

Payload Test 42



Anna
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Welcome!

To start off, this was a commissioned project, so please keep that in mind as you start reading. Someone had a fantasy in mind, so they reached out to me to get see what we could create together.

My name is Anna Ritter, and I've been writing female domination and gynarchy erotica since 2018. You can find my short stories, novellas, and novels on Amazon. Now I'm doing commissions!

Do you have a personal fantasy you'd like to see? With no limits and a vivid, biting imagination, I'll write out your favorite scenario. Keep it short or get as detailed as you like. I currently charge one cent per word. You get a written fantasy designed to your specifications, and I keep the publishing rights.

I'm happy to include specific descriptions and any plot points you desire. Have a special someone in mind you'd like to see in a story? Maybe a celebrity? Some unique kink you can't find anywhere else? I'm your girl! If you can dream it, I can write it!

Let me know what you'd like me to write with an email to ARitter664@gmail.com.

I look forward to hearing from you!

Payload Test 42

"You look surprised," Jacqueline Hill said as Katie sat down. The older woman had her dark hair pulled back into a bun. She wore glasses, sat straight, and she already had her blueberry parfait in front of her.

"When you said we needed to meet, I just thought it wouldn't be someplace so... public," Katie admitted. She sat down, and then she tried to ignore everything she had focused on when it came to discretion, only she couldn't quite help herself. Glancing around, she considered the café. There were probably a dozen other customers arrayed around the various tables and up at the counter. Three different servers were running from table to table as they brought cups of coffee, omelets, sliced toast, or bagels. Lowering her voice, Katie had to ask, "Is this really a good idea?"

"Admittedly, it is a public space, but no one here is going to listen to our conversation. Besides, even if they do, they wouldn't believe us."

"Right," Katie said without much confidence.

"I presume you know why I wished to meet with you," Jacqueline said.

"The Payload," Katie replied.

"That's correct," Jacqueline said, then waited.

This was Katie's chance to make an argument or to announce some new development. She thought of the statistical models she had been running, the different experiments and angles she had tried. Of course, none of it had been definitive. None of it had worked beautifully, or brilliantly. And yet, she still understood that the basic framework was correct. The architecture would work. More importantly, it had been designed specifically for the XY brain. Males and females had different neurological architectures when it came to human development; consequently, she could take advantage and implement the system they needed.

"I have given you a lot of money. I have funded your laboratory for the last two years. I appreciate the theory of what you have done, but what are the results?"

"I'm not going to lie," Katie said. "I haven't made any breakthroughs, but I am certain this is what you want."

"There are other potential avenues," Jacqueline said. "There's only so much money, especially if I intend to avoid public scrutiny."

"This can work." Katie tried again. "This will work."

"Katie, I appreciate your efforts, but I think it's time for us to pull back."

"Pull back?"

"I have some allies within academia. If you would like to go into the university system, I can make that happen. I also have some associates who are in the private sector. You're a brilliant woman, and you have a tremendous amount of potential, but I don't think we can make this work."

Katie's shoulders drooped. She dropped her head down, and she pushed her chin to her chest. Her fingers tightened underneath the table, and she could feel the tears. Simmer at the corners of her eyes. It was childish and immature. She hated that her body could betray her like this, only she wasn't some ruthless businesswoman. She wasn't a billionaire like Jacqueline Hill; she hadn't crushed the opposition.

Not yet.

Just thinking about him was enough to make her swallow back that frustration. "How much time do I get?"

"I've already put in the orders," Jacqueline said. "You have until tomorrow. That's when the key codes will be changed."

"That's all I'll need," Katie shoved her chair away from the table, turned, and left.

She got into her car, dropped into the driver's seat, and froze for just a moment while raising her hands to the steering wheel as a different name popped into her head.

Kevin Masterson.

The bastard.

It had been two years, but her hurt and anger remained. Even now, she tightened her fingers around the steering wheel as she contemplated his career. Two years ago, they had both been associate researchers at Ryan Alpha Technologies. Essentially, it was a think tank and research lab for other corporations. They came up with good ideas, new technologies, and sold the patents to the major corporations that could implement them more fully.

Both Kevin and Katie had focused on the relationship between marketing and human neurology. For a very long time, philosophers have debated the relationship between external stimuli and individual choice. Where did the idea of free will originate? How might it be influenced by

external factors? Obviously, it couldn't be counted as "genuine choice." When compulsion or threats of violence came into the equation. Katie and her colleagues had complicated this question even more by diving deeper into behavioral economics. Specifically, scholars had been exploring the different irrational mechanisms built into the human mind. Certain heuristics seemed to be preprogrammed into the human experience. An individual might think slowly and rationally, carefully evaluating different choices to come up with the best conclusion. Or...they could make a reflexive decision. The easiest example always came down to driving. An individual might consciously decide where they wanted to go, but they didn't really pay attention to individual micro decisions involved when actually driving, like adjusting the steering wheel, or reflexively hitting the brakes when another vehicle swerved in front of them.

Katie had always been fascinated by this duality. All too often, people didn't really understand how they thought, or why they made the decisions they did.

Then there were those other questions, the ones related to "feelings". For her, she wanted to understand why rational choices and conscious thought could be overwhelmed by desires, especially when those longings were seldom chosen.

She thought of Kevin again.

This time, she suppressed those ideas, and instead she started driving. She made her way back to the lab, parked, swiped her key card, and headed inside. This was her private space. For the last two years, ever since she had met Jacqueline Hill, it had been her personal domain.

She considered the computers and projectors. The brilliant white light covered everything. Even so, she closed her eyes, and she headed over to one of the workstations. She sat down, opened up the base code, and stared at it. She had been working on this for two years. She thought of the late nights, the weekends, the early mornings, and so much more. She had given over her entire career to this question... all because of him.

Kevin.

Without trying, she closed her eyes, and she bowed her head down for just a moment. She thought of his smile, his hand on her shoulder, the way he had nudged her with his elbow when they had a really good idea

together. As cliché as it sounded, they had been able to finish each other's sentences.

Somewhere along the line, she developed feelings for him. She remembered running on her treadmill, jumping from one stride to the next, sweat running down her forehead, and letting her mind wander as it so often did. She breathed, panting hard and swinging her arms. Then she thought of that man, and there was this dumb smile on her face. It was some shared joke. It was the way he smiled at her.

And then it happened.

They had a late night, and he leaned over, and he kissed her. Right after that, he apologized. He said that he never should have let that happen. It was totally inappropriate.

But she was in love with him. She loved being close to him. She loved the fact that he could help her with her ideas. She had been working on a specific algorithm, and she was almost done with it. With this, she would establish her career at the research hub for years.

But that night, she stopped thinking about human neurology, her career, and everything else. So much easier once they were kissing, and then they were on the floor, and she couldn't believe it as she looked up at him. He was straddling her, and it felt so incredible.

They were making out, and he touched her, his fingers gliding up underneath her shirt. Wherever his fingers started, there was this trailing heat that excited her like nothing else.

She loved him. She had been in love with him for months, if not longer. He was smart. He was funny. He was everything she could want in a guy.

They had sex that night, and it felt so right and natural, as though they had just completed something inevitable.

When she woke up the next morning, he wasn't there. She smiled to herself, thinking that this could be the start of something real. She didn't worry about a one night stand. As far as she was concerned, she knew him. She could trust him. They spent countless hours working together, joking, laughing, checking and double checking each other's work.

In fact, she thought that it had been remarkably easy.

And then she grabbed her phone, and she saw an email.

It came from HR.

Her brows had tightened when she saw the message. She opened it, and she saw that they were requesting a meeting with her that morning.

What was this? What was going on?

She had gotten dressed. She had run a brush through her hair, and then she went over to the HR office as instructed.

When she got there, she saw three other people: a man and woman she didn't know, plus Kevin...

After that, everything seemed to become disassociated, distant and illogical. None of it made sense.

He had been sitting on the other side of the room, and he refused to make eye contact with her.

The woman from HR had her elbows on her desk. She touched her fingertips together, and she looked right at Katie. "Kevin here informs us that you have been sexually harassing him. Apparently, you threatened you were going to sabotage his work unless he had sex with you."

Katie had laughed at first. This was ridiculous. It was insane. It didn't make any sense.

She glanced over at him. She said, "Tell them. Tell them the truth."

He didn't. He wouldn't.

The HR specialists had one goal: they needed to protect the company. Since he came forward first, they believed him.

The moisture drained away from Katie's mouth.

In that moment, she insisted that this had to be some kind of error. Then she remembered the surveillance tech. There were microphones and cameras throughout the laboratory. Close to panic, she let the words tumble out of her mouth as she tried to get them to believe her.

The male HR representative raised his hand and shook his head. "We already tried to check for the evidence," he informed her, his voice crisp, cold, professional, and detached, all at the same time. "Apparently, your password was used in order to turn off the cameras and microphones."

"What?" Katie had asked, her eyes wide, disbelief ringing through that single syllable.

That had been it. According to the database, her password had been inputted, the cameras had been deactivated, the microphones turned off, and that pretty much proved she was guilty, especially considering that Kevin had "bravely" come forward first to discuss the situation.

She had been fired and escorted from the building. Of course, all of her research had been property of the institution, meaning that she couldn't take anything with her. Through her friends back at the office, she heard about how Kevin took over her project, earned a promotion, and moved into management.

The snake.

He had lied to her. He had manipulated her. He seduced her!

For a long time, she cried about it. All of that joy, all of that excitement, all of that hope and love had been twisted into something dark and jagged, as though she had swallowed scrap metal.

But then, she met Jacqueline Hill.

Katie didn't know if the Payload was actually ready.

She reviewed her notes, turned on her camera, and she looked at that little red light as she said, "This is Katie Mazer, and these are my June 27 notes. I've just been informed that my funding is about to be cut. As such, I will initiate Payload Test 42 tonight. I will send him the email directly. If the hypnotic pattern based on this variant of my algorithm works, he will be instantly influenced. It will activate certain memories, alter his reflexes, and redesign his instincts." Up until now, she had spoken simply and professionally. But now, her voice cracked slightly. Her pitch rose, "I hope this works."

She turned off the camera, reached for her mouse, and hit Send.

There. She sent Payload Test 42.

It had been a late night. He had a couple of meetings with some of the other managers. From there, he decided to go out. Dinner meant networking with a few CEOs. At this point, Kevin Masterson felt pretty good about his career's upward trajectory. He had a knack for influencing people and getting them to work hard. He knew when to threaten, when to control, when to promise, and when to break those promises.

As he sat in the back of his chauffeured sedan, he kept his eyes aimed down at the screen of his phone. At that moment, he was swiping through one of his favorite dating apps, looking for some hot piece of ass. There were plenty of girls around. More importantly, he knew he looked good.

Throughout his life, he had been told he was handsome. When he was little, he thought that was because adults always said that too kids. But

the compliment continued to surface through middle school, high school, and college. Again and again, he came back to the conclusion that he was attractive. The girls were always fond over him. They always wanted to impress him and make him happy. Little by little, he had learned exactly what it might take to control them. A little bit of flirting here, a little bit of teasing innuendo. Some extra attention. It always worked beautifully.

And then he saw her name.

Katie Mazer. The notification popped up from his email service. When he saw her name, his brows tightened for a second as he tried to remember who that was. The name was definitely familiar. As a manager, he prided himself on memorizing his subordinates' names. He didn't actually know anything about them, for the most part, but at least he could identify them whenever he saw them in the hallways back at the office.

That made him a good guy, right?

The message was simple. You're going to want to see this.

With a shrug, he downloaded the attachment, confident that the antivirus software would overwhelm any potential threats.

Then again, he had no idea what this woman was capable of.

Light and precisely calibrated color played across his screen, hitting his retinas.

Originally, Katie had started her Payload tests by studying epilepsy. Normally, light would bounce off of objects in an individual's surroundings, it would hit the human retina, travel the optic nerve, and get converted into electrical impulses that could then be interpreted by the brain as information. This was how humans could basically, navigate the world around them. Those who suffer from epileptic seizures, however, could often be triggered by specific kinds of photosensitivity. Katie had theorized that the right kind of imagery, light, and color, could trigger other reactions. Hers would be infinitely more complicated, especially because she wasn't willing to settle for something random.

According to her research, this should work.

He sat in the back of his car, and he watched the screen. His fingers tightened, his muscles locked, and yet he couldn't look away.

Then it was done.

He blinked. He shook his head from side to side.

As far as Kevin had been able to tell, nothing changed. He was still the same guy.

Only then, her downloaded program sent the notice back to Katie. She sat there in her lab, and she stared down at her phone. For her, this felt eerily familiar. She remembered being in middle school, having a crush on a boy, and wanting to text him. This would be even more intense, she knew. She was about to call Kevin Masterson. She would call him and talk to him and determine whether or not she had just wasted the last two years of her life with this research.

She still had his number; she had checked against the directory. It was still the right one.

Katie tapped the green icon.

It rang. Desperate adrenaline pumped through her body, especially because she worried about what was going to happen next. It was too easy to imagine him holding his phone to his ear and asking, "Who is this?" Only then, she would tell him, and it wouldn't work. Instead, this would just be one more humiliation, one more failure...

She never should have trusted him.

But if this works, it would be a question of trust.

Her brows tightened, her expression darkened, and she stared forward. She didn't see anything though, not as she focused on hearing his voice. Within seconds, he spoke from the other end of the line, "Hello?" He sounded confused, slightly disoriented. That was definitely a good sign.

"Hello," Katie said. "You know who this is?"

"Katie?"

"That's right," she told him. "Where are you right now?"

"I'm in the back of my car. Why? Why do you care?"

She ignored his questions, "I'm texting you an address right now. Go there."

She hung up.

Her heart kept pounding. Her face was hot. At the same time, she experienced something else, something she hadn't expected: arousal. Yes, there was this desire pumping through her body. She nibbled on the inside of her mouth, and she knew what she wanted to do.

Would she? Could she?

Yes.

Katie made that decision then and there.

When she first set up this front room in her clandestine lab, she hadn't been sure she would really need it. She ordered the bed, the equipment, and everything else. She had thought about what it might be like, but she had focused on adopting an entirely clinical and pragmatic perspective. Eventually, she would be satisfied with the tests; she would send the Payload, he would see it, and everything would change.

If this actually works. Tonight, she would hand it over to Jacqueline Hill. From there, the billionaire could take it, and she could use it however she saw fit. On select men? Some kind of mass messaging campaign?

Katie didn't know for sure, and she didn't really care. Instead, she concentrated on this boy. Kevin Masterson.

As she stood there in the middle of the room, waiting, Katie pushed her fingernails down into her palms. She kept thinking about him and how she wanted to break him.

Those thoughts should have been laced with anger. They weren't, not entirely. There was something else as well. She remembered how he would laugh, how he would make her smile. She recalled how he touched her, what it had been like on that night, and what she wanted now.

At several points, Katie had thrown her head back and laughed, all because she should have known better. He was gorgeous. He was handsome, with a strong jaw, broad shoulders, and that playful wit.

At the same time, she understood her own appeal in the dating market. She wore glasses, she had brassy red hair, and she looked more like the girl next door. She had never dedicated herself to makeup, clothing, or any of the trends that would have made the guys race after her. Instead, she preferred to work on programming, to study psychology, and to learn as much as she could. None of those traits were especially sexy, she knew.

That had been fine with her.

Only then, this man had activated something within her. He had triggered her.

And now, she stood there, she waited. She felt ridiculous. Part of her wanted to pull out her phone, if only to make the time pass faster. She didn't. She couldn't. After a little while, she walked over to the bed, and she sat on the edge of it. At the same time, she glanced over at the dark gray container. She knew what it contained. She didn't check. She didn't need to.

Then someone knocked on the door.

He didn't understand the impulse. He didn't understand the urge. When he saw the address, there had been this desire lodged deep at the back of his mind. Without even thinking about it, he glanced over at his driver and said, "Change of plans. You're going to drop me off." Then he read the address out loud.

Moment by moment and minute by minute, he had sat there, and he knew what he had to do.

He had to see her. He had to talk to her.

It didn't make sense.

Kevin had always enjoyed the fact that he didn't suffer from guilt. He never felt bad about what he did. He understood how brutal and difficult the world could be. People competed with one another. They used their natural assets to win. That's what he had done.

Now he remembered Katie. He thought of how easily he had engineered that situation. As far as he had been concerned, it was just a game. Like so many other guys, he relied on that old excuse, "Don't hate the player. Hate the game."

If she didn't want to play, she probably should have become a housewife or something.

So what if he had seduced her? They had fun, didn't they? Besides, she had been so into him...

Only now, he had to see her again. It wasn't to apologize. (After all, Kevin had never done anything wrong.)

And why?

Kevin wrestled with that question, examining it from different angles. As a manager, he considered himself to be a master of corporate strategy (they all did). Despite his best efforts, however, he still couldn't really understand why he had decided to do this.

There were rationalizations, of course. Maybe he was worried that she would try to sue him? Maybe she was coming after him? His eyes narrowed, and he ran the tip of his tongue along the edges of his molars as he kept thinking about this.

One way or another, he knew he had to deal with her. He felt like a different kind of courage, a new kind of instinct. It was something, playing at the back of his mind, and he would be able to let it go.

Besides, he can go to her, talk to her, maybe sleep with her, and then head on with the rest of his life. Yeah, that sounded right.

The driver pulled up into an office park a few miles from the center of the city.

Kevin got out. He walks to the front entrance. He knocked.

The door opened, and he saw her.

"Dismiss the driver," she said, her voice almost cracking.

He was about to chuckle. He was about to laugh because there was no way he would just do something like that.

And yet, he turned around, and he walked back over to the car. He tapped on the window, and he told the driver that he could leave.

"Why the hell did I just do that?" Kevin whispered.

Before he could figure this out, Katie called to him, "Come here," she instructed, her voice hardening.

He turned around, and he strode over to her. When he glanced back up at the young woman he saw a smile curving along her face.

"That's a good start," she said, more to herself than to him,

"But...I'm still not sure it really worked."

What was she talking about?

Only then, Katie stepped inside and told him to follow her.

He obeyed.

"What is this? What's going on?"

"Be quiet," she said firmly.

Kevin tried to open his mouth. He succeeded. His lips parted, and he looked at that girl, only he couldn't bring himself to talk. In theory, there was nothing wrong with any part of his body. His vocal cords could still vibrate, his lips could move, and his tongue could dance as it always did against the roof of his mouth and the edges of his teeth. Speaking had always come easily to him. He knew how to be articulate and manipulate. Whenever the occasion calls for it.

Only right then and there, something happened. He stopped himself each and every time.

"You can't talk, can you? I told you to be quiet, so now you have to be quiet," she said, observing the results of Payload Test 42. As she uttered those words, this big smile started to curve along her mouth. Her eyes widened, and she stepped to his left, then he's right.

He turned, he lifted his hands, almost like he would grab her.

"Hands at your sides. Don't move."

Again, he obeyed her. He dropped his arms down toward his waist, his muscles relaxed, and suddenly he couldn't move. He didn't understand this. He couldn't comprehend it. And she glanced back at him. "You can breathe and blink. That's it."

He blinked. His eyelids dropped down and rose again. That was it. He took a breath, filling his lungs. His chest expanded. In that moment, he could only control his lungs and eyelids. He felt ridiculous. He couldn't even move at this point!

She circled him while she observed him.

"This is good," she said. "This is really good."

That's when she stopped right in front of him. She pushed herself up onto the balls of her feet as she stared into his eyes, "Kevin, I did it. I built the Payload. Before, you and I were thinking about how to influence human behavior. But guess what? Now I have it. I have you."

He still didn't understand. "Don't worry. You're going to figure it out. I'm thinking that you belong to me now." She said those words, but then she started giggling. She spun away. She was shaking her head from side to side, almost like she couldn't believe this. "I did it. I really did it!"

She spun back and faced him, her dark red hair splashing against her shoulders as she watched him intently from behind the lenses of her glasses. "Strip. I want you completely naked. And when you're done, get down on your knees. Hold your hands behind your back, and don't move."

He had to obey!

Kevin couldn't deny the compulsion as he shrugged off his coat, undid his tie, worked the buttons on his shirt, and kicked off his shoes. From one garment to the next, he pulled off everything.

As a guy who worked out frequently, Kevin had never been ashamed of his body. Even back in college, he had earned some gravitas among his fellow fraternity brothers by getting naked and streaking across the quad. Back then, he made a conscious choice. He had understood what he was doing and what he hoped to win by stripping.

Right then and there, in front of this girl, he experienced something new.

She had her arms crossed over her chest, she smiled intently, and her eyes seemed to roam along his body as he revealed his naked shoulders, his bare chest, and his unprotected cock. She was studying the different contours of his body, almost like she wanted to memorize every detail.

Then she chuckled to herself, "Mine."

"What is this? What's happening?" Kevin dearly wished he could ask. Instead, he assumed the required position.

"Stay," she said, addressing him like he was nothing but a dog. She stepped forward, reached down, and stroked his chin. She brushed her knuckles along his cheek. He wanted to turn away, but he couldn't.

"The payload is a simple program, one that can be individualized. Basically, you now feel the instinctive urge to do whatever I say."

"What? No," he tried to say. Still, he couldn't push those words out. His body simply disobeyed, like the impulse got lost somewhere between his brain and the rest of his body. Deep down, he suspected that the commands couldn't even make it to his muscles. Instead, something in his brain stopped those instructions from getting out.

"It's okay, Kevin. I want you to understand something. This is a groundbreaking event. I work for a woman named Jacqueline Hill, and she wants to use this. Frankly, if I'm not mistaken, she wants to weaponize it. Because... just think about it. If there's a blind-control program that only works on men, what do you think that would do to the world?"

His mouth didn't drop open. Instead, he looked at her, dumb and docile as he remained right there on his knees. Naked and locked in position, he couldn't move.

"She might decide to use it on key leaders," Katie informed him. "Or maybe she will send out a mass message, something to millions of men all at once. Given time, it will be possible. And after that, the boys can be programmed to follow a specific woman, specific women, or just any woman in general. This could be the true death of the patriarchy. The rise of something better." Then Katie shrugged. "But you know me. Never been especially interested in politics. I've always preferred to focus on the science, the math, and the psychology. You know?" She found herself laughing as she shook her head from side to side. "But you're not going to have to worry about that because you belong to me now."

His expression remained placid. She cocked her head to the side, and she made a decision. "Kevin, stay on your knees, and don't move, but you can now speak."

There. She gave him permission.

At first, Kevin really didn't want to take advantage of it. If he started talking now, that would only prove what she had said about her

Payload. If he remained silent, however, he might be able to confuse the issue, and pretend that he still had control over his body, and that his actions weren't dependent on her whims.

"I could always make you talk," she said. Because those words were a hypothetical, he didn't have to respond. Still, his heart was pounding faster and faster. At the same time, he hated the fear that coiled at the base of his stomach. On his knees in front of her, naked and on display, he actually felt like he had been objectified. He was her toy, and she could play with him. However, she saw fit.

Only a little while ago, he had been dressed handsomely in one of his best suits. Seated in the back of his chauffeured sedan, he had looked out through the windows with a sense of power and influence.

This girl had taken all of that away!

No. No way. He refused to accept it. He refused to believe it. He held onto that denial is best he could.

"Okay then," she said. "Go on. Speak, boy."

Speak, boy. The orders vibrated through his body. They lit up those neurons deep within the substance of his brain, triggering his mind, and requiring him to act.

"You can't control me," he said automatically.

Only then, he bristled instantly. As a manager, he had many blind spots. At the same time, however, he didn't really see them. But now, he had spoken because she ordered him to speak. By talking, he proved that she really could control him...

Before he could go back to the line of denial from before, she smiled to herself. "Let's test this some more, shall we? Bow your head down, and lick my shoes," she ordered.

He bowed his head down, bracing his weight on his elbows, forearms, and palms. He leaned downward, and he had his face right there in front of her shoes! Humiliation brushed across his body, his muscles locked, and he tried to fight this so hard.

And yet, he couldn't.

There was no way for this boy to deny the power of those instincts or reflexes. Even if he didn't understand them, he still yielded to them.

He licked her shoes. His tongue slid along the soft leather of her high-heeled pumps. She watched him, marveling at how this powerful manager had been brought low by her Payload.

Her breathing came faster, and she said, "Enough."

After that, she wanted to take him back into the laboratory. She wanted to expose him to different programs and algorithms. She wanted to test the dozens of different variables that could influence his sensitivity.

Instead, she surrendered to her own desires.

For her meeting with her boss, Katie had put on a formal dress. She always felt a little bit better in the dark red with the wide shoulder straps, the built-in bodice, and the elegant hemline. But now, she said, "Stand up and unzip my dress for me."

The words left her lips, and she knew what she wanted.

He moved to obey. At the same time, she glanced over her shoulder for just an instant, and their eyes met. She saw the abject frustration, humiliation and helplessness playing across his handsome face.

This time, he couldn't lie or cheat. He couldn't manipulate his way out of this.

She had what she wanted; she had him!

That thought set fresh desire running across her skin.

He unzipped her dress, and she shrugged off the straps, letting the outfit pool around her ankles. Then she turned toward him. She still wore her shoes, her black panties, and her matching bra.

"From now on, you belong to me. And because you belong to me, this belongs to me." She stepped forward, and she slid her hand down along his muscled torso, toward his cock. Her fingers brushed along his shaft. She toyed with his manhood. "If you don't want to be my slave, stay soft," she said.

Inevitably, his body responded.

Maybe he was the kind of guy who liked to go after college girls, models, and desperate underappreciated influencers, but his body still reacted to the proximity of this young woman—just as she knew it would. He couldn't help himself. He couldn't control himself.

"You're getting hard," she said unnecessarily. His expression remained fairly neutral, mostly because she wouldn't allow him to move. And yet, his shaft hardened as she stroked him, gently gliding her fingers up and down, up and down, again and again. "I guess that means you want to be a slave? Is that it?"

He didn't respond.

"Go on," Katie instructed. "Answer me." Her tone hardened with those last two words.

All at once, Kevin experienced it again. There was that rush of need. He tried so hard to fight it. His lips parted, and the words seemed to emerge in slow motion. With his heart hammering in his chest, he battled that instinct. And yet, this was what an addiction must have felt like. He had to obey the compulsion. He had to listen to the Payload. Even if he didn't understand why he did it, he still surrendered to this woman and her power over him. "I don't want to be a slave!"

"But you are turned on right now," she said.

"That's because you're touching me!"

"I'm touching you the way you touched me before. You seduced me, didn't you, Kevin? You convinced me that I could trust you, and I was foolish enough to fall for it." Her eyes narrowed, and she drew her hand back. "I suppose maybe I should be thankful? I suppose maybe I should say thank you, since you inspired me to design this system?"

"What are you talking about?" Kevin demanded.

She pulled her hand away from his shaft, and she cocked her head to the side as she studied him. "You are not allowed to tell anyone else about this. If anyone asks, you want to be my slave. If anyone asks, you love being my slave. If anyone asks, serving me is the most important thing in your life."

Kevin refused to respond. He wouldn't dignify any of those new rules with an answer.

Only then, she commanded, "Say it. Say all of it."

Kevin fought so hard to ignore her directive. It should have been easy. After all, he had always been arrogant. Even when he worked as a lowly researcher, he still saw himself as superior to those around him. Perhaps this young woman had always been better at the math and the science, but real success depended on the ability to manipulate, cheat, deceive, and maneuver. Those were the skills and talents that really counted, hence his promotion, and her total failure.

Just then, however, he couldn't hold onto anything like that. In fact, his mouth started moving again as a fresh compulsion gripped him. It forced his mouth to move, and there was this frustrating sense of satisfaction as he told her, "I'm not allowed to tell anyone else about this. If

anyone asks, I want to be your slave. If anyone asks, I love being your slave. If anyone asks, serving you is the most important thing in my life!"

He was panting harder now.

Resisting the urge to obey her required energy. It sapped his strength in a way he had never quite experienced before.

"Good boy," she said. "So what does that make you?"

He jerked his head from side to side. This time, she didn't tell him how to respond, so he was free to reply. However, he saw fit.

Realizing this might be a good opportunity, he tried to get his emotions under control. For the most part, he succeeded. Even if he didn't respect this woman, he could still tell her what she hoped to hear. If he could come at her from the right angle, with the right strategy, he could retake control. He had seduced her once. He could do something like that again!

Then another thought popped into his head. It was an ambition whispering along the edges of his thoughts.

Clearly, she had developed something amazing here. Even if he didn't want to face it, he could certainly feel it for himself. But what if he took it from her? What if he could trick her into giving it up? She was obviously a naïve girl, someone who could be controlled with the right words or phrases. He just had to wrap her around his finger. It should have been viable. It should have been possible.

He drew in a breath, and he said, "I'm sorry."

She didn't sound impressed, "That doesn't tell me what all of this makes you," Katie reminded him.

He glanced up. At the same time, he sculpted his face into that perfectly remorseful expression. Like some guilty little puppy dog, he paused for just a moment, and then he made the sounds, "I... I'm sorry for what I did. I messed up. I, I was scared to appear... I was so scared that I couldn't compete with you. I know that what I did was wrong, but I hope you can forgive me. Please? Please, can you maybe consider forgiving me? Someday? Maybe?" His voice trailed off beautifully.

On many different occasions, Kevin had thought that he should have been an actor instead. Clearly, he knew how to deliver the right words with the right pacing and tone.

Katie studied him; she watched him intently.

Maybe her expression softened? Maybe her features eased as she considered the boy in front of her, especially because he looked so vulnerable, sweet, and innocent all at the same time? He may have been naked, but that only added to the sincerity playing out across his face.

Only then, her lips tightened into a sneer. As she frowned at him, she pointed to the wall. "Hands against the wall right now."

He moved.

Even if she hadn't phrased it as a direct command, her tone had been clear, and the urge overwhelmed him.

He fought it.

Kevin channeled every iota of strength he possessed. He tapped into the deepest reservoirs of identity, personality, defiance, and willpower! He growled like a beast as he fought not to obey. He simply had to stand there. He simply had to resist for a few seconds, maybe a couple of minutes...

Less than two full seconds went by before he turned, faced the wall, leaned forward, spread his fingers, and pushed his palms against the painted surface. He pushed down, and he was about to turn back to her, only she called out a command, "Stay."

Stay. She addressed him like he was nothing but a dumb dog. And yet, it worked.

"I'm going to be honest with you," she said. "Kevin, I wasn't really sure I could make it happen. I mean, all of the evidence seemed so solid. The idea worked on paper. But was I really going to be able to brainwash a boy with my Payload?" She leaned forward and hissed one word into his ear, "Yes." With that word hitting the air, she ran her fingers through his scalp before scratching at his back. She came up behind him, and she grabbed his ass. She squeezed.

Hot frustration blasted through his body! He wanted to rage, to fume, only he knew it wouldn't do any good, especially because that was probably the exact kind of reaction she hoped to get out of him.

Back at work, there were a couple of secretaries and interns, pretty girls who he liked to flirt with. There were those moments when he would reach out and grab them by their butts. He also liked to make little comments about their tops, their skirts, and the outfits they should wear if they really wanted to get promoted. It was all in good fun. According to him, it was completely unlike this.

Even so, Kevin had to endure that same kind of treatment, so he finally learned what it was like to be objectified, even if he didn't realize it for himself.

"I'm going to enjoy this," she said, jerking her hand back.

He didn't understand what was going to happen. He couldn't figure it out for himself, no matter how hard he tried. Suddenly, his strategic acumen became irrelevant as her hand crashed down against his ass. She struck his right butt cheek first, then his left, then the right again. She hammered against his vulnerable skin.

It hurt!

"I'm going to stop," she said after a few seconds, "as soon as you beg for the chance to be my slave. Tell me that you're grateful for the fact that I'm going to slide a locking collar around your neck." Then she laughed. "Beg for me to fuck you nice and hard, the way you fucked me."

In that instant, Kevin seriously considered apologizing again. The words could have tumbled out of his mouth, dropping one after another. More importantly, he might have been able to succeed. Instead, he heard that command, so he didn't get to make a choice. This wasn't a decision for this boy as he pleaded with her, "Please! Please, let me be your slave! I'll be so grateful! I'll be so grateful for the chance to wear a collar! Please. Please, just take me. Use me! Fuck me!"

"A little more spanking first," she said.

She slapped his backside over and over. The pain drilled into him. He didn't want to believe it; he didn't want to accept it! Something like this should have been completely impossible. After all, he was a man. He was strong, fierce, and determined.

None of that mattered, however.

The pain washed over him, one blast after another. And yet, she didn't give him the chance to recover. Pretty soon, his eyes were wet, and he nearly started to break again, to plead with her to stop.

Finally, the barrage ceased.

She stepped back. Not that he noticed, instead, he had his head bowed forward with his hands still pushed up against the wall.

"That sting?"

"No," he shot back.

"Tell the truth," she commanded. "Did that sting?"

"Yes!" He hated the desperate vehemence in his voice, but there was nothing he could do about it. He couldn't take his answer back, no matter how badly he wanted to.

"Good," she said. "And what about the other part? What should I do to you?"

"Fuck me?" Kevin said. The corners of her eyes crinkled with amusement. She absolutely adored that note of desperation in his voice. He sounded so humble, so pathetic.

"Good," she said. Eyes forward. Don't look."

She turned around, and she stepped away.

Still breathing hard, he didn't know what was happening. Worse, he discovered something else: he had become a prisoner within his own body. Because she ordered his hands up against the wall, and because she didn't allow him to turn back, he was frozen again, forced to stay in that position like an obedient pet.

His heart kept pumping, and the adrenaline still squirted into his bloodstream, but the extra energy didn't help him. This wasn't the kind of fight evolution had prepared him for. Instead, she had hijacked his thought processes, turning his reflexes against him. Vaguely, he remembered going through that science. He remembered studying people and how individuals could react without "thinking". Frequently, people would make decisions automatically. These were literally "knee-jerk reactions". She had talked about controlling them. She had talked about using them to get people to buy things and to make advertising more effective.

He never imagined that she would be capable of something like this.

Worse, he had never considered the possibility that a girl would come after him. Sure, he had laughed about the idea with some of his buddies. There were lots of girls all over the city whose hearts had been broken by this ambitious boy. He craved sex, money, and power. In that sense, he didn't think he was different from most people.

"Okay," she said. "Now you can look."

He didn't want to.

He closed his eyes. Scared of what he might see, he dropped his head down again, with his chin pushed against his neck.

"Look," she said.

That was all it took. One syllable stole control of his body, so he turned to her, and he saw.

She was standing there, dressed in nothing but a pair of black panties. Only now, there was something emerging from between her legs. It was a dildo. She wore a strap on harness. It glistened with lubricant.

"You fucked me, Kevin. Now I get to do the same to you..."

His mouth opened.

"Tell me what you're thinking," she instructed even as she started to position herself right behind him.

"You can't do this," he insisted. "This isn't right!"

"Tell me this is right," she demanded.

"This is right!" Kevin repeated automatically.

"And tell me you can't wait to be my obedient slave. Tell me you want to give up every dollar you have ever earned. Tell me that you will give up your real estate, anything and everything I want."

"I will! I'll do it all for you!" He made those promises, one after another. Despite his best efforts, he couldn't do something as simple as shut his mouth.

"Address me as your Mistress," she said next.

"Yes, Mistress!" Behind his eyes, between his ears, and at the center of his being, Kevin raged against those syllables as they jumped from his lips. He uttered them automatically. At the same time, he knew he would tell anyone what she ordered. And now, she had her hand on the back of his neck, she aimed the tip of her fake cock, and she pushed toward his opening. His eyes widened, his breathing caught in his chest, and he tried so hard to break free from those invisible bonds.

Kevin failed.

He couldn't resist this kind of science. He couldn't fight back against her influence.

Inch by inch, she came closer and closer. Then he sensed the cool touch of that toy. "You know what a Mistress is? You know what that word means?"

"I, I..." Against the current of panic flitting through his body, he didn't know how to answer.

"It means that I'm mastering you," Kevin. It means that you belong to me now. I'm going to penetrate you right now, you're going to feel it deep

inside, and you will know what this is like to be open and vulnerable and helpless for someone else. Take it. Take it, boy."

She shoved forward, watching her cock slide between the walls of his opening. He stretched. He tried to tighten down, but it did no good. The lubricated dildo went in deep. She pushed, burying her cock right between his buttocks. Then she wrapped her arms around his waist. She brought her hands up toward his chest, and she clasped his pectorals. "Mine," she said.

"Fine, it did appear you had your fun. Just stop?"

"Stop? I'm just getting started," she promised him. She dropped her hands down to his waist, she started to slide back, and he exhaled, still hoping that she was done. Despite her last promise.

Right as the toy was about to slide free from his opening, she shoved forward again, harder and faster this time. He couldn't even lock his muscles, not that it had protected him the first time. She went in deep again, and his eyes widened with shame and desire. He hated how his body reacted to this. His cock strained even more.

"Good boy. That's right. You want to take it, don't you? You know that you don't have a choice. You know that you belong to me now."

"Yes. Yes, I belong to you."

"And that's why you're going to write up your resignation. You're going to apologize to everyone. You're going to tell them the truth."

"What?"

"You trashed my reputation, slave. But now, you can make it up to me. You can tell everyone that you are nothing but a lying, conniving bastard. You can tell everyone that you slept with me and tricked me. You can tell everyone that you can never be trusted. You can tell everyone that you don't deserve to be in charge of anything. Say it for me."

"I don't deserve to be in charge of anything!"

"Tell me you deserve to be treated like my dog. Tell me you deserve to be collared and naked."

"I deserve to be treated like a dog. Deserve to be college and naked!"

She shoved forward again, ramming her cock deep into him. As the invasion sent bolts of sensation running along his nerves, she leaned in. She pressed her naked chest to his back, and she promised him, her voice hot against his ear, "Maybe I'm going to show you off to my friends. I'm sure

they would love to see you eat out of a dog bowl. They would love to hear you whimper and perform tricks for us."

Instantly, he tried to tell her that something like that would never ever happen.

And yet, he knew the truth. He could feel it deep inside, along every inch of his body.

"But don't worry," she told him. "I'll make sure you keep working out. I want you nice and pretty for everyone. I'll show you off. From now on, you are my pet, my trophy, my demonstration model, anything and everything I want." She leaned forward, and she chuckled. "You still hate going down on girls? If I remember correctly, you said that it was beneath you. Then again, you were always so good at touching the rest of me that I didn't really notice."

"I don't know!"

"Liar," she said.

She pumped him again, thrusting hard and fast until he broke.

"I, I'm a real man! I don't go down on women!"

"So gross, so sexist," she said. "But you know, from now on, you're going to sleep on the floor by my bed, and you're going to wake me up every morning with an orgasm. You're going to climb underneath my blankets and you're going to lick me. You're going to make me come nice and hard. Because if you don't, I will think of a good way to punish you."

"Yes, Mistress!" His eyes widened, and he stared ahead, uncomprehending, as he realized what he had just said. This time, she didn't forced the words from his mouth.

She jerked back.

"And with that in mind, go get on the bed. I need to test something."

He couldn't know what that meant, but she had given a direct command. Suddenly, the silent bond that held him against the wall broke apart, leaving him free to rush over to the small bed. "Close your eyes," she instructed.

As always, he obeyed.

She went back to the container, and then she pulled out the shackles. She grabbed two for his ankles, plus two more for his wrists. Then she was on top of him. She straddled him, and she strapped him down,

securing his wrists and ankles to the bedposts. The entire process only took a few seconds.

"I bet you want to get up right now, don't you?"

"Yes..." Kevin answered. But that wasn't good enough. Ultimately, this boy had to yield to the compulsion that gripped him. "Yes, Mistress!" He silently hated the satisfaction that came from addressing her correctly.

"You're free to try," she said. "In fact, you are free from all of the commands I have given you. If you want to get up, do it."

He didn't understand, but he wasn't about to waste this opportunity either.

He opened his eyes and he snarled at her, his muscles twitching as he thrashed, bucked and fought like a wild animal. As a barely bound beast he threw his body to the left, then the right. He tried to punch and kick his way free, yet nothing worked.

"Stop," she instructed.

His body froze.

"You can try again," she said, freeing him.

With his nostrils flaring, he tried to channel his strength into his right arm. He just needed to rip his hand free from the leather cuff encircling his wrist.

He squirmed, tugging and pulling, twisting and writhing beneath her. If he could have just freed one of his arms, he knew he could get out of those restraints. More importantly, he would be able to grab her, push her down, and take whatever he wanted. She had made him feel helpless, but he could do the exact same thing to her...

Kevin didn't get the chance.

"Stop," she said. "Okay. That's enough experimentation for now. Obviously, I can turn you on and off whenever I feel like it. Speaking of which..."

She sat up and removed the harness. She threw the dildo onto the floor, and now he saw her naked, glistening pussy. She reached down, brushing her palm along her pubis before her middle two fingers brushed her pussy. She started touching herself as she straddled him, her knees bent – she looked down at her captive slave.

Pretty soon, she was moaning. Pretty soon, the pleasure rushed across her body.

Then she leaned down, and she looked into his eyes. "You want to taste, don't you?"

"No..."

"Say it properly. Always address me properly," she instructed.

"No, Mistress," he said.

"Too bad," she replied. "Suck." She traced her middle two fingers against his lower lip, and he instantly latched on, wrapping his mouth around her fingers. He sucked, hollowing his cheeks as he worshiped this woman.

Katie enjoyed that look of chagrin playing across his handsome face. Once he had presented himself as someone powerful, capable, and relentless. Right then and there, she watched as the abject humiliation danced along his features.

"That was just a taste," she said.

"Please. Please, Mistress. Please, no more."

"I like hearing you beg," she said. "But right now, I want to know what you can do with that tongue of yours."

She crawled forward, spread her legs, and pushed her slit down against his mouth. He stared up, uncomprehending because he couldn't face this. He couldn't acknowledge or accept it. But then he breathed in, and he caught the aroma of her sex. The heat of her body radiated off of her inner thighs as she started to write his face. She shoved her pussy down against his mouth as he parted his lips. "Lick. Take your time. Be thorough," she ordered.

He obeyed.

Katie savored the sensations as he licked, worshiping her. He gave her the oral service she demanded.

Other women had struggled with this. But now, she wondered if Jacqueline Hill would fix that problem. Maybe men everywhere would feel the compulsion to obey their girlfriends, wives, or any other woman for that matter...

This would change the fundamental foundations of the entire species.

She thought about that as she continued to enjoy the sensations. They washed over her, rolling across her skin from one moment to the next. He lapped at her pussy like a good slave, giving her precisely what she wanted.

The orgasm gripped her. She threw her head back, her muscles tightened and tensed, and she cried out.

Finally, she pulled away.

"More," she said. That's when she grabbed his cock. Still hard, he couldn't believe it.

"Mistress..."

In truth, Kevin didn't know what he actually intended to say. Part of him wanted to beg for her to stop. Another part of him yearned for this to continue.

But for now, she took his shaft right between her legs. She lowered herself down, and the dampened contours of her crevice subsumed his shaft. His manhood disappeared as she started to ride him. "There we go," she said. "You're a good sex slave, aren't you? Then again, slaves can fight back, but you can't fight back, can you? I mean, you're just a toy!"

Kevin didn't want to believe it; he didn't want to accept it or acknowledge it. And yet, he could still feel the truth burrowing down into the center of his psyche.

Katie was right. His Mistress was right.

She rode him, moving her hips forward, drawing back, savoring the friction of their bodies as she forced him to accept that connection. She kept riding him as he got ready to climax. "Don't come!" she ordered.

Suddenly, he tried to tighten his muscles, to savor that release, and to feel the spurting ecstasy of satisfaction.

He didn't. He couldn't.

Katie wouldn't let him!

His mouth opened, but she silenced him. "Quiet!"

There. He was still strapped down, he couldn't move, and she kept sliding forward and back, up and down as she enjoyed everything this boy could give her. She stole his dignity, his self-respect, and everything he at once believed about himself.

Then she dropped forward. "Should I let you? Should I let you climax?" She asked those questions, only she didn't give him permission to speak.

He nodded frantically. His eyes were big and wide and adorably innocent, as though he had lost every drop of guile he once possessed.

She sat up straight. With his shaft still between her legs, she considered the possibilities for her mound. Finally, she said, "You have my

permission to climax."

With those words buzzing along his eardrums, she moved forward again. She slid up and down as she savored the heat and raw stimulation. Pretty soon, the orgasm rippled through her. Flared. Grew stronger and stronger, spiraling until her muscles locked up, and he couldn't help it.

He came hard, throbbing.

She worked him just like that for those long, delicious minutes. As she rode him, he didn't even think about the man he had once been. He opened the wrong attachment. He downloaded the wrong file. And now he belonged to her.

"Payload Test 42 is a complete success," she whispered as she pulled away.

Her slave didn't really understand.

He didn't even comprehend what that cold touch meant when she came back from the container. Then he heard something, a click. It was a strange sound, only now he lifted his head, and he looked down along the length of his body. "You know, I could just tell you that you're not to touch yourself. I could tell you that you aren't entitled any more orgasms without my permission. But I like it more this way. I want you to wear this chastity cage to remember your place. Can you do that? Can you do that for me? Answer me."

"Yes, Mistress," he said. They both knew that had been the only possible outcome for her new possession.

The End

Connect with me:

My name is Anna Ritter; thank you for reading my story. I love books about erotic power play, and I'm eager to connect with my readers and talk about our favorite fantasies. You can email me here at ARitter664@gmail.com. Feel free to ask questions or send me ideas for future stories. I'm also available for commissions.

My favorite games:

Female supremacy is my favorite fantasy. I love stories and novels about entire societies where women have seized control. Men are reduced to the status of chattel, slaves, and toys for their female superiors. In these storylines, men can fight, but they're destined to lose. Sometimes women have taken control based on magic or technology. In other stories, women are just smarter and work to outmaneuver the boys who foolishly thought they were in charge.

Dominant women make up many of the characters in my stories. These tales focus on wives, girlfriends, and other female rivals who take power in specific microcosms. Here, the women are still very much in charge, but their control is limited to a single man. He'll still be enslaved, but the rest of the world remains largely the same.

Chastity training is intense. Boys are obsessed with their libidos, so there's something magically enticing about locking a man up and reducing him to a pathetic, kneeling slave ready to obey every command. Sometimes these males need to be tricked. Maybe they need to be blackmailed or even kidnapped and forced into a chastity cage. One way or another, they'll give in. Holding his key is one of the most delectable pleasures I can imagine.

Cuckolding is another incredible fetish. Since I am interested in how men can lose control, I'm fascinated by the idea of a wife or girlfriend who's decided that her man just isn't good enough. Yes, she still cares

about him and wants to keep him around, but he will be a slave, forced to watch his girl with another man—if he's lucky. This kind of the trail is one of those ultimate expressions of power and control.

Bondage can be psychological, but I tend to prefer the literal restraints. The notion of having a man strapped down, his arms and legs spread, his naked body on display is powerfully erotic. I love knowing his girlfriend or wife can touch him and tease him, forcing him to beg and plead. His dignity drains away as he succumbs to that overwhelming desperation.

Spanking is an amazingly simple punishment. Take a man, put him across your lap, and spank him. Make him cry out. Pain might be one of the oldest incentives, but it works beautifully. When a man whimpers, he understands what he's lost.

Humiliation is one of those tools men seldom acknowledge. They want to believe they're capable of dealing with any slight or insult, only this isn't true. So many men are incredibly fragile. They tell themselves that they're powerful, but they still worry about what the women nearby might think. Getting collared, leashed, and crawling before a woman is an incredibly humiliating experience. It strips him of his identity now that the world can see who he really is.

These are just a few of my favorite fetishes. If a game involves taking or losing control, I'll probably love it. So please, if you have any fantasies or ideas you would like to share, feel free to email me:

ARitter664@gmail.com.

Commissions:

Do you have a fantasy you just have to explore? If you're interested in hiring me for a commission, you can get started by sending me an email.

Other Works by Anna Ritter

Sometimes I get asked about my other projects, so here are some of the novels, novellas and short stories that I especially enjoyed writing.

Novels

[American Matriarchy](#)

A realistic novel:

Stacey Farber is a wildly successful businesswoman who is now funding the construction an entirely new city called Bella Springs. She's doing this for one reason: promote female supremacy. In this new city, women will enjoy every advantage. The outnumbered men in this city will discover what second-class citizenship looks and feels like. Farber uses her influence to ensure women have every opportunity to succeed when it comes to employment, compensation, political power, and freedom. Men like Matthew O'Reilly are given curfews and uniforms, turning them into second-class citizens. College students Mia and Zack enroll in the new university, but he's confined to "service" classes, focusing on pleasing the woman rather while she's busy learning leadership skills. Despite their efforts, men remain surrounded by powerful women who may not let them go, all of which demonstrates how "The future is female."

This 85,000-word novel features extreme female domination, male subjugation, spanking, public humiliation, stocks, chastity training, pegging, and more.

[Male Disadvantages](#)

A realistic companion to *American Matriarchy*:

This is Bella Springs, a new city where women have taken complete control. The founder, Stacy Farber, built the city with one ambition in mind: ensure female supremacy. She wants to see the men of the world enslaved, and she'll prove it's possible here in her new city. This collection of short stories illustrates what life is like when women rule. The men here are subjugated, owned, and humiliated on a daily basis. When the future is female, men had better prepare to surrender. Women enjoy every advantage. In Bell Springs, being male is the biggest disadvantage of all.

This 78,000-word anthology features female domination, pegging, chastity training, bondage, and humiliation.

The Matriarchs

A mostly realistic novel

A virus infects men, causing them to lose their ability to think rationally and engage in mindless aggression. Women, led by the female President of the United States, seize control and help the men behave. They develop a control band to stun males when they lose control and succumb to their virus-induced emotions. With the virus still running rampant, males lose power. Male lawyers, judges, doctors, and corporate executives all lose their influence and positions of power since they can no longer be trusted. Their wives and mothers must handle every decision. A young man, Jordan, decides to go to college only to face strict rules and severe consequences when he messes up. He must be obedient, docile, and subservient to succeed in this new world.

This 115,000-word novel features female supremacy, human puppy play, spanking, bondage, pegging, and male subjugation.

Love Locked

A realistic novel:

Amber and Brian have grown up together, only it's time for their relationship to change since she's about to become his keyholder. She'll have complete control over Brian's manhood. She will win every argument, and Brian will eventually improve his grades and become a useful member of the household. Amber now sees Brian as her brother, but she wonders if she should view him as something else—maybe a slave?

This 65,000-word novel features extensive female domination, chastity training, domestic discipline, and spanking.

Prisoner 616

A mostly realistic novel:

Nick Athens, an analyst at a local investment firm, is determined to maintain his position in the female-dominated finance industry. He doesn't know it yet, but one woman might take away any chance he has, especially if she can trick him into committing a crime. The female supremacists in charge are reforming the prison system for boys like Nick, forcing them to wear collars, restrictive jumpsuits, and chastity belts. If he messes up, Nick's only hope will be his sister, Chloe Athens, a journalist who can write about his situation and potentially trigger a public backlash to get him

released. Chloe would need to learn about the facility and its conditions, but her initial ambivalence might evolve into something new if she begins to see why these boys deserve to be leashed and caged.

This 128,000-word novel features a gynarchy, bondage, male chastity training, CFNM, discipline, teasing and denial, female supremacy, foot worship, oral service, and extensive humiliation.

[When Women Rule](#)

A mostly realistic novel:

Things have to change in Crystal Canyon, a city where men are losing their free will. Everyone can see how this community must change to meet these new challenges. If every male automatically obeys any command uttered by a woman, then everyone will need new rules—an a new hierarchy. Men are becoming more reliant on women for guidance and training, leading to a decline in their independence. Dr. Elizabeth Hunt, a psychologist, notices this change and crafts a plan. Soon, the men are forced to accept women as their handlers, trainers, and owners. Step by step, these boys are becoming slaves. The girls in Crystal Canyon may be kind or cruel, but they all share a common goal: own the boys.

This is an 80,000-word novel about the sexual subjugation of men.

[Wild Space](#)

A sci-fi novel:

Humanity will eventually reach beyond our solar system, but to do so, intrepid explorers and ambitious men like Aric Donovan and the crew of Ranger 3 will first travel to Tau Ceti. Their journey will take decades, so the crew of Ranger 3 will need to enter cryogenic sleep. While they're gone, Earth will change. There'll be wars, unimaginable destruction, and a rebirth. The matriarchy will take control, leading to advancements in science and technology. A new starship will reach Tau Ceti in just five years. They'll catch up to the Ranger 3, so this new crew must decide whether to let the wild males sleep or wake them up and retrain them. Corporal Cara Dare, the sole woman on the Ranger 3, may be able to save Donovan and the rest of their crew. Or she might be tempted to embrace a new way of life if it means women rule while men serve and obey.

This 70,000-word novel features female domination, a futuristic gynarchy, extensive bondage, elements of medical play, pony play, CFNM, male humiliation, spanking, and hypnosis.

[Witch Mark](#)

A fantasy series:

The world is complex and difficult to understand, especially when it comes to the covens and spellcasters who have learned to tap into the arcane winds and manipulate reality. Although these women remain hidden, they have the power to shape reality to fit their desires. Marina Diamonte, as one of these empowered casters, has ignored her family's political intrigues. But now, she's preparing to compete for the leadership of her coven. Along the way, she'll have to claim a boy for herself. She discovers Eric Samuels, a boy who seems to resist her influence. He intrigues her. More importantly, he knows how to amuse her.

This 49,000-word novella is Part One of the Witch Mark series. This novella features extensive female domination, elements of gynarchy, bondage, mind control, orgasm denial, chastity training, CFNM, foot worship, and more.

[Automatic Training](#)

A sci-fi novel:

Isaac Drake arrives in a new city and is greeted by an autonomous vehicle. In seconds, the car traps him. He's strapped down and helpless...like cargo. The car reaches an automatic training facility where female supremacists use specialized devices and AI to train males like Isaac. The women here will use conveyor belts, collars, and chastity cages. Within a week, these boys will become servile slaves eager to please their owners. Isaac is one of the first males to endure this automatic training.

This 80,000-word novel features gynarchy, domination, pegging, chastity training, robots/automation/androids, CFNM, bondage, hypnosis/mind control, ideological reeducation, and more.

[Auctioned on Athena](#)

A sci-fi novel:

In the far future, Justin is a navigator on a courier ship; his captain tasked with a mission to purchase plasma converters in a city dominated by

women. Along the way, he must contend with the humiliating catcalls and demeaning comments from women. If he fails to return to a ship, his status as a Registered Male will be revoked, and he could be taken or sold to any of the trading syndicates. He's a tempting target since a boy like Justin could fetch a high price in the slave markets...

This 115,000-word novel features a futuristic gynarchy, extensive female domination, bondage, male humiliation, pegging, chastity training, teasing and denial, exhibitionism, CFNM, and much more.

Novellas

[Male Progress](#)

A mostly realistic novella:

The patriarchy is eroding as women like Elizabeth assert themselves and take control of their families. Her son, Felix, still clings to old fantasies about male independence. The school district is implementing Male Progress Reports to encourage better attitudes and behaviors in high school. Boys like Felix are required to wear a leather collar with two buttons, green and red, which will be used to record their decisions and overall behavior. Each collared boy will be assigned a handler, and she'll decide what kind of punishment or reward he deserves based on his number of merits and demerits. Felix's sister, who is expected to be his handler, will review his scores and decide his punishment. This boy should know better, but he can't help himself. He gets one demerit after another. Clearly, he needs some extra discipline.

This 25,000-word novella features extensive female domination, bondage, male humiliation, elements of orgasm denial, all set in a nascent gynarchy.

[No Escape from Matria](#)

A modern fantasy novella:

Matria is a small, beautiful country with a pristine lake, forests, and ancient castles. However, it is a country where women are in charge and slavery is still prevalent. Daniel Michaels, a photographer, is designated a Wild Male and has a couple of weeks to document Matria. If he stays past this assigned deadline, he'll be eligible for enslavement. Daniel has traveled extensively, but Matria is a strange and dangerous place—especially for boys. Leaving should be easy...only something is intent on keeping him here. If he can't

escape, he will be captured as he confronts Kayla, Amanda Amata, and Lady Renata. Whether he likes it or not, Daniel Donovan is about to discover the true nature of this land.

This 27,000-word novella features extensive female supremacy and domination, bondage, male subjugation, elements of chastity training, light pony play, and more.

[Surrender in the Sky](#)

A paranormal fantasy:

Like so many other business travelers, Samuel is used to long hours in the air. He tolerates the cramped seats and drone of the engines as the world passes by beneath the plane. This time, there's a storm. Lightning cuts across the sky. He blacks out...and discovers he has fallen into a new dimension where women rule. It's a new reality. He's no longer on a jet; instead, it's some kind of zeppelin. In this reality, men are owned. In this world, women are dressed in fine clothing, while the males are naked and leashed. Samuel struggles to understand the differences, but then he meets Marina Castillo, who senses his potential and seems willing to help him return to his own world—unless she has her own agenda.

This 26,000-word novella features extensive female domination, a strict gynarchy, male chastity training, pegging, spanking, orgasm denial, and much more.

[Into Her Web](#)

A superhero fantasy:

Nova City is a wild, wonderful and chaotic place with dozens of superheroes and villains who call this place home. And yet, there's an odd dynamic. There might be male metahumans, but most individuals with superpowers are female. Riptide might be one of the few men with extraordinary abilities, yet he's still a powerful superhero. During the day, he's Logan Drake, a marine biologist. But when he takes on his secret identity, he uses his superpowers to improve the world and help people. He is getting a lot of attention. The Weaver has special plans for Riptide. She can drain Riptide's strength and strip away his powers before she retrains him as a slave. Without understanding the danger, Riptide may have already stumbled into her web...

This 33,000-word novella features extensive female domination, bondage, male chastity training, humiliation, and pegging.

Short Stories

[Social Status](#)

A mostly realistic short story:

Over the past five years, significant changes have occurred in the United States, leading to a backlash from the women who're tired of toxic masculinity and the dumb decisions made by elected officials. Women have taken charge, which has led to the creation of the Male Monitoring Bureau (MMB). The MMB regulates male behavior and has even created a new social status: male chattel. Logan had the chance to be a good and obedient young man, but he's been reclassified as male chattel, ending his freedom in one instant. He calls his best friend Tricia Perkins to help him understand his new status. And yet, Patricia has plans for Logan...

This 11,000-word story features a female dominated society, female supremacy, male submission, foot worship, elements of chastity training, bondage, spanking, and other forms of punishment.

[Surrender Ceremony](#)

A mostly realistic short story:

In the new future, women have taken over and men are stripped of their rights under the Female Supremacy Party. Weddings are replaced by Surrender Ceremonies, where a woman claims a man, either as a slave, pet, plaything, or servant. Allison enjoys Brandon's service, but he still believes he has something to say about his future. Perhaps he'll learn the truth when he's spanked and humiliated at his Surrender Ceremony.

This 10,000-word story features female domination, a strict gynarchy, bondage, elements of pegging, male humiliation, CFNM situations, spanking/paddling, oral service, and chastity training.

[Pony Inspection](#)

A realistic short story:

As the world changes and women assert themselves as the nation's rightful rulers, Luke must turn himself in at a processing facility to face indentured servitude. But this won't be the kind of servitude he expected; he discovers

that the boys are being turned into human ponies, stripped of their rights, trained, and even put on display. This man is about to learn the meaning of service and obedience.

This 6,000-word story features female domination, intense male humiliation, extensive pony play, bondage, and more.

[Tutoring Britney](#)

A realistic short story:

Jared might be smart, but he's also naïve, especially when it comes to tutoring. He automatically assumes he should be in control with his students, but Britney is a charismatic girl who understands how the world *really* works. For her, it's easy to manipulate Jared into a game of seduction—one she's destined to win. By the end of their first session, she'll have him tied up and powerless. Once Jared understands what it means to be helpless, he'll be ready to learn the most important lessons of all.

This 6,000-word story features female domination, male orgasm denial, bondage, corporal punishment, and chastity training.

[Boy On Display](#)

A realistic short story:

Ever since the recent elections, Michael and Cassie have struggled with their relationship. Michael understands he owns his girlfriend, but Cassie has a special plan for her friends. She suggests stripping Michael naked and displaying him in front of women, but she's unsure if this would help him adjust to his new status. Other suggestions include restraints, a collar and leash, and marking him to ensure he understands his ownership. The idea is just an idea for now.

This 10,000-word story features extensive CFNM dynamics, female domination, male humiliation, bondage, and a public shaving.

[Amazon](#)

Here, you can get a list of every book and story I've published. Enjoy!