

Anna Ritter

A Crystal Canyon
Anthology



Power is Female

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Always Honest

Emily held her phone. She brushed her fingertips along the smooth screen. Dozens of messages flashed by, some from him, most from her. As the memories flashed from days to weeks to months, she had to wonder the same thing again.

Was he being honest with her?

Her philosophy professor had brought this up back when she was in college.

How can you tell if someone is telling the truth? What is the truth? What if the person you're asking doesn't know? If they say something that isn't technically correct, does that mean he lied?

What about people who equivocate?

Disgusted with those questions and everything else, she tossed her phone onto her bed. A moment later, she threw herself down against her pillow. She stared at her ceiling, frustrated. She growled. She actually growled like a wild animal as she kicked out with her feet and stabbed her fists into the air.

Why couldn't he just be honest with her?

Because he was Daniel. Because he was the guy who loved messing around with language.

She wanted to trust him. She wanted to believe everything he had said, especially when it came to Allie.

Allie.

Theoretically, they were supposed to be best friends, and a guy was never supposed to come between them, but things have gotten so messed up.

Emily pulled her pillow out from behind her head. Just because she wanted to throw something, she flung it across the room as hard as she could. The pillow sailed and hit her apartment wall before dropping down to the floor. Emily got up, stomped over to it, and she kicked it.

It didn't solve anything, but it made her feel better, if only for a couple of seconds.

Of course, she had a couple of solutions. First, she could have confronted her boyfriend. Daniel could talk his way out of anything. Hell, there was a good chance that, even if he was doing something wrong, he would lie to her and enjoy the challenge along the way.

That left another option. She could break up with him.

The thought made her insides clench painfully. She didn't want to lose him. Yes, that made her pathetic. Yes, she understood this. No, she didn't want to do it.

And of course, there was another possibility. Maybe he had never lied to her at all. Maybe he'd always been honest with her. Of course, she couldn't look past his eyes. She couldn't see what impulses ran through his head.

Some of his comments seemed pretty plausible. She smiled at the last time they had been together. After they had sex, he told her all about his favorite parts of her. It was so sweet. He talked about how much he loved stroking her feet, running his hands along her legs. He said he loved her breasts and her stomach, her lips, her eyes. In total, he pretty much listed everything about her.

He could have been telling the truth. He could have been lying.

Then there were the less plausible comments he made. He once told her that he didn't check out other girls. Really? Was that even possible? As far as Emily could tell, guys were all evolutionarily programmed to examine as many women as they could. They couldn't help themselves.

It was like an instinct, an impulse they couldn't possibly resist. So was he lying? Maybe. Maybe not.

The insubstantial possibilities frustrated her endlessly.

And then her phone buzzed. Emily stopped beating up on her pillow. She trudged back over to the other side of her bedroom and grabbed her phone. There was a message from Allie.

We need to talk. There's something I want to show you.

Emily considered this for a few seconds. She wobbled her head from side to side, not really sure if she wanted to do this. And of course, that only made things worse. If she didn't trust Daniel, could she trust her best friend?

Realizing how messed up that all sounded, Emily picked up her phone so they could make some plans.

When Emily really thought about it, she didn't know why she said they could come over. Yes, *they*. Allie had asked to meet with Emily. Emily said she didn't want to go out. Allie offered to come over. She had something really important that she wanted to show her best friend. Apparently, that required bringing Ross.

Emily didn't know a lot about her best friend's crush. Apparently, they had flirted quite a bit, but Emily didn't know if anything had happened recently. Ever since Emily officially started dating Daniel, it had been hard to stay in touch with her friend.

"Whatever," Emily said as she checked her reflection. She had on a pair of tight jeans and a white tank top. Her outfit looked simple. She thought about putting on some makeup but decided against it.

Again, she told herself that she was just going to hang out with her friend. Even so, it felt like there was that wall between them, like she just couldn't trust Daniel. By extension, she couldn't trust her friends either.

This was so messed up and not at all fair. But then, no one promised her life would be simple.

When Emily heard a knock on her door, she jumped up and went to answer it. Allie stood there, her short, straight blonde hair brushing her shoulders just as she looked back from the boy standing behind her. Right away, Emily could tell that something was different. Allie smiled at her friend, her bright blue eyes glimmering with delight. Not only that, she seemed to stand a little bit taller, as though she felt more confident about the entire world.

If they had started dating, that made sense. If Allie felt secure in their relationship, then she might be willing to take on the entire world.

Ross. He stood back a couple of feet. If Allie seemed more confident, it almost looked like she stole that sense of security from her new boyfriend. He kept glancing around, only he wouldn't look at either Allie or Emily directly.

That was strange.

Emily had only hung out with Ross a couple of times, and never alone. Even so, she had always gotten the impression that he, like so many other guys, had an instinctive sense of his own self-importance. It was infuriating, especially in a place like Crystal Canyon.

“Hey, girl! It’s great to see you!” Allie chirped as she stepped into the apartment. Ross stood back—apparently timid?

That didn’t seem like him.

Emily raised an eyebrow, still expecting him to jump forward, maybe throw out his arms and make some obnoxious announcement about how he had arrived.

“Follow me,” Allie said, her voice sounding surprisingly like a command.

If Ross behaved differently, so did Allie. She seemed to stand a little bit straighter, her shoulders back, her eyes roaming around everything she saw. She seemed more like a predator.

Emily didn’t exactly know what was going on, but she smirked at the change in her friend anyway.

“You have anything to drink?”

“A bottle of wine if you’re interested,” Emily replied. “Red.”

“Girl, that sounds awesome,” Allie glanced over at her boyfriend. “You mind if I take care of it?”

Ross still had his eyes aimed to down at the floor, like he couldn’t bring himself to confront either girl. When Emily shrugged, Allie glanced back at her boyfriend. “Go get us some wine.”

His expression seemed to shift, going from nervous to calm acceptance, like there were no other possibilities. He walked right back to Emily’s small kitchen, and he began to search for the wine and glasses.

“What did he do?” Emily asked, glancing over at Ross.

“Oh? What do you mean?” Allie asked, obviously coy.

“I’ve seen Ross. He is not usually like this. Either you drugged him, which I don’t think you would do, or he messed up, and now he feels bad.”

“He didn’t do anything,” Allie replied.

“But he’s behaving...” Emily started to search for another word, only to decide she didn’t really need one.

“I know, right!” Allie threw herself down into the couch and brought her knees up as she started to giggle. “It has been amazing! I tell him to do something, and he just obeys!”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Emily said even as she glanced over toward the kitchen. Sure enough, Ross was still in there. He had found her bottle of wine, and now he daintily poured one glass, then another. He even made sure to find a tray. Holding it with the flat of his hand, he maneuvered like a waiter at some fancy restaurant.

“Miss,” he said to Emily. Of course, the expression on his face had changed again. Calm acceptance morphed into frustrated acquiescence. He didn’t want to do this, but it looked like he had been blackmailed or something.

Emily took the glass of wine, surprised at how she had been addressed. “Miss?”

“I think it’s important for Ross here to address his superiors with the proper deference, don’t you?” Superiors? Deference?

“None of this is making any sense,” Emily said. She had to assume that her friend was playing a game, that this was some sort of trick.

“I know, right?” Allie giggled just as she took a sip from the wine glass. Then she set it down, and she peeked over at her boyfriend. She clapped her hands together.

Emily watched all of this, still confused.

“Okay. Okay. I’m going to just tell you the truth,” Allie announced. “This is going to sound crazy, and I totally get that, but you need to listen to me. I talked to a bunch of friends, and it’s happening to pretty much everyone. It just started in the last couple of days, but not everyone has noticed.”

“What? What has started?”

Allie glanced over at her boyfriend. A wicked smirk touched the blonde’s lips. Then she said, “Ross, would you like to tell her?”

“No,” he said, the word jumping from his mouth. He looked horrified at the prospect.

“See that? He doesn’t want to tell you anything. You believe that, right?”

“He looks pretty unhappy about it,” Emily said, her voice still uncertain.

“Exactly,” Allie said as she pointed first at Emily, then back at her boyfriend. “He really, really doesn’t want to have to do this. But you know what is amazing? He doesn’t have a choice! She started giggling again, like this was some fantastic joke, one of only a few people might be able to understand. But she still wanted to share it with her friend.

“You’re saying he doesn’t have any choice?”

“Watch,” Allie said.

“No, please don’t. Don’t do—” Ross began to say, except now he was begging. Really, there was no other way to describe it. Even though he still stood there with his hands at his sides, his voice reverberated with abject desperation.

Allie cut him off, like his words didn’t mean anything to her. He was just making noise. And maybe that was amusing or cute, but she wasn’t about to stop. “Ross, tell us all about your new situation.”

His expression shifted again. The desperation vanished, replaced by that same calm acceptance from before. Emily watched, transfixed and fascinated at the same time, mostly because she didn’t think a guy like Ross would have the self-control to play this sort of prank. For him, the idea of a joke might be snapping a girl’s bra.

“For the last three days, I have been unable to resist any command given to me by a woman.”

“And?”

“My girlfriend has decided that I should be her slave and her servant. I do whatever she says whenever she says it. I can’t help myself.”

“And?” Allie asked.

“And I think it’s happening to all of the men in Crystal Canyon,” he said.

“That’s right! I think it’s happening to all of the boys. Just think about what this means,” Allie said. She brought her knees up as she wiggled with her feet. It looked like excitement vibrated through every inch of her skin, and Allie could barely contain herself!

“This is a prank, right? You guys are just messing around with me,” Emily said, squinting first at Ross, then back at Allie.

But no. After a few more giggles, Allie forced herself to look serious. “I’m telling you the truth, Emily. I can make them do whatever I want.”

“No...” Emily said. She was only talking to Allie at this point, as though Ross were nothing but a piece of furniture. It was funny how quickly she could adapt to this new situation, all without even realizing it.

“Yes,” Allie said. “And I can prove it.”

“How?”

“What you know about Ross? Don’t worry about being nice or protecting his feelings or anything. I know you two have never been friends. Ross, tell us how you have always felt about Emily here.”

“I always thought she was a stuck up, feminist bitch,” he said. Right after the words left his lips, his eyes widened, and he even brought his hand up to cover his mouth, like he might be able to block any other traitorous words from getting out.

“See? He has to do whatever I want,” Allie announced.

Emily stood up. She walked over to Ross, and he took a step back. He was taller than her by several inches. He had pounds of muscle on her, probably to the point where he could have simply wrestled her to the floor. And yet, he retreated back, clearly intimidated by her presence.

Although Emily didn’t know precisely what to think, she still experienced this little rush of power. It was fun, having a boy right in front of her and watching him fall back, apparently intimidated.

“Okay,” Emily said. She glared at Allie’s boyfriend for just a few more seconds before she sat down again. She picked up her glass and enjoyed a sip. The wine burned pleasantly on the flat of her tongue.

“He will do anything.”

“Take off your shirt,” Emily said.

“Oh, that was really easy!” Allie said, apparently disappointed in her friend. Even so, both of the girls watched as Ross pulled off his shirt. His expression had changed again, becoming complacent, like he no longer piloted his own body.

“I’m just getting started,” Emily promised.

When he heard those words, a little whimper escaped Ross’s throat. Good, Emily thought. For that feminist comment, he deserved a little bit of humiliation. Then again, she wasn’t sure she really believed this.

“Get down on your knees and crawl over here. Kiss my shoes.”

“Isn’t it funny how so many girls go to that first?” Allie asked. “Seriously, that was the first thing I made him do too!”

Emily started to smile, except she kept her eyes aimed at Ross. For a second, she thought she saw this flash of anger, maybe a burst of rage behind his eyes. That would be incredibly hard to fake.

But then, he lowered himself down onto his hands and knees, and he crawled across the room. He came right up to her shoes. She wore a pair of simple flats, black leather with silver clasps.

He leaned in and kissed her feet.

Emily could hardly believe it.

“Want to take some pictures?” Emily asked, starting to grin. She couldn’t help herself. If this was supposed to be a prank or a joke or something, she didn’t see how Ross would be able to turn it to his advantage. Seriously, the guy was on his hands and knees, kissing her feet!

“You want him to kiss your toes?” Allie asked.

For a second, Emily was going to pretend to be disgusted by the concept. But then, she thought of her own boyfriend, how he would never do anything like that. Besides, it wasn’t really going to happen because this *had* to be a joke.

“Sure,” Emily finally said.

“No. Please, don’t make me do it. I already licked her feet! It’s gross!” Ross called out, his voice tainted with worry.

“I will let you have the honors,” Allie said with a magnanimous wave of her hand.

Emily pressed her lips together for a moment. She considered the boy in front of her. At the same time, she experienced something entirely new. Usually, when she went out, she was nervous around men. No, she didn’t really think anything would happen. And yet,

there was always that lingering possibility, this nervous anxiety clawing at the back of her brain because something might go wrong. Maybe the guy would be drunk. Maybe she would make a bad choice. Maybe he would be just a bad guy.

As a girl, Emily always found herself on the defensive. Smaller, she had to be aware of her surroundings at all times. Most guys didn't get that. They didn't quite understand how intimidating it could be to always be the smallest and weakest person in the room.

But now, this fresh sense of excitement began to vibrate in her body, building. It felt as though something inside of her had started to boil, and she loved it!

Taking her time, Emily pulled off her shoes. She used the tip of her right shoe to take the left one off. Then she used her left toes to pull off the right shoe. Her feet were warm, slightly damp. Under other circumstances, she would have been embarrassed about this fact.

And yet, something about his nervous expression made her completely confident.

"Do it, Ross. Lick my toes."

She watched, transfixed as he leaned in. He opened his mouth and then wrapped his lips around her big, right toe. He moved down, more like a girl giving a blow job. At the same time, Emily felt it, that burst of pleasure right between her legs. The excitement mounted, almost to the point where she worried her friend might notice.

Instead, Allie just sat back.

"You're sure you're okay with this?" Emily asked, only that question wasn't aimed at Ross. The boy continued to lick, moving his head down and up as he gently bobbed the contours of his mouth over her digit. Then, as if preprogrammed, he moved to down to her next toe. He licked and sucked, his tongue flicking gently over her toes.

"It's fine. Actually, I'm kind of enjoying it. Is he doing a good job? Because if he's not, we could always spank him."

"What?" Emily asked. She nearly climaxed. She didn't know why, but the idea of having this boy across her lap, whimpering, nervous and maybe even begging, it all turned her on. Excitement

seemed to percolate through her body, almost along every inch of her skin.

When Allie first suggested she come over, Emily never imagined anything like this!

More and more, she thought it was really happening. This wasn't a joke. It wasn't a prank.

"Now do my other foot," Emily said, surprised at the ease with which she ordered him around.

"It's amazing, right? You can get him to do whatever you want! I mean, I've been thinking about this for the last day or so."

"How did you figure it out?"

Allie started giggling. "Oh, that's the best part! You know, Ross can be kind of an ass sometimes. Maybe he gets drunk. He loves going out and having beers with his friends. Well, we met up a little while ago, and he said something very rude. I answered. I told him to eat me. Then he got this strange look on his face, and he started crawling toward me. He started looking at my crotch like he was some kind of dog! I told him to stop, and he obeyed. I asked him why he was acting this way, and he told me he didn't know. Then I asked him again, only I ordered him to tell the truth. And you know what? He did it!"

"This is so incredible," Emily said.

"You want to know the best part?"

"What? What is it?" By this point, Emily was practically panting.

"Do you mind if I have him stand up?"

Despite a flash of disappointment, Emily quickly nodded her head because Ross belonged to Allie. Belonged? The thought came so naturally. Technically, one person was never supposed to "belong" to another. She didn't believe in slavery or anything like that. And yet, she glanced down at Ross. He continued to lick, moving his head down and up, swirling his tongue around her toes even as he gently sucked on them. He was doing an amazing job. This was what Emily had hoped her boyfriend would do.

But of course, the man in her life had always been so stubborn. He wouldn't go down on her or even suck her toes, but she always had to please *him*. It had never been fair, but Emily just

assumed that every relationship required compromises. Like so many other girls, Emily never sat down and considered how every “compromise” had her giving something up while her boyfriend could do whatever he liked.

What if things were different?

“Stand, Ross,” Allie said, making a big production of it. She motioned him with two fingers, like royalty ordering a peasant around.

His lips still damp from sucking on Emily’s toes, Ross got to his feet. After he had completed the command, he seemed to come back to his senses, like he could make his own decisions again.

Emily watched, completely transfixed.

He looked back at Allie, only now his eyes got big again. Another wave of fear seemed to wash over his face. “No. Please, please don’t do it. Please, don’t make me do it!”

“Should I make him do it?” Allie asked.

“Do what?”

As the girls talked, Ross held his hands together. He actually dropped down onto his knees again. “Please, you can’t let anyone else see this! Please!”

Yeah, this definitely was a joke. There was no way that Ross could ever act this well.

Despite his pleas, Allie raised a hand and twirled a finger. “Go ahead and pull off your pants.”

He stood again. The fear vanished, replaced by that ease of movement. More like an automaton, and an actual guy, Ross got onto his feet. He unclasped his belt and unbuttoned his pants. Then he pulled them down.

“Be sure to hold your shirt up high. We want Emily to see what you have on.”

With the additional commands, he remained unfocused, yet he obeyed nonetheless.

For a brief moment, Emily really didn’t understand what she was supposed to be seeing. Then again, perhaps her expectations skewed her vision. Only then she noticed this shimmering of light between his legs. She had expected to see simple, cotton boxers, maybe briefs. She didn’t expect to see panties.

Yes, panties. Ross wore a pair of pink, satin bikini briefs. He looked cute in them too!

“Oh my God. He’s wearing panties!” Emily exclaimed. She could hardly believe it. She glanced back at her friend.

Allie just nodded, like this was the most natural thing in the world. Why else would a boy wear a pair of demeaning panties?

“Yes.”

If Emily had entertained any lingering doubts about the situation, they had been utterly dispelled. After all, no self-respecting man would put on something like of that, and he definitely wouldn’t show it off to a girl he thought of as a “feminist bitch”.

“Now, about that spanking,” Allie said.

“Please, can I lower my shirt now?” Ross asked a few seconds later. He sounded uncertain of himself, like he wasn’t really sure whether or not he should try to get the girls’ attention.

“Yes, you can lower your shirt, sweetie,” Allie said to her boyfriend. “But you know, I think we should have a little bit more of a conversation before we proceed with your spanking.”

A spanking?

The words sounded so alien to Emily. Obviously, she understood exactly what it meant, only she didn’t think she would ever have the privilege of striking a guy’s backside. In fact, the idea had never even occurred to her.

It would be so demeaning, so humiliating for the male. How would he possibly be able to live with himself, knowing that some petite young woman had disciplined him?

She didn’t know; she didn’t care. She just wanted to do it! Now that the idea had been put forward, it felt like an itch deep within her psyche...and Emily really wanted to scratch it!

“This might be my favorite part,” Allie said. “Actually, I guess I’m lying. It’s all amazing!” She clapped her hands together, excited with everything she said and discovered about her newfound authority.

Emily sat back, doing her best to hold back her impatience. Yes, she wanted to see Ross gets spanked. She wanted to see him bent over her couch, maybe even across his girlfriend’s lap...

“Ross, what’s your biggest secret?”

“I have to wear panties.”

“Be honest. What’s your biggest secret?” Allie asked again, as though she had already expected him to try to deflect.

There it was again, that micro-expression: a flash of embarrassed rage shot along his eyes, only to be replaced a second later. Almost serene, he said truthfully, “I enjoy wearing panties. They turn me on.”

“Do you think that’s because you’re just a sissy? Is that why you always act like a jerk around girls?”

“Yes.”

“Well, what do you think the solution is? Or rather, what solution did I tell you about earlier?”

“Because I don’t know how to be a gentleman, I should be treated like a sissy. I should be retrained to obey your every command and do whatever you want. I should be your servant.”

“That’s right!” Indulgent and patronizing at the same time, Allie reached out and patted him on the head. He blinked again, his expression returning to normal.

“Is it time to spank him?” Emily asked before she really thought about what that question might entail or imply.

Fortunately for her, Allie was ready. “Yes!” The two girls giggled back at one another, all while Ross stood there, waiting for the inevitable.

“Do you want to do it?”

“Yes!” Emily practically squealed. She couldn’t help herself. She felt like a little girl at a birthday party. She couldn’t wait for this!

“Go ahead.”

“You’re sure it’s okay?” At this point, Emily didn’t think about Ross at all. In her mind, he was nothing but a toy now, a plaything there for her amusement. Allie, on the other hand, still deserved respect, especially as his...owner.

Yes, as his owner. He belonged to her because he was her boyfriend. She was the girl in the room, so she deserved all of his respect and obedience. He would need to learn to be humble. Somehow, Emily didn’t think that would take very long, not in a world

where his strength meant nothing and his will could be bent with nothing but a few words.

“Go ahead and play with him,” Allie said. “Punish him. I don’t mind. He deserves it.”

Emily focused once again on how he had insulted her. Didn’t he know that she deserved his respect? This thought felt utterly natural.

“Come here,” she said.

With his pants down and his panties on display, Ross obeyed. He took shuffling steps toward her. “Get across my lap,” Emily commanded.

She really didn’t know why this turned her on so much. Even so, the arousal plated through her body, intense desire spinning faster and faster. Soon, he lowered himself down across her legs. His ass was up, his face down.

She enjoyed the curves of his buttocks, that perky little behind on display. It looked even better in pink. “Ross, did you pick this color?”

“She made me,” he said, his voice strained, like it might break at any moment. He could start crying, Emily realized. Somehow, she almost wanted to see that.

“Tell the truth,” she ordered.

“Yes, I picked this color.”

“Why did you take pink?”

“Because it’s pretty,” he said.

“Yes. Pink is very pretty, it looks really good on you. I think you should wear pink all the time. Allie is right to say that you should be her sissy servant.” He absorbed those words, almost as though they were the only truth.

“Now, do you think I should spank you?”

“No!” Ross chirped back.

“Well, you’re just a boy. It makes sense that you would get confused pretty easily,” she said. Emily didn’t know exactly where that sexist thought came from, but she didn’t care. This felt too good to question!

With the boy in position, she reached to down and placed her hand right on the curve of his ass. She enjoyed the firmness. At the

same time, she savored the moment, basking in this power.

Then she raised her hand, tensed her muscles, and she swung down. Yes! She slapped his ass. Almost immediately, he let out this little dismayed gasp, like the whimper from some naughty little boy.

Emily didn't know why, but she loved that sound. She wanted to hear it again! That's why she spanked him harder this time, slapping her hand down against his tight backside. Underneath his panties, his skin probably started to turn a matching shade of pink. Good, she thought. That's what she wanted for him. She wanted it to sting; she wanted to watch him squirm and suffer.

He had insulted her. He had called her a bitch!

She smacked his behind again and again, her hand flying down in a flurry.

All the while, he stayed right where she put him. He accepted her authority and her right to discipline him. Ross didn't argue or complain. His lower lip trembled, and his eyes got wet, but he didn't tell her that she couldn't do this. He didn't even try to argue.

He took his spanking because he knew that this was his place.

As a female, Emily had every right to punish him. Besides, his real owner had already given her permission. He couldn't possibly contradict something like that.

After nearly two minutes of spanking him, she had to stop. She glanced over at Allie. "Thank you for this. Thank you so much."

"You're going to call your boyfriend, aren't you?"

"Absolutely," Emily said with an almost feral grin on her face.

Daniel.

Emily kept thinking of his name as she stood in front of her full-length mirror. She studied her reflection, considering precisely what might happen when he arrived. Now that Allie and Ross had left, Emily started to wonder if she had really recalled everything correctly. What if it had been a joke? What if it had been a prank?

She didn't think her friend would mess with her, but Emily still felt that little twinge of insecurity deep within her chest. Even if Ross had been totally genuine and absolutely enslaved, that didn't mean

Daniel would be equally affected. Even so, Emily still wanted to be certain one way or the other. Every time she thought about him in the same subjugated position as Daniel, Emily started to get wet. She sensed this incredible heat kindle deep within her body.

After Allie and Ross had left, Emily had texted her boyfriend, asking that he come over. At first, he didn't respond. But then she sent a quick note: *I really want to have some fun. Come over right now.*

Normally, she never would have sounded quite so insistent, but Emily needed to know. Even after he acknowledged her messages and promised to head over as quickly as possible, she still had some time to kill. She decided to put on something a little bit different. In her black dress, she looked amazing. She loved the way the skirt flared near her thighs. Her black boots glistened, and she enjoyed that little hint of cleavage just below her neckline.

She looked amazing, especially as she brushed out her smooth, dark hair. She put on some lipstick, just a little bit of foundation. Altogether, she was ready for him.

After that, Emily didn't quite know what to do with herself, so she left her bedroom and went back into the living room. Different possibilities kept playing out behind her eyes, ideas and scenarios she might enjoy.

Of course, all of that was predicated on the simple idea that Allie had been right, that all of the boys had lost their free will.

Was something like that even possible?

Emily figured that some sort of pathogen, like a virus or a bacterium or something, could have gotten into the water. If so, it would make sense that it might affect the men and not the women.

Vaguely, she remembered an article from high school. Apparently, there was some sort of pathogen that could affect mice. Basically, it would make them run toward cats, rather than away. No one really understood exactly how the human brain worked, which meant that there might be some chemical or substance that really could steal away a boy's free will.

If so, Emily really wanted to know about it.

After a couple of minutes of wandering around her apartment, she found herself back on her couch. She sat up and took out her

phone. She could have gone online or checked her email or sent out some messages. Instead, she bit down on the inside of her mouth. Careful not to smear her makeup, she studied the screen.

Then she lowered her phone, and she hitched up her skirt.

Emily didn't usually do anything like this. If she was going to touch herself to masturbate, she would have snuck back into her bedroom and hidden herself away under her blankets, like she worried someone might notice.

But this time, she felt brazen.

She started to run her fingers along her panties. Her breathing hitched in her throat, and it felt so good. The excitement began to build, swirling and spinning hotter and faster by the moment.

This was what she wanted; this was what she craved.

Then someone knocked at the door right before she could climax.

With an active burst of willpower, Emily pulled her hand back. She sat up. Then she stood, and she smoothed out her skirt. She walked over to the front door and opened it.

"Hey, baby," Daniel said, striding forward. He turned around and swept his gaze up and down her body. Before today, his lascivious attention would have made her itch to retreat. Instead, she watched him.

"Hey, before we get started, I just wanted to know, how are you feeling?"

"Let me show you," he said, stepping closer. He cut the distance between them down to nothing. Taller and stronger than her, he looked amazing. She liked the way his dark T-shirt clung to his biceps and shoulders. He was an excellent example of masculinity, she reflected. But could he be a good example of slavery?

He leaned in and started to kiss her. For a few seconds, she indulged, savoring the way he pressed his lips down into hers. But after a few more seconds, he tried to push her against the wall, and she braced her legs in place. She wasn't going to get pushed around, nor would she let him take whatever he desired.

With her hands on his shoulders, she nudged him back. "Playing hard to get?"

“Something like that,” she said, lowering her head. She looked up at him from beneath her eyelashes.

He blinked, tilting his head. Apparently, he finally noticed something was different. Her affect had shifted, becoming something more...dangerous.

Shrugging it off, he stepped toward her again. “No. Stay right there,” she said.

And that’s when she saw it, the smirking condescension on his face. But it was only there for an instant, maybe a third of the second. She hardly had time to notice it before it disappeared, replaced by relaxed acceptance.

Daniel stopped right away. He glanced around, perhaps confused why he wasn’t pushing himself toward his girlfriend.

“Have a seat. I think we need to talk,” she said.

He turned around and made his way past the coffee table, toward her plush couch. He sat down, his knees together, his hands at his sides.

“Daniel, we need to have a conversation,” she said.

“Yeah, we do. We need to talk about how it’s rude to lead a guy on,” he said, grinning at her.

“No. That’s not what we need to talk about,” she said, and although she smiled, none of the mirth reached the corners of her eyes. After all, this was the flirtatious, bastard version of her boyfriend.

“We are going to talk about honesty. I want to know if you have been honest with me.”

“Yeah, baby. I’m always honest with you. I *love* you.” For a second, he seemed confused again, as though he had tried to get up, only some unseen force held him down.

Daniel didn’t realize it, not yet, but the power of her command was enough to keep him bound in place. His body wouldn’t listen to him, not when Emily was there to give him a conflicting command. Her desires and words overrode everything else, even the signals running from his brain down to the rest of his body.

That actually seemed like a good place to start. Yes, he said he loved her, but Emily doubted him. It didn’t help that she had never

reciprocated with that particular phrase. Why not? Because, on some level, she wasn't really sure she could trust him.

"Be honest with me. Do you love me?"

"No," he said, his voice flat, as though admitting this weren't any big deal at all. It was the same neutral tone of voice Ross had used.

"Do you care about me? Be honest."

"You're a hot piece of ass," he said.

Emily stared at him.

He blinked a moment later, shaking his head as though he wanted to dislodge something from one of his ears. He almost looked like a dog trying to shake himself dry. Emily smirked at the image, thinking that he definitely seemed more like a canine, especially now.

"A hot piece of ass," she said, repeating his exact words.

"No. Come on. I didn't mean to say that. Besides, it's a compliment! You are beautiful," he said.

"But you have to be honest with me, Daniel. Would you break up with me if you thought you could get someone better?"

"Yes."

"So right now, I'm just a placeholder."

"Yes," he said, although his answer should have been unnecessary. Maybe the habit of answering, even when she didn't technically ask a question, was becoming ingrained within his psyche.

Emily wasn't certain one way or the other, then she filed that question away at the back of her mind. She could consider it later.

"Let's see how much control I really have," she said, more to herself than to her boyfriend.

Obviously, Daniel didn't understand. Even if he had heard any rumors about the girls' newfound authority, he would have shrugged them off, thinking that it was just some BS rumor, maybe something a girl wrote about online. Girls—as far as Daniel was concerned—could be really dumb.

"Daniel, stand up and take your shirt off."

"I'm not going to—" he started to say, at least until his brain registered those words. A heartbeat later, he was back on his feet.

He reached for the hem of his shirt, and he pulled it up, peeling the layer off. Now she could see his biceps, his pectorals, everything that made her want to date him in the first place.

“Good boy,” she said, her voice dripping with impressed condescension, as though she were addressing a dog.

“Why did I do that?”

“Because I told you to,” she said. “And that’s not the only thing I can make you do.”

“What are you talking about?”

Emily had imagined all of these little tests she thought she should perform, just to make sure that she really could control him. But now, as she studied his handsome face and attractive frame, she really was turned on. The excitement couldn’t be ignored, not anymore.

“Get on your hands and knees and crawl over to me,” she said.

Again, he tried to argue, to tell her that he would do no such thing. Daniel was the kind of arrogant guy who automatically assumed that he should be able to take control of any scenario. The idea of subordinating his desires to some girl seemed impossible to him.

Despite his disbelief, he fell to his knees, he started to crawl over to her.

“Good boy,” she said. “Now reach under my skirt and take a hold of my panties. I want you to pull them off of me. Take your time. Be gentle.”

Daniel still didn’t understand what was happening, yet he still experienced every moment. He could feel the soft velvet of the inside of her dress as his knuckles moved along her legs. Then he felt her panties, and he started to pull them down. He took his time, just as she had ordered.

Why am I doing this? What’s wrong with me? Why can’t I stop? Those questions hammered into his head, but he still didn’t have any answers. Emily lifted one foot, then the other, helping him along as he took her panties off of her.

Then she lifted her skirt, hitching it up around her waist as she sat down.

“You know, there’s one thing I really hate about our relationship,” she said. “Ask me what I hate about our relationship.”

Still braced on his knees, he turned to her. “What do you hate about our relationship?” Daniel asked, sounding as though his body had been taken over by some autopilot.

The smug swagger that usually lined every word had disappeared, replaced by something else: automatic and unquestioning obedience.

“You’re never willing to go down on me. I mean, you ask for blow jobs all the time, but when it comes to eating me out, you act like it’s the most disgusting thing in the world. That’s not acceptable, not anymore.” She shook her head, perhaps disappointed in how excepting she had been.

Then again, lots of guys refused, or so she had told herself.

Emily smirked again, thinking that such a thing would not fly in this new order. Emily couldn’t know if the situation extended only to Crystal Canyon or the world at large. Either way, she was going to enjoy herself.

She spread her legs and beckoned him forward.

“I’m not going down on you,” he insisted.

Oh, that was funny! “I like it when you try to defy me. First, beg me to let you go down on me.”

“Please, may go down on you?” Daniel asked immediately.

“You can beg better than that,” she said. “Beg harder.”

Now his eyes widened as he brought his hands together. Lacing his fingers, he shook his knuckles in her direction. His voice practically whimpered as he pleaded, “Please. Please, let me go down on you! I need to taste you! I need to feel my mouth between your legs. I want to make you feel good. Please, I want to make you feel so good!”

Emily didn’t answer. Instead, she reached down for him. She placed her hand on the back of his head, and he looked up at her, his eyes still bright and wide with fear. He didn’t understand what was happening. How could he? He was just a boy.

She pulled him forward, guiding his mouth toward her slit.

“Lick.” With that one-word command, she stole away control over his body again.

Tentatively, he stuck out his tongue and barely touched her. No, no, no. That wouldn't do.

Emily didn't get offended or upset. After a few seconds, she realized that his lackluster performance was really her fault. She hadn't been clear enough. "No. Do a good job. Go deep. Lick me hard and fast," she said. "Make me come!"

Immediately, he lowered his head down. Opening his mouth, he pressed his lips right up against her, and he plunged his tongue into her. He couldn't ignore it; the flavor of her excitement rushed along his taste buds, a physically visceral stab of sensation that he couldn't ignore.

On his knees, he bobbed his head down and up, again and again. He licked, swiping his tongue down and up, left and right, over and over. This was what she had demanded, and Emily wasn't about to let him stop.

"Good. Good boy!" she called out, laughing with every word. "That's right. Keep going. Go deeper, harder, faster!" She panted, almost maniacal in her awakened lust. Emily had never imagined that sex could be like *this*.

His lips were wet with Emily's juices, but he had no idea how close she was to an orgasm. A few more flicks of his tongue, and she squeezed his cheeks with her inner thighs. She began to wail, panting and screaming in equal measure.

"Don't stop," she said, gasping the words.

It was enough to compel him.

His lips and tongue stayed busy. He nuzzled his face down as close as he could go. Wet heat played along my mouth as he served her like an eager slave boy. Daniel worshiped her body, even as his neck started to hurt and his tongue got tired.

Somehow, he couldn't stop himself. Emily could sense it, that frustration vibrating deep within his torso. He kept fighting, doing everything he could to resist the instinct to follow that command, on and on. And yet, no matter how hard he resisted, he didn't get to decide when this would end.

For her part, Emily savored sensations, letting them wash over her in waves of pleasure and ecstasy.

It felt like her body was sparkling. But more than that, this felt like she deserved it. For such a long time, she had been a good girlfriend, doing all she could to be open, honest, and giving. Whenever Daniel had a bad day, she would be there to rub his shoulders and suck his cock. She had no problem giving blow jobs. Of course, she always felt a little bit demeaned on her knees, her tongue working up and down the length of his shaft, but she did it!

Now, it was Daniel's turn to take care of her. That's why it was so easy for her to revel in all of this.

But as she came close to another orgasm, Emily looked down at her slave boy. She considered his position. Bent down on his knees, he continued to bob his head, his tongue and mouth busy as ever. The sensations splashed through her, this intense stimulation that she couldn't ignore. And yet, she wondered if maybe she should feel bad for him. Something had stolen away all of his self-control, rendering him helpless.

Good.

Emily didn't know where that cruel thought came from, but she didn't care either. He deserved this. He had been a terrible boyfriend.

Usually, Emily was the nice girl. Not this time.

She put her hand on the back of his head. Sure, he had been doing a good enough job before, only now she craved something more intense. He started to whimper, and that only added to her excitement. Fueled by his frustration, she savored of the sensations he supplied.

Pretty soon, it was time for another orgasm. She fell back against the couch. Keeping her legs spread, she tugged on his hair, if only to prove that she could. She wanted to degrade him, to humiliate him.

He glanced up at her. When their eyes met, she cried out. There was something about that look of abject frustration on his face that pushed her over the edge, triggering a blast of orgasm throughout her body. She curled her toes, clenched her fingers, and arched her back. She pushed herself up almost an inch, which forced his tongue even deeper into her crevice.

And when it was all done, she fell back. "Stop," she said.

He pulled his head from between her legs. He remained there on his knees, ready for another command.

As she worked to catch her breath, Emily genuinely didn't know what to do. Part of her thought she should be nice and let him go. Maybe she had taught him a lesson? Perhaps, after this, Daniel would be more attentive.

But then, she glanced down at him again. He had his head bowed down slightly, his lips pursed with anger.

He wasn't going to forget about this.

At the same time, she started to wonder exactly what he was thinking about. What ideas were swirling behind his mask of impassive frustration?

Before all of this, Emily would have wondered. Now, she could know for sure. "Tell me, what are you thinking? Be honest." Emily didn't know if she needed to add that second part, but she thought it was a good idea.

At some point, a scientist would have to study boys like a Daniel. The researcher would need to figure out exactly what was causing this, but more than that, what kinds of conditions the boys had to operate within. For example, when Emily issued an order, could Daniel think about it? Was there some kind of process going on in his brain that he was aware of?

If Emily cared more about science, she might've looked into it herself. But for the moment, she just wanted to have him.

The power swirled through her, this authority that was practically addictive.

"I'm thinking about how I'm going to get my freedom."

"And?"

He blinked for a moment. Then there was something else, this firmness along his lips, like his mouth started to flatten.

Emily understood; he was trying to fight it. He worked to regain control of his body.

"And when I get free of this thing, I'm going to make you pay."

"Oh?" Emily raised an eyebrow, somehow amused by his determination. She didn't see him as threatening so much as adorable. It was like a puppy trying to scratch at her.

The question, it seemed, wasn't specific enough because she didn't hear him say anything.

"And when you get free, how are you going to make me pay?"

"I'm going to grab you by your hair, drag you into the bedroom, and fuck you. I'm going to make you obey, Emily," he said. Strangely enough, his voice had become impassive again, completely neutral. She felt as though she were talking to a machine.

But then he blinked, and he looked up at her. Some of the color drained away from his face as his lips parted. Clearly frightened, he wanted to say something else, only Emily reached down and touched one finger to his mouth. "No, no. You said quite enough," she told him. And just like that, he stopped talking.

"It's my turn. And you know what? I think that's a very, very good idea."

In the coming days and weeks, girls would send their boyfriends off to go shopping. Daniel did this himself. He left Emily's apartment. And even though he remained aware of what was going on, he couldn't stop himself. Her commands had been explicit and detailed. She told him precisely what to do, and he couldn't seem to resist it.

Even when he tried to misinterpret her words, it just didn't work. For some reason, his body wouldn't obey. His brain knew what she *meant* to say, and that was all that counted.

The worst part, he knew, was the simple fact that he had to be honest. As he walked through Crystal Canyon, that's what he thought about the most. Head bowed down, he hated honesty. Throughout his life, he had been deceptive, but that penchant for lying and bluffing had helped him so much when he had been in high school.

Girls, Daniel knew, always wanted to hear very specific things. They had these psychological buttons, and he had become adept at pushing them. In fact, he considered himself to be a pianist, playing girls by pushing their keys, making the right sounds, getting them to do whatever he wanted.

Some girls needed to be strung along with promises of "maybe" or "we will see." Others yearned for promises, all without

realizing that those words really didn't have any meaning. He could say he loved her. He could say that he cared about her.

Yeah, it didn't cost him anything to tell her that.

Pretty soon, he arrived at the required shop. He walked in and looked around. Even when he tried to forget the information Emily had imparted, he couldn't. Her words echoed in his head again and again. He made his purchases. Worse, he had to pay for everything himself.

The clerk, a young woman, smirked at him. "Don't worry. You're not alone," she said to him. "Lots of guys come in buying the stuff."

That didn't help.

Daniel stared back at the girl as he gave her his credit card. From one moment to the next, he realized something. Maybe if this girl gave him another order, it might contravene what Emily had already said. If he could get her to tell him to stop or to talk to her, it might snap him out of his programmed reverie.

And yet, Emily had told him not to say anything to anyone.

He couldn't even pantomime it. He tried.

Even as the embarrassing impulse ran through his body, he could feel himself move. The girl swiped his credit card. She gave him a receipt, and he signed it. She packaged everything in a black, plastic bag. "Have fun," the girl called out.

Even if Daniel had been able to communicate with her, she never would have helped him. Why would she? After years of getting harassed by young men just like him, she enjoyed seeing their helpless frustration.

Finally, they could understand what it meant to be powerless.

Daniel returned.

"Did you get everything?" Emily asked.

Now he could speak again. "Yes," he said, his voice low and strained.

"Good!" She grabbed a bag from him and dumped it out on her small, dining room table. She looked at the harness, the dildo, and the different restraint sets. After he'd gone down on her, Emily had enjoyed shopping online.

Technically, the straps weren't necessary. She could do whatever she wanted with Daniel, he wouldn't be able to stop her. Even so, she knew that there would be a psychological buzz from tying him down and giving him the illusion of freedom. Yes, she really, really wanted to watch him struggle. She wanted to see his muscles tense and clench as he squirmed helplessly beneath her.

"Come along," she said, almost as though she were talking to a beloved pet.

Emily didn't even check to make sure that he followed. She had the utmost confidence that he would obey. It wasn't like he could help himself, after all.

She went back to her small bedroom, opened the door, and turned. She watched as he marched forward.

As he passed the threshold, she put her hand on his ass and squeezed. It was just a quick, demeaning movement, yet she enjoyed it anyway.

"Strip for me, Daniel. Slowly."

His lips hardened as he began to obey. He knew what he was doing, but he still couldn't stop himself. Emily didn't know how that would feel, to be a passenger in your own body. But after everything he had done and how many times he lied to her, she knew that he deserved it.

"Don't worry. I'm only going to punish you a couple of times. After that, maybe you can go back to being a regular boyfriend."

Daniel didn't say anything. He pulled off his shirt. His muscles hardened underneath her gaze. After that, he unbuttoned and yanked down his pants. Soon, he was just wearing his socks and boxers. Those didn't last long.

She watched all of this, enthralled by his movements.

There was something about seeing the masculine form, especially when it was so utterly helpless. Yes, Emily decided that she could get used to this quite easily.

"You're doing a good job, Daniel. I'm very pleased with you."

He didn't say anything. Standing before her, naked, it was clear that he wanted to break her hold, but since he couldn't think of any way to do it, he opted to remain frozen, Stoic and impassive, as though none of this affected him.

“Don’t move,” she commanded. She stepped closer to him. She put her hand on his chest.

Sure enough, Emily could sense the pounding of his heart. He may have appeared to be utterly unconcerned with everything that was happening, yet his body betrayed him again.

“It’s okay. You don’t need to be scared of me. We’re just going to have a little fun.”

Apparently, that challenged his masculine ego. “I’m not scared of you,” he growled.

“Well, maybe you should be,” she said, contradicting her earlier comment. She smirked, savoring the fact that she didn’t need to be consistent. She could change her mind at any point.

Emily started circling her boy, her eyes gliding up and down the lines of his arms, his sides, and his legs. She squeezed his ass again, savoring the firm tension right there.

“Yeah, this is what I’m going to do with you,” she said, lightly brushing one fingertip over the curve of his behind. Then she stopped right in front of him. She kept her eyes aimed at his. He stared past her, more like a soldier or a guard at some museum.

But then, she touched him just above his knee. Her light, dainty fingertips began to slide up his thigh, moving closer and closer to his crotch.

“You like this?” Emily asked. “Be honest.”

“Yes and no,” he said, his voice trembling.

Emily didn’t think she would, but she enjoyed that. She liked that little note of worry in his voice. It must’ve been really frustrating for a liar to lose control over his voice. That, like every other part of him, now belonged to Emily.

Enjoying her easy access, she reached down and stroked his balls. Her fingers lightly glided over his skin, causing him to moan. He tried to hide it, to resist, to hold those sounds back, but he shivered and shook. Apparently, he couldn’t control those movements.

Good. Emily loved the way he tried to hold out. Even the power of her command wasn’t quite enough to keep him completely motionless.

With a mental shrug, Emily just smirked at her boyfriend. To think, sex had always been a weapon used against her, it seemed. But now, she loved the way his body began to respond. More than that, he clearly hated the way she touched him. He could feel good, but it was also so demeaning!

“How do you feel right now?”

“I like the way you’re touching me, but I also hate it,” he said, his voice ringing with perfect truth.

“Tell me more.”

His expression hardened again, though only for a moment before he began to relay the truth. “It feels really good when you touch me like this. That’s why I’m getting excited. But I also hate the fact that you have complete control over my body. I still can’t figure out a way to make this stop.”

Emily leaned forward. She straightened her back and raised herself up onto her toes. “And you’re not going to,” she whispered into his ear. “You belong to me now. Just accept it. You don’t need to fight. This is how the world is going to work from now on.” Emily didn’t technically know whether or not that was true. So she decided to add, “This is how your world will always work.”

“I’m not a slave,” he said.

She clicked her tongue. “Be honest.”

“I am a slave,” he said.

Emily stepped back and clapped her hands together. “Yes! You are. You are a good slave boy. And that’s why you stand here, naked in front of me.”

Emily threw herself at him. She pressed her chest into his. Wrapping one arm around his waist, she pulled him close, holding him tight. With her free limb, she reached down for his cock. She wrapped her fingers around his manhood.

This had been the symbol of his power for such a long time. Now it was the source of his weakness.

Boys. As far as Emily was concerned, boys everywhere should be enslaved. They needed strong women to control them.

The world would be such a better place, she thought. Maybe not for the boys, but Emily didn’t worry about that.

Her fingers wrapped around his shaft, moving up and down. Her palm glided slightly along his erection. Then she leaned upward and kissed him again. He stared back at her, his expression tight with frustration at least until she said, "Kiss me."

He surrendered.

The instincts took hold of him, seizing control of his body and forcing his compliance. Like a good slave, he kissed his owner, pressing his mouth into hers. He worshiped her, gentle kisses followed by firm presses of his lips along her mouth. Their tongues teased one another, and he started to moan. He couldn't help himself, not when the sounds originated from deep within his chest.

"You want an orgasm, don't you?" She spoke clinically, like this was a treat an animal at the zoo might receive.

"Yes, came the answer, stretched and tight with need.

"Good."

She kissed him some more, savoring the taste of his mouth and the heat of his body. By this point, she was extremely wet, especially after all the time he spent with his mouth between her inner thighs. But now, Emily could feel that aroused tension spread through her body once more.

Oh yes, she would get off. Again and again if that's what it took. For the moment, however, she just played with him. She toyed with him, the same way a cat might bat a mouse between her paws.

"Get down on the bed. I want you on your knees. Hold your hands behind your back. Keep your shoulders straight."

"What?" Daniel asked, but his confusion didn't allow for any sort of hesitation. After all, that part of his brain that only obeyed women knew exactly what to do. He climbed up onto the bed. He straightened his back and rolled his shoulders. He crossed his wrists and waited like an obedient slave.

"Very good," she said. Emily pulled herself up onto the mattress as well. She smiled, her expression locked with lust.

"I want to examine you now," she said. "I want to inspect my property."

"I'm not property," he said. Apparently, stoicism wasn't working, so he decided to argue with her.

Emily didn't mind. It was fun watching him try to struggle, if only verbally.

"You're not?" asked his girlfriend with mock confusion. "Are you sure about that? Because you sure are behaving like a slave. And what is a slave again? Oh, that's right. *He's* property."

She picked her words carefully, a quick little micro-aggression that made her boyfriend flinch.

She stroked his shaft again, teasing him, watching as the tension played out along his face. He had never experienced this kind of helpless frustration before. He had never known what it was like to feel both aroused and helpless at the same time.

He didn't like it.

Too bad.

"On your hands and knees. Back straight, ass up, chin raised," she ordered.

Daniel didn't move. In fact, he stared at her, one corner of his mouth rising into a knowing smirk.

For a second, Emily started to worry, thinking maybe he had somehow figured out how to fight her control.

But then she realized her mistake. "Get down on your hands and knees, slave. Straighten your back, lift your ass and raise your chin!"

This time, he obeyed at once.

That little spike of adrenaline began to fade from her veins. She exhaled slowly, making sure that her boyfriend couldn't see. It wouldn't be good for the slave to realize just how close she had come to losing her confidence.

For just a second, she pictured what might happen if Daniel ever did figure out how to break her hold over him. The thought excited her, yet it also jabbed her with a dose of fear. That's why she came up behind him and smacked his ass. "Even if you don't feel you have to obey me, you probably should." Her hand flew down again, striking harder this time. She put all of her strength and fury into her arm. She pumped energy hard into her shoulder, making sure that with every strike against his ass, he was pushed forward, if only for a second. More than that, she watched as his skin started to turn a shade of pink, then red.

Not only that, his eyes began to water.

He was on the verge of tears!

Emily waited for some echo of guilt. She didn't feel it, not when she knew just how aggressive a guy like Daniel could be, especially because he had been enslaved. All of that toxic masculinity would be pent up, just waiting for a chance to get out.

She would have to tame him first, both with her newfound power, but also by breaking his spirit. She smirked at the idea. She ran her fingernails along his skin. Then she began to circle him again. "Lovely," she said, squeezing his cock just once. From there, she stroked his chest. She savored the curves of his body, the lines of his form.

To her, Daniel was like a sculpture, especially when posed this way.

"You know, if you cooperate with me, you might enjoy being a slave. I'm going to be very generous with you, Daniel."

"Emily, please stop this. Please, you know this can't last."

"Do I know that?"

She came up behind him and spanked his ass again. She didn't stop with just one, however. Her palm pounded down against his backside until he yelped adorably. Hearing him gasp and whimper only added to the arousal already hot in her body.

"Think about it, Daniel. We don't know what is causing this. I'm willing to wager it's permanent." Then she leaned in, her breath hot against the curves of his inner ear. "And even if it's not, I'm pretty sure I can break you before anyone could find a cure."

His eyes widened, perhaps because he sensed the truth of what she said to him.

This was Emily they were talking about, after all. Usually, she was nice, but she was also determined. Whenever she set her mind on something, she achieved her goals. Why would Daniel be any different?

"Oh, are you getting scared? Good. Because you should be," she told him.

Daniel started to shake his head, but then she told him to stop. So of course, he obeyed.

Then she went back to her black bag. She looked at him, posed just like a model for a statue. She loved that site of abject, male surrender.

“You know, this is probably happening to all of your friends right now.”

“What, what do you mean?”

“Well, don’t most of the guys in your group have girlfriends? They’re going to figure all of this out. They’re going to say something, and the boy will obey, and the girl will start to notice, and then he will be enslaved, just like you.”

“No. I’m sure that’s not true,” he said, only his voice quaked with uncertainty.

Emily reached out and touched his hair, stroking him. Under some other circumstance, perhaps that gesture would have been reassuring. But right then, it was nothing but patronizing, and they both knew it.

“Yes, it’s true. Girls are smart, a lot smarter than boys. We are going to figure it out, and we will make sure that you all have to obey.”

This time, Daniel couldn’t contradict her. Maybe, deep down, he knew that she wasn’t only teasing him; she was telling the truth.

Emily opened the plastic bag. She took out the harness, the dildo, and the straps. She set the restraints, excited, decided she would play with those later. Right then, however, she unzipped to the side of her dress, letting it fall away. She remained just within her slave boy’s line of sight.

Deciding to be stubborn, Daniel didn’t look even though his body ached for the chance to see her naked again. After everything, he was so desperately horny. The arousal pounded into him, one pulse of desire after another.

But he knew what was going to come next. He had purchased everything she would need.

To think, this had technically been his idea.

He felt like a fool.

Then again, what could he have done differently? She told him to tell the truth...

Daniel never imagined that he would be trapped by the whims of some girl. He never pictured a scenario where she would be able to order him around, taking control with just a breath of air.

“Look at me,” she commanded.

At once, he turned his head.

Emily had discarded her dress. She still wore her bra, but now she had on the harness and the dildo stuck out, an artificial erection ready to be used...*on him*.

“Stay still,” she said. She came up to him even as he thrashed against his mental bonds. Daniel fought as hard as he could, channeling every ounce of free will he possessed. He told himself that he just had to move an arm or leg. That was all. If he could break her hold for a second, then he could do it again and again and again, eventually freeing himself.

Or so he believed.

Ultimately, it didn't matter because his arms didn't twitch. His legs didn't kick out. He couldn't even lift a finger. She came up to him.

“Oh, look at that. You probably want some lubricant, so you're going to bow your head down and suck on this,” she said.

“No!” Daniel managed to call out, his eyes getting bigger.

Too late, she had already issued the command, his body heard it. That's why he bowed his head down. He opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around the rubber phallus. He started to suck on it, just as Emily had wanted.

Just watching him was enough to turn her on, to send fresh waves of desire hot through her nubile body.

She had watched him bob his head down and up when he went down on her. This was a different kind of humiliation for her boyfriend, which she knew he richly deserved after all the lies he had told her.

“Stop,” she said.

At once, he jerked his head back up, though he still remained on his hands and knees. Maybe he could have tried to stand, but what would be the point when she would just order him into whatever spot she preferred anyway?

“How did that make you feel? Be honest.”

“It was shameful,” he said. “I shouldn’t have to suck on your dildo!” His voice rose, getting louder as he replayed the indignity.

“Oh, I don’t think it was shameful. I think you should be grateful. I think you should look at me and say thank you for the privilege.”

She didn’t technically word those phrases as a command, so his eyes just got big as he glared at her. His expression was hot with exasperation, like he couldn’t even believe what he heard.

“Do it,” she said, just a whisper.

But because he heard those words, he lost control again. “Thank you for letting me suck on your dildo. Thank you. I’m very grateful for the privilege.” It still didn’t matter that he fought as hard as he could.

His lips moved, almost on their own.

“Since you’re so grateful, do it again.” She put her hand on the back of his head and forced him down again. He started sucking some more, his lips and tongue working eagerly on the artificial shaft.

Emily watched him for another minute or so. Then she grabbed him by his hair and forced him back up. “Get on your hands and knees.”

“Please, please don’t do this. Please, I can’t have sex, not like this!”

“But wasn’t this exactly what you wanted? You wanted to come in here with me. You wanted me to make you obey.”

“No!” Daniel practically squealed his answer, but Emily was no longer paying attention. She positioned herself behind him. She put one hand on his buttocks. She separated his cheeks slightly as she pushed forward, bringing the tip of her dildo closer and closer to his opening.

“You’ve never been penetrated like this before, have you?”

“No!”

“Tell me how it feels.”

“It’s cold and wet,” he said just as she started to push the dildo into his opening.

As a boy, he had never imagined that a girl would take him like this. To him, it hadn’t even been an impossibility: it was simply

something he would never think of. But now it was happening. She had her hands on his hips, and she guided her pelvis forward. In doing so, she pushed the dildo deep into his opening.

“This is what you wanted. You wanted to get fucked,” she said, purring through those words. There was something about having this kind of control. It was addictive!

Maybe for the first time, Emily could understand why boys were so obsessed with sex. If it meant that they could have this kind of power, then maybe they were right to crave it all the time. Of course, boys would now be the ones on their backs and stomachs, getting taken by the whims of their girlfriends.

He was fighting her, she realized. “Relax,” she commanded.

At once, the walls of his ass loosened, making it much easier for her to penetrate him.

A wicked smile spread across her lips as she pushed herself forward, all the way in. She buried the dildo deep in his tight ass.

Once she had the dildo deep inside of him, she leaned in some more, wrapping her arms around his waist. She braced her chin just beside his spine. “Daniel, I can do this to you whenever I want because you belong to me. Isn’t that right?”

Again, it wasn’t a command. He didn’t need to say anything, yet he already understood that the one way to get this to stop was by playing her game and giving her everything she wanted.

That was how their relationship worked now.

As far as Emily was concerned, this was how their relationship would always work from now on. She had no intention of letting go. Why would she?

Those thoughts swam through her head as she started pumping him again, working her hips forward and back. She loved grinding against him. Not only that, she reached for his cock. She held his erect shaft in her hand. This was it, owning him so completely that she could keep his most valuable part between her fingers.

“Say it.”

“I’m your slave!”

“Say it again.”

“I’m your slave! I, I belong to you! I’m yours! I’m your slave!”

“That’s right,” she replied, her voice jagged and harsh. Then she started laughing, more like a little girl than anything else. Those giggles vibrated through his body as she pumped him, harder, faster, deeper, just because she could.

Finally, she yanked her dildo free.

“Massage me,” she said as she crawled over toward her pillows.

She slid forward and lowered herself down onto the mattress. The sheets felt cool, especially against her hot, slightly damp skin. Fucking her boyfriend like that had been a lot harder than she thought. She smiled for a second, thinking about how she should probably have been more appreciative of what it took for a guy to pound away into his girlfriend.

Oh well, she figured he deserved it.

At once, he started to massage her, his fingers lightly tracing the sensitive curves of the back of her neck, down toward her shoulder blades, then to the small of her back.

“Good boy,” she said.

Back when they had been equals as boyfriend and girlfriend, Emily almost hated the way he had massaged her for one simple reason. He didn’t like doing it, so he would stroke her for a few seconds and then announce he was done. Half the time, he would expect her to give *him* a massage.

And like a good girlfriend, Emily would always take her time, making sure that he relaxed. She would massage him for twenty, thirty, sometimes even forty minutes. Maybe the radio would be playing in the background or she might have her phone out. She could swipe at the screen with one finger while she used her free hand to pet him.

Eventually, he would always fall asleep, and she would marvel at just how sweet he looked, all relaxed and sedate. In those moments, she could understand why she was in love with him.

What about now?

Emily had her eyes closed, and her expression didn’t shift, but she still had that question. Did she love her slave?

She was upset with him, especially considering what he had said. He called her a hot piece of ass. He basically admitted that he was only in their relationship for sex.

Her nostrils flared at the prospect, but she decided she could keep him. She could train him, force him to obey. More than that, she could probably retrain his feelings.

She smirked at the prospect, wondering if she could tell him to fall in love with her. He had followed every other command. What about that one?

It was a fascinating prospect, but Emily decided she didn't want to mess with it. If anything, she liked knowing that he hated this. Even right then, as he massaged her, he must have remained horny.

Sure enough, Emily rolled over. She exposed her side to him as she glanced between his legs. His cock remained erect and firm. Even after nearly twenty minutes, his shaft hadn't softened.

"How did you feel when I took you?" Emily asked, almost giggling at that euphemism.

She liked "taking" him.

"I didn't like it. I didn't want to feel like a girl!"

Oh, that made Emily laugh! Eyes wide, she lifted her head and giggled uncontrollably. He didn't want to feel like a girl? Well, he had better get used to it.

After a few more seconds of chortling, she lowered her chin back down to the mattress. She relaxed as his fingers deftly continued their work.

"Little bit softer," she said.

He obeyed at once, his fingers lightly grazing the curves of her skin.

"After this, I think we should have sex again," she told him. "But you know, I think I might be getting a little bit hungry. Maybe you should go make me a sandwich."

"I am not going to make you a sandwich," he growled.

A sandwich. That had been a joke in their relationship for a long time. He always liked to tease her by telling her to get in the kitchen to make him a sandwich. It had been trite and sexist, kind of adorable and always annoying.

Just because she could, Emily rolled over. “Go to the kitchen, make me a sandwich. Bring it back to me on a tray with a little bag of chips and a glass of juice.”

“I’m not going to do it,” he began to say, only to stop for the simple reason that he had started to move. He slipped off of the mattress and walked back through her apartment. Still naked, he went into the kitchen.

Like a good little house slave, he started to prepare her meal. Emily liked imagining him scuttling about, pulling out the bread and a plate, pouring her juice, peeling off a piece of ham from the package in the fridge.

Yes, a girl could definitely get used to this.

A few minutes later, he came back. Emily sat up, and she started to eat her sandwich, all while he watched. “This isn’t bad. I think you’ll need to put a little bit less mayonnaise on it next time.”

“There won’t be a next time,” he vowed.

“What makes you so sure?”

Daniel had to stop. He didn’t have any particular reason to think that he might win his freedom. Even so, he stubbornly clung to the hope that he wouldn’t have to obey her for much longer.

“You know, even if someone does figure out a cure, who says you would want to take it?” Emily asked between bites.

“What, what do you mean?”

“Daniel, if anyone ever offers you a cure, say no.”

His eyes got big. He instantly understood what she had done.

“No! You can’t do this!”

Emily batted her eyes flirtatiously. “Yeah, I can. And you know how you can tell?” She whispered her answer, breathing it out slowly, forcing him to focus on her voice and to soak in her every syllable.

“Because I just did.”

He took a breath, getting ready to say something else. Before he had the chance, she touched a finger to his mouth. She silenced him. “Shush.” Apparently, that was good enough because he stopped talking. Even as his eyes widened, Daniel didn’t say anything else.

“You know what you need to do right now, don’t you? You need to lay down on your back so that I can ride you. You’re going to

be my pet. You're going to be my pony. I want to mount you, Daniel."

He shook his head, but she didn't phrase anything as a command. There were promises and declarations, but no explicit imperatives.

"Show me that you can obey."

No. He refused. Despite everything Daniel had already endured, he wouldn't give her the satisfaction of watching him surrender.

"Lay down. Spread your arms and legs."

There. That did it.

Daniel lost control over his body. She stole it, so he fell onto his back. He spread his arms and legs. His cock remained hard and it pointed toward the ceiling.

"I'm going to touch you. I'm going to tease you. Now, you will tell me when you want me to mount you. You're also going to promise that you want to be my slave. Because if you don't, I will just tease you. And if I get really bored, I might just sit on your face and make you pleasure me again." Emily giggled. "Or maybe I will just do that anyway."

She reached up, sliding her fingers through her hair before she reached down.

Her fingers brushed along his scrotum, up to the base of his shaft, along his length, all the way to his tip. When she squeezed gently, it was almost enough to get him off. Almost.

Emily was a good girlfriend, so she knew exactly what her boyfriend needed. Even as she taunted him, stroking and caressing his genitals, she admired that little glistening droplet of excitement at the end of his shaft. She knew precisely what he needed, what he craved, what he would do anything to achieve.

And yet, Daniel tried to hold out. Over and over again, he told himself that he could do this, that he was strong enough. After all, he was supposed to be a real man. His determination should have protected him.

But then, she leaned down, and she brushed her left nipple over his cock, then her right. She massaged him with her breasts. Under normal circumstances, this would have been embarrassing for

her, one more way for a girl to demean herself sexually for the satisfaction of her boyfriend.

Under these circumstances, however, she loved the way he moaned, how he groaned.

His body was tight with need. At any moment, he might break. In some ways, she toyed with him as though he were nothing but a slot machine. She could pull or tug, tease and mock. Eventually, he would break, which would mean begging for the chance to be her slave. She expected to hear those words at any moment.

Still determined, Daniel told himself he would not give up. He made one promise after another.

Simultaneously, he tried to get a hold of himself. Maybe he could think of something else, something that wasn't sexual or erotic, then he would be able to turn her attention into nothing but meaningless stimulation.

"Look at me," she said. "You're not going to be able to hide. You can't." She smirked.

She hadn't even bothered to tie him down, and yet he remained trapped, his arms and legs spread, his chest exposed.

She gave up on teasing his cock, at least for the moment. She slipped forward and dragged her fingernails along his skin. He shivered, his nipples hardening. Daniel couldn't help himself, not when it felt this good. Then she kissed the side of his neck. From there, she moved up, brushing her lips over his mouth, the tip of his nose, all the way to the spot between his eyes.

"Suck my breast," she ordered, lowering her right nipple down to his lips.

Her perky nipples right there in front of him, stiffly pointed, practically begging for his attention.

Even if she hadn't phrased her comment as a command, Daniel would have had an incredibly difficult time resisting the temptation. But now, she didn't give him a choice. He raised his head and latched on. He started to suck on her nipple. Grazing it with his teeth, Daniel sucked firmly.

Emily loved it. The fresh stimulation made her shiver. Little bumps ran up and down her arms. Damn. This was incredible. More

than anything, she savored the simple fact that she was in charge here. That control was the greatest intoxicant of all.

Practically drunk on her power, she switched. This time, she didn't even tell him to suck on her. He just did it, as though he couldn't help himself.

That was what she liked to see. She wanted to know that this boy had no chance, that he couldn't fight her or resist her.

In the end, she was going to win. And even if she had only been enjoying these powers for a few hours, they felt completely right and natural.

"Are you ready to beg yet?" Emily asked, pulling her wet breast away from his mouth.

His lips moved, but he still couldn't seem to say anything.

Finally, she became impatient. She would break him, obviously, but she didn't want to wait any longer. "Beg to be my slave."

"Please, may I be your slave? I need you to own me. Please, own me!"

"Does this mean I've mastered you?" Emily asked.

Daniel blinked a couple of times. At this point, he had control over what he said.

"Never," he growled back at her. Those two syllables reverberated through his body, a reminder that he was still in control of a few things.

"Always," she said. "Say it."

"Yes. You've mastered me. You can always master me!"

With those words still ringing in her ears, Emily pulled herself up. She spread her legs. She leaned to down and slowly lowered herself onto his shaft. She felt the tip of his erection, so hard. "Not yet. You don't climax until I give you permission." Emily didn't know if her voice would have the authority to override natural instinct. In any case, she was about to find out...

Inch by inch, Emily gloried in the sensations rocking through her body. She loved taking him, just like this. After all, his cock was so important to Daniel. He valued it as his most precious body part. But now, it felt as though it belonged to her.

“This is what you wanted, wasn’t it? You wanted to bring me in here so you could make me obey? Wasn’t that it?” She flipped her hair back, laughing at him all the while.

When her eyes locked on his face, she reveled in that frustrated expression. He was a poor, pouty boy. He hated and loved this in equal measure. He had probably never been so aroused before...and yet, he had no control.

Distantly, Emily began to wonder how many men enjoyed sex for the simple control it could offer. So many guys probably fantasized about grabbing girls, forcing them down onto their stomachs or backs, taking what they wanted...

It would be amazing.

And for the first time, Emily really seemed to empathize with those men. Granted, if this was the new normal in Crystal Canyon, then perhaps those boys might end up as playthings in those fantasies, just like her Daniel.

She began to rock her hips. She rubbed herself on his cock as she moved, down and up. She took her time at first, setting a gentle cadence. But after a few seconds, another rush of heartbeats, Emily started to speed up.

Damn. It felt incredible. She loved the friction of his body against hers. She loved enveloping his cock and using him like a sex toy. At this point, Daniel really was nothing but a human dildo.

“You’re mine,” she said.

“I’m never, never going to be your slave,” he said.

“Apologize. Keep apologizing until I come,” she said, giggling as the idea occurred to her.

“I’m sorry. Please, I’m so sorry. I have been a terrible boyfriend. You deserve better. I will work so hard to make you happy. I will try to be better for you. You deserve better! I’m sorry. I’m so sorry!”

She fucked her apologetic boyfriend, except Emily never imagined she might be turned on by something like this. It wasn’t his faking guilt or the words he chose. It was simply the fact that she was in charge. He had become her inferior.

Inferior. Oh, she liked that word.

His subjugation felt so right, so natural. Her fingers pushed down into his shoulders as she leaned forward. She used him, claiming him. All the while, he kept babbling, issuing one apology after another. Daniel simply couldn't help himself. There was no way for this young man to fight her influence or her control.

Then she bit his earlobe. She dragged her teeth along his sensitive skin, forcing him to arch his back. "Now you can come," she said.

Sure enough, she did have control over his instincts. Biological functions belonged to her, it seemed. And now that she granted him permission, his shaft began to pulsate as he came. He was practically shouting now, his breath coming in uneven gasps. She kissed him hard on the mouth as her own orgasm exploded through her body.

Delicious pleasure rampaged through her nervous system, singing along every inch of her body. Hot, damp, ready for more, she kept riding him harder and faster until they were both spent.

With nothing left, she rolled off of her boyfriend.

"That was amazing," she said.

Daniel had to get away.

So long as he was in the same room with Emily, he was vulnerable.

Just a couple of hours before this, he would have laughed at the prospect that a girl could order him around. It seemed so impossible, yet he experienced it time and time again.

Part of him wanted to believe that there would be a researcher somewhere out in the world who could find a cure for this. Or maybe it was just temporary. Maybe he could shake it off.

That was never going to happen while he remained with Emily.

She ordered him down onto his back. She told him to spread his arms and legs. He remained in that same position, only now she was curled up on his chest. Eyes closed, she breathed steadily, making him think that she had fallen asleep.

For a long time, Daniel couldn't bring himself to make a sound. If she had fallen asleep, then he didn't want to wake her. She

might tell him to stay on the floor or something. She hadn't given him any long-term commands about how he had to stay in her apartment or anything, which meant that he might be able to escape. He just had to grab the keys to his car and get back to his vehicle. From there, he could roll up the windows and blast the radio, ensuring that he wouldn't hear anything any woman had to say.

First, he tested his freedom. It should have been simple and easy, but Daniel needed to determine whether or not he would be able to move his arms or legs at this point. He started to flex his fingertips.

It worked!

He turned his head and raised his hand a quarter of an inch off of the bed.

Triumphant, he grinned. He actually had to suppress the urge to kick out with his feet or slap his hands together.

If he did anything like that, however, he would certainly wake up his girlfriend.

Determined not to make a mistake, Daniel instead looked down at his girl. Normally, sleeping with her like this would have felt pretty nice. She was warm and the steady sounds of her breathing were comforting.

But the moment she woke up, she would exert her control again.

How could he get her off? How could he extricate himself from her tangle of arms?

After thinking about it for a couple of minutes, Daniel came to one conclusion: he just had to move her. He could pick her up gently, readjust her position, and then he would be free to roll off the bed and rush back to his car.

His heart started to beat a little bit faster. He worried this might be enough to wake her. Counting out the seconds, he adjusted her left arm, then her right. From there, he began to slide his way out from beneath her cheek. He also grabbed the pillow, slipping it beneath her so that she wouldn't fall into some uncomfortable position.

Pretty soon, he was out from under her!

Daniel resisted the urge to make a sound. He slipped off of the mattress, going slowly, doing everything he could to keep from waking his girlfriend. He stepped onto the carpeted floor, and he began to make his way toward the door.

A few more feet. Just a few more feet!

Soon, he would be back in the living room. He could grab his clothing, his wallet, his cell phone. From there, he just had to get outside.

After that, he would break into a run. He didn't care if he looked foolish as he sprinted back to his car.

He reached down and touched the doorknob. He turned it slowly, careful to keep it from squeaking.

"Where do you think you're going?" Emily asked.

Daniel flinched, his shoulders bunching up around his neck. He turned around and saw her watching him. She had her cheek resting against one knuckle. She was still naked, but she didn't seem to mind or care. After all, nudity no longer felt like a disadvantage for this young woman.

"You're awake," he said.

"Obviously!" She grinned back at him. "But you didn't answer my question. Where are you going?"

"Nowhere," he said.

"Tell the truth. Where were you going?"

He noticed her use of the past tense. Since she phrased those words as a command, he had to answer truthfully. "I was going to leave. I wanted to get in my car and drive away."

"Oh, so you thought you could escape?"

"I wasn't trying to escape," he said, his voice speeding up.

"Tell the truth," she ordered. "Were you trying to escape?"

"Yes, I was trying to escape," he answered automatically, unable to lie or deceive.

"Oh, and why would you want to do a thing like that?"

"Because you're enslaving me!"

"Be honest. What is it about slavery that scares you so much?" Emily demanded.

"I'm scared of belonging to you," he said. Because of her command, he had to tell the truth. He always had to tell the truth.

“And why would you be scared of belonging to me?” Emily asked. She never would have expected this, yet she somehow savored his nervous energy. His trepidation, his worry, it all excited her. She loved knowing that she could do whatever she wanted; she could take whatever she liked.

Daniel couldn't stop her.

This was how things were meant to be, she decided. This was the new natural order, and she loved it!

“No. I'm not going to say it,” he said.

“Be honest. Tell me what scares you about belonging to me. Because let's face it, Daniel. You do belong to me. I have said it and you have said it. It's true.” When she grinned, she revealed the white edges of her teeth.

“I'm worried you're going to treat me the way I treated you,” he said. The words were forced from his mouth. He couldn't stop them. It was an act of nature, biology turning against what little willpower he possessed.

“Oh,” she said, stretching out that one word. “I see.” Emily considered him for a few more seconds. “Well, you are probably right to be scared. In fact, let's show you exactly how nervous you should be.”

Emily went back to the black, plastic bag. There was something in particular she expected to find, something that Daniel didn't expect.

She took out another box, only he didn't recognize it. Why not?

“I told you to forget about this,” she said. “I wanted to experiment with your memory.”

“What?”

Daniel truly didn't understand.

“You know what is so great about my authority? Well, I can control your memories. When I tell you to forget about something, you lose the memory. I don't know if it is just blocked off or genuinely destroyed, but this means I have even more power than I thought.” She reveled in that look of horror as it spread across his handsome face.

How could a frightened boy be so sexy?

“Lay down. Close your eyes.”

She slipped off of the bed. She watched as he came toward her. He took halting, almost mechanical steps. He seemed more like a robot who barely knew how to walk. That was fine with Emily. He could fight and resist this all he liked. They both knew it wouldn't make the slightest difference.

Soon, he found himself down on his back again, his arms and legs spread.

“You know, I think I do want to play a little game.”

“What? What game?” Daniel did his best to not to stutter through his question.

“I'm going to tie you down. Afterward, I'm going to give you the chance to try to escape. If you can get up on your own, then I will release you, Daniel. I will let you go. You can run off and be a stray boy.”

A stray boy. She made him sound like a dog.

As Emily considered her boy, she nodded to herself, thinking that the term seemed to fit. In any case, she tilted her head to the side. “What do you think of that? This could be a real opportunity for you. If you can get up, you can run away. You can go off and do whatever you want. Maybe you should go find yourself a bunker somewhere and seek to hide from all of the big, scary women in the world.”

“I just have to get off?”

“That's right,” Emily said.

“And you're not going to tell me to stay here or fail or anything?”

Emily burst out laughing. “Oh, that's funny! You're scared that I'm going to give you an opportunity, only to rig the game?”

He nodded his head down and up. The shallow little movement belied his worries.

“No, Daniel. I promise, I'm not going to cheat during the game. I just want to watch you struggle.”

“You want to watch me fail,” he said.

“That too,” she said with a little giggle. “Fine,” he said. “It's not like I have a choice.”

“No, you really don't.”

The restraints from the sex shop came in a neat little white box. The clasps looked fairly simple, nothing more complicated than what you might use on a belt. Emily nodded to herself as she checked everything out, making sure she had it down. Then she looped one strap around a bedpost before she secured the other side to his right wrist. She did the same thing with his left. After that, it didn't take long to tie his feet to the corners of the bed as well.

For just a few seconds, Emily basked in the sight of this young man. Just yesterday, he had been so intensely powerful. Young and reasonably wealthy, he could walk into any room, and people would listen to him. They would assume that he deserved authority.

They all succumb in the end, Emily decided.

Briefly, she wondered exactly how society would change. For so long, men had been in charge. Over the course of centuries, if not millennia, males had been able to exert their will in virtually every society. But now, there was this new, fundamental shift. If men could no longer say no or resist, what would happen to them? How would society change? The standards of beauty would obviously be different. Now, men would have to work harder. They would have to busy themselves to please their superiors.

And of course, their superiors would all be women.

She grinned at all these thoughts.

"What?" Daniel asked with a just a flash of his old arrogance. He was brave enough to try to talk to her.

"Isn't it obvious?" Emily asked.

"No!"

"Don't worry about it. You're just a boy. I was having some rather deep and important thoughts." She grinned again, savoring that look of frustration on his face. It wasn't fair that he didn't get to hear what she was thinking or that he would be patronized like that.

But this wasn't about fairness. It was about the new rules of society.

"You may start struggling whenever you like," she said to him.

Daniel realized that she had intentionally given him the opportunity to decide when he would begin moving. At first, he kept

his eyes closed. He thought back to his time playing football in high school. Back then, his coach always insisted that they never rush. They always need to be mindful of their actions. The guy had been kind of a hippie that way. Intention mattered, he insisted again and again. Focus was key.

Holding onto those lessons, Daniel breathed in and out. His chest rose and fell.

Strangely enough, Emily actually enjoyed this. She could practically see the gears turning behind his eyes. She wanted to see exactly how he would react.

Exhaling out, he didn't start to buckk or thrash. He didn't try to wildly punch or kick his way free.

Instead, he turned around, shifting his weight as much as he could so that he had the chance to look up at his right strap, then his left.

Daniel examined the bonds. Really, they were just simple shackles, a combination of padded leather and metal. He pulled his fingers as closely together as he could. He tried to make his hand as narrow as possible.

Smart.

"Interesting. When you lose all control, you start thinking," she said with another condescending smirk. "I don't think it's going to help you."

Daniel ignored her as he began to rotate his hand as much as he could. This was all about dexterity. He needed to slip free. He already knew he wouldn't be able to just blindly rip or tear through leather, especially because he suspected that the restraints came with reinforced metal bands.

Gently, he started to pull.

"The joint is usually more interesting?" Emily asked. Boredom started to pace her words.

Daniel ignored her again. That was probably a mistake. After all, this was a game to her. It might mean the difference between freedom and captivity for Daniel, but to his girlfriend, this was just one more way for her to tease her toy boy.

When he didn't say anything, she opened up the other package.

“Keep trying to get away. I don’t mind,” she said.

As he worked at the bonds, consciously ignoring her, Emily checked the new package. She opened it and examined the instructions. They were pretty straightforward. Once she put this on him, he would be desperate.

She liked that.

“Do you know what I like best about your new position as my slave? You are going to be subservient, but this means you will have all of the weaknesses girls have had to deal with forever, plus the traditional disadvantages of being a boy.”

Daniel still refused to acknowledge anything she said. He didn’t want to encourage her. More than that, he knew she could change her mind at any moment. As he tried to work himself free, Emily decided to distract him in another way. Since she already had her toy prepared, she began to brush her fingertips over his shaft.

His manhood hardened almost immediately. She watched as his erection lifted its way, aiming the tip of his member toward the ceiling.

Emily adored the way he reacted, just as she had expected. Boys. They could be so easy to manipulate.

“I’m wondering, how long do you think it will be before every woman decides that she wants to have a slave? How long before the idea of men having rights sounds like an absurdity?”

“No,” he said, growling back at her for the first time.

“What’s wrong? You sound frustrated,” she teased. Even as those mocking syllables smacked him, Emily continued to stroke his shaft. Gentle caresses kept him stiff as he tried to work. Of course, that became progressively more difficult. He couldn’t think clearly, not with the desires spinning through his body. His heart rate sped up, and he had to focus on his breathing.

“It’s okay. I know you’re trying to think really hard, and it’s difficult because you’re a boy. You get distracted. You see something pretty, and you have a hard time concentrating. Isn’t that right?”

“Screw you,” he growled.

“Such inappropriate language, and from a boy, no less.” Emily smirked, thinking of something from one of her history classes. “You know what I really like about this? There were so many different

ways men oppressed women, and most of them sounded like good things.”

Daniel went back to ignoring her. It wasn't like he had any choice. Without knowing how much time remained, he needed to stay focused on the restraints, on freeing just one hand.

If he could get one hand free, then he would be able to free his other limbs, and she would have to let him go!

“Back in the day, girls were told that they had to be ‘ladylike’. This, of course, was just a euphemism for weak. That’s right. Little girls were put in frilly, overly elaborate dresses and told not to run around. Boys could mess up their clothing, they could explore, and they could develop the confidence they needed to run the world, but girls had to sit back and wait for someone to come take care of them. It wasn’t right. It wasn’t fair.”

He perked up at that last part. “But you think this is?”

“Yes,” she said simply. “Payback is always fair.”

“You’re a hypocrite,” he growled at her.

And just a then, as he turned his attention back to her, his hand somehow finally, slipped free from the restraint. The leather scraped some skin off of his hand as he pulled it free, but Daniel didn’t care. If anything, he welcomed that pain.

Emily seemed impassive as her slave boy immediately reached up toward the other strap.

“I didn’t. I got free,” he said, nearly breathless. “This means you have to let me go! You promised!”

Daniel slipped off of the bed. He was naked and he didn’t even care. His erection stood up, again promising how much some part of him craved more attention from this beautiful girl. Even so, he immediately rushed back toward the door. He put his fingers to the handle. He turned it and practically leaped across the threshold.

On the floor in the living room, he found his clothing. He picked up his pants and boxers. He pulled them on quickly, all while anxiety scratched at the back of his mind.

But he had done it. He had escaped the restraints, so she had to let him go!

Just before he could race toward the front door, she called out, “Wait a second.”

Still naked, she reappeared in the hallway. “You remember what girls are great at doing?”

And Daniel shouldn’t have stopped. He should have kept going. He could have jumped back out into the fresh air, and that would have been it. He would have been free!

Instead, he stopped and turned around. “What?”

“Do you, Daniel, remember what girls are great at doing?”

“No,” he said truthfully.

He had already made his big mistake.

“We are great at changing our minds!”

Before Daniel could do anything, her voice rang out, crisp and clear and lovely as always.

“Stop.”

The boy froze.

Apparently, her command still allowed him to speak. “No. This isn’t fair. You said I could go if I got out of the restraints!”

“I did,” she said. “But I also changed my mind.” She started laughing at him. It was always so easy. He was nothing but a boy, after all.

Taking dainty and graceful steps, she practically danced through her apartment back toward the boy frozen near the front door. He had on his boxers and pants, but nothing else. He looked sweet, she thought. She dragged her fingernails along his chest.

His lips opened, then closed several times, probably because he didn’t know what to say. He had no idea how he should have reacted under the circumstances. Was he supposed to beg? Should he try something else?

Those questions kept him distracted even as she slid her hand back down into his pants. She cupped his balls in the palm of her hand. She loved the way he started to groan as her thumb stretched upward and pressed gently against of the base of his erection.

“It’s okay, Daniel. We both know that you didn’t really want to go outside anyway.”

“What?”

“This is probably my favorite part of traditional sexism,” she explained. “Men have always loved telling women what they really want. You know how guys tell themselves that they need to be persistent? Yeah, that is one of the grossest, most patronizing thoughts ever. If a girl says no to you, that means she doesn’t want to be your girlfriend. She’s not interested in you now, and she never will be. You don’t get points for asking her out again and again and again.”

Daniel barely understood. Her voice seemed to come from far away as she moved her hand up. The angle may have been awkward, yet Emily did an excellent job.

She knew exactly how to pleasure him, how to move her fingertips, how to glide her hand.

Within seconds, his thoughts fractured. But then, she wrapped her digits around his length, and then she tugged gently as she started to walk away. That’s right. She used his manhood as a leash. It seemed apt to her.

With a feral grin on her face, she brought him right back into the bedroom. “Lie down,” she ordered.

At once, he obeyed.

Daniel was going to say something, only she touched a finger to his lips and told him to be quiet. Again, the power of her voice compelled his obedience, immediately silencing him. He could no longer complain or argue because the girl didn’t want to hear it.

This was what made Emily marvel more than anything else. Usually, people listened to men. If you just take a moment and try to imagine what a hero or boss looks like, you’ll probably picture a male.

In Crystal Canyon, the boys wouldn’t be able to use their size or deep voices to get attention. A girl just had to tell them to be quiet, and that would be the end of it.

Perfect.

Emily tied him down again. Then she picked up her toy, the one he’d forgotten about. She didn’t want to ruin the surprise, so she told him to close his eyes. “I don’t want you to see what’s coming,” she said.

His eyelids dropped down, and he had no idea what she intended. Right then, Daniel struggled to remember. He couldn't recall her saying anything about buying an extra package or about forgetting it.

So what was this? What was going on?

Eventually, he could only growl in frustration, this petulant sound vibrating from his throat as he opened his mouth to reveal his teeth.

"Cute," she said. "I like it when you get upset."

Emily gently tugged on the ring as she admired the silicon edges. Inside, there were a series of small engines, electric powered vibrators. She stretched out the ring again, and then she slid down around his circumference. She watched as the realization hit him.

She had put a cock ring on him, one with built-in vibrators.

"Do you know what I just put on you?"

Daniel didn't say anything.

"Oh, it's okay. You see, I have this little controller right here, so you're going to enjoy this."

His eyes remained shut. "I bet you feel this," she said, immediately turning it up to maximum. The cock ring thrummed, vibrating against of the base of his erection. As it did so, a groan of frustrated arousal pulsed deep within his chest. Daniel couldn't help himself.

Then she turned it down to its lowest setting. The vibrations were still there, teasing him, keeping him nice and hard and horny.

Pretty soon, Daniel started to struggle again. She had ordered him to lay down, yet he still tried to fight it. His muscles would flex, making it clear he wanted to get up, only something would hold him down. Emily knew exactly what kept in place: his obedience.

His weakness as a boy made sure he stayed right where she wanted him.

"How does that feel?"

"I don't like it," he said.

"Be honest. How does it feel?"

"It feels good."

With a big smile on her lips, Emily nodded. "Of course, it feels good. You're being turned on. Now, I'm pretty sure I've programmed

this thing correctly. I'm going to turn it on, and it is going to keep you nice and stimulated for the next couple of hours. And when I come back, I want to see if you have the strength to try to resist me."

"What, what do you mean?"

"Isn't it obvious, Daniel?" Emily asked.

He scrambled to think, to come up with some logical explanation. Nothing popped into his head, however.

"Okay, I will explain it to you because you aren't smart enough to figure it out on your own," she said. "I'm going to leave you here to wallow in your own desperation. All the while, you can think about one thing: my power over you. And this little toy is going to tease you and keep you desperate. You will ache for me. You will know that I am the only person who might grant you the relief you want. No one else will be able to do that for you because no one else will know you're here. I'm the only one, Daniel."

She tilted her head to the side as he absorbed those words.

"Be honest. How does it make you feel?"

"Scared."

"Good."

Daniel listened to the commands.

Be quiet.

Lay there.

Stay still.

With those commands, she effectively trapped him within his own body, transforming it into a prison. He was trapped. This time, he couldn't even hope to escape the straps. They weren't holding him down. At this point, it was his own obedience, his inability to resist what she said and what she made him do.

At first, he believed that would be the most frustrating aspect of his captivity. But he was wrong.

When she first left, the vibrating ring barely teased him. It was a gentle caress, this pressure right there against the base of his cock. Only then, it started to speed up, gradually ratcheting up the sensations coursing through his stem.

His heart started to beat faster. In his opening moments, Daniel told himself that it wouldn't be a big deal. He didn't care. It

was only arousal. He had been horny before. Besides, Emily already had sex with him, so it wasn't like he'd been denied for hours or longer.

None of that helped.

The seconds drifted into minutes, and the minutes seemed to stretch on and on without any kind of terminal point.

For a little while, he managed to maintain his equilibrium. Daniel didn't get upset or frustrated. In fact, he didn't even make a sound. He was completely stoic as the device continued to tease his most sensitive spot.

But this couldn't last forever.

After just a short while, he started to struggle again. He could feel it, different cracks appearing in his psyche. Little by little, it wore away at his placid exterior.

Pretty soon, he started thinking of Emily again. He wanted to see her. In his first images, he fantasized about just talking to her. He would say something witty or charming, and he would be able to convince her to let him go. It would be easy, just a few words, and she would succumb.

But then he started to think about more than that.

What if she said no? What she argued with him?

Then he would need to show her that he was stronger, that he really was superior.

Ignoring the fact that any command issued by this girl could seize control of his body, he pictured himself grabbing her wrists and shoving her up against the wall. Taller than Emily, he would loom over her. He would look down into her eyes and see that mixture of fear and arousal. He would be able to take whatever he liked, and she wouldn't be able to stop him. More than that, she might even be grateful for it.

In his fantasy, she would try to struggle. She would fight, only to give up after a few halfhearted attempts to tear herself free. Eventually, she would understand that he was the man, so she should do whatever he wanted. It was her job to satisfy him.

In that same fantasy, she would argue even as he started to kiss her. But those articulated protests would give way to mumbled

moments of excitement. Then he would yank down her panties, and she would wrap her arms around him.

He would lift her up, and she would wrap her legs around his waist even as he shoved his cock deep into her waiting slit. He would pump her, hard and fast as he held her several feet off the ground.

In the real world, Daniel started to groan again. He couldn't help himself, not when images of his beautiful girlfriend kept straining through his mind. Not only that, he could practically feel her breasts beneath his fingertips. The phantom sensations were so alluring, siren calls to distract him from his need to remain calm.

Emily.

Just her name made him picture her face. Next, he started thinking of her on her knees. She might beg him for the chance to go down on him. She would lick her lips and stare up at him with big, eager eyes. She would be ready, willing to do anything. Instinctively, she would understand her place, and he would just have to put his hands to the sides of her head. He would take a hold of her hair and pull her forward.

No, that wasn't going to happen.

None of this was going to happen!

That reality made him grunt. Suddenly, he was struggling, kicking and thrashing about even as invisible bonds held him down. He couldn't really move, yet he could still flex his muscles. His body attempted to move, only to stop. It felt as though his body had become completely duplicitous, beginning to obey, only to stop at the last moment.

It wasn't fair!

Huffing, Daniel opened his mouth. He wanted to shout for her to come back. Even if he could, he already knew that it wouldn't do any good. Emily had no interest in talking to him. For all he knew, she wasn't even in the apartment any longer. She probably wandered off to go spend some time with her friends. Maybe she was out at a club.

And yet, the vibrating ring continued to work, teasing him with random intervals of stimulation. Hot lust seared his brain, making it harder and harder to think clearly.

He wasn't going to say anything. Only then, he tried, and his mouth refused to work. This only doubled his frustration. His eyes started to water, and he wished that he could hit something. He wanted to break it, to throw a tantrum and take control of his situation with violence.

Like some barbarian, he yearned to rampage, to pillage. He wanted to break something and then claim someone: Emily. In his wildest imagination, he could picture her with a collar around her neck. Maybe she would even be trapped behind the bars of a cage.

"What are you thinking about?"

Daniel opened his eyes. He turned his head and saw her. She stood there, wearing dark red panties and a matching bra. The light shimmered over the satin curves of her underwear. She looked amazing, her stomach flat, her long legs toned and trim. She had her arms crossed over her chest, which only sucked more of his attention toward her cleavage.

Despite all of this, Daniel refused to say anything.

"Tell me. What are you thinking about?" A second later, she remembered to add, "Be honest."

Be honest. She always said that. She always ensured that he told the truth.

Before, it had been so easy to lie, to dissemble, to equivocate and trick her. Over time, he could deceive her because she wanted to believe something that wasn't true anyway.

But now, Daniel arched his back as he tried to fight it. Almost immediately, he ended up telling the truth anyway. "I was thinking about enslaving you."

She answered him with giggles.

"Really? A boy thought he could enslave a girl? That's hilarious! You're really, really funny!" Chortles of laughter laced every word. When she strode forward she looked down at him again.

"From now on, always tell me the truth. You can never lie to me ever again," she said.

Daniel registered those words, and his eyes widened. Now he wouldn't be able to seek out a cure or tell anyone what she had done. Worse, she just tore away his last defense.

"Tell me. Do I own you?"

There. One question. It had an answer, one Daniel couldn't ignore or hide from because she always required the truth from her slave boy.

"Yes. You own me," he said, his voice trailing off into defeat.

"You see, Daniel," she said as she strolled over to her slave. She pulled herself up onto the mattress and dragged her fingertips down along his skin. She almost scratched him, and the sensations left little red lines along his body, tracks to prove she had been there.

Daniel belonged to her like conquered territory.

"You see, you are mine. You know it. You can feel it, even deep down. Your time as an independent man is over. You don't get to make your own decisions. You don't get your own desires. I'm going to tell you what you want. From now on, you want to please me. That's all you want. You don't need to think about anything else. You don't need to worry about what anyone else thinks. I am the only one who matters to you because I'm not just your girlfriend. I'm your owner."

"Yes," he said. Perhaps that comment wasn't even necessary. Was she just teaching him or reinforcing the truth? He didn't know, but it was clear that he would always have to be honest.

"Say it again. Tell me the truth."

"I belong to you. I'm yours. I'm always going to be yours. I'm your slave. I'm your property," he said.

She had walked into her bedroom and found him laying there, still trapped by her command. And now, he didn't even attempt to resist.

Good.

Emily pulled herself up on top of him. She straddled him, her knees at his sides, her hands pressing into his wrists, and she leaned to down to kiss him. He could feel the soft give of her lips even as the cock ring continued to tease him with its randomized vibrations.

Daniel wanted to lose control, but the device never went fast enough or hard enough. It didn't squeeze tight enough. It kept him desperate and eager to do whatever she said for the slim chance that he might get the relief he so pathetically craved.

Now she tortured him by kissing him, by touching him. Even when she placed her hands against his cheeks to maneuver his head to the side, he couldn't complain. It felt good as she took control. On some level, he knew this wasn't right. As the man, he should have been on top.

But as he said, he was a slave. All of those old illusions needed to fall away. He had to surrender and accept his place beneath her.

For her part, Emily just purred as she toyed with her slave. Then she sat up. She looked down at him.

"I'm going to touch myself while you tell me the truth," she said.

She got up just enough to pull her panties down along the length of her thighs, then past her feet. She tossed the skimpy underwear onto the floor. Then she straddled him again, her legs spread, her slit on display.

She leaned in and pressed her fingertips to his lips. "Suck," she said.

He obeyed. He wrapped his lips around her digits and gently pulled on them.

As she brought that hand between her legs, she gave him another command. "Speak."

She might as well have been talking to a dog. Even so, Daniel obeyed again. "I'm your slave. I'm your boyfriend and your slave. I'm your boyfriend and your property. You can use me however you want. I understand this now. I can feel it. Every time you give me a command, I must obey. It's like I don't even have a choice!" That was quite a general statement on his part.

Emily just grinned happily as she started to stroke herself. Her fingers moved up and down along her opening. At first, she barely touched her pussy, yet as the seconds coalesced, she started to go deeper. She began to gently rub the pad of one fingertip over her clit.

Meanwhile, he kept talking. Compelled, he said, "I love being your slave!" He blinked at that, surprised at the honesty. Before this, Daniel hadn't even realized that about himself. But as always, he was completely honest with his owner.

She rubbed herself. He watched, desperately hoping she might decide to claim him again. "I'm yours. I'm your slave. You can use me for whatever you want. You can take me. I am yours! I'm all yours. I can't think for myself. I can't do anything without your permission. I will obey you in public, in private, everywhere! You can collar me or put me on a leash." His fantasies reversed. Now, he was the one behind the bars. "You can cage me if you like, and there's nothing I can do about it because I must respect your authority at all times!"

Deciding she was not going to touch herself to completion, she stopped. Her heart pounded, and then she turned back. She slid the ring away from his shaft.

This was it, her decision. What was she going to do? What would she decide?

Emily leaned back. She pulled off her bra and began to stroke her nipples. She rubbed her palms over those sensitive points. All the while, she looked down at him.

Then he realized exactly what she was doing. She wanted to tease him some more. With every moment, she broke him down further, reinforcing her power by making it clear that she decided when and if he might to get the pleasure he yearned for.

His desires, his strength, all of his abilities became completely meaningless when set against her whims.

"Are you ready?" Emily asked.

"I obey," he said truthfully.

She shifted back and raised herself up above the tip of his member. She wiggled her hips, making it clear that she could still stop. There is nothing forcing her to do this. She didn't need to be honest or consistent with him. From then on, Emily could set whatever rule she liked, only she didn't need to follow them.

His life would become one filled with double standards, and there was nothing he could do about it!

But this time, Emily lowered herself down. She took him, enveloping him. She trapped his manhood between the walls of her crevice. Inch by inch, she imprisoned his most sensitive body part.

"You like this?"

"Yes!"

“And you love being my slave?”

“Yes!”

“And you think you’re going to be happier this way?”

“I, I don’t know,” he said because he still had to tell the truth. He couldn’t try to manipulate her or even feed her the lines she might wish to hear.

“That’s okay. Let me explain this to you,” she said, lifting herself up and then lowering herself back down again. As she did so, she kept him stimulated.

Daniel held back the orgasm. He had to relax his body as much as possible. He already knew that if he came without her permission, he would be punished.

“You’re going to be so much happier this way, Daniel. When you are freed from the responsibility of pretending to be your own man, life will be so much simpler for you. You’re going to love it. You’ll do as you’re told. You won’t even need to think for yourself!” She laughed at that, parting her lips so wide that he could see the roof of her mouth.

“Get ready,” she said.

Emily was close, so close to her own release. Yet she wanted him to climax at the same moment because she was generous. She didn’t need to do this. There was nothing forcing her to give him this reward, but she could be a merciful owner. There was no reason she had to be cool, so long as she didn’t think of enslaving her boyfriend as vicious or mean.

As she bobbed her body up and down, she rubbed him harder and faster with the boundaries of her slit. She practically bounced on him at this point.

“Please! I can’t take it!” Daniel called out.

“Now!”

A rush of heat flashed through his body. With every second, he could feel his shaft pulsate and throb. As he heard her scream out, Daniel kept his mouth shut. He panted through his nostrils even as he lost control. Desperation mixed with desire until he had to clench his eyes shut. Even though he could no longer see his girlfriend, he remembered her with perfect accuracy, like an after image burned into his retinas. She was everything to him now.

She owned him. And she always would.

He had been honest about that because he didn't have any choice.

Emily finished. Once she was done, she leaned in and kissed him on the mouth one more time. "It's time for you to go make me a sandwich," she said, grinning down at her slave.

He nodded quickly and rolled off of the mattress. Still naked, he rushed off to perform his tasks like a well-trained slave.

Emily had accomplished so much in less than a day. She couldn't wait to see how she trained him next or what the other girls would do to the boys of Crystal Canyon.

The End

Alyssa's Experiment

The students figured it out first. For some reason, it affected the young men before anyone else. They would be out with their friends, and some girl would make a joke. Maybe they would be out at the movies, and one of the girls' male friends would ask for a piece of popcorn. If she didn't want to share, she could say something like, "If you really want it, get down on your knees and beg for it!"

It was supposed to be silly, something between sarcasm and hyperbole.

But then, he would *actually* do it!

The girls and guys would probably assume that he had just been willing to be silly since they were out having fun.

But little by little, the girls started to figure it out. Whenever they said a command, any command, the boys had to obey. More than that, they started recording it. Rumors spread quickly, and the girls started to experiment.

Alyssa heard about this from her best friend, Natasha.

"Look, I know it sounds crazy, but it's really happening. I was out at this party, and one girl got pissed off at her boyfriend. She told him to get down on his knees and beg for forgiveness. Right there, in front of everyone, he had to apologize and plead with her."

"He probably felt bad," Alyssa said. The two girls were walking together on their way to the library. Most of the students there studied to work in geology or engineering. Alyssa and Natasha just happened to be a couple of the liberal arts majors. "It happens. It doesn't mean that there is some grand conspiracy or anything."

"That's the thing," Natasha said, grabbing Alyssa's arm. "I don't think it was part of some conspiracy. I think it was actually biological."

"No," Alyssa said, shaking her head. "That's not possible. Guys don't just to lose their free will."

"But what if they do?"

Alyssa immediately flashed onto someone. Her thoughts jumped, and she had to breathe out to keep calm. Fantasies aside, she already knew that this wouldn't work.

"It's just a game. I'm sure they were just flirting or something." Yeah, that made a lot more sense.

Natasha stopped, and she waited. Arms crossed, she wouldn't budge. Alyssa took several more steps before she turned around. "Come on. We really need to study."

"No. I want you to hear me first. I'm serious. I saw this with my own eyes. There was something about him. It wasn't a joke. It wasn't a prank, and it wasn't a game."

"So you think every guy has just lost his ability to say no?"

"It's more than that," Natasha explained. "I know it sounds crazy, but I think the boys can't help themselves. If you tell them to do something, something in their brains must get jumbled, and they can't tell the difference between something a girl says and something they actually want to do."

Again, Alyssa thought of the same face, the same stupid, handsome face from before. Her insides ached, but she couldn't just shove those memories aside, no matter how much she wanted to. Sometimes she wished that she could be more like a computer, like there might be some unpleasant experience in her head, and if she didn't really want it there, then she could just delete it.

That would have been awesome.

"Fine. Why are you telling me this?"

"Because we both know you're still upset," Natasha said slowly and quietly. "Maybe you need to talk to him again."

"He doesn't even live here," Alyssa replied.

Her friend tilted her head to the side. "If this is really happening, then there's going to be some kind of quarantine, I bet. The local officials are going to need to figure out the cause. Maybe you should invite someone to come hang out with you."

Alyssa's insides clenched. It was a physical reaction, like her lungs froze, her fingers bunched up, and she couldn't move. Natasha immediately recognized that look on her friend's face. She strode forward, confident of what would happen next.

Natasha may have been confident, but Alyssa wasn't. The idea kept bouncing back and forth inside of her head. More than that, she went online, and she started tracking down some of the local videos. None of the local leaders, whether corporate or governmental, and realized anything was wrong.

Young women, however, were definitely figuring it out. Every day, more videos went up. For the most part, the girls seemed to be just exploring, probing, trying to figure out for themselves what this really meant.

Could it be?

For so long, there had been more guys in Crystal Canyon than women. Consequently, they seemed to behave even worse than they did the rest of the country. They liked to show off, peacocking wherever they went. They usually flirted by "teasing" the girls, which usually meant behaving obnoxiously.

Only now, something had started to shift. The boys were getting nervous. They no longer went out on their own.

At the same time, the girls started to get more confident. They knew that if some guy shoved past them at the coffee shop, they could order him back to the end of the line, and he would obey like some well-trained dog.

In a couple of videos, girls started talking about what this meant. One explored of the social implications. She asked the very legitimate question of what would happen to society if young men suddenly had to go through a period of their lives when they would be utterly helpless in the face of female authority.

Clearly, this would have huge economic implications. For example, men could no longer be trusted with any kind of serious work. Sure, they could be manual laborers, janitors, and clerks or assistants, but not much else. Every major position of authority and power and decision-making would have to go to women.

More than that, what if these young men never grew out of it?

For the most part, the girls who had discovered this vulnerability seemed more interested in proving themselves right than really exploiting this. For so long, the male population had been in control. Even with the advent of feminism, so many men retained positions of power, even when they were undeserved. The

advantages were subtle, certainly, yet they still existed. If two people tried to speak at the same time, audiences would be most likely to listen to the man before the woman. When most people thought of a hero or a leader, the image to form first would be male as well.

These didn't provide any guarantees. It wasn't like women didn't enjoy any opportunities, but society remained predisposed to accept men over women in positions of power and authority. Now, it seemed like that might change.

Alyssa kept watching those videos, over and over again. She saw guys get down on their knees, begging, bark like dogs, roll around, do stupid little tricks, just to prove that they would do anything the girl in the room said.

As the days ticked past, Alyssa found other videos as well. In sum, girlfriends decided to demonstrate their newfound authority by dressing their boyfriends or brothers up. Quite a few guys now understood exactly how demeaning it felt to wear high heels and maid uniforms.

In one video, a girl pretended that she was demonstrating how to train a boy. The end came with a joke about how training wasn't really required. Apparently, this generation of young men simply needed a firm hand and a woman willing to issue commands. He would cook, clean, provide for every domestic need it, she said. And all the girl had to do was be brave enough to issue those orders.

"Be brave enough," Alyssa said as she lowered her phone.

That's when she went back to his phone number. She pulled it up on her screen, she typed a message, and then she hit Send. The entire thing took less than a minute. But once she had done so, Alyssa threw her phone back onto her bed.

There was no way this would work. After their last encounter, Justin wouldn't just come visit her.

At the same time, she started to think of what Natasha had said about there being a quarantine. If the boys really lost their free will, it had to be caused by something. It was probably something in the water, maybe something in the food. Perhaps it was some kind of new radiation unleashed by the local mines. No one was getting sick or anything. In fact, some of the local medical students had started to examine the boys searching for any problems.

Nothing showed up.

More than that, the girls didn't want to bring this to any of the older women or men in town. Maybe they wanted to keep the secret for themselves. Perhaps this was a subtle conspiracy, one where every girl just agreed on it to enjoy herself for a little while.

If there were problems, they would deal with them. If they needed help later on, they would ask for it.

But for right now, they just wanted to understand on their own.

It never occurred to Alyssa that she should tell someone. And right then, she paced her bedroom, walking back and forth. Her phone sat there on her bed, and she really needed to pick it up, to check to see if he responded.

Instead, she plopped down in front of her mirror. She ran her fingers through her hair.

Ever since their last encounter, Alyssa had thought about dying it. Her friends said she would look cute as a blonde, but she didn't know if she should change anything just for a guy.

She likes her chestnut brown hair. She likes the fact that she has brown irises. She didn't wear much makeup, but she was always comfortable. Wasn't that supposed to be the most important part?

And yet, she thought about Justin and what he wanted. Worse, she was in the spot where she had just one option now: wait. She had sent her message, he would respond or he wouldn't. He would say yes or no, and there was nothing she could do about it.

Justin had decided to take a night off.

He was back in his own room, sitting at his computer. He had one hand on the mouse, the other on the keyboard. His digital avatar ran between enemies. He darted past the red dragon, pulled out a shotgun, and fired. The electronic monster roared, the sound echoing in Justin's headphones.

Crimson digits appeared next to the dragon as damage. It reared up, slamming its talons down into the ground. Another set of numbers appeared next to Justin's character. He had tried to block, but not fast enough.

Another shot weakened the beast. It didn't drop, however. Justin turned, and he tried to run. The serpentine monster flapped its

wings and dropped down on top of him. His character's hit points fell to zero. The screen turned gray.

Justin rolled back in his seat. Irritated, he breathed out.

Yeah, he probably should have gone out tonight. In fact, he still could. There would be lots of the drunk girls out at the clubs. They'd be wandering around in their silver, red, and pink dresses, showing off their tight little bodies, all eager for attention from a guy like him.

He smirked, wondering if he should go out or stay in.

Here is the thing. Justin really didn't feel like working. Yeah, meeting up with some girl and having some fun would be quite nice, but he wanted something sure.

Just as he was about to pick up his phone, the universe decided to be kind. He saw a name right there on his screen: Alyssa.

Grinning, Justin saw her message. *Hey, I know you're probably busy or whatever, but if you feel like hanging out, I'm free tomorrow.*

Alyssa kept pacing back and forth, wondering what had possessed her to do something so stupid. She promised herself dozens, hundreds, thousands of times that she wasn't going to make this mistake again. He didn't want to be with her. Even if he hadn't said as much, Justin knew how she felt.

She ran her teeth along her bottom lip as she tried to deal with the nervous anticipation running through her body. It felt like there was an electrical storm hidden just beneath her skin. She wanted to lash out.

Maybe she needed to just go hit the gym. Working out would probably be good for her. It could also be something of a punishment, like self-flagellation. She would get hot, sweaty, and her muscles would ache. She would feel the burn in her lungs.

Before she could make that choice, her phone buzzed again. She glanced over at it. It sat there on her bed, just waiting. The little white light at the top flashing on and off. She had a message. Now she had to go pick up the phone and read it.

Knowing her luck, it would probably be from Natasha or whatever other friends.

Pressing her lips together, Alyssa didn't know what to do. She actually jumped up and down, growling with aggravation.

This wasn't fair!

Things would have been easier if Justin had simply said no to her. Okay, so she liked him. She asked him out. She said that she had so much fun with him, and that she wanted to be with him. More than that, he felt like a really nice guy. Yes, he went out with lots of girls, but Alyssa didn't need anything serious.

He told her maybe.

He said that he really cared about her, but he wasn't sure if they should risk their friendship with something romantic. Alyssa had nodded her head, saying that she completely understood, that it was cool, that she could follow his lead.

Yes, she used those exact words. "I can follow your lead."

That was more than a month ago.

During all that time, she didn't know what to do. She hadn't been rejected, not outright. Instead, he said something closer to a maybe. What was she supposed to do with that?

All of her friends said that he should have manned up and just said what he really wanted. Her friends got mad at him. But then, they didn't really know him. Alyssa still believed that he was a good guy, but he just was a little bit immature, like he couldn't really explain himself.

Now, Alyssa stared back at her phone, wondering if she should pick it up.

She told herself it was like a bandage. She just had to rip the stupid thing off. She marched over, she grabbed her phone, she swiped her finger along the screen, and then she saw his name. She started to read the text.

How about tonight?

Alyssa had a little bit more than an hour before he would arrive. She immediately jumped over to her closet, and she started to go through the different possibilities. She had jeans, dresses, skirts, and even a pair of overalls. Yeah, that last one definitely needed to go to the thrift store.

Her heart didn't pound, not exactly, yet the excitement kept her pulse up. She would pick out a dress or an outfit, only to discard it about two minutes later. The pile of clothing kept getting bigger and bigger.

Eventually, she concluded she didn't have anything to wear.

She sat on her bed, she exhaled slowly, and then she remembered something.

This was just an experiment. If she approached it that way, then maybe she didn't need to feel like she was going crazy with anticipation.

But it was Justin.

On the one hand, she really liked him. On the other hand, she wanted to slap him across the face, hard.

Maybe? He told her maybe? What kind of answer was that?

Seriously, he left her there, wondering if maybe they could have some relationship some day. She liked him. More than that, she cared about him. They had been good friends, and she had watched him sleep with one girl after another. All the while, she had pined for him, knowing that they would be so good together.

When she wrote it all out or said those words aloud, especially to her friends, she knew that she was acting like an idiot, but it was hard to stop.

Then there was a knock on the door, and her hour was up. Worse, she was still wearing her pajamas!

Alyssa quickly rushed over to the front door. Without opening it, she said, "I'll be just a minute!"

She sprinted back into her bedroom, pulled off her sweats, and grabbed a white dress with an empire waist. She pulled it on and tied the bow at her side. Exhaling slowly, she knew she probably looked like some little girl on her way to an Easter egg hunt, but she didn't care. She had to do something.

Besides, this wasn't about Justin. It was about her experiment.

She went to the front door and opened it for him.

Of course, he looked gorgeous. His hair looked a little bit messy, just as it always did. But on Justin, it didn't seem sloppy. Instead, he just came off as innocent somehow. He smiled at her,

and she felt this warmth spread through her body. Was she really supposed to do this? Was she really supposed to experiment on him?

Maybe.

Justin spent a lot of time in Crystal Canyon. If something affected the other guys, then it would probably affect him as well.

"It's nice to see you," she said as she stood back.

Justin sauntered forward. He always moved with the easy grace of a guy who knew he would be welcome in pretty much any room, especially if there were girls around. It didn't even matter how old they were. Grandmothers loved him, and so did little girls.

"Have a seat," she said.

She watched him immediately lower himself down onto the couch. His expression seemed neutral, right before he started grinning at her. "Why don't you join me?"

Alyssa felt this flutter in her chest. Excitement thrummed like electricity through her skin. "It's good to see you," she told him. "I was hoping we could talk."

"I'm not really interested in talking tonight if that's okay," he said. He leaned over, and he started to kiss her.

What was happening?

Before, he said maybe. He said maybe because he didn't know if he wanted to mess with their friendship.

What if he had changed his mind?

What if he wanted to get together? They could be so happy together! Those thoughts fluttered through her head, excited as he started to kiss her. Their lips touched, and then he leaned in, pressing harder. He started to nudge her down onto her back. She could already feel his erection through his pants.

"What's going on?" Alyssa asked.

"I'm here. You're here. Let's have some fun. We don't need to overthink it," he said, staying close. This always worked with girls like Alyssa.

Unlike so many other men out there, Justin had an instinctive understanding of what a woman would want to hear, what words she expected, which ones to avoid. As far as he was concerned, girls were just musical instruments. Touch them the right way, say the

correct thing, and you could get them to make whatever sounds you liked.

Before Alyssa had the chance to say anything, he leaned in again, kissing her. He started with the side of her mouth. His tongue flicked out just a little bit, teasing her. When she started to lean in, he pulled back. When she started to pull back, he leaned in, always making her guess and second-guess what might happen next.

Moments later, he reached to down, sliding his fingers along her dress. He touched her gently, all without forcing anything.

His fingertips brushed over her thighs and he wanted to go all the way up her skirt. She reached down, her fingers wrapping around his wrist.

“This is going to be fun,” he said with perfect, easy confidence. “Just relax, and you’ll enjoy yourself. I promise.”

“But what does this mean?”

“Don’t think about what this means,” he told her.

She still wouldn’t release his hand. She still wouldn’t let his fingers glide their way up to her panties.

“Stop,” she finally said. His hand froze right there. She nudged him back, but he just blinked once or twice. She pushed him back so that they were both sitting upright.

“You stopped,” she said.

He blinked again, apparently confused. But then, he seemed to reboot, almost like a computer coming back online. “Of course, I stopped,” he said, his voice loaded with sincerity. “Why wouldn’t I?”

“Justin, how do you feel about me?”

“I care about you deeply,” he said.

Part of her really wanted to just accept that, to lean in and kiss him, to climb up on top of him or to let him roll her over onto her back. She could surrender. Excitement kept running through her body, hot and alluring. It would have been so easy to just give in and accept it.

And yet, she kept thinking of all of those conversations she had with her friends, the ones where they said he was a jerk and a jackass for stringing her along.

“What does that mean?”

He exhaled slowly, but then he leaned forward. He kept his eyes aimed at her. He seemed so sincere, like he just wanted to tell her the truth.

“Look, I’m not great at this whole talking part. We’re friends, and I really care about you. I love you because I want everything to go well for you. I care about you so deeply.”

This felt like a trap, like she could just fall forward and accept those words.

He loved her...as a friend...but he cared about her.

“I know that we could be great together. We could have so much fun,” he said.

Justin knew exactly what he was doing. He realized what it would take to keep a girl off balance. He could tell her what she wanted to hear even as he denied her, all while leaving her hungering for more.

It was perfect.

“Justin, tell me the truth,” she commanded. The words just snapped from her lips because she started to realize exactly what kind of guy he was. “Do you care about me?”

“No. I don’t,” he said, only to blink. He shook his head, like he didn’t know where those words had come from.

“I didn’t mean that,” he started to say.

“Justin, do you care about any of the girls you sleep with?”

“Absolutely,” he said. “I couldn’t get intimate with someone if I didn’t care about her,” he said.

“Justin, tell the truth. Do you care about any of the girls you sleep with?” She started to see the pattern.

“No, not really.”

“Then tell me the truth. Why do you do it?”

His expression remained neutral, almost blank. It sounded more like he was talking about applying for a credit card or filling out his taxes. “It feels good. I like showing off. I like knowing that I can. The challenge is a lot of fun.”

Alyssa got up. She started to walk back and forth, pacing just as she had done before he arrived.

It worked. She could get him to do anything...but really, she hadn’t actually tested him. She could get him to tell the truth. “Look, I

don't know why I said those things. I guess I must have eaten something or I didn't get enough sleep," he said. "Maybe I should go to the hospital."

"No. Stay right there," she snapped as he started to stand up.

Immediately, he fell back into the couch. He looked down at his legs, like he couldn't figure out why they weren't moving.

"Justin, we are going to spend the night together, just not the way you expected," she finally said.

"Look, you can't do this to me. I don't know what's going on here, but I need to go right now," he told her. Most of the charm had been burned away by uncertainty. Usually, Justin could walk into a room and know exactly what would happen. He had that ability to read people, to understand what they wanted and needed.

That didn't mean much, not when he was faced with a girl who could issue any command and expected to be obeyed right away.

"Be quiet," she said.

Immediately, he closed his mouth. He didn't make a sound.

Alyssa watched him as the confusion washed over his face. For a few seconds, she almost felt bad for him, but then she really thought about what he had told her. Justin didn't care about her, and he never had.

"Why did you say we were friends?"

That seemed to break the spell. "Because we are friends," he told her, and you need to let me go—"

"Tell the truth. Why did you say we were friends?"

"Because it was always good to have you around. If another girl saw you and me together, they would see me as a nice guy. They would be able to see they could trust me."

"You're a bastard, aren't you?"

"I'm not a bad guy," he started to say.

"Shut up," Alyssa didn't want to hear it.

Instead, she sat down on the chair next to the couch. She leaned forward as she looked at him. He wanted to speak; that much was obvious. But really, did he have anything worth hearing?

“You really like manipulating girls. You like knowing that you can do whatever you want.” A slow, wicked grin spread along her lips. “Okay. Fine. Maybe you just need to get a sense for what it means to be a toy.”

Alyssa tilted her head to the side. “But first, I think you owe me an apology. Get down on your hands and knees and crawl over here. Beg for forgiveness.”

Like a puppet, he dropped down on all fours, and he crawled over to her, just as she demanded. He looked up at her, his eyes big and full of fear. “Please. I’m sorry. Please, forgive me. I messed up. I made a terrible mistake.”

“And what mistake was that?”

His eyes narrowed. Apparently, he’d reclaimed some degree of independence and autonomy. “I came here. I don’t how you’re doing this, but I’m going to make you pay!” He was angry, his face flushed red.

A boy like Justin always needed to be in control. That’s why manipulation always felt so good to him. It made sense, Alyssa realized. This is why he could get away with a word like maybe.

“Apologize for being a jackass,” she finally said.

“I apologize for being a jackass.” The words left his lips, only he seemed confused, like he heard them, only he couldn’t understand why he would say such a thing. Always smooth, always confident, Justin never needed to apologize.

“No,” she said, tapping one finger against the corner of her mouth. “I want you to try harder. Give me a detailed apology. Make it sound sincere.”

His expression shifted again. The confusion vanished as the next set of words simply seemed to leave his mouth. “I’m sorry. I’m so, so sorry for being a jerk. I was terrible to you, Alyssa. Please, please accept my apology.”

“No.”

He shook his head again, looking around as he searched for some kind of explanation.

Justin started to stand, but she shook her head. With an almost regal ease, she pointed back to the floor. “Kneel.”

He dropped to his knees.

“There we go,” she said. “I really like this side of you, Justin.”

“What’s going on?”

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about that,” she said.

He opened his mouth to speak, but she cut him off. “Be quiet.”

And just like that, he closed his mouth again. He did it without complaint. He didn’t even seem frustrated or upset by the idea. It was only after a few more seconds that he seemed to regain some semblance of control over his body.

Excitement ran through her. Alyssa clapped her hands together, shocked that this was actually working. Then again, she recalled something from one of her science classes. If she really wanted to understand this, then she needed to experiment.

Oh, this could be fun.

Alyssa got up from her spot. Again, she felt like a princess or a queen. She was in charge here, so she could do whatever she liked. She circled him, all while he remained there on his knees.

“Tell me again why you came here. Be honest.”

Suddenly, his talents for deception and manipulation became irrelevant. With that same, neutral expression, Justin explained, “I came here because I was hoping we could have sex.”

“Really?” Alyssa asked, smirking. “Did you think I was going to be that easy?”

“I know that you are in love with me.”

“I was in love with you,” she replied. “But it’s hard to love a slave.”

A slave? Where did that word come from? But then Alyssa nodded to herself, content with it and all of its implications. If he had to do whatever she said, what else could he possibly be?

Perhaps there was a little twinge of conscience, but then she looked down into his lovely eyes. He always knew how to appear sincere, like everything he said was actually some secret confidence, something important that he could only share with her...

After a few more heartbeats, he reclaimed control. “I’m not a slave,” he said, gritting his teeth.

“Actually, you are.”

“I’m not. I’m not a slave. I’m never going to be a—”

Hot pleasure ran through her body as she casually cut him off. "Tell me you're a slave."

"I'm a slave," he replied. "Stop that. Stop making me do things!"

"So you admit it? I can make you do whatever I want?"

Alyssa glanced down at Justin as she waited for his answer. Hardening his lips together, he didn't reply, not at first.

Then, slowly, he made a deliberate point of trying to figure this out. At the same time, he was probably stalling for time. "Look, I don't know what's going on, but you need to let me out of here."

"Why would I do that?" Alyssa asked.

"Because you can't just play with me. I'm not your toy!"

"Tell me that you're my toy."

Justin fought it. It was clear from the expression on his face that he tried to resist, only something purely biological took over. His lips started to move almost immediately. "I'm your toy."

"Ask for permission to be my toy," she said.

"May I be your toy?"

"Oh, I don't know. I want to hear you beg. Beg for the privilege of being my toy."

He bowed his head down and gripped his hands together. He was pleading, desperation rippling through his voice. "Please, please let me be your toy. I want to belong to you. I want you to play with me!" His eyes started to shine, so she touched to the underside of his chin. She forced his head up. "There's a good boy."

Suddenly, he blinked again, regaining control. Of course, he remembered exactly what he had said, only now the humiliation rippled through his body. His fingers trembled as he made a pair of fists, but that only made her laugh.

"I should probably get a better sense for what I own," she said. "Stand up and take off all of your clothing," she ordered.

His eyes widened, though only for an instant. Then the biological need to obey this female took a hold of him once more. He stood up, his movements fluid yet still somehow mechanical. He pulled off his shirt. He loosened his belt. He shimmied out of his pants even as he kicked off his shoes and peeled away his socks.

Soon, there is nothing left but his boxers. Without hesitating, he took those off as well.

Alyssa didn't allow him the opportunity to think about what he had just done. "Remain still," she told him.

He froze, paralyzed. Trapped in his own body, he could only watch as this girl just circled him again. She touched him, stroking him. "Not bad. Not bad at all. But you know, I think you could do better. Maybe I should put you on a workout routine."

She told him not to move, which apparently included his mouth because he could no longer speak.

Justin fought hard, doing everything he could to reclaim control of his body. He kept sending those signals from his brain, only his body would not answer. His body would not do what he wanted!

Second by second, he tried to squirm, but he couldn't even do that!

All the while, Alyssa drank in the sight of her helpless male. He remained rigid, his body locked in place even as she ran her fingers along his thigh, up to his ass. She stopped in front of him. She touched his chin and turned his head from side to side. "Wow. This is so different. I wonder if I can make you forget about all of this? What you think, Justin? Do you think I could use my commands to reprogram you?"

Because she asked a question, he had the ability to respond, only now his lower lip trembled.

Could she? Could she assume that kind of authority?

"Don't worry. That's not what I'm after. I like owning you. But I also want you to know. I want you to understand that you really were a bastard, so you're going to get what you deserve."

For months, she had longed for his attention. Alyssa had stayed awake at night, often wondering what she could have done differently to make him like her. Of course, she knew those thoughts were silly. There was nothing she could do, yet those lingering desires kept running through her body, always there, tantalizing and impossible to ignore.

"You really don't care about me, did you?"

“I enjoyed being with you,” he said. As those words left his lips, he wondered if they would get him some good will. After all, he started to think that maybe he could manipulate her. He had to tell the truth, but every truth could be sculpted for a particular purpose.

Alyssa quickly dashed those hopes with one question, “Why? Tell the truth.”

“Because I always knew you would be there when I got bored or decided I wanted to be with you.”

“So I was a backup?”

“Yes.” As Justin answered, hot frustration flared in his chest. The urge to hit something gripped his hands, but he still couldn’t move.

“You know, that’s not a very nice way to treat people. Apologize.”

“I’m sorry I treated you badly,” he said.

“It’s a shame. I can’t really believe you, not when I’m forcing you to say those words.” She shrugged, like it didn’t really matter. “Fortunately, I still get to punish you.”

This could be considered another part of her experiment, she thought with a brash grin. “Walk over to the armrest and bent forward. I want to see your ass on display.”

She issued those commands, and he felt of them take a hold of his body. He had to ride, more like a passenger than anything else. Still aware of what was going on, he strode over to the couch. He bent forward.

“Cross your wrists,” she ordered.

He complied. Helpless to do anything else, he put himself in that humiliatingly vulnerable position, and she came right up behind him. “Oh, I have some good ideas,” she said. Her fingertips brushed along his skin as she pressed her pelvis up against his ass.

“Have you ever been fucked from behind, Justin?”

“No,” he said with a quiver that made it clear this was the truth.

“Maybe we will have to work on that,” she said. Before he could try to argue or plead with her, Alyssa cocked her hand back. She savored this moment, reveling in her newfound authority. Was he going to just sit there and take it? Her command still lingered, but

she wanted to know if he could resist. Maybe after a few more seconds or enough determination, he would break free. Of course, she could always just order him back into the same spot...

This was fun, a rigged game she couldn't lose. Because he was cute and knew how to manipulate girls, Justin always got whatever he wanted. He could string girls along, teasing them, taunting them. He could entice them, but that was over.

"You're helpless now, aren't you? Tell the truth."

"Yes," he said, his voice straining.

And for his honesty, she rewarded him with a spanking. Her hand impacted the curve of his ass with a loud clap. A gasp of pain escaped his lips. He must have fought to hide it, but he lost the struggle.

"Oh, that was fun," she said after that first experimental strike.

She pulled her arm back.

Since Alyssa hadn't told him to be quiet, he had the opportunity to speak. "Please, don't. Please, you don't need to spank me. I, I'm sorry. I, I have learned my lesson!"

"Have you? Have you really?" Alyssa asked him.

Just as he started to answer, Alyssa smacked his ass again. Her hand flew down hard, a sharp blur. When she felt the impact, she grinned. It hurt him. For her, every blow just left a soft, tingling warmth in the palm of her hand.

"I don't think you have learned your lesson, Justin. But I'm sure after a few weeks or months, you will. By then, I'm sure you'll be eager to just be my slave."

"What, what are you talking about?"

Alyssa's next words surprised her. "Isn't it obvious? I'm going to keep you."

"What? You can't!"

"Sure, I can. That's why you're going to beg for the privilege of becoming my slave. Beg."

"Please. May I please be your slave? Please, I want it. I need it. I need to be your slave. Please, let me be your slave!"

Alyssa let him continue. He babbled on, desperate to be owned. It only stopped when her hand flew down again and she resumed his spanking. Only this time, she didn't just strike once.

Instead, she let loose a flurry, her hand flying down and pulling back, over and over. She soon lost track. Instead, she felt more like an artist as she studied the curves of his buttocks. They turned red. Not only that, she could see those little tendrils of color slide over his flesh.

“Lovely,” she said, an excited grin playing on her face.

“But maybe I should experiment with something else. Oh, I know. How about a hair brush?”

“No! You can’t!”

“Be quiet and just stay still. You know, look pretty.” She giggled, savoring the fact that she could just dismiss him so easily. More than that, she was certain he couldn’t break free.

As she strolled away, Alyssa knew that this was another experiment. What would happen when she left the room? Would he suddenly be able to move on his own again? It was a possibility. After all, when she really thought about this, she had to admit that she didn’t know how it worked. What compelled his obedience? Was it something in the air, something in the water? For all she knew, someone had used a voodoo doll on him, though that didn’t make sense, not when this condition seemed to affect every young man in Crystal Canyon.

Back in her bedroom, she grabbed her brush off of her nightstand. It was heavy and wooden, almost antique. She smacked it against the palm of her hand and enjoyed that brief stinging.

When she came back, she put her hands on her hips.

Sure enough, Justin remained in that same position.

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

“Oh, are you trying to manipulate me again?”

“I’m not! Look, I’m already naked and embarrassed. You’ve already spanked me. You don’t need to do anything else!”

“Actually, I do.”

One question lingered on the air, although Justin refused to ask it. What? What else did she need to do?

She strolled over to him, savoring every long step. She then reached out, gliding her fingertips over his ass and up to the small of his back. He shivered. More than that, little goosebumps appeared over his shoulders.

“Justin, I want to figure out exactly what makes you work. I want to understand what I need to do to own you. I mean, I already have your obedience. You’re like a well-trained dog.”

“No. I’m not. I’m not a dog!”

“Yeah. I think you are. I think you’re just a horny dog.”

“I’m not!” He seethed those words, each one loaded with vehemence.

“Tell me you’re a dog. Tell me you’re nothing but a horny dog.”

“I’m a dog. I’m nothing but a horny dog,” he said, his expression neutral.

“Not bad,” she said, patting him on the back of his head. “But you know, I think you can do better. I think I can train you with commands, but I’m also going to experiment with simple punishments.” Again, those words surprised her. As a young woman, she had always been socialized to be soft and small, innocent and sweet. But now, with this kind of authority, a new side of her personality emerged.

She liked it. She liked it a lot.

“What, what are you going to do?”

She smacked the palm of her hand with the brush again. That same delicious sting ran through her body, though she didn’t imagine he would like it nearly as much. After all, taking on something willingly feels very different from being forced.

And she intended to force him.

“This is the brush,” she explained to him simply.

She stroked the soft, curved wood over his skin. “I like the way you shiver, Justin. It tells me that you really like this.”

“No. I don’t. I don’t like this!” he shot back.

“Tell me you like this. Be energetic.”

“I like this!” Justin called out. As he did so, he sounded like some eager boyfriend desperate for more.

Boyfriend. Slave. She shook her head, marveling at the power of those different words.

“That’s right. You do. So ask me to spank you with this hairbrush.”

“Please, spank me with the hairbrush.”

“Good boy,” she said, patting him on the head again. She cocked her arm back, and then she swung, bringing it down hard. The heavy wood crashed into his buttocks. A gasp of pain escaped his lips. He clenched up, his face tight with frustration.

But he couldn't stop her.

She did it again. She swung down hard, making sure it would sting. He whimpered now, desperate for it to stop.

“You really thought you could sleep with me if you came here, didn't you?”

“Yes,” he said.

“That means you really don't have any respect for me, do you? As far as you're concerned, I'm just an easy target.”

“Yes,” he repeated.

“And that's why you deserve this,” she told him. Alyssa did bother to mask of the glee in her voice.

She spanked him again and again. She swung harder and faster until her arm got tired. The fatigue burned along her bicep, but she loved the pink, then red that glowed from his curves. All the while, he whimpered, hissing quick puffs of air as he tried to keep up with the pain stabbing into him.

Justin could do nothing but fight the agony. It flowed and ebbed, cresting and falling even as it overwhelmed him. Finally, the spanking came to a stop, and she caressed his ass. He shook as though he had been jolted with a burst of electricity.

“Oh, it's not that bad.”

“Please. Please, I don't think I can take any more.”

That was the wrong thing to say.

With a wicked, almost feral grin, she picked up the brush again.

It sounded like applause came from her apartment as she paddled him, using everything she had. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! With every loud clap, agony flashed through his body. His eyes were wet, but he refused to cry. He didn't care what kind of power this girl had over him, he would not succumb.

“Now, are you ready to beg to be my slave?” It was a question, and she didn't force him to say anything.

Justin blinked, understanding what she had in mind.

She wanted this next part to be willing. She wanted him to yield, to just give up and surrender to her.

Justin wished he could be stronger; he wished he could fight back. Unfortunately for him, she had the power. It felt so good. Her entire body seemed to tingle. But there was something else as well, this primal desire echoing through her skin, especially between her legs.

Alyssa didn't mean for this to happen, but she realized something. As a side effect of her experiment, she was wet. Her pussy was drenched...

Breathing out slowly, she considered what she would do.

Normally, she would have taken care of herself, slipping back into her bedroom and hiding under the covers. She would spread her legs and politely slide her fingers over her opening. She would tease herself to completion.

But now, she had her slave boy here.

Alyssa tilted her head to the side. "Would you rather be spanked some more or would you rather go down on me?"

"I'm never going down on you," he vowed.

"Going down on me it is," she said with a giggle.

Alyssa reached under her skirt and grabbed onto her underwear. Swishing her head from side to side, she pulled down her panties. Once she had them, she held them up and brushed them along his face. He caught the aroma of her arousal. It was a scent he would become far more accustomed to, whether he liked it or not.

Alyssa strolled back over to her chair. She sat down and pressed her skirt between her legs.

"Okay, slave. Come back over here. Crawl. Kiss my feet and work your way up between my legs. Then I want you to go down on me. I want you to use your tongue to the best of your ability. Show me that you can be an eager slave boy."

Alyssa blinked as the last of the words left her lips. Had she really said them? Yes.

And they felt good.

Compelled to obey, Justin turned around. He lowered himself back down onto his knees and knuckles. He crawled the short

distance between them. And when he got to her feet, he bowed his head. His lips brushed over her toes. He kissed her shins, then her thighs. Soon, he slid his face up between her legs.

All the while, she watched him.

Alyssa absolutely adored the expression on his face. He seemed content, like this was precisely where he belonged.

Just before his lips brushed over her crevice, she wondered if this would be the next stage of evolution. Maybe men had been given their chance to be in charge, only now nature decided to switch things around. Women would take control; boys would be chattel.

Before she could follow that thought any farther, she felt his tongue as he slid it along her opening. Bright pleasure ran along her body, tingling. It felt electric.

Alyssa had only ever had one other boy go down on her before. He had licked her a few times before darting back up, almost like he couldn't stand it.

Justin, on the other hand, demonstrated exactly what an eager boy could do. He popped his head down and up as he dove deeper, his tongue sliding and slipping left and right, up and down. He made neat little circles that caused her to moan deliciously.

"Oh. Wow. You're good at that. You're so, so good at that," she purred, reveling in every movement and flicker of his tongue.

Bowing her head down, she surrendered to the impulses running through her body. Alyssa clenched her fingers even as she curled her toes. She lifted her knees a little bit higher, giving him even better access. As he massaged her clit, Alyssa savored the heat roiling through her body. It spread along her arms, over her legs. It felt like this spiderweb of pleasure, silken strands of desire tight around her body.

Down on his knees, Justin simply tried to stop. He fought his body, doing everything he could to reclaim some semblance of control.

He found it easy enough to flex his fingers and run his hands over the floor. He could wiggle his toes or curl his feet. He could clench the muscles in his arms and legs, but each time he attempted to pull back or even slow down, he simply failed. His neck started to

hurt, only it seemed as though his body didn't care. It would do anything that she said.

The humiliation simmered through his body as he gave her exactly what she wanted.

Like so many other guys, Justin had fantasized about having some girl who would follow his every command. He would just need to say the words, and his lovely concubine would drop to her knees, eager to suck his cock or massage him however he liked. She would be ready to get down on her back or her hands and knees, her legs spread.

No limits, no boundaries, no objections.

But right there, he found himself in the position of the slave. Slave boy. That's what Alyssa called him.

He tried to yank his head back. It didn't work. He tried to push himself onto his feet. That didn't work either.

The flavor of her excitement was hot on his tongue. All the while, he kept licking, sliding forward and back, down and up, in circles and squares, stars and even little heart shapes.

Pretty soon, Alyssa couldn't take it anymore. She had never experienced anything like this, so the pleasure exploded through her body. Panting, she reveled in the tension as it snapped along every inch of her petite frame.

And when she was done, she shoved him back. Then she ran her fingers through her hair as she looked down at him.

Naked, he stared at her, his expression hard.

"Tell me you enjoyed that."

"I enjoyed that," he replied beautifully.

"And would you like to give me a massage now?"

Justin didn't answer.

That wasn't a problem, not for this girl. She decided to experiment to see what else her new slave boy could do. "That's fine. Tell me you want to give me a massage."

"I want to give you a massage," he said. His lips moved as though they had been programmed.

How was this happening?

Alyssa stood up, and she pulled off her top and her skirt. Naked now, she towered above him. Normally, nudity would have

made her feel vulnerable, as though she had been placed in a state of weakness. Not now. Perhaps never again.

She strolled over to the couch, and she lowered herself onto her stomach. "Crawl over here and massage me, slave boy."

The direct command seized control. He found himself crawling, moving on his knees and knuckles, just the way she expected.

Worse, he raised his hands, and he started to pet her. He worked his fingertips over her skin. Every light, gliding caress made her smile. Soon, she just relaxed into the ease of his hands on her body.

Justin saw an opportunity. What if she fell asleep? Then he could at least sneak out.

Or better yet, he could gag her and tie her up. He could show her what he could do! Hot, jagged anger seemed to grind through his chest. But before she could drift off, she said, "If I fall asleep, I want you to stay there on your knees with your hands behind your back."

And soon enough, she relaxed into the easy warmth of his hands on her body.

Eventually, Justin had to come to one conclusion: she had fallen asleep.

Locking his teeth together, he thought. He fought with every iota of willpower he possessed. He simply needed to remain still; he needed to hold out for just a little while. If he could demonstrate his independence, then maybe he would break free.

He didn't; he couldn't.

Like an obedient slave boy, he fell back onto his haunches, and he crossed his wrists behind his back. Once in this position, he completely lost the ability to move on his own. The fury swirled inside of him, like some angry hurricane. He struggled as hard as he could, at least on the inside. In terms of his exterior, he appeared to be completely and utterly content.

For a long time, she slept.

Justin couldn't even keep track of how much time went by.

His phone rested in the pocket of his discarded pants. There weren't any clocks in front of him, so he just had to wait there like

some unnecessary piece of furniture or an appliance.

Finally, she started to shift. She stretched her arms above her head.

“Oh. There’s my slave boy,” she said.

Now that she woke up, Justin found that he could move again. He didn’t anticipate this. If he had moved more quickly, maybe he could have grabbed her. He could have forced his hand over her mouth, effectively quieting her so that she wouldn’t be able to issue any more orders.

If only...

“Sit, boy,” she said, ordering him around like he was nothing but a dog.

Compelled by the sound of her voice, he remained on his knees. She stood up slowly, and she stretched her hands behind her back. She looked down at him. Just the sight of this young man, so attractive, so strong, degraded and forced into this position was enough to turn her on. Another flicker of desire ran through her body, especially when she studied his naked form.

“You know, I’ve always wondered how your mouth would feel on my chest,” she said. She beckoned him forward with a flick of her fingertip. “Come here. Suck gently right here,” she said, touching a finger to her left nipple.

She issued the command, so he couldn’t disobey.

At least he could walk. He got up, and he marched to her. Then he lowered himself down. Somehow, he couldn’t bring his hand from behind his back, so he had to lean in and do his best to maintain his balance. He wrapped his lips around her nipple, and he gently started to suck. “Oh, that’s nice. That feels really good,” she said to him. “I’m going to get used to having your mouth available for me.”

He needed to argue; he needed to insist that she wouldn’t get away with this. As nice as those thoughts sounded, Justin didn’t know how to make any of them a reality.

For her part, Alyssa just watched him. His head moved down and up gently as he kept his mouth sealed around her breast. He felt so good, especially when she decided to reach down and stroke him. Her fingers lightly touched his scrotum, then the base of his shaft.

She dragged her fingertips up to his tip. Within the span of just two or three seconds, he hardened.

He couldn't help himself.

Maybe Justin thought he could do better. Maybe he was the kind of guy who would always crave more female attention, but those impulses had become utterly irrelevant. She had him, and she wasn't going to let him go.

Worse, she could make him enjoy it.

Another dose of humiliation slammed into him. He was supposed to be better than this; he was supposed to be better than her!

She wrapped her fingers around his shaft, and she squeezed gently, just enough to make him moan even as he kept sucking like a good slave boy.

"Switch," she commanded.

"No. I'm not going to—" Justin fought to say as his head moved, seemingly of its own accord. He lowered his face back down, and then his lips tightened around her other nipple, just that she had desired.

He sucked gently, working his mouth and lips, over that pressure point. He serviced her, using everything he had.

All the while, Alyssa savored those sensations. More than that, she loved having his most precious body part literally in the palm of her hand. She squeezed and stroked, running her fingers down and up, just to watch the chagrin play out on his face.

He opened his eyes and looked up at her.

Eye contact only further humiliated him.

Good!

"That's enough for now," she finally said. She could have climaxed again, but she didn't want to. Instead, she expected to feel his fingertips on her skin. "Massage me."

"Fine," he growled even as he moved to obey. It made Justin feel a little bit better to think he was doing this on his own.

As she sat up and straightened her back, he positioned himself behind her. He started with her shoulders, pinching them. "Lighter," she commanded.

At once, his grip loosened, and he started to glide his fingertips over her skin. He effectively petted her, working his digits

down the contours of her shoulders toward the soft curves of her back.

“Oh, that feels really good. You’re good at this, Justin. I think we have found your talent.”

“I’m going to make you pay for this,” he said. On some level, he knew that antagonizing her had to be a bad idea, but Justin didn’t care. Although he appeared complacent, the aggression surged through his body. He wanted to jump, to snap, to attack. He needed to fight something. He yearned to break something.

But her commands kept him right there, docile and obedient.

Perhaps if he could figure out what was causing this, then maybe he would be able to break her hold. And yet, Justin had never heard of anything like this ever happening. If anyone had suggested the possibility that a girl could just order a boy around, it would have sounded utterly insane. Was it an environmental factor? Maybe he’d picked something up on his trip back to Crystal Canyon?

It seemed just as likely for him to believe that he had been somehow hypnotized. Maybe he had been kidnapped and reprogrammed, subliminally trained and then ordered to forget all of it.

No. That’s not what happened here. And yet, Justin couldn’t figure any of it out.

“Tell me what you’re thinking, slave boy.”

“I was trying to figure out what caused all of this.”

“Oh, you don’t want to think about that. Think about something else. Think about how much you want to have sex with me.”

His cock immediately hardened as he pictured himself on top of her.

“Tell me how you imagine it.”

“You’re on your back, and I’m on top of you, pounding into you,” he said. His cock twitched, and he nearly climaxed right there. He had to exhale through his teeth to keep that embarrassing occurrence at bay.

“No, no,” she said with a giggle. He continued to pet her, massaging her back and shoulders. “That’s not how it works. Try again.”

He stared at the back of her head. Justin was almost entranced by the curves of her hair and the way the light glimmered off of her soft tresses. Even so, she had given him an order, so he needed to obey.

“You’re on your hands and knees,” he said.

Justin meant to say more, but she just giggled again. “Nope. That’s not how this works, not anymore,” she said.

He stopped. He still felt the urge to speak, like he had to say something, only now he didn’t know what. His thoughts immediately jumped, only now he saw a different image in his imagination.

Oh no.

Justin fought it. He battled with everything he had. Struggling to keep his mouth still and his throat silent, he worked hard to just hold those words back. It didn’t work. His best efforts didn’t stop him for half a second.

“I’m on my back, and you’re holding me down. You’re on top, and you ride me until I can’t take it anymore.”

“Actually, you can always take it,” she said. “It’s really just a question of when I give you permission. Isn’t that right, slave boy?”

He ached to tell her that he wasn’t a slave boy, that he would never be a slave boy!

“Yes. Fine,” he said. He hated himself for giving up so easily, but Justin couldn’t just argue with her either.

“In fact, I think you need to go on a little shopping trip tonight.”

“What do you—?”

“Quiet,” she said. “I’m not done enjoying my massage.”

Like an obedient slave boy, he closed his mouth and continued to work. Diligence and obedience, he behaved like every other young man in Crystal Canyon when confronted with a girl willing to order him around.

This became much more common in Crystal Canyon. Before the young men suddenly lost of their free will, the local sex shop didn’t do a great business. There were some couples who would stop by, and lots of college kids. Unfortunately for the proprietor, the college students just enjoyed walking around, examining the different

movies, toys, and costumes. For the most part, they would giggle, maybe point something out, and then retreat quickly.

But now, business was booming.

Boys like Justin had been ordered to go retrieve specific items. They knew exactly what they “wanted,” and they quickly grabbed the required items before paying and disappearing back out onto the street.

In fact, Justin only spent about ten minutes there. He searched, his eyes roaming over the different possibilities before he found what he had been ordered to retrieve. Then he paid and he left.

That’s why he found himself standing in front of her front door again. He knocked, and she answered quickly. “Come in,” she said.

He opened the door and stepped across the threshold. He held up the black, plastic baggie. “I have what you want,” he said.

“That’s nice. Strip for me first. Do it slowly, Justin. I want to enjoy the show.”

His expression remained neutral as he pulled off his shirt and his pants, shoes and socks. He moved with a mechanical grace, more like an automaton than a real person.

For her part, Alyssa didn’t mind. She just admired his muscles, the width of his shoulders, and the strength he conveyed. Even as a slave boy, he seemed strong, almost like a beautiful beast of burden.

“Very nice,” she said, nodding to herself. “Now, crawl over here and kiss my feet. Then tell me you got everything I told you about.”

Justin lowered himself down onto his hands and knees. Naked, he felt more like a dog or an animal. That was too bad for him. She had given him orders, so he complied as her power stole away his control.

He crawled. He soon found himself at her feet. When he looked up, he saw that she wore nothing but her panties. She grinned down at him as he lowered his lips to her toes.

“Good boy,” she said. As he kissed her feet, she ran her fingers through his soft hair. It felt nice, like petting a stuffed animal

or a dog. Having that absolute control definitely turned her on as well. Flickers of desire quickly kindled into something more.

“Follow me,” she said. She slid up from the spot on the couch. Without asking, she grabbed the bag and strolled into the bedroom. With a glance over her shoulder, she had to wonder how the future might shape up if this continued.

A newfound confidence spread through her. If she encountered Justin, or even any other male for that matter in an office, she would have no problem taking control, ordering him around. This power tasted good to her. More than that, it only increased her appetite.

She opened the door into her small bedroom. “Get on your hands and knees,” she ordered.

“What, what are you going to do?” Justin asked even as he moved to follow her commands.

Naked, he crawled up onto her bed. He lowered himself down onto his hands and knees.

“Spread your legs,” she said it, satisfied as he did just that.

Rather than answer, she opened up the bag and rifled through the contents. She pulled out one item, then another. She decided to start with the lubricant. She read the label, checking the directions. Yeah, it was simple enough.

Then, with a wicked grin on her lips, she opened the other package. “This is going to be so much fun. I like knowing that we get to switch roles, Justin. This was how you wanted it, right? Me on my hands and knees while you penetrated me from behind?”

Justin didn’t have to answer, so he kept his mouth shut. He stayed there, braced and quiet, just like a good boy.

She laughed, savoring his reticence. “It’s okay if you’re shy. I bet you’ve never been penetrated like this before.”

She dumped the contents of the bag onto the bed, and he couldn’t help himself. He looked. His eyes roamed over at the dildo and the strap-on harness. Soon enough, she would wear those items, and then she would come at him from behind, penetrating him. She would turn him into the girl...

“Are you ready?”

“Please, don’t do this,” he said. “Please, I can go down on you again. I can do whatever you want!”

“But Justin,” she said, reaching out and gliding her fingertips along his cheek, down to the underside of his chin. “This is *exactly* what I want.”

Justin struggled, fighting hard to tense his muscles, to get his body to obey. He worked, only none of the signals seemed to reach his hands or his legs. He remained there, braced and vulnerable, poised to be taken.

Making this even more difficult for the slave boy, he had to listen as she opened up the package. She tore through the box, removing the dildo first. Rather than just set it aside, she used it, touching the silicone tip to the nape of his neck and dragging it down along his back.

Alyssa loved the way he shivered. He didn’t say anything, yet the outrage seemed to spill off of him with every breath. He struggled to maintain some veneer of stoicism, but she could read him easily.

“You don’t like the idea of being a girl, do you?” Alyssa asked, just because she wanted to deride him some more.

Silence.

“Answer me. You don’t like the idea of being a girl, do you?”

“No,” he said truthfully. “I’m not a girl. I should be behind you or on top of you.”

“I’m sure that’s exactly how you feel,” she said. She looked down at the dildo in her hand once again. She admired of the soft curves, almost like a human form. “Suck this,” she said.

His eyes widened with shock, except his disbelief really didn’t matter. Her words took control of his body, so he wrapped his lips around the length even as she pushed it forward. He sucked on the artificial cock. She moved it forward and back, thrusting it deep into his mouth and almost to down his throat.

“There we go. That’s right. Show me how you can be a slut.”

He growled like a wild animal desperate for escape, yet her previous commands still bound him. They held him in that spot, on all fours.

Once she was satisfied that the dildo was thoroughly wet with his saliva, she let go. “Keep that in your mouth.” The command kept

him from spitting it out, no matter how much he may have wanted to.

Alyssa pulled off her panties. She pulled on the harness. For a few more seconds, she admired Justin. To think, just a few hours before her experiment, he had been the strong-willed, independent young man who thought he could get away with whatever he wanted. Things certainly had changed.

She wondered if she should post some videos online, just so other girls would be able to figure out how to deal with boys like him.

With a roll of her shoulders, she just grinned, savoring the fact that this was her choice to make.

Alyssa pulled the dildo from his mouth. She slid it into the harness, securing it with a click. From there, she pulled out the bottle of lubricant, and she asked him, "Do you want to beg for some of this? If not, it's only going to be your saliva."

When he didn't answer at first, she figured that he planned on remaining silent, like he could just put up with this or anything else.

Right before she started to move, however, Justin spoke up, "Please."

"What was that?"

He clearly hated every second of this, but Justin didn't want to feel the dildo slide into him without any lube. "Please, please put some lubricant on it."

"No. But I'll put it on you," she said.

Immediately, he started to mumble and stutter, begging her not to. He didn't want to feel her fingers right there at his opening.

Too bad.

Alyssa already made her choice. She squirted some of the viscous lubricant onto her fingertips. Then she rubbed it around his opening. She went deeper and deeper, all while Justin bowed his head down. His cheeks turned a flaming shade of red. He hated this. He hated the fact that she could keep him still, utterly paralyzed. He felt like a prisoner within his own body, and now she went deeper. She used one finger, then two. She made sure that his entrance had become nice and slick. Then, without any sort of announcement, Alyssa took what she wanted. She had her hands in his hips, and she thrust forward, aiming that tip right for his opening.

He felt the sliding, silicone mass as it pushed into him. He gritted his teeth. He was not going to say anything, only she grabbed him by the back of his hair and pulled, raising his head. He stared at the ceiling even as he listened to her laughter. “, That’s good. That’s really good,” she said, surprised at herself. Alyssa didn’t think this would be anything more than a chance to humiliate him, but she loved the pressure against her pubis.

Before she knew it, she set a rhythm, working her hips forward and back. She undulated with her body, enjoying every moment of this.

His eyes were wet as tears of frustration threatened to break from the corners of their confinement. Taking one breath after another, panting and gasping, he refused to break. He wouldn’t give her the satisfaction!

Alyssa wasn’t paying attention to his expression. Instead, she reveled in this power. She didn’t know how much of her arousal came from having him in this position, but it felt incredible. With every moment, she slid forward and back, knowing that he felt completely degraded.

“And to think,” she said, “This is what you wanted to do to me.” She giggled and shook her head.

Justin tried to say something, only she cut him off with a quick slap of her hand against his backside. She struck hard enough to leave a handprint.

“This is how your world works now, Justin. You get to do whatever I want whenever I want. I get to play with you and use you. I can use your mouth or your hands. Maybe I will play with your cock. What you think of that, Justin? Do you like knowing that you’re my toy now? Do you like knowing you belong to me? Tell the truth.”

“I hate it!” He cried out those words, each one punctuated with fresh desperation.

Alyssa wasn’t surprised. If anything, that confirmation just made her grin. She wore that impish expression as she started to move faster. Bucking her hips required more energy than she expected, but she enjoyed it. With every rhythmic thrust, she claimed him as her own.

To think, she had always fantasized about him being her boyfriend. In reality, he was so much better as her slave.

“Thank me,” she ordered.

And just like that, his lips started to move, his throat vibrating as he said, “Thank you!”

“Why are you thanking me?”

Justin sealed his lips. He would not give her the satisfaction of hearing him come up with some BS point.

“Thank me for owning you. Thank me for training you. Thank me for putting you in your place.” As she finished her commands, Alyssa stopped. She had the dildo wedged deep in his ass.

“Thank you for owning me,” he said. It felt as though the words had to be torn from his mouth. “Thank you for training me. Thank you for putting me in my place.” His fingertips shivered as he said those words.

“Good boy,” she said as she started pumping him again, quick, fast movements that proved she could do whatever she liked.

He had become chattel, something she could own. And she loved it. Every moment reinforced her authority. She worked him, claiming him. And pretty soon, she realized she was on the verge of her own orgasm. She didn’t think this was possible, but she kept with it. She worked him as he growled and whimpered.

“Maybe we’ll do this every week, maybe every day,” she said with a giggle. “Or think about this. I might show you off to my friends. How would you feel if some of them watched? You know, just so that it’s clear you are owned.”

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

She smacked his ass again, so he got quiet like a good boy.

“Don’t be silly,” she said.

Another couple of seconds of that rhythmic, pulsating movement, and she came. The orgasm felt different, this flutter of sensation that reverberated through her body. It felt wonderful, hot pleasure coursing through her skin. Then she pulled back and fell onto her side.

“Good boy,” she said.

Resting and relaxing, Alyssa enjoyed herself. But for his part, he remained on his hands and knees. Trapped on all fours, he had to wait for that moment when she would give him permission to move or at least assume a different posture.

“That was good. That was really good,” she said. “In fact, I think you deserve a reward now.”

Still, he couldn't move.

“Lay down on your stomach, Justin.”

He lowered himself down. He rested, relaxing his hands at his sides.

“That reminds me. Did you get the collar?”

He didn't answer; he didn't want to. She glanced over at the corner of the bed where she had discarded the contents of his bag. Sure enough, she found that black leather collar engraved with five letters: SLAVE.

“You should probably try to improve your attitude, Justin. If I decide I don't like the way you behave, I might just make you wear this every day. That way, everyone will know who and what you are.”

His eyes opened, going wide. He knew he could speak, but he chose not to because he didn't think it would make any difference. This girl wanted to tease him and humiliate him. She would do it no matter how he reacted. Even so, his heart beat faster at the thought of wearing something like that.

“Just think about it. You could enroll in school, and I could just lead you around on a leash. You could carry my books for me. Whenever I need something, I'll snap my fingers, and you'll rush to obey. I'm sure all of my friends will be so jealous!”

“No. Please, don't.”

“Then you had better behave yourself,” she said.

She held up the collar, letting it dangle in front of him. Then, she just hooked it up around his neck. She pulled up on the two ends, latching them together. “From now on, you aren't allowed to touch your collar or take it off without permission.”

Perhaps Justin imagined it, but could almost feel the programming take a hold of his body and mind.

“Now, that reward...”

Justin didn't know what to expect, but she reached down and started to pet him. She ran her fingers along his ass, up his back, all the way to his collared neck. "Slavery is going to become the new normal," she said. "From what I understand, this thing, whatever it is, is only affecting the young men like you, but it will be hard to keep this from spreading."

Justin didn't say anything. He refused to think about what this might mean. Only one thing was certain: he wouldn't like it.

Unless they found a cure, his life would change radically. When he swallowed, he felt the collar, which only seemed to prove that point perfectly.

"Don't worry. If I have to keep you as my slave boy, I will take very good care of you. I won't punish you unless you deserve it, and I will make sure that none of the other girls are mean to you. That'll be my job!" Alyssa laughed like she was joking.

"Please. Look, I know I was a jerk, but you can't do this to me."

"Can't I?" Alyssa asked.

Justin didn't have a good answer for that. Even so, he pressed his lips together, and he tried to think this through. "You cared about me, right?"

Again, she answered with another question, "What makes you think that I don't care about you now?"

"You put a slave collar on me."

"Yeah?"

After a few more seconds, she tilted her head to the side and looked down at him. "Just relax."

At first, Justin wanted to jump up. He wanted to grab this girl and throw her onto her back, but he couldn't. Even so, he began to relax after a few more seconds. This girl knew how to touch him. As her fingers slid down his back toward his ass all over his legs, it felt good. Warm, soft pleasure simmered through his body.

Even if he had been violated from behind, Justin stopped worrying about it.

Instead, he closed his eyes. He didn't need to cling to his anger, not at that moment.

“There we go,” she said, sensing the shift in his muscles. The tension started to disappear. “That’s right. Just relax.”

This odd, serene contentment filled him. He relaxed, and he still understood all of his problems, but they seemed academic and intellectual, just abstract and theoretical. Did he really need to worry about his position?

No. Of course not.

“There we go. Just relax,” she said again.

Up until this point in her life, Alyssa never imagined she had a particularly potent libido. Unlike so many of the guys she encountered in Crystal Canyon, she didn’t feel horny all the time. She didn’t have any wild attraction to anyone besides Justin. But now, as she stroked him and reveled in her newfound authority, she could feel another wave of heat begin to coalesce at her center.

It radiated out from that spot just below her belly. Her pussy was getting wet again, and she started to shift.

After taking Justin, she thought she would be done. But then, she told him to roll over. As he obeyed like a well-trained dog, she absentmindedly stroked his cock, her fingers brushing over his scrotum toward his tip. He hardened almost immediately.

“I think we are to done playing,” she said to him. “I think someone wants an orgasm. Is that right, Justin?”

He pressed his lips together because he couldn’t decide what to do. As he tried to figure something out, her fingers continued to tease him. They danced along his erection. Pretty soon, he could feel that heat run through his body, this primal itch that he couldn’t simply ignore.

“Or if you like, I could just have you stand in the corner for the next few hours and think about your new status.”

Justin was about to say that he didn’t have a new status, only she wrapped her fingers around his cock and squeezed. That gentle pressure almost pushed him to the edge. He nearly climaxed right there, spurting his load.

“Tell me what you want.”

“I want to have sex with you,” he said, arching his back as she touched him. Every teasing rub of her fingertips over his skin made it harder and harder to think.

“Yes, you do,” she said. “You really, really want to have sex right now. I can see it in your eyes. So all you have to do is beg.” To that wasn’t a command.

Something inside of Justin broke. This wasn’t about her authority. Instead, it morphed into something else. He looked up at her as she grinned. “Please, please have sex with me. Please, can have sex?”

“Stay on your back. Cross your hands over your head.”

He obeyed.

But this time, he tried to follow those commands before his natural instincts took over. Even if this had been some other city and he had been allowed control over his body, Justin still would have followed her orders.

She looked down at him. She lowered herself so that she could rub her breasts over his cock. He felt her nipples, and the soft give of her flesh. His breathing sped up even further. His heart was pounding now. She positioned herself above him. She straddled him. She rubbed her pussy along his cock without actually taking him.

“From now on, this is how we will have sex. I will be on top and where will you be?”

“On my back, where I belong,” he said. Justin couldn’t even explain where those words came from. They just felt right. They just felt natural, especially with her poised above him.

She laughed. “That’s right! Good boy!”

“What are you?”

“I, I’m your slave,” he said, lifting his head and moaning those words.

“That’s right.” She lowered herself down, taking his cock into her wet opening. Her breathing caught in her throat. This felt amazing. She had imagined sex with Justin so many times before, but never like this. She took command of his body, especially as she started to ride him, working her hips up and down. She savored everything he had to give her.

She giggled, and his eyes got wide. What was she thinking?

Alyssa decided to let him know, “When I invited you over here, I thought it was just going to be an experiment. I had no idea this would turned into an entirely new relationship for us!”

He tried to shake his head, but she reached down with her free hand, her fingers braced against his collar. “Justin, this is how things will work from now on. Isn’t that right?”

He nodded his head as she rode him, working her pussy along the length of his shaft. Lowering herself down, she clenched, squeezing him. He couldn’t take it anymore! He started to climax! For her part, she used him, going up and down, taking his shaft like he was nothing but a sex toy there for her amusement. She cried out, throwing her head back. Her hair splashed against her shoulders and the nape of her neck. Everything turned to incandescent pleasure. And when she finished, she looked down at her slave boy.

“Say it.”

“I’m yours.”

“And?”

“I’ll always be yours,” he promised.

This experiment could be counted as a success...One that girls all across Crystal Canyon could perform with their own boyfriends, friends, and the cute guys who *used* to feel like they could be in charge.

The End

Vanessa's Revenge

Three years ago, when Vanessa first heard about Crystal Canyon, many of her teachers and even some of her friends warned her about that place. They told her that working in a mining town could be difficult. Sure, the city was booming, but the population was mostly male. If she went, she was going to face a great deal of sexism and misogyny. The men there wouldn't respect her or her degree.

Good.

Vanessa had been naïve and eager, thinking that she could handle all of the arrogant, male aggression in the world. She got hired by one of the leading firms because of her stellar grades and impeccable publications. She knew a lot about the mining industry, even if she never got her hands dirty. Her analyses and models were very valuable, so she was quickly hired on with a local consulting firm.

While there, she met Gavin.

Young and handsome, he sauntered around the office in his expensive suits. Older than her by a year or two, he knew so much. He understood office politics, math, economic forecasts, and people. Gavin was the kind of guy who could stroll into any conference room and quickly convince everyone there that he knew exactly what he was doing. More often than not, he had to make up things as he went, but no one else would have known.

Just as importantly, he took a special interest in Vanessa.

At first, they only discussed business. When he first asked her out for coffee, she was a little bit wary, thinking that maybe this would lead to a date or something. She didn't want to mix her personal and professional lives, but she agreed to go out with him anyway. And that afternoon, they talked about nothing but business. It was refreshing and intellectually stimulating.

Maybe all of her mentors and friends had been wrong about Crystal Canyon. Maybe the men in this area were really evolved.

Then one day, she arrived early at work, and he showed up at her cubicle.

“You’re looking lovely today,” he said.

Vanessa looked up at him, suddenly nervous. There was something about his gaze. It seemed completely different from their previous conversations. He was no longer looking at her like she was an equal or someone who might have something fascinating or intellectually relevant to contribute. Instead, his eyes locked on the swell of her breasts, and the curves of her legs.

For the first time, she regretted her choice of a skirt. Was it too short? No. She wasn’t going to let herself think that way!

“I don’t think my appearance is relevant,” she said icily.

Gavin leaned in. He was so utterly confident and cocky. “Actually, it is. I’m not sure if you know this, but you were hired partially based on your looks. You’re a sexy girl. There’s nothing wrong with that. You should be proud of all of your attributes.”

Vanessa’s lips parted; she couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

“This is inappropriate,” she said, thinking that she was going to go talk to someone in Human Resources.

“Trust me, you don’t want a bad reputation, not here. You have so much potential, Vanessa. Maybe we should go out again?”

The idea made her stomach ripple with disgust, at least what she thought about this from a professional perspective. She found herself glancing up again, only to feel herself ensnared by the simple fact that he was very handsome. There was something about the lines of his face, the darkness in his eyes, and the shine of his hair. She started to wonder what it would be like to kiss him.

For the first time, Vanessa realized that she hadn’t gone out on a real date since she graduated from college.

Swallowing back her trepidation, she shook her head. “No. I’m not going to do it.”

“You sure about that? It would be unfortunate if your career here came to an end so abruptly.”

“Are you threatening to fire me?” Vanessa asked, thinking that this could be grounds for a sexual harassment claim.

“No,” he said, though she could tell he was lying.

“Just think about it, babe.”

Babe.

She heard that word, and she wanted to leap up and slap him hard across the face. She imagined what it would look like if her nails slashed across his cheek. It wouldn't cause any real damage, but those scratches would make it clear that he couldn't intimidate her or manipulate her.

Then he walked away, just as confident as always.

Vanessa sat in her chair for several minutes. Then an email arrived in her inbox.

What's it going to be? The message came from Gavin.

She spent the rest of the day thinking about it.

Vanessa really had no idea what she was supposed to do in this situation. Sure, she could go to someone in Human Resources, but she understood how this company worked. People had warned her, after all. More than that, she was one of the very few female professionals in the company. There were plenty of secretaries and assistants, but Vanessa was the only one who really contributed to the important decisions and discussions.

Her lungs clenched at the thought of giving up or just quitting.

She tapped her fingers against the desk.

Little by little, she convinced herself that she wanted to do this.

Maybe it sounded crazy, but she thought that if she spent some extra time with Gavin, she would be able to get the upper hand. It was a nice idea.

She sent him a message, and they decided to meet at a nearby bar. They chatted and flirted. They argued with one another just a little bit. She could see that she held his attention and enticed him. More than that, his eyes kept sweeping down toward her cleavage. She had chosen a tight top, something revealing and sexy. It felt like a second skin on her. Plus, with her short skirt, she managed to show off the best parts of her thighs.

If the men and Crystal Canyon wanted to be aggressive and pretend that sexual harassment didn't exist, then she could use her own appearance as a weapon. She imagined herself tricking this boy, teaching him to eat out of the palm of her hand. He could

imagine himself as some wild predator, but he was a boy, and every male could be manipulated. Or so she wanted to believe.

So Vanessa went out with him.

As they chatted, she decided to be aggressive. She reached out and touched his hand. There was a little spark, literally, the snap static electricity. He continued to chat with her, teasing and flirting with her.

He complemented her, talking about her lovely eyes and her magnetic personality. "When I'm around you, I can't quite think clearly," he said.

That was exactly what Vanessa wanted to hear. She needed to imagine herself as powerful and sexually charged.

A little while later, she found herself back at his apartment. She didn't have to cross that threshold; she didn't have to walk through his door. But then, they were kissing, it felt good. All of her misgivings faded away, replaced by the arousal running through her body.

It felt good to have his hands on her thighs, on her ass. She loved the way her body molded to his and how he kissed her. With every second, the heat spiraled through her body, turning her on more and more. This was incredible, wonderful, precisely what she needed.

Guiding her expertly, Gavin brought her back into his bedroom. She fell onto the mattress, and then he was on top of her. His eyes blazed as he looked down at her. "You're so beautiful," he said.

Coming from another guy, those words would have seemed cheesy or pathetic somehow. But when Gavin said them, he knew exactly how to own them.

For some reason, she wanted to giggle, only then his hand glided down beneath her skirt, and he was stroking her knee, then her inner thigh. His fingers got closer and closer to her panties.

Her mouth started to get dry, like she couldn't really think clearly. With every inhaled gasp of air, she savored the heat of his body.

She started to push him away, just to see what would happen. He grabbed her wrists and pinned her. That triggered something else

in her. It seemed primordial and irresistible. She didn't feel like a young analyst or the kind of girl who wanted to be an executive someday. No, she was a female, and there was this perfect specimen poised on top of her.

He kissed her again, his lips warm and firm. Then he leaned in, and now he kissed her neck. He grazed his teeth over her skin. It was incredible.

Vanessa tried to think about taking control. She wanted to tease him, right? She was supposed to show him that she was in charge. All those nice ideas began to buckle, fracture, shatter, then fade away. No, this was too good.

Although he pulled one hand away from her wrist, she kept her arms above her head, as though she had been tied down. Vanessa couldn't quite explain it. Maybe it was simply the power of her arousal. All of her desires came together, and now she enjoyed the way that he stimulated her.

With his free hand, he ran his digits up and down the length of her slit. He hadn't reached into her panties yet, but she still started to moan. Little gasps of desperation morphed into something louder and faster.

"You like that, don't you?"

"Yes!"

"You horny slut," she heard it.

Vanessa's eyes widened, and she wanted to get offended, only he pressed down again, and she could feel her juices soak into her panties.

You horny slut. He had said those words to her, right?

Despite her arousal, indignation stabbed into her. But then, maybe she just imagined those words. Maybe she hadn't really heard him say them, especially because he was stroking her now, a steady rhythm, his fingers moving up and down. At the same time, he continued to lick and gently suck on her neck. All of the attention made her want to moan.

She easily discarded those words.

You horny slut.

They didn't seem important, not anymore. Maybe later she would decide that she cared.

“More,” she said.

She thought she heard him chuckle. Was he laughing at her? Yes.

For a man like Gavin, this was so easy. As far as he was concerned, women were always easy to manipulate. They had all of these insecurities, these needs that could be tweaked and pressed, making sure they responded in just the right way. A girl like Vanessa might want to think that she was independent and strong willed, but she could be nudged in the right direction with a smile, a complement, maybe an insult.

At this point, he didn't really care. He continued to finger her, stroking her, his digits moving faster and faster. Just as she was about to climax, he pulled his hand away, and then he withdrew his hand from beneath her skirt.

Kneeling, he sat up, and Vanessa stared at him with utter confusion on her face.

Before she could say anything, his hand shot underneath her skirt and grabbed her panties. He pulled them down along the length of her legs, uncovering her sex. And just like that, he unzipped his pants.

She saw his shaft. She felt as though he was taking something from her, but Vanessa couldn't worry about that. As the desires raced through her body, she watched as he came forward again, only this time he kissed her and the tip of his cock pressed up against her pussy.

“Yes. Please,” she said because he kept teasing her. His member moved along her opening, lightly gliding, and she really needed to feel that strength and solidity. She wanted the tumescence of his cock deep inside of her.

Her fingers pushed down into the palms of her hands as the desperation mounted.

“Please! Please, take me!”

She sounded like some damsel in distress in some stupid fairytale, but she couldn't make herself care. This felt good, way too good. More. She needed more!

He pulled back just enough to look down into her eyes, and she found that condescending grin right there on his face.

Vanessa felt like she had been played. All of her plans came rushing back, reminding her of how badly she had failed, but then he pushed down, thrusting into her.

All of her longings tightened into pleasure. The tension worked through her body, pulling her nerves taut—and she loved it. Vanessa craved more; even as she breathed heavily, panting through the sensations pulsating within her body, she waited for that moment of completion.

Gavin pushed down, thrusting into her hard. He was on top of her, he held her down, he could have done whatever he wanted with her. They both knew it.

You horny slut. Those words kept reverberating behind her eyes, echoing with the truth. She felt dirty, but she liked it. She wasn't supposed to be this kind of girl. Throughout her life, she had yearned to be an ardent feminist. Even before she understood what those words meant, she had always wished to be the aggressive girl on the playground, the one who could boss anyone else around.

But now, she found herself on her back, pinned and helpless. Tentatively, she tried to push up against him, only to feel his strength.

Something occurred to her. Just as he pushed down, one thought shot through her mind. This was biology: evolution. Something within her DNA made her crave this kind of attention.

Maybe that really did make her into nothing but a horny slut.

He pushed down, his shaft strong and hard as he stretched the walls of her opening. Then he pushed in, going deeper. He started to pull back. Some part of her worried that he might try to withdraw entirely. But now, he shoved into her again. With every movement, every undulation of his hips, she whimpered again and again.

Yes. This was evolution. She had been designed for this. She was supposed to be a girl, obedient, a plaything. She could be taken. This man was bigger than her and stronger than her, so he could take her if that's what he wanted. She was just lucky to have been chosen.

Even as those thoughts played out behind her eyes, Vanessa hated them. Something told her that this was wrong. It felt right, but it

couldn't be accurate. She was supposed to be an intelligent, articulate young woman.

He continued to work her, hard and fast, one thrust after another. As he did, Vanessa gave in. Pretty soon, she stopped thinking altogether because it was easier that way.

Only then, she came closer and closer to an orgasm.

"Now," Gavin growled into her ear.

For a second, Vanessa didn't comprehend what he meant, not until his shaft began to pulsate. With every swift movement of his body against hers, the grinding friction pressed her closer and closer to an orgasm.

Everything morphed.

When the pleasure cascaded through her body, reaching a crescendo, she let out a keening wail of satisfaction. It felt so good! This was what she wanted. This was what she needed.

No.

She flashed back to her original plans, to somehow seduce this man and wrap him around her little finger, to seize control.

He pulled off of her. He looked down into her eyes, and he asked, "Do you want some money for a taxi?"

Vanessa had been used.

Over and over again, she tried to shake that idea from her head. She reminded herself that she was an adult, so she could go have sex if she wanted. She could enjoy herself. It was her prerogative. And yet, Gavin had been such a cliché, a handsome, alpha male who could seduce any girl.

She felt like a fool.

Other girls were supposed to be seduced. Other girls were supposed to be the bad examples, not Vanessa. With her good grades, her impeccable resume, and her letters of recommendation, she was supposed to be a paragon of feminist ambition.

But she had let some guy at work trick her.

She had agreed, obviously, but she still felt like some idiot. When she first started working at the firm, she overheard a couple of assistants bragging about their boyfriends in Crystal Canyon. They were debating who would get married first and who had the better

guy. Of course, it came down to a question of how much money he would make.

Vanessa had been completely disgusted by that conversation, and now she felt just as dumb as those girls.

She had to get a handle on this.

That's why, the next day, she marched into Gavin's office. She didn't wait to get permission from his secretary, and she slammed the door. It felt good, especially as she glared at him. "We need to talk about last night."

"It was fun, but I'm afraid that it means your employment here is no longer appropriate."

What?

As Vanessa processed those words, she considered one simple fact. She had marched in there, thinking she would threaten him with a visit to Human Resources, or she might even quit.

But right there, he made it clear in one sentence that she was fired.

Vanessa needed to believe that she was strong-willed and capable of rolling through any complication. But right then, she could only stammer out one word, "Wh-what?" Her brain refused to process the word correctly.

Gavin got up, and he strolled over to her. "Young lady, I'm very sorry about this, but I don't feel your continued employment here would really make sense. Don't worry. Some of the other engineering firms are hiring. I can make some calls if you like."

All of her venom dissipated, vanishing as he turned around and walked back to his desk. "You can leave now," he said.

Strangely enough, Vanessa did exactly what he wanted.

After that, Vanessa seriously thought about leaving Crystal Canyon. It would've been easy to move to another city, somewhere more evolved. And yet, she kept thinking about her old bravado. She really wanted to believe that she would be strong enough and smart enough to make it in this mining city.

But how could she do that when the men wouldn't take her seriously?

Worse, she wondered what Gavin was going to say.

The city had several significantly sized companies, but she also knew that the male employees would talk, chat, and brag. If she applied somewhere else, she would definitely get a reputation.

The guys there would assume that she was nothing but a horny slut.

“You horny slut,” Gavin had said to her. At the time, she had liked it.

But now she felt enraged. She didn’t know if she felt more disappointed in her boss or herself. Either way, she had to do something about it.

Unfortunately, there just weren’t any options. She had enough money saved up to hang out in the city for a little while, but she was going to need another job. Considering her training, she could make a lot of money, but only if she could get hired. Occasionally, at her darkest moments, she wondered if she should have taken Gavin up on his offer to help her find more work.

Then she would snort, disgusted, and she would start thinking about what else she might be able to do. Leaving was probably the wisest move. Someday, she might be able to track him down again and flaunt her success. Because really, that seemed like her only option, at least until Kelly called her up.

“You have to come over right now. There’s something I need to show you.”

“I’m really not the mood,” Vanessa had said. She and Kelly had been friends since Vanessa had first moved to Crystal Canyon. It was easy enough, considering that there just weren’t very many females around. Unless Vanessa wanted to talk about football or video games, she needed some female companionship.

“Okay, I get that. I know you’re going through a hard time, but I really, really need your help with something.”

“What is it?”

“It’s Mitchell.” Her boyfriend.

Considering her single status and what had just happened, Vanessa shivered at the thought of any guy. “What about him?” Kelly was a big girl; she should have been able to take her boyfriend to the hospital if something was wrong.

“Look, I’m just worried I’m going crazy or something.”

“Why?”

“There’s something wrong with him. I think I’m not sure. I guess there’s something wrong with him. Or maybe not?”

“Kelly, you aren’t making any sense.” As she paced back and forth in her apartment’s small living room, Vanessa rubbed the ridge of her nose as she tried to fight off a headache. “What’s going on?”

“Please, just come over. I have something I have to show you!”

As Vanessa drove over to Kelly’s apartment, she seriously thought about just leaving town. Sure, she hadn’t packed, she had no plans, and no place to sleep, but it would’ve been easy. She could have continued straight down the highway, straight out of Crystal Canyon, never to return.

But no. Like so many other women out in the world, she felt like she had to be a good friend and do what was expected of her. At the time, she felt like a fool for following that same line of reasoning. Maybe she just needed to be selfish.

She was right about that, just not the timing.

Because she was a good friend, Vanessa turned toward her best friend’s place. She parked outside, where everything seemed normal. No cop cars, no ambulances, nothing like that. If there was something really wrong with Mitchell, then it would be subtle.

Vanessa wondered if maybe he had attacked his girlfriend or something. If so, Vanessa was going to punch him hard right between the legs.

That thought made her smile, especially after everything that happened with Gavin. Somehow, the idea of being really mean to a boy definitely appealed to her. She enjoyed these little fantasies as she walked up to Kelly’s front door. In each image, Vanessa could slap, whip, or spank some guy she worked with. There were so many. More than that, they all had talked down or hurt her at one point or another. Even the guys who tried to be reasonably evolved and treat her with respect still seemed willing to denigrate her contributions.

With her temper barely in check, she waited for Kelly to open the front door.

“You’re here!” Kelly called out just as the door swung inward. She threw her arms around her best friend. “Thank you for coming. I’m serious, this just doesn’t make any sense, and I need someone else to tell me I’m not crazy.”

“I don’t get it. You said there was something wrong with Mitchell.”

Kelly relaxed her grip on her friend’s shoulders. As she stepped back, she reached up and ran her fingers through her dark brown hair. She wore glasses, and she currently had on a little bit of lipstick. Like so many other young women in Crystal Canyon, her employer had a rather strict dress code for the female staff.

“Yeah, I think there is something wrong with him.” Kelly exhaled, puffing out her cheeks. Then she nodded to herself like she had come to some kind of decision or conclusion. “Okay, follow me.”

She turned around and walked deeper into the small apartment. They went right to the bedroom. Vanessa had been in there a couple of times, especially before she and Kelly had gone out to drink or dance.

But now, they walked into the bedroom, and there was Mitchell, down on his knees with his eyes aimed toward the floor.

Rather than say anything, Vanessa glanced over at her friend.

For his part, Mitchell didn’t seem to react one way or another when they entered the room. He looked okay. There wasn’t any blood, no bruises or anything like that. “What’s going on?” Vanessa needed to know. She was getting tired of asking that question.

“Okay, so I’m just going to do a couple of things, and I want you to watch him, and I want you to tell me what you see.”

“Fine.”

Vanessa crossed her arms over her chest as Kelly stepped between them.

“Mitchell, touch one finger to the tip of your nose.”

He obeyed, raising his hand.

Kelly glanced back at her friend, like this was supposed to be meaningful. With a shrug, Vanessa kept waiting.

“Stand up.”

Mitchell obeyed again.

“Do jumping jacks.”

He continued to follow her commands. He hopped up and down, swinging his arms and kicking out with his feet to the left and right.

“He looks fine,” Vanessa said.

“Does he look like he wants to say something?”

That’s when Vanessa glanced over at Mitchell’s face. Sure enough, his cheeks were red and his eyes wide. His lips were open, but not because he was breathing heavily. He’d only been doing jumping jacks for a few seconds. He definitely looked like he wanted to say something.

“Is there something wrong with his voice or something?”

Vanessa immediately imagined a case of strep throat or something.

“No. That’s not it. In fact, I can make him say whatever I want.”

“Is this a game?”

Kelly immediately turned back to her boyfriend who kept working out in front of them. “Mitchell, is this a game? Be honest.”

“No!” Just a second later, still breathing heavily, he continued, “This isn’t a game. I don’t know what’s going on, but it feels like I can’t stop myself.”

“He’s messing with you,” Vanessa said.

“That’s what I was thinking at first, but I want to show you something.”

“What?” Vanessa asked, narrowing her eyes slightly. More and more, this felt like some kind of trick. She didn’t think it was a prank, if only because that wasn’t something Mitchell or Kelly would do. Still, uncertainty gripped her chest because Vanessa had never encountered anything like this before.

Kelly walked over to the small garbage can in the corner of the bedroom. She reached down and pulled something out. It looked like the shredded remains of sweatpants. At first, Vanessa didn’t know what she was seeing, but then she recognized that the dark red fabric.

“Are those his favorite sweatpants?”

“They are.”

Just a couple of weeks before, Kelly and Mitchell had argued in front of her. It was playful, more teasing than anything else, yet

Kelly had kept going on and on about how he needed to get rid of those ratty sweatpants. Apparently, they had been one of the first things Mitchell bought back in college, and he wanted to keep them. According to him, they were lucky. But in reality, he just loved teasing his girlfriend with that pair of pants she hated so much.

But now, they had been cut up with a pair of scissors and thrown away.

“Did you do that?”

As if she was remembering something, Kelly glanced back at her boyfriend. By this point, his face was bright red, and a sheen of sweat had appeared on his forehead. “Stop,” she said.

At once, he landed and stood there.

“We have to figure this out. You have to take me to the hospital,” he said to her.

“No. Be quiet.”

His lips parted again, it seemed like he wanted to say something, only his expression became distant.

More and more, Vanessa had to come to the very clear conclusion that this wasn't a prank or a joke. They weren't just doing this for her benefit.

But then, what did that mean?

Vanessa considered her friends. She stared at Kelly first, then Mitchell.

Vanessa licked her lips, and she looked back at him. “Get down on your knees.”

His eyes widened for a moment. There was this look of fear on his handsome face, yet he lowered himself down to his knees, just the way she had found him.

Vanessa felt this perverse desire. “Hold your hands behind your back.”

He complied again, doing exactly as she commanded. “Raise your chin.”

Over and over again, he followed her orders like he couldn't think for himself. He almost looked like a dog, she thought. He had somehow become a toy, doing whatever she wanted.

“Have you been spending much time online?” Kelly asked.

Vanessa didn't say anything for a short while. Her mind was reeling as she tried to understand how something like this could happen.

"No," she said slowly. "Why?"

"Because I think it's happening throughout the city. Heck, it might be happening everywhere in the world right now."

"No. That's not possible," Vanessa said, immediately dismissing the idea. Her skepticism made sense. After all, people had free will. It wasn't like women or men just had to do whatever they were told. Sure, there was always coercion or threats of violence, but no one actually *had* to follow orders.

...Except for Mitchell...

Without really trying, Vanessa started to get excited. She could feel this little tickle of energy run down her spine, straight to that special spot between her legs. She was getting hot and excited. Wet.

Vanessa tried to push those thoughts aside, but she couldn't help but think about how good it would feel to take complete and perfect command in the bedroom.

When she had been with Gavin, that had been her fantasy. She thought that her feminine wiles would give her every advantage. She thought it would be intuitive, like she could just snap her fingers and he would obey.

Apparently, that's how things worked between Mitchell and Kelly.

"This can't be happening everywhere."

"I've seen three different blog posts from Crystal Canyon."

"Tell me. Tell me what you really think is happening."

Kelly looked right back at her friend. "I think, for some reason, the men in the city can no longer disobey any command given by a woman."

"Why do you think it's only women?"

"Because this has been happening for a couple of days now."

"What?" Vanessa asked with one sharp breath that slid between her teeth.

Kelly glanced over at her boyfriend who remained kneeling with his hands held behind his back. He looked like a prisoner,

Vanessa thought. Simultaneously, she enjoyed another little thrill at the thought.

“Tell her.”

“For the last couple of days, I’ve done anything and everything Kelly told me.”

“It’s more than that,” Kelly explained. “I mean, at first, I thought that he was just being helpful, like he wanted to be a good boyfriend or something. But then it happened more and more.”

“Tell me about it,” Vanessa commanded, her eyes shifting back to the prone boy.

Boy. It was easy to assign that designation when he was so amenable and pliant. Boy—it made him sound so meek and malleable. Considering he might do anything she said, the term seemed to fit.

Mitchell spoke almost mechanically. “Whenever I hear an order, it feels like I have to obey it. I’m not sure why I’m doing this.” After he finished talking, he blinked, only to look back up to Vanessa.

Intrigued, the young woman looked at him again. “Tell us a secret.”

“I’m turned on by wearing panties,” he said, his voice flat in neutral, just as before.

Vanessa immediately giggled, only then she glanced over at her friend. Kelly didn’t seem especially pleased by this revelation, probably because she had already known about it.

“Please don’t do that with him,” Kelly said, sounding slightly irritated.

Vanessa repressed a snort before nodding her head. “Sorry. I didn’t really think about it.”

“You know, I think you’re going to have to be careful with this. I mean, if all of the guys can’t help themselves, then they are going to be in very vulnerable positions.”

Vanessa considered this, and then she started to smile. “You’re right,” she said.

The next day, Vanessa had on a black skirt, a dark red blouse, and a black vest. Her sleeves shimmered slightly in the light as she strode straight toward the lobby. She walked through one of the

glass doors, and then a security guard noticed her. Considering that she had recently been fired, it made sense that he would be aware of her name and face.

It would be his responsibility to remove her from the premises, she knew.

As she walked forward, her high heels clicking against the stone floor, Vanessa couldn't really believe that she was going to try this.

Back with Kelly and Mitchell, it had seemed perfectly obvious. He had lost the ability to resist. Not only that, Vanessa had gone home and watched several videos. She didn't know how long it would take before the local news stations picked up the story, but there were plenty of women online discussing this new development.

Ultimately, just like Kelly and Vanessa, they all came to one conclusion. Men had lost the ability to resist any command. Even a suggestion would be enough to prompt obedience.

Kelly at first called to get Vanessa's opinion. Together, they confirmed that Mitchell would do anything. They had made him crawl, strip, and dance. They had asked him to answer a variety of questions. At one point, after he had finished one order and before they had given another, he looked up at them. "Please, you've proven your point! You can do whatever you want with me!" He sounded desperate, angry, and scared.

The two girls had looked back at one another, only they didn't feel any real sympathy. Instead, they enjoyed this newfound power. The authority seemed to flow through their bodies, exciting the two of them. Vanessa could tell that Kelly was turned on by all of this.

"Just be quiet," Kelly finally said.

Mitchell's eyes got big as he registered that command, only then he relaxed. His face flushed slightly, probably because his heart was pounding, and he started to stand, but it was Vanessa's turn.

"Stay down."

Silenced and immobilized, he didn't dare defy either woman.

Yes, they could do whatever they wanted with Mitchell.

As she walked forward, Vanessa tried to distract herself from the guard by considering exactly what Kelly was doing with her boyfriend at that exact moment. For the most part, they had always

been a happy couple, although they had, like most, had their occasional fights. Sometimes they argued over his ratty clothing. Occasionally, he wouldn't do his fair share of chores.

Clearly, all of that was about to change.

"Excuse me, Miss, but I believe you know you can't be here," the guard said. He was taller than Vanessa by several inches. Broad and strong, he looked like the kind of professional who could do a good job of escorting any number of miscreants out of the building.

Vanessa had always been a good girl, following the rules. But now, she was going to try to break them.

She attempted to say something. "You know you can't be here," he said, his tone patronizing and paternalistic.

It was enough to spark something within her. "Be quiet," she said.

His lips parted, and it looked like he wished to speak, only his voice abandoned him.

Vanessa still didn't feel certain, especially as she glanced around the mostly empty lobby. A woman stood off to the side, her eyes drifting towards the glass windows as she waited for her ride. Another guy in a suit stood back, his attention fixated on his phone as he typed out a message.

No one paid any attention to Vanessa or the guard.

"Give me your wallet."

As his lips parted again, he obviously needed to try to speak to her. Stumbling and stuttering, he fought to get something out. It was bizarre. Vanessa had seen comedy skits like this, where some guy might desperately want a candy bar or something, so he would reach out for it, only to yank his hand back. Now, however, she saw this guard who didn't understand what was happening.

His hand drifted down to his pocket, and he took out his wallet. Obediently, he gave it to her. She took it from him, and then he tried to snatch it back, his hand belatedly coming toward her, only Vanessa spoke faster, "Freeze."

With one word, she locked him in place.

"I guess it really does work on all of the men," Vanessa said.

She glanced around the lobby again. It was late enough that most people had already gone home, although she had one

individual in particular with whom she wanted to meet.

“Please escort me to Gavin Roan’s office.”

She felt less nervous now.

Vanessa had an escort, after all. No one was going to challenge her. Even if some of her former coworkers spotted her, they would just assume that she had come back to pick up some of her personal effects or something.

Luckily, she didn’t see anyone she knew. She rode the elevator up with her escort. Once they were alone in the elevator, she looked back at him. “What did you hear about me?”

“I heard that you had tried to seduce your boss, that you didn’t know how to do your job, and that you needed to be fired. Apparently, you had been a pity hire.”

“What does that mean?”

“We’re at a corporation, so we are subject to some really intense scrutiny,” said the guard. Vanessa was almost impressed by how well he articulated himself, although she also found herself incredibly irritated by this narrative. Seriously? A pity hire. She had exquisite credentials, perfect grades, and plenty of recommendations from some important people. She had worked for her position!

“I see,” she replied icily.

Vanessa seriously thought about punishing this man. It would have been easy enough, only she held back, simply because she had someone else in mind.

The elevator doors opened, and he glanced back at her. “How are you doing this?”

“Haven’t you figured it out yet?” Vanessa teased, each word sharp. “I’m a woman, so I’m better than you. We are in charge now.”

He started to inhale, and Vanessa realized he meant to call out for help. She had no idea what he was going to say. Maybe he would just shout some visceral warning. He could have even lied, calling out, “Bomb!”

That would’ve ruined her plans, so she smirked and ordered, “Be quiet.”

Just like that, he lost the ability to speak again.

That made her smile.

“Take me to his office.”

The guard moved mechanically, walking straight ahead. He turned, and then he turned again.

When they got to Gavin’s office, Vanessa tried the door. Of course, it was locked. Frustration jolted through her, at least until she remembered her guide. “Open it,” she said to the guard.

As he tried to speak, he nonetheless stepped forward, took out his ring of keys, and he opened the door for her.

“Excuse me?” came a blustery, male voice from within the office.

Perfect.

“Go back to your desk, do your job, and don’t tell anyone I was here.” Vanessa issued those orders to the guard, so he immediately turned around and walked away. From there, she stepped into Gavin’s office.

She remembered the first time she had been here. Even as he started to speak, sounding flustered and irritated at the same time, Vanessa let her eyes wander along the shelves. Gavin had several minor awards he had earned from different charities and community organizations.

He was a bastard, more than just in the make and model of his car, yet he still enjoyed those personal connections. After all, when he worked with charities, he might have the opportunity to meet local entrepreneurs, community leaders, and politicians. Everything he did was for his own aggrandizement.

As she thought about this, Vanessa shook her head, surprised that she had ever been impressed by this man. “You have to get out of here right now before I call security,” he said, apparently having not noticed the guard from before.

“Gavin, shut up,” she said with a dismissive wave of her hand.

His lips pressed together, and he tried to say something; that much was obvious.

Strangely enough, Vanessa enjoyed watching men try to speak. It was kind of adorable, she thought. For too long, the male half of humanity had been shouting, growling, and whining its way to preeminence. Maybe it was time the boys learned to be quiet for a while.

Yeah, she liked that idea and she liked it a lot.

“What? You don’t want me to touch this award?”

She picked up a profoundly stupid black and gray stone sphere. She held it up, and he reached out with his hand.

Apparently, he valued this award.

She tossed it into the air, only to catch it.

Realizing that he couldn’t speak, Gavin nonetheless shot out from behind his desk, and he rushed over toward her.

“Stop,” she said.

His legs immediately froze, his feet apparently planted to the floor.

Yes, this thing, whatever it was, definitely affected all of the men. Well, maybe not all of them, she reflected, but definitely the one who interested her the most.

“Gavin, you and I are going to have a nice conversation right now. We’re going to discuss your behavior, your choices, and how things are about to change around here.”

Still locked in place, he didn’t react to her declaration.

Although his legs didn’t move, he was glancing around the room, almost like he expected to be able to reach out and grab a lever or a button, something to change his current predicament.

“Do me a favor and go lock the door. Oh, and I also want you to call security and cancel the cleaning for tonight.”

Gavin got up, and he walked to the office door. He turned to the latch, securing it again. Next, he glanced at her, his expression brightened with this fun mix of anger and fear. There was definitely a lot of confusion there on his face as well.

“Good boy,” she teased. “Don’t forget the second part,” Vanessa added, batting her eyes. She sounded sweet, although it was obvious she meant to mock him.

Still confused yet obedient, Gavin returned to his desk, he picked up his phone, and he hit one key as he held the handset to his ear. “Please cancel cleaning for tonight.”

“Tell them you will be working late,” Vanessa said, unable to suppress a giggle.

He glared at her hard.

Even so, his voice stayed flat as he said, "I will be working late."

"Hang up the phone," ordered Vanessa.

Gavin hung up the phone.

The moment he did, she clapped her hands together as she locked her eyes on him. "My oh my. What am I going to do with you?"

"I don't know," he said. Once he answered, he seemed to be able to speak for himself. "What's going on here? What are you doing to me?"

He gulped, and then he glanced over at the doorway. Gavin must have run through the calculations. There was no way he would be able to get out of his office before she ordered him to stop once again.

"Isn't it obvious? I'm in charge now," she told him.

"What are you doing to me?"

"I'm not sure if you have heard the news," Vanessa said. "But all of the men in Crystal Canyon have to do whatever they're told." She batted her eyes sweetly again. "Like right now, you are going to get down on your hands and knees and crawl over to my feet and kiss my shoes."

"There's no way I'm going to—" Gavin began to say. Like so many other men, he needed to assert his independence and defy this woman, but he was already on all fours now. He started to crawl, just the way Vanessa wanted. She studied that look of chagrin on his face as he approached her, just like a dog.

"Look at that. I like seeing you crawl, Gavin. After everything you did, you need to be treated like a mutt, I think."

He probably wanted to say something, only her command still held control over his muscles, so he leaned in, and he kissed the toe of her left shoe, then the right.

After that, Gavin sat up.

"You know, if you're going to act more like a dog, you should be dressed like one. Strip."

His hands went to the buttons of his expensive, silk shirt. He took off his tie, and he slipped his arms out of his sleeves. As he did

this, Vanessa studied the contours of his body. He may have been a jerk and a bastard, but he was still very attractive.

Actually, Vanessa decided she could use this to her advantage. As the different plans percolated within her mind, she walked over to his desk. She sat on the edge and turned around. With her arms crossed over her chest, she studied him as he stripped off the last of his clothing. His fingers twitched and shook slightly as he pulled off his boxers. But after that, he was naked.

Not only that, he was hard.

Vanessa could clearly see his erection pointing upward.

“You like being naked with me, don’t you?”

He didn’t respond.

“Answer me.”

“Yes,” he said.

“I bet you would love to be on top of me again, especially now. But that’s only because I’m in charge.”

He glared at her hard, his expression tight with barely contained rage.

“How about this? You want to be close to me? You want to get me out of my panties?”

Silence.

“Tell me how you really feel.”

“I want to hold you down and fuck you,” he said.

“You poor boy. That’s not going to happen. But let me tell you what will happen. I’m going to take off my panties, and I’m going to put them in your mouth, and then I’m going to touch you. You’re going to taste my juices while I make you desperate. And you know what the best part is? I’m going to tell you to remain still. I won’t need to use handcuffs or ropes or anything like that. The simple fact that I can make you will stay will be enough. Because if it’s my will against yours, you’re going to lose every single time, Gavin.”

As she finished her explanation, she slid her feet from her high heels. After that, she hitched up her skirt, and she pulled down her panties.

Open your mouth,” she ordered.

Still braced on his hands and knees, he parted his lips, which made it easy for her to stick her panties right in there. She gagged

him with her underwear. Sure enough, he could taste her excitement. By this point, she had thoroughly soaked her panties.

Vanessa had never known this about herself, but the ability to command men absolutely turned her on. With the arousal playing through her body, she thought of that one night she spent with this man. Now she was going to get to make up for it. She thought she could manipulate and control him.

Now she didn't even have to bother. A few words would be enough to rip away his willpower.

"Get down on your back, Gavin."

He obeyed.

"Spread your arms and legs."

Again, he did exactly what she wanted. With his shaft still pointing toward the ceiling, he kept his shoulders straight and his eyes directed upward.

Vanessa stood above him as he held her panties between his lips. She tilted her head to the side and grinned down at him. "You don't like this, do you? Tell me the truth."

He answered with a muffled, "No."

"Good. Now, these instructions are very important, but I think even a boy like you will be able to follow them." She smirked girlishly before telling him, "You cannot move your wrists or ankles. The rest of your body is free, but those parts of your body will not move."

Gavin didn't say anything, he could still feel the tension play through his body. The words coming from her mouth were enough to seize control over his muscles and joints. It didn't matter how he tried to react. At this point, he may as well have been shackled to that spot on the floor.

This office had been his sanctuary, a place where he could have sex with the secretaries and negotiate important deals. If he happened to be exhausted, he could have a drink and rest for a little while.

His sanctuary had been turned into a cage by this young woman, a girl he had already fired!

"Would you like me to touch you?"

At first, he couldn't quite talk because of her panties. She allowed him to try to work his lips and tongue around her underwear

for a few more seconds before she plucked the garment from his mouth.

Right away, he couldn't help himself. He just had to antagonize her because he thought he could argue, shout, or win this through pure aggression. It was probably going to take him a while to realize that subservience was really his only option. Women had learned this lesson a very long time ago. Now it was his turn.

"Screw you! I'm going to make you pay for this, you bitch!"

"Apologize," she said after a theatrically elongated sigh.

"I'm sorry."

"Apologize like you mean it," Vanessa ordered.

He hated every second of this, but his lips started to move. "I apologize for saying those things. They were rude and out of line."

"You're never going to say anything like that to a woman ever again. You know why, Gavin?"

"Why?" He didn't have to ask, yet some perverse sense of curiosity forced the question out.

"Because we are the superior half of humanity now. We are going to be in charge. Even if it only happens in this city, women are going to rule you. Think about it, Gavin. Up until this point, you have been a manager. You have been in charge. I'm sure you worked very hard and had to make some tough decisions to get to this spot, but you know what? You have also enjoyed the advantage of simply being a guy. When people look at you, they automatically assume you know what you're doing. But that's not going to be the case anymore. From now on, women will be in charge. And when they see you, they're going to see a cute piece of ass."

"No!"

"Yes, Gavin. Say it. Tell me you're inferior."

"I'm inferior."

"Who's better than you?" Vanessa asked. Without even really trying, she adopted the condescending tone plenty of girls use when talking down to children or pets.

"You are."

"Because I'm a woman?"

This time, he didn't say anything.

"Tell me."

“Yes, because you’re a woman. You’re better than me because you’re a woman,” he was forced to reply.

“Good. I think you deserve a little reward for that.”

She turned around, kneeled, and then she stroked his balls. Her fingers lightly grazed his skin, and he began to moan. Having forgotten about her previous command, Gavin tried to move. For him, sex had always been akin to a hunt; he was the predator. Whether he needed to control or intimidate women, he could always win, or so he had believed. But now, he may as well have been tied to the floor. His arms and legs could only barely move, which meant he writhed helplessly while this beautiful girl touched him and stroked him.

Tension filled his body, forcing him to freeze for a few seconds.

Inhaling and exhaling through his nostrils, Gavin fought hard to retain control over his body, because I was the only way to defend his dignity. Even so, it was so simple for this girl to wrap her fingers around his shaft. She moved her hand up and down, gentle little caresses and strokes. It wasn’t enough pressure to get him off.

In those first couple of seconds, Gavin tried to convince himself that he didn’t really want an orgasm. And yet, his body turned against him. When he seduced this girl, her instincts had taken over. Now, she teased the different set of buttons to put him in that exact same position. All the while, she tilted her head down. Some of her bangs fell loose, falling in front of her face as she smirked at this helpless man.

“Oh, you look so frustrated. You must really hate this.”

He opened his mouth, desperate to tell her to screw off, but her former order held him back. He couldn’t insult her, no matter how much he wanted to.

Then she took her hand away, and he hissed again.

“Tell me how you’re feeling.”

Just like Kelly’s boyfriend, Gavin couldn’t lie or dissemble. “I’m turned on. I’m so desperately turned on right now,” he said, clutching his eyes shut, if only so he could try to hide some of his shame.

“You know, if you tell me about how much smarter I am in you, maybe I will touch you some more. Would you like that, Gavin?”

Flashing his teeth, he pulled his lips back like some kind of wild animal. The frustration surged through his body, and he yanked, twisting from side to side, yet the invisible shackles of her willpower held him down.

"I have all night," she said. Her eyes sparkled mischievously. "And so do you."

"Please, stop this."

"No," she said, grinning.

He exhaled again, desperate to break her hold, but there was nothing he could do.

"You fired me, Gavin. I was doing my job, working hard, but you had already taken what you wanted, so now I get to take what I want."

"What, what do you want?"

"Your dignity. Your power. Your job."

He started thrashing again, twisting his torso from left to right and back again, only then she grabbed his shaft, squeezed, prompting another moment of desperation.

"You liked that. Tell me you did."

"I like this! Yes, I liked it! It felt so good!"

"Beg for more."

"Please, please keep touching me!" Gavin called out. "Please, I need you to touch me! Please, don't stop!"

"Tell me I'm better than you."

She phrased it as an order, so he had no chance to resist. There was nothing he could do, no way for him to fight off her influence.

"You're better than me! Please, Vanessa, you're smarter than me and stronger than me."

"Is that because you are just a boy?"

At this point, he summoned up all of his rage and arrogance. He tried to meld a psychological barrier to hold back the onslaught of her supremacy. His best efforts didn't matter. He couldn't fight the new biological order which had redefined the city.

"Yes. It's because I'm just a boy. I'm inferior. You're better than me," he said, struggling against every sound and syllable.

“Poor boy. I see that you’re upset. That’s okay. Don’t worry. It’ll take some time, but you will get used to being inferior. Like right now, I think you should understand that there’s an upside. You’re going to get new job duties. You know, like servicing me sexually. I’m going to have to work very hard, but I’m going to have you to help me relax.”

Instantly, Gavin understood what she wanted, so he thrashed and struggled harder and harder.

Even so, she straddled his cheeks and pressed her knees up against his face. Then she lowered herself down, inch by inch.

Her skirt fell around his face like a set of curtains. Most of the light was now blocked out, yet he could still catch the scent of her arousal.

He had taken this girl before, touching her, teasing her, pumping his cock deep into her crevice. It felt so good because he had been in command; he had been able to take charge so easily, only that was about to change. In every conference room, women were about to take charge. As a male, he would be nothing but ornamentation, subservient and made to obey.

He tried to fight that future, and he told himself that if he could resist just one order, then maybe it wouldn’t happen.

And yet, she gave him another command. “Lick me. Do your best to please me. Pleasure me.”

Gavin parted his lips, raised his head, and touched his mouth to her dampened lips. His tongue slid out, gliding over her opening.

Placed above him, she started to moan. Her breathing turned sharp as the ecstasy of this moment really sank in. She had total command over this boy. She could do whatever she wanted. A heady sense of power flooded her body.

Obediently, he slid his tongue deep into her opening. With his tip, he massaged her clitoris, and she grabbed his shoulders. Her fingers pressed to down into his flesh. This felt incredible.

She had never been treated like this before.

“Yes. That’s right. Keep going. Show me what you can do with that busy mouth of yours,” she ordered.

Because he had no choice, Gavin obeyed. He arched his back, maneuvered his lips, and he darted forward and backward with

his tongue. He went in spirals, then left and right, then up and down. He did everything he could to please her.

Before she could climax, Vanessa pulled back. She looked down at his shaft again.

“I’m going to ride you, Gavin. And I want you to look up at me and I want you to tell me that I’m in charge from now on. I’m taking your job, Gavin. You’re going to be my assistant from now on. I’m going to dress you, and you’re going to try your best every single day to please me. Because if you don’t, I will put you in panties and make you prance around this office. All of the girls will laugh at you even as you serve as an example for the other boys.”

He heard every word. Worse, he knew that she could make good on every promised threat.

She shifted back, one hand on his shaft as she lowered herself down. Just like that, she enveloped his manhood. She took him, inch by inch.

“Don’t come yet,” she ordered.

Just like that, she took away his ability to orgasm.

With a frustrated growl, he tried to pull away, only her orders held his arms above his head. She rode him, sliding up, then down, so his length shined with her juices.

This felt so good, she thought. As she looked down at his face, she considered his naked body and the fact that she remained almost completely clothed.

This indicated a difference in their status. He didn’t know it yet, and he probably couldn’t admit it, but he had been reduced to the status of a slave. He would do whatever he was told.

“Say it. Tell me you’re going to be my secretary boy!”

“I, I’m going to be your secretary boy!”

“Again!”

“I’m going to be your secretary boy!”

“That’s right!” She undulated her hips as she rode him, sliding forward and back, then down and up. She loved the feel of his shaft between her legs. She owned him, and that was all that mattered.

“Again!”

“I’m going to be your secretary boy!”

“You’ll fetch me coffee, file paperwork, and make copies!” All of those menial tasks he had been too good to perform before would now belong to him.

As she pumped him, she looked down one more time. “You’re mine! Now come!”

She called out that command, speaking down to him like he was an animal, yet his body obeyed. She didn’t care about dignity or self-respect. His shaft began to pulsate as the pleasure rocketed through him. He tightened his eyelids down, blocking off his vision, yet he could still imagine her face.

It was the face of his owner.

Vanessa finished with her secretary boy. She looked down at him, she kissed him, and then she sat up.

“Get dressed. We have a lot of work to do, starting with writing your letter of resignation.”

Gavin opened his mouth and inhaled, thinking he might be able to argue. But one glance at this girl made it clear she wasn’t interested in another fight. So unless he wished to provoke her, he had to be quiet.

Bowing his head down, he prepared himself for his new life of subservience.

The End

No Competition

Lisa didn't like to think of herself as an optimist or pessimist. On the contrary, she was simply a realist. Optimists always searched for good details and positive outcomes, overlooking the bad. Pessimists made the exact same mistake, only inverted. That wasn't Lisa; she wanted to be a realist and get an accurate picture of the situation.

Maybe this was why she could be so frustrated with Evan while still being attracted to him.

It wasn't fair, she reflected. He was good at his job, cunning, and skilled, but he also cheated. That much was obvious. The two had been rivals pretty much since they were first hired within a week of one another. They both wanted to be promoted, except Evelyn only needed one second in command.

Evan wanted the position, and so did Lisa. She also enjoyed the idea of getting to ride him.

Lisa didn't know how much of her feelings came from her own frustration. Aside from the fact that she hadn't had sex in more than a year, she also loved the idea of taking control. She wanted to see that handsome boy on his back with his hands held above his head. She wanted to mount him and ride slowly. More than that, she loved the idea of getting to tell him when he could finally climax. Every time she thought about this, she got wet.

From time to time, she did wonder how much of her sexual energy came from simple sublimation. They would be at work together, and they had to cooperate, yes it was obvious that they weren't friends.

But now, if the rumors were true, Lisa had another option.

She wasn't an optimist, so she didn't cling to false hopes. She wasn't a pessimist, so she couldn't say that none of this was happening. After all, she heard the rumors, but she could also see what was happening.

As she walked into the restaurant, she glanced across the street.

“Don’t say it,” Lisa could just barely make out. There was a young man, and there were two girls with him.

“I can say whatever I want,” said one of the young women. All three of them looked like they were in college.

“You’re my little sister,” said the guy. Yeah, that made sense. He was probably a year or two older than the other two. The girls very easily could have been freshman.

“So what?”

“So you’re supposed to listen to me. Just please, don’t do it. Don’t say it.”

“Say what?”

“Whatever you’re thinking,” he said.

Lisa knew that it was rude to eavesdrop, but she kept her hand on the door into the restaurant. She turned back and watched the exchange. As she did so, she felt this little tremor of anticipation run down her back. She figured plenty of women in Crystal Canyon enjoyed the same reaction.

“You don’t know what I’m thinking,” said the girl. She walked up to her brother, and she poked him in the chest. “If you did, you’d probably be running right now.”

Fight-or-flight, thought Lisa. Sure enough, the guy glanced over his shoulder like he didn’t really know what to do.

“Look, I know that we haven’t always gotten along, but I am your big brother, and you need to do what I say.”

“Really?” The two girls glanced back at one another.

The second girl finally said something, “I don’t think that’s how it works anymore. I’m pretty sure you have to do whatever we say.”

“They’re going to figure this out.”

“Who?” asked the younger sister. “Who is going to figure this out?”

“Scientists. Researchers. The government. Somebody!” He sounded more and more frantic as he listed through the possibilities.

Lisa wasn’t so certain, not when half of the population had so much to gain. Again, she was a realist. She knew that human behavior didn’t necessarily skew toward the selfless.

“Look, I’m just going to go home, and you don’t need to worry about me,” the boy said. He turned around.

Big mistake.

Maybe if he'd waited for the girls to give him permission, they would have decided to be kind to him. But because he tried to make a choice on his own, he provoked them.

The little sister called out just one word. "Stop!"

He froze.

Lisa watched, fascinated. This could hardly be happening, but it proved all of the stories she had heard from other women throughout the town. Most of her friends worked with her, but she could still overhear some of the whispers.

Apparently, it started at the college. Young men started to obey. Really, there was no other description for it. Whenever they heard a command issued by a woman, they had to follow it. They became utterly mindless and trapped.

Lisa knew that she should step out of the doorway, but she wanted to watch this. She had to watch this.

"Get down on your knees," said the first girl.

The boy lowered himself down into a kneeling position. "Crawl over here."

He crawled toward her. He was right there on the street, and any number of people could have been watching. Even so, he sacrificed any semblance of dignity or self-respect he may have possessed because a girl told him to obey—his little sister, no less.

Maybe the girl realized people were watching because she raised her voice slightly, making it easier for everyone to hear. "I know that you like to think you're my big brother and that means you get to pick on me and tell me what to do, but the world is changing, Jason. From now on, you're going to do whatever we say."

He remained on his knees, but his expression morphed. Suddenly, it seemed like he could think for himself again, at least until his little sister leaned forward and looked down into his eyes. "That's why you're going to kiss my shoes and promise to be a good brother. You're going to tell me what a good boy you're going to be because boys need to obey."

His expression turned neutral again as he leaned forward. He kissed his sister's shoes right there on the sidewalk. Lisa watched, desperately hoping this could happen again.

Evan was already waiting for her in the restaurant. "You're late," he said without looking up from his phone.

It was true, but she still bristled at his tone. They were equals, and this was supposed to be a friendly meeting.

Lisa ran her fingers through her light brown hair. As she did so, she exhaled slowly, reminding herself to be patient. After all, what she saw on the street didn't necessarily mean anything. For all she knew, there were just isolated incidences, or maybe it had been a prank or something. She needed more information, especially before she decided to risk her career.

"Sorry about that," she said.

Evan looked up from his phone. As usual, he wanted to focus on business. "Why are we here?"

Lisa looked at him hard. "I wanted to talk about Evelyn's decision."

"What about it?" Evan knew, just as she did, that Evelyn would be promoting one of them in the next couple of days.

"One of us will get promoted, which will put the other person in an awkward position. If it's you, I don't intend to quit."

Evan tilted his head slightly. It was like he wanted to get a better angle to view his rival. "Personally, I'm not sure what I'm going to do. But to be honest, I'm fairly certain that I will get the promotion."

"What makes you so confident?" Lisa asked.

"I wanted more, and I'm willing to do anything to get it."

Lisa couldn't help herself; she started shaking her head. "You know, this isn't a really big company or anything. It's not like corporate sabotage is a big deal." They operated as a computer repair company, sending out technicians to people's homes to help with different technological glitches.

"Be that as it may," Evan allowed, "I still wanted more. If you want something badly enough, you cheat. That's just how the world works."

"Is it?" Lisa asked.

For just a second, she could feel the anxiety swim through her bloodstream. It percolated along the back of her neck and down her

back. She hated the idea that this guy could intimidate her, but he did, especially when he acted like some haughty medieval lord.

“Look, I just wanted to know if there’s some kind of compromise we could reach.”

“Don’t worry. I won’t gloat when I get promoted,” he said. “And I will treat all of my subordinates equally.” At this point, he picked up the fork and tapped it against of the table.

“Stop that,” Lisa said, practically barking the command.

He lowered the fork down to the table.

A little thrill ran through her body, making her wonder if he was just being polite.

“Is that all?” Evan asked, echoing her thoughts.

“No. That’s not all,” she said. Lisa exhaled slowly, wondering exactly how she was going to do this. It had to be a test, and it had to be subtle. “Evan, undo the top button of your shirt for me.”

“Why?” Evan started to ask, only then his hands went up to the collar of his shirt, and he hesitated on the top button. Then he blinked.

“Why did you do that?” Lisa asked. She needed more information; she wanted understand how this worked.

He shrugged. “I just felt like it,” he said, although he may have been bluffing.

Deciding to get brazen, she took one of the forks, held it up, and dropped it. She wasn’t subtle; it couldn’t have been mistaken as an accident. “Pick it up,” she ordered.

Like so many other women, Lisa often felt as though she had to behave like a demure princess. She couldn’t be overly hostile or aggressive; men might be able to get away with being rude, but a girl couldn’t. In the same way, women seldom got to issue commands. Instead, they had to make requests. They had to sound nice.

But not this time.

When she told him to pick it up, she made it into a demand, and she watched as his expression turned blank. He leaned to down and grabbed the fork. He held it in his hand, and a second later, he blinked and looked around, like he wasn’t sure what had happened.

His confusion only flashed along his features for an instant, but then Evan got a hold of himself.

“You seem very cooperative tonight,” she said, practically purring out those words.

“You dropped something,” he said simply.

“But you aren’t this helpful at work,” she said.

“Is there anything else?” Evan asked.

“Actually, there is,” she said. She reached down into her purse, and she clutched it. Evan still couldn’t see the garment.

Was she really going to do this? She hesitated for another couple of seconds, only then he cleared his throat. Obviously impatient, this young man wanted to get out of there as soon as possible. Was he nervous? No, Lisa decided. He was just rude.

“Give me your hand,” she ordered, and he held out his palm. As her eyes started to shine bright with excitement, she put her hand over his, she dropped the garment in there. “Go to the bathroom and put these on.”

His expression didn’t change he looked down at the pair of panties.

Back straight, he got up and headed toward the bathroom. As he did so, Lisa called out, “Remember to wear them back out here.”

Was he really going to do it?

If she was honest with herself, Lisa didn’t think so. Of course, that didn’t explain his behavior up until this point. He had picked up the fork and followed her other orders. More than that, why would he try to lead her on? Lisa didn’t know, but she didn’t trust this boy either. There had to be something happening.

Then he came back and sat down. He shook his head for a second, as if waking up from a dream.

“Stand up and pull your pants down a quarter of an inch,” she commanded.

He got up and obeyed. As he did so, her eyes widened to the size of quarters. Wow. She didn’t know what to say as she noticed the pink satin right along his waist. He had done it! He had gone into the bathroom and put on a pair of pretty pink, satin panties because she told him to!

“Sit down,” she ordered, and he quickly obeyed. It was becoming natural, easy even to tell him what to do.

“Evan, what’re you wearing right now?”

As he came out of his haze, he looked at her like she was an idiot. “Shirt, pants, shoes.”

“What about your underwear?”

He started to shift around, and then he gulped nervously.

“Tell me. Are you wearing panties right now?”

“No,” he said, only his voice cracked. “That’d be absurd.”

“Tell me you like wearing panties.”

“I like wearing panties.”

“Tell me that you really want me to take you back to my house so that I can play with you. Tell me that you want me to tease you and touch you all over.” As she played with him, she leaned forward. She rested her chin on her knuckles and waited.

It seemed to take forever, but only because her impatience slowed time down.

“I really want you to take me back to your house so that you can play with me. I want you to tease me and touch me all over.”

“Only because you asked so nicely,” she said. By her command, they got up, and they headed back to her car.

Evan didn’t know how this had happened. Some part of his brain was trying to find a justification, like it could somehow defend these decisions. But if he really thought about it, he knew that he hadn’t made any decisions at all. Each time she ordered him to do something, he inexplicably obeyed. He followed her every command as though it were some inborn instinct, something he couldn’t possibly resist like trying to hold back a yawn.

Now he found himself in her living room, and he glanced back toward the door.

“You’re a handsome man, Evan. I’ve been thinking about this for a long time,” she said. He started to move, to sit down, only she told him to stay put. “Stand still.”

He froze in place, just as he had at the restaurant.

“This is going to be so much fun,” she said. “I love knowing you’re wearing my panties right now. It marks you. It makes it clear that you are mine.”

“That’s not true,” he said.

“And why did you put them on? Didn’t you want to belong to me?”

“Belong to you?”

“You’re a smart boy. Tell me, what happens if men lose the ability to resist any command given by a woman?”

“That’s not going to happen.”

“Evan, take off your shirt for me.”

Right away, his fingers went to the buttons down his chest, and he opened them, one at a time. Then he shrugged off his outer shirt.

“Did it suddenly get really hot in here? Is that why you’re blushing? Is that why you decided to take off your shirt at the exact same moment I told you to do it?”

This time, Evan didn’t have anything to say.

“How about another demonstration?” Lisa asked. “Take off your undershirt. I want to see your naked torso.” Her voice of vibrated with desire.

As Evan heard that, something inside of him awakened. He could feel his shaft began to harden in his pants. He breathed out slowly, even as he tried to fight the impulse to take off his undershirt. He pulled off the tee shirt, so now he stood there, naked from the waist up.

“Hold your hands behind your back while I inspect you,” she said.

Sure enough, she put her hand on his chest, and she loved the solid masculinity she found. She enjoyed the feel of tension beneath her fingertips. She loved the way he was staring forward, doing his best to pretend that this was all somehow normal. And yet, he practically quivered with frustration. Good. For so long, Evan had been the kind of guy who could get away with almost anything at work. Now, he was going to learn what it meant to be a subordinate.

“You never told me what’s going to happen. Tell me.”

“If women really are able to control all men, then all men will become slaves.”

“Slaves, you say?” Lisa asked with a little giggle. “That sounds like a lot of fun. Would you like to be my slave?”

She didn't make him give an answer, so he was free to respond however he liked. He turned his head toward her even as he kept holding his hands behind his back. She pinched his biceps, and yet he still insisted, "I'm never going to be a slave."

"Actually, you will. You're going to be a good, obedient slave boy for me. Tell me."

His eyes widened for another instant, but then he had to do as she said. "I'm going to be a good, obedient slave boy for you."

After that, she tapped his cheek. "That's right. You belong to me now, Evan. I can do whatever I want with you." She reached back and squeezed his ass. He had a firm behind. Then she unbuckled his belt.

At this point, Lisa decided to take her time. She pulled the leather band from the loops of his pants, and she dropped it to the floor. Next, she yanked down his pants, just a couple of inches, but it gave her the access she craved.

"You're excited. Are you excited by wearing my panties?"

"No!" Evan snapped.

"Tell the truth."

"Yes."

"And why is that, Evan?" Lisa asked.

He didn't answer, so Lisa needed to issue another order. "Tell the truth. Tell me right now. Why are you turned on?" As she spoke, Lisa slipped her hand down into his panties. She could feel his erection; she was looking forward to putting that to good use.

With a nervous gulp, he started to speak. "Because I'm wearing your panties. Because you're touching me."

"Because you can't wait to become my slave boy."

He shook his head from side to side. "No. That's not true."

"I'm pretty sure I can make you beg for the privilege. In fact, I think I will. But right now, I'm getting a little bit excited myself. Would you like to go down on me?"

"No," he said, his voice tense with frustration. Even as she stroked his shaft, she couldn't wait to feel his mouth against her slit.

Fortunately, she could change his mind with just a couple of words. "Go on and tell me how much you want to go down on me."

"Please, I want to go down on you."

“Tell me you want to lick my pussy,” Lisa ordered. There was a little thrill from using such vulgar language.

“I want to lick your pussy so badly. Please, may I?”

“Beg. Beg for the chance.”

“Please, I need to go down on you. I want to lick you so badly! I need to taste you and feel you against my mouth. Please, can I go down on you? Please, please let me!” Sure enough, tension pulled his voice tight. He really did sound eager and desperate for the opportunity.

Lisa walked back over to her couch. He still stood there, his pants partially pulled down, his hands held behind his back.

As he watched, Lisa unbuttoned her jeans. She shimmied out of that tight denim. As she did so, she revealed her black panties. Those didn't last for very long. She tugged them down in one flourish and pulled them off. Then she sat on the edge of her couch, and she spread her legs.

It was strange watching him, she thought.

“I'm going to touch myself, and you're going to stand there like a good boy.”

Evan didn't say anything.

“Tell me you understand.”

“I understand,” he answered obediently.

“Good boy,” she said with another smirk. Then she reached up, and she gently sucked on her two of her fingers. Then she reached down, and she began to stroke her opening. She teased those outer lips, gently caressing herself. With her free hand, she cupped her left breast. She started to finger her nipple with the pad of her thumb. It felt so good, especially because she could do whatever she wanted with this boy.

She started thinking about how much fun it would be to have him helpless at work.

Evan had always been instinctively arrogant. He was the kind of guy who took male privilege and milked it for everything it was worth. He could walk into any room and assume command. People listened to him. It was all the result of his confidence. He thought people should listen to him, so they did. He thought people should do what he said, so they did.

With a little chuckle, Lisa started to wonder how long it would take before women began to adopt that same instinctive command of every situation. Boys would learn to shrink back; they would get nervous and scared when it came to women.

Girls, on the other hand, would be able to walk down the street without worrying about getting harassed or bothered by any man.

For a second, Lisa wondered if she should feel guilty about any of this, but then she shrugged. She started to think about all of the harassment and frustration she had to endure. Maybe men just needed a little taste of their own medicine, she thought.

But then, she looked up at Evan. "You are going to get down on your hands and knees, just like a dog. I want to see you bow before me. Bow down, Evan."

Without question or complaint, he dropped to his hands and knees. With his ass up and his face down, he looked utterly helpless.

It made her laugh even as she pushed her fingers into her slit. She found her clit, and she started to gently tease that one spot. Pleasure coursed through her body. The heat percolated along her skin, vibrating just beneath the surface. It felt incredible!

Yes, she loved this.

But she didn't allow myself an orgasm from manual stimulation. She looked down at her slave boy. Oh, just thinking of him that way turned her on. "Evan, are you ready to crawl over here and lick me? You beg so prettily. I'm sure you can't wait to serve me."

"I won't do it," he said.

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yes," he said, his voice locked and defiant.

"You're cute when you're wrong." With another cocky grin, she reached down between her legs and gently stroked herself. It wasn't enough to get her off, but it kept her hot and wet.

"Take off your pants. In fact, take off everything except for your panties. You look good in pink."

He glared at her for a second before his expression became neutral. He pulled off his shoes, socks, and pants. Soon enough, he had on nothing but the underwear she gave him.

“So pretty,” she said, mocking him.

Evan relaxed a second later. He looked down at himself. Almost immediately, he reached for the underwear. He was going to try to take it off!

“No. Leave your panties on. In fact, you aren’t allowed to touch them without permission.”

His lips parted, like he could hardly process those words. But then, he actually tried to touch his panties again. It was adorable. He could get his fingertips almost all the way down, only then he stopped, as though he couldn’t push past some invisible force field.

“You don’t like being helpless, do you? You don’t like doing as your told.” She shook my head from side to side. “Maybe after you get to lick me you’ll feel differently,” She said. Then she snapped her fingers and pointed down toward her slit.

Evan didn’t obey.

“Do I really have to say it?” she asked.

“I won’t do it,” he vowed.

“Get over here and lick me like a thirsty dog,” she ordered.

He crawled forward, moving on his hands and knees. Then he slipped his head between her inner thighs, and he eagerly licked at her opening.

To be honest, she had been with several other guys, all of whom had gone down on her at one point or another, yet none of them performed like *this*. His tongue moved quickly, sliding up and down her crevice. He worshiped her eagerly, his lips tight against her opening.

It felt incredible, especially as he pumped his head.

No one had ever served her like this before; a girl could definitely get used to this.

She soon found herself grabbing onto the cushions. Her fingers pressed down.

She tried to hold the orgasm back for as long as she could, only the temptation soon overwhelmed her. She kicked her feet down against the carpet as she arched her back. Her nipples were hard, her mouth dry as she panted.

Then she let out this elongated scream of pleasure. Damn! It felt incredible! Hot ecstasy ran through her body as he continued to

lick, sliding his tongue up and down, then left to right and back again. She loved the way his tongue danced against her most sensitive spot.

She put her hand on his forehead and pushed him back.

“What were you saying?”

Evan quickly wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he bowed his head down. He was glaring at the floor, like he might find some solution or explanation in the carpet fibers.

Neither of them knew exactly what had caused his obedience, but she was going to take advantage of it and enjoy every second of it.

“Did you want to say something about how you wouldn’t go down on me?”

Evan still didn’t answer.

“Tell me the truth. Did you go down on me?”

“Yes.”

“That’s right. You went down on me. You did as you were told because you’re a boy. And boys do as they’re told. Boys are obedient, aren’t they?”

Again, no response.

“Tell me boys are obedient.”

“Boys are obedient.”

“Tell me that you are an obedient boy.”

“I’m an obedient boy,” Evan replied automatically.

She clapped her hands together and kicked her knees into the air. Damn. This was just so much fun! She loved wielding this kind of power and control. It was utterly intoxicating.

“You know, I do like controlling you, but there’s something else I want to do as well.”

This time, he asked a question of his own volition, “What?”

Still naked from the waist down, Lisa stood up and walked past him. “Crawl after me. You know, like a dog.”

After she issued that command, she was absolutely certain he would obey. And sure enough, she could hear his knuckles and knees as he crawled along the floor.

He followed her into the bedroom, where she pointed to the mattress. “Get up there, naked boy.”

He obeyed. He was soon on his back.

Yes, this was what she had craved for so long. This is what she had yearned for.

“You know, I have a toy. I haven’t been able to use it in a long time, but I think it might be perfect for you.”

“What, what toy?” Evan asked. As he looked around the dark of her bedroom, he was getting nervous. It was adorable.

“I’m not sure if I’m going to use it on you, Evan.”

“What is it?” Evan demanded. His volume rose. After the humiliations he had endured, he didn’t have much patience left. Too bad for him.

Lisa didn’t respond right away.

To make matters worse for Evan, it seemed like he was trapped. Because she told him to lay down on the bed, he couldn’t move. With his arms and legs spread, he just looked like a delectable treat. He had become Lisa’s personal, sexual buffet, and she was looking forward to sampling him.

“Look, I don’t know what’s happening here, but you can’t do this. You’re not going to get away with it! Just let me go right now!”

She touched one finger to the corner of her mouth. “No. I don’t think of going to do that.”

“You stupid bitch! You can’t do this to me!”

She stopped.

Taking several quick strides back to the bed, she climbed up onto the mattress, and then she straddled him. Lisa put her hands on his wrists and peered down. Her eyes were only a few inches away from his as she asked, “What did you just say to me?”

“I called you a stupid bitch,” he said, heedless of the consequences.

“Oh, I don’t think you know what that means,” she said.

And just like that, she made her decision.

“Roll over. Spread your arms and legs.”

She issued the order and walked away because she was completely confident he would obey. Once he was on his stomach, he turned his head back as much as he could. Lisa was already at the closet, and now she pulled out something very special.

“I’ve got something I’ve wanting to use for a while. This is going to be fun,” she promised.

She took off her blouse because she wanted to be naked for this. She removed her bra as well. Then she pulled on the harness. Next, she took out the dildo and slipped it into the socket.

When she stood beside him, he saw the artificial phallus. She wore a strap-on. Worse, she was ready to use it!

“You know, I think I want to see you suck on this,” she said. She climbed up onto the bed. “Come here, slave. Suck on your owner’s dildo.”

Some part of him must’ve tried to fight; some part of his psyche must have rebelled against this command because it was so degrading, but he nonetheless got up on his hands and knees. He leaned in again for her crotch, only this time he didn’t get to lick her pussy. Instead, he wrapped his lips around the dildo’s circumference.

Lisa loved this; she was getting hot and wet as he licked and moved his head forward and back. Obviously, she couldn’t feel anything, but this wasn’t about physical sensation; it was about psychological stimulation. It was all about the power she could wield over this powerless male.

As he moved his head forward and back, she put her hands on his head. Her fingertips pressed down as she seized control. Holding him like this, with her hands at the back of his head, made her writhe with a new sense of power and authority. Too often, girls found themselves on their knees. It was the boys’ turn.

That’s why she savored every moment of his subjugation. As he moved his head forward and back, he closed his eyes.

“Look up at me,” she commanded. Sure enough, Evan raised his gaze, and he looked up at the woman who had taken such thorough control over his mind and body.

His expression was hot with frustration, but he couldn’t be intimidating, not with the dildo in his mouth. She pulled his head back, only to push him down again, impaling his lips on that soft material.

“Good. You’re doing such a good job. I like seeing you this way, Evan. You look so good. Keep it up. Show me what a

cocksucker you can be,” she said, hissing with pleasure. She exhaled through her teeth as she reveled in every second.

Just think, this could be her life. She could take this boy, train him, and use him for her amusement. Not just her amusement, her pleasure, her continuous satisfaction.

Exhaling slowly again, she yanked on his hair, pulling his head back. Then she pushed him down. He nearly choked, especially as the tip of the dildo brushed up against the back of his throat. Too bad for him. He was going to have to learn to take it.

Eventually, he forced the muscles in his neck to relax. Lisa half-wondered if she could have helped him with this, but then she shrugged, deciding it didn't really matter. He could be a little bit uncomfortable.

Finally, she yanked his head down, only to pull him back. Over and over again, she fucked his face as she enjoyed his look of anguish. He hated this; he loathed every second of it. Too bad. He still couldn't stop her; there was nothing he could do!

Finished with her boy, she pulled him back one more time. He stumbled, bracing himself on his hands. “What?” Lisa asked with a grin. “Nothing to say for yourself? You don't want to call me a bitch again?”

Evan refused to say anything, probably because he knew that any word he uttered would be used against him.

Then again, it didn't really matter at all. He could be utterly silent and stoic, and she would still love to play with him.

“Get up on your hands and knees. Put your face down and lift your haunches.”

“What, what are you going to do?” Evan asked.

Fear trembled in his voice. Good. She wanted him to be just a little bit nervous.

“Tell me, do you like anal sex?” Lisa asked as she stepped off of the bed. She walked back to her closet and opened one of the dresser drawers. She took out a tube of lubricant and squirted some of the material onto the palms of her hands.

In those first couple of heartbeats, Evan didn't speak a word. But then, something behind his eyes must have clicked into place because he started to say, “No. No, you can't. Please, don't!”

“Stay in that position. Oh, and be sure to relax.”

Sure enough, her voice seized control of his body, and he immediately assumed that subservient position.

With her artificial cock still glistening from his saliva, she could have pounced right away. Instead, Lisa circled him slowly. She walked around him as she drank in the sight of this boy. “You look so good just like this, Evan. I love seeing you with your head down. It’s like you’re worshiping me.”

“That’s never, ever going to happen.”

“Really? You’re never going to worship me? You’re never going to address me as your Goddess?”

“Never!” Ironically, he probably meant it.

Foolish boy.

Lisa shook her head. At this point, she probably didn’t have anything she had to prove. And yet, she still wanted him to understand just how the world had changed. He had to change along with it; she wasn’t going to give him any other option.

“Are you sure about that?”

“Yes!”

“Tell me that you want to worship me. Tell me that you want to obey me.”

Her voice had the desired effect; his free will was knocked away, temporarily suppressed by the power of her femininity.

“I want to worship you. I want to obey you.” Once he said those words, he blinked and grimaced.

“Does that make me your Goddess?”

His lips parted, and Lisa imagined him pleading. Maybe he would have begged for permission to avoid using that term. After all, if she became a Goddess, what did that make him?

“Call me your Goddess.”

“You’re my Goddess,” he replied.

He locked his teeth together, like he thought he would be able to resist the next command.

“Good boy.”

She took the dildo in the palm of her hand, and she smeared the lubricant along the smooth contours. Once her member glistened

and shined, she put her hands to his raised buttocks. She aimed her member for his opening, and then she pushed down.

He felt that intrusion, and he clenched as hard as he could, only then she told him to relax. His muscles surrendered. Even if Evan wanted to try to hold out, he couldn't. His body accepted this. On some level, it must have known that she was his superior, and so he had to comply. She pushed down, inch by inch.

Halfway in, she pulled back, and he started to exhale with relief.

Only then, she shoved it down again, ramming him harder.

Lisa buried the shaft down to the hilt, he tried not to react, only he couldn't keep that gasp to himself.

"If I check you right now, are you going to be hard?"

"No," he insisted.

"Let's see," she teased. She stretched her hand down, first brushing her nails along his spine before she wrapped her fingers around his tumescent member. Sure enough, he gasped as her fingers lightly played along his erection.

"Liar, liar," she teased. "You must really enjoy getting fucked. Oh, and if you're on your hands and knees, what does that make you?"

"No. I, I won't say it!"

Under so many circumstances, Evan could be this domineering, powerful man. He really thought that he was going to get that promotion.

Really, there was no competition, not when Lisa could enjoy all of these advantages. She was going to win; there was nothing he could do about it. For some people, that might have made the competition less entertaining. Not for Lisa. If anything, she loved knowing that the game was set in her favor.

"Say it. Tell me what you've become."

"Your bitch," he gasped.

"Who owns you?"

"No! I won't say it!"

Lisa threw her head back and laughed. As the ecstasy spread through her body, she pumped him, hard and fast. With every thrust,

she lashed at his ego, stripping down all of the overconfidence he had developed as a boy over the course of his lifetime.

“Say it. Tell me who owns you,” she said.

“You do,” he said, and those words should have warranted some sort of reward. They didn’t. On the contrary, Lisa decided to smack his ass. She swung her hand down hard, clapping her palm against his vulnerable backside.

Pain flashed through his skin, lighting up his nerve endings. He clenched his eyes shut even as the tears started to form. Lisa knew what she was doing; despite her petite frame, she was quite strong, so every blow hurt.

The pain flashed through his body, and he couldn’t get away, not while her command held him in place.

She pumped again, working the tip deep into his body.

“I own you,” she said, laughing like some conquering warlord. “I own you, and you are my bitch now. You’re going to do whatever I want. You’re going to obey every command because you can’t help yourself!” Her voice took on the singsong cadence. “I own you! I own you! I own you!”

Evan desperately longed to disagree, to prove her wrong. But he couldn’t!

It was too obvious; yes, she did own him. Yes, she could get away with anything. That’s why it was so easy for her to fuck him there on her mattress.

It caught her off guard, but Lisa actually came. The orgasm swept through her, quick and intense. It wasn’t the mind shattering orgasm she craved, but it still felt wonderful.

She pulled back, and then she grabbed him by his shoulders and pushed him down.

Normally, Lisa wouldn’t have been strong enough for something like this. But after getting taken so thoroughly, he felt as though he had lost something. Some of his old arrogance had a fractured and broken apart.

Perfect.

She looked down at him. Almost hungry now, she exhaled slowly.

“Should I ride you again, or would you like to lick me with that exquisite mouth of yours?”

“What? You’re not just going to tell me what to do?” Evan demanded.

Rather than laugh, she shook her head slowly. “Nope. I’m going to let you tell me what you want.”

He pressed his lips together into a frown. “I want you to let me go.”

“Nope. Sorry. Try again. This is an either/or proposition.”

He closed his eyes for a couple of seconds. “Fine. Have sex with me.”

“Sorry, you took too long. Now I’ve decided I want to feel you between my legs again,” Lisa said with a haughty smirk.

A look of dismay crossed his eyes and mouth. But then, she threw herself down onto her back. She bounced once even as she called out, “Come lick me again, Evan. Show me what you can do with that mouth of yours.”

Once again, her voice seized control of his body, so he crouched down. He slid his cheeks along her inner thighs right to that point where his lips were pressed into her opening. He stuck out his tongue and penetrated her, just as he had done before.

Lisa savored of the waves of pleasure that raced through her skin; they lapped all over her, lighting up the nerve endings in her body. She closed her eyes and savored every second of it. Of course, she allowed her thoughts to drift to what would come next.

She wanted to see Evan tied down. She knew that her voice was enough to compel him, yet she wanted to watch him struggle, to see him fight with all of the strength he could muster.

After all, relying on her voice was one thing, but she wanted to do more than that; she wanted to break him.

It’s what he deserved.

Thinking about all of this, she looked down at him again. There he was, crouched between her legs, right where he belonged to. His tongue swirled up and down, left and right, all for her pleasure. Satisfaction raced through her body seconds later, and then she shoved him back. She enjoyed putting her hand right there on his forehead and pushing him away.

“Get back down on the mattress. Spread your arms and legs.”

He obeyed. “And from now on, whenever I give you command, say, ‘Yes, Goddess’.”

Lisa really didn’t know if this order would work, but she didn’t care. He complied, getting down on his back and spreading his limbs. She went back to her closet where she found a set of silk scarves. Perfect. She smirked, having never imagined that she would use these to tie her rival to her bed.

Climbing back up onto the mattress, she did just that. She looped the restraints around his wrists first. She took her time, making sure they would be nice and snug. Then, once she was certain that he wouldn’t be able to get up, she tested her theory.

“Go ahead. Struggle.”

She voiced those words as a command, so he instinctively attempted to pull free. Maybe he would have done this on his own, but that didn’t matter to Lisa. More and more, she was starting to think of him as a toy, almost mindless.

Writhing against his bonds, he twitched as he pulled, first with his arms, then with his legs. He thrashed about, wiggling from side to side.

For her part, Lisa just waited right between his legs.

Somehow, watching him fight so intensely only added to her arousal. Second by second, her desires mounted. It was a primal itch, a fundamental hunger, one she would not ignore.

“I’m going to ride you,” she said, but only after you beg for the privilege of being my slave. You’re going to tell me how much you want to be owned.”

“Never,” he said. “Maybe you can use your magic on me or whatever, but I’m still not going to let you win. You’re never going to break me!”

Lisa leaned forward, stretching out like a serpent. Then she reached down and ran her fingers along his member. She stroked him, teasing him, touching him. She brushed her fingertips along his scrotum and up to the base of his shaft. From there, she wrapped one hand around his cock.

Clearly, he was trying not to react; he didn’t want to reveal his state of arousal, not that his body didn’t already broadcast it.

“You silly boy. What? You think you’re going to pretend?” She chuckled at his stubbornness. “It doesn’t matter. We both know I can do whatever I want with you.”

“But you can’t break me,” he said.

“Yes, I can,” she said.

Humming happily to herself, she continued to stroke him, her fingers moving up and down the length of his member. She played with his tip, she caressed him, and she made sure that he was desperate.

Moment by moment, Evan fought so hard to hold out, to maintain some kind of stoic defiance.

But the minutes weighed down on him, cracking his defenses.

At first, he tried to close his eyes again. She wouldn’t allow it. “Look at me,” she said.

She was a mousy girl, average to plain, but her power made him weak. That’s why he looked up, all while she continued to tease and stroke him. She brought him to the verge of an orgasm, only to slow down. She worked him up again. Teasing him and denying him, she broke him down until he begged.

Kevin did this of his own volition; she didn’t make him. She didn’t issue any orders.

“Please, I can’t take it! Please, just use me! Please, use me, Goddess!”

That’s what she wanted to hear.

Naked, she climbed up on top of him, and she took his shaft in her hand. She aimed it for that wet opening. Lowering herself down, she enveloped him, the walls of her slit tight and hot against his member. She rode him, slowly at first, but picking up speed with every second.

“This is mine,” she said as she fucked her boy.

“Yes, yes, I’m yours,” he said. Evan knew that if he didn’t cooperate, she could stop at any moment.

“You can’t come without permission,” she said.

Those words bound him, trapping his release. In all things, she would own him. His orgasms would be no different.

“Yes, Goddess!” Evan called out, gasping.

“And when I’m done, you’re going to email Evelyn. You’re going to tell her that you don’t want the promotion. You just want to be my assistant and you only want to help me.”

“No!”

“Yes!”

He struggled even harder, desperate to get away, but every time he bucked or thrashed, that only drove his cock deep into her. It felt amazing, she thought. She closed her eyes again, savoring the moment before she looked down at him. She laughed maniacally, reveling her newfound power and authority. He was going to be her assistant. For so long, they had dueled one another for that position.

It was hers; he would be hers too.

She laughed harder and harder as she rode him before the moans began to vibrate from deep within her chest.

She put her hands on his shoulders as she claimed him. “Say it. Say it all.”

The words came tumbling out. “I belong to you, Goddess! I’m yours! I’m your assistant, your slave, whatever you want. I belong to you now. I can’t stop you. I belong to you! I’m yours! All yours!”

That’s why she grabbed his wrists, pinched, and leaned in. Her mouth hungrily kissed him.

There was nothing he could do to stop her. One orgasm, then another rippled through her body. She threw her head back, sitting up. She cried out. “Come for me. Come for me, slave boy!”

His shaft began to pulsate, throbbing deep within her, and she came for a third time. The explosion of pleasure raced through her body, a supernova of incandescent heat, polychromatic light, all overwhelming her senses.

Then she pulled back and looked down at her trapped boy.

“Thank you, Goddess,” he said.

And to think, this was only the beginning of his training.

The End

If you enjoyed this story, be sure to check out Anna Ritter's novel, *When Women Rule*, available [here](#).