

Programming Josh



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First Edition

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She strolled down the corridor, holding the tablet computer. She cradled it to one side of her body, swiping her finger along the screen, shifting from one picture to another.

Miranda was a beautiful woman. There was no denying the fact that she could get pretty much any employee she wanted. She had that long, black hair, those refined features, those perfectly sculpted cheekbones, and that body of hers could knock out pretty much any guy. She had firm, sculpted breasts, a slender physique, and long legs. When she walked into a room, guys stared after her, yet they also felt this prickle of trepidation.

Usually, it only took one glance for her to scare off most boys. Sure, those men wanted to believe that they were strong and powerful, that if given the chance, they would be able to take Miranda down and show her who was boss. Or maybe they would show her "what a real man could do."

But those were only fantasies, the delusions of young men who didn't understand what a woman like Miranda could do.

Theoretically, she could have strolled these hallways with an escort. She probably made other women uncomfortable from time to time, especially at moments like this. Miranda had declined the offer of a sales associate as she walked up to a pair of double doors. A biometric reader glowed a dull shade of green to the right of the doors.

Without hesitating, Miranda lifted her hand, and she pressed her palm to the screen.

The program read her information and confirmed her identity.

"Baker, Miranda: Training Specialist," came a prerecorded voice.

Miranda smirked.

Training Specialist, her title as far as this particular venture went. A designation made her sound like she would teach people how to use email or maybe get started on a new social media platform.

Several clicks popped across the air as the doors unlocked. Someone else would have been intimidated, but not Miranda. She waited patiently. Then the doors opened automatically, and she walked into a much wider corridor.

Currently, she had on a simple black dress, matching heels, and stockings that shimmered as she moved along. She felt good in this outfit, strong and in control. Then again, a girl like Miranda could have wandered around in her bra and panties and still take command of any situation.

She was just that kind of girl, strong and naturally in control. Then again, considering what she had been doing for the last twelve months, that made sense.

It had only been twelve months, yet over the course of that time, she had already trained dozens of males. She had taken them, broken them down, and turned them into something else...something better.

The irony of her position was that Miranda still looked very young. There was something about her skin or her eyes; maybe it was her smile. In any case, she still managed to exude the youthful energy of a young woman. As far as her position went, her subjects probably expected someone older, someone matronly. But Miranda was still well into her twenties.

As she walked along, she glanced to her left. Automatically, her tablet registered her position within the facility, and it pulled up a picture. There was a guy on her screen, smiling. He had blonde hair and vivid blue eyes. He had the kind of face that lots of women would have melted over.

Not Miranda.

She double checked his biography. Apparently, this young man had cheated on his wife. Because he was a pretty boy, he figured that he could get away with anything. Sure, he might hurt his spouse, betraying his partner by cheating, but he didn't care.

Miranda pressed her lips together, disgusted. But then she felt the compulsion to stop anyway. She turned to her left, stopping in front of a large, plate glass window.

In her picture, that blonde dude had on a mischievous smile.

Currently, he was naked, his arms and legs spread. He had been restrained against a wall on the other side of the room. Metal shackles and circled his wrists and ankles. Even if he had been a hundred times stronger, he never would have been able to break through those metal rings encircling his extremities.

He had his head down. Clearly, being initiated into the program had broken this young man. Maybe he thought he could get away with cheating before, but ever since his wife had him inducted into the program, he lost something. He wasn't willing to fight anymore.

As a training specialist, Miranda could have reprogrammed him in an afternoon.

Shaking her head with disgust, she continued on.

She didn't need to deal with another sleaze ball. Now, for her own

personal, private acquisition, Miranda itched for something better, something more interesting. Sure, all men were basically the same: animals waiting to be trained, tamed, and domesticated, but there were still different varieties of quality.

As her heels echoed down the corridor, she came to another glass window. She glanced inward to find a different man. He was a little bit older, probably somewhere in his late thirties, though he still had a nicely refined body. He was clearly the kind of guy who worked out a great deal.

He lifted his head and made eye contact with her, but only for a moment. Then he looked right back down at his feet. She could tell that he just swallowed nervously because he was scared of her.

Miranda checked his biography on her computer, and she saw that he had been an instigator of several political groups. Apparently, this gentleman believed that feminism had robbed men of their power in society. He believed that women needed to be subjugated firmly and completely.

Yes, Miranda knew the type. She had worked with men like him before. Of course, by the time she had finished with those other subjects, they had become perfectly docile and controllable.

Occasionally, she wondered what happened to her former subjects. Then she usually shrugged, unconcerned. If they ended up with a cruel mistress in some European manor house, that didn't interest her.

She simply had to train them, to break them down, to show them the absurd error of their ways. Men didn't deserve to be dominant or in control. No, boys were born to be slaves.

Continuing her way down the hall, Brenda enjoyed the sense of power that the space conveyed. Whoever designed it had done an excellent job. She loved strolling along here, thinking of these men as zoo animals.

No, that wasn't exactly the right metaphor. These men weren't animals, after all. They were something else, something less. Animals possessed a certain dignity. They were wild, and they did their best when they followed their own natural instincts. Not men. Men, when they follow their instincts, became aggressive and destructive, unnecessarily so.

Becoming, fascinated, she stopped at the next window.

Inside of this containment cell, another young man waited to be picked out for training. He had dark hair, a little bit of stubble along his cheeks, and he had a gorgeously chiseled body. He could have been a model for a workout magazine.

Marginally curious, Miranda checked her tablet again. She saw that this young man fancied himself a "pickup artist." This meant that he prided himself on being able to walk into any club, to pick out some girl, and to get her to come home with him. After time, this meant slipping something into her drink.

Miranda would have enjoyed training him, but she didn't want to keep a pet like that. No, she wanted someone worth her time and attention. This guy needed to be trained and thoroughly broken, but she wouldn't be the one to do it, at least not today.

What exactly did she want? Miranda smirked at the question, strolling along the hallway. She came to another man, this one in his forties. She checked his bio and realized that he wouldn't be a good candidate. Considering the pull she had at this company, Miranda could have taken him home with her, but she didn't want to disrupt their plans.

The man in this next cage, naked and restrained, was a politician, a rather prominent one at that. Over the last several years, he had built a platform on attacking women's rights. He didn't believe in equal pay or protections for women in the workplace. As far as he was concerned, women needed to go back to the kitchen.

Disgusted with him, Miranda shook her head, showing her teeth. If she had been in the mood to train this man, she would have broken him, thoroughly and painfully. She would have ensured that he ended up the most sniveling, pathetic little slave boy to ever crawl through these halls.

Irritated with herself, Miranda continued. She knew that she couldn't allow these men to get under her skin.

She continued onward, moving to the next containment cell. And that's when she saw him.

He had dark hair, matching eyes, and when he realized there was some movement at the corner of his eye, he lifted his head. But unlike the other males, he kept looking at her. His nostrils flared, and he inhaled. Clearly, he wanted to try to say something, yet he probably knew from previous experience that the women who happened by his cell wouldn't deign to respond.

Even so, his lips moved a few seconds later. Miranda couldn't hear him right away, not until she tapped something on her tablet. The speakers on the small computer began to vibrate in her arm as he spoke again.

"I don't care who you are or what you want, I'm not going to let you

get away with this."

Of course, Miranda had heard those words before, but they were usually shouted out of desperation. The man who called out those promises of vengeance usually understood perfectly well, deep down, that something special had happened.

You see, most people like to assume that the world is straightforward, that common sense and a few simple observations can get you through it. But in reality, there are groups and connections that most people couldn't imagine. That's how this cadre of women came to take control. They went through the world, finding arrogant, destructive men who needed to be taken and tamed.

No, not just tamed. Broken.

With another swipe of her finger along the screen, Miranda activated the microphone on her computer.

"What makes you so sure about that?" she asked. Normally, she didn't bother to engage in conversation with the soon-to-be-slaves. After all, what was the point? They were just men. It wasn't like they had any opinions worth expressing.

He swallowed again, nervous, but he continued nonetheless.

"This place is big. You have to have a lot of money to do something like this. Money means people. The more people you have, the greater the risk that someone will expose you. It's going to happen, which means I just have to hold out long enough for your big, dirty secrets to get out there."

Miranda lifted an eyebrow, interested in his logic. For the first time, she brought up another menu on her computer, and she clicked a special command. The glass window in front of her dropped down, and she strolled into his cell. She looked at this man, realizing that he really wasn't a zoo animal.

No, he was an offering on a menu. And Miranda definitely liked what she saw.

She strolled forward, right up to him.

"You really believe that, don't you?" Yes, Miranda had encountered other, idiot males in the past to simply refused to believe that a group of women could so thoroughly take control. Those men were so sexist and so idiotic that they assumed something like this simply had to be impossible even as they were taken to a secret facility, imprisoned, and slowly broken down.

But this man, he wasn't an idiot. As Miranda looked into his eyes, she could see the spark of intelligence there.

"What did you do?"

Right away, he understood what she meant.

His jaw locked, like he didn't really want to go into it. Then again, he glanced around, and he knew that a woman like Miranda could get whatever information she desired, so he might as well offer it up freely.

"I was an analyst at a consulting company. I was competing with someone for a promotion. I think she sold me out." He bowed his head down for the first time, staring into the floor as though he could burn it away with the heat of his frustration. "But that's just a guess. I can't know for sure."

"Fascinating," she said.

"What's that?"

She smirked again. "Normally, when I encounter boys like you at this facility, I know that they deserve to be here. They are usually incredibly arrogant, stupid, and aggressive."

"But you think I'm different?"

"I do."

"Does that mean you would consider letting me go?"

Miranda threw her head back, and she laughed. "No, of course not, silly boy. You still belong here. You are a male, and that makes you inferior. You might not be as bad as the others, but you still need to be trained, just like the rest."

"Trained?"

For the first time, she was interested enough to check her computer for his name.

Josh. It was simple enough, she thought. She turned her attention back to him, only this time she studied him the way an animal handler looks down at a potential prospect. She checked out his muscles, and she leaned down, stroking his cock just once. He was very responsive, hardening almost immediately.

"What does that mean? What does trained mean?"

Miranda finally decided to answer his question. "The men who come here are subjugated. They are broken down by women like me. So that's what I'm going to do to you, Josh." She looked right into his eyes. "I'm going to make sure that you learn to properly respect your new owner. You are going to become an obedient, submissive, subservient, loyal little pet boy. You will

learn to do tricks, you will learn to serve, and you will always put your owner first. This is what your new life is going to be like."

"No."

Miranda loved that answer. She loved it when they tried to resist.

"Hold onto that attitude," she said, surprising him. "Do everything you can in your power to beat me."

"Why would you want me to fight you harder?"

"Because when you finally succumb, it's going to make you that much more eager to serve. By the time I'm done, you're going to feel guilty for trying to act like a person. You aren't a person anymore, Josh. You're a slave. You have been ever since the collectors took you. You just didn't know it yet."

He looked like he wanted to shake his head, to argue with her.

Miranda didn't allow him the chance. She reached up, touching a finger to his mouth. That was enough to silence him. "Be quiet," she said. "You want to be quiet because this is what's going to happen. I'm going to make a note on my computer, and then you are going to be drugged. You're going to fall asleep, and when you wake up, you're going to be in a different room. That's when I'm going to start your training. I'm going to rewrite your desires, Josh."

"What, what does that mean?" He must've been very nervous, yet he did a good job of keeping his voice from shaking. Mostly.

"Don't worry about it," she said, her fingers dancing along her computer screen.

He heard the panel over his head open. An automated needle attached to a robotic arm slid from the opening, coming closer, closer to him.

Josh turned his head. He looked right at it, but then the arm shot down, pricking his skin rather delicately. The plunger was depressed, and a very special sedative began to run through his body. "Good night, Josh. We can get started when you wake up."

This young man was definitely a fighter. Brenda could respect to that. He tried to hold out with everything he possessed, working so hard to keep his eyes open. Miranda just smiled, patting him on the head. "Don't worry. Everything is fine. This is how things work best. Men make mistakes. They get all the silly ideas of their own innate superiority. But that's not really how things should work. This is going to be so much better for you. I promise, Josh. You are going to be so much happier once you learn to be my

plaything. I'm going to tease you and humiliate you every day. I'm going to train you so that your only thought is how you can please me. Some part of you will remember your old life, how you used to have money. Don't worry about any of that. Just let it go. You'll be so much happier when you relax into your new life. Let it go. Just let it go," she said.

Josh shook his head, resisting with every iota of willpower he possessed. He fought so hard, struggling to hold out, yet he couldn't resist forever. The chemicals swam through his body, taking over. Neurological responses kicked into place, and his eyelids began to droop.

Making matters worse, Miranda reached up, and she began to stroke his neck. She petted him lightly, just as she would have done with any other pet. He could have been a dog or a kitty cat.

Eventually, his body went slack as the last of his resistance faded away.

"Let's get started," she said, typing in another command.

Josh couldn't wake up all the way at first. His head was swimming, and his entire body felt heavy, so ridiculously heavy. He couldn't lift his head or his arms over his hands. When he focused with everything he had, he managed to flex his fingers, but that was all.

As the seconds began to tick by, Josh managed to reclaim some semblance of equilibrium. He got his eyes open. He managed to pull on his arms and legs again, only to discover the same restraining pressure as before.

Gritting his teeth, he focused on his anger. He focused on the sense of helpless aggression. He was a man, a real man, so he should be able to do this. Every day, he went to work, and he argued and fought his way through a pit of vipers.

Except for one girl.

Her face floated in front of his mind's eye, and as hard as he tried, he couldn't think of himself as beating her. She had been smarter than him, more determined. That was why he was naked and strapped down and helpless and she was off, probably enjoying a brand-new promotion at work.

Josh growled out his aggression, twisting his body from left to right and back again. He squirmed around as much as possible, but it still didn't do any good. He lacked the physical strength to break those manacles.

The door opened, and the woman in the black dress sauntered in once again. She was beautiful, yet there was something so dangerous about her.

Once again, she had her computer in hand. She tapped a few commands, and then Josh started to feel the table beneath him shift. His legs were forced together, then bent downward at his knees. The table shifted its axis, sitting him up.

Within seconds, he was no longer strapped down to a metal table. Instead, he was sitting, his arms trapped at his sides, his legs locked in place.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"We already discussed that," she told him, reaching down and touching the tip of his nose. It was a surprisingly gentle, if condescending, gesture.

For if a couple of seconds, Josh actually considered trying to bite her finger. But he resisted the urge. This woman already saw him as an animal. He didn't need to justify that assertion.

"You said you wanted to break me. You never said how."

"Hypnosis."

"You want to brainwash me?" Josh asked, obviously incredulous.

"It sounds silly, I know, but the techniques work. That's all you need to know, boy." She said that last word without any special derision. As far as she was concerned, he was simply a boy, an animal, something that needed to be trained and domesticated.

Speaking of domestication, Miranda walked across the room, she set her computer down on the counter, and she opened one of the drawers. For the first time, Josh actually looked around, realizing that this space reminded him a lot of a dentist's or doctor's office.

She pulled something out, a black collar. She showed it to him. "Eventually, you're going to learn to wear this with pride. You're going to love having your collar around your neck because it will remind you of your place."

"Never," he grunted back at her. He stared straight ahead now, almost as though he could ignore her into oblivion.

Unfortunately for him, that couldn't possibly work. Miranda was very real, which she proved by dipping the collar around his neck. She buckled it on it, and then she stepped back.

"Before we begin, there's something I want you to know."

"What's that?" He still wouldn't look at her.

"No matter how hard you resist, I'm going to be able to do whatever I want with you. After just a couple of hours in this room, you're going to

forget all about your previous life. You won't want to be an analyst or important. You won't want to impress anyone except for me. I'm going to be the only person you care about, Josh. I'm going to be the one you worship, the one that you live to please."

"You're crazy," he replied, though his voice lacked any real certainty. Considering the kind of wealth this woman had already demonstrated, he knew that her organization could probably get away with whatever it wanted.

He only had one hope. He had a hold out long enough for someone to realize that he was gone, for someone to figure out that there was a vast, global conspiracy of women with tremendous resources taking men and transforming them into...something else.

Once she finished with the collar, she ran across the room again. She pulled out a syringe. She could have technically administered this particular medication while he had been unconscious, but she wanted him nervous. She wanted his heart pumping.

She cleaned off the crook of his elbow, and then she pushed down on the needle.

He didn't react. Of course, he didn't. He still wanted to believe that he was in control.

"You know, the other women who train men like to specialize."

Again, he simply stared ahead, refusing to engage with her.

Even so, Miranda had no problem continuing. "A friend of mine likes to turn her subjects into human dogs. She trains them to crawl around at her feet, to lick her fingertips, to play fetch. Personally, that's not my style, but I wonder if that would be good for you. What do you think, Josh? Would you like to wait by the door for me, eager to play with me when I get home?"

The corner of his mouth twitched, and he clearly wanted to say something, but he was a stubborn boy. That's what would make breaking him so much fun.

"Of course, I could always just train you to be a sissy. I could put you in cute little dresses and treat you like my doll."

Again, he refused to react.

But you know what I think I really want to do to you? I simply want you to be my slave. I want you to be my servant, to wait on me, hand and foot. I want you to wake up thinking about what you can do to make me happy."

"Not going to happen," he growled back at her again, making that

promise as much to her as to himself.

"Sure", she agreed, mocking him even as she patted the back of his hand. "You're going to be different than all the other guys I've broken. Is that it?"

He tensed up, but he didn't respond. Really, there was nothing that Josh could say to her.

"Just remember, don't look at the screen. Oh, and don't listen to the music either."

Josh didn't understand what she meant, not as she headed back toward the exit. She turned off the light, hiding everything in absolute black. He could hear the door close a second later, and Josh just waited.

He focused on his breathing, in and out, in and out, in and out. He needed to remain relaxed. He needed to focus on who and what he really was. He couldn't allow this woman to mess with his head, no matter what she believed about him.

"I can do this," he said quietly. "I can do this."

He was about to repeat those words when music began to vibrate along the air. He hadn't noticed speakers while the lights had been turned on, but maybe they were simply hidden.

The music was nice, relaxing. Pianos played along with some kind of orchestra. He could pick out several stringed instruments. This was the kind of music that a humanities professor might teach you to like in college.

As he sat there, alone in the dark, strapped down and helpless, Josh tried to figure out what this woman wanted to do. What was her game? How was she trying to mess with his head? Did she want him to be terrified? If so, it wasn't working. He did feel this pinch of nervous trepidation of the back of his skull, but that was natural. He had been kidnapped.

"But I will get out of here," he said.

Bright light filled the room, illuminating one wall. Apparently, there was a projector behind his head because it splashed different colors of light along the wall. At first, he couldn't even look at it. It was so bright.

But as the seconds ticked by, his eyes adjusted. And all of a sudden, he wanted to look at the wall. He *wanted* to study those patterns and colors dancing in front of him.

Josh couldn't explain the impulse. It simply ran through his body, like this thing he needed to do. He wanted to watch the different shapes, squares, the cubes, and the circles. He wanted to watch as octagons contracted and

shifted, becoming rectangles in circles, triangles and squares.

The urge to look didn't make any sense.

Then he realized something. "It's the music," he said, but the volume steadily increased, making it impossible for Josh to hear himself speak. Perhaps if he shouted, he could have been heard over the music pumping through the air, but he simply focused on closing his eyes again.

Again and again, he told himself that he could do this, he could look away from the wall.

All he had to do was close his eyes. If he could do it for one second, then he could do it for two or ten. Then he'd be free.

Josh tried. He blinked for just an instant, but his eyes were taken down for a second before they popped right back open. And there he was, listening to that music as it reverberated through his body and his brain. At the same time, he studied the patterns in front of him. They were mesmerizing, so simple. Part of his brain wanted to try to predict what would happen next, yet he couldn't. Every guess he made turned out to be wrong.

The colors played around in front of him, teasing, almost flirtatious. Josh worked so hard.

He told himself that after a few more seconds, he would look away, only to continue to stare forward.

Then a thought popped into his head.

Miranda is a beautiful woman. She's gorgeous. Maybe if I begged her, she would let me out of this chair. Then I could get down on my knees and kiss her feet.

What?

Josh shook his head. That thought wasn't his. It didn't belong to him. He would never think of begging as a possible recourse. He was a strong, hard willed man. He could make his own decisions. But then it happened again.

She could own me, and I could become her slave. I would be so obedient for her. I would do my best to please her at every turn, though I'd probably fail from time to time. Maybe she would want something I couldn't guess. If that happened, then I'd have to be punished. Every infraction would mean some kind of disciplinary measure. It's what I would deserve.

No, no, no!

Josh wasn't going to surrender to that voice in his head. He tried to block out the sound of the music. Again, he tried to work to simply close his

eyes. But the melodies kept playing, and he couldn't turn his head away from those pretty colors and lights playing along the wall. He tried so hard.

Josh tried to think of something else, anything else.

But then he blinked, and the colors faded, but only for a moment. Instead, they were replaced by an image. In it, he was naked, down on his knees. He held his hands behind his back as he waited for Miranda to make her decision.

"Yes, slave," she told him in his fantasy. "You may service me."

Josh swallowed again both in fantasy and reality as he came up between her legs; she pulled back her skirt. She had already sat down, and there was her pussy, right there, already glistening and damp with her juices. She was looking forward to having her slave's tongue between her legs. She wanted him to worship her body, to yield up everything he had.

Shaking his head in real life, he shrugged off those fantasies. No, he wouldn't succumb. No, he wouldn't allow himself to be some kind of pathetic little slave.

And yet, his cock hardened. He was so stiff, so powerfully erect. Every atom in his body yearned for the chance, the privilege, to worship her. He wanted to get down on his knees, to beg for permission. Every moment with her, every favor and duty and obligation would suddenly become a privilege.

Josh held out as long as he could, but the colors swirling in the music kept playing.

In a different part of the building, Miranda sat back in a comfortable, leather seat. She still had her computer and hand, only right now her hands weren't playing along the top. Instead, she simply studied the surveillance feed.

When he first started, Josh had resisted, fighting with everything he had. He was definitely the right choice for her.

As the minutes went by, she could see the struggles begin to fade. He wanted to fight. That much was obvious, yet he couldn't hold out forever. This was pure science, perfectly calculated and calibrated techniques used to break down the male psyche.

Pretty soon, he stopped trying to turn his head away. He blinked occasionally, yet he no longer strained against the need to watch those colors.

And after a couple of hours, Miranda was certain he would be ready

for her.

The doors opened, the colors disappeared from the wall, and the music stopped.

Josh took a few seconds to try to understand what happened. He took a mental inventory, working to determine if he had been somehow altered. Was he some kind of zombie slave now? Or had the procedure failed?

Perfectly graceful, Miranda strolled into the room, and she tilted her head to the side. She came up to him, and she touched her fingertips to his cheek. She turned his head from the left to the right, almost as though he needed to be inspected.

Smirking, he said, "It didn't work. You failed."

"Did I now?" Miranda asked.

He didn't like that mocking note of certainty in her voice. But he was still thinking for himself. That meant the procedure failed, right?

Without saying anything else, Miranda released him from his restraints. She bent down, loosening the manacles around his wrists. Then she gave him a command. "Free yourself."

Without any kind of hesitation or uncertainty, he leaned down, and he removed the shackles from around his ankles.

"It failed. I'm not your slave. I'm not some mindless idiot who will do whatever you want, Miranda.

"From this moment forward, you will address me as Mistress. Tell me you understand."

"I understand, Mistress," Josh replied, unable to stop himself. He blinked, momentarily stunned. What just happened? Why did he follow her command?

"You were saying that the programming didn't work?"

This time, Josh didn't try to speak. Confused, disoriented, he didn't want to take any risks. Unfortunately for him, Miranda wasn't going to let him off the hook.

"Josh, you are my slave now. That's why you're going to get down on your hands and knees, and you're going to beg for the privilege of going down on me. You're going to lick my pussy with that thirsty little tongue of yours, and you're going to show me everything my new pet can do."

"Yes, Mistress," he said. He slipped out of the chair, he dropped down onto his knees, prostrating himself before this woman, his new goddess.

"Please, Mistress, may I serve you? I want to be a good slave for you. I want to be obedient and loyal. I want to make you feel good. Please, may I worship you?"

"You may," she said. As he watched, practically vibrating with desperation, she lifted up her skirt, and she pulled down her panties. She dropped them on the top of his head, and he caught the aroma of her excitement.

"You know, later on, I'm going to put you in chastity. But for right now, I think you can be trusted," she said, crouching down just long enough to stroke his balls and his shaft. Then she sat down in that chair, and she spread her legs. "Show me what you can do, slave."

Like an obedient boy, Josh leaned forward. He moved up between her legs, and he kissed her pussy first. It didn't matter that he hated the idea of going down on a girl, that he thought it was somehow demeaning or degrading. That humiliation couldn't stop him. He started slowly, kissing her gently. But then, he began to lick her opening, teasing her sex. He got her nice and wet, and then he slid his tongue forward, penetrating her.

For her part, Miranda looked down at her slave. She stroked him, patting his hair. She liked running her fingers over the top of his head. "You're going to learn to be a very grateful boy. Other slaves are sold off in auctions. But you, I'm going to break you, and I'm going to keep you. I'm going to make you into my own personal plaything. You're going to love it."

Josh couldn't answer, not when his mouth was otherwise busy.

He moved his tongue up and down, swiping and licking like good boy.

After a little while, she smiled down at him. "Josh, lay down on the floor for me. Hold your hands above your head."

He obeyed, but he still had enough resistance left to ask her what she was going to do. She looked into his eyes, and without a glimmer of mercy, she said, "I want to fuck you."

"Yes, Mistress," he said, getting down on the cold floor. She came down a moment later, straddling him. Then she took his cock, and she stroked it once, twice. "Remember, you aren't allowed to orgasm without permission. Every inch of you belongs to me now, including this cock. Say it."

"Every inch of my body belongs to you, including my cock."

"Good boy," she said, pleased with him. And then she lowered her

body down, taking his shaft and sliding it up against her opening. She took him, one inch at a time. And then she grabbed his wrists, holding him down. Of course, he didn't dare struggle, but that positioning was important for Josh. He was learning what it meant to be a slave. She rode him, moving up, then down, up and down. She loved the feel of his flesh between her legs. He was so perfect, this adorable specimen of intelligent man brought low. She rode him hard, moving faster and faster until it was time for her orgasm. She cried out, arching her back.

"Now you can come," she told him.

This was a test, one he passed as he called out, "Yes, Mistress. Thank you Mistress!" She kept riding him, pumping his cock until he spurted his load. He lost all control, and when she finished with him, she pulled away. She looked down into his eyes. "Who is my good slave?"

"I am, Mistress."

"Good boy," she said, pulling him back to his feet by his collar. It was time to go home so her slave could start his new life.

The End