

Anna
Ritter



Public Service Announcements

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Public Service Announcements

Carissa paced from one side of the classroom to the other. Scattered in random desks were her fellow female supremacists. The turnout tonight wasn't bad, especially considering how Female Supremacy was a new movement on campus, but Carissa wanted to see the referendum pass.

If it passed, the new rules would be put into effect immediately. The University President had already given her word.

"Remember," Carissa said as she finished, "Talk to your friends. Make sure that they understand just how important this could be. When this college was first founded, women weren't even allowed to attend. Since then, we have made tremendous progress, but we can't really take control until the boys are locked."

Locked.

It was such a simple and powerful word. The locked boy wore a chastity cage. More importantly, he learned to view women as his superiors. Considering that a female would hold the key to his cage and any chance of orgasm, it made perfect sense.

Throughout time, men had been motivated by one goal: sex. This drove them to become warriors, artists, politicians, and entrepreneurs. They *succeeded* because they needed to impress the opposite sex; they needed to demonstrate their worthiness to the women around them. In turn, this had the secondary effect of making men far more powerful.

Men were driven to succeed so they could have sex and pick the most beautiful women as their wives and lovers. But what if that drive could be turned to help those very same females? What if female libido could be harnessed?

"If you stop and think about it," Carissa said, "we have already made so much progress. The fact that we get to have this referendum at all is a testament to just how powerful the women of this campus have become. There are boys all across this school who are genuinely scared of what will happen when we succeed. They know that if this referendum passes, they will be required to wear a chastity cage. They will be required to have a keyholder. They will be required to serve."

That last part was a little bit of hyperbole, but Carissa didn't mind, especially as she looked out at the rest of her fellow female supremacists. These young women all held onto the same ideology, "We know that women are the superior sex. We know that women deserve to rule. For too long, men have enjoyed arbitrary advantages of strength and ambition. With this new rule, we can take all of that away."

Carissa allowed her voice to trail off, and her followers immediately rose to their feet. They clapped and cheered.

"Go out and talk to everyone you know. Make sure they vote. Make sure they vote in favor of male chastity!"

With that, Carissa adjourned the meeting. It broke up, and the girls mostly left or gathered into smaller groups to chat.

But Carissa glanced over at one young woman, a girl with dark brown hair pulled back across the curves of her head into a bouncy ponytail. "Hey, Vicki, do you think I could talk to you for a minute?"

The other girl turned around and quickly scurried over to their leader. "What's up?"

"You're dating Owen Stephens, right?"

"Yeah. Why."

"And you are a film major, right?"

"I am," she said.

"I've been thinking a lot about our chances," Carissa said. "But I'm curious, what do you think? Do you think the chastity rule will pass?"

Vicki pressed her lips together into a concerned line, but she didn't say anything right away.

Blonde with bright blue eyes and a cheerleader's perfect physique, Carissa leaned forward. Far too many males assumed that Carissa was just some airhead, a cute girl who could fulfill their fantasies. Maybe that was why the female supremacists had done so well. The men on campus consistently underestimated their leader, her charisma, and her talents.

Maybe that's why she had three separate "boyfriends" already under lock and key. Those young men did her laundry, cleaned her apartment, and provided her with whatever she needed. They also

served her quite literally, sometimes massaging her feet or rubbing her back after a long day of studying and political campaigning.

But as far as Carissa was concerned, taking over this school was just the first step. From here, she could move on to local government, then state, and eventually national politics.

“It’s okay,” Carissa said to her young follower. While Carissa was a senior on the cusp of graduating, Vicki was just a sophomore. “You can be honest with me.”

“To be honest, I guess I’m still really concerned. I know there are a lot of boys who are campaigning really hard against us.”

“Those are the ones who are paying attention.”

Vicki nodded.

Carissa continued, “That’s the thing about voting and politics. You get one minority that is for something, another minority that is against it, and then the majority don’t even care. They don’t really understand how important this could be.”

“This matters,” Vicki said vehemently.

“Oh yeah,” Carissa agreed with a bright, winning smile. “This is incredibly important. If we can get all of the boys into mandatory chastity cages with inspections, they aren’t going to feel like they can be sexist bastards anymore. Every single male on this campus will suddenly find himself under the control of a female.” She got excited as she thought about it. Her heart pounded just a little bit faster, and there was the warm heat between her legs.

Carissa once read about how politicians would stand in front of large, excited crowds. They would go to their rallies and get hard. Theoretically, talking about the importance of immigration, taxes, or some other issue shouldn’t have been sexy. But it was the power. The adulation. This is what turned those men on. Carissa had been pleased to find that she could get equally excited when it came to political power and success.

“I guess I just don’t see the boys giving in on this one.”

“If the referendum passes, and the boys are required to be locked, they will have a choice. Either they wear a cage and find a keyholder or they drop out of school. The choice will be theirs.”

Vicki gave an eager nod, but she was probably still wondering why the leader of the female supremacists wanted to talk to her.

Vicki was a sweet girl, but she wasn't the most beautiful, outspoken, intelligent, or successful.

"I think we need something special to help us win, Vicki."

"What's that?"

"A public service announcement," Carissa replied. "I know that you're a film major, and you have a cute boyfriend. If you could get him to talk about the importance of chastity, that would go a long way toward helping convince some of the other guys and lots of the other girlfriends."

"A public service announcement," Vicki said, repeating the words. When it came to politics, she may not have been especially confident, but she knew video. She knew how to record clips, cut, edit, and frame them. She knew how to add the sound effects and insert extra images at just the right times.

"Exactly," Carissa said. "Make some for the girls. If you can, make some for the guys. If you have Owen talking about how chastity is actually really good for him, then maybe we can get some of the boys to vote for the referendum."

Obviously, the female supremacists would vote in favor of the referendum. Their boyfriends wouldn't get a choice either since those young men were already locked up. If they ever hoped for another orgasm, they had to please their key holders. That left the undecided girls and maybe a few of the boys who could be convinced that this would be "good" for them.

"Do you think you're up to the challenge?" Carissa asked.

"You can count on me," Vicki replied.

The girls hugged goodbye, but Carissa whispered to her friend, "You can do this. You've got this."

Vicki considered the different shots she could use. At first, she imagined something elaborate, like her boyfriend walking around on campus, turning to the camera as though just noticing a close friend before he would start talking about all of the benefits of male chastity.

But then she came to her dorm room, and she ran her tongue along the edges of her teeth.

Vicki didn't let any of the other girls know, but Owen still argued with her from time to time. He still tried to assert himself. They had been dating for a month, and he had been in chastity for the last five days. Just five days.

She unlocked her door and walked inside. Sure enough, her bed had been made, the floor was vacuumed, and all of the dishes had been removed from the sink. In comparison to what many other college students enjoyed, Vicki was proud of her dorm room. It had a private bathroom, a small kitchenette, her bed, and an adorable living area with a sofa, TV, and an extra chair.

Really, it was more of a studio apartment.

And now, it had been perfectly cleaned.

Her boyfriend was seated on the chair, his legs held together, his back straight as he looked down at his phone.

"Hey, Owen," she said.

He got up. He glanced around. Clearly, he was uncertain; he didn't quite know what to do.

"You and I need to talk," she said.

Some of his uncertainty faded, and he rose to his feet. He strode straight to her, grabbed her, pulled her close, and leaned in to kiss her. His lips brushed along her mouth, and the heat shot through her body.

It didn't help that her plans for her public service announcements had turned her on more than she wanted to admit. Getting to play director with her boyfriend sounded pretty perfect.

"Do we really?" Owen asked flirtatiously. "I did everything you wanted. I did the dishes, cleaned your countertops, vacuumed, and I even cleaned your bathroom. Everything here is spotless." That wasn't how most guys would try to seduce their girlfriends, but Vicki had practiced giving him orders before she left.

Clearly, he had obeyed.

He tried to kiss her again, but she grabbed him by his wrist and pulled him over to the bed. He had no problem following her there.

But when he leaned in to kiss her again, she touched two fingers to his forehead and pushed him back. "We are talking right now," she stated unequivocally.

“What? What is it?” Owen asked as he tried to keep the impatience from his voice.

“Owen, I’m really grateful that you have been willing to put on a chastity cage for me.”

His lips hardened. Clearly, he didn’t like the idea. He must have resented those five days of denial. “But I’m willing to let you out if you can be a good boy for me.”

“I’ve already cleaned your dorm room. What else you want from me?”

“First off,” she said as she straightened up and assumed command, “I want to hear a more respectful tone of voice from you.”

Before all of this started, she would have expected this kind of chastisement to send him running from the room. In fact, he glanced over at the door, but then he stopped himself. Instead of arguing with her, he answered with just one word, “Sorry.”

She could do it, she realized. She could truly command this boy, and he’d actually obey. The heat fluttered through her again, addictive and enticing like nothing else.

“It’s okay,” she said magnanimously. “But I need you to focus. We are not having sex right now.”

His jaw clenched, but Owen refrained from saying anything else.

She took his hand and gently pulled it over onto her lap. “Carissa has asked me to make some public service announcements in support of the referendum.”

He bristled at the final word. The referendum. Theoretically, the student body would be voting on a number of different propositions, but most of them were pretty meaningless.

No one actually cared about the one-dollar surcharge to renovate the stadium or the endorsement of a local political candidate, not when the boys’ freedom now sat on the ballot.

“You’re not going to do it, are you?”

“Why wouldn’t I?”

“Because we can’t vote in favor of it!” His eyes widened.

Up until this point, Vicki had worried about this conversation, only now she saw how easily she could take charge of this boy.

“Actually,” she said with a breezy confidence of a girl who knew she couldn’t lose, “We are both voting in favor of the referendum.”

“What?” Owen hissed.

“You heard me,” she replied. Over the last couple of days, she had worried about this conversation, but now it was so much easier than she expected. Not just easier, *fun*. “You and I are both voting for the referendum. Every boy on this campus should be locked up just like you.”

As her boyfriend tried to find the words to argue with her, she reached out, grabbed his shirt, and yanked him forward. Suddenly, her lips were pressed to his, and he loved the physical contact, so he embraced her. He wrapped his arms around her waist, and he kissed her right back.

Then she pulled away again.

His face was flushed, he was breathing quickly, and she commanded, “Tell me how you’re going to vote.”

The muscles along his throat tensed, and he looked down, but he quickly said, “I love being with you, but I can’t vote for this referendum. It’s not fair. I...” he paused, “...agreed to the chastity cage. But other boys shouldn’t just have to do it because the school says so.”

“But it would be good for them.”

“It’s a matter of personal freedom,” he said defiantly.

“Tell me you’re going to vote for it. If you don’t, you can leave here and come back in a month.”

His eyes widened. At first, he stammered, only to stop himself. Finally, he asked, “Please, tell me you’re not serious?”

She turned to him, her eyes flinty and crystalline with cold determination. Deep down, excitement swelled through her body. She could feel the heat of arousal rush through her stomach and down toward her core. And yet, she still remained impassive, as though she could wait patiently for as long as it took.

“This isn’t fair,” he said.

Vicki said nothing.

He jumped to his feet, he pressed his fingers down into the palms of his hands, and then he finally gave in. He slumped beside

her, dropping back to the mattress. "Fine."

"What was that?" Vicki asked playfully now.

"I'll vote for the referendum!"

"And you're going to help me make some public service announcements," she said.

"What?"

Vicki didn't give him the opportunity to respond.

Voting was one thing. But actively helping the referendum might prove even more difficult. That's why she followed her instincts.

She pounced.

Vicki threw herself forward, she grabbed him by the front of his shirt. Her fingers pulled along the smooth fabric and bunched it up underneath her palms. At the same time, she shoved him down onto the mattress. She straddled him and started kissing him again.

Oh yes, this felt amazing. The excitement flared through her body, turning her skin hot.

She kissed him and rode him without letting him out of his chastity cage or even pulling his pants off. As they made out, he started to make those eager little moaning sounds underneath her.

Tempted now, she decided to give herself a little orgasm. She shifted her position, straddled his thigh, and pressed her crotch down against his thigh. She rubbed herself as she kissed him. Sometimes she pressed her lips to his. At other points, she leaned down and licked at the underside of his neck. She nuzzled him, sucked on his flesh, and made him moan.

All the while, she moved her hands along his sides. With every moment, he must have hoped she might slip her hand down into his pants, but he didn't get that reward, not yet.

She rubbed herself on his leg. She used him like a sex toy as she undulated her body forward and back.

Oh yes, this felt so good. It was amazing.

It wasn't just the physical sensations. If anything, those were pretty subpar. It was the power. The authority. This was what Carissa had been talking about for so long. This was why women like them

needed to seize control, first here at the college, then in the city, the state, all across the country, maybe even the world!

What would humanity look like once all of the boys were locked up?

Vicki couldn't wait to find out!

Pretty soon, she was moaning without thinking about it. Before all of this, she worried how she might look or sound during sex. But with her boyfriend locked up and desperate, she knew his opinion didn't really matter. While she was his keyholder, she could do whatever she liked, and he would learn to appreciate it. Because if he didn't, she could give him another day, another week, maybe a month of denial. By the end, he would be on his knees, begging just like the other boys.

The desires burst through her body, morphing into the wild ecstasy and heat of an orgasm. She savored her climax as she closed her eyes, lifted her chin, and panted through the pleasure. Then she kissed him one more time.

Owen waited as long as he could before he finally asked, his tone pleading and desperate, "Do you think I could get off too now? Please?"

"Oh? Do you want to have sex with me? Is that it?"

"Yes. Please."

"That depends," she said. "Are you going to help me with my public service announcements?"

"What are they going to say?"

"Does it matter?"

There was this sharp intake of breath as he processed her words and realized what she meant: he was just a boy. Politics should have been beyond him

Vicki had never, ever talked down to a male like this before, but it felt so good. Again, the sense of power and authority surged through her.

"Please..."

"I want you to talk about the effects of chastity. I want you to tell all of the students on campus about why this referendum should pass."

"I don't believe it should," he said.

“Sweetie, think of yourself as an actor. You don’t need to believe what you say. You just have to do as you’re told.”

“I’m not a puppet.”

“Today, you will be,” she said. She touched two fingers to the base of his sternum and walked her digits up along his chest. As he started to pout, she couldn’t help but giggle and stroked his cheek with back of her hand. “Oh, it’s okay. How about this? If you really want to have sex, you just have to be a good boy and do what I want. After I get enough footage, we can fool around some more.”

“Would you let me out of the cage?”

“It depends,” she replied.

“On what?” Normally, Owen could sound so calm and relaxed, but now his voice stretched with need.

These boys really did behave differently when they were locked up.

“On your behavior,” she said with a grin. Then she leaned down and kissed him.

From there, Vicki sat up, rushed over to her closet, and she pulled out her tripod and favorite camera. As she got to work setting things up, she glanced over at the sofa and pointed. “Sit there. I want your back straight, oh, and do your best to sound relaxed. That’s very important. Remember, this is just a regular conversation. Imagine yourself talking to a bunch of guys right now.”

“And you want me to talk about chastity?” He spat the last word like it was an insult or some jagged example of profanity.

“Exactly,” she said.

By this point, Vicki had the right frame. “Go,” she said.

He got up, rising from the mattress. He walked over to the couch and sat down. Just as she ordered, he kept his back straight. With all of the tension running through his body, that wasn’t a problem. But then he glanced over at the camera, and speaking to a little red dot felt completely different than talking to a person.

“Don’t worry,” she said. “We have plenty of time.”

She started recording, but he just stared straight ahead.

“Cut,” she called out, not that there was anyone else in the apartment to hear her. “What’s wrong, Owen?”

He heard the little patronizing note in her voice when she used his name, but he didn't comment on it. "I guess I just don't know what to say," he told her.

"Talk about how chastity has helped us in our relationship. If you're talking to boys, boys want to have girlfriends. Tell your fellow boys about how this has made you better."

His nostrils twitched. He glanced down. Clearly, he hated the idea of surrendering like this, only he saw no other choice.

He inhaled, filling his lungs, and the red dot came back to life. "Hello," he started awkwardly. "My name is Owen Stevens, and I want to talk to you about chastity. I know that chastity sounds like a scary word. You've probably heard a little bit about it. There have been rumors. You may have even wondered how many other guys on campus are wearing chastity devices."

As he spoke, Vicki flashed him a thumbs-up. She could hardly believe it, but her boyfriend was doing this! Not only that, he was doing such a good job!

"If you wear a chastity cage, it will change how you see the world. You'll feel like a different man. But that's not necessarily a bad thing," he said.

"Cut," she said.

"What's wrong?"

"You need to sound more enthusiastic," she said.

"Vicki, I don't think I can," he told her, his voice straining with desperation now.

"Let's try something else," she said. "Maybe you don't appreciate how important chastity really is."

"I've been wearing the stupid thing for five days! I understand how important this is," he snapped back.

"Do you want to make it nineteen days?"

He blinked, confused. But then some of the color drained away from his cheeks, which only made Vicki laugh. He did the math. He had been in a chastity cage for five days, but she could easily add another two weeks to his term.

"No!" Owen called out, his voice taut with desperation.

"That's what I thought," she said. "But you know, I think this would work a lot better if you took off your pants and underwear."

“You want me to do a public service announcement in just a shirt?”

“Don’t worry,” she said with a little chuckle, “I’m only going to film you from the waist up. No one will know that you’re not wearing any pants.”

“Please, I don’t want to do this,” he said. “This isn’t fair. It’s not right. Boys shouldn’t be in chastity!”

He stopped, perhaps realizing that his outburst might have consequences.

Sure enough, Vicki beckoned him toward her camera with the flick of a finger. “Come here,” she ordered. Obediently he rose to his feet and walked over to her.

As he stood there, his eyes downcast, she brushed her fingers through his hair. She stroked him and petted him. “It’s okay. I know that you weren’t expecting this when I came home. I understand that you’re nervous and that you aren’t used to performing. That said, what do you need to do?”

“Listen to you?”

“Exactly,” she said. “You need to listen to me and obey me. Can you do that?”

He nodded.

“Say it,” she instructed.

“I can listen to you and obey you.”

“There’s a good boy.” Because she could, she patted him on the head. That demeaning gesture made him jerk his gaze back up toward her face, but he couldn’t intimidate her, not anymore. The moment he allowed his girlfriend to slide the chastity cage in position and lock it on, he surrendered his ability to intimidate her.

“Take off your pants,” she said next.

This time, he obeyed her. He loosened his belt, slipped it from the loops on his trousers, and he pulled down his pants. Next, he yanked down his boxers to reveal his shaft.

“Wait a second,” she said as she stepped forward.

Enjoying this more than she expected, she reached down and cupped his balls with one hand. With the other, she glided her fingers along his buttocks and down his thigh. Pretty soon, he was moaning. Not only that, the tip of his shaft dampened. It glistened with

excitement even as his member tried to harden and stand against the plastic prison.

His manhood didn't stand a chance, not against the lock and industrial plastic.

"Good boy," she said. "Now walk over to the couch and sit down."

Vicki returned to her camera. She checked it, and sure enough, his naked crotch and legs weren't visible in the shot.

"Begin," she commanded.

"Chastity is important for young men. Too often, we allow ourselves to get distracted."

"Cut," she said.

His lips parted, but he didn't say anything. Perhaps he was learning a valuable lesson: it was better for a boy to listen than speak.

"That's an excellent point," she said, "But I think you should save it for when you talk to the girls. Right now, you want to convince the men that they should be in chastity."

"Okay," he said. He closed his eyes and tried again.

"Begin," she ordered.

He puffed out his cheeks for a moment, which she could edit out later. Then he started, "Guys, chastity isn't so bad. If we really stop and think about it, we spend way too much time thinking about sex. If you take that away, then you can focus on your work, your hobbies, your extracurriculars, and your classes. If you want to make sure that you are successful in college, wear a chastity cage."

"Cut," she said. "Great ideas, but I want you to call it a chastity device."

"Why? It's a chastity cage. That's what it says on the box," Owen replied.

"True," she allowed, "But cage has such a negative connotation."

His shoulders tensed, and his fingers pushed down into the palms of his hands. "Begin," she said.

"If you want to make sure that you are successful in college, wear a chastity device."

“Got it,” she said as she turned off the camera. Then she glanced at him again. “I think you should tell the guys that girls get really excited when you wear a chastity device.”

“Is that true?”

“Actually, yes.”

“But wouldn’t that imply that they would get a lot more sex?”

“You horny boy,” she teased. “Do you really want to have sex right now?”

“Yes. Please!”

He even jumped up onto his feet.

“We are going to have sex,” she stated. “But I’m not going to unlock you. You’re going to get on your knees and serve me with your mouth.”

“But that’s not sex...”

She walked up to him, grabbed him by his shirt, and yanked him forward. As she looked into his eyes, she explained something. “For way too long, boys like you have always assumed that sex started and ended with the male orgasm. That’s wrong. That’s sexist. As far as you’re concerned, sex will begin and end with my pleasure. Understand?”

He must have noticed the hypocrisy, but Owen didn’t dare confront his girlfriend, not when she had the key to his cage hidden somewhere. Besides, what if she got really annoyed and just sent him away? She could tell him to get lost and maybe come back in a couple of days or a couple of weeks...

No, he couldn’t take it!

That’s why he sacrificed another chunk of his dignity and jerked his head down and up to blindly agree with everything this beautiful girl said.

“Good boy,” she said again. This time, she pinched his cheek.

Although he glared at her, she didn’t mind. If anything, his barely contained frustration only added to her excitement.

She did a little twirl in front of him, spinning around. He studied her breasts, the lines of her waist, and her gorgeous ass. Then he watched as she unbuttoned her jeans and yanked down her pants and panties all at once. She sat down on the edge of the sofa, spread her legs, and started to touch herself. Her fingers brushed

along her sex right there in front of him. She curved her back, lifted her chin, and closed her eyes. "Oh, that feels so good. Get in front of me. Kneel."

Before they started dating, Owen considered himself to be a fairly attractive young man, although he wasn't the most successful when it came to girls, dating, or parties. Sure, he could get a number every once in a while, but he wasn't like those other guys, the frat bros who could saunter into any room and start flirting right away. He didn't get to bask in threesomes or having beautiful sorority sisters fight over him.

And yet, he still looked at her, and his chest tensed because she was incredibly hot. Damn it.

Maybe that's why his shaft twitched and he dropped to his knees in front of Vicki.

"Oh, look at that. I seem to have gotten my fingertips wet. Come over here and lick them clean for me."

His nostrils twitched because he didn't want to do it. And yet, he crawled toward her, and she held out her fingers. He licked them slowly and sensuously, just as she expected.

Then she put her hand on the back of his head, and she pulled his face forward.

Within seconds, he started licking her slit. He moved his tongue up and down the length of her pussy just as she wanted.

"Good boy. That's right. Lick. Show me where you belong. That's right. Chastity isn't so bad. This is what you wanted, right? You wanted sex. Well, we are having sex."

One part of oral servitude that Owen really despised was the fact that he couldn't talk. She could say whatever she liked while he licked her, but he couldn't answer.

"This is where you belong, you know. Boys should be on their knees serving girls. There's nothing wrong with it. You shouldn't be embarrassed. For too long, society has told you that guys are supposed to be in charge. Well, you had your chance, but now you're in a chastity cage, and that means you know you should be obedient."

Obedient. That was a word Carissa used all the time.

Up until today, Vicki had never truly understood just how potent and powerful this dynamic could be. Before, everything had seemed theoretical.

But now it became real.

He moved his tongue down and up, deep between the walls of her slit. Her nipples hardened, her skin warmed, and the excitement burned bright throughout her system. She tightened her grip on his hair, eliciting a little moan of dismay from deep within his chest.

Good.

Finally, she pulled him back.

“Look at me,” she commanded.

He raised his gaze.

“This is sex. I’m having sex with you,” she said, turning those words into an undeniable fact.

Just as he tried to say something, she pulled him back between her inner thighs. Without being told to do so, he started licking again.

“Good boy! Such a good boy! Good, good boy!” Her words fractured as she panted. He kept licking, serving her until she finally cried out. The ecstasy swept through her, an explosion four or five times more potent than when they made out on her bed.

After she collected herself, Vicki pulled her panties and jeans back up along her body.

“Can I put my pants back on?” Owen asked. He turned those words into an adorable request.

“No,” she said. “You can’t. In fact, I think you’re going to try something else.”

“What?”

Vicki scurried across the room and opened one of the closets. A fellow female supremacist had given her plenty of toys. This should work nicely, she decided as she pulled out the handcuffs. She brought them over to her boyfriend. He saw the glinting metal loops, and he started to shake his head until she touched a finger to the underside of his chin. She stopped him just like that. “Owen, do you want me to let you out sometime today?”

“Yes!” That answer had been easy.

“And what do you have to do?”

Clearly, he didn't like this part, only her boyfriend saw no choice. “Obey?”

“That's right,” she replied. “You have to obey.”

She tossed the handcuffs down onto the floor. They clanked in front of his feet.

“Get them,” she commanded.

He obeyed, just to she expected. He was about to slide them along his wrists, but she shook her head. “Put them on behind your back.”

With a nervous gulp, he did as she asked again. He slipped his arms behind him, and he snapped the handcuffs into place. “Turn around,” she said.

As he shifted, she admired how he looked with a pair of handcuffs on. Then she placed one palm on his shoulder and nudged him back to the floor.

“Let's try this again. Tell the boys about how you love being in chastity. Tell them how you belong to me now. Tell them how this is the most satisfying thing you have ever experienced.”

As he opened his mouth, it was clear he wanted to ask something important because none of that was true. He hated chastity. She could see it in his eyes. And yet, the cage kept all of his masculine aggression suppressed along with his orgasms.

Vicki hopped over to her camera, aimed it down at her kneeling boyfriend, and called out, “Begin.”

With his eyes locked on the red dot, he began, “Guys, you need to be in chastity. It feels amazing. When you have a girlfriend who holds your key, she takes control of you. She owns you, and you will do whatever she wants.”

Vicki doubted she would be able to use this, but that hardly mattered. She considered this to be more of an instructional moment for her boyfriend. As he said those words, maybe they felt true.

If not, that only meant he needed more time in chastity.

“If you can find a woman to hold your key, you will be incredibly lucky. That's why this referendum needs to pass. Women

will be able to volunteer as key holders, and every boy will be given the privilege of getting locked up.”

“Cut,” she said.

She rushed forward, right past the camera, she grabbed his cheeks between the palms of her hands, and then she leaned in to kiss him.

When she broke away, she said with a grin, “You are an amazing little actor!”

“Thank you.”

“Tell me you love your chastity cage.”

“I love my chastity cage.”

“Perfect,” she chirped. “At this rate, I’m going to get to throw you down on the bed and have sex with you again.”

For just a second, he obviously wanted to ask what that might mean.

“I could ride you,” she said. “I could let you out of your cage, touch you, and enjoy your body. Would you like that?”

“Yes! Yes, so much!” Owen called out with undisguised desperation. So often, college students did their best to seem disaffected and uninterested, like they were too cool to get excited about anything. But cuffed and on his knees, this boy couldn’t conceal his strongest desires.

“Good. It’s time to make another clip, this time for the girls!”

“First,” Vicki announced from behind her camera, “We will do a video for public consumption. Right now, you’re talking to the girls, but assume that their boyfriends or male friends might be around.”

He inhaled, looked at the camera, and waited for her to call out, “Begin.”

He spoke with greater confidence this time as he said, “Ladies of campus, I would like to take this opportunity to encourage you to vote for the referendum on male chastity. My name is Owen, and my girlfriend is my keyholder.”

Vicki’s boyfriend hesitated here; perhaps he didn’t know what to say. More likely, his battered ego balked at the command to encourage girls to vote for mandatory chastity training.

With the boys, he could claim that he didn't think his public service announcement would make any difference. But when he talked the girls? Surely, he might be able to persuade a few of them, not necessarily because of what he said, but also because of his position and the defeated look in his eyes.

Girls could be capricious and ambitious; they could be power-hungry, just like anyone else.

"Keep going," Vicki commanded.

Her voice lashed down against him, and he surrendered once more. "I'm here to encourage you to vote for mandatory chastity training for every boy on campus. If you lock up your boy, he will become your servant."

Behind the camera, Vicki rewarded him with a big smile.

"You can take your boyfriend, your friend, whichever guy whose key you hold, and you can become his owner. Trust me. I do whatever my girlfriend tells me to because I know I need it."

He didn't need to specify what "it" meant.

"Cut," she said.

"Try again. This time, I want you to be entirely professional."

He exhaled slowly and nodded his head until he heard her command to start.

With his eyes aimed at the red dot, Owen tried again, "My name is Owen Stevens, and my girlfriend keeps me in chastity. This has been a tremendous help for me, my studies, and our relationship."

She flashed him another thumbs up and motioned for him to continue.

"This helps me because it keeps me focused. It makes sure that I don't get confused or distracted by anything that might upset or frustrate my girlfriend. Since she is my keyholder, I know that I will always be held to a high standard. This is really important, especially when it comes to my grades. If I disappoint my keyholder, she can withhold orgasms and even erections if she decides I need encouragement." He just barely managed to say that last word with a straight face. "More than this, it helps our relationship. I know that my girlfriend loves me because she holds my key. She knows that I will always be loyal for the exact same reason."

“Cut,” Vicki said.

He slumped his shoulders, drooped his head, and wondered what this betrayal might mean.

Did he really want to be one of the reasons why the referendum might pass?

When he first heard about the idea, he had snorted, thinking it was impossible. There were too many guys on campus, but then he learned about one specific trend: amongst both the undergraduate and graduate students, women outnumbered the boys. It seemed improbable, but it was true.

There were more females at the school than males. This trend had started years ago, and it had only accelerated over the last couple of decades.

When he looked around now, he still saw a significant number of males in every one of his classes. In fact, he even took an engineering course that had more males than females, but the overall trend was undeniable.

“Now do another one,” Vicki said. “This time, I want you to talk only about your servitude. I want you to convince these girls with something unofficial.”

“Unofficial?” Owen asked with a breath.

“That’s right,” she said. “Tell the ladies of this campus how you go down on me, how you will crawl at my feet. Tell them how high effectively I own you now.”

“You don’t own me!”

“Then why are you half naked, on your knees, and cuffed with your hands behind your back?” Vicki asked with a condescending smile.

Owen searched for some biting retort, something he could say to prove her wrong, yet he drew a total blank. As he looked up at her fox-like features, especially her slender nose and sharp cheeks, he couldn’t answer.

“Exactly,” she said into the silence. “You belong to me now, Owen. You might as well accept it.”

He bit down, grumbled something, and then she turned on the camera. “Begin.”

He glanced up toward the lens, then at the crimson dot. As he surrendered, he admitted, "I'm a chastity slave now. I belong to my girlfriend. She holds my key, which means I have to do whatever she says. It's only been five days since I put on the chastity device, but I can feel myself surrendering to her. I don't know why," he confessed. The words just tumbled out without any consideration, "But getting locked up like this makes me feel utterly powerless. When she put in a chastity cage, she took something from me. Now she is the only one who has the key, and I can't get this stupid thing off."

He stopped talking for several more seconds. But then he glanced up toward her, and he said, "Still, I feel something else. I feel the drive to please her. When I look up at my girlfriend and see her smiling and happy, I know that I am making the right decision. Yes, I might consciously hate this, but some part of me feels like I belong on my knees before her now. I am her slave. I am her property. That's what chastity does to a guy like me."

"Cut," she said.

He dipped his head down and stared at the floor.

She strolled out from behind the camera and walked over to him. He still had his eyes aimed downward, like he couldn't face her or face what he just confessed to her.

He only glanced up when she touched the top of his head and lifted his gaze toward her. "Owen, did you mean that?"

"Yes..."

"Good," she said. "Off camera now, I want you to tell me that you're going to be a good and obedient slave boy for me. I want you to make me a promise."

"What do you want me to promise?" He understood the first part, not the second.

"You'll figure it out," she said.

When he looked up at her, the words began to form right there at the tip of his tongue. It would have been so easy to give her precisely what she wanted and expected, yet something inside of him hardened.

He took a breath and said, "Give me the key."

"What was that?" She sounded amused, not dismayed.

“Give me the key,” he repeated as he packed as much certainty and determination as he could into his voice.

“You’re a boy. You don’t get to hold your key. That’s why you need someone like me,” she said simply.

“I’m not going to wear a chastity device anymore! I don’t even care if the referendum passes!”

Yes, the cage had unlocked certain servile feelings in this boy, yet the rest of his masculine aggression suddenly burst out. He jumped up onto his feet.

If he hoped to frighten his girlfriend, Vicki must have disappointed him. In fact, she looked almost bored as she crossed her arms over her chest and looked at him. “I’m going to give you one chance to apologize right now. Get back on your knees where you belong, Owen.” When she used his name, she may as well have been an employer talking down to her subordinate.

“I’m serious,” he said.

“So am I,” she said.

“I won’t apologize!” He practically shouted those words; her neighbors probably heard his outburst.

But then she grabbed him by his bicep and yanked.

Vicki caught her boyfriend off-guard; more importantly, his newly awakened sense of servility and obedience made it harder for him to use his muscles to fight her.

Still naked from the waist down, Owen felt the world flash by until she shoved him against the mattress. With one hand on the back of his neck, she pushed him face down. Then she grabbed his ass with her other hand, and she pinched. Her fingers pushed down against the yielding flesh.

“What, what are you doing?”

“What’s wrong? Are you getting nervous?” She brushed her fingers along his backside.

“You can’t do this,” he said.

Theoretically, Owen should have been able to shove his way off of the mattress, turn, and saunter right through the door and back out into the hallway. Yeah, he would have been half naked, which probably would have gotten him expelled, but something held this boy in place.

His hands may have been cuffed behind his back, but the psychological shackles were so much stronger than he had ever imagined.

“I’m going to be very honest with you, Owen because you have been so honest with me. I’m going to enjoy spanking you. This is going to feel delightful—for me.”

“What?”

She didn’t answer. Instead, she brought her hand down hard, swatting the firm curve of his rear end. The pain flashed along his skin.

“I’m not giving you back the key, Owen. That’s because you belong to me. And if you try to take it off, I will make sure you regret it. Sure, you might be able to go to a locksmith or maybe you can find some bolt cutters, but you are mine. You don’t get to run off. You don’t get to break up with me,” she said.

Between sentences, she spanked him, firm and fast. Her hand connected to the same spot each time, bringing a bright red blush to the surface of his skin.

He tried to yank away, but she had no problem holding him down, especially since his arms were still trapped behind his back. This threw off his balance and made it much easier to manipulate him.

Soon, he couldn’t help it.

He called out, “Ow!” He whimpered like a chastised animal.

“Tell me you belong in chastity,” she ordered.

“I belong in chastity!”

“Tell me it’s good for you,” she commanded.

He hesitated, so she spanked him. Her hand came down five times, one painful burst after another.

Owen probably assumed a spanking couldn’t possibly hurt because he was an adult man. But this girl, despite her size, made every strike sting. She swatted him hard and fast, ensuring his obedience.

“It’s good for me!”

“Very nice,” she said. “Now, I want you to stand up in front of me.”

His eyes shined with extra moisture, but he obeyed, standing and turning around.

Then she did something he never expected.

Vicki reached down and cupped his balls. She touched him gently. Simultaneously, she reached up and started to massage her right breast. He stared, first at her face, then at her cleavage and down along the curves of her mounds. All the while, she continued to touch him right between his legs.

A groan of frustrated desire vibrated from deep within his throat.

“You like that, don’t you?”

“Yes. Yes, it feels so good,” he confessed.

“And you like being my slave boy, don’t you?”

Slave boy.

Some part of her probably believed subjugating her boyfriend like this was wrong, yet it felt so right. As a girl, Vicki had never experienced to this kind of power or authority before.

She wasn’t about to let it go; none of the girls on campus would either.

She touched and teased him, making him whimper some more. This time, he desperately needed an orgasm.

“Thank me for the spanking.”

“Thank you for spanking me!”

“Why was it necessary?”

“I acted out. I behaved badly,” he told her.

“Yes, you did. And now I’m very impressed with your obedience. That’s why I want you to lay down on the bed and spread your legs for me.”

He glanced at her, yet he managed to keep from asking the obvious question: what would happen next?

She decided to be kind. Vicki told him, “I’m going to tie your ankles to the bedposts.” With his hands trapped behind his back, he would be completely vulnerable.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said without thinking.

She paused. “Ma’am?” She shook her head. “No. I don’t like that. But I think you can call me Goddess.”

His eyes widened. As an independent male, he probably hated this idea; he probably viewed it as demeaning and humiliating. Good. That was the whole point.

“Yes, Goddess.”

She flashed him a smile, shoved him to the mattress, and he rolled onto his back. The cuffs probably dug into his skin, yet that hardly mattered. Instead, he spread his legs, and she pulled out a pair of scarves. She looped them around his right ankle, then his left. She tied him to the bedposts, and then she looked down at him. “If you can get out of here right now, I will let you have the key.”

He heard those words and struggled frantically. He yanked and twisted, throwing his body from side to side, but he couldn't free his arms or his legs. The bed rattled and banged beneath him, but he couldn't get free, no matter how hard he tried.

“I guess that means I really do own you now,” she said as she flashed a Cheshire smile.

“Yes, Goddess,” he said. He directed his gaze upward at first. But then he snuck a glimpse of her beautiful face, especially as she reached for the button on her jeans again.

“I'm sure you've been wondering about where I have kept your key so far. It's right here,” she said as she pulled the chain from beneath her blouse. He may have suspected as much, but now he knew.

“Would you like me to free you?”

“Yes, please! Please, Goddess! Please, I swear, I will be your most obedient slave.”

“My most obedient slave?” She said slowly as she drew out every syllable. “Oh, I like that idea. I like it a lot. You know why?”

He gave a quick, nervous shake of his head before confessing, “No. Why?”

“Because it implies I might have other slaves.” She giggled at the prospect.

“Yes, Goddess,” he said after a moment of consideration.

She slid the key into the lock, popped it open, and removed different pieces of his chastity device. The moment she slid the tube off of his shaft, his erection sprang up instantly.

And she rewarded him with soft caresses as her fingertips brushed over his sensitive flesh.

“Are you ready to lick me again? I think I want to have sex with you.”

“Yes, Goddess!”

He could only watch helplessly as she pulled down her jeans and panties. She stripped right there in front of him.

As he watched, he may have tugged against his bonds. He may have tested the cuffs around his wrists in the scarves tight around his ankles.

With a grin, she shifted her weight, straddled his head, and lowered her slit toward his mouth.

“You know what to do, slave boy.”

Slave boy.

He probably hated the designation, but it hardly mattered now. She pressed her sex against his mouth as he parted his lips and started licking again. His tongue penetrated her. All the while, she reached back and stroked his shaft. She teased his member, brushing her fingers along his tip, down his length, all the way to his base. From there, she cupped his balls.

It was easy to handle his genitals without even looking back. By this point, she closed her eyes and savored the sensations coursing through her body. “Good boy,” she said again. “That’s right. Show me what you can do. Show me that you are owned!” She laughed as she called out those words. Before putting this boy in chastity, she never would have imagined wielding this kind of power over a virile young man like Owen. But with this boy locked up, it was possible. Once the other boys were locked up, *anything* would be possible.

His tongue flickered out. With those frantic, desperate movements, he demonstrated his willingness to serve.

“You did such a good job today,” she said. “With your help, I’m sure the referendum will pass! I’m sure every girl will get to be a keyholder. What you think of that?”

He grumbled something from beneath her, not that Vicki could make out the words. Then again, it hardly mattered.

“Thank you for your help,” she said. “You know, that’s why I let you out of your device. You have been such a helpful boy.”

He must have hated that idea, but he still couldn’t say anything.

With a wicked chuckle, she lowered herself down another quarter inch. She practically straddled his face now as her sex rubbed along his lips and the tip of his tongue.

“So good. I feel so good! This is where you belong. You are mine!”

As she called out those words, one after another, she raised her shoulders and threw her head back. Her hair splashed down against her shoulder blades as she looked up toward the ceiling without seeing anything.

She gave him one more squeeze.

Then she relaxed.

He came so close to an orgasm!

One more touch, one more squeeze, one more gentle caress would have gotten him off. But now she put her hands on his shoulders. She looked down into his eyes.

“That was amazing,” she said. “Thank you.”

“Goddess?”

“What is it, slave boy?”

“Please, can you touch me again? Please?”

“Oh no,” she replied. “Right now, I need to get those videos spliced together. I want to make sure your public service announcements are as effective as possible.”

With a growl of primal frustration, he fought against his bonds. He struggled like a wild animal, not that his girlfriend noticed. She transferred the files to her laptop, and she sat down. With her computer opened in front of her, she got to work.

All the while, her frustrated boy had to lay there and wait for a moment when his owner—his Goddess—might deign to pay attention to him.

Two weeks later, the referendum passed. Any boy who wished to remain on campus would need to secure a keyholder for his chastity cage. Any boy who failed to pass inspection by refusing to wear a chastity cage would be automatically expelled—all thanks

to the public service announcements made by Vicki and her slave boy.

The End

Connect with me:

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

My favorite games:

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

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

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

Cuckolding is another incredible fetish. Since I am interested in how men can lose control, I'm fascinated by the idea of a wife or girlfriend who's decided that her man just isn't good enough. Yes, she still cares about him and wants to keep him around, but he will be a slave, forced to watch his girl with another man—if he's lucky. This kind of the trail is one of those ultimate expressions of power and control.

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

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

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

These are just a few of my favorite fetishes. If a game involves taking or losing control, I'll probably love it. So please, if you have any fantasies or ideas you would like to share, feel free to email me: ARitter664@gmail.com.

Commissions:

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