinking about the words coming out of his mouth.

If anything, they felt automatic, like some sort of new instinct, one he never knew he possessed.

“I love the way you touch me. You know exactly what it takes to make me hard,” he said.

“Good boy,” she said. “I love how you pant like a dog.”

Pant? Like a dog? Yes. He bristled again, but then she leaned in, so he could feel the soft squish of her breasts against his chest.

In the next couple of seconds, she slid her body up and down, so he became complacent. He didn’t think that this could end, only

then Alyssa felt a different urge, a new impulse, one she didn't wish to resist or deny.

She slipped all the way off of him. Instantly, she missed the friction of their bodies moving together, but she had something even better in mind.

She repositioned herself. Now, instead of straddling his hips, she pressed her slit against his face. She lowered herself down, going closer and closer to his mouth.

"You know what I want," she said. "We both know I'm going to get it. The only question is whether or not you need to be punished or humiliated along the way."

Now that she was poised directly above him like this, Josh could only look up and see her body. She seemed so much taller and more powerful than she had before. A shiver of dread ran down his back.

With a nervous gulp, he didn't know what to do; he didn't know what to say.

Her slit was right there, poised over his mouth. Josh shut his eyes, followed his instincts, and lifted his head. After everything he'd experienced with these gorgeous women, he knew that he couldn't resist or fight back. No, he had to obey. He was a boy, so he had to obey.

Raising his lips up, he kissed her slit. Then he stuck out his tongue, and he started to lick. It felt so right, so easy and natural.

Josh had never done this before. He'd never gone down on a girl before. Sure, he had been with someone who asked once, but he always thought that this was going to be humiliating and demeaning.

He had been right.

Even so, Alyssa had absolute power over him, so he swept his tongue up and down to pleasure her.

The flavor of her juices hit his taste buds. The heat of her body radiated outward. She slammed her hands against the wall as she lowered her hips down just another quarter inch. She impaled herself on his cock.

"That's incredible," she said, barely getting the words out. "You, you feel so good, Josh. That's right. Show me what you can

do. Show me how you're a good slave."

Silently, he desperately itched to shout that he wasn't a slave! He needed to tell this woman that he would break her hold over him.

But how?

And even if he managed to free himself, wouldn't they just show in the pattern again? It'd be so easy to ensnare him.

Whether he liked it or not, these girls had every advantage.

And worse, she braced one hand against the wall even as she reached back with her other arm. She wrapped her fingers around his wet shaft. She stroked him, rewarding him for his obedience.

This wasn't fair!

The girls could train him with three different approaches: pleasure, pain, and the program.

Josh surrendered.

He didn't know exactly when it happened, but while she touched him, he stopped worrying and fighting. He stopped trying to think for himself. Instead, he allowed himself to succumb to the temptations. He surrendered and lost himself in those long moments of subjugation. Maybe it didn't feel so bad when he allowed himself to think that he did this willingly.

He swiped his tongue up and down, left and right, swirling that tip just the way she liked. All the while, she kept squeezing him, her fingers lightly pressing down on his shaft.

It wasn't enough to get him off, but it still felt so good.

Pretty soon, he forgot about the fact that he was on his back, held helpless by her commands.

Instead, he embraced that storm of sensations.

An orgasm must have shot through her body because she cried out. She panted and moaned, making that high, keening sound. She arched her back, relaxed her grip on his member, and pulled away.

The next thing he knew, she straddled a different part of his body, his stomach this time. With her eyes brightened her face flushed, she looked down at him. "I could ride you now," she said.

Josh didn't wait for the order or insinuation. Instead, he nodded his head down and up, practically jerking his chin. "Yes,

please. Please, Alyssa, please, please!"

"Do I own you?"

Josh should have been prepared for that question. Somehow, it caught him off guard. "Yes." He said the word quickly, almost like he didn't really want to believe it or think about it.

She recognized what he was doing, so she reached down and brushed his cheeks with her fingertips. "No, Josh. You have to do better than that."

"Yes! Yes, you own me! Yes, I belong to you. I'm your slave!"

"And why are you my slave?"

At first, he didn't understand precisely what she expected to hear, only then he figured it out. She wanted to reinforce the fact that he was property, the fact that he was owned, the fact that he could belong to a girl.

"Jessica gave me to you," he told her. There. He said it. He acknowledged the fact that he was property that could be handed off from one female to another because he had no control.

"That's right!" She giggled, slipped back up onto her knees, only to lower herself down near his crotch.

The next thing he knew, Josh sensed her fingers at the base of his shaft. She aimed his member, sliding down until she enveloped him again.

He refrained from glancing up at this beautiful girl again, but the darkness of his eyelids was soon replaced by shimmering colors, rainbows slashing and dancing against one another.

Soon, he didn't pay attention to any of that. Instead, Josh lost himself to the overwhelming heat now running through his body. Time seemed to slow down and speed up. Within moments, he could feel his shaft pulsate again.

Yes.

She owned him.

Yes.

Alyssa had mastered him.

Yes.

Any girl could do it.

Josh hated those thoughts even as they reverberated between his ears. He didn't know where they came from, but they burrowed deep into him nonetheless, deep truths he couldn't ignore.

His shaft pulsed as he jerked his hips up. That was the only control she allowed him. And really soon, he was done, spent, exhausted and drained.

Alyssa leaned down and kissed him gently on the lips. "I'm taking you home with me," she said, turning those words into a promise. "You'll be such a good boyfriend because you'll treat me like your owner. Why's that again?"

Josh didn't want to answer, yet he knew any kind of defiance or hesitation would simply be met with punishment and discipline. "Because you own me, Alyssa."

"Alyssa?"

He recalled his training from before.

"Mistress," he said.

"That's right," she agreed, squeezing him again before finally releasing him from those psychological restraints.

As Michael Blackburn stood in front of his classroom, he glanced back at the empty desks. For a moment, his eyes drifted toward one spot in particular. During her last class meeting, he had gotten into an argument with one of the girls.

Stephanie.

He shook his head.

She was one of the students who enjoyed arguing with her instructor, not because she necessarily believed something in particular, but because she reveled in the attention.

Stephanie. He grimaced at the sound of her name. Sure, she was an especially attractive girl, but he hated how she deftly argued, shifting positions, cutting through fallacies, and quickly earning the respect of her peers.

Simply put, she stepped out of line.

He wondered what he was going to do about her.

She loved bringing up concepts like equality, equity, social justice, and fairness.



He shook his head, irritated with those euphemisms.

As far as Michael was concerned, he meant everything he said in his lectures. When he talked to his students about the value of tradition, he meant it. Certain values needed to be upheld, no matter what. Yes, women could be intelligent, and yes they could accomplish a lot, but the world would ultimately be better off if they assumed a subordinate role.

Men needed to take care of politics and technology. Women could see to the emotional needs of their husbands and children.

It was traditional, and tradition worked for a reason.

Of course, Mr. Blackburn ignored the numerous documents and accounts that discussed how unhappy so many women had been under this system.

Many smirked came to his lips. The next time Stephanie was in the room, he would deliver another lecture. But this time, it wouldn't be a discussion. Or if he allowed her to speak, it would be to answer a simple yes or no question. In this way, he could control the flow of the conversation.

Michael didn't really think about it, but he did enjoy the way so many of his cute, nubile students looked up at him. Many of the girls had crushes on him, he knew.

Although he had never crossed any professional boundaries, he did enjoy that sort of attention.

As those plans flitted through his mind, someone knocked on his classroom door. He strode over, opening it.

And there was a different girl.

Right away, Michael recognized Stephanie's little sister, Jessica.

"What can I do for you?" Michael asked, his tone loaded with condescension.

"Actually, I was talking to my sister, and she brought up some of the ideas you mentioned class. I was hoping we could talk about them?"

Michael had already gotten everything ready for his day. He had time.

At first, he meant to dismiss her, saying they would need to make a different appointment. But then, she held her hands together just over her waist, and she said, "Please?" The way she swayed from side to side made her look adorably feminine and helpless.

Yeah, Stephanie might have been a brat, but maybe there was hope for Jessica.

"Come in," he said, magnanimously stepping to the side.

When Jessica strolled into the room, she quickly walked back toward his desk toward the front of the class. As she negotiated her way between the rows of student desks, Michael enjoyed the view. He liked the way her dark hair cascaded down toward her shoulder blades. The light shimmered along the soft tresses, and then he especially enjoyed the view of her denim-clad rear end.

He smirked to himself, thinking about how much fun they could have.

But of course, that wasn't going to happen. He was a professional. Was his job to teach this girl how to behave.

Of course, if she behaved like her sister, then maybe she'd need a spanking.

As far as Michael was concerned, more females needed to be spanked. That would probably solve most of the world's problems.

That thought definitely brought another smile to his mouth.

He strode up along a different row, found his desk, and leaned against it. "What can I do for you?"

"I was hoping you could tell me more about your ideas. You know, the ones about traditional values."

"It's pretty simple," Michael said. "While I acknowledge that many women are capable of doing anything a man can do, that's not always the case." As far as he was concerned, that was actually very rarely the case, but he didn't think this girl needed to worry about such minutia.

He continued, "That said, both women and men have important roles to play in society. Then, traditionally, have been the ones to take the lead. I don't think there should be a problem with this. We can see that men are naturally more aggressive and less emotional. They are more rational, which means that they're better

suited to thinking about societal problems and innovation. Women, on the other hand, are clearly better with their feelings, so they should be charged with taking care of people. Like I said, it's all very normal, natural, and traditional."

"I see."

She pressed her lips together. For a moment, Michael thought he detected some sign of hesitation on her pretty face.

"So if I wanted to be a scientist, what would you tell me?"

"It's a free country," he said. "You're free to do whatever you like, but I think it would be a mistake."

"So every time you teach a girl, you encourage her to just find a nice guy to take care of her?"

"She'll take care of him, and he will take care of her," he replied, and edge slipping into his voice. "Keep in mind, Jessica, this kind of system only works if you have the right attitude. That's the problem with a lot of girls. They have bad attitudes. They think they can do everything, and it inevitably makes them miserable."

"Maybe men should help more," Jessica said, sounding a lot like her big sister.

"Everyone has their natural abilities and limitations."

"So you think I should be limited? You don't think I should try to be a scientist?"

He smiled at her. "Sweetie, listen to yourself. You're talking about the role of scientist as though it's one profession. You don't even know what you want to do. So maybe you should think about how you could help someone else instead."

"You're a such a chauvinist bastard," she said. "It's not fair that you are hot."

"Jessica, I think it's time for you to leave."

"Oh, I agree. But first, I need to show you something."

In several quick steps, she reached into her pocket, pulled out her phone, and held it up in front of his face.

Michael really had no idea what he was supposed to be seeing, only then it didn't matter because his thoughts dissipated altogether. Bright light flashed from her device, slamming into his

retinas. Not only that, his ears and brain registered high-frequency sounds, noises that he couldn't consciously detect or understand.

Time stopped for him.

When Jessica first arrived, there had been about thirty minutes before class would start. But then he blinked, and everything shifted; it all became different. At first, he wasn't sure what had happened. Something felt off—wrong or out of sync.

Then it occurred to him. Was the room brighter?

Some light streamed in a little bit more aggressively from the windows.

Then he glanced over at the clock, and class was about to start in just a few minutes.

"I need to go to my class," Jessica said, turning around fast enough to make her hair bounce against her shoulder blades. Moments later, she was out of the room, leaving Michael Blackburn alone.

"Bitch," he muttered, thinking this had all been some kind of stupid, adolescent prank. If anything, Jessica just proved that girls didn't have the maturity to handle real science or any major decisions.

She was just a girl.

He had no idea.

When Jessica left his classroom, she skipped off, grinning brightly. The bell rang, and she had to get to class. She rushed between the halls, holding on tight to her backpack.

She sat through her first class, then the next one, and finally her third one. Finally, after several hours of impatient waiting, Jessica could walk back into his room.

Lots of other students had already appeared, but Jessica looked forward to this. In fact, she sat in her usual spot in the middle of the room with her back straight. She even pulled out her binder, some paper, and her favorite pen.

After a little while, her teacher stood in front of the room as he often did. And as usual, he exuded that same charisma and confidence whenever he addressed his pupils. "It's good to see

everyone here,” he said. He seemed to focus his gaze on Jessica for several long seconds before sweeping his vision over the rest of the room.

“Before we get started today, I want to discuss some ideas of ideology. In particular, I want you to talk to me about identity.”

Oh, he just couldn’t help himself.

Jessica grinned and rubbed her hands together, amused by this development.

“Identity?” One of the other students asked after Michael called on her.

*Michael.*

Jessica didn’t know exactly when this happened, but she started to think of her teacher in terms of his first name, not some honorific.

*Michael.*

She breathed out slowly, wondering exactly how the next few minutes would proceed. He obviously had something in mind.

“That’s right,” Michael said to her. “Identity. Identity politics have become wildly important. Whether you identify as conservative or liberal, your vision of the world and how you self-identify has become incredibly important to society.”

Jessica raised her hand; she couldn’t help but notice her teacher refused to call on her. Instead, he looked right past her as though she turned invisible. Apparently, she hadn’t been cheerful enough for him that morning. Or maybe he was unnerved by the flashing lights she had held up in front of his face.

“Self-identity conveys so much about yourself. If you are a conservative, you might be primarily interested in defending something you believe is in danger. Honestly, I think there’s a lot of wisdom there. If you’re more of a liberal,” he said, nearly snorting the word. “Then you want to see the world change, often without really thinking about what the consequences could be.”

Jessica understood that she was younger and less experienced than her teacher. She probably didn’t know as much about politics or sociology, but she hated the way this guy could talk about all of this stuff. What made *him* such an expert?

Far too often, teachers got off topic. They started to delve into issues and ideas that really had nothing to do with their specific disciplines and classes.

Michael was no exception. “Look at young women today. So often, they think that they should completely disregard everything that previous generations believed. They ignore the biological component.”

The same girl from before squeaked up, “Biological component?” She sounded truly confused, as though she couldn’t imagine what such a thing might be.

“That’s right. You are female, which means you have an incredibly important task, set by evolution and society. It is your job to carry children.”

The girl smiled like this was supposed to be some kind of honor for her. He may as well have just declared her to be nothing but breeding stock.

Jessica understood the importance of parenthood, but she also recognized that lots of women wanted to be geneticists, politicians, or rocket scientists. Forcing them into one category couldn’t be good for anyone, especially considering that women who didn’t want to be mothers would probably suck at it.

“By that logic, shouldn’t we abandon monogamy?” Jessica asked, calling out her question without waiting for her teacher’s permission.

Michael sneered at her for just a moment with one corner of his mouth hardening before he said, “What do you mean?”

“Well, just think about it. At least from a male perspective, the biological parameters are pretty clear. A woman needs to find a mate, some guy who is willing to help raise his children. From the male perspective, he would be better off with a variety of different women. Isn’t that right?”

Plenty of her classmates started to snicker.

“I think you’re getting a little bit off—” Mr. Blackburn began to say, only Jessica interrupted him.

“Let me speak,” she told him.

The teacher relaxed. Instantly, she recognized the complacent expression of obedience as it spread across his handsome face. She had seen it on Josh's face plenty of times before she gave it that boy or to one of her best friends.

Several students glanced back at Jessica, perhaps recognizing something strange or different had just taken place. Other students simply relaxed, zoning out as they only half listened to the conversation.

"Girls deserve a chance to be in charge," she said. "You agree, don't you?"

"Some girls might deserve an opportunity, but that doesn't mean the majority should—"

"Agree with me."

"I agree with you," he said right away.

Several other girls, the ones who had been paying attention and were probably annoyed but hadn't wanted to disagree with the guy who controlled their grades suddenly started to snicker and giggle. Jessica enjoyed those sounds.

"I'm glad you do. What you were saying before was bone-headed and idiotic, right?"

"Yes," he agreed.

"Say it," she ordered.

"What I was saying before," he clarified, "It was bone-headed and idiotic."

From there, Michael stumbled back, almost as though he had been slapped across the face. He looked around the room, and it was clear he recalled exactly what he had said, only he didn't understand why. What could've possibly possessed him to agree with the student, especially regarding something that was so obviously incorrect?

Girls weren't supposed to be leaders, not really. A few may have had the potential, but embracing that only meant defying their biological and social obligations.

"Go ahead and offer us some extra credit," Jessica said.

"Yes. Extra credit," he agreed. He turned around and immediately began to write something on the whiteboard. It was a

simple assignment, just a little bit of writing. Jessica picked up her pen, and she started to work.

After her class with Michael, Jessica was supposed to scurry off with the rest of her classmates. Most had a lunch period now, including Jessica, but she instead got up and walked to the front of the room. She leaned against the closest desk, crossed her legs, and brought her arms over her chest as she waited for her teacher to say something.

“Do you have lunch now?” she asked innocently.

“Jessica, our class is over. It’s time for you to leave.”

“Answer me. Do you have a class now?”

“No,” he said, sounding almost robotic. “I don’t have class now.”

“So that means you can do whatever I want,” she said, more to herself than him.

Michael immediately shook his head.

“Jessica, get out of my classroom now,” he growled. He attempted to command her, thinking his authority would be sufficient, which only proved how little this boy understood.

In fact, her teacher didn’t realize it yet, but he had become the subordinate.

“No,” she said.

“Are you going to make me call security?” Michael asked with a disdainful sigh, as though he didn’t need to worry about her at all.

In fact, he already had his phone in his hand.

“Put that down,” she said.

Another thrill ran through her body when he set the phone down. He had to do whatever she said!

“You know, I’ve always thought you’re very cute, Michael.”

His eyes widened when he heard her use his first name. She was a student! She wasn’t supposed to do that!

“Don’t address me as an equal,” he said when he finally got his thoughts in order.

But then she pushed herself away from the desk, and she sauntered closer and closer. In her denim and snug top, she looked



gorgeous, he thought—like some delicious temptation. Michael never would have admitted it, but maybe this girl was capable of intimidating him.

Was such a thing possible?

No, it couldn't be.

And yet, when she came closer and closer, Michael walked backwards until he bumped his shoulders against the whiteboard.

"Get out of here," he finally said. "I won't tell you again."

"No," she agreed. "You won't. This is what you're going to do instead. Go lock the doors."

When she issued the command, his expression shifted. All of the tension vanished as he seemed completely neutral. He had no problem doing this. He had no problem obeying this girl.

Obediently, Michael spun around and walked to the back door. He closed it, shutting it and locking it.

"Lower the blinds," she ordered as well for good measure. He obeyed once again, not even hesitating.

From there, he navigated between the other desks to go to the front door. He closed it and locked it as well.

"There. We have some privacy."

Jessica decided to walk over to his desk where she sat down and kicked up her feet, crossing them over the edge of his desk.

Now his thoughts came back because he had obeyed her orders, and Michael looked around with a confused expression on his handsome face. Clearly, he didn't understand. He didn't know what had happened.

"Jessica, you're going to be in so much trouble for this."

"For what?" she taunted.

"For—" he started, only she cut him off.

"Be quiet."

It seemed like he had more to say. His expression shifted, twitching with frustration and aggravation, but he still believed he was just dealing with some precocious girl. As smart as Michael wanted to believe men could be, he had no idea how to anticipate her control.

“What’s wrong? Can’t talk? Oh, that’s okay. You spend way too much time with your mouth open anyway. This way, you might actually learn something.”

His eyes grew wide with shock, and he blazed with hot aggression. He started to stride toward her. It looked like he might want to grab her, maybe even shove her up against the wall.

Fortunately, Jessica didn’t have to tolerate his bad behavior. His strength meant nothing. “Stop,” she said.

He froze in place.

“Hold your hands behind your back. Keep your back straight.”

Josh had assumed the same position, but now it was her teacher’s turn. Without hesitation or complaint, he followed her commands as though she were royalty. That made him a peasant. That made him a *slave*.

Oh, she enjoyed that idea quite a bit.

“Michael, I don’t like the way you’ve been teaching her classes. I hate it when you talk down to your students. You talk about traditional values like that means we can’t change or adapt. But there’s a problem. If you don’t innovate, you can’t succeed. Sorry. Tradition can only take you so far. It might be reassuring and it might feel good, but you’re going to have to do better than that.”

He hated the way she talked down to him!

Who did this girl think she was?

Worse, he could breathe and look around, yet he felt like a toy soldier, trapped in position as he listened to her.

She circled him now, moving her eyes up and down his body. She studied his black, shining leather shoes, his dark trousers, and his leather belt. Oh, she liked the belt. Different, wicked ideas materialized behind her lovely eyes.

“Very nice,” she said, finally reaching up and placing a hand on his chest.

Before this, he had so much authority, both based off of his professional position, but also his stature. Michael was reasonably tall. Not only that, she had no problem reading his physique. He worked out.

This was the kind of man who wanted to show off. He probably enjoyed the adoring looks from his female students, girls who wished that circumstances could have been a little bit different.

Again and again, Michael attempted to speak. He needed to regain control of his mouth! And yet, as hard as he tried, he couldn't force his body to comply with his wishes. It felt like his brain sent signals that simply got lost on their way back to his lips. His mouth didn't move, his vocal cords wouldn't vibrate, and he still stood there like an idiot!

"I bet you're getting really frustrated," she said, tapping his cheek with the palm of her hand.

Michael wanted to grab her.

In fact, his body may have been paralyzed, yet his thoughts continued to spin and thrash behind his eyes. It was so easy to imagine grabbing her, bending her over one of these desks, and spanking her hard. Oh yeah, he wanted to hear her cry out, whimper, gasp, and apologize.

But that wasn't going to happen, not while Jessica was in charge.

She placed her hand on the back of his head and pulled, forcing him to look down into her eyes. "Michael, this is going to be hard for you to understand, but you don't get to be your own man anymore. Can you guess why?"

She didn't command him to answer, so his voice remained trapped in his throat.

"You belong to me now. You're mine."

Obviously, Michael didn't understand. As an instructor, he thought he had the right to do whatever he wished. This arrogant man expected dozens of young students to listen to him every day. Overconfidence came with his territory, but Jessica smirked. Then she stepped back, crossed her arms again, and she gave him another order. "Strip naked."

His eyes widened even as his hands began to move. He loosened his belt and his pants. He slipped his feet out of his shoes without even undoing the ties. He yanked down his pants and boxers in the same movement, exposing his genitals. From there, he took

off his shirt and undershirt. Within moments, he was naked, but at least he could move again.

Later on, Michael would regret his hesitation. Looking around, obviously confused, he didn't know what to do, probably because he didn't understand why he'd follow her orders.

Now that he had followed her commands, Michael realized that he could move. He took a tentative step closer, but she halted him again. "Stop."

He froze again.

"Tell me. What do you think is happening right now?"

Michael was ashamed of the panic that soaked into his voice as he called out, "I don't know!"

"Are you scared?"

"No." Now he managed to summon some anger, stabbing it into his one-word answer.

"Tell me the truth: are you scared?"

"Yes," he hissed back at her.

As she had done with her first slave, Jessica circled him, letting her eyes move up and down his body. She enjoyed this more than she expected. Getting to assess and determine his value sent a special thrill running through her body.

She reached down and pinched his buttock. From there, she slid her hand along his thigh.

She had never been this casual with a man before.

As she circled him, she saw something else.

Michael Bradburn, the vaunted teacher and lecturer, was starting to get aroused.

"You like being helpless, don't you?"

"No!"

"Tell me the truth. Are you getting turned on right now?"

When he was forced to answer, he sensed his shaft stiffen. Michael hated his body for betraying him like this, that he couldn't steal away control over his penis any more than he could pick his heartrate.

"Horny boy," she said, stepping in front of him. "I like this."

“Stop this. Look, I don’t know what you’re doing, but you need to stop it right now. If you let me go, I promise I won’t report you to the administration.”

Jessica glanced at him, arched an eyebrow, and her expression remained entirely neutral, at least for one, two, three full seconds. All the while, Michael started to hope. Big mistake.

Because the next thing Jessica did was laugh at him. She threw her head back, and she giggled uncontrollably, as though he had just said something really, really funny.

As she laughed in his face, Michael had no choice but to stand there like an idiot. He fought to move, yet her previous order had paralyzed again, rendering him helpless.

“Tell me, do you ever have dirty thoughts about your students?”

“No, of course not. That would be unethical and completely unprofessional.”

“But you’re a boy. Boys have certain *needs*. They can’t control themselves. It’s really a shame. I mean, girls don’t go wild because of their sex drives. They don’t make the kinds of stupid mistakes boys do.”

“You have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Have you ever checked out one of your students?”

Michael was about to lie, only then her eyes sparkled deliciously as she said, “Be honest with me. You don’t get to lie, not this time, Michael.”

He bristled inside, sensing his muscles tense. Maybe he couldn’t move, yet he could still flex and tense his body. “Yes.”

“Have you ever checked me out?”

“Yes,” he said.

“Really?”

Jessica did a little spin. She twirled, letting her hair rise up behind her as she did so. Then she stopped, tilted her head to the side, and smiled at him brightly. Those movements made her seem more like a flirtatious cheerleader.

None of this helped him get rid of his erection.

“Did you like that?”

“Yes.”

“Which part did you like the most?”

She didn’t tell him to be honest or to answer, so he stared straight ahead, stoic and unresponsive. This was the only way he could rebel, at least for the moment. Behind his eyes, Michael kept trying to imagine this girl bent over one of these desks, helpless as he punished her for this unconscionable disobedience.

He was a teacher. He was supposed to be in charge! This girl was supposed to respect him.

And yet, she objectified and teased him. She treated him the way he thought men should treat all women. If the irony had occurred to Michael, he probably wouldn’t have appreciated it.

Then her hand drifted down toward his crotch.

Lost in his own thoughts, he hardly realized what was about to happen until he felt the soft squeeze of her hand wrapped around his shaft.

“Oh, look at that. I guess I get to fantasize about you now. I like checking you out, Mr. Blackburn.”

“You can’t do this.”

“Then stop me.” She made it sound so easy and obvious, but Michael didn’t know what to do!

Another wave of scalding aggression ran through his body, yet it all stayed trapped underneath his skin.

“That’s right. You can’t stop me, can you? Nope. In fact, I’m going to tell you to do something embarrassing right now. Get down on your hands and knees and grovel before me.”

He lowered himself to his knees, and he bent forward, pressing his forms to the dirty, linoleum floor. Naked before this girl, he felt as though he were worshiping her. She had become a goddess, which left him as little more than a bug in her presence.

“That’s right. You belong on your knees, don’t you? Tell me you belong on your knees.”

“I belong on my knees!”

She walked around him, stopped near his backside, leaned down slightly, and then she pinched his behind.

“Stop that!”

“But this is so much fun. Besides, you have a nice tight butt.”

“Get away from me!” This time, he sounded more plaintive.

“No, I don’t think so,” she replied. “I like having you this way, Michael. I like knowing I can make you do whatever I want. You see, there’s going to be a very specific power dynamic in our relationship.”

“We don’t have a relationship.”

“Oh, if you keep saying things like that, you might hurt my feelings. You wouldn’t want to do that, would you?”

Her question hung on the air, giving him the opportunity to really consider what he wished to do and how he meant to respond. If Michael messed this up, he might antagonize and annoy her. There could be consequences.

“No. I don’t want to hurt your feelings,” he puffed, hating the way his voice trembled slightly. She was just a student; she wasn’t supposed to be able to scare him!

And yet, she did easily and effortlessly.

“Now be honest with me. When you checked me out, what did you like what you saw?”

“I won’t say,” he told her.

“Why not? You won’t hurt my feelings. I’m sure I’ll be flattered.” Another little giggle accentuated those words.

Michael didn’t know how to respond. Bowing his head down again, he nibbled on the inside of his mouth. Finally, he said. “You’re a hot girl. You have a nice ass, great legs, beautiful hair, and incredible breasts.”

She clapped her hands together, tilted her whole body to the side, and cooed, “Oh, that’s so nice of you to say!” She came off like a flattered actress. “And you know, I’m going to be really proud to own you.”

“You can’t own me,” he said.

“Are you sure about that? Because right now, I think you’re my toy. I think I could make you be my dog or my dolly. I could dress you up in something adorable or embarrassing.” She snapped her fingers. “Have you ever thought about wearing panties?”

He jerked his head up and down as the color drained away from his cheeks.

“Oh, what’s wrong? A big strong man like you can’t handle wearing some panties?”

“That is *not* going to happen,” he growled back at her.

“We’ll see,” Jessica replied.

She braced herself in front of him now, and he glared at her, first her feet, then her legs and hips. Finally, his sight settled on her beautiful face. He tried not to be attracted to her, yet he still couldn’t help himself.

“You know, I’ve had boys go down on me before, but never someone like you. Ask for permission to lick and serve me.”

Lick her? Serve her?

*Never!*

Michael had been the kind of guy who was attractive enough that he didn’t need to worry about oral. As far as he saw things, real men didn’t do that. A girl might end up on her knees, sucking a dick, but men had more dignity. Men weren’t servants! They didn’t get used!

Despite all of those beliefs, the teacher looked at his student and said, “May I lick you? May I serve you?”

“You may,” she said, moving back toward the desk. Once she was ready, she sat on the edge. That desk. It always been his symbol of authority in his own classroom. When students approached, they were always just a little bit nervous, wondering whether or not their questions were worth his time and attention.

Now he approached, fell to his knees, and lifted his head up between her legs.

“Have you ever done this before?”

“I’ve never gone down on a student,” he said, doing his best to hide the truth.

Jessica saw through his deception right away. “No,” she said with a little giggle. “That’s not what I meant. Have you ever gone down on a girl?”

“Yes,” he said. “Of course.”



Since she hadn't ordered him to be honest with this question, he could try to lie to her.

Unfortunately, Jessica had spent a lot of time studying how this man communicated, so she arched an eyebrow. She detected something. Whether it was conscious or subconscious, Michael couldn't know, but she decided to pry the information from him.

"Tell me the truth. Have you ever gone down a girl?"

"No. I have never gone down on the girl," he said automatically.

"Oh? Really? Why not?"

She sounded more curious than anything else.

When he didn't respond right away, she grabbed his hair, pulled his head back, and glared down into his eyes. "Tell me the truth. Why haven't you gone down on a girl before? I'm sure you've been with lots of young women."

"Real men don't go down on girls," he said.

"Oh? Really?" A combination of disbelief and amusement rippled through her voice. She had no problem repeating what he said, but then she giggled again. "I guess that means you're not a real man."

"Yes, I am!"

"Tell me you're not a real man."

Her voice compelled him, "I'm not a real man."

"Tell me you're nothing more than a slave."

"I'm nothing more than a slave." As he spoke, Jessica enjoyed that expression as it played along his face. Distant. Serene. Relaxed. He really did come off as a robot when she gave those sorts of orders. His free will vanished, subsumed by the programming she had exposed him to.

"Very good," Jessica said. "I'm looking forward to playing with you. Now, ask for permission to lick me."

"Please, may I lick you?"

"You have to do better than that. Beg."

Her eyes blazed as the command shot through his body.

"Please, may I lick you? Please, may I go down on you? I desperately need to go down on you! Please, please allow me the

honor of serving you.”

“You know, my last slave addressed me as Mistress.”

That was a suggestion, not a direct order.

Jessica waited, wondering what he might be willing to sacrifice for the chance to please her.

Not enough.

“Say I’m your Mistress.”

“You’re my Mistress,” he replied dutifully and automatically.

“Yes, I am. I’m your Mistress, which means I own you, which means you *will* pleasure me. Use your hands and your mouth, slave.”

There. She had done it, ordering him to serve her, so now he leaned in, his lips brushing over her slit, his cheeks grazing her inner thighs. Simultaneously, Michael instinctively reached up with his hands. He stroked her shins and the backs of her knees before touching her hips and thighs.

A second later, he slid his tongue over her opening. He was licking a student’s pussy. He was on his knees as she sat on his desk, taking every ounce of dignity he once possessed.

Or so he thought. Michael didn’t realize it could get much worse.

“Good boy. That’s right. Keep licking. Oh yes. That feels so good. This is where real men belong. They should all be on their knees, enslaved,” she purred, closing her eyes and fantasizing about something else.

The idea entertained her far more than she wanted to admit, but Jessica started to imagine something else entirely, a different kind of world.

For so long, men had been in control. Sure, feminism had brought waves of change and a new social order, one where opportunities were supposed to be equal. But what if women had the upper hand? What if they could effortlessly win every competition while the boys looked on, powerless and easily defeated?

What would the world look like *then*?

Jessica had never imagined herself as a social architect before.

Maybe she needed to reconsider her options.

Her cheeks flushed brightly as pleasure pulsed through her body, gripping her tightly. She held onto the edges of his desk, her fingers clutching down as he continued to slide his tongue up and down, then left and right as he traced little patterns. He could feel her engorged clit underneath the tip of his tongue as he served her.

Unquestioningly, Michael obeyed her command, yet his thoughts began to crystallize again. She was blushing from pleasure. He felt the heat cascade through his body, only his originated from shame and embarrassment.

This was his student!

He was supposed to teach her, training her to follow the rules. Then someone knocked on the door.

"Don't worry about it," Jessica said. "I'm sure they'll go away."

He tried to pull his head back, to withdraw. Michael may have been forced to lick her, yet he could still think for himself. The same visitor knocked on the door again, sending a cold spasm of fear running down his back.

What if someone saw him like this?

Obviously, he would be fired for misconduct. Worse, his reputation would be utterly annihilated.

When most male teachers had sex with students, it was because they had taken control, seizing some young woman, manipulating her into something she wasn't ready for. But here, Michael was obviously the one being used.

Granted, no one would believe it. A magic computer program that gave this girl control? Preposterous!

He continued to move his head up and down as he licked her, pleasing her with every moment.

"What if they walk in here?"

Michael told himself that couldn't happen, that he had locked the doors. He had, right? Someone couldn't just push on the door and walk in, right?

Those horrifying scenarios played behind his eyes.

"What if they hear me?"

A third knock came at the door.

Michael redoubled his efforts. Now he licked her almost desperately, sliding his tongue up and down, all while he hoped to make her climax sooner rather than later. After her orgasm, she would let him go.

Another knock.

He had to do this!

Whoever wanted to talk to him seemed determined.

Servicing her as best he could, Michael focused. He went deep. He teased her, and he focused on her pleasure. He tried to listen to the little sounds she made. But what if she climaxed and cried out? The other person on the other side of that door might assume she needed help.

No, Michael couldn't allow himself to think of that.

Instead, he concentrated on making her feel good.

Then he could get dressed. Then he could go back to his life. Her little game would be over.

Or so he believed.

Michael kept swiping his tongue up and down. He teased her as best he could, flicking his tongue until she grabbed his shoulders, pitched down, and cried out. She panted like a wild animal, gasping and nearly shrieking.

But it wasn't over.

Michael tried to pull his head back.

"Don't stop," she ordered, nearly breathless.

His eyes widened, yet her power compelled to obey, so he kept his head wedged right there between her inner thighs. He kept licking, doing exactly what she wanted. His tongue may have gotten tired, and his neck may have ached, yet Michael had no choice. He kept going, servicing her with everything he had.

As she tightened her grip, she looked down at him. She loved the steady movements of his head, the rhythm of his shoulders even as she pinched him underneath her fingertips.

He kept his eyes closed, which gave him this focused expression. She loved it.

Other guys probably went down on their girlfriends and wives perfunctorily, as though they had to perform a chore. Michael, on the

other hand, worshiped her body. She loved the way his fingers continued to glide over her legs. Those extra sensations accented the pleasure already dancing through her body.

This was amazing. It felt so wonderfully good, and she was sad to see it stop, but the next orgasm was coming, more powerful and intense than she expected.

Owning Josh had been fun. Claiming Michael felt even better. Yes, she'd definitely found her slave.

In fact, she wanted him to know, so she said, "I'm keeping you, Michael. I'm going to make sure that you learn to obey me without question. Hell, I want you to learn to anticipate my commands."

Just the day before, Michael would've chided her for her use of inappropriate language in a classroom. Now he was naked on his knees, forced to serve her.

"Yes. Keep going. A little bit deeper. That's right. Oh yes, that feels so good. You're doing such a good job. I think you were born for this, Michael. You're not supposed to be a teacher. You're not supposed to be in command. You're a slave boy. My slave boy!"

Slave boy.

Those two words alone pushed her over the edge. She embraced her orgasm, letting the pleasure flared through her body. It overwhelmed her, making her arch her back as she cried out again, letting the sounds of her impassioned screams bounce off of the walls.

And then it was over. She put her hand on his forehead and shoved him back. He stumbled, landing on his buttocks and palms as he looked up at her.

"Get dressed," she commanded.

He obeyed immediately, pulling back on all of his clothing. And once he finished, Jessica decided to walk around him. She left her jeans on the floor for the next few seconds, although she had pulled her panties back into place.

"You did a very good job, Michael. I'm looking forward to seeing you again." Then she leaned in and said, "Don't tell anyone about this."

Finally, she grabbed a pen from his desk, pulled off the cap, and started to write on the back of his hand.

*P/O Jessica.*

She patted his cheek, headed out of the classroom, and left him alone there.

As Michael went through the rest of his day, he mostly sat behind his desk. Fortunately, he always had different book assignments he could give his students. They'd read a chapter and answers questions. It was little more than glorified busywork, but it allowed him to sit there and try to understand what had happened.

Bizarrely, he kept looking down at what she had written on the back of his hand. Whenever a student came up to ask question, he had to drop his knuckles out of sight, just to make sure no one saw.

And yet, when he was alone, he kept thinking about the ink on his hand.

*P/O Jessica.*

Stunned by everything that happened, he hadn't understood what those letters were supposed to mean, not at first anyway. Michael stared down at the simple writing on the back of his hand.

Property of Jessica.

That's what she meant with those symbols.

Property of Jessica.

He closed his eyes, hissed through his teeth, and did his best to ignore his erection.

As he taught his classes over the course of the day, he had to face a simple fact: he was turned on. Somehow, that girl had aroused him even as she kept humiliating him.

No!

One of his students came up to ask a question, and Michael pretty much snarled at her, frightening her. Under other circumstances, he might've actually enjoyed that. But as things stood, he knew he was going to see that dark-haired girl again. Jessica.

Lots of girls named Jessica had walked through his classroom door. They always seemed bubbly and ditzy to him, like that name

alone might be enough to transform them. And yet, now he tapped his fingers aggressively against the surface of his desk.

Strangely, his students must have picked up on his mood because none of them talked out of turn or misbehaved. Sure, a few pulled out their phones, yet Michael didn't care, not today.

Every time he closed his eyes, he felt himself kneeled before her. Simultaneously, he had to wonder if that had been some sort of bizarre delusion.

Because really, a girl couldn't just order him around!

He had free will, so he made his own decisions, just as he controlled his body. Some coed couldn't tell him to do something, forcing him to obey.

Gritting his teeth, he balled his fists and tried to figure out what he could do. On some level, he was even tempted to kick his students out of his classroom simply so he could start throwing desks around. That would have been satisfying, only it would've gotten him fired too.

After his final class, he would go talk to a medical professional, he decided. He would make an appointment with his doctor, do a neurological evaluation, and determine if that really had just been some kind of waking nightmare.

He went online and made the appointment.

But then the final bell rang, his students filed out, and Michael headed over to go lock the door. Just as he started to close it, someone stuck a petite foot out, stopping him.

Michael looked up.

He almost dropped his keys; his muscles hardened as his fight-or-flight reaction kicked in.

"Hello, Michael," Jessica said without checking to see if any other students were around. Fortunately, he was alone in his classroom. Or maybe that'd just lead to an even worse disaster.

"Step back," she commanded.

His body obeyed. Feeling like a passenger inside of his own skin, Michael had no choice but to comply with her wishes. He retreated several steps, and she sauntered in, swaying her hips.

"I found today to be very refreshing. I was thinking we could have another session."

"Nothing happened," Michael insisted.

"Tell me what happened," she ordered with a casual wave of her hand.

It was that easy for her.

"You came in here, ordered me around, and forced me to give you oral sex."

"I forced you? Oh, did I tie you down? Did I put you in a dog collar and on a leash and thank you crawl around your classroom? Is that what I did, Michael?"

Since she didn't phrase the words his command, he found it still think for himself. He could choose precisely what he wished to say.

"Look, Jessica, I know you and I have had problems in the past, but I think this needs to end now." He did his best to sound firm and diplomatic, yet he still spoke with his usual condescension.

"Quiet," she ordered. She strolled right up to him, jabbed him in the chest, and said, "You see? I'm in charge now. I get to make you do whatever I want. And right now, I want you to strip down to your boxers."

"Why?"

She said what she wanted; she didn't force him to obey.

"Because it'll entertain me," she said precisely.

Michael hesitated. His hands drifted up toward his shirt once again, only then he stopped himself. "No. I'm not going to do it."

"Do it," she answered.

That was all it took. His best reserves of determination and strength fell away, utterly annihilated by her power. He yanked off his shirt, his shoes and socks, everything but his boxers. And once he was mostly naked, Jessica ran her fingers along his body. She touched his chest and felt his heart pound.

"You're getting scared," she said.

"No," he tried to lie.

"It's okay. You can be scared of a little girl like me. After all, I'm stronger than you."



“You’re not!”

She leaned up, whispered something into his ear, and he blinked, confused. Somehow, he couldn’t remember what she had just said, only it didn’t really seem to matter either.

“I have a deal for you.”

“What?”

“Do you think you’re stronger than me?”

“I know I am!”

“Then prove it,” she teased. “We’ll arm wrestle for your freedom.”

His eyes widened. “What? You’re not just going to tell me to obey you or something?”

She shook her head; she didn’t say anything.

Sounding intrigued, Michael actually wondered if this girl had gone completely insane. He was obviously stronger than her! How did she think she could possibly beat him in an arm wrestling match?

Michael bit down, thought about it, and decided he didn’t have any choice. Yeah, he could do this.

He sat down, and she followed. She braced her elbows in position, Michael must’ve wanted to laugh, especially when he looked at her skinny arms.

“Come on,” she said.

He positioned himself, brought his hand up, and then they started after she counted to three.

Michael tried to force her hand down. With every second, he waited for her to say something, to cheat. Inevitably, he started to push her down, just a little bit at a time.

Her eyes shined with effort as she fought. But then, Michael expected this match to already be over. It should have been easy. He should have slammed her knuckles down into the flat of the desk within a second. The moments kept ticking by, and he was making progress, a little bit at a time.

It didn’t matter.

Maybe she worked out a lot. Maybe she was stronger than she looked.

Really, Michael didn’t care so long as he defeated her.

“You’re trying your best, aren’t you?”

He didn’t answer.

At any moment, she could force him to lose. And yet, she braced herself, and that’s when she said, “This is me doing my best.” It wasn’t a command. It had no effect on him. And yet, he could feel her strength double, then triple! More and more, she pushed him up and back and down. By inch, his arm trembled as he fought with everything he possessed. Sweat broke out along his brow even as he panted through his nostrils.

Moments later, she forced him down, his knuckles pushing into the other side of the table. She let go, pulled back, and smirked at him. “Well? What does that mean?”

“You beat me,” he said, practically breathless. As hard as he tried to, Michael simply couldn’t believe or accept it.

This girl, this little girl, had somehow been stronger!

“And did I cheat?”

“No.” He forgot about how she had approached and whispered something into his ear before. But then, Michael may not have been creative enough to imagine how this girl could control what he did or did not remember.

“Does that mean I’m stronger than you?”

Michael couldn’t answer. He was bigger than her, so he should have been stronger as well. It was only logical!

The petite girl sitting across from him waited for him to answer. When he refused, she said, “Tell me the truth. Am I stronger than you?”

“Yes, you’re stronger than me,” he replied automatically.

Once the words were out, Michael bristled again, blushing. He hated the way the heat played along his cheeks and down his neck. This wasn’t right or fair! He shouldn’t have lost to her!

His temper flared, he slammed his fist down against the table, and then he jumped to his feet.

“No. I don’t want you standing. Kneel in front of me.”

Michael lost control of his body as he fell forward, lowering himself down onto his knees, exactly where this powerful girl wished for him to be.

From there, he looked up at her.

She ran her fingers through his hair and down his cheeks. “That’s right,” she said. “You belong on your knees. You should always be lower than me. And that reminds me. I like seeing you in your boxers, but you should probably be naked for the next part. You know, like a dog.”

“I am *not* a dog,” he growled back at her without moving to remove his boxers.

Like so many other students, Jessica carried a backpack, only now she reached into it and pulled out two items: a dark blue collar and a matching leash.

“You were saying?” Jessica asked, taunting him even as she swung the leash gently from side to side. Really, the young girl in front of him simply wished to tease him. She drank in that the look of shock even as it mixed with a healthy dose of apprehension.

“Oh, don’t feel bad,” she said. “You’re just a *boy*. You aren’t smart enough to keep up with me.”

He revealed his teeth even as he hissed, but then she said, “Lift your chin for me. Make it nice and easy for me to put this around your neck.”

She leaned in, ready to loop the collar around his throat, only he reached up, desperate to stop her.

About an inch before his fingertips could make contact with her hands, she ordered, “Stop. Settle down.”

He froze. He had no choice; he had to obey—like always.

“That’s better,” Jessica said, just as confident as before. “You don’t want to try to stop me. You know you’re going to feel so much better when you’re wearing a dog collar.”

“Where did that come from?”

Jessica was glad that he could still speak. “I got it from a pet store.”

“You planned all of this,” he breathed.

“No, not really. I went during my lunch break,” she answered.

Michael itched to grab her, threw her down, and take command of the situation. But every time he tried to move, his body

didn't even twitch. It felt as though he were a brain encased in stone, his body locked up like a statue.

All the while, she came closer and closer. She brought the dog collar up around his neck.

Click.

He heard the clasp snap together, and he shivered, humiliated even more.

"Are you embarrassed? Are you ashamed of the fact that you can't stop me?"

Michael chose not to answer, primarily because he didn't want to give her the satisfaction.

"Tell me. Are you embarrassed right now?" Jessica asked, forcing the issue. When she wanted something from her teacher, she could get it with ease.

More and more, Michael came to realize this, yet he still hated these circumstances.

"You're cute when you pout," she said. Then she connected the leash to the collar, and she leaned his down again to look right into his eyes. "Tell me, have you ever wondered what it would be like to be walked around your classroom like a dog?"

"Stop this game right now," he said, channeling as much authority as he could muster.

Unfortunately for Michael, it didn't do any good.

She threw her head back, and she laughed at him—again. Why wouldn't she? As far as Jessica was concerned, Michael didn't deserve any respect. He was a pet and a toy into plaything, just as Josh had been.

"You know, you're not the first boy I've trained," she told him.

His eyes flickered wider for a second. "Before, I started with a guy my age. But I like knowing that I have you, my brilliant teacher, on a leash. It's even more delicious this way."

From there, she held onto the leash and start to walk toward the other side of the class.

In helpless frustration, Michael watched as the slack began to disappear. Second by second, she headed farther and farther away.

“If I have to tug on this leash, I’ll make sure you regret it.” She turned those words into a bright, airy promise, yet Michael still shivered.

Jessica. This was freaking Jessica!

He could still remember the first time he saw her, when he had held his class roster in his hand, called out her name, and looked out at the sea of faces. When he saw her, he had decided that she was reasonably cute. With her lustrous brown hair, smoothly rounded cheeks, and big eyes, she probably could have been a model. Granted, she didn’t have that natural sex appeal some of the cheerleaders carried, but Jessica could easily have been the adorable girl next door.

Before Michael could come to some satisfying thought or conclusion, he pushed himself forward on his knuckles and knees as he crawled along, following her.

Then he felt like an idiot because he had another way to defy her.

She had her back to him.

What if he jumped up onto his feet, tackled her, and threw her to the ground? What if he could get his hand over her mouth before she could say anything? Then Jessica wouldn’t be able to command him.

Doing his best to remain quiet, he rose to his feet. Then he ran, dashing toward her.

Only five feet separated them.

Four, three, two!

She turned quickly, smirking, and called out, “Stop.”

He froze again as his body locked up, only his momentum carried him forward, so he slammed into the wall and ended up hitting his knees as he fell.

“What are you trying to do?”

Michael refused to answer. So often, he tried to hold out. Really, it would have been smarter to deceive this girl, but he couldn’t think clearly, not when he was torn between anger and arousal, fear and shame.

“Tell me,” she ordered.

That prompted his instant and complete obedience, “I wanted to grab you and push you to the floor so I could climb up on top of you and hold my hand over your mouth.”

“Oh, that was a very bad thing to try to do.”

She placed her hands on her thighs and leaned to down. With her lips close to his ear, Michael could feel the warmth of her breath. It was intoxicating, so he yearned for more. Whether he liked it or not, he wanted to be close to this girl; he craved her attention.

“You will never, ever try that again. You will never try to hold me down. And if I’m on top of you, you *will* let you wrestle you to the floor. You’ll feel this overwhelming sense of weakness. You will always let me win.”

His eyes widened as he registered those commands, but then she smirked. “Tell me that last part again.”

“I will always let you win,” Michael replied obediently.

“Good. Now, let’s get you back to your walk.”

As though nothing at all had happened, Jessica turned around and started to walk.

Michael watched as the slack vanished again. This time, knowing he just lost something important, he let his shoulders slump and his head fall forward as he crawled after her.

Yes, he crawled after this young woman as though he were nothing but a dog.

Michael couldn’t help himself. With every second, he thought he might be able to figure something out. But those hopes proved to be false and illusory.

They walked around the room once. They passed to the back door and the front. He saw the different desks.

Without any students in the room, the space seemed so much bigger.

“You’re very good at this. I think you might be a show dog.”

“I’m not a dog at all,” he said.

“Bark for me, dog.”

He barked, letting out those primal sounds for her amusement.

Then she glanced over at his desk.

“Oh, I think I know what I want to do with you, dog boy.”

“Stop calling me that!”

“Why? It’s true. That’s what you are now. You’re a dog boy. Don’t worry. I’ll probably just make you into my permanent slave. After that, knows? Maybe I will give you away. Do you have any students who would enjoy spending some alone time with you, especially if you have to do whatever she says?”

Michael instantly considered the students had failed over the years. How many of those girls would have enjoyed seeing him totally helpless?

More than he cared to think about.

Jessica strolled over to his desk, holding onto his leash all the while. She pulled a couple of pieces off. For the most part, he kept his desk clean and orderly. Then she slapped the fake blood and called out, “Here, boy. Up on the desk.”

He climbed into position, and she grabbed his boxers, yanking them down. Now he was naked.

“Sit appear on your hands and knees. Imagine you’re a show dog.”

Because of her command, he had no choice. He assumed that humiliatingly exhibitionist position.

At first, he slumped slightly, so she shook her head. “Oh, no. You’re going to have to do better than that!” She put her hand on his ass, pinching him slightly. “Lean forward a little bit, tighten your core, straighten your back, and roll your shoulders down.

As she gave him the laundry list of orders, Michael obeyed each and every one.

And after she was finished, she stepped back, giggling uncontrollably. “That’s right. You look just like a show dog now! Doesn’t that feel better?

“I hate this,” he told her.

“Do you? Do you really?”

“Yes!”

“Too bad,” she replied with adolescent cruelty.

“I’m going to make you pay for this,” he grunted back at her.

“Be quiet. The puppy doesn’t need to bark right now.”

Be quiet. With those two simple words, she robbed him of the ability to speak. And she talked down to him again and again, making him sound like he was nothing but a pet!

Michael grunted, or at least, he tried to grunt. The sounds didn't want to come out. His vocal cords didn't want to work properly.

Inside of his head, he kept telling himself that there had to be some way to break her control over him. This couldn't be permanent; it couldn't be irreversible. His body belonged to him.

But then, she tugged on his leash, so he felt that tension right there at the base of his throat.

"Doggie, doggie, doggie," she said, chanting those words. "What am I going to do with you? I mean, I obviously own you now. But still, should I just make you quit your job? Or maybe you should give me some money? Would you like that? Would you like the chance to bribe me?"

No way.

Michael promised himself he would never do anything like that, yet that silence didn't restore any of his dignity. If anything, it just reminded him of how truly helpless he had become when faced with this young woman.

"Now, bribes don't work because you're already property. Everything you own, I guess I own now. Isn't that right?"

Michael didn't answer.

"Tell me I'm right. Tell me I own you and all of your property."

"You own me and all of my property," he said. Once the words were out of his mouth, he clenched his eyes shut as though he wanted to try to hide from everything that had already transpired.

"Oh, this must be so frustrating for you. But don't worry. I'll be generous with you. I mean, I'm going to touch you and tease you. I'm going to play with you. You'll never feel like you get to make your own decisions. Doesn't that sound nice?"

"I'm a man! I should be in control of my own life."

"No. You're a slave. Slaves don't get to make their own decisions, but that's okay. You're just a boy, and boys aren't very smart, so you were just messing everything up anyway."

He blinked. "What are you talking about?" Michael demanded.



“Just think about it, Michael. You like to come in here and a lecture to make yourself feel all big and important. But you’re not. You’re just this guy who wants to brainwash innocent girls into thinking they should hold themselves back.”

“That’s not true!”

“Tell me it’s true.” She almost adopted the singsong tone of a young woman talking down to some child.

“It’s true,” he said automatically.

“Say all of it.”

“I was just a guy who wanted to brainwash innocent girls into thinking they should hold themselves back.” Once he completed her command, he blinked, glanced around, disoriented and confused.

Why had he done that? The obvious answer popped into his head: this girl had instructed him to utter those words. But they weren’t true! Like so many other teachers, Michael derived to some social gravitons from working with students. He could claim that he was making the world a better place as he lectured about the importance of traditional values.

“Now you get to be a dog,” she said.

She walked back over to her backpack, reached down, and she pulled out the worst thing Michael could have imagined.

A tennis ball.

“I got this from the tennis team. I think you should have some fun with it.”

She threw the ball against the far wall, letting it bounce down to the floor. “Fetch,” she instructed.

Jessica didn’t really want a human dog, yet she still savored of that expression of dismay that played along his face.

Of course, if he hated this, the next part would be even worse for him.

Good.

With that wicked thought in mind and equipment she had in her backpack, she imagined just how humiliating he would find the next part. He had lost control of his body while she was around. What would happen when she wasn’t nearby to order him?

Puffing out her cheeks, she watched as he instinctively followed her order. The programming did its job perfectly, making it impossible for Michael to resist.

Like a well-trained boy, he scurried down onto the floor, he snatched up the ball in his teeth, and then he carried it back for her.

He fetched, dropping the tennis ball at her feet.

“Not bad,” she said, picking it up. “But you can go even faster this time.” She cocked her arm back with the green, fuzzy ball in the palm of her hand. Then she launched it again.

The ball sailed through the air, hit the floor, and started to roll. “Fetch.”

When she uttered that single syllable, Michael lost control of his body. He raced ahead, scrambling on his hands and knees. Naked, he looked so good, just like an animal. It was becoming easier and easier to think of him as an object, something to be owned.

He brought the ball back to his owner, so she crouched down and smiled at him. “Good boy. Very good boy. Now, I want you on your back. Get on your back, boy.”

Boy. Such an appropriate word. She could use it to refer to her slave or her pet.

He obeyed her again, rolling onto his back. With his arms and legs at his side, he felt incredibly exposed.

She straddled him for the first time, positioning herself just over his torso. Then she looked down into his eyes. “That’s right. See this? This is your leash,” she said, holding up the implement of her authority. “Think about that, Michael. Think about the fact that a girl has you on a leash.”

He had no choice but to follow her commands. His eyes traced to that line of canvas material from her knuckles down to his chest. When he swallowed, he could feel the dog collar as well.

Pets needed leashes. They needed leashes to make sure they could be controlled and couldn’t get away.

He could be controlled. He couldn’t get away.

Anxiety and anger mixed together inside his chest, but Michael couldn’t do anything about it. Worse, his emotions must

have played out pretty obviously on his handsome face, so the girl poised above him laughed. For her, this could be a game. For him, it was the annihilation of his dignity and self-respect.

“Should I kiss you?”

“What?”

Somehow, he never imagined she’d want something so intimate.

“Should I kiss you?” Jessica teased. “You’ve been a good boy, crawling and fetching.”

“I didn’t have a choice.”

“You don’t have a choice about this either. I’m not really asking you for your opinion. You aren’t entitled to one.”

“Yes, I am,” he said, only to feel foolish a moment later.

“Really? Why would you get an opinion?”

Michael had no idea what he could say to that. He opened his mouth, closed it, tried again, only to fail for a second time. Ultimately, he chose to remain quiet. At least that brought some degree of dignity.

Didn’t it?

“Do you get an opinion?” Jessica teased.

He still didn’t respond.

“Answer me. Be honest. What do you think? Do you get an opinion?”

“No, I obviously don’t get an opinion,” he confessed.

He blinked. He hadn’t been able to lie.

Michael understood the rules of this game. She won; he lost. There could be no other outcome.

With every fiber of his being, he wanted to rage against the unfairness of this power she seemed to wield so easily. But still, there was nothing he could do!

“Oh, don’t feel bad. I was just in the right place at the right time. Isn’t that how most of the world works? People in power work hard sometimes, but only sometimes. Even then, they have to be in the right place at the right time. A short man probably won’t get elected to office. An ugly girl can’t be a model. The world isn’t fair. This isn’t the land of opportunity.”

Michael glanced up at her for a second.

She was smarter than he gave her credit for, but now he just wanted to grab her and throw her to the floor.

Even if he had been free of the collar and leash, Michael wouldn't have been able to make the attempt. She had blocked off that part of his mind. If he made the attempt, his muscles were probably stop, the same way she could order him to freeze in place whenever she liked.

"Close your eyes and relax."

Her commands stole away his free will once more, forcing the tension from his body. Intellectually, he was alarmed. He knew that a girl like this shouldn't be able to control his body, let alone his emotions. Unfortunately, his disbelief didn't make the slightest difference because he settled in place.

This gorgeous nymph moved along his body, enjoying the way he looked. All the while, he could feel the weight of this young woman on top of him, her closeness.

For the first time, he realized that she wore perfume, a sweet floral scent.

With his eyes closed, he couldn't see exactly what she might do next. When she touched him with her fingertips, he enjoyed that soft contact. Only then, he sensed her nails as well as she lightly scratched him.

"You belong to me," she teased. "I can do *whatever* I want with you."

"No, that's not true," he stammered out.

"Be quiet and listen." She giggled again. "I'm always fascinated by how bad boys are at listening. You walk into a room, and people instinctively defer to you. It's not fair. You've always had this incredible advantage. I mean, it doesn't guarantee you're going to win or anything, especially when you're competing with other guys. But still, you've never been the one girl in the room. You've never tried to get people to listen to you. You've ever had someone talk down to you just because your shorter or because your voice has a higher pitch."

Trapped within his own body, he came up with a dozen different counterarguments.

As far as he was concerned, this girl was wrong for so many different reasons! Unfortunately, she wasn't his student, and he wasn't her teacher—not right now—so he couldn't interrupt her or stop her. She could say whatever she liked, and he had to lay there and listen!

Silently, he thrashed against the invisible bonds holding him down. On the outside, he seemed completely serene, as though he just wanted to take a nap there naked on the floor. But inside, he kept battling whatever force held him down.

Jessica leaned in, and then he felt her lips right there and his sternum.

"Your heart's beating fast. Is that because you're embarrassed? Or are you angry? Maybe both?"

With his eyes shut, Michael couldn't see her, yet he still imagined her face, her eyes sparkling and shining mischievously.

She kissed his chest, and then his neck. Her tongue flicked out.

She told him to be quiet, so he didn't make a sound, yet he still felt that instinct to start moaning. Michael couldn't help himself, not when that felt so good. There was something perfect about this girl's body, the way she fit on top of him. They were like puzzle pieces, only now he felt something ignite.

He had been hard for quite a while, but his erection seemed to the raw before her now.

Jessica must have guessed this because she reached back, wrapped her fingers around his member, and she squeezed to softly, just enough to make him twitch.

"Poor boy. This must be torture for you," she said, kissing his neck for a few more seconds. He loved the soft light of her tongue over his flesh.

"I wonder what you're thinking," she said, but that didn't allow him to actually speak. She hadn't given permission or a new command, so he remained quiet.

Michael knew that he had to try to think clearly; he had to figure out the mechanics of her control. This was a system, and every system had vulnerabilities. Right?

But when he could be ordered to follow any command, Michael truly despaired about his ability to break free.

What if this girl?

What if he couldn't escape?

Where would he be in a couple of days, a week, a month, a year?

No—no way—it *couldn't* come to that.

Michael would figure out a way to escape her clutches, and then he would get help, and then this girl would end up in a laboratory somewhere. Real scientists would figure this out.

But then, he stopped thinking because he felt the soft press of her lips against his mouth.

Warmth diffused his body, spreading through his skin. That felt incredible, way better than he wished to admit. Michael savored every second of it. At first, the kiss was light, soft, barely there. But then she started to press down, firmly. It felt as though she were claiming him, taking whatever she wanted, and he couldn't possibly stop her.

But then, that was the entire point. She intended to claim Michael for herself, showing him once again how truly helpless he had become.

But he swallowed, Michael sensed the dog collar still around his neck, that consistent reminder of how he had been taken.

"You like that, don't you? I bet you'd love for me to go down on you right now. You're a boy. What is about boys and blow jobs? Why do they always fantasize about that and nothing else?"

She pulled back for a second, and he almost wanted to try to beg for more. It felt so good when she kissed him.

He didn't know why.

But then, she lowered her body down along his. She shifted.

The next thing he knew, Jessica had positioned herself between his legs. At least, that's where he suspected she came to a stop. Moments later, his suspicions were confirmed because she

touched his shins with both of her hands, his thighs, always dragging her fingertips lightly up toward his genitals.

Michael didn't know what to hope for.

Part of him thought she should get bored at any moment. But what if she decided to get him off? What if she chose to humiliate him with an orgasm?

It sounds paradoxical; an orgasm would be pleasurable. At the same time, if she jerked him to completion, he would feel utterly humiliated because he'd have no part in it. His body would be used, and he would be forced to enjoy it.

"You like this," she said.

It wasn't a question.

The shock of desperate need blasted through his skin as she cupped his balls in one hand and wrapped her fingers around his shaft with the other. She teased him, working her digits lately along his skin.

Every second sent fresh waves of need pulsating through him. He couldn't open his eyes to see what she was doing, yet he felt it.

It was wonderful.

"Don't come," she ordered.

Just like that, Jessica shut down any possibility of completion. His heart pounded and his breathing quickened even as he stayed motionless on the floor.

"Oh, that must be so frustrating. You don't want a girl to be of the control your orgasms, do you? What could be more demeaning than that?"

Michael still couldn't answer!

Inside, he roared, one primal shout of unadulterated rage because he ached to sit up, grab her, shove her to the floor, take her, show her that he was in charge!

Those fantasies meant nothing, especially as she continued to stroke him.

The seconds turned into minutes. Minutes of teasing. Minutes of soft caresses. Minutes of gentle squeezes designed to bring him to the edge.

Michael couldn't take this!

"I wonder what you'd be willing to do for an orgasm," she said.  
"Tell me."

"I, I don't know!"

"Would you be willing to go down on me again? Be honest."

"Yes!"

"Oh, that's funny. Maybe you should ask."

Maybe. Not in order.

Even so, her deft fingertips continue to play along his shaft, forcing him to enjoy every second of this. That's why something inside of him broke. Some mental barrier fractured, letting his worst instincts out, "Please, can I please go down on you?"

"I don't mind straddling your face," she said.

Confident that he couldn't get away, she repositioned herself, bracing the sides of her legs against his head as she lowered her slit down toward his mouth.

"I'm not going to make you do this, Michael. I want to see you please me all on your own."

Just a second later, he felt her body against his mouth.

He only had to part his lips, slide out his tongue, and start licking her again.

It wasn't fair!

She faced his feet, which meant that she could still reach down easily and touch his shaft. In fact, she brushed him slightly, just so that he knew this fact for himself. If she enjoyed what he accomplished, then maybe, just maybe, she'd allow him an orgasm.



It was his only hope.

But if he started licking her, wouldn't that prove something? Wouldn't that demonstrate how she could get whatever she wished?

Yes. It would.

Somehow, Michael stopped thinking about this. Instead, he opened his mouth, slipped his tongue out, and he started to lick at her opening. He moved his tongue over her pussy just like a good slave.

Poised on top of him, Jessica hissed through her teeth, closed her eyes, and threw her head forward. Her hair formed a curtain around her face even as a wicked grin curved her lips.

"Oh, that feels good. I love this."

She savored the feel of his tongue as he moved up and down. "To think, you wasted so much time talking to us. Obviously, you should just be a good little pussy lick."

Under other circumstances, he would have been able to chide and punish her for that kind of language. But then and there, she was firmly in charge, so he kept licking, brushing his mouth over her slit as his tongue delved deep.

"This is real power," she said. "It's not manipulation or even coercion. Knowing that I can get whatever I want out of you. Oh, and I can tease you mercilessly."

Jessica really didn't know what excited her more, the physical sensations of his, or reveling in her authority.

Throughout history, so many guys had gotten off on power. She suspected lots of leaders didn't really have any particular goals or agendas. Instead, it was all about ego, success and power.

With a man like Michael, she could just take it. He was a sexist jerk, the kind of man who still believed in "traditional values". Well, she had some new traditions for him.

"I'm not letting you out of your collar, Michael."

She giggled, feeling him tensed slightly underneath her. He had control of his tongue, but that was pretty much it.

"I'm going to start giving you rules. I'm going to tell you what to do and how to dress. You're going to belong to me."

He whimpered slightly.

“It’s okay. You can make those kinds of animal sounds.”

He tried to stay quiet after that, but then she gave his shaft another gentle squeeze, which elicited a muffled moan from between her legs.

As Jessica laughed at him, she teased him more seriously. Sure, she enjoyed the deluge of pleasure vibrating from between her legs, but she really, really savored her power over him. There was something so delicious about knowing how desperately he desired his freedom, only he couldn’t get it. She wouldn’t give it to him. And yes, it was something she owned and he could only long for.

“I’m almost about to come,” she told him.

Did that mean she was going to let him have an orgasm as well? It would have been fairly easy for her. She just had to wrap her fingers around his erection and rode her hand up and down a couple of times. By this point, he was probably on a hair trigger anyway.

Too bad.

She put her hands on his shoulders, rode his mouth, moving her hips up and down as she impaled herself on his tongue.

Yes, yes, yes! Hot, incandescent pleasure swept through her body. As she closed her eyes, she reveled in the fact that it was voluntary for her. She wasn’t a slave. She wasn’t home to, and she couldn’t be controlled, not anymore. Boys needed to be owned, she thought. They needed to be controlled.

She cried out and savored her orgasm as the pleasure burned through her body.

And once she was done, she rolled off of him. He practically buzzed with need and hope, she reflected as she looked down at him. Although he didn’t say anything, it was clear that he wanted to.

Michael kept wondering whether or not he should plead for his orgasm.

*Good*, she thought. He needed to learn to ask nicely; he had to accept the fact that his body belonged to her.

And now she was going to prove it.

“I’m not sure exactly how long this program will work on you or when I’ll need to reinforce your control, but I have another way of

owning you,” she said. “But you aren’t going to remember this next part.”

She started to speak, and his thoughts dissipated, fracturing into a white haze.

A little while later, Michael became cognizant of his surroundings again. Fully dressed, he looked around. Seated on his desk, with her legs crossed, Jessica smiled at him. “How do you feel?”

It all seemed like a dream, some bizarre nightmare, and yet he quickly licked his lips, and he tasted her again. No, it hadn’t been a hallucination or a delusion. It really happened. This girl had straddled his face, forcing him to give her an orgasm. Worse, he quickly detected the arousal pumping through his body. It may have diminished slightly, but only slightly.

“I asked you a question,” she said.

“What happened?”

“How do you feel? Be honest.”

“Confused,” he replied truthfully. “Aroused.”

Strangely, he had the instinct to bring his hand up to his mouth, as though he wanted to stop himself from saying anything else.

When Jessica strolled over to him, she moved with the aggressive swagger of a young woman who knew she couldn’t be defeated.

In spite of himself, Michael could feel his lungs tighten. He was nervous. He was far more nervous than he should have been. She was just a girl, a teenager!

And yet, he still had the absurd instinct to put his hands over his ears. Maybe if he couldn’t hear her orders, he wouldn’t have to obey them.

But then, she came right up to him. He still had several inches on her, but that didn’t diminish her confidence. Jessica reached up and touched the underside of his chin. “If you’re horny, then maybe you should try to touch yourself.”

“I’m not going to do that,” he answered.

“Because you can’t?”

“No,” he growled, correcting her with gusto. “I won’t do anything inappropriate in front of a student.” Now that he was fully clothed, he could attempt to reclaim some semblance of dignity and authority.

Jessica had no problem understanding his paltry attempt, so she caressed his cheek before walking one hand down along his chest. With each stroke, she dared him to try something.

He could try to push her away. He could say something.

Whatever he attempted, it might provoke her.

Instead, he stood there with his back straight as he fought to control himself.

“You really want to try to grab me right now, don’t you? You think you could be a big man. Even after all of your training, you haven’t learned much.”

Still, Michael didn’t answer; he didn’t take that dare.

She reached around and grabbed his ass. “You know, this used to be considered appropriate,” she said. “I read about it online. Women weren’t allowed personal boundaries. Secretaries, nurses, and even teachers could be fondled. In fact, lots of men liked to consider it a compliment.”

As she lectured him, Michael sensed his lips curl. They twitched uncontrollably.

It wasn’t fair. Even without commanding him, this girl could make his body react and do things he didn’t like.

“What do you think of that? What do you think about getting touched?”

“You’re not going to get away with this,” he swore, allowing the words to slip out. Michael didn’t really mean to say them. He didn’t actually want to engage with her, but he was so used to being in charge and easily taking control of every conversation.

There were some habits that would always be difficult to control and break.

“Actually, I *am* going to get away with it. I’m going to train you, Michael. I’m going to make it so that you do whatever I say with or without your programming.”

“Good luck,” he snorted.

“You told me you were turned on before. You still have to try to touch yourself.”

“I won’t,” he answered. “You’ll have to make me.”

“Put your hand down your pants,” she said, sounding serious for a moment, at least until her lips twitched upward because she thought this was funny. A chortle of amusement burst from her mouth.

With her command on the air, his brain registered the order. He recognized it as coming from a girl, so he followed her command.

Thoughtless and automatic, he reached down into his pants, and then he regained control over his body as he felt something over his shaft.

“Pulled down your pants and have a look,” she said.

Actually, Jessica didn’t intend those words as an order. She simply meant to tempt him, but now he loosened his belt and pulled down his pants along with his boxers to reveal the device she had put on him.

As he obeyed, she snickered again, perpetually delighted by her power. She didn’t even need to command him on purpose. She could do it by accident! That was how strong she had become!

After he finished following her order, however, Michael blinked as he looked down.

This didn’t make sense; he didn’t understand what his eyes were telling him. What was this thing?

Jessica, apparently, had no trouble reading the look of confused consternation on his face. “What’s wrong? You’ve never seen one of those before?” Jessica asked, taunting him with every breath.

“What is this?”

For once, he wasn’t ashamed to ask his student for more information.

“Really? You can’t figure it out?”

He looked up at her, his eyes wide with doubt. But then, she approached, striding forward with that perfect, gorgeous confidence of hers. She pinched his shirt him, pulled him closer, and she arched

her back and lift herself up onto the tips of her toes so that she could kiss him.

When she pressed her body to his, he felt it again, that surge of arousal.

For a few seconds, he lost himself in that haze of sensation, just as he had done before.

But before, Michael had been able to get hard. He could achieve an erection without even thinking about it. If anything, he had been ashamed of how quickly a girl like Jessica could turn him on.

Not anymore.

He sensed the desire between his legs, only then there was the strange pinching sensation as his member tried to get hard, only to fail. His shaft pushed against the balance of its plastic prison.

That tube around his shaft made it impossible for him to get hard.

When she broke away, having proven her point, Jessica said two words, "Chastity lock."

A chastity lock?

As a matter of general knowledge, he knew what those words meant individually, only his brain glitched as he tried to put them together, especially in the context of something a man might wear. As far as he knew, the only equipment dedicated to chastity had been created for women, not men.

"This can't be real," he said.

"Go ahead. You can try to take it off if you want," she said, touching a finger to her cheek as she waited to see what he'd do.

Since she didn't give him an order, he could proceed at his own pace. Granted, Jessica enjoyed watching him struggle to figure out what precisely had happened to him. He was working so hard, doing his best to figure it out. For her, he was just an adorable animal scurrying around a mental cage he couldn't ever truly comprehend.

Oh, boys could be so silly, especially when they didn't know what was going on.

Feeling wicked, she gave him plenty of time to try to figure it out.

He tugged on the plastic tube, only to feel the plastic band around the base of his shaft. He tried to take this thing off, only he couldn't remove the various pieces. They were all held in place by a small, brass padlock.

Technically, he could have tried to rip it off, but that would've inflicted some painful damage on his body.

Puffing out his cheeks, he didn't know what to do.

"I need the key," he finally said. Michael actually had the gall to hold out his hand, as though he really expected her to hand it over.

"Really?" She smiled at him again. "Well, I guess if you want it that badly, you could try to force me to give it to you."

They both knew how that would go.

"I want to try to force you," he said, feigning some kind of dignity.

"And why is that?"

"It'd be rude. It'd be inappropriate."

"Yeah, right. Tell me the real reason."

His expression turned blank for a moment as the command took over. "I won't try to force you because I know you'd be able to overpower me."

"Overpower you?" Jessica asked, batting her eyes. "Really? I'm just a teenage girl. You don't think you're stronger than me?"

"Stop this," he insisted.

"You can't make me," she said. "Besides, I want you to tell me the truth. Can I overpower you?"

"Yes, you can overpower me," he said.

"Good. I'm glad we got that out into the open," she said with a cheerful clapped her hands. "Now, I want you to go home. Relax. Enjoy your evening. I have some homework that needs to be taken care of, and I want you to think about our new relationship. We can discuss it and negotiate in the morning. When you come in, I want you to tell me what you've figured out."

With that, she reached up and patted him on the cheek before spinning and heading back toward the door.

Dumbfounded, Michael watched her go.

He had to get this thing off.

That was obvious.

Michael was alone now. Even if it meant quitting his job, changing his phone number, never going home, he could at least disappear. But then, every time he attempted to pull the chastity device off, he failed.

She had him.

Theoretically, Michael probably could have removed it with something like a chainsaw, but he obviously wouldn't take that chance.

Instead, he realized something.

With a sinking feeling, he came to the conclusion that he had to get the key back from Jessica. Without it, he was stuck in this plastic tube.

He would talk to her. Ultimately, that was his only choice. Whether he came to this conclusion because he wasn't terribly smart or because she had told him to, it didn't matter. Michael couldn't come up with any other strategies.

But that night, he did as she ordered.

Without even trying, Michael went to bed, and he kept thinking about this girl. She was younger than him, less experienced, and just a student. She couldn't have very much money or power.

At least, she didn't have any power in the traditional sense. When it came to bossing him around, she retained absolute authority.

He locked his teeth together in the dark. He had showered, scrubbing his genitals as much as he could, but the stupid chastity cage still refused to come off. He couldn't slide it free, no matter how much soap he used.

As the frustration mounted within his chest, he had eventually been forced to give up. So instead, Michael finished a shower, dried



off, and got into bed. Once there, he tried to think about something other than Jessica.

He failed.

Thoughts of her buzzed inside of his head like angry bees. He imagined her laughing. The echoed memories of her giggling couldn't be ignored either. And then there were her eyes, sparkling and bright, taunting him even when she didn't say a word.

She had ordered him to his knees. She had stripped him naked. She put her hand on the back of his head while he licked at her slit.

Fresh waves of humiliation blasted through his head as he thought about all of that.

He just needed to think about something else. He needed to come up with some other strategy. But this girl was beautiful and powerful gorgeous and sexy. She turned him on.

In fact, he felt his member try to expand. He tried to get hard. He couldn't help himself, not when his natural instincts took over.

But again and again, he felt the strength and solidity of his cage.

No, he couldn't get off. He couldn't have an orgasm, not without her permission.

The next day, he tried to put his one plan into motion. Before class, he went to the bank, emptied out his account, and took it with him to work. This was going to be it. She was a girl, so she could be bribed.

Puffing out his cheeks, he stood in the center of his classroom. She had humiliated him here before. She had *collared* him. At least she had removed that embarrassing implement.

Michael understood that she didn't have to do it. Jessica could have left it on him as a symbol and a reminder.

"No," he told himself. This girl couldn't do everything. Eventually, he would figure out some way to break her hold.

The money would be a good start.

The door opened, and Jessica sauntered into the room.

Breathing out slowly, he looked at her. "I think I know what you want."

“Really?” Intrigue rippled through her answer.

“Yes,” he said.

At the bank, they had given him a black, plastic bag. He picked it up and held it out to her.

“For me?” Jessica asked flirtatiously some movie starlet. “You didn’t have to.”

Refraining from saying something he might regret, Michael instead watched as she looked down. For a moment, her eyes brightened, and she seemed truly ecstatic. Yes! This would work!

“Thank you. I think I might decide to buy something pretty with it.” Then she turned to him and ordered, “Kneel.”

For a moment, Michael simply obeyed. He lowered himself down to his knees in that subservient position as she sauntered forward. Her heels clicked against the floor. As she stood in front of him, Michael was struck by the strange paradox of her closeness. On the one hand, she was a girl, lithe and petite and not particularly tall. She seemed dainty and feminine.

But at the same time, she had no problem ordering him around and enforcing his obedience.

Now that he had followed her order, Michael found he could speak on his own again. “Why, why did you do that?”

“What?” Jessica asked, clearly willing to play with him.

“Why did you tell me to get down on my knees?”

She smirked for a moment before explaining, “Because you’re my property.”

“I paid you!”

“Yes, you did it,” she said patronizingly. “So?”

As face turned red and his body got hot, he stammered and stumbled. Michael didn’t know what to say or how to answer. So? That’s how she responded?

He had just given her a lot of money!

Jessica still wasn’t satisfied. “You paid me,” she said, “but there’s a problem with trying to pay your *owner*. Can you explain what the problem is?”

Michael couldn’t. He kept trying to speak, which basically meant repeating the same points over and over again.

When she got bored of her boy's attempts to explain himself, she snickered again and said, "Quiet." Just like that, she muted him.

He didn't make another sound as she circled him. "Michael, Michael, Michael. You don't know what you are, not really. You aren't ready to accept the truth. You belong to me. You're property." She smiled brightly, looked into his eyes, and continued, "Property doesn't get to own anything. Property gets owned. You get owned."

In theory, Michael understood the words, yet he still couldn't process them. He was a man, capable of doing anything he set his mind to. Yes, he was that arrogant. But now, this girl looked right into his eyes and told him that he couldn't possibly defeat her.

He couldn't even bribe her. He couldn't buy his own freedom.

"The money in that bag is mine. Everything you have is mine. You are mine," she said, explaining these points one after another. With another dazzling smile, she asked, "Speak."

Up until that point, his lips had been tensed together, and he clearly needed to communicate something. Of course, she could decide when he spoke and when he would remain quiet.

"You can't be serious about this."

"Actually, I'm very serious. I'm teaching you how to behave. I'm showing you what it takes to be a good slave."

"I'm not a slave! I'm not property!"

"Tell me you are."

"I'm a slave. I'm property," he repeated, automatically reiterating the words by her command.

She patted him on the head.

"Yes, you are. So I guess you thought about our relationship a lot last night, but you didn't come to any of the correct conclusions. Do you need a tutor? Are you slow?" She smiled again. "It's okay. You're just a boy. I shouldn't expect *too* much of you."

"How dare you!"

Jessica arched an eyebrow. "Really? Is that really how you want to play this? How many times have you told us that there's a natural order in the world, that girls are supposed to be obedient because boys are smarter and more aggressive?"

Michael parted his lips and inhaled. He wanted to tell her he never said anything like that! But they both knew it was true. They both understood how he had lectured his students, going on and on about the proper roles for men and women. Men changed the world, and women helped them. Men took control, and women surrendered.

That was the tradition.

"It's time for a new tradition," Jessica said with a right smile.

Michael stood in front of his class again. He was tempted to hold his hands behind his back across his wrists. That body language would have seemed more appropriate, especially because he did feel like a prisoner. He didn't have handcuffs around his wrists, but his apparent willingness to do this only made that worse.

Jessica was back in his class. Several hours after their morning conversation, she had decided it was time for him to give a new lecture.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, painfully aware of one simple fact: for once, all of his students were paying attention to him. He didn't see anyone with a phone out, doodling, or even daydreaming.

Could they tell this was going to be different? Could they sense this might be important?

To make matters worse, his points had not been technically programmed. Instead, Jessica had simply leaned down and whispered into his ear, "I'm going to tell you what to say. You don't have to do it. This going to be your choice. But of course, if you disappoint me, there will be consequences. How do you feel about getting spanked in front of all of your female students? Think they could participate?"

Her eyes glowed at the possibility. She loved that concept. And she could do it too. Jessica could make it happen.

So now, Michael found himself forced to make a decision. So far, only Jessica had humiliated him. But that could change at any moment. It could shift so quickly and so easily!

The dark-haired girl sat in the middle. Nothing about her position indicated anything had changed at all. In fact, an outside observer would've had trouble noticing any alteration in her expression. Maybe she seemed a little bit more attentive, but that was all even out she waited to see what would happen.

What was he going to do? How was he going to behave?

After a few more seconds, she winked at him.

Some of the color drained away from his cheeks.

If she raised her hand, would he call on her?

If he didn't, she could always speak out of turn. It only took a breath for her to seize command of his body.

"I've been thinking a lot about the usual lectures I've given in this class. As many of you know, I think social structures are incredibly important. We need to consider exactly how we frame society and the people in it."

One of the girls, a cute blonde with freckles along her cheeks, raised her hand. He nodded in her direction without thinking this might be a bad idea.

But then, that was Sabrina, one of his favorite students. A cheerleader, she always enjoyed flirting with her teachers. Energetic and vivacious, she wanted people to like her and pay attention to her. Fortunately, she knew that she could get her male teachers to chat with her quite a bit.

After he called her to speak, he realized that this might have been a mistake.

Too late, he couldn't stop her.

"What do you mean, Mr. Blackburn?" When she spoke, she sounded so genuine and sweetly deferential.

Eyes twinkling now, Jessica kept watching him. She didn't bother to hide the smirk on her face. No one else saw it. Everyone had their attention directed toward the man at the front of the room.

"I've been thinking a lot," he said. It seemed as though he were just trying to buy time. Instinctively, his eyes darted up to the clock for a second, which told him he wouldn't be saved by any bells.

When he glanced back to Sabrina, he almost hoped that maybe she would have something to say. Instead, she watched him

expectantly.

In spite of the circumstances, he found himself admiring the curve of her hair, the fullness of her breasts, and the way the light seemed to glitter on her lips.

Some girls were naturally gorgeous, using their appearance to get as much attention as possible. Sabrina was definitely one of those talented females.

Why couldn't all of the girls be like her? Why did some of them have to push back and fight like Stephanie and Jessica?

He gulped, stared slightly above his students' heads and continued, "Women are actually superior to men."

Several students just kind of glanced in his direction, not really surprised. But then, they probably weren't paying attention. Many others gasped or glanced around one another, as though they expected to hear the punchline at any moment.

"No," he said. "It's true. Females are intellectually and socially superior to males."

Several of the boys raised their hands immediately—equality was bad enough, but female superiority? No way!

Michael had to ignore them. He hated doing this. "If you look at women throughout history, they have had to put up with so many difficulties. And yet, despite this, they still fight for equality. Theoretically, a group as oppressed as women should've given up a long time ago. They should have calmly accepted defeat and subjugation. But that's not what has happened. Even in other countries where strict gender laws exist, there are still female activists fighting so hard to win the rights they deserve.

At this point, Jessica raised her hand.

Michael ignored her.

"But I thought you said men were supposed to be the ones in charge? Does that mean you changed your mind about that too?"

His mouth went dry; Michael didn't really know whether or not he could do this. Again and again, he reminded himself that he had no choice. If he didn't obey her, she would take away his ability to speak for himself. Worse, she could collar and leash him in front of all of these people.

When he swallowed, he could still recall the tension from that band around his neck.

“Yes. I have changed my mind,” he said.

“Really? Why is that?” She sounded friendly and curious.

No one else could tell she had developed the ability to order him around however she liked.

He took another breath and spoke slowly, “Women should be in charge. Like I said before, they are intellectually superior.”

“So what kind of role would that leave for men?” Jessica asked, blinking furiously.

“I don’t know,” he said truthfully.

“I have some ideas,” Jessica said. “Would you like to hear them?”

“Not right now,” he said, doing his best to be diplomatic and hoping she wouldn’t force the issue. “Maybe later.”

“Ask me about my ideas now,” she said.

Silence fell across the room, at least for a couple of heartbeats. But then, Michael was forced to act; he was forced to speak. “What are your ideas?”

“Boys should be classified as beasts of burden.”

A ripple of laughter spread through the room. It was quiet, maybe a little bit nervous, but Jessica straightened her back so that the other students could see her more easily. “I’m serious. Just think about it. Boys are bigger and stronger, but we don’t actually need that much strength in society anymore. Back in the day, sure, you had to have a strong back to be a farmer or whatever, but technology has made it so that intellectual firepower is way more important.”

“Jessica,” Michael started to speak.

She waved him off, both literally and figuratively by saying, “Let me speak.”

Several students glanced in his direction, each one waiting for him to chastise her for her rude behavior. She was just a student, after all. She couldn’t order the teacher around.

They had no idea.

Suddenly unable to interrupt her, Michael didn’t know what to do. Rather than say anything, he smiled as though this were all part

of some kind of lesson. The other students seemed to make the same assumption even as they turned back to Jessica.

“Right now, we have horses, but they aren’t really necessary for any kind of industrial work. So what are they? They’re still beasts of burden, but they’re also our pets. We should adopt the same system for boys.”

“That’s outrageous,” muttered one of the more articulate males in the class.

Jessica glanced over at her teacher. “I don’t like it when people interrupt me. Tell him to be quiet.”

“Nick, please let Jessica speak,” Michael said.

Somehow, he managed to keep his face from turning bright red. But then, Michael had always been adept at maintaining a poker face in front of his students. Even while under the control of this adolescent girl, he managed to do it again.

Nick’s eyes widened as though he couldn’t really believe what he had just heard.

“Thank you,” Jessica said magnanimously, as though she were used to taking control of the classroom this way. “Now, as I was saying, we have horses. They are owned, trained, and taught to please us. That’s how we should treat men. Once upon a time, they were necessary for survival, but now they are more of a hobby. Boys can be just like that, hobbyhorses!”

Several of the girls started laughing.

The guys looked nervous.

“And don’t get me wrong, I think that it would take a while to get this new social order in place, but there are certain things we could try. Maybe if every guy had to have a sponsor or guardian, he would start to feel appropriately owned.”

One person willing to ask questions about this was, surprisingly, a female student, “Wouldn’t that give too much power to the girls?”

“Oh,” Jessica said, wobbling her head from side to side as she stretched out her answer. “I don’t think this would give us too much power. I mean, guys were in charge for centuries if not millennia, and no one questioned whether or not women should be



given some rights. Maybe we should flip things over. Maybe we should let women be in charge for a couple thousand years.”

“That would never happen,” one of the boys said.

“Tell them to be quiet,” Jessica said, turning her attention back to the teacher.

“Adam, let her speak. Don’t interrupt.”

The boy looked shocked, as though he had been struck.

Michael didn’t know if he felt guilty. Perhaps it was something else, a combination of anger and embarrassment. Or maybe it was a just a different kind of guilt, the kind of regret the comes from betraying your own gender.

“Thank you, Michael,” she said.

That did it. Everyone in the room expected Jessica to a finally gone too far. But instead, their teacher just stood back. Maybe a few of the students sensed his discomfort. If so, none of them asked about it.

Instead, they turned to the charismatic girl talking about how boys should be treated more like horses.

“I think the most important part is going to be undermining the idea of a patriarchy. Basically, we all associate leadership and strength with masculinity. We need to get over that.”

Again and again, so many of the boys opened their mouths as though they wanted to say something.

But for the first time, they would be truly punished for speaking out.

Only a girl could talk. Only a girl could get the attention of everyone in the classroom.

For the first time in this class, being a boy became a disadvantage.

Jessica grinned and said, “And of course, when women should have absolute power in every public sphere, as well as at home. So boys need to understand that they’re important in the same way that toys are important. Girls still need some way to entertain themselves, so I’m not suggesting that guys are completely unnecessary.”

Several of the males began muttering. By this point, Jessica had the attention of everyone in the room. The girls were impressed or nervous. The guys were outraged. And yet, she continued on and on.

“At home, men can be punished. I think it’s called domestic discipline.”

“What’s that?” asked a girl without asking for permission to speak. So many of the students had turned away from the teacher, perhaps thinking he had become irrelevant.

“Basically, it means that there’s a firm power structure in the home. Right now, relationships get awkward because you have two people who’re both supposed to be equal. But what if they aren’t? What if one person, like the wife, has complete control? She can tell her husband what to wear, how to act, even how to address her.”

“How would he address her?” That was a different girl, one of the usually shy females who seldom drew much attention to herself.

Jessica smiled at the other girl who quickly returned the expression. “Well, there are a lot of options. Mistress is one. Ma’am is another.”

“Mistress?” That was a different girl.

“Yeah,” said someone else. “It’s the female version of master.”

“So boys would be like slaves?”

Michael opened his mouth, determined to step in and say something. For a moment, he knew he had to stop this! Only then Jessica glanced at him and he froze, suddenly scared.

He refrained from speaking. Like so many women throughout history, he was learning to be quiet and to allow those with real power to talk in his place.

“I prefer to think of them as pets. But if you really want to think of them as slaves, go for it.”

Several other boys really wanted to say why this wouldn’t work in the real world. They probably wanted to mention military power, wealth distribution, independence, and social momentum. After all, guys were so accustomed to having authority that they wouldn’t give it up.

But then, they didn't know about the program Jessica had discovered on the dark web.

Maybe they would.

Maybe they'd figure it out sooner than anyone could expect.

"That was fun!" Jessica said after her classmates had left the room. The bell rang, and Jessica stayed in her seat while the others streamed out. Then she rose with aristocratic grace and sauntered up to her teacher. "Tell me that was fun."

"That was fun," he said. But once the words left his mouth, he was free to speak on his own. "You can't believe women are really going to take over. That is such BS!"

"No, it's not," she said. When he tried to speak again, she reached up and brazenly touched a finger to his mouth, instantly shushing him.

His eyes got big. He couldn't take this! In fact, his fingers tightened, but Michael already knew this girl had power.

"Really," she said. "Are you *really* that silly? I mean, just stop and think about it. I have complete power over you. And you're not even the first boy I've owned!" She clapped her hands together. "But I do have a little confession to make."

"What's that?" Michael asked.

"Your lecture and our class discussion got me really excited. To be honest, I've never been this interested in politics before! Maybe that means you really are a good teacher."

"I'm glad you liked it," he said, practically biting out the words.

"You say that, but you're sounding pretty disrespectful. I'm not sure I like your attitude, Michael."

Michael couldn't help but notice that she had on a dark blue blouse and a black, pleated skirt. Theoretically, the skirt broke the school dress code, not that many of the teachers bothered to enforce it. She reached under her skirt, peeled down her panties, pulling them lower and lower until she shrugged them off altogether. The thin fabric that the floor, and Michael immediately understood what she expected.

"Do you want me to give you the key to your chastity cage?"

“Yes!” His eyes practically bulged with excitement.

“Then you should crawl over here and lick me until I get off.”

Those words weren’t a command, so he didn’t have to obey, yet Michael still found himself assuming the requisite position. He glanced over at the door. It was unlocked. Anyone could walk in any moment.

Granted, he didn’t have another class right away, but that didn’t mean a random straggler or another colleague or maybe even a member of the administration wouldn’t stop by to chat.

“No. You don’t get to lock the door.” She grinned at him. “This way, it’s more exciting. I want you really desperate.”

The key. He was doing this for the key.

Michael had to fixate on that one truth as he crawled across his own classroom floor.

She spread her legs and exposed her slit.

Immediately, he recognized the scent of her arousal. Sure enough, teasing and humiliating him in front of all of his pupils had definitely turned her on. As he started to straighten his back, she reached down and grabbed him by his hair. Tightening her grip on his scalp, she forced his face up between her inner thighs.

He was back there again, licking her within moments. He slapped his tongue over her sex like a thirsty dog.

With every second, he felt the burden of humiliation even as he stimulated this girl. She threw her head back, letting her dark hair splash against the nape of her neck. Oh yes, this felt so good. The lecture was amazing, she thought.

Before she had sat down in the class, she knew she was going to embarrass her teacher, yet she had never anticipated how amazing it would feel to direct a discussion. The class wasn’t huge by any stretch, several dozen students at most, yet her heart pounded in her chest.

This could be a political movement.

It could be something amazing.

She bit down on her lower lip, determined to be quiet even as different images flashed through her head.

She imagined her school with a new set of rules.

Boys would need guardians or protectors—you know, to make sure they didn't make poor decisions. These girls could help the boys pick their classes, behave appropriately, and dress professionally.

Oh yes, Jessica really enjoyed those ideas.

The boys would be powerless!

First, she loved the fundamental subjectivity. For so long, young women had been bludgeoned academically with "dress codes". Girls would be chastised and sent away from class. Sure, they might be wearing short skirts or tight tops, but every time a girl was punished for being a distraction, the administration made it clear that a girl's education was less important than the boys' focus.

The same methods could be used against the male half of the population.

"Appropriate behavior" came with the same potential problem. If every boy had a female guardian, someone to oversee his conduct, boys would learn to subordinate themselves to female authority. There would be a lot of pushback, especially at first, but if every male experienced the program as Josh and Michael had, then they wouldn't stand a chance.

Ironically, Jessica realized something: the most difficult population to convince wouldn't be the boys, but rather the girls. Lots of women instinctively held onto patriarchal norms and values. Jessica had read a couple of articles that her sister loved. Stephanie could go on and on about gender dynamics and power structures in society.

Before coming across her program, Jessica hadn't been all that interested.

But now...?

She loved the possibilities. In fact, she couldn't wait to see these ideas put into practice!

Smiling, she realized she had already started. When she looked down at her slave on his knees, she felt his tongue slide up and down, left and right. With every movement, he pleased her. Not only that, he reinforced his own subjugation.

Jessica decided to train him as well as she said, "This is where you belong, Michael. Your days of being in charge and telling girls they are inferior have come to an end. Don't worry. You'll always be useful. You have such a busy tongue." She made him sound like a dog.

Good.

She started giggling as she recalled how frustrated he looked when he crawled around his own classroom floor, chasing balls and getting led around by a leash. The leash she held in her hand.

Control. Power. Authority.

These were amazing aphrodisiacs.

Within moments, Jessica climaxed hard. She suppressed the urge to scream out, mostly because she didn't want to distract from her new plan.

Still, one orgasm wasn't quite enough.

Michael started to pull away, yet she slapped her hand down against the back of his head again. She didn't hurt him; she only applied enough force to make him understand that he didn't get a choice here. He didn't move around of his own volition, so Michael had to understand that that obedience was the most important attribute for a boy to have.

Humility probably came as a close second.

Humility. She smiled. A while before, she had found another article, this one talking about the idea of feminine humility. For so long, women had been taught to be polite and nice. Here, both terms should have been positive. But in reality, they were tools of oppression.

So long as women allowed themselves to be defined by the men around them, polite and nice would mean obedient and subservient. Women shouldn't raise their voices or step out of line. They shouldn't question why so many power structures had been built around men and what they expected.

Humility.

She puffed out her cheeks, laughing until she felt his tongue glide over her clit. Another wave of pleasure cascaded through her body. She lifted her hips slightly, making it easier for him to delve

deeper. At the same time, Jessica reached up and started to play with her breasts. Without even removing her top, she could enjoy herself so thoroughly.

Her fingers brushed along the outlines of her nipples. She squeezed down gently, almost pinching herself. At the same time, his busy tongue continued to play and work right between her legs.

More. She craved more. She expected and demanded *more!*

The next orgasm pulsed through her body, hot and deliciously intense. When she was done, she opened her eyes wide that really saying anything around her. Then she smiled down at her pet man and said, "Nicely done. You're such a good slave." She pinched his cheek and slipped off of the desk just as the door opened.

It was Sabrina!

"Mr. Blackburn, I had some questions about my homework. I was hoping you could help me." She sounded so earnest and eager.

When Jessica first met this girl, she didn't want to like her for the simple reason that she was a blonde cheerleader, the kind of flirtatious cliché every high school female learned to dislike pretty early on. And yet, Sabrina had always been kind and polite. Guys wanted her, yet she never exuded that aggressive arrogance movies said cheerleaders naturally possessed.

Abashed, Michael quickly leaped to his feet. As he did so, one question played along his face. Did Sabrina see that he had been kneeling before his own desk?

No. Of course not.

And yet, Sabrina tilted her head very slightly to the side. Or maybe Michael was seeing things. His guilty conscience could've prompted him to imagine the worst...

"What questions?"

"Well, last week, you said we had to write a paper about traditional social dynamics." She spoke carefully, working hard to enunciate each word because she wasn't familiar with this kind of academic discourse. "But now, you said that you've reconsidered. So I'm wondering what I should write."

After another couple of seconds, Sabrina seemed to notice Jessica. "Hi, Jessica!" She sounded genuinely cheerful to see her

classmate.

Jessica walked over, sat down in a desk, and looked up at her classmate. "Actually, I was wondering the same thing."

Michael quickly wiped out his mouth. He could still feel the girl's juices along his lips. He could taste her on his lips and tongue.

Clearing his throat, he wished that he could sit Sabrina down and tell her the truth of his beliefs.

But with Jessica right there, that became an impossibility.

Worse, he knew precisely what Jessica would wish for him to say. Should he anticipate her needs and obey a command before they could be given? Or should he wait and accept the reality he would get one more example of how powerful and ruthless Jessica could be?

Clearing his throat, he decided to speak. Even as the words left his lips, he didn't know exactly what he would say. "Sabrina, that's right. I've been reconsidering my positions."

"So do I write that man should be in charge?"

Jessica smiled, arching forward slightly.

Michael could feel her eyes on him.

"No," he told her. "You should write about the potential of women."

"Just potential?" Jessica asked. "That's not what you were saying this morning. This morning, you were talking all about how women are *better* than men."

"Yes, that's right," he forced himself to say. More than anything, he yearned to equivocate or come up with some other angle. Given enough time, Michael knew he could succeed. But with the blonde cheerleader's eyes on him and Jessica right there, he had no choice. He had to surrender. Again.

"So?" Sabrina asked, seeming genuinely confused.

"Write about how women are better than men. Write about how women deserve to be in charge."

Then Sabrina asked an annoyingly smart question, "How far down should this go?"

"Excuse me?" Michael asked, immediately thinking of how he had just surfaced Jessica.



“Well, women are supposed to be in charge, right? Technically, men are mostly in charge now even though there are some companies with female CEOs and women working in the House of Representatives and Senate. So should men be allowed to run their own companies? Or do only women get that opportunity?”

“Yeah, Michael. What do you think?” Jessica teased as her eyes seemed to shine with arrogant joy.

If Sabrina noticed how her classmate just used his first name, she didn’t give any sign of it. If anything, she seemed politely curious.

“I think women should hold all top positions of authority.”

“And?” That was Jessica, teasing him, prompting him.

“And men should be allowed limited control.”

“Really? Are you sure you don’t want to rethink that?” Jessica asked, her expression exaggerated.

“Men should be allowed very, very limited control.”

“That still doesn’t sound right,” Jessica teased as, her face scrunched up in confusion as though she couldn’t quite figure out what was wrong with his idea.

At this point, Sabrina offered helpfully, “It’s okay if you think men shouldn’t be allowed *any* kind of power in society.”

Michael started stammering. The blonde continued, “I mean, look at the world. Guys are in charge, and the atmosphere is poisoned and we have all these problems throughout society. A lot of guys complain that too many women have taken control, that there are too many people trying to decide what should happen next. Maybe they’re right. Maybe we could be more unified if men didn’t get a voice.”

“Or a vote,” said Jessica.

When Michael heard that, he straightened his back. Oh no. No way. He could not and would not accept that possibility.

“There is absolutely no way you could disenfranchise men,” Michael protested. “We did all of it. We wrote the Magna Carta, the Constitution, all of it!”

“Sit down,” Jessica commanded.

At once, her obedient slave turned and fell into one of the student desks.

“Sabrina, do you think boys should get a vote?”

“I don’t know,” she said, blending honesty and cheerfulness.

“Me either,” said Jessica. “Michael, what are some good reasons why men shouldn’t be allowed to vote?”

He shouldn’t have been unable to answer this question because there shouldn’t have been any good reasons. And yet, his mouth started to move, almost as though he were a preprogrammed toy. “Boys shouldn’t be allowed to vote because we’re too emotional, stubborn, and aggressive.”

“I think those are all pretty much the same reason,” Jessica said. “But I’m still glad to hear you admit it.”

Once he heard her answer, Michael itched to rise up out of the desk and March over to her.

But then, Jessica glanced at him again. “Tell Sabrina about how men should be owned.”

“Men should be owned as slaves.”

“Really?” Sabrina asked, giggling.

“That’s right. In fact, our teacher here has decided that he wants to be my slave.”

Although it only took her a few seconds to utter those words, Michael still couldn’t believe it. Time seemed to slow down. Everything became distorted as he looked over to the cheerleader.

He expected Sabrina to look appalled or upset. Instead, a different expression settled over her sweetly angled features: intrigue. In fact, she started to bite down on her bottom lip.

“You like that, don’t you?” Jessica asked.

“It sounds wrong,” Sabrina said. “Isn’t slavery wrong?”

“Yeah, it is!” Michael said, slamming his palm down against his desktop.

Strangely enough, neither of the girls seemed startled.

“Sit down and be quiet,” Jessica ordered, stealing away control of his body and forcing him to let the two women talk.

“Slavery has the potential to be incredibly unethical,” Jessica said as she secretly fantasized about how this could all play out. “But

really, just think about it. When we first started talking, I said that girls should be the guardians of boys. That's not the traditional kind of slavery. If girls are *taking care* of boys, telling them what to do and how to dress and punishing them when they step out of line, doesn't it make sense that the girls should be compensated for their efforts?"

"Kind of like babysitting," Sabrina said.

"Yes. That's exactly it. If you have to babysit a little boy, you tell him what to do and punish him when he misbehaves. And in the end, you get rewarded for it. The exact same thing should work if you are taking care of a high school boy."

"So would this end in high school?"

Jessica shrugged. "He could go on to college or into the workplace. Maybe in every job, men should have a female supervisor."

"I like that!" Sabrina called out as she clapped her hands together.

"Me too."

At this point, Sabrina hesitated until she worked up the bravery to ask, "So...is our teacher is your slave?"

Silent, Michael glared at Jessica. With every second, he silently willed her to stop this. Maybe she would laugh and say that it had all been a joke or something. And yet, she didn't seem inclined to do that. Instead, she peeked right over at Sabrina and said, "Yes. He's my slave."

"Hot," Sabrina said, destroying any hope of help that Michael might have harbored.

Jessica laughed, "Heck yeah! It's so hot!"

"So if he's your slave, can you make him do anything?"

"I don't know. What do you think, Michael? Can I make you do anything?"

Suddenly, he felt his ability to speak return. And yet, if he talked, he would have to answer. He didn't want to remain silently stoic either. Quiet would have seemed like an admission.

Jessica snickered. "Yeah, I can make this boy do whatever I want. Like right now, would you like a foot massage?"

“From our teacher?” Sabrina gasped, clearly unable to imagine it. Then again, she had been the young blonde woman who always raised her hand because she enjoyed the attention she got from her teacher.

Sabrina never imagined a possibility where this man might give up all control or authority, especially to a younger woman like her.

“It’s okay if you’re not interested,” Jessica said.

Sabrina answered in less than a heartbeat, “I’m interested!” She practically shouted those words.

“I’m glad to hear it. So do want him to give you a foot massage?”

“I don’t know. Would you like to give me a foot massage... Michael?” She spoke his first name tentatively, as though she were trying it out. As she did so, Michael felt the heat cascade along his cheeks, down his neck, and along the contours of his back.

“Tell her yes. Say you really, really want to give her a foot massage. Tell her how that would make you happy.”

Forced to obey again, he said, “Yes. I really, really want to give you a foot massage. That would make me so happy.”

Sabrina must’ve been able to understand what was going on, although she probably didn’t know about the program. As far as she was concerned, this teacher simply obeyed his student. Maybe she figured Jessica had blackmail material. Or maybe something else occurred to her. In any case, Sabrina reached up slowly, and she pulled off her first wedge sandal, followed by the other one. She let her shoes fall to the floor before she wiggled her toes.

“Come here and give me a foot massage,” she instructed cheerfully.

There was just something about that playful lilt in her voice.

“Do it,” Jessica said, her voice quiet, barely more than a whisper, yet it still contained the same power Michael has learned to fear. So he slipped out of his seat and started to walk.

“Do you want to crawl? I think you want to crawl,” Jessica asked, only to answer her question. She looked back at her slave and instructed, “Crawl.”

Obediently, he lowered himself to his hands and knees. He got dust on his slacks and he could feel the dirt over his knuckles. Even so, he came up to this girl.

And once he arrived, he straightened his back. He was going to stand, but Jessica shook her head. "No, no. Stay there on your knees and give her a nice foot massage."

Give. A command.

As Sabrina wiggled her toes again, Michael had no choice. He grabbed onto her right foot, and he began to gently massage it, working his fingers over her toes, her arch, and down to her heel.

"Oh, wow. That feels really good."

"Which part?" Jessica asked. When her friend seemed confused, Jessica explained, "You can enjoy the physical sensations, but there's also a psychological thrill that comes from having a man like this on his knees, ready to obey your every order."

"I don't know which part is better," Sabrina answered truthfully. "But I wish he would use his mouth." Then she blinked, apparently embarrassed. She probably didn't like to admit those sorts of things.

But Jessica was completely unfazed. "Really? Because we can make that happen."

She placed extra emphasis on "make."

Even as his hands worked, Michael glanced back at his student. "Please, please don't do it. Please, don't make me." His voice trembled, he was begging, and he hoped that these girls might be merciful. Realizing he might not have much luck with Jessica, he turned back to Sabrina. "Tell her not to do it!"

"Wow. He's cute when he begs," Sabrina said instead of offering any sympathy.

"I know, right?" Jessica asked. A second later, she turned back to him. "Use your mouth. Kiss her feet, lick her toes, and make her feel good. We all know you can do it."

Almost immediately, Michael lost control over his body as he held onto her ankle and raised her foot slightly. With the weight of her leg on his hand, he leaned down and started to kiss Sabrina's foot.

From one second to the next, he continued to lick and suck and nozzle at her foot. Distantly, he could hear Jessica speaking, talking, yet his thoughts dissipated, drifting away.

Was that how women had survived for so long? Men might've been around them, but they learned to ignore the teasing and offhand condescension because they already understood that they could never be active participants?

Michael instantly hated the idea and tried to dismiss it. But could he? Could he really pretend he didn't understand what enslavement and subjugation now felt like?

"Switch feet," Sabrina commanded, her voice taking on something new. No longer flirtatious, she instead came off as commanding and authoritative.

But she was just a cheerleader, some ditzy blonde!

Even so, she had discovered a new way to speak, and she reveled in it.

She raised up her other foot, tauntingly wiggled her toes, and watched as Michael hesitated.

"Do it," Jessica ordered.

She didn't even have to be specific! "Do it" was enough to compel his obedience, so he leaned in, wrapped his lips around Sabrina's big toe, he began to suck.

Within seconds, he heard a sound he didn't expect: Sabrina moaning. He should've figured it out sooner, but the revelation smacked into him all at once; she was getting off on this! She enjoyed it way more than he ever anticipated.

No, no, no. If this started to turn her on, Michael knew precisely what would come next.

"Very good," Jessica said. Her voice sounded fuzzy, almost as though it came from far away. Even so, he kept licking and sucking like an obedient slave, worshiping this young woman with everything he had.

His mouth moved between her toes, along the arch of her foot, and over every curve. He kept licking and sucking, doing what he could to please her.

He moved automatically and instinctively, listening to the sounds she made and fighting hard to please her. Of course, behind his eyes, Michael needed to resist this. He hated how he had to serve this girl. She was just a young woman! She was nothing but a girl!

His misogyny didn't grant him any special powers. His sexism didn't allow him to fight the biology Jessica had learned to use against him.

If light patterns and sounds could control him, then there had to be some kind of cure, right? There had to be some way to do this. But how?

Michael continued to lick and suck, moving his mouth over her foot. Occasionally, she wiggled her toes, probably just tease him. He hated it. He hated every second of this. He was supposed to be the one in charge. He was a man. Women got down there needs to please men. It wasn't supposed to work the other way around!

But then, Sabrina called out, "Enough. Enough, I can't take anymore!" She started to giggle, only now she sounded like she couldn't control herself. Suddenly, she had turned ticklish.

"Did you like that?" Having observed the whole time, Jessica sounded marginally curious.

"That was incredible," Sabrina answered, nearly breathless. She was still breathing heavily.

"Would you like something special?"

Sabrina glanced over at the door, as though she needed to make her escape because she didn't know how much more she could take.

Then, with a twist of his stomach, Michael realized why. She needed to go find someplace private where she could touch herself, where she could masturbate and release her sexual frustration. Maybe that hadn't been enough to get her off, but it probably came close.

With another sickening twist, Michael had to wonder a different question altogether: was it the physical sensations or the rush of power that had turned her on?

What if every female was just like Jessica? What if all of these girls craved power and control, only they didn't realize it? And if they got a taste, would these new urges suddenly awaken within them?

The possibility sent a shiver running down his back. And yet, there was nothing Michael to do about it!

Trapped in his own body and frustrated beyond belief, he sat there on his knees. But then, Jessica rose, and she came over to Sabrina. She leaned in and whispered something. What? What were these girls talking about?

"No..." Said Sabrina, her voice loaded with disbelief. Her eyes got big, her lips parted to a circle of surprise, and she just stared back at the other girl. "No. No way! We couldn't!"

Michael couldn't help himself, so he asked, "What? What're you talking about?" He felt like a pet or some little kid because these two girls were obviously in charge, and he had no way of forcing them to tell him anything. Even so, he had to ask!

"Quiet," Jessica said dismissively.

Just like that, he may as well of been gagged or muzzled.

Unable to speak now, he just sat there as the girls whispered back and forth, tittering and giggling like this was some kind of sleepover.

As they spoke, Michael couldn't talk, yet he still observed. He watched as he tried to figure out what they were discussing. It had to be something big, something important. When Jessica first suggested it—whatever "it" was— Sabrina had blushed brightly, her whole face lit up with surprise.

And now they kept going back and forth, probably circling the same ideas.

"I don't think that would be a good thing to do," Sabrina protested, only she sounded like the kind of girl who needed to follow the rules.

"It would be really good for all three of us."

"Do we need to get his permission or anything?"

"Nah," Jessica said with another dismissive wave of her hand.

"He does *whatever* I say. He can't help himself!"



By this point, they had started speaking more loudly. That's why he could hear, but he didn't enjoy the words he picked up on. "That is so hot!"

"I know, right?"

"No, seriously. I know there are guys who like to be spanked or whatever, but I was figured that was just something the boys were into. It never really occurred to me how incredible this could feel."

"Control? Power?"

"Yes!"

The two girls looked into one another's eyes, and suddenly they burst out giggling again.

After a little while, they got themselves back under control and finally Sabrina nodded solemnly. "But what if he gets really excited? What if he loses control or something?"

Oh no. Right away, Michael could see where this was headed, and he wished that he could say something. It felt as though there had to be some way for him to short-circuit this line of conversation. But no. He couldn't talk, and he wasn't about to resort to gesticulating wildly on the off chance the girls decided they wanted to hear his point of view.

"He can't get off without my say-so. Even when he's away from me, he can't even get hard."

"Really?"

"Really."

Sabrina had to make it worse because she stated, "I don't believe you." Her voice was loaded with adorable skepticism.

"Seriously!"

"How?"

At this point, Michael couldn't help himself; he started to shake his head wildly from side to side. Without speaking, he used his body language to beg and plead. Jessica glanced at him, saw all of it, and made up her mind anyway. "Michael, please stand up and take down your pants. Show my friend here your special cage."

Special cage.

That phrase seemed like a perfect description for everything he had toured. Only his special cage involved a unique program,

lights and sound designed to work his mind and force him to obey an immature teenage girl.

With the same automatic movements, he stood up, loosened his belt, and pulled down his pants. Just like that, he revealed his chastity cage to a pair of girls.

At first, Sabrina just looked at him. Her expression was locked with confusion. She had probably been with guys before. She had probably seen naked boys, but now she didn't know what to make of this.

"It's a chastity cage," Jessica said, explaining the details authoritatively. "Basically, this loops around the base of his scrotum, and it keeps him from getting hard. It doesn't matter what you do to him."

"You're kidding."

"I'm serious. He can't get an erection."

"This is crazy. I mean, guys are always so proud of their boy parts!"

Boy parts? Really? Sabrina sounded almost like some little kid. It was strange, especially because Michael was certain lots and lots of the male population had fantasized about this girl. She had probably worn every imaginary costume and assumed every fantasy pose.

"It's not crazy. I put him in this case because I want to feel like a slave. Is it working, Michael? Be honest."

"Yes," he confessed. "It's working."

She slapped her hands together. "Perfect!"

A mischievous glimmer appeared in Jessica's eyes. "You know, I'm really not sure."

"Oh? What do you mean?"

"That cage doesn't look really strong. Maybe if he got really turned on, he could break out of it."

Trapped by his obedience, Michael didn't know what to do, yet he still hated the sound of that.

Over and over again, he went to that common refrain. These girls weren't supposed to be able to do this to him! They weren't supposed to be able to steal away this kind of control!

“Oh, it doesn’t matter how turned on he gets. He’s going to stay in that cage because he can’t get it off. He could beg and fight it. He could even try to force orgasm, but it just won’t work.”

“Let’s test it,” Sabrina said. At once, her eyes widened, like she couldn’t believe what she had just said.

“Test it?”

“Yeah,” Sabrina suggested. “We can test it!”

The two girls looked back at one another. They didn’t say anything, yet they still communicated somehow.

“Okay,” Jessica said. Then she turned back to Michael. “What would be the most arousing thing you can think of right now?”

Michael didn’t say anything. He didn’t want to admit the truth.

Unfortunately for him, he was property now, so he didn’t get to hold anything back.

“Tell us right now. What would you like to see?”

“I want to see you make out with her,” Michael said, blinking quickly afterward because he didn’t know that had been something he even desired. But now, he imagined these two girls kissing, touching, fondling one another, so his shaft twitched in the cage. He groaned automatically as the heat of desire spread through his skin. Michael tried to fight it, but he couldn’t possibly win.

Another message seemed to be conveyed between the two of them, yet that was impossible.

Maybe it was intuition. Maybe these girls one another better than Michael suspected. Either way, they smiled at one another, almost giggling but not quite, not this time.

Jessica strode over to her new friend. She reached down, placed her hand on Sabrina’s hip. At this point, the other girl slipped off of the desk, and then they leaned in.

Eyes wide, Michael stared to get hard. He felt like someone had pumped him full of fuel, and now a spark had been lit. His body ached, but he didn’t dare try to move. He watched as these girls leaned in, and started to kiss one another.

But it was more than that. This wasn’t some awkward peck on the cheek. No, these girls leaned in, and they started to really stroking caressed each other. Her fingertips brushed their necks,

their shoulders, their palms. More than that, he could tell that they were really, really into it!

Michael's world shrank down as he focused entirely on the two young women before him. They looked amazing! They were so hot, so sexy! He couldn't believe what he was seeing!

All the while, his shaft tried to push against the boundaries of his cage, but he couldn't achieve his erection. Instead, he could sense the excitement to gather at the tip of his shaft, but that was the best he could do.

Then, to make matters worse, the girls broke off for a second. They looked back at him. Then they burst out laughing!

"He's so horny!" Sabrina taunted. "He's so desperate!"

"This is how you enslave a guy," Sabrina taunted.

Sabrina. She was supposed to be the sweet girl, the one who'd flirt with the male faculty for the chance at a good grade.

Jessica stepped behind the other girl, wrapped her arms around her, and grinned at their captive. "Would you like a threesome?"

His eyes widened as different possibilities streamed through his head. Oh yes, that would be amazing! Like so many other guys, he ached for the chance to be with two beautiful girls. This would've been amazing, only then Sabrina cracked a smile. Within seconds, both girls started laughing.

"Loser! You're just a slave!"

But then, Jessica leaned in and started to kiss and lick at the other girl's neck. Sabrina tilted her head to the side and made it easier for her friend. With her eyes focused on Michael, she blew him a kiss.

Then they face one another again, making out right in front of him. Their hands roamed along one another's bodies. They touched and teased each other.

Michael could hardly believe it, but Jessica reached up underneath Sabrina's skirt.

For a moment, Sabrina opened her eyes, and she seemed genuinely confused and surprised by this. But then, the sensations must have been overwhelming because she soon relaxed into the

other girl once again. She surrendered and allowed this to happen. It must have been so good, so incredible, so wonderful for her.

Sabrina panted, her face turning red.

After a little while longer, Jessica pulled away.

“We can do even better.”

“How?” Sabrina wanted to know right away.

Jessica leaned in and whispered quietly again, lowering her voice so Michael couldn’t pick up on the next words.

Since he had already completed the command, Michael began to surreptitiously pull his pants back up. Perhaps he could reclaim just a sliver of his dignity.

No. His captors wouldn’t allow that. Jessica noticed the movement in her peripheral vision, so she glanced back and said, “Stop. We want you on display.”

Stop. Just like that, his whole body froze up again. He may as well have been a sculpture trapped in one position.

After going back and forth for a few more seconds, Sabrina stared at him. It probably only took her a couple of seconds for this girl to make up her mind, but then time seemed to slow down. Instinctively, Michael understood that this was going to be bad. Otherwise, why would these girls be whispering back and forth so furtively?

“Okay, let’s do it.”

Do it? Do what?

“Close your eyes,” Jessica said.

At once, he obeyed, and everything went dark around him.

The girls kept giggling, chatting back and forth, sometimes whispering, sometimes speaking aloud. Unfortunately, they only dropped their voices down into those whispers when they didn’t want to hear. He strained, fighting hard to pick up on those sounds, but he failed.

If they didn’t want him to hear something, then he didn’t get to hear it. To make matters worse, he had his eyes closed, so he didn’t know exactly what they were doing.

He started to breathe faster. His heart kicked harder in his chest.

Michael did his best to pretend that none of this affected him. He told himself that he could handle it. They were just girls. What was the worst they could do?

“Okay,” Jessica called out. “You can open your eyes now.”

He opened his eyes at once, only to stop, frozen by shock and disbelief. When he saw Jessica, he didn’t know what to believe. His thoughts turned to static and raw shock.

She stood in front of him, only she had stripped away her pleated skirt. She wasn’t wearing panties, not exactly. Instead, she had on a strange pair of boy shorts, only now something emerged from between her legs.

It looked like a dildo, round and smooth, a dark shade of purple. Immediately, she swung her hips from side to side, and the shaft followed, almost bouncing as she moved. “You like it?” Jessica teased. “This is what I’m going to use to fuck you!”

Michael actually felt his mouth fall open. No. No way. This couldn’t be happening, and she couldn’t be serious. This could really be something she decided to do!

“You look confused. Do you want to ask some questions?”

Still operating under the command to be quiet, Michael didn’t speak right away. But then, he managed to get his head to work, so he nodded fervently.

“Okay, slave. You may speak.” As she gave him permission, Sabrina laughed from behind their boy.

“Please, you can’t do this. Please, don’t use something like that on me.”

“What’s wrong? You think it’s going to be demeaning to get fucked by your students? You think this’ll be humiliating?”

“Yes!”

“Good,” she said. “Crawl over to me, and come suck my cock.” The two girls giggled again. Jessica didn’t sound especially confident, like the word was alien in her mouth. Even so, she managed to make it work, so he now found himself on his hands and knees, scurrying across the floor exactly as she wished.

Michael couldn't believe that he was really doing this. Hot humiliation burned through his body as he made his way across the floor. At least he could speak, so he said, "Please, please don't make me do this. Please, I could go down on you again!"

"Yeah, I'm sorry, but your mouth has been promised elsewhere."

He got up on his knees, then he looked straight at the dildo. It was right in front of his eyes.

Jessica reached down, ran her fingers through his hair, and she took a firm grip, just as she had done before. Going down and licking her slit had been one thing. This was going to be so much worse.

He was right.

When he first tasted the silicon, he barely licked it.

"Come on," Sabrina chided. "You can do better than that!" The blonde cheerleader didn't have the power to compel him, but Jessica did.

"Yeah, that's pathetic. Go deep. Take it in your mouth. Remember, right now, you're nothing but a slut eager to suck this cock."

She giggled. Michael had no idea where she had heard those words before. Maybe she and her friends had looked up some porn online one night at a sleepover or something. But now, he had no choice. He wrapped his lips around the circumference, taking it inch by inch. Within moments, it felt like his gag reflex would kick in, but he managed to fight it down somehow.

"That's right. You're nothing but a dirty slut, aren't you? Take it. Take it. Take it deep!"

The two girls kept laughing as he moved his head forward and back. He ran his lips along the dildo.

Strangely enough, Jessica reacted. She started to moan as he bobbed his head forward and back.

How? More importantly, why?

That Michael figured it out.

He could sense the given a dildo as it pushed against her crotch.

The dildo must've had two sides! Every time he nudged it against her crotch, he forced the other tip into her pussy, stimulating her.

This didn't make it any better.

"That's right. Keep sucking. Suck like a dirty little slut. This is where you belong, isn't it? You don't get to be a real man, not anymore. You're going to do whatever we say. You belong to us!"

Just a few feet away, Sabrina was laughing.

He glanced past Jessica and managed to catch a glimpse of the other girl. She had her hand under her skirt. She was touching herself.

He kept licking and sucking, moving his tongue along the length of the dildo in his mouth. Rammed into him, but there was still nothing he could do to stop these girls from controlling his body.

Pretty soon, he could feel the dildo against the back of his throat.

Although he'd tried and failed so many times already, Michael still worked to come up with some strategy, some solution. His thoughts flailed about in every direction. He had already tried to bribe her. It didn't work. He had tried everything. And even if he somehow broke the program that controlled him, what about the chastity cage? He couldn't get it off, not without her key!

What would it take to get that little piece of metal back from Jessica?

Everything. He had nothing to offer her.

Michael wanted to grit his teeth, but he couldn't. Instead, he took every inch of the dildo into his mouth until it brushed up against the back of his throat. He felt it again, that tension, the need to gag, but he couldn't!

"Poor, poor boy. This must be so humiliating for you. You thought girls were supposed to give head, didn't you? I guess that means you were wrong. Don't worry. It's okay. You're a slave now. You do as you're told. You don't have to feel bad. It's not like you could ever try to control yourself."

He couldn't.



Michael didn't want to think about it, but he really couldn't make his own decisions, not anymore.

Locking his eyes shut, he tried to hide from the truth even as he felt tasted the dildo in his mouth. He bobbed his head forward and back, sucking eagerly like some porn star.

All the while, he could hear the girl above him her and tease him. Then there was Sabrina, still touching herself as she enjoyed the show.

How is this possible? How was any of this possible?

Michael didn't get any answers.

Finally, she pulled the dildo from his mouth. The implement shined with his saliva.

"Go over to Sabrina and use your mouth on her. Make her feel good. Do your best to lick her. You want her to come."

Michael registered the words and obeyed immediately. He crawled the other girl, looked up at her, his eyes filled with fright.

"It's okay. I'll be gentle with you," Sabrina promised even as she placed her hand gently on the back of his head.

"I won't," Jessica said from behind the boy.

Michael didn't comprehend what these girls meant. Then again, he couldn't know what they had planned for him.

As Michael began to lap eagerly at Sabrina's pussy, he heard Jessica start to laugh again. She crouched down behind him, touched something to his exposed buttocks, and then she pushed forward, slowly inserting the toy from before.

No, no, no.

Disbelief swept through his body as he first since the invasion.

But yes, Jessica had crouched right behind him, aimed at the dildo for his opening, and now she used his own saliva as lubricant as she pushed the toy between his butt cheeks.

She was going to have sex with him! He was going to get to be the girl! Penetrated and humiliated, he wouldn't be able to stop her. After all, he may as well have been shackled into that position on his hands and knees. As his tongue continued to explore, probe, and service Sabrina, Jessica was free to do whatever she liked!

Taking advantage of her power, she pushed forward, only to slide back. She did this again and again, going a little bit deeper with every movement.

“This is where you belong, Michael. On your hands and knees, worshiping your superiors. We get to do whatever we want with you. Yes, we do. Take it. Take every inch!”

Groaning—panting and moaning—Michael did his best to pretend that he hated all of it. He fought as hard as he could, clenching down, but Jessica wouldn’t be stopped. She pushed her hips forward, thrusting the boy into him. As she did so, she enjoyed the friction against her own body. The opposite tip of the toy pushed into her slit, exciting her more than she had ever expected. With every thrust, she triggered something alluring and intoxicating deep with him. He had never explored this orifice. He didn’t know what she could do to him...

She loved the way sex with him made her feel!

“That’s right, go on and wiggle all you want, slave. You know you can’t help yourself. You know it doesn’t make any difference!” She threw her head back and laughed, enjoying the weight of her hair against her shoulders.

Of course, she also enjoyed the way his head seemed to move up and down as he kept licking, bobbing to please Sabrina.

Sabrina glanced at her new friend. “This is incredible. Every boy should be trained just like this!”

“I know, right?” Jessica answered as the girls continue to exploit their helpless teacher.

“I, I can’t take much more of this!” Sabrina started to say just a few seconds later. Her clitoris was swollen, her pussy wet. With her desperation building, she couldn’t hold out. Pretty soon, she squeezed her inner thighs against Michael’s cheeks as she climaxed hard, letting the pleasure explode just beneath her skin.

Then she shoved him back, but Jessica wasn’t finished with him. “Stay down. Put your face at her feet. Lift your ass!”

Making demands had become second nature for this young woman.

Although she couldn't exactly see his face, Jessica had no problem sensing his deep humiliation. It went straight to the core of his psyche.

"This is the new tradition, Michael. This is how everyone is going to have sex. Girls will take what they want, and boys will give it up. What you think of that? Do you like our new tradition?"

"Stop this! You can't do this!"

Because she could, Jessica reached down, grabbed his hair, and yanked his head back. "You're a boy. I'm a girl. I can do whatever I want!"

As she spoke, she ran to him again and again.

Pretty soon, the cadence became too much for her. She came closer and closer to her release. Then she jumped off of that edge, falling into the blissful inferno. Heat rampaged through her body, spreading across her arms and legs, pulsating from her slit. She threw her head back, gasped, cried out, and reveled in the orgasm.

When she was done, she looked down at him.

"Oh, poor boy. I almost feel bad for him," Sabrina said.

At first, Jessica just laughed. But then, she smiled down at her instructor. Sure enough, he was there, in that same position, just like some discarded puppet. She also experienced that twinge of conscience.

"You must be so horny after everything we've done to him. Michael, did you like the way I had sex with you?"

"No," he grunted back.

"Be honest."

"Yes," he confessed.

Bristling again, Michael desperately wished he could simply lie to this girl. And yet, the truth was forced out of his mouth. Whenever it came to any battle of wills with this girl, he was always destined to lose.

"Really? You like getting fucked from behind?" Jessica asked, her voice playful. "Why do you think that is?"

He didn't answer.

With an almost exasperated sigh, she giggled, "It's okay. Go on. You can tell me. In fact, tell me."

With those two syllables, she forced his obedience again.

"I don't know why it felt good. But it did."

"Maybe you like your natural position?"

Before he could stop himself, he asked, "What?"

This time, Sabrina piped in, "Your natural position! I'm kind of a ditz sometimes, but even I know what that means!"

Michael hated the sound of that. "I'm smarter than you," he said.

"If that's true, then why are you a slave while she gets to feel your tongue whenever she wants?" Jessica asked.

Michael didn't have a response.

"It's okay. I'm sure lots of guys secretly wish they could be owned."

"I don't want to be owned!" Michael insisted.

Even as he snarled those words, he didn't know whether or not they were really true.

"If you tell us you want to be owned, maybe we'll let you out of the chastity cage for a little while."

"Yeah, just a little while!" Sabrina chimed in.

Michael glanced from one girls to the other. All the while, he didn't know how he should react respond. Could he believe them?

Ultimately, it didn't matter. If they wished to force his compliance, they could do it effortlessly and without even exerting themselves. Or at least, Jessica could. Those fine distinctions didn't make much difference to the teens' slave.

He inhaled, filling his lungs. For just a moment, right before he started speaking, he imagined himself has some great oratory. This could be his defiant speech, his perfect stand.

But then, the words tumbled from his lips, one after another, "Please, I know that you're both better than I am. You're stronger and smarter. I'm just a dumb boy. Please, please let me out of the cage, just for a little while! I swear, I'll do whatever you want! I won't disobey or defy you. I swear, I can be an obedient boy!"

"Do you think we need a new set of traditional values?"

"Yes!" Michael swore with a vehemence he couldn't possibly believe. Even if the two girls knew that he was lying, they didn't really

care. They were mostly concerned with making sure he behaved himself. For the moment, he seemed perfectly willing to subjugate himself at their feet, right where he belonged.

"Tell us about that."

"Boys and men need to be retrained. Their expectations have to be reset. They need to learn to obey and serve. They need to learn the proper deference and humility when it comes to females."

"Because women are better?"

"Yes."

"Because women deserve to be in charge?"

"Yes!"

"What is that called?" Jessica asked. Maybe she already knew. Maybe she didn't.

Either way, he had to supply the correct answer. "It's called a gynarchy," he said.

"What's that?" Sabrina wanted to know.

"Is exactly what it sounds like," Jessica replied. "But I think our teacher should tell us all about it."

"In a gynarchy, all decisions are made by women. Women hold all positions of responsibility and power."

"That's right," Jessica said, almost as though *he* had become the student. In some ways, he had. She was still teaching him: she was teaching him to obey.

"Do you think that's good enough?" Sabrina asked. "Should we let him out of his cage?"

"Maybe," Jessica answered, tilting her head from side to side as she made her decision. But really, she had probably already made up her mind, only she wanted him to soak in the uncertainty. "We don't have to."

"But seeing him touch himself might be fun."

"You think so?" Jessica asked. "A lot of guys are into having girls watch them."

"True," Sabrina said. "I used to date a guy who wanted me to watch him touch himself. But this time, I don't think Michael will really like it."

"Oh? Why not?"

“Because you’re still in control.”

“That’s true,” answered Jessica with a knowing nod. “Just because he gets to touch himself doesn’t mean he’s in control.”

“It doesn’t mean we have to let him have it orgasm either.”

“That’s also very, very true.” Jessica smiled down at him. There was something so wicked and cruel in her expression. “What do you think of that, Michael? Would that be frustrating for you?”

“Yes!”

“Good.”

Sabrina circled him. Jessica looked down at him. “Now, I want you to take this key and unlock your cage.” The dark-haired girl reached back for her purse, and she pulled out a small key. When she gave it to Michael, she set it softly on the palm of his hand.

He stared down at that tiny tool. It was just a key, nothing special. It probably came from a hardware store, and yet it granted access to the most important part of his body!

“May I use it?” Michael asked, limiting the deference in his voice.

“You may,” Jessica said.

“You can unlock yourself. Just do it slowly,” Sabrina said. He didn’t technically have to obey her orders, yet he followed her command anyway, knowing that any disrespect toward Sabrina might antagonize Jessica.

He slipped the key into the lock, popped open, and pulled it off. He moved deliberately, taking his time. Occasionally, he glanced up at the two girls. Every time he made eye contact, they smiled, gleeful and generous at the same time.

Generous. Yeah, right.

Michael wished he could snarl at that, but he didn’t dare.

“You’re such a lucky boy. You know, we don’t have to be this generous with you. We could keep you locked up all the time,” Sabrina said. “You’re a boy. You should get used to being frustrated.”

Only a little while ago, Sabrina had been a totally different girl. Clearly, something had awoken within her, some cruel streak that Michael never knew existed.

“Take off the tube and remove the plastic piece from underneath your scrotum,” Jessica ordered.

He followed each command, removing them until his erection stood up right before the girls.

“Okay,” Jessica said. “Come on and touch yourself gently. No squeezing. Only petting.”

He bristled but obeyed, especially since he didn’t have another option. His fingers and muscles moved on their own. He rubbed his fingertips over his erection, lightly touching himself. His tip was already wet with excitement. Now, it felt like he could explode at any moment.

From watching the girls make out to tasting Sabrina’s wet slit, he needed to climax so badly!

And yet, he could only *pet* himself.

“Squeeze yourself gently without climaxing,” said Jessica.

He wrapped his fingers around his member. He obeyed. He still couldn’t come!

“That’s right. You’re enjoying that, aren’t you? You can’t help yourself, can you?”

Michael tensed up, gritting his teeth and wishing he could get off so badly! He needed to feel that rush of satisfaction, the burst of relief deep within his body. Every instinct he possessed told him to squeeze down, but he couldn’t. His nervous system had been hijacked by this girl. His free will had been stolen!

He would have come so hard!

“Slow down,” she ordered.

“Speed up,” Sabrina said just a few seconds later.

“Do it,” entry Jessica.

He moved his hand down and up, desperate for the chance to finish.

“Stop. Hold your hands behind your back,” Jessica called out.

His hands pulled away from his shaft. He couldn’t even hesitate. He can sneak in one extra stroke. The next thing he knew, he had his hands held right at the small of his back. He may as well have been handcuffed.

Instead, these girls used something so much more insidious.

"You may speak if you wish," Jessica said to him.

Somehow, that didn't seem like a favor.

Inhaling, he forced himself to speak. "Please, can I please touch myself again? It felt really good. Please, be nice."

Be nice? Really? Was that what he had been reduced to?

Yes.

The girls glanced at one another. They seemed to share the exact same thoughts.

"Oh, don't feel too bad," Sabrina taunted. "You can't help yourself. Boys are crazy when it comes to sex. It's caused a lot of problems throughout history. But now, I think you can finally control yourself. Or at least, we can control you since you can't do it."

The girls shared another knowing look.

"Please, you're going to put it back in the cage. We all know it. Please, just let me finish. I swear, I can be quick!"

"Oh, we're sure you can," Jessica replied. "But that's not the point. We want to see you truly desperate. Are you really desperate right now?"

"Yes!"

"I think you could do better."

"Please!"

"Oh, I love hearing you plead. You're so good at it, Michael," Jessica said, clapping her hands together. "Every boy should be able to beg the way you do. And since you're doing such a good job, I'm going to let you touch yourself for the next ten seconds."

At once, he jerked his hand back down toward his shaft. He started touching himself. But then, he squeezed. "Hands behind your back," Jessica said right away.

Stupid!

Why had he tried to do that?

When he really thought about it, Michael had to admit that he lost control of himself. It hadn't been a conscious or coherent decision. Instead, it just happened. He wrapped his fingers around his circumference, and it felt so good. For a moment, he thought he might be able to get off!



"You don't like this, do you?" Sabrina asked, easily able to read his expression.

"No. It's humiliating!"

"I'm sure it is," Jessica agreed.

"But you know, just because something is embarrassing, that doesn't mean it's not good for you," Sabrina said. As she spoke, she sounded like some patronizing babysitter.

More than anything, Michael wished that he could get up, grab these girls, and show them who was in charge!

He quickly controlled his temper.

"Okay," Jessica said with an airy wave of her hand. "Go ahead and touch yourself some more. Remember, no orgasms." She said the final two words with the chiding tone of a babysitter again.

Michael couldn't help but recall one word: infantilization. Even as he stroked himself and caressed his fingers along his scrotum and up toward his shaft, he always hated the way feminists accused the rest of society of infantilizing them. Women would be treated like children, teased, and routinely degraded. He remembered one paper in particular where a student talked about how adult women would be addressed as "girls," but men seldom took the label of "boys."

At the time, Michael dismissed of this idea as one small trick of language.

Boy. That's how Jessica and Sabrina now referred to him. He wasn't a man. He was a boy.

Finally, he felt the sting. Finally, he understood why this language mattered.

Those thoughts streamed through his head as he touched himself, savoring the pleasure that ran through his body. It was an odd experience, thinking of gender dynamics even asked pleasure and humiliation rattled for supremacy behind his eyes.

"Keep going," Jessica said. "But no orgasms."

The two girls came to the same conclusion at the same time. They raised their hands and wagged their fingers in his direction.

He bristled again, feeling those spikes of anger nail into his back, neck, and shoulders. Still, he didn't dare say anything. Even if

he could speak, insulting or attacking these girls would be a huge mistake.

“Has he had enough?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Jessica said.

“Maybe he needs some more,” Sabrina replied.

“More sounds like a really good idea.”

By this point, every cell in his body felt supercharged, as though he might explode at any moment.

But then, Jessica called out in her clear, crisp voice, “Stop.”

He yanked his hand away.

“Please. Please, don’t make me stop. Please, that felt so good!”

“You mean surrendering to girls, right?” Sabrina asked. She tilted her head to the side, batted her eyes, and looked like such a ditch as she did so. Even so, she still carried authority. She had power based on her gender.

“Yes. Please, please don’t make me stop surrendering to girls,” he stammered out, hoping that this was what she really wanted to hear.

Jessica clapped her hands together. Wicked thoughts streamed through her head.

The two girls leaned in and started to whisper back and forth to one another. They shared their secrets, but they made their choices without letting the boy in on their discussion. He was just a male, so he didn’t need to hear.

“Okay,” Jessica finally announced. “We have a choice. We need to make sure that your erection goes away. There are two options here. We can’t let you touch yourself so that you come really hard. The other option is to go get to the cafeteria, get some ice, and come back. Then we can rub the ice all over your boy parts.”

Ice? No!

Immediately, his eyes grew huge. That made the girls snicker and chuckled back and forth. They must’ve loved the flash of fear across his face.

Before Michael could really process any of that, the girls started to discuss the possibilities. “I like the idea of putting ice on

him.”

“But I really want to see him touch himself,” Sabrina said.

“Well,” Jessica replied. “We could always make Michael do it himself.”

His lips parted as the shock reverberated through his body. No, no, no! That single syllable kept pounding through his heady, matching the staccato beat of his heart.

“I think it would be really good for him,” Jessica announced. “I mean, he could be frustrated without getting off. How often does that happen to girls?”

Next, the two young women shared a look. Then they burst out laughing again. Guys always focused on their own orgasms, their own pleasure. Maybe it was time for a boy to understand that getting excited didn’t always lead completion.

“Please, please don’t do that. Please, I’ll do anything! Anything!”

“Of course, you will,” Jessica said. “You can’t help yourself. Why is that again?”

One, then two full seconds elapsed before Michael could make himself answer, “Because I’m your slave.”

Jessica clapped her hands together. “That’s right. You’re my slave, and you do as you’re told. So you really don’t have anything to offer.”

“But I only have to obey you, right?”

“Well, you should obey every girl if you know what’s good for you,” Jessica said, only her tone became more measured.

“I can obey every girl. Please, I swear, I’ll always be obedient to every female, so long as you have an orgasm now. Please, I swear, I can do it! Please, please give me this chance!” His voice quivered. Even his eyes began to water.

Over the next couple of heartbeats, Jessica and Sabrina glanced back at one another. They seemed to really consider this, each one exploring her intuition as she tried to figure out what she should say, do, or recommend.

Cupping her hand around the other girl’s ear, Jessica leaned in and whispered, “I think this could be a lot of fun.”

Sabrina replied with, "Don't you have a sister?"

Jessica's eyes got big.

"I do!"

From there, Jessica turned back to her slave boy and she said, "Okay, Michael. I have decided. You may touch yourself, and you may finish. But afterward, you have to clean it up. Oh, and don't forget to obey every girl. Every girl," she said with crisp precision. "Don't worry. I won't tell the girls about this. I mean, rumors might fly, but I'm sure no one would take advantage of you in your diminished state." When her eyes glittered and her lips rose into a wicked grin, Michael shivered. Even so, his shaft remained rock hard. The arousal kept pounding through his body, making it hard for him to imagine a downside.

"Except for one girl. One person is going to know all about you. You know who that is?"

"Who?"

The next word felt like a punch to his gut, "My big sister. Stephanie. You know her, don't you?"

"No. Please, not her. Please, anyone but her!"

"Why wouldn't you want to obey my big sister? She's really nice!" Jessica said with a knowing chortle.

Michael tried to come up with an answer, but then Jessica just interrupted him. "It's okay. Just touch yourself and think about how she'll control you. Think about what she will have to say."

"You know, if Michael has had trouble with your sister, maybe she should get to punish him. Obviously, any difficulties were his fault." Sabrina came off like a diplomat.

"You're right! He is just a boy, after all. I'm sure he misbehaved," Jessica agreed.

Based off of what Jessica said, Michael could now touch himself. He could glide both of his hands over his genitals.

Even as he imagined what Stephanie might do, he seized the opportunity. With one hand, he caressed his scrotum, moving his fingers along the underside of his balls. With his other hand, he encircled his shaft and stroke, moving his palm up and down. Every

gentle squeeze felt incredible. He rubbed himself, working up to that point of completion.

But even as he came closer and closer to an orgasm, Michael understood how Jessica could stop him at any moment. With a word, a breath, she could freeze his entire body and take away this pleasure.

Silently, he hoped she wouldn't.

He'd never been so helpless or powerless with a young woman before.

But now, he squeezed, and he felt it, that rush of pleasure as he finally fell into his orgasm. The pleasure rushed through his body as he clenched his eyes shut. He surrendered to it, all of it. He embraced the hot desire, letting everything coalesce.

It felt like magma, a nuclear explosion running through his body, a tsunami. It rushed through him, lighting up his nerves and making him growl like some wild animal, not that Michael to hear any of his sounds.

The two girls watched, each one fascinated.

Boys were always so obsessed with sex. They were such strange creatures.

As he blew his load and lost himself to the orgasm, he surrendered something. Perhaps he didn't realize it, but he just lost something. Jessica and Sabrina certainly understood the truth.

"How did that feel?" Sabrina asked.

Jessica had a different question, "Was it worth it?"

Exhausted and drained, Michael didn't know what to say. At first, he couldn't summon any sort of response at all. But ultimately, he didn't know what this release would cost him.

For the rest of the day, he felt exhausted and drained.

"Mr. Blackburn, can we skip the homework tonight?"

Had a rumor started to float around? Did the young woman who raised her hand and ask for that absurd request realized he had to say yes?

Or maybe it had been just a coincidence. That was a joke always popular among students. Wouldn't it be a good idea to skip

the homework? Wouldn't it be better if they decided they didn't have to come to class at all?

"Yes, you may," he said.

"Really?" The girl looked dumbfounded. She couldn't imagine a scenario where a teacher would just change his plans based off of a casual request.

She had no idea; Michael had no choice.

"Really," he said.

After that, his students actually seemed pretty enthusiastic. They followed the rest of his lesson, but they still had a few minutes left.

Then a different girl raised her hand.

For a moment, Michael really didn't want to call on her. If he didn't call on her, she couldn't make a request, and then he wouldn't be forced to obey.

But what if Jessica heard about this? Rumors could flash between the girls within a matter of seconds. No, they weren't supposed to use their phones, yet that hardly made any difference.

Doing his best to suppress the grating irritation, he looked at the young woman. "Yes?"

"I just had a question, about some of your own personal beliefs?"

Oh no.

Michael really didn't like where this was headed. And yet, he had no choice.

"What would you like to know?" As he asked, he could tell that plenty of the students, almost all of them female, chose to fixate on him. There had definitely been rumors. Or maybe it had just been his imagination. Maybe these girls weren't behaving any differently from any other day.

Michael just couldn't tell for sure.

"Well, you usually talk about traditional values. And I understand that you like the idea that men are supposed to be in charge. But have you changed your mind? Is that right?" The girl talked about the possibility like it was the premise of some whacky cartoon.

“That’s right,” he said. Michael practically spat out the words. Simultaneously, he desperately hoped that another student would ask a question, any question!

Luck wasn’t on his side.

The girl continued, this time without getting called on, “So what do you believe now?”

No. Oh no.

“I believe that we need a new set of traditional values.”

After that, he stopped talking. He kept hoping that these students would just let it go. Couldn’t they tell he didn’t want to talk about this? Or if they could tell, they just didn’t care.

“What kind of traditional values?” the girl asked, annoyingly persistent.

Before Jessica had developed her power over him, he would have had no problem cutting off this conversation. He could end any discussion by declaring that he was right. Considering that he was the teacher, he had the privilege of controlling the flow of any given discussion. He could shift topics, agree or disagree, and always enjoy the final word.

But now, he didn’t know what to do! Michael couldn’t manage a classroom when every girl outranked him.

They *outranked* him.

The idea made his stomach clench and his lungs contract for just a moment. He hoped none of them could see what he was thinking.

“Well,” Michael said, stalling for time. He glanced over at the clock. Every second seemed to slow down, one tick after another, each of which seemed to take forever.

“I believe that women are superior to men.”

There, he said it.

Michael tried to change the subject. He just blurted out that one declaration. From there, he met to talk about some other concepts. He could review something!

A different girl raised her hand.

“Yes?” Although Michael sounded impatient, the girl seemed more amused than anything else. Nervously, she smiled, and then

she glanced at her female compatriots.

None of the guys seemed to care. They had mostly zoned out, probably because they didn't think this was a big deal. To them, it was entirely theoretical. Even if they intellectually understood the idea of sexism, they had been born into a world that viewed men and stronger and naturally more aggressive. They took these advantages for granted, thinking that everyone faced the same circumstances without really understanding how different the world could be for each person.

The girl sat up straight and asked, "Could you explain that a little bit more?"

"Are you sure you want me to?" Michael asked. "I'm sure it's pretty boring. We're just talking about the ideology of gender. It's not a big deal."

Silently, he pleaded with this young woman to change her mind.

She didn't.

With a quick shake of her head, she said, "No. I find this fascinating."

Because she was interested, they had to talk about this. He couldn't just alter the conversation. He couldn't declare that they were moving on.

He wasn't in charge.

Fine. He had to talk about this.

Hoping that the girls would think he was joking, Michael explained, "Throughout history, women have suffered a series of indignities. They have faced disadvantages at every turn. Because of this, I believe that they are a lot stronger than men. I'm not sure the male half of the population could have thrived in the same way."

"So girls are better?"

Michael didn't even call on this young woman who asked that overly simplistic question.

But still, he had to respond. Worse, he had to give an answer that Jessica would have approved of.

"That's right," he said. His fingers pushed down into the palms of his hands. He wanted to hit or break something, but he didn't get



the opportunity. As a slave, he had to be composed at all times.

"If girls are better, does that mean they should be in charge?"

"Yes. Women should always be in charge."

"At every level?"

"Yes. At every level."

A different girl asked, "Does this mean you should be a teacher? I mean, you get to tell us what to do."

"I'm not sure," Michael said.

The bell rang.

Finally!

As the digital chimes echoed in every classroom and down the halls, his students got up. He couldn't help but notice the girls were looking at him differently now. They were smirking and smiling. They exuded the natural authority of predators.

Looking down at the way, Michael did his best to pretend that he wasn't intimidated by them.

After most of them left, one girl came up to him. "I think that was very brave of you," she said.

Praise.

Yeah, right.

The day came to an end. Eventually.

And yet, once he finished with his classes, Michael didn't feel any rush of exuberance. There wasn't even relief either. Instead, a different kind of tension began to spread through his body. He worried about something else. Someone else.

Stephanie.

She had been in his class, so he knew how she argued.

On more than one occasion, he had talked about the natural role of women, and she had disagreed vehemently, bringing up some pretty good points. At first, he had been impressed by her diligence and dedication to her positions. Sure, he disagreed, dismissing her as a silly teenager who would eventually come to the right understanding, but that hadn't happened.

More and more, she challenged him, and Stephanie turned into this annoying itch, something he couldn't scratch or fix.

The next time they met, he'd have to do whatever she said.

Michael didn't wear a collar or shackles, yet he could still feel Jessica's binding authority. He worried about what might happen next.

As that fear clawed at the back of his mind, he left his classroom and retreated across campus until he got to his car. Once inside, he locked the doors as though he expected Stephanie to appear at any moment.

Once he was on the road, he exhaled slowly. Some of the anxiety and nervous energy began to fade. He was thankful for that.

He didn't know what to do about all of this. When he saw a hospital on his righthand side, Michael seriously considered going in. He could talk to a doctor.

Yeah, right. They would hear about this and assume he was insane. He would be sent to a psychologist.

Ironically, that was precisely who he needed to discuss his issues with. But if that psychologist it didn't take his neurological programming seriously, it would be a waste of time.

Could he try to fix this on his own?

Michael resolved to go online and see what he could figure out.

It probably wouldn't be much. He'd probably get hit with conspiracy theories and other absurd nonsense.

Then he pulled up in front of his house. And as he did so, he didn't look around. He didn't pay much attention. Exhausted by his day, he didn't think there would be someone waiting for him on his front porch, so he didn't see Stephanie.

Seated there with her knees bent and her cell phone out, she texted and played some games while she waited. When the car pulled up, he parked and got out. He finally noticed that little bit of movement as she rose.

"Stop," she called out to him.

He froze. He dropped his hands to his side and waited. After another second, he realized that he could move. He flexed his fingers and swallowed nervously, yet Stephanie skipped down the

porch steps as she cut the distance between them and came closer and closer.

“Hello, Michael,” she said unexpectedly.

Reaching out, she touched his chest, almost as though she didn’t really believe he stood before her.

Michael did his best keep his features stoic and neutral. He didn’t give her the satisfaction of seeing his body react to the nervous miasma now flooding through his system. Only then he lost control, gulping.

A smirk touched her lips. “So it’s true,” she said casually. “You’re a slave now. Is that right, Michael?”

“Yes,” he said.

“Yes, you are.” She grinned, reached down, took his hand, and turned toward the steps.

He trudged forward, worried about what might happen once they were inside and out of public view. What did this girl have in mind? What did she have planned?

That’s when he noticed her backpack. Somehow, he doubted it contained books.

“Unlock it,” Stephanie commanded. Standing to the side, she crossed her arms over her chest.

He took out his keys, and they trembled slightly, shaking in little circles as he finally worked the lock.

Michael opened the door, and she grabbed his hand again, tugging him forward.

His place wasn’t huge, just a couple of bedrooms, a bathroom, kitchen, and small living room.

But as the door closed, he knew it would be enough for her.

“So, I guess I get to whatever I want with you.”

She explored his place with a quick sweep of her gaze. Surprising him, she ran her finger along his living room coffee table. Then she pulled her finger up, and examined the result. “Get this place ready. I want it to be very clean. Go ahead and take two hours. I will inspect when you are done.”

“Excuse me?”

“Michael, I’m going to be spending some time here, and I don’t want to be surrounded by filth. Now get to work. If you question me again, I’m going to tell Jessica, and I don’t think you’d like that.”

Michael pretended that some of the color didn’t drain away from his cheeks, yet the truth was obvious. As the cold spread through his body, he nodded his head.

“Oh, and think about an important question.”

“What is it?”

“You like vocabulary terms, don’t you? That was most of your class, wasn’t it?”

“Yeah,” he said uncertainly, glancing around.

“Then tell me this. What is feminism?”

A bunch of different answers popped into his head, but she clapped her hands and motioned for him to move.

He made his way back toward the closet for he kept his cleaning supplies. He had a lot of work to do.

For a single guy, Michael actually kept a pretty clean place. Unlike so many other men, he tried to maintain a sense of balance and order within his life. It also helped that he sometimes went out to bars, picked up women, and brought them back. His place didn’t need to be spotless or pristine, but he didn’t want to lose a girl just because she was disgusted with her surroundings. Some of his friends from college had made that mistake on more than one occasion.

Michael wouldn’t.

But now, he pulled out his vacuum, rubber gloves, and the other cleaning supplies he would need.

Exhaling slowly, he started in the kitchen, washing the last of his dirty dishes, scrubbing down the countertops, and sweeping the floor. As he worked, he could feel his heart pounded his chest. Was he really doing this? Was he really cleaning his place because a girl ordered him to?

Yes.

And what was that BS about feminism?

Like so many other guys, he had a very specific definition for what feminism meant.

It was the intellectual framework of ugly bitches who couldn't get a guy.

Okay, as an intellectual, he could be more fair, but he really believed that feminism was a joke, a pseudo-philosophy dedicated to making certain women feel better about themselves. Feminists didn't have any real positions or ideas. They didn't have any true problems to solve. For the most part, feminism either resorted to defending bad ideas or simply attacking men.

So many feminists were angry, primarily because they didn't comprehend how the world actually worked. If they had focused on pleasing the males in their lives, those same girls probably would have been a lot happier and better off. Society didn't need to change.

They did.

As far as he was concerned, it all came down to understanding traditional values.

But Jessica and Stephanie and Sabrina wanted to create a *new* set of traditions.

His throat clenched at the prospect.

Traditions couldn't just be re-sculpted or revised. That was the entire point. These were the guiding principles that had gotten humanity so far!

Michael finished with the kitchen. From there, he made his way past the girl who had assumed authority over him. Michael glanced over at her. To his surprise, she had a novel in her hands. She read without looking up at him, but he still had the sense that she tracked his movements.

Fortunately, Stephanie opted not to say anything at first.

"Do a good job. You don't want to get punished for a poor inspection," she chided.

Realizing he didn't know exactly how much time he had left, Michael quickly scurried back into his guest bedroom. He made the bed, vacuum the floor, and went back into his master bedroom. There, he did the same things. He glanced around.

Under other circumstances, he would've been proud of himself for taking the initiative and cleaning his place.

But under the circumstances, he shivered with the humiliation of being forced to do it by a girl no less.

With an angry shake of his head, he realized he needed to go back out into the living room.

He puffed his cheeks, formed his resolve, and carried his supplies back into the living room. Once there, he started to clean. He got rid of some of the clutter on his coffee table, he wiped down the TV, and he even dusted in the corners, catching one stray spiderweb.

Finally, he vacuumed and made sure he got into the corners.

As he worked, he tried to pretend Stephanie wasn't right there. Simultaneously, he did his absolute best not to recall any of their arguments.

"There," he said. "I'm done."

Stephanie glanced up from her book. A teasing smile curved along her lips, so he couldn't help but think of Jessica's wicked expressions.

"Are you sure about that? Are you sure you don't want some more time to go back and double check your work?"

Double check for work? She made this sound like a high school test.

"I'm good," he said.

"Actually, you're not. I don't like the way you sound."

"Excuse me?"

"When you address a superior, you need to sound appropriately cheerful. You enjoy being a slave, don't you? You want to be *friendly*."

"You have got to be kidding me," he said.

"There you go again. You sound far too hostile and emotional."

His eyes got big as he processed to those words.

She lowered her voice conspiratorially. "What's wrong? You don't like being treated like a girl? Women have had to deal with that garbage for decades."

Michael didn't know whether or not that was true, but he still didn't answer.

"Go on. Tell me you've done a good job. And sound cheerful. Be sure to smile."

"I did a good job," he said, shifting the pitch of his voice just slightly.

"You're not smiling. Go ahead and smile for me, honey."

Michael had read BS arguments about this. Women claimed they were harassed on the streets by strangers who wanted to see them "smile". They always took great offense at this, although Michael had never seen with the big deal was. So a stranger was rude? Everyone had to deal with rude people. He never considered the possibility that he might have to experience that same treatment or what it could feel like.

As his chest contracted, Michael glared at her. He kept his expression set.

"Really?" Stephanie arched an eyebrow. "You can't even answer a simple question without getting defensive?"

"I'm not getting defensive."

"I don't like your tone of voice. Apologize right now."

Suddenly, she stood up.

Michael had several inches on her, yet Stephanie moved with force and free our city. When she stepped closer, he found himself retreating back.

"Apologize," she ordered again.

"I'm sorry!"

"For?"

He shifted his gaze from side to side, as though he expected to find the correct answer amounted to one of the walls. Eventually, he had to succumb again. "I'm sorry for my tone of voice."

"When a pretty girl asks you to smile, what should you do?"

"Smile," he muttered.

"Let's try that again. Tell me how you're doing."

"I'm done with my work," he said, doing his best to make his voice sound bright, airy, and breezy. Then he remembered to smile at her.

“Not bad, but I think that’s something we’ll need to work on,” she told him. From there, she settled back and asked, “What about your homework?”

“My homework.” He repeated the words, insulted but implications, only he couldn’t say anything else.

“That’s right,” she said. “I want you to tell me what feminism means to you.”

It sounded like an assignment fit for a middle school student. He may as well have talked about why America was the greatest government in the world.

Exhaling through his teeth, he glared at her.

“Remember you want to smile. You want to be cheerful and perky.”

“I do not want to be perky,” he grunted back, overly enunciating every syllable.

“Too bad. If you’re perky and cheerful, I’m going to assume that you’re being rude. And you don’t want me to tell Jessica about that.”

“Please, to stop this. We both know this is nothing but a farce,” he said.

“And there you go, trying to use all of these big, impressive words. Remember, you want to do a lot better when you act like a bimbo.”

She didn’t just want to take his dignity. She wanted to make him seem like a twit as well. As the revelation swept over him, Michael knew that he shouldn’t have been surprised. And yet, he still stared at his former student, uncomprehending.

“That’s right,” she said with a giggle. “Look at me with that blank, confused expression, but remember to smile!”

“Stop this. Stop it right now,” he growled.

“See. There you go getting all aggressive again.” She shook her head as though disappointed with his inability to remember simple directions. “Maybe a paddling will help you remember your place.”

“A paddling?” He repeated the two words as though they came from another language.



“That’s right!” She sounded so gleeful. Grabbing her bag, she reached down to it, pulled out a wooden paddle, and held it up for him to see. “We went to a very special shop online picked up some great toys.”

“Put that away,” he said.

“Make me,” she said, her eyes shining bright with the challenge.

In theory, he could do it. He wasn’t confined to her verbal commands; he could act however he liked. He had choice free will here. But if he grabbed her or took away the paddle, there would be consequences. Jessica could make do anything, you still trapped in his chastity cage, so escape wasn’t even an option.

“That’s right. Take your time. Think about it. You know I have you, and you know you want to do whatever I want. So get used to it, Michael. Accept the fact that Jessica owns you, which means we all own you.”

*We all own you.* Those words reverberated between his ears, echoing again and again. Every time he thought about them, they felt like a punch across his face and in his gut at the same time.

Michael didn’t know what to do. He didn’t know what to say. He hated it when this happened.

“Get across my lap,” she ordered, adjusting her spot. On the couch, she tapped her lap with that cheerful enthusiasm because this was a game for her. She could play it, have fun, and do whatever she wanted. She could get away with anything! “Now.”

He found himself moving. Theoretically, he did this because he chose to. Somewhere in his brain, neurons fired, sending a signal down his spine into his legs. He took one step after another.

“Oh, and don’t forget to get naked first.”

“Please, don’t make me. Can’t I just pull down my pants or something?” He was trying to negotiate, which was a mistake because he had nothing to offer.

Stephanie raised an eyebrow, questioning him. Did he understand that he had no leverage? Apparently not, so she decided to explain to him. “Poor boy. I know this is hard for you to understand because you aren’t that smart, but try to think about it. Try really,

really hard. I'm the female in the room, which means I get to take charge. I get to tell you what to do. And right now, I'm telling you to take off all of your clothing. You don't need to hesitate. You don't need to think about it. Just pretend I'm my sister. That might make it easier for you since you are already accustomed to doing everything she says."

For a second, Michael began to wonder if maybe he could use sisterly resentment against of these two. Almost immediately, he dismissed the idea. They would work together because they both distrusted him. More importantly, they both loved teasing and tormenting him!

Biting down, he didn't consciously make the choice. Instead, he started to unbutton his shirt. He pulled it off. He took off the T-shirt underneath. Layer by layer, he stripped away his clothing until he was down to nothing but his boxers. His thumbs were hooked into the elastic, and she could pull down his underwear in a second or two, but he hesitated.

"What're you waiting for?" Stephanie asked.

She seemed genuinely curious, like she wanted to know what held him back.

"I don't know if I can do this," he confessed.

"Why not?"

"Because this is right," he said.

"Is it right? Are you sure about that?" Stephanie asked. "I mean, really just take a moment and think about it. You're a boy, I'm a girl, and that means I'm in charge. That's all you need to understand. This is the start of the gynarchy. This is the new tradition!"

"But it can't be!" The words jumped from his mouth.

"Why not?" Stephanie asked. "You know, there are plenty of species out in the world where the females are bigger and stronger. It was just a matter of luck and genetics that meant males in our species got to be bigger and stronger. Maybe this is the next step of evolution. It's not based off of genetics. It will be based off of science and psychological programming."

"No, it can't be. It's not right. It's not natural!"

Unimpressed, Stephanie looked up at him. “Honey, just think about it. Humans do things that are unnatural all the time. We drive cars, plant cell phones, and wear clothing. Clothing isn’t technically natural.”

He had nothing to say to that, so when she stood up slightly, looked her fingers around his neck, and pulled down, it felt as though he had no choice. He fell across her lap.

“Take off your boxers,” she ordered.

Stunned by the possibility that she could be right and this might be the next stage of human evolution, Michael obeyed. He pulled down his boxers, shrugging them off. Then he dropped them, letting them hit the floor.

“That’s right. That was easy, don’t you think? You just had to do as you were told. Stop trying to think for yourself, Michael. Just understand that when you hear a woman talk, you have to do what she says. And don’t worry. I still haven’t forgotten your homework.”

He tensed up as each word washed over him. He felt as though her voice injected him with aural poison, especially because some part of him started to believe her.

It hadn’t been long since Jessica first decided to take control of his life. And yet, this fundamental grasp of reality had shifted. Was it possible? Could one technological innovation shift everything all at once?

Yes.

Michael didn’t know when it might happen, but unless someone found a cure for the program, he knew a new set of traditions would be created almost instantaneously.

These girls were proving it.

He experienced something like old eyes lodged in the back of his throat as he considered a different possibility. Jessica, Stephanie, and Sabrina could be the nice girls. They could be truly benevolent, deciding that they just wanted pets and playthings.

Other women could be so much crueller and harsher.

THWACK!

Those thoughts broke apart behind his eyes as he felt the paddle come down hard against the curve of his backside. The paint

flashed through his body in instant later. He hissed through his teeth, his eyes watering.

“What were you thinking about just now?” Stephanie wanted to know.

There was something almost judgmental and her tone of voice. Apparently, she didn’t approve of boys thinking too hard.

When he didn’t answer right away, she delivered another dose of paddling.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

The flat piece of wood came down in quick succession, three blows that landed hard. “I asked you a question, Michael. When a woman asked you a question, you need to respond quickly and appropriately. You wouldn’t want to be rude, would you?”

“No,” he quickly said, surprised by how much a paddling could hurt. As an adult, he routinely heard people talk and argue about the idea of spanking children. He didn’t know if anyone in favor of corporal punishment really understood how badly it could sting.

Then there were the feelings.

Michael did his best to suppress those as he listened to this girl. “Okay then. If you don’t want to be rude, you have to answer my question.”

Michael scrambled for a lie, but after everything he had experienced, he didn’t have it in him to try to deceive her. “I was wondering what your sister would do with her program and how long it might take before it spreads.”

“Actually, we have been talking about that.”

He tensed up, suddenly eager hopeful.

Stephanie had no problem reading his body language, so she chuckled. “Would you like to hear about that?”

“Please,” he said simply, did his best to hold on to whatever scraps of dignity he could.

“Say pretty please,” she ordered to.

He rolled his eyes. Fortunately, he faced the far wall, so she couldn’t see the expression on his face. “Pretty please.”

“You know, I still didn’t like your tone of voice. You sound really rude and aggressive. That’s not appropriate for a boy. I mean, this is a new world with new traditions. How should a boy behave?”

“Pleasant, perky and cheerful,” he said.

“Pleasant. I like that one. It’s not quite as demeaning, but it certainly conveys that you need to behave with a certain tone. You need to be inoffensive.”

“Whatever you say,” he told her.

“Try again.”

He hated the vocal coaching, especially when he was in this degraded position. “Whatever you say!” For a second, it felt as though he had channeled Sabrina. He came off as cheerful and energetic, more like a male cheerleader. A shiver of frightened humiliation ran down his back.

“That’s right. Whatever I say. I’m a girl, and you’re a boy, and that means you do as you’re told.”

“Yes,” he said. Michael couldn’t bring himself to utter any other sound.

“Good.” She ran her fingers along his back, making him shiver. Worse, he could feel that twitch in his chastity cage. He hoped Stephanie would pick up on the subtle movements between his legs, but he heard her chuckle.

She definitely knew what he was thinking.

With her free hand, she brushed her fingertips along his backside.

“Now, do you want to talk about feminism?”

He didn’t. He really, really didn’t!

After all, Michael yearned to hold onto his beliefs. He ached to cling to the idea that he could still make some determinations on his own. And yet, this girl kept stroking his backside, moving her fingers along the curves of his tight ass. Actually, Stephanie really enjoyed having him in this position. Powerless. Obedient. It made her wet. It made her eager to ride this boy.

Yes, he had spent a lot of time with Jessica, but Stephanie didn’t mind sharing. After all, there had already been conversations about getting her a boy. The meantime, she could enjoy a loner.

Smiling to herself, she felt him squirm on her lap as he struggled to come up with an answer. Clearly, he understood that there would be consequences if he didn't provide a suitable response. And yet, his ego and "dignity" held him back.

Poor boy.

"You know, you're going to be a lot happier when you surrender," she pointed out.

"Never."

"Honey, you have already surrendered," Stephanie pointed out cruelly.

Michael didn't want to admit it, but he searched through the last couple of days, he knew it was true. Worse, he still couldn't see any way out. And he could hold onto some kind of stoic resignation, but he didn't think so, not really. These girls had, and they could continue to do whatever they wanted.

His mouth went dry as he considered his limited prospects.

"Let's review," she said. "Are boys smarter than girls?"

"No," he said.

"No, they aren't. Are girls smarter than boys?"

"Yes," he said.

He didn't have to do this. She couldn't rip away his capacity to think or act for himself. And yet, he still cooperated with her.

For Michael, it felt as though he were betraying something important. And yet, he still couldn't stop himself.

"That's right. You're a smart boy. Well, you're smart for a boy."

He would have to get used to these sorts of compliments and caveats.

"Now, we still need to talk about feminism."

Michael gulped and gave in, "What do you want to know?"

"You know what I want," she said, stroking his back again. It felt good. There was another twitch against his cage. Or maybe Michael even lost control of himself and started to press down against her lap. Her body felt soft and firm against his genitals all at the same time. Granted, the plastic prison blocked most of the sensations, but it was better than nothing.

"Feminism is a belief system," he told her.

“That’s the thing about definitions. They have to be specific to be meaningful, so c’mon. You can do better.”

He hated how she lectured him! He was supposed to be the teacher! Stephanie was just some random girl!

None of that mattered.

“Feminism is a belief system for women who’re too dumb to understand that females are never going to succeed in society on their own.”

Silence.

He had spouted out those words, letting his mouth work on its own, the train to waste so much of his anger and aggression in his declaration.

But now, there was just silence.

She cleared her throat and continued, “You’re going to regret that.” Those words jumped from her mouth as she proceeded to paddle him.

Michael didn’t know what to expect. There was no way for him to brace himself. But in the next couple of seconds, she brought the wooden instrument down hard and fast, one paddling after another. She struck with all of the force she could manage, leveraging her frustration with him.

This time, she didn’t seem happy. She didn’t chuckle or laugh at his misfortunes.

Instead, he sensed the aggression play through her arm as she swung the paddle down. He almost imagined he heard the word whistle against the air.

THWACK!

Pain boomed through his body.

THWACK!

The agony swept through him, cutting off all conscious thought. It felt like a tsunami crashing down over him. A one-thousand foot wave swept him away. It seemed to eat through every defense he possessed, buzzing his thoughts into static.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

Pretty soon, his eyes watered and he worried he might start crying or weeping.

But then it stopped.

“Did you like that?”

“No!”

“No, you didn’t. But this is what’s going to happen to you whenever you defy one of us. We are in charge now, Michael. Say it.”

“You’re in charge now.”

“So tell me honestly, what do you think feminism is?”

He let go of the anger and spoke, “Feminism is the idea that women and men should be treated equally.”

“Close enough,” she said. “In actuality, feminism is the belief system that women should be treated like people. I know that’s hard for you to accept. You get all of these unspoken advantages, so you think it should be easy for everyone. It’s like a rich guy who doesn’t want to pay taxes because he thinks he did everything all on his own without remembering the public schools are used or the government subsidies is companies receive. We don’t like to admit it. We don’t want to talk about it, but they are there.”

Michael wished he could smack of this girl. He wanted to show her the truth, but the world had changed if he had lost his ability to defy a girl like Jessica.

“Now, do you think I’m a feminist?”

“Yes?”

“No, I’m not,” she said. He braced himself for another paddling, but it didn’t come.

“To be honest, I used to be offended. If you asked me just a month ago or a week ago, I probably would have said yes,” she told him.

If only to forestall another paddling, Michael felt he had to ask, “Then what are you?”

“I’m a female supremacist.”

“What?”

“Yeah, it’s a pretty fringe movement right now, but I think that’s going to change in the near future.”



“That, they can’t be real,” he said.

“I found it online,” she said.

“So?” Michael demanded. “Come on. You’re smart enough to know that just because something is online doesn’t make it true.”

Perhaps that went too far because she touched of the paddle to his backside. She moved to the flat, cool wooden surface along his skin. Heat radiated from his punished flesh, but she didn’t mind. In fact, she loved the fact that he shivered again.

He was scared of her.

Good.

Boys needed to be properly deferential, which meant just a hint of nervousness. Every time a girl went out alone at night, she had to worry about what might happen. Maybe it was time for boys to experience that underlying fear.

“It doesn’t need to be true right now for there to be a new framework. Simply put, female supremacists believe what I believe. They believe men should be subordinate in all things. Don’t worry. You’ll still have a role in society, but your role will be based on helping and supporting your superiors—women.”

“That’s can’t be right,” he said. “That’s not a political ideology. That’s not a philosophy!”

“Oh? What is it then?”

Michael blanked because he couldn’t form any ideas or coherent response. His thoughts turned to static again, especially because she jerked the paddle back. She could swing down at any second and punish him. If he said something she didn’t like, Stephanie could make Michael regret it.

“Seriously, Michael. Go on. Tell me that female supremacy isn’t a legitimate ideology. Come on. Go ahead. Explain yourself.”

“I can’t,” he finally admitted.

“Why not?” Stephanie teased. “Come on. You can do better than this. You’re a teacher. You’re supposed to be smart. You’re supposed to talk to people for a living, aren’t you?”

Michael swallowed reflexively. He didn’t really mean to do it. The impulse took over, but he still had to say something.

Or so he thought.

When he didn't answer her fast enough, she brought the paddle down, striking two, four, six more times. Every time she swung down, he felt that explosion of pain. The agony blossomed along his flesh. It boomed through his skin, echoing along the curves of his body, deep beneath the surface.

"Want to try now?" Stephanie asked. She was teasing him. She was mocking him. They both knew it, yet there was nothing Michael could do to stop her.

"Fine. It's a real ideology!"

"Really? Why?"

"Because culture is a set of ideologies. Even when things seem random, they come together to form belief systems. Sometimes they're unspoken and implied, but that doesn't make them any less powerful."

"Keep going," she said.

"If you believe that women are supposed to be in charge, then I think you're right. That is an ideology. That is a belief system."

"But you think we can rebuild our culture around this central tenant?" she could've been a taunt, a challenge, or both.

"I don't know," he said.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

She paddled him three more times, swinging the wooden instrument down. This beautiful girl struck until his backside turned an angry shade of red. By this point, she could see the tension playing through his arms and legs. He had clinched his toes and fingertips down. He was biting, his jaw locked.

"I think you do," she said simply. "Can we rebuild our culture around the idea of female supremacy?"

"Yes," he said.

Michael hated to admit it. His thoughts stretched out into the possibilities. What if every girl had a phone like Jessica's? What if every single female had access to the program that had stripped away his free will?

If men simply had to be exposed to those lights, patterns, and sounds for a few seconds, then nothing could stop the female half of society.

In fact, some people might argue that women *should* take over, mostly because they weren't as vulnerable. Maybe men needed women to take care of them—to protect them. Control and manipulation could be a form of affection...

It was a humiliating possibility, one Michael tried to discard. He searched for problems with his own theories, only none presented themselves. If a girl like Jessica could own him, then any man could be taken, retrained, and reshaped.

"So what would that look like?" Jessica asked. She sounded mildly curious. And yet, Michael didn't even need to look up at her to see the passion burn along her eyes.

"It would start our stories."

"Oh?"

"Right now, most narratives are centered on men. Most of the stories we tell in books and movies are about how guys achieve things. Women might be around, but they're almost always secondary." Michael had read this point from a couple of different feminist articles. At the time, he had disregarded the idea. Men started most movies and stories because women didn't mind. If women really wanted their own literature, their own perspective, then they would go out and buy those titles. But since that never happened, it proved to something.

Or maybe not.

"Yeah, girls are going to be the heroes. What will that make boys? Damsels in distress?" Stephanie taunted.

"I don't know," he said.

"You know, I found a book about female supremacy. It was called *American Matriarchy* and they had a fun idea. You know what they called it?"

He didn't answer.

She prompted him.

THWACK!

"What? What did they call it?"

“Stories for little kids about girls rescuing boys could be written pretty easily. The boys would be called ‘princes in peril’. They would understand that they were helpless, that they could only succeed with the assistance of a woman. The girls could be a knights on mighty steeds. Boys, on the other hand, would follow around their protectors. Doesn’t that sound cool?”

“It sounds awful,” Michael growled back. At once he realized his mistake.

“Poor boy. I guess you just need another dose of punishment. It’s okay. I’m sure you’ll catch on eventually. You’re just a little bit slow because you’re male.”

This time, Michael didn’t get the chance to contradict her. She brought the paddle down, swinging harder than ever before. The next jolt of pain exploded through his body, making him cry out. A sharp gasp escaped his mouth as he tried to get up, she dropped one hand the nape of his neck and shoved him down again.

“I didn’t say you could go anywhere,” she teased him.

Michael grunted, but he still couldn’t stop her.

Another barrage hit his backside as she paddled him. Holding on tight to the wooden shaft, she brought that flat paddle down, striking. The sounds were almost musical to her ears. She loved the way he moaned, grown, whimpered and hissed.

Perhaps Michael wasn’t even aware of the sounds he made. It didn’t matter, not to Stephanie. She could do whatever she wished, and that was the best aphrodisiac.

Of course, their conversation came in at a close second. There was so much fun to be had in teaching this man how to behave. She wondered if he would be the first of many.

Probably.

Now that she had him right where she wanted him, she continued his punishment. The discipline sent spasms of pain along his nerve endings. Each one felt like a fresh explosion. Michael couldn’t stop it.

When she finished, she nudged him onto his side so she could look down into his eyes. “Do you want to hear the good news?”

“What?” Michael asked. He looked like he yearned to curl up into a ball and hide from this mean girl.

Somehow, that triggered something close to a maternal instinct within her. Simply because she was stronger and more powerful, she almost wanted to take care of him. Of course, that meant teaching him how to behave.

“Michael, you can be a female supremacist too.”

“What?”

“Just think about it. You have the opportunity to dedicate yourself to the service of women. Recognize your own inferiority, do as you’re told, and always works toward a world in which women take complete control.”

She just suggested he betray the rest of mankind.

“I can’t. I won’t.”

“You’re forgetting about my sister, aren’t you? Michael, you don’t have a choice. Just admit it.”

“I won’t,” he said, turning the words into a promise.

“Oh, are you really going to be defiant?”

“You’re not going to get away with this,” he said without any real conviction.

She reached back toward her bag and pulled out a collar. This was black leather. Shiny. Strong. Not only that, Michael immediately noticed the small lock hanging at one end. “We both know that no one will be able to stop us. Even if there are male rebels out there who think that women should be in charge, it won’t matter. You know why? Because we’ll show them the program, and they will succumb.”

She made it sound so prophetic, as though this couldn’t be stopped. To her, it was an inevitability.

Again, Michael scrambled to think of some reason why she was wrong. Nothing came to mind.

She locked the collar around his neck, connected the lock, and attached a leash. From there, she walked back toward the master bedroom. She probably just got lucky as she pushed the door open.

He glanced back and saw she carried her bag with one hand. In the other, she held his leash. “Lay down on the bed, slave.”

Instinctively, he reached up for the collar. He felt the leather right there as another reminder of his inferiority. Now he wore two items, a leash and a chastity cage. Each one represented a different kind of power.

Was it true? Was he already destined to fail along with the rest of his gender?

Michael opened mouth, and he wanted to tell her that she couldn't address him that way. He wasn't a slave! Something stopped him, however. It must've been the sight of her paddle. She held onto it lightly, letting the instrument dangle toward the floor.

Instead of protesting, he followed her command by spreading his arms and legs as he exposed himself. On the bed, he felt so powerless and vulnerable.

She climbed up onto the mattress, straddling him. As he felt the weight of her body, his shaft twitched again, not that it did any good. The cage had been well designed, ensuring his inability to get hard.

"Close your eyes," she said as she held up the blindfold.

"What are you going to do?" Michael asked, only to discover that he followed her command. He dropped his eyelids, and she wrapped the blindfold around his eyes. With quick, deft fingers, she tied to the blindfold the place.

From there, she leaned back and looked down at him.

The blindfold didn't make that much of a difference. She could have simply told to close his eyes. But then, he would have had a choice. For the first time, she actually forced him to do something. By taking away his vision, she made sure that he would feel just as helpless with her as he did with Jessica.

But that was only the beginning.

Luckily for her and unfortunately for him, Michael owned a bed with four posters. This meant that she reached into her bag and pulled out matching sets of restraints. She looped them around his wrists and ankles. She worked slowly and deliberately, making sure that he had enough time to speculate and figure out precisely what she intended.

It took for several minutes. But when she was done, Stephanie marveled at the creature bound before her.

Chained to the bed, with cuffs around his wrists and ankles, he was utterly helpless. In fact, she wished to prove this fact, so she leaned to down and said to him, "Michael. Try to get up."

He pressed his lips into an angry line.

"Why? Just so you can embarrass me?"

"Yes," she answered puckishly. "But also because I want us to both be on the same page. Go on. Struggle."

Still, he refused to cooperate.

Deciding that another paddling could work but that she didn't want to do it, Stephanie instead tried to different tactic. "How about this? If you can get up on your own, I promise you that I'll give you the key to your chastity cage."

"You're lying," he said.

Her lips hardened into an angry frown, but she still reached down into her bag and produced a brass key. "This is your key," she said as she moved it along his naked body.

Michael had no way of knowing whether or not this key actually fit the lock for his cage. But still, didn't he have to try?

"Remember, if you can get up, you can just take this. You're bigger than me and stronger than me. You could force it from my dainty little hand."

It was true, and he loved hearing her admit it, but now he had a different problem. Was he going to try?

Or should he just surrender?

Never.

That was the question she expected him to face, and so he started to pull. Tentatively at first, he explored his restraints, testing them as he tugged, twisted, and pulled with his arms and legs. He rotated his limbs slowly, doing his best to appear as boring and uninteresting as possible. The last thing Michael wanted to do was give this girl a show.

So he worked.

Despite his best efforts, Stephanie remained fascinated.

She wasn't interested in his attempt at escape. She was already convinced he could possibly succeed. The cuffs for his wrists and ankles weren't toys. They didn't come from some sex shop. They weren't handed to her in a black, plastic bag.

Instead, they were genuine bonds, each one designed to hold a human captive. They didn't come with releases, and they grew tighter every time he pulled against the mechanisms.

At first, he didn't hear the clicks. The little by little, he could feel the metallic edges constrict against of the curves of his wrists and ankles.

Michael disregarded those sensations. He told himself that they didn't really matter because they didn't change anything. If he could get the right amount of leverage or the right angle, then he could pull one limb free.

If he could get either his right or left arm out, he knew he would be able to escape.

Biting down on the inside of his mouth, Michael concentrated as hard as he could.

All the while, he did his best to battle the frustration. He couldn't allow his temper or his emotions to get away from him. Even so, his heart started to beat faster and faster. His breathing became quicker too.

"By the way, if I get bored, I can always just hide the key, so you'll never find it," she said. "Or I suppose I could put it in the mail. What do you think of that?"

"No. Please, don't," he said, speaking before he had the chance to consider how he sounded.

For her part, Stephanie just seemed amused. "You know that feeling you're experiencing right now? That is the essence of female supremacy. You're a man. You always feel like a man. But just because you're a man, that doesn't mean you are anything other than a boy and boys need to be owned."

His brows crumpled in confusion beneath the blindfold because he couldn't understand, which just give her another opportunity to chuckle at him.



“Are you getting frustrated?” Stephanie teased. “It’s okay if you are. I mean, boys are always so emotional.”

“I’m not emotional!” As he snarled back at her, he could hear the echoes of anger in his voice.

She raised an eyebrow. She enjoyed that expression because it was so evocative.

“Poor boy. Here. I want to try something.”

Without asking for permission, Stephanie reached down and placed her hand gently on his chest. “Your heart is pounding. My oh my, you must be really excited right now. I bet if I let you out of the cage, you’d get hard immediately.”

She chuckled as though this was just a whimsical thought because she couldn’t possibly discover the truth. Of course, it would’ve been simple for her to pick up the key, unlock his cage, and remove it. She could have allowed feel like a real man again. But she didn’t.

She wouldn’t.

“Have you given up?” She batted her eyes down at him. “It’s okay if you have. I mean, I have other plans for you, especially now that I’ve started to teach you the basics of female supremacy.”

He opened his mouth, and he wanted to snarl at her, to shout. He wanted to say something aggressive like, “Screw you!” But he didn’t. Instead, he just looked confused for a moment, which made her laugh at him again.

“You poor boy. You really are so frustrated, aren’t you? But it’s okay. You’ll just accept it because your body is designed for this.”

“What, what are you talking about?”

“Think about it, Michael. You’re lucky. You get to watch all of the other men eventually succumb. You get to be one of the first slaves.”

Right then, he should’ve said something about how that could never happen. But again, Michael couldn’t bring himself to utter the words. Whether it was because this girl intimidated him or because he started to believe what she said, he couldn’t be certain. Either way, he stayed there on his back and stopped struggling.

Then she surprised him by leaning across his body, pressing her breasts into his chest, and stretching down to kiss him.

That threw him off guard. "When you're a good boy, you get rewarded. I'm sure my sister told you that. Right now, I want to give you a reward. Would you like that, Michael? Would you like to be rewarded for being such an obedient male?"

"Please, can't you say something else?"

"What's wrong with calling you an obedient male?" Stephanie asked as though she couldn't already tell. "It's a term of endearment. It's a compliment."

He opened his mouth, ready to tell her that she was wrong.

"Just be proud of your obedience," she said.

He pushed his fingers down into the palms of his hands, creating said, only they were completely powerless, just like the rest of his body.

Stephanie grinned down at her plaything. When she picked up the key, unlocked his cage, and pulled it off of him. Was she really going to take it off? He couldn't read her expression, not with a blindfold on. He didn't know precisely what she was thinking of what she might do. After unlocking the cage, she might decide to just put it right back on him. Perhaps you would remove the whole thing, only to leave him there.

But then, there was another possibility, one that frightened him even more.

Once he was free, neither Stephanie nor Michael was surprised to see his shaft spring up, instantly hard and direct.

Not being able to the heightened sensitivity as she reached down and caressed him. Her fingers moved along the most sensitive parts of his body. She teased him with soft strokes. She squeezed his shaft, holding him tight.

But Stephanie, just like Jessica, did a good job of coaxing his arousal. She wasn't allowing him to get off, not until she offered him permission. She controlled his body—his pleasure.

"I want to ride you," she said. "This is going to be your reward. And when you come, I want you to think about what it means."

He didn't have to do anything else. This time, he didn't need to humiliate himself or make any promises.

This was worse.

Michael immediately understood what she was doing.

"No. I don't want this. Don't do it. Don't get on top of me," he told her. Of course, she only answered by laughing at him.

"Slaves don't get to vote," she said simply.

He heard the rustling of fabric as she pulled something else out of the bag, but he couldn't see! Stephanie waited for him to start the key again. It didn't take long, and with his mouth open, she shoved the ball gag down between his teeth.

Immediately, Michael fought to spit the gag out, but it was too late.

Unable to see and unable to speak, Michael pulled against his restraints, only this time his movements were calculated for escape. These were the frantic, animal tugs of a desperate creature trying to escape.

"It's okay. Don't worry. I'm going to take what I want from you, Michael. I'm going to enjoy myself."

Now that she had access to his shaft, she reached down and continued.

Michael remembered what happened before. He hated that sense of helplessness, the powerlessness that swept over him while girls had what they wanted. He learned what it meant to feel utterly trapped, knowing that his body could be used by someone else.

Stephanie.

Not her, he thought.

Without intending to, he quickly recalled everything she had said in class. Again and again, she had challenged him, arguing.

But she was no longer a feminist. She became a female supremacist because she didn't see herself as well, not anymore. Equality had given way to something so much more dangerous!

He told her he cut against chains, only to find the metal edges pressed into his wrists.

"I could do whatever I want with you right now," she said. "But I think you've learned your lesson. I think you deserve that reward."

He shook his head from side to side.

No! He didn't want a reward!

Whether it came to the question of pleasure or pain, Michael didn't get to decide. He was property and her plaything, so he had to yield. At this moment, he had no choice.

She kept touching him until he felt like he might explode at any moment. Just a little bit more pressure would be enough to set him off. Then he would begin to spur, throbbing as he blew his load.

But Stephanie didn't want that to happen, not quite yet. Instead, she drove him into a different kind of frenzy.

She touched him, moving quick, then slow. Quick, quick, slow. Quick, quick, slow. Stephanie knew how to keep him on the edge. His body shook as she teased him, only to deny him moments later.

"You look like you really want this," she said.

Michael attempted to respond, only every word he spoke morphed into gibberish because of the rubber ball wedged between his teeth. She'd secured his gag with a set of straps that around his head, coming together a few inches above the nape of his neck. He could work at the gag or hours or days, and he still wouldn't be able to speak.

"I like you like this," she said. "You're pretty when you're quiet."

Michael snarled at her, but he didn't sound like a man. He didn't come off as intimidating, frightening, or articulate. Instead, he was just a toy there for her to use. When she squeezed his shaft again, he shivered, growled, and started to whimper. When she pulled her hands away, he let out a pathetic and mewling sound, one that made Stephanie smile and then laugh.

"It's funny seeing you like this. You really used to think of yourself as superior, didn't you? Well, look at you now. Where're you? Oh, that's right. You're being tortured by a teenage girl because she can do whatever she wants with you!"

"That's not true!" Michael tried to call back, but if she understood him, she gave no sign of it.

As he shook his head, he at least tried to dislodge the blindfold. He wanted it off!

Michael worked as hard as he could, jerking his head from side to side, only it didn't do any good.

"Poor boy," she said, reaching up and stroking his cheek, then his neck and chest. Her fingers moved along his collar, once again to remind him of his status...as though he could ever forget.

"This must be so hard for you. Don't worry. It's going to feel great when I finally let you enjoy this. You should know how you belong on your back and should always be eager to serve a girl like me."

He grunted something to the gag.

"I'm sorry, what was that? I couldn't understand you. You can try to repeat that if you want."

As the frustration raced through his body, he tried again. He knew it would be futile, only Michael couldn't resist the temptation. He grunted, yanked on his restraints, and tried to throw himself forward.

She pulled her hands away from his groin, punishing him.

Michael didn't know this, but Stephanie had an effectively cruel strategy. She started counting. Silently, she went from one second to the next. All the while, her slave boy stayed there on his back with his arms and legs spread. He couldn't get the stimulation craved even as he hated himself for those desires.

Michael fought so hard to master himself. He should be able to do this!

Throughout his life, he had controlled himself. Even back in high school student, Michael never went crazy with arousal. He didn't allow his immaturity to force him into awkward or uncomfortable positions. For this reason, lots of his teachers admired his self-control.

But now, Michael feels more like a beast as he struggles against the metal bands around his ankles and wrists. He kept thinking and hoping he might be able to find some way out. If he couldn't tear through the iron fetters, then maybe he could just slide his limbs out.

No. That wasn't going to happen.

Michael should have been able to face the truth, but it was so difficult, especially with her touching him and that light, singsong voice playing against his eardrums.

“Should I do it now? Should I go ahead and have sex with you?”

He shook his head from side to side once again. He growled, grunted, and made all of those resistant sounds. Even so, she brushed her fingers down his neck, along his bare chest, all the way to his thighs.

“Look at this. This tells me you want to have sex with me. I guess this is a different kind of consent,” she teased.

Eyes wide beneath the blindfold, he thrashed about as he tried to yell at her. Unfortunately, most of the sound reverberated through the gag. He could work at it, but he wasn’t going to be able to convey anything meaningful, and he knew it.

And yet, he persisted.

The chains dug down into his wrists, but Michael didn’t care. The restraints held him fast, yet she continued tease him, stimulating more and more desire. Her deft fingers played with him; she taunted him with one jolt of sensation after another until it felt like he’d go crazy!

Even so, Michael held onto his futile resistance. He kept telling himself he could handle this, that he would figure some way out. He needed to cling to that illusory hope.

“Such a foolish boy. You think you can stop me. You think you can get away.” Then she chuckled. “That’s adorable.” As she spoke, she brushed her fingers along his shaft, sending another shiver through his body.

“It must be so frustrating for you. I mean, you want to hate this, but you just can’t really help yourself, can you? You’re so turned on right now. You’re so eager for this.”

“I’m not!” Michael tried to insist, yet the words failed to vibrate on the air.

Even if he had been able to make that declaration, it wouldn’t have mattered. He knew the truth. Deep down within his core, he could feel that fundamental resonance. Desperation pumped through

his body, keeping him hard as his instincts ached for release and completion.

He needed this. He needed this so badly.

If this girl rode him, he knew he'd lose something fundamental.

He couldn't let that happen, not again.

"Nod your head when you want to surrender. Nod your head when you understand how you belong to us now."

Us.

Michael couldn't accept that possibility. He pulled as hard as he could against of the cuffs around his wrist. He attempted to kick himself free. None of it worked. None of it helped. He couldn't get away from this girl.

At least he didn't surrender, only then it didn't matter. At some point, she stripped. He couldn't see the exact moment, but he felt something. She brushed her exposed pussy over his shaft. He could feel the heat and moistness of her sex as she taunted him.

Silently, he admonished her.

*Don't do it. Don't do it. Don't you dare do it!*

*Please don't do it.*

But then, she lowered herself down a little bit at a time. She started to envelop him, taking him a quarter inch, then half. As she did so, he knew that she was now having sex with him, that she could take him and claim him however she liked.

He couldn't stop her!

Michael hit this intellectual barrier again and again.

Worse, some part of him was grateful.

Yes, gratitude buzzed through his body. He was just a dumb boy, after all, so it was fine if a superior wanted to take him. He was nothing but a toy, her plaything.

He slammed his head against the mattress, only then he starts to pant, pulling as much oxygen as he could through his nostrils as he struggled to keep up.

He had barely moved. The restraints didn't allow very much range, yet his heart pounded, his lungs pumped, and heat spread all over his skin.

“Just face the truth, Michael. You’re nothing but a boy. You get used to this.” She laughed as she started to ride him. Suddenly, those giggles morphed into moans of ecstasy as she took him.

She moved up and down, using him as she saw fit.

Unable to see and unable to speak, Michael couldn’t protest or argue. She could have pulled away at any moment, stopping all of this.

She didn’t. Instead, she used his body, playing with him and taking him just as she wanted.

Pretty soon, Michael couldn’t help himself. He arched his back, bit down into the rubber wedged between his teeth, and tried one more time to break free. But he couldn’t. With this girl placed on top of him, he tried to hold it back.

“Go ahead,” she laughed. “Do it!”

Seconds later, his body pulsed, reverberating with that intensity. Another wave of passion shot through him, burning like rivers of magma. He felt it in his fingertips, the palms of his hands, his curled toes, and his arched back. His shaft pulsed as he thrust his hips up, forcing his member deep into this beautiful girl.

As the orgasm swept through him, Michael fought so hard to imagine himself as someone else somewhere else.

He needed to be the powerful conqueror taking a beautiful girl. He wanted to be the seductive businessman or the powerful Lord of the Manor. He needed to feel like a real man again.

And yet, his imagination failed.

He couldn’t picture himself as anything but a helpless slave, tied down, obedient, and always willing to follow commands.

On top of him, Stephanie could read that expression. Despite the gag and blindfolded, he was just a boy, so he couldn’t hide very much from her, especially after everything he had already endured. That’s why she wrote him hard and fast. And even as he starts to climax, she laughed as her own orgasm washed over her.

She clenched down, squeezing him, forcing him to come so hard.

And when he finished, she giggled, savoring the final aftereffects of her own orgasm. Then she leaned down, and she



whispered, "Are you a female supremacist?"

Without even thinking about it, he nodded his head.

Yes, he knew that women were better and deserved to rule.

It was an inevitability.

When he woke up again, Michael heard the click. It was a memory, he knew, but it always greeted him when consciousness first came back. At various points, he imagined he should have been blessed with a few seconds of ignorance, those moments when it might take his brain time to reboot.

He longed for a simple understanding that he could be a person, men could rule, and traditional values could be something else entirely.

Instead, he woke up, always to the sound of a click. It was the recollection of Jessica or Stephanie putting him back in his chastity cage.

His chastity cage.

Strictly speaking, the device wasn't even necessary, yet these girls loved imprisoning his genitals and remind him with every step he took and every twitch of his cock, that he was owned. He was nothing but livestock to them, and animal to be trained, a toy to be used, a pet to be admonished or admired depending on their moods.

But now, Michael woke up, and he scrambled to follow her last commands. Once he got up, he needed to clean his house once again.

Theoretically, the whole place was spotless, especially after the Jessica and Stephanie ordered him to clean on a daily basis. He didn't feel as though he had any real job, not anymore. By this point, it was summer, he didn't have any classes, and he had no idea what might happen in the fall.

He hadn't raised the question. He didn't want to know.

What if Jessica ordered him to quit his job?

Then he would do it.

He had no choice. That thought always bounced back and forth behind his eyes whenever he found himself in his snuggle

boxers cleaning. He might be scrubbing the floor, dusting the walls, or vacuuming. It didn't matter.

Occasionally, he would look up at the doors to the master bedroom.

Master bedroom.

Jessica had teased him once, suggesting maybe she should start calling it the Mistress bedroom. After all, where she slept now.

After just a couple more days of owning and training Michael, she decided she liked his place quite a bit. If she liked it, she might as well take it for herself. It wasn't as though he needed a house. Why would a slave need anything?

Michael had desperately tried to protest, arguing, hoping that maybe she would listen to reason for a few seconds.

No.

Although Jessica was probably amused by his scrambling desperation, she ultimately ignored his protests and pleas.

After he finished tidying up, Michael marched back into the kitchen, where he proceeded to cook her breakfast. Last night, she had told him she felt like fruit, pancakes, and a little bit of bacon on the side. Having already memorized her preferences, he went to work.

Occasionally, he looked around the room, shocked by how little had changed. Even though she claimed this house as her own, Jessica never bothered to redecorate. As far as she had been concerned, it looked fine. Maybe it needed to be cleaned more frequently, but that was all.

Once he finished preparing her breakfast, he placed it all on a tray and carried it back to the bedroom where she slept. The Mistress bedroom.

He knocked gently, opened the door, and stepped across the threshold. Jessica sat up. At some point, she had pulled away her blankets, revealing her white panties and matching sports bra. Her dark hair spread along the bed as she stretched, showing off her nubile body.

Michael tried to look down, only he couldn't resist the temptation. His instincts grabbed a hold of him, forcing him to raise

his eyes as he studied the contours of her gorgeous body. She had those toned legs, that flat stomach, and perfect breasts.

He wished he could hate her, but it was difficult when she was so hot. Michael could hate himself for it, but he still had those instincts, the drive of a man, especially when she loved teasing him, only to leave him eager for more.

Michael loved it and hated it every time she decided to have sex with him.

“Good morning, Mistress,” he said.

She sat up as he lowered the tray down over her lap. From there, Michael retreated back and kneeled on the floor.

Mostly naked, he swallowed, wondering if he made a mistake. The next a few seconds would tell.

Stretching her hands above her head, Jessica enjoyed a few seconds to relax before she examined her meal. She picked up the fork, turned it from side to side, making sure that it was clean to her specifications. Then she glanced down at the pancakes and bacon.

As she did so, Michael felt a nervous gulp ride up and down his neck. He sat there, kneeling in the appropriate position with his head bowed forward and his hands crossed behind his back.

Over the last couple of months, Michael had attempted to break her hold on him again and again. He had fought so hard, channeling all of the resilience and resistance he could muster.

None of it made any difference.

So at this point, like an obedient slave, he waited for her.

Purring contentedly, she picked at her meal, taking a few savory bites. Then she tore off a piece of bacon and held it out, her wrist drifting below the mattress.

“May I, Mistress?” Michael asked.

Mistress.

When they first started, that word felt strange and alien on his lips. Now it seemed a natural. Of course, she was his Mistress. She owned him.

Occasionally, Michael still summoned up the intellectual fortitude necessary to question that possibility. But more and more, it felt right, natural, and deserved.

“You may,” she said with a smile.

He leaned up, stretching his back slightly. Then he bit down into the bacon, chewing and swallowing it slowly. “Good boy,” she said to him.

“Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress.”

As she finished her breakfast, she told him about her day. She had finished drawing up plans with her new partners.

Her partners.

“What’re you think of our company? Do you think we’re going to succeed?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said without hesitating. Maybe she could hear that little vibration of uncertainty in his voice anyway. Maybe not.

“I’m glad you have faith in us. Why?”

“Because you’re smart, ruthless, and determined.”

“We are, aren’t we?”

When she finished with her breakfast, she nudged to the tray back. Michael instantly sprung up onto his feet, took the tray, and carried it back into the kitchen before scampering back to his Mistress.

By the time he got there, she had pulled back the blankets again and spread her legs. Not only that, she had removed her panties. “Would you like me to serve you, Mistress?”

Her eyes shined bright as she said, “I would!”

Without hesitating, he dropped down between her legs and started to lick her, sliding his tongue up and down her sex. All the while, he massaged her, brushing his fingertips over her thighs and shins.

He knew exactly how to please her; he had done this so many times that it felt natural, like something he had been born to do.

“Good boy,” she said. “But you know, I’m going to need you today. I want you to come to some of my meetings.”

As his tongue darted up and down, Michael knew better than to stop to ask questions. Instead, he kept his tongue busy as he kissed, nuzzled, and licked her sex. As he did so, he couldn’t help but feel that spark of arousal run through his body. It was a hot,

dangerous spike, but he knew better than to ask for freedom or release.

He wouldn't get it.

If Jessica craved sex, she would tell him. Then he would get on his back, spread his arms and legs, and lay there like her plaything. He would become little more than human dildo, a living sex toy therefore her pleasure and entertainment.

"We have to get funding for our new company. But you know, I think everything is going to go just fine. On the off chance they bring in a guy, I want you there. You have a certain gravitas, don't you think?"

What?

"Besides, I'm sure you would love to be a part of the downfall of the patriarchy."

No.

He felt that flicker of disobedience.

She grabbed his hair, pulled his head back, and looked into his eyes.

Jessica studied him for several long seconds.

All the while, Michael did his best to appear as though none of this bothered him. He told himself he was nothing but a slave, so this was okay. He could do whatever his owner wished. He had to serve her, after all. He literally had no choice.

Or did he?

Michael didn't know, not anymore, and that was the same thing.

She pushed his face back down between her legs. If she detected any sign of disobedience, she didn't care. Why would she? Even if he thought it, he couldn't resist her control.

"I'm going to dress you in a nice suit and show you off. Oh, if there aren't any men in the room, I guess I can use you as a prop. What do you think of that, Michael?" She giggled to herself, knowing that his opinion didn't really matter.

All the while, Michael licked, gliding his tongue up and down over her sex. He pictured it: he would be there, offering feedback, support, and "gravitas". Once upon a time, that word had been used

as another euphemism to keep women down. Females couldn't assume positions of leadership because they lacked "gravitas," whatever that meant.

Now, he would shake hands, smile, and say whatever she wanted. He may as well have been a puppet. If Michael didn't know what to do, she could always just discreetly lean over and whispered into his ear, robbing him of control.

"I like the idea of stripping you naked and showing a woman what she could have with her boyfriend, husband, friend, competitor, whatever."

Jessica laughed as she considered all of the possibilities.

All the while, Michael couldn't get scared, not anymore, not when he knew this was an inevitability. For so long, the tradition had been simple: men went out in front of the world. Women supported them, doing as they were told. This was the natural order, the traditional order.

But things had changed.

There were a new set of traditions now, one where men would learn to crawl, kneel, and follow every command. Michael knew it wouldn't be long before males were thoroughly oppressed, not just across one school or town, but across entire countries—and the entire world.

With these new traditions, men would learn to obey. If they would have no choice. Some of them might be collared. Some of them might be allowed a modicum of freedom, yet even this would always be bound by feminine authority.

These were the new traditions. And there could be no escape.

**The End**

Thank you for reading my novel. If you enjoyed *New Traditions*,  
be sure to check out [\*Boys Must Obey\*](#).