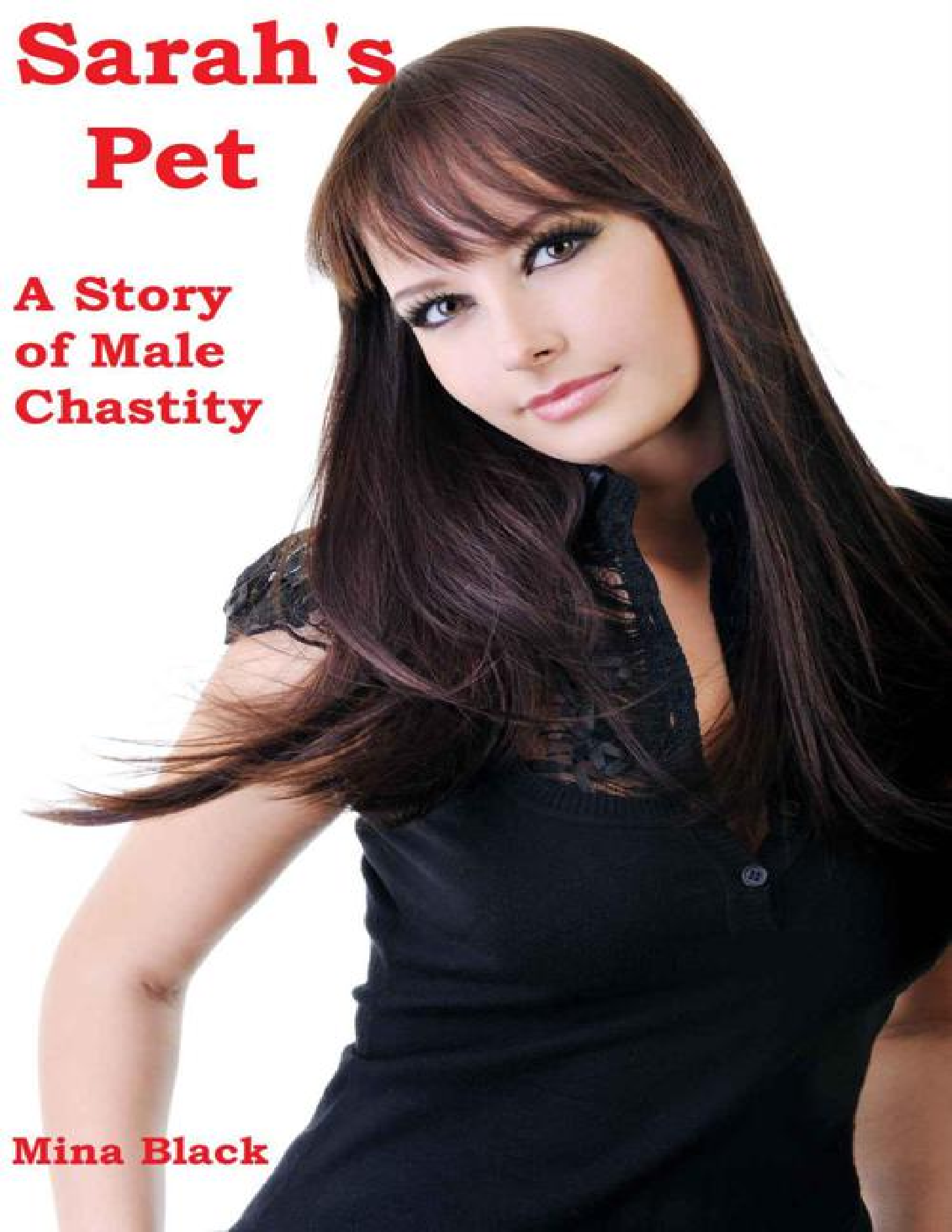


Sarah's Pet

**A Story
of Male
Chastity**

Mina Black



Sarah's Pet: A Story of Male Chastity
Mina Black

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED: No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser. Your non-refundable purchase allows you to one legal copy of this work for your own personal use. You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and copyright owner of this book. This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload, or for a fee.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

Disclaimer: This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic, adult language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable which might include: male/male sexual practices, multiple partner sexual practices, strong BDSM themes and elements, erotic elements and fetish play. This e-book is for sale to adults ONLY, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please do not try any new sexual practice, especially those that might be found in our BDSM/Fetish titles without the guidance of an experience practitioner. Neither the publisher nor its authors will be responsible for any loss, harm, injury or death resulting from use of the information contained in any of its titles. Please note that this is a work of complete fiction; it is intended as fantasy only. No act or description is officially endorsed by the writer, publisher, editor, or distributor.

Publisher's Note: This is a work of fiction. All characters, places, businesses, and incidents are from the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual places, people, or events is purely coincidental. Any trademarks mentioned herein are not authorized by the trademark owners and do not in any way mean the work is sponsored by or associated with the trademark owners. Any trademarks used are specifically in a descriptive capacity.

Cover courtesy of Shutterstock.

First Edition
©2013

It was a Friday night, so I had to go to the company party. We were celebrating an important merger. Not that it really affected the low-level managers like me all that much. I oversaw the publicity unit, and I had a few stock options, but it wasn't like I was going to get rich.

For the rank-and-file, the merger meant basically nothing. They got to keep their jobs, so maybe that was enough of a reason to celebrate.

In any case, I wasn't especially enamored of my position at the firm. I was good at writing copy and fielding questions from reporters, but I didn't feel any special loyalty. It wasn't like I had gone to college or grown up hoping to work at this place. It was an office, like any other.

As I made small talk with some of the other employees, I enjoyed the free champagne and let my eyes wander over some of the more attractive employees. Unfortunately, there weren't many.

But Sarah had decided to attend. She was a receptionist for one of the department managers, and I knew her, just like pretty much every other guy from our floor knew her.

Sarah. She had such a generic name, but she was so incredibly hot. It was impossible not to notice her in the hallways or in the break room. She always wore office appropriate clothing, yet she somehow managed to pick up those outfits that drew attention. If she wore a skirt, it was just barely long enough. If she had on pants, they were tight and fashionable.

She always knew how to show off just a little bit of cleavage, just enough to make her male colleagues wonder what it would be like to touch her or kiss her. And yes, she had gorgeous lips to match the rest of her body. Light pink, they always seemed to glisten. It is my assumption that she wore a liberal amount of gloss, so I had to wonder what her mouth would taste like if we ever kissed.

That wasn't going to happen.

For one, she was probably out of my league, which always felt strange considering that I was older, more mature, and I most assuredly made more money than she did. I chatted with her a few

times, so I knew that Sarah was in college. She didn't know what she wanted to major in, but she hoped to keep her options open.

I shook my head, took another sip of champagne, and I wandered off to talk to someone else. Somehow, pretending that I had a shot with a girl like Sarah just irritated me.

After all the speeches were done, I decided to leave. I put in enough face time, so none of the higher-ups would begrudge me an early evening.

I put down my champagne flute, knowing that one of the caterers would pick it up. Then I said my goodbyes, making sure to be polite. I headed back out of the room and down the hall.

"Hey, are you leaving so soon?" called out a feminine voice.

Right away, I recognized those seductive tones. Damn it. Even her voice managed to attract me. As an adult with a career, I wanted to think that I was beyond the idea of having a crush, but there was something about this girl that simply drew me.

I turned around, surprised to see Sarah. "Yeah, I thought I would get an early start on the weekend."

"Are you sure?" She ran her teeth along her lower lip, and I swallowed, suddenly feeling very nervous. Maybe she was younger than me, but she seemed to be so much more powerful. I hated the fact that she could manipulate me like this, but I didn't know what else to do.

"I guess I could stay a little while longer," I told her.

Sarah crossed the distance between us and grabbed my hand. Her fingers were small, soft, and surprisingly firm. I didn't know what she was doing, but my heart started to beat hard as she tugged me along.

At first, I figured we would go back to the party. Maybe she wanted to dance or something. But then she turned into the conference room, shut the door behind us, and then shoved me up against the wall.

Braced there, I grinned at her. "What—?" I began to ask, but she placed one finger on my lips. She silenced me easily, and shook her head.

"Martin, I've always had a little crush on you."

That was all the explanation I needed, because then she leaned in and kissed me. I could taste the cherry flavor of her lip gloss, and the heat of her body spread along my skin, soaking through my clothing.

This was incredible. I fantasized about her on so many different occasions, and there she was, making out with me. Maybe she was a little bit tipsy. Maybe she felt the same way. In any case, I wasn't about to complain.

Sarah kissed me hard, running her tongue along my teeth. Then, she grabbed my wrists, lifting them up and shoving them against the wall.

"You like this?"

"Yes," I said, practically panting.

"Good," she said, touching her nose to my cheek, then moving her lips closer to my ear. She spoke in breathy whispers, every syllable hiding a promise. "If you want this to continue, you're going to have to do exactly what I say. Can you be obedient? Can you be a good boy?"

I blinked, looking at this beautiful girl, uncertain how to respond. Finally, I simply nodded. Yes, I could be good. I could even be obedient if that's what it took to be with her.

"Say it," she ordered.

I gulped, "I'll do whatever you say."

"I knew it. I knew that you would be a good boy" she said, smiling brightly, like she'd discovered a new toy. I didn't understand exactly what she meant, but then she reached up one finger, tracing her nail down my forehead to the ridge of my nose, past my lips and down to my chin.

Her manner turned almost feline, like she reveled in playing with her prey. My body shivered just a little bit. I didn't want to admit it, not even myself, but this twenty-year-old girl could intimidate me.

She slid one hand behind my head, pulling me forward and kissing me again. My body tensed against hers, and I could feel my cock start to stiffen. She must've felt it too, because she pushed me back and grinned. "That's very nice," she said, moving closer to me. She pressed her body against mine, and I could feel the gentle firmness of her breasts against my chest.

Her nipples pressed outward, grinding against me. At the same time, Sarah reached down my pants. She found my shaft, and gave it a little squeeze.

"If we're going to play, then this belongs to me, understand?"

My nostrils flared, and I wanted to tell her that I was the man, so I was going to be in charge. But, before I could even utter a single word, she gently stroked my shaft, going from the base all the way to the tip, and another shiver of pleasure silenced me. In fact, I could barely breathe. So instead, I simply nodded my head up and down like a good boy.

She grinned at me with that bright smile of hers, the one that made me want to kiss her again.

She stroked me and stroked me, every caress pushing me higher. Then she grabbed my hand, sliding hers angrily from my pants. She pushed my wrists up against the wall, and gave me one simple command: "Don't move. If you move, this all comes to an end right now. Understand?"

"I understand," I gasped.

Sarah kissed me, first on the lips, but then she broke away and began to trail her mouth down my neck. I started to groan and to growl, incoherent sounds bubbling up from the depths of my throat.

"You want to have sex? Do you want to pound me right there on the conference table?" She whispered, her lips stroking the curves of my neck.

"Yes, please," I said.

"You said 'please.' I like that."

"Please...please!" I repeated, my voice straining with desperation.

I was close to climax. Within just a few minutes, she had pushed me to my limits, and I didn't know how much more I could take.

"Well then, you're going to have to earn it."

"Anything," I said.

"Are you sure?" Sarah pulled back, looking at me with something close to sympathy or pity. I didn't understand, but she tilted her head to the side. "If you make this promise, I'm going to hold you to it."

"Yes, anything," I said, still panting.

"Good boy," she said. Again, I could feel that flare of frustration inside of me. She wasn't supposed to be able to talk down to me. I was more experienced. I was more mature, yet this girl took me by the hand and did whatever she wished with me.

That frustration bubbled hotter, as Sarah stepped back. She wagged her finger at me, a smug grin on her pretty lips. My muscles tensed, and I wanted to leap forward, to grab her and throw her down onto the conference table. It would feel so good to slide my cock into her wet pussy, but I couldn't do it, not without violating her terms.

I growled again, almost struggling. My muscles tensed and flexed, but her authority held me in my place. Now, only my eager desire kept me helpless up against that wall. Somehow, that was far worse.

Sarah pulled up her skirt, slowly. She took her time as she started to slip out of her shoes. Then she pulled down her tights as well as her panties. I watched as she exposed herself to me, and I could feel my cock strain against my trousers.

"Are you a horny boy?"

"Yes," I said, not trusting myself to utter another word.

"If you want your reward, you're going to have to do two things. Can you do that for me?" She flashed me her beautiful smile again. That curve of her lips was practically addictive.

Without even knowing what she wanted, I bobbed my head down and up once again. I would agree to anything at this point. She giggled like a schoolgirl and said, "Martin, your first test is simple. I want you to get down on your hands and knees and crawl over here. Then I want you to lick me until I come."

I locked my jaw for a moment, just a little bit hesitant. She wanted me to crawl? She wanted me to service her like some kind of pet or slave?

Obviously, this girl had some very kinky desires, but I wasn't about to turn her down, not if it meant the chance to take her.

"Proceed," she said, granting me permission to move. It was strange how I could almost feel the psychological pressure disappear, like actual shackles dropping from my wrists, because I

fell down on my knees, and then I crawled along the conference room floor.

When she first brought me in here, I thought I was appointed to be the aggressor. I thought I was going to be the man who could take her and brag about this, but I could feel the humiliation burning at the back of my mind. Too aroused to worry about it, I crawled like I belonged to her.

The floor was hard beneath my hands and knees, and I worried about getting dust on my clothes. Despite this, I kept going, and Sarah reached down, grabbing the back of my shirt to hold my head up.

Glimpsing her pussy, I realized she was already wet with desire.

"Go ahead," she said, her voice a lilting tease.

I gulped once before I moved forward, thinking about how I had imagined this girl down on her hands and knees, and the exact same position I occupied. But in my fantasy, she would be sucking my cock eagerly, begging for the privilege to swallow my come.

I licked at her opening, tentatively at first. But, then I realized she had all the power. She could stop at any moment. She could yank down her skirt and shove me away, telling me to get lost. As such, I had to do a good job. I couldn't be tentative, and I couldn't hesitate.

She let out a little moan as I licked at her clitoris, which told me I was doing a good job. I tried to alternate various patterns, flicking my tongue from one side to the other or tracing little circles around her clit.

Each time I changed the rhythm or pattern, she moaned again, and then she grabbed my hair, tugging lightly. The pain added to my humiliation, but I couldn't stop. I kept going, pleasing her with everything I had.

Still, I hadn't been allowed to come, and I worried that I might lose control right there. Frankly, I couldn't imagine anything more embarrassing, especially because this girl was just so hot. She was a fantasy come to life, and I just really wanted to take her. I wanted to have her. I wanted to come back to work on the next day and

pretend we had never been together, that I hadn't been the guy in our office to finally get with her.

But right then, I just had to lick and nuzzle, servicing her with everything I had.

Finally, her hips tightened around my cheeks, and she pushed me back.

For several seconds, she kept her head bowed down, and she was panting. "Very good," she said to me. When her eyes lit on my features again, I couldn't help but feel like prey. There was something about her grin that made me think she was making other plans.

"Good boy," she said, clearing her throat and reorienting herself after her orgasm. "Now, would you like an orgasm as well?"

"Yes, please," I said, sounding a lot like a little boy asking for a favor. I really didn't like the way she could make me sound so small, but there was nothing I could do about it.

"Get back up against the wall with your hands over your head, and if you move without permission, you're not going to get your treat. Understand?" She sounded positively gleeful.

"I understand," I said, doing exactly what she wanted.

With my arms back up against the wall, I felt helpless. I felt exposed, despite my clothing.

Sarah hopped from her perch on the conference table and sauntered over to me. She ran her fingers down my cheeks, toward my chest, and then down to my crotch. She slipped one hand into my pants again, and she said, "I only want to feel you inside of me if I know that you're not going to come right away. I need to know that you have some endurance, some staying power."

"I do," I promised, even as I could feel those gentle fingers caress and stroke my shaft. Pre-come soaked into my boxers, but I couldn't help but respond, so I tried not to think about it too much.

"Good. Pass this test, and you're going to get to hook up with me."

Sarah gently gave my cock another stroke, then she squeezed, and I was so close to an orgasm that the gentlest push would rob me of my self-control. I tried to focus on my breathing, but

my heart kept pounding in my ears, the blood rushing through my body.

Maybe if I closed my eyes, that would help, but her stare held me fast. She was smiling, and she was just so beautiful with her vulpine features. I blinked, and she gave me a harsh squeeze, nothing painful. But, it felt so good, that all at once, I lost control, and my cock started to pulsate as I blew my load. I could feel the hot splash, but Sarah was nice. She didn't stop. She kept squeezing, jerking me off.

When she finished, she pulled her hand out and wiped it off on my shirt. "That's a shame. It would've been really nice to have sex right there."

I didn't know what to say. I'd never been in this position before, and I didn't know what to do, but Sarah simply walked out of the room, leaving me alone.

That weekend, I thought a lot about my encounter with her. The rest of my life seemed oddly staid, bizarrely so. I mean, I was at an utterly stupid office party when this beautiful woman tried to seduce me. And it wasn't like she didn't finish me off, so I decided that the whole thing was a victory, and I didn't think was going to happen again.

Obviously, I disappointed her, but I'd never really been in Sarah's league anyway, so I tried to just focus on the positives.

But then, Monday came around, and I started to wonder if she would say anything. Ultimately, I decided that she probably just wanted to forget the whole thing, which was fine by me.

Our company had a strict policy about inter-office dating. Simply put, it was forbidden.

So, I went to work and stepped into my office, shut the door, fell into my seat, taking a breath and a moment to think. Too many managers show up at work and jump immediately into their various tasks. Just having a few seconds to catch my breath always made the day a whole lot less stressful.

Then opened my eyes again and spotted it: a small box on my desk.

I picked it up, and my brows furrowed with confusion. This thing didn't come through the mail. Someone had just left it there.

Raising one eyebrow, I started to open the box just as the door opened. I was about to snap at whoever decided they didn't need to knock. But, then my breath caught in my throat, and I didn't know what to say.

It was Sarah.

"Hey there, pet," she said to me, shutting the door quietly behind her. She moved with the easy grace and confidence of a woman who thought she was in charge.

But, I was a manager at this company, while she was just a receptionist. I opened my mouth, ready to put her in her place, but a quick shake of her head quieted me.

"Did you have fun on Friday night? Because I've been thinking about it all weekend." She sauntered up to my desk, and she picked up a few of the knickknacks, examining them and putting them back down. "Granted, I thought it would last a lot longer, but I still think we had fun. Didn't we?"

"We did," I said uncertainly, letting my voice trail off because I didn't know where she was going with this.

"Then we should do it again. Don't you think, pet?"

There was that word again, and I narrowed my eyes at her. It was Monday morning, not Friday night, and this certainly wasn't a party. Her behavior was wildly inappropriate, and I wasn't about to lose my job over this. "Look, Sarah—"

"Quiet, pet." Her eyes blazed, and she didn't even need to raise her voice to shut me down. Immediately, I stopped talking, and she giggled, "That's better. Now, I'm sure you're wondering what I'm doing here, and it's very simple. We started to have a lot of fun on Friday, but we really didn't finish, did we?"

I didn't respond at first, not until she nodded and said, "Go on. You can speak, pet."

Anger flared up inside of me, "I'm not your pet."

Sarah slipped off of my desk and circled around it, standing over me. She grabbed my tie and pulled my head forward. "Martin, you decided to have sex with a subordinate at work. If I go ahead and tell human resources about this, you're going to be summarily

fired. As far as I'm concerned, this means I own you. This makes you my pet."

I gulped, searching for something to say. I wanted to threaten her, to tell her that I could do the exact same thing, except I was the manager. Besides, Sarah was an attractive young woman. She could get a receptionist job anywhere she wanted.

Really, she held all the cards.

"Nod your head like a good pet," she said to me.

I glared at her, my eyes narrowed with frustration even as I tried to think of something to get me out of the situation. She wasn't smarter than me. But, nothing came to mind, so I had to play along. I nodded like a good pet.

"Good boy," she said, patting me on the head. She tugged my tie and she stepped back. "Now pet, go ahead and open your present."

I glowered at her some more, but my aggravation only seemed to feed her amusement. Ultimately, I picked up the small package and I started to open it, tearing through the tape.

Sarah's attention never wavered. She kept her eyes on me while I opened the box. I pulled out some kind of plastic tube. It curved downward. I didn't understand. It was transparent and shaped like a banana.

There also appeared to be some kind of clicking mechanism, some kind of latch.

"What is this?"

"Stand up and pull down your underpants."

I sputtered for several seconds, unable to respond. She had to be kidding. This had to be some kind of joke. "Do it right now, or I will make sure that you are fired before the end of the day," she threatened.

I glared back at her, searching for some sign that she was bluffing. I wanted to believe that she was just a naïve college girl, that she couldn't really be serious. Yet, as I peered up into her beautiful features, I didn't see a single sign of deception.

"Right now, pet," she said.

A hiss of frustration puffed along my lips as I stood up. I kept thinking that she would tell me to stop as I unbuckled my belt and

tugged down my pants. I was mortified, but I didn't see any choice. I pulled down my boxers as well, and my cock stiffened.

I couldn't explain it. It probably had something to do with her attention on me.

"It looks like one of part of you certainly likes this kind of treatment," Sarah said with another giggle. She walked up to me and placed one hand on the back of my neck. She pulled me forward and kissed me. She took perfect control, and I tried to slip away, but she was firm. She bit down on my lower lip, even as she used her free hand to cup my balls.

My groans of frustration and aggravation turned into moans of pleasure. I couldn't help it, not when she was so skilled at seducing me. She touched me in all the right ways. She kept going for several seconds, leading me on until she finally broke off. She stepped back and said, "Martin, sit down right now."

Seething, I reached for my pants, hoping to cling to some shred of dignity. She stopped me right there. "Sit down right now."

I fell into my seat, and she grabbed my hands. She placed them on the arm rest, and then she spread my legs. "If you can't stay in this position, I will tie you down."

At first, I balked, thinking it was an idle threat. But then I saw the ferocity in her expression, and I knew that Sarah meant every word of it. I glanced over my desk, and I saw the roll of tape. It would be so easy for her to restrain me in that position.

Swallowing back my nervousness, I nodded.

"Good pet," she said. Then she simply stood over me, letting her eyes wander the length of my body. She was studying me, evaluating me.

As the seconds continued, I could feel my body start to relax just a little bit. My cock softened, and she picked up the device. "You know what this is?"

"I've no idea," I told her truthfully.

"Good. Then close your eyes."

Sarah gave me a command, and I didn't have the strength of will to say no, especially when she could blackmail me so easily. My eyelids slid down, and I waited, only to feel her touch a few moments

later. She pulled something over my penis, something firm and unyielding.

I gulped hard, which only made her giggle some more. She pulled something down along the base of my scrotum, and it took all of my self-control not to squirm helplessly. Maybe I wasn't tied down, yet I still felt helpless.

How could a young woman do this to me? How could she make me feel so nervous?

My heart beat frantically against the bars of its cage as she continued to work. Then, I heard a click, and she leaned back. I opened my eyes and looked down to see my cock locked in the plastic tube.

I could also feel the extra weight of a small padlock hanging from beneath my scrotum. "What did you do to me?"

"This is just something to ensure your obedience," she said, resting her hands on her hips. "You see, he got a little bit too excited on Friday night, so obviously you can't be trusted."

Hating the way she talked down to me, I searched for some sort of response. I pouted out my lower lip, and that only made her lean forward and mock me with a similar gesture. "Oh? Do you disagree? Do you think you don't need to wear this?"

"I don't," I asked.

"Too bad you don't get a choice." She moved forward, sliding her knees onto my chair, straddling me. Right away, my heart beat hard in my chest again, and I could feel my cock start to stiffen, not that it could get very hard or very big while confined in that plastic tube.

I looked into her eyes, and I saw the sadistic glee of the young woman who savored having control over an older man, someone with more money and maturity. Then she grabbed my hand and kissed me hard. I groaned quietly, my body tensing up with desire and arousal.

She kissed me for several seconds, exploring my mouth with her tongue. She was so hot and aggressive, rubbing her nipples against me. At the same time, she squirmed her hips, making sure I felt every ounce of heat she produced.

When she finally broke off the kiss, her face was flushed, and she was panting. I probably looked very similar. "Look at that," she said, glancing down at my bound shaft. "It works." Her whole face glowed with amusement.

"Yes," I said, biting down. "It works. Can you take off me now?"

"Um, no. I don't think so."

"What? What you mean you don't think so?" My temper flared, and I tried to push her off of my lap, but Sarah grabbed my tie and pulled my head forward. She whispered into my ear, "Martin, I know this is still new to you, but I meant every word I said. You're going to do what I say, or you're going to get fired. Is that clear?"

I didn't respond at first, so she gave my tie another pull, making it feel exactly like a leash. "Is that clear?" she repeated, enunciating every syllable as though I couldn't understand her.

"Crystal clear," I bit back.

"Good boy," she said and gave my cheek a little pat. "Now, I'm going to get back to work before my boss notices I'm gone. I'll be back later."

She hopped off of my chair and went back to the door. "You should probably pull your pants back up before I head out there. You wouldn't want anyone to discover your new situation, would you?"

I glared back at her, but Sarah simply threw her head back and laughed at me.

It felt like my entire body blazed with arousal. Having her on my lap and kissing me made me hot. Feeling her breasts had been even more intense, so I could barely concentrate on my work. If I closed my eyes and concentrated on my breathing, then I could relax just a little bit.

Unfortunately for me, today was all about reading spreadsheets and checking off very boring data entry. Normally, I put this sort of work off until the end of the month, but my supervisors wanted it right away, so I didn't have a choice.

Of course, the pressure between my legs was incredible. Granted, the chastity device didn't hurt, well not much, yet the constant tug kept reminding me of what a young woman had done

me. I wasn't supposed to be helpless in the face of some college girl, yet she had strolled into my life and seized control.

After two hours, I decided that I couldn't take anymore, so I got up to try to figure this out. I made absolutely sure that the door to my office was locked, and then I pulled down my pants. Seeing my member bound so cruelly in that plastic tube sent a shiver of nervousness down my back.

I examined the item, wondering if maybe I could try to cut through the plastic, but that seemed insane. The chances of accidentally hurting myself were way too high. So instead, I had to resort to something else.

What about the strap? Maybe I could cut through that?

I checked the strap, and it seemed to be some kind of composite, something that would require a very sharp blade to cut through. Maybe I would be able to do it, but it seemed unlikely. Then again, I didn't want to take the risk.

Damn it. At least for the moment, Sarah had me trapped.

Just then, someone knocked on my door, and Sarah announced herself, "Martin, it's me. Let me in right now." I didn't like the commanding tone she took with me. I was her superior, so she should have spoken to me with a note of deference.

I pulled my pants back up and went over to the door.

At first, I didn't plan on letting her in. But she shoved her way past me, and Sarah was stronger than she looked.

"Guess what?" she asked, shutting the door behind her. She made sure to lock it.

"What?"

"I have some free time, so I figured you and I could play. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Does that mean you'll take this thing off of me?" I asked, my eyes darting down toward my crotch. Despite my best efforts, a note of hope rang through my question.

"Silly boy. You're going to wear that until I decide otherwise."

"Fine then. What were you thinking of doing?" At least for the time being, I had no choice but to play along.

"I think we should play a little game of boss and secretary."

Surprise played along my features. "You want to be my secretary?"

"Oh no," she corrected. "You're going to be my secretary. So, let's start off with something simple." She touched her finger to her lips, looking around the room. Then she moved over to my desk and sat down in my chair.

"This is nice," she commented. "I think I'm going to like being your boss."

"You're not my boss," I said, refusing to play along. She couldn't really think I would allow this to happen, could she?

"Martin, this isn't difficult. I'm in charge, and you will do as you're told because you're going to be a good little secretary, aren't you?"

My insides seared with frustration. I glanced back to the door, wondering if I shouldn't just announce my resignation. But again and again, I reminded myself that it would be very difficult to get a job that paid this well. Unless I really wanted to start over from the bottom, possibly as someone's secretary, then I had to do what she wanted.

My body stiffened just a little bit, and she could tell that my back had straightened. "Very good," Sarah told me. "Now, I don't like it when my secretary disobeys. He needs to understand his place at all times, so I want you to crawl over here and get across my lap."

"Sarah, please don't—"

"I'm going to count to three," she said.

I dropped down onto my hands and knees, her voice booming above me. "One...two..." I made it around my desk in time to hear her announce, "Two and a half...two and three quarters..."

Pulling myself up onto the chair, I spread myself over her lap. Again, she giggled down at me, obviously enjoying my predicament. "There's my good little secretary," she said. She rested her hand on my ass and squeezed. "You like that?"

Honestly, I could feel my cock twitch, not that I could get completely hard. I hated the chastity device almost as much as I wanted to grab this girl and throw her down, to show her who was really in charge. But I couldn't do it, not while she could blackmail me.

"Yes, I like that," I said, shutting my eyes and trying to hide from the embarrassment of my situation.

"Well, then I need to stop. This is about punishment. You've been a very bad secretary, disobeying your boss. Because who is your boss?"

"You are," I replied, hating myself for it.

"That's right. I'm your boss. So, what does that mean?"

Defiance buzzed at the back of my mind. It would have been so easy to tell her that this was just some stupid game. Somehow, I couldn't summon up the courage. "It means I have to do what you tell me. It means you're in charge."

"Good boy," she said.

SWAT!

Her hand came down hard, and I flinched. In spite of myself, she actually made me react to that first spanking. It could've been worse. At least I have my pants and underwear to absorb some of the blow.

Apparently, Sarah was thinking the same thing because she shook her head and clicked her tongue. "You know, I don't think that's good enough. I think we need to do something more creative."

I shivered at the thought, worried how she would try to discipline me. Then she reached over to my desk and picked up a ruler. "Yes, I think this will be much more effective."

"Sarah, you don't have to—" I tried to tell her.

SMACK!

SMACK!

Those two strikes came in quick succession, silencing me. I had to bite down to keep from yelping out. I wasn't going to let this girl know how much those strikes actually stung.

"Do you like that?" she taunted.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Three more strikes landed hard along my backside. It was easy to imagine crimson stripes lining my ass. "Is this what you needed, secretary? Did you just need a firm spanking to show you who was in charge?"

I didn't want to respond. I certainly did not want to play along with her game, yet I knew exactly what she wanted to hear, and I gave it to her. "Yes, I'm sorry, boss, I needed a spanking. Please, I've learned my lesson!"

"Have you really?"

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

My eyes were watering then, and if I blinked, tears were going to start running down my cheeks. But, then she put the ruler aside and instead rested her hand on my backside. "Who is in charge?"

"You are," I replied, wishing I could have answered with anything else.

"That's right. I'm in charge because I'm the boss, and that would that make you...?"

"I'm your secretary," I told her.

"Good boy," she said. "You see, playing boss and secretary isn't difficult. In fact, I think you were made for this."

As much as I wanted to disagree with her, I knew that it wouldn't do any good, so I kept my mouth shut. That suited her fine because she nudged me off her lap, and I fell on the floor, landing hard on my knees.

"Oh, look at that," she said, nodding down her boots. "I seem to gotten some dust on my shoes. Would you be a dear and go get some towels to wipe them off?"

I looked into her eyes and saw that she wasn't kidding. She wasn't joking. She was absolutely serious. Sarah wanted me to go fetch towels like some secretary, and I had to swallow back my sharp retort. Instead, I nodded and got up to leave.

With every step, I could feel the stinging in my buttocks. Before I could make my escape, I heard a voice again, "Martin, can you be a dear and also fetch me some coffee as well?"

"Fine," I said.

"Is that how you address your boss?"

Right away, I figured out what she wanted to hear, so I closed my eyes again, I swallowed back another chunk of my dignity, and I said, "Yes, ma'am. I will go get you some coffee." With those words

echoing in my head, I left my office, careful to shut the door so no one else saw Sarah sitting at my desk.

I scurried through the office, careful to keep my eyes down. My face was flushed, and I figured that my cheeks must have been bright red. Honestly, I couldn't imagine being any more embarrassed or ashamed of what this girl had done to me. Again and again, I couldn't figure out how she kept outsmarting me.

I made it to the break room, opened the cabinet, and found some paper towels. After that, I made some coffee, and I had to stand there, waiting for the stupid thing to finish. It took several minutes, but when it was done, I grabbed a little bit of creamer and sugar, and I was careful not to spill.

When I made it back to my office, Sarah was typing something on my computer.

I blinked, nervous as I approached, almost like I was in the presence of some dangerous animal. I set the coffee down on the desk.

"Do your bosses know that you like to watch porn on your computer?" Sarah asked, making it sound like the most natural thing in the world.

"They don't care," I said, trying to bluff.

"Careful there, pet, or I will go talk to your supervisor."

Eager to avoid an argument with her, I nodded back at the coffee. "There's your drink. If you don't mind, you can take off your shoes and I'll get to work cleaning them." I couldn't afford to forget about the second task she gave me.

"No, you can do it under the desk," she said.

"Please, can't you just take off your boots?"

"Do you need another spanking?" It sounded like she relished the prospect.

"No, ma'am," I said quickly, hoping to avoid another punishment.

"Then get under my desk right now and start cleaning off my boots." Sarah sneered at me like I was beneath her notice, yet that little twinkle in her eyes made abundantly clear how much fun she was having with me. To her, this was just a game. I crawled along on my hands and knees, just like she wanted. Once I maneuvered

myself beneath the desk, I took the damp cloth and rubbed it along the dark material of her boots. The clean aroma of leather filled my nose, and I tried not to think about how this looked. I tried to pretend I wasn't under my desk, servicing this woman.

"I'm done," I announced several seconds later.

Sarah rolled back in my chair and peered down at her boots. She examined them from various angles, double checking to make sure I didn't miss anything. I started to crawl out from under the desk, but her foot shot up, and she braced her heel against my shoulder. "I'm sorry, secretary, did I tell you to move? Did you ask for permission?"

"No, ma'am. I'm sorry, ma'am," I said, bowing my head forward. I didn't want to look into her pretty face or see the joy she derived from embarrassing me. "May I come out now? I've completed the task you gave me."

"No. Because you didn't do a very good job. You're going to try again, this time with your tongue."

My eyes flashed wide, and I wanted to believe that I misheard her. She couldn't be serious! But, when I tried to crawl forward again, she grabbed my hair and lifted my head, forcing me to face her. She gave my hair a sharp tug, just enough to remind me of my place. "I'm sorry, did my secretary misunderstand his orders?"

I gulped, surprised at the ferocity etched in her features. Quickly, I shook my head, "No, ma'am."

Sarah released my hair and then gave my cheek a little pat. Then she placed two fingers on my forehead and pushed me back under the desk.

Crossing her legs, she tapped her toes against my nose. She didn't hurt me or anything, but the little pitter-patter of force was enough to remind me that I really had to do this. I did have a choice, but if I disobeyed her, I was going to be in a lot of trouble.

Gulping back the indignity of my situation, I tried to think of some way to get out of this. Nothing came to mind, so I ran my tongue along the supple leather of her boot, the right one first. The flavor of leather filled my senses, and I could only endure the indignity of my position.

This is my desk in my office. I should've been the one in charge. She should've been the one servicing me, I thought.

"Maybe if you're a good secretary, I will let you grind on my lap again. Would you like that? Would you like to earn some freedom for your little cock?"

Just the mention of release made my shaft twitch. The pressure hurt, just a little bit, and I cursed that stupid chastity device. I hated the way this woman could control me.

Unfortunately for me, I couldn't respond, not as I continued to lick out her boots. I finished with the first one, and Sarah wrinkled her nose when she saw. She tossed me the cloth again and told me to finish it up. I did so, eagerly, hoping all the while that she would forget about her left boot.

She didn't.

"Clean this one too, and be quick about it," Sarah told me.

Bowing my head low, I licked at her left boot, just as she commanded. It wasn't like I had a choice. It wasn't like I could defy her.

I ran my tongue along the material, moving slowly so that it didn't dry out. At the same time, I wanted this finished quickly. I wanted this to end.

Just like before, she made me wipe off her boot once I finished. I did so, hoping that she would let me out, but she had one more plan.

"You've been such a good secretary, so I think you should get a reward. Would you like that, pet? Would you like a reward?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said. All of my thoughts swirled down to my cock. It kept straining against the plastic tube, but the harsh chastity device would not yield. It would not let me enjoy the freedom of the direction. I was trapped, bound by this girl's device and will.

"Good," Sarah said. She sat up for a moment, but I waited for permission to crawl out from beneath the desk. Then she started to pull down her panties, hitching up her skirt. She sat on the edge of my chair.

I saw her glistening slit. She was already so hot and wet. I gulped, not certain what she wanted me to do. But, then she reached under the desk and started to stroke my chin. "I'm going to let you

service me. I'm going to let you be a good secretary and lick out your boss, because I know how much you enjoy pleasing me."

For just a second, I opened my mouth, ready to argue with her. I wanted to tell her that she was nuts, that I didn't enjoy this humiliation, but then I glanced down at my cock again. It hurt because I wanted out. I wanted to climax so badly.

Being close to her and catching the scent of her desires turned me on. I didn't want to admit it, and I didn't want to think about what any of that meant, but then she reached around and touched her hand to the nape of my neck. She pulled me forward, and before I knew it, my face was buried between her thighs.

"Lick me, pet. Lick me like my good little secretary. Do as you're told and give your owner pleasure. You can do that, can't you? You can be my little secretary, you're going to follow every command I give you. Yes, you know that's where you belong, down on your knees, between my legs. Don't try to deny it. Don't deny it, pet."

With every word, she nudged me for just a little bit. She spread her legs and the aroma of her excitement became impossible to ignore. Whenever I saw this girl at work, I always kept myself in control, yet there she was, ordering me around, and I didn't see how I could possibly defy her.

Trapped. Compliant.

I stuck out my tongue gingerly, barely licking at her outer lips.

Dissatisfied with just that, she pulled my head forward, toward her opening, and I started to lick more seriously. I ran my tongue up and down the length of her slit. The flavor of her excitement nearly overwhelmed me, so I closed my eyes, and I just concentrated on her body, doing what Sarah demanded.

The blonde girl threw her head back, and she moaned, making me dread the possibility that someone would hear her. I kept licking, moving my head down and up. I ran my tongue along her opening, doing everything I could to make her come as quickly as possible.

But, Sarah had other ideas. She decided to draw this out. She wanted to enjoy having me down on my knees as I serviced her, helpless beneath my own desk.

I slid my tongue into her pussy, and I quickly swirled it around her clitoris. Sarah moaned again, even louder this time. "Yes, yes!" Breathily, Sarah closed her eyes and I gave her everything I had to offer.

She rested her hands against the back of my head, and I knew that she wanted to be in control. She wanted to make sure that she could guide my every movement, especially if I did something to displease her.

In that moment, she really did feel like my boss, and I knew that she had won this battle. I kept licking though, unable to refuse her commands. I moved my tongue quickly, darting from side to side.

I pressed down on her clitoris again, hoping that she would come.

This time, luck was finally on my side because she tightened her grip on my hair, pushing my face even farther up against her opening. Her pubic hair rubbed against my nose, and I couldn't taste or smell anything except for her excitement.

She came hard, pulling her knees together. She squeezed her inner thighs against my cheeks until she finally let me go.

Sarah rolled away from my desk, but I waited. She still had me locked in that chastity device, so I wasn't going to risk upsetting or annoying her. "Ma'am, may I come now?" I sounded like such a simpering employee a real secretary.

"You may," she said.

I climbed back up onto my feet, and I held my hands in front of my waist. With my wrists crossed, I kept my eyes on the floor while she pulled up her panties.

Sarah got up and gave me a little pat on the cheek. "Nicely done, pet." With those words hanging on the air, she headed back for the door.

Something inside of me clenched, almost to the point where it felt like I might implode. "Wait, where you going?" I even threw out my hand, like that would make any difference.

"Silly, the game is over. I need to get back to work, and you probably have stuff you need to do too."

"But, but you said I get my reward," I answered, almost whining.

"And you did," she said with a grin before she blew me a kiss.

Sarah left me alone.

At first, I was grateful, but then the pressure between my legs returned. It was like an itch, this horny need that I couldn't ignore. My heart felt like it was pounding just a little bit quicker than usual, just barely out of its normal rhythm.

Not only that, my sense of touch seemed so much more potent. Even when I reached down to do something as simple as click on my mouse, it felt like my skin was tingling. And all the while, my cock tried to harden.

With the utmost concentration and control, could force my shaft to relax, to soften back into its submissive position dangling between my legs, but that took everything I had. If I tried to do any kind of work at all, then my hard-on would try to return.

After about twenty minutes of trying and failing to get any work done, I stood up and pulled down my pants again, checking the device. I ran my fingers over the sturdy leather, searching for some way to get the strap off of me. I checked the tiny padlock as well, hoping that it might have a release.

But no, Sarah had used a real lock on me. She never wanted me to get out on my own.

My computer let out a ping.

Pulling up my pants, I went back to the screen and checked it for messages. Apparently, I had a meeting in five minutes. The entire department was coming together to discuss some issue or another.

Honestly, I wasn't going to be doing any presentations at this meeting, so I couldn't force myself to care about it.

Clenching my teeth together, I thought about blowing off the meeting. I could skip it and focus on my more immediate problems, but then I got another message.

It was Sarah. *Looking forward to seeing you in a few minutes, pet. Be sure to sit next to me.* I stared at my screen, hating the way she could talk to me, even in something as trivial as an email.

Inhaling, I stared downward for several more seconds before making my decision. I had to do it. I had to go.

A few minutes later, I walked into the conference room and spotted Sarah. She had a tablet and pen out, looking like a diligent employee. I crossed the room quickly, mumbling quick greetings at some of my colleagues. Then I sat down next to the beautiful blonde, and she used her foot to nudge my seat under the table.

I didn't know what she was doing, but then the director came in, and she sat down at the head of the table with her notes. She started to talk, discussing the progress of various projects, their reports and analyses.

It should have been routine and boring. Should've been the kind of mind-numbing meeting that made me want to jump out a window, but Sarah furtively grabbed my wrist and pulled my hand under the table.

No one noticed. I glanced around the room, making sure that everyone else had their eyes on their notes or the director. They did.

But, that was something else to worry about, because Sarah slid my hand down between her legs. She guided my fingers up her skirt and toward her panties. I could feel the soft material, and she nodded down at her tablet.

Touch me or I'll tell everyone how you let a girl in college put your manhood in a tube. You wouldn't want that, would you?

Staring down at the immaculate handwriting, I didn't want to believe she would do it. She had to be bluffing. But one glance back up at her pretty features, and I knew that this blonde girl meant every word of it.

Hoping no one noticed, I started to maneuver my fingertips along her opening. I teased the soft cotton of her panties, feeling the dampness soaked into her underwear. My breathing caught in my chest, and I could feel my cock straining against the chastity tube.

I kept working, teasing her opening. At different points, she would write instructions on her tablet, telling me to go faster or slower. All the while, she kept her eyes on the director, almost like she was really paying attention, like she actually cared about the company.

With every moment, I dreaded the possibility that someone would figure out what I was doing. I would be fired immediately. My

entire career would be destroyed, and this would follow me. Cursing this girl for manipulating me, I continued to service her, touching her.

"If there is any other business?" the director asked.

"No," I said along with the chorus of other negative replies.

"Meeting adjourned then," she said, standing up, and I quickly pulled my hand from between Sarah's legs.

I was about to leave, but Sarah tapped me on the shoulder, and I made the mistake of glancing in her direction. She flashed me a quick shake of her head, and I knew that she wanted me to wait. I moved just a little bit more slowly than everyone else, so the rest of my colleagues escaped from the conference room. They were all eager to get away from another boring meeting.

Within a matter of seconds, we were alone.

"You did nice job, pet," she told me. "You know, I might decide to keep you just like this. Would you like that, pet? Would you like to have an owner at work, someone to tell you what to do? Someone to boss you around?" She grinned at the prospect, clearly fantasizing about the different ways she might tease and torment me.

"No, Sarah, you can't," I started to say, at least until she put her finger on my lips, silencing me.

"I'm going to do whatever I want, you're going to like it," she promised, just before she placed her hand at the nape of my neck again, pulled me forward, and kissed me hard. Then she moved her mouth down, licking and teasing my neck. I started to pant, and all while, the bottled-up desire pulsated through me. I still couldn't come. I couldn't even get my cock hard, which she knew perfectly well.

But, that didn't stop her, and those soft kisses felt so good.

Then she bit my neck, just enough to leave little teeth marks. It almost hurt, but it felt really good, and then she smiled at me. Just before she disappeared, Sarah pulled a necklace from beneath the neckline of her dress. The gold chain around her neck didn't hold a pendant. Instead, it held the key, and right away I knew it was the key to my chastity device. She grinned and dropped it back down, letting the key slide between her sumptuous breasts.

Finally, Sarah left me alone to contemplate my fate.

I had to wait in the conference room for several minutes. I rubbed my neck, getting the marks out. After that, I went back to my office and shut the door. Savoring my little bit of privacy, I went back to my desk and considered my next move.

I went online to try to find the lock she had used. Of course, that meant I had to stand up in the middle of my office, drop my pants, and hope to find some distinguishing mark on the lock. Like maybe it would have a brand—something, anything—I could use.

Trying to move my scrotum to the side, I searched.

And I found nothing.

Seriously, that tiny lock didn't have any marks, no numbers or letters.

A hiss of frustration escaped from between my teeth, and I pulled my pants back up, tightening my belt. I wanted to punch something, to hit a wall, but I knew that doing so would only draw attention to me.

I went back to my desk, fell into my seat, and sat there.

After a few minutes, I decided that I didn't have any other choice. I had to get some work done. I need to do something constructive, and maybe then my frustration might abate. Hoping for the best, I pulled up my work screen and started typing, checking figures and numbers.

All the while, I could feel the fury of desire at the edge of my consciousness. I wanted to climax. I wanted to come so hard, but there was nothing I could do. In fact, could feel the little dribbles of pre-come soak into my boxers.

This was undignified. It was humiliating beyond belief, but I didn't see any alternatives. I didn't know what else I could do or even try to do.

So instead, I worked.

A full hour passed by, and then I heard a knock on the door.

I froze, unable to think. Unable to put any words together, I hoped that whoever knocked would just assume that I wasn't in my office and leave.

There it was again, another gentle rapping against my office door. "Come in," I called out, knowing perfectly well that it could be my supervisor or someone else important.

Sarah sauntered into my office and shut the door behind her. Then she pointed down to the spot at her feet and said, "Martin, get over here like a good little pet."

A sigh escaped from between my teeth, and I fell down onto my hands and knees. I started to crawl across my office floor, knowing full well that I wouldn't have any other options. If I tried to defy her, then Sarah would punish me.

She could do it. She could do it in so many ways.

I made it to that spot between her feet, and I found my head down. "Good boy," she said, crouching with me. She started to run her hands along my hair and down my neck. "But you know, I think I want you naked now. Get completely naked for me."

"Does that mean you'll take off chastity device?" I asked, letting the hope run through my voice.

"No, silly," Sarah said, giggling as though that was funny. She talked down to me again, patronizing me with every syllable. "Pet, you're going to stay just like this. I like having you helpless. I like knowing that you are my helpless little toy." Then she grabbed my hair and tugged sharply. "I like playing with you, and I'm not going to stop."

She released me, and I stumbled back.

Sarah stood over me and said, "Martin, give me your wallet."

"What?"

"Give me your wallet, pet," she repeated, speaking more slowly.

"I won't," I said, hoping to take a stand at this point.

"You will," Sarah replied without hesitating. "You're going to give me your wallet, or I'm going to have to go tell everyone about that little plastic tube around your cock. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

Hot crimson burned along my cheeks as I blushed furiously. I couldn't look into her pretty face, but I did manage to shake my head.

"Would you want me to?"

My limb felt like it was made of lead as I reached into my pocket and took out my wallet. I held it up, and Sarah took it. She walked over to my desk and fell back into my seat, crossing her legs

as though she owned the place. From the corner of her eye, she looked at me and asked, "Why are you still wearing clothes, pet?"

Because her last threat was still fresh in my mind, I started to unbutton my shirt. I pulled off my tie and stripped down. From one layer to the next, I lost my clothing, setting them aside in the corner of the room.

"Ma'am, may I lock the door?"

"No, I like the idea of someone wandering in here."

My eyes flickered for just a moment, but I knew better than to try to argue with her. Instead, I watched as Sarah opened my wallet and went through my stuff. She pulled out a credit card and examined it before setting it aside. Then, she went to my computer and opened up the web browser.

"What... what are you doing?"

"Just a little bit of shopping in order to, you know, celebrate your new position."

"I don't have any new position," I tried to tell her.

"Of course you do, pet. You're mine now. That's definitely new. You're going to be my employee from now on. You're going to work under me. You're going to be obedient, and you're going to do everything I say because you really don't have a choice. No, you don't." She flashed another one of those pretty grins in my direction.

Sarah returned her attention to the computer screen and typed in the name of a high-end fashion boutique that also sold bits of jewelry. I gulped, helpless to resist, even as I knew what she was going to do.

By the time I had stripped naked, Sarah was busy browsing a different set of items. "This is pretty," she said, clicking on the image of some satin panties. "Would you like to see me wearing those?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"Maybe if you're a good boy," she said. "But tell me, do you think I'm going to let you have sex with me?"

"Yes, please?"

"Silly boy, I like to have sex with real men. You're just going to be my pet."

"But, but that isn't fair," I tried to protest.

"Who said this was about being fair?" she teased. Before I could try to respond, she pointed down to that spot between her legs. She had already yanked down her panties and was ready for me. "Now be a good pet and get to work."

Hating myself for it, I crawled between her legs, knowing that I didn't have any choice.

Once again, her glistening pussy was waiting for me. She was already wet, and when I slid my tongue into her opening, I could feel the engorged clitoris just waiting for attention. I licked and lapped at her slit, teasing her crevice with my tongue. I moved quickly, darting from side to side, hoping to make her come quickly.

All the while, Sarah simply petted me with one hand while she used the other to click through the website. She was making purchases, one after another, with my money.

Almost as though she could read my thoughts, she nudged my head back so that I could look up at her. I was down on my knees, and she was seated in my chair, having taken my place. I was supposed to be her boss. I was supposed outrank her, only Sarah had reversed her position so easily.

"Pet, you are very generous boy. I'm going to have so much fun wearing all these pretty things. Thank you." She stroked my chin again before pushing my head back down between her legs.

Without even waiting for the command, I licked at her opening, feeling her body radiate heat as she got hornier and hornier. She came once, the orgasm making her moan with ecstasy, but she wasn't done.

When I tried to pull my head back from between her legs, she grabbed my hair and forced my mouth against her crevice. "Did I say you are done?"

Obviously, I couldn't answer, not with my tongue busy. I touched and tapped her clitoris with my wet tongue, giving her different patterns and rhythms, hoping that she would come again quickly. I didn't like the idea of her spending all my money, I suppose that she didn't view those dollars as belonging to me anymore.

I belonged to her, so everything I owned was now her property.

Seething, I tried to shrug off that idea. I tried to convince myself that she couldn't really control me, but she'd already done so much. Sarah kept petting me, stroking me. It was like I was a beloved pet, and she just wanted to show me that I was doing a good job.

Somehow, that made it worse.

She came again, savoring another orgasm.

Minutes later, there was a third one.

Finally, she grabbed my head and forced me down even farther, making me lick deep down into her pussy. I ran my tongue from a lowest point up to the highest. I kept moving quickly, even as fatigue set in. My muscles started to ache, but I didn't slow down. If anything, I started moving more quickly, hoping to bring this to an end.

She came hard, crying out. It made me wonder if someone wasn't going to hear her. Then she pushed me back and rolled away from the desk.

"Good boy," she said touching my chin.

I licked away her juices from my lips. Then I crawled forward and glanced up at the screen. Sarah giggled when my eyes bugged wide when I saw the number on that receipt.

She just burned through an entire credit card, and I knew that I was going to be responsible for those payments. Something inside of me tightened, but then she said, "I wouldn't worry about it, pet. You aren't going to need money for things like going out or buying yourself toys. From now on, you'll do as I say. Every day, you'll only need to worry about making me happy. And frankly, that doesn't take a lot of money. Now, am I generous owner?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"Now, you've been such a good boy, would you like an orgasm?"

"Yes!" Even though I knew this could be some kind of game, just another way to taunt me, I couldn't help but practically pant for it.

Sarah got up from my chair and patted the seat. "Sit down then," she commanded.

I scrambled up off the floor and got into the chair. She took my hands and rested them on the armrests. At first, I didn't understand,

not until she picked up the roll of tape. She tore strips free, wrapping them around my wrists, binding me to the chair.

"Ma'am, what are you doing?" In spite of my best efforts, I could hear that little quiver in my voice. She grinned, knowing full well that I was getting nervous.

Sarah didn't respond at first. Instead, she let me stew in my apprehension.

Once she finished with my left arm, she pulled out some more tape. The material stretched, and she held it up for me to see. "This is going to be fun," she promised.

"What are you doing?" I asked again.

Sarah wrapped the tape around my right arm, binding me to the chair. She kept going, circling more and more of the adhesive around my limb. Once she was done with my arm, she still hadn't answered me. Instead, she moved down to my feet, spreading my legs and taping me to the legs of the chair.

When she finally finished, Sarah stood up. She towered over me and grinned. "You've been such a good boy; I really do want to reward you."

I opened my mouth again, hoping to speak, but she just touched a finger to my lips again, silencing me. "Shush, pet. I need to know that you can be truly obedient, so I'm not going to let you talk until you come. Understand?"

My breathing had turned sharp and quick, every one little more than a quick puff of oxygen. Even so, I nodded my head eagerly.

Naked, taped down to my office chair, I waited for her. Sarah took a little walk around my chair, letting her eyes wander over me. I could feel her studying me, looking at the contours of my muscles, the tone of my skin.

"Good boy," she finally decided, stopping in front of me. "Now, I want you to struggle for me. I want to be absolutely certain that you can't get out of that chair, and if I think you're faking it, I'm going to leave you in that cock lock for *months*. Understand?"

I nodded my head. Yes, I understood. Yes, I would be a good boy.

So, I started to struggle, pulling as hard as I could on my hands and feet, not sure if I really wanted to break out of those taped bindings. My muscles tensed and flexed, and it wasn't long before my heart was pounding even harder. My skin dampened with perspiration, but I didn't stop, not until she gave me the command. Finally, she said, "Enough."

I relaxed, slumping forward.

Sarah still wasn't done teasing me, though. She straddled me, climbing onto the chair. She sat on my lap, her legs spread, and she started to touch me, running her fingertips and nails along my flanks. Then she kissed me again, pulling my head to the side. She took what she wanted from me, and it only lasted a few seconds, but it was enough to make me feel like I might burst at any moment.

"Good boy," Sarah said. "In fact, I think you deserve something even better."

She hopped off of me, went over to the door, and locked it. Then, while I watched, she stripped off her dress, throwing it down into the same pile of my clothing. She kicked off her boots. Finally, she removed her bra, letting her fulsome breasts spill out. They were big, but perky.

I had no idea what she intended, but I strained as hard as I could against the straps. The tape held me fast. She had used multiple layers, so there was no way I would be able to stretch or break that material.

Sarah straddled me again, only this time she gently caressed my cheeks, my lips, and even my nose with her breasts. Her nipples were firm, and she rubbed them against my skin. It felt so incredible, but I didn't dare move, worried that I would make a mistake or do something to make this stop.

"Would you like to suck on my breasts?" Sarah asked.

I bobbed my head down and up again, so eager and desperate. Even so, I managed to stay quiet.

"Open your mouth," she told me. I did so, and then she slid her right nipple between my lips. "Go ahead, pet. You can suck."

I did, and it felt incredible. I ran my tongue along her nipples, and she started to moan again. I stopped and nuzzled, savoring the feel of her body pressed against mine. At the same time though, this

pushed me to new heights of arousal, almost to the point where I couldn't think.

I've never been so horny before. I never wanted to come so badly! The strain beat through every inch of my body. Honestly, I didn't know how much more of this I could possibly endure.

I kept licking, serving her just the way she desired. She threw her head back as another small orgasm rippled through her. But then, she grinned down at me, wearing a predatory smile.

"Good pet," she told me once more.

Then she reached for her necklace, and she pulled it off, letting the key dangle in front of my eyes.

She unlocked the chastity device, pulling away the padlock. She set it on my desk and then slid the tube off of my shaft. Immediately, my cock sprang up, harder than I could ever remember it being before.

"You know, I could leave you here just like this," she said. Obviously, that idea held a lot of appeal for her. "I could let you spend the rest of the day, naked and taped down. You would be so helpless, but you wouldn't call out for help because you would never want someone to see you like this. But you know, I don't want to just torment you. I want you to know that you belong to me, and I take care of my possessions."

Sarah moved around the chair so that she was out of my line of sight. Then she slipped her arms around my waist and then cupped my balls with one hand, even as she started to gently stroke my cock with the other. I shivered, careful to stay silent, despite the growls of pleasure that wanted to escape my lungs.

"You like that, don't you? Of course, you do. You're my pet, so of course I know how to touch you. I know how to make you eager. I know how to make you desperate. I know how to make you beg, to make you crawl, to make you do whatever I want. I know that you belong to me now, and I'm going to have so much fun with you."

She whispered these words, and I really did worry that she would just hop up and leave. It would be such a simple matter for her to put on her clothing and disappear. She could leave me like that for hours, possibly even days.

Instead, she gently squeezed my cock, almost enough to make me come. More than anything, I wanted to groan or grunt, to growl like some wild animal. But no, I couldn't do it, because Sarah hadn't given me permission. This young woman really did own me. Over the course of the day, she had trained me, broken my spirit, and domesticated me. I really did belong to her.

"If I let you come, it's only going to be for one reason. I want you sensitive. I want you desperate. I want you mewling for my attention. And when we're done, I'm going to put you back in the cock lock, and you're going to truly comprehend what it means to be helpless."

By this point, I couldn't respond. Even had I wanted to, I couldn't speak.

"Are you ready to come, pet?"

Again I nodded, and she stroked me more seriously, her fingertips teasing that spot beneath my scrotum even while her other hand squeezed again, working my shaft. She stroked me, letting the pre-come drip down the side of my shaft. I didn't care about dignity or self-respect, not while she kept working me up. I threw my weight from side to side, but those were the animalistic impulses of a creature that could no longer think for itself.

She kissed my neck and then squeezed my shaft, and all at once, my load spurted across the room. It splashed against the far wall, but she didn't stop.

Sarah kept teasing that spot beneath my scrotum, and she jerked me off, squeezing and rubbing, squeezing and rubbing, squeezing and rubbing. In that moment, I couldn't think about anything but the pattern and the rhythm of her hand as she worked me over, turning my body into her instrument.

Yes!

She played me beautifully, and when Sarah finished, my head dropped forward, and I could barely move. I was helpless, exhausted. In fact, I might have even fallen out of my chair, except for the fact that she tied me down.

My eyes flickered open slowly, just in time to see Sarah pick up the chastity device. She slipped it over my cock, again, locking me in her power.

The End

**(Want more female domination? Check out *Sissy Trained*,
another story by Mina Black!)**

Sissy Trained Mina Black

"Hello there, sweetheart. It's time for you to get up."

Kayla's voice edges into the periphery of my sleep. Blinking awake, I sit up and find Kayla standing over me. My wife has her hands on her hips.

Like always, she is beautiful. Dressed in a black skirt and tight top, she combines professional and sexy with an ease pretty much every other woman at work envies. My wife reaches down and grabs the edge of the blanket. She pulls it away from my body, revealing my naked form. Well, I'm not entirely naked. There are leather shackles around my wrists and ankles, binding me to my bed.

This is how I sleep now. This is how I've left ever since we got married. When Kayla first made the announcement, she giggled and said something about wanting to make sure that I was nice and secure. She wanted to be certain that I wouldn't get into any trouble at night.

Kayla reaches down and slides her hand along my naked thigh. Instantly, my body reacts. My penis starts to harden, and it's only a matter of heartbeats before it's erect.

"There is my little doll," she says to me.

For a moment, my lower lip hardens. Despite everything, I'm still not used to the way she speaks to me. I'm supposed to be her husband, but she speaks to me like I'm just her toy. Of course, she has all the power. She has all of the influence and leverage. Really, there isn't anything I can do to stop her, yet I'm still not used to it.

While I am completely naked, Kayla is of course fully dressed. That is just one more way she can express her power over me. Instinctively, I pull on my shackles, thinking that my struggles might make some kind of difference. The thin, mental chains rattle and jingle but I'm still bound and helpless.

"Honey, you know that doesn't do any good. You can't get up until I let you up." Her eyes sparkle with the obvious, but then her hand is drifting higher and higher, moving closer to my cock and balls.

I squirm a little bit more, and she lightly takes my scrotum in her hand. She could squeeze. She could send hot pain shooting through my body, yet she refrains, this time. Instead, she just cups my balls for several seconds. With one finger, she starts to stroke that spot beneath my scrotum, and my erection becomes more intense.

"Oh?" she says with mock surprise. "Is someone a horny little sissy?"

I grit my teeth, refusing to respond. Technically, I've been very well trained, but some part of me continues to rebel at this sort of treatment. I behaved myself yesterday, so I don't deserve this sort of teasing, but then that is probably the point. Kayla wants to remind me that she can do whatever she wishes with whatever she wants. It doesn't matter if I deserve it or not.

Let go of my scrotum, and her lithe fingers slide up the length of my shaft. He gently strokes me, caressing my cock. I strain against my bonds again, my muscles flexing and tensing. All the while, she keeps her crystal blue eyes on my face.

"Are you going to be a good servant for me today?"

At first, I don't want to answer, only I'm perfectly aware of what she can do to me if she buys I need a punishment. Forcing my body to relax, I swallowed back my defiance and I say, "Yes, ma'am. I will be a good servant for you today."

"Perfect. I knew I could count on you," says Kayla Beth before she reaches into her pocket and takes out a key. It's small, basically as large as her fingertip. She slides it into my shackles, first of those at my feet, then the restraints holding my hands in place.

"Thank you, ma'am."

That is how I address my wife. He has all the power. She has ability to punish me in more ways than one, so I quickly slide off of the bed and hit the carpet on my knees. I look up at her, and she smirks down at me. When she looks at me, I can practically feel the condescension radiating from her. He doesn't respect me. She doesn't think anything really a man.

Naked and helpless on the floor, I suppose that I'm not. I'm certainly no virile alpha male. I'm about to be turned into a sissy all

over again. Kayla likes making sure that I get dressed up nicely every morning.

My wife walks over to the closet, and she starts to press her fingers through the different outfits. All of the costumes and uniforms in there are just a little bit too big for her. Finally, she picks out one, pulling out by the hanger.

Kayla holds it up for me to see, and my chest tightens with humiliation. Before our marriage, I probably would've noticed an outfit like that, and I would've thought it was a rousing because I would picture some pretty girl wearing it.

It is a white and pink dress with a tight little corset. At the hem of the skirt, there are lots of white, lacy ruffles. At the same time, I can't help but pick out all the different bows. It looks like something that is somehow both childish and slutty at the same time. It vaguely reminds me of a candy stripper's uniform.

"I'm going to be back in ten minutes. When I return, I want to make sure that you are pretty or your day. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," I say quickly.

Kayla strolls up to me, and she runs her fingers through my hair. "Good. When I get back, you're going to be a pretty little girl. You are going to be ready for your day. You're going to be ready to do whatever you're told. Isn't that right?"

"Yes, ma'am," I say quickly. I don't have any choice but to agree with her.

Once she leaves the room, I stand up. I look around, taking in my surroundings. This used to be a small bedroom, little more than office with a closet. But now, this is where I live. This is where Kayla keeps me when she's otherwise busy or occupied. There is my bed, complete with shackles.

Off to the side, there is also a full length mirror and a small desk covered in makeup. Though small bottles and jars make me shiver, especially because I know what is about to happen. I know what I'm about to do.

I have been trained, so I try not to think about it. I walk over to the small dresser on the side of the room. I open up the bottom drawer, and I take out a pair of socks. They are thin and dainty, with pink ruffles around the ends.

I also fish out a pair of panties. Holding them up, I try to convince myself that they are just another pair of underwear, but that's impossible. Although they will fit me easily, the patent is too soft. The lace ribbons are too feminine. Putting my teeth, I take the socks in the panties over to the desk, and I sit down. I pull the socks up, but they only reach my ankles. A moment later, I slide into the panties as well, feeling that the soft material as it hugs my penis.

Although I know it's a foolish mistake, I stand up, and I look at myself in the mirror.

I don't feel like a man, not anymore. Kayla did this to me, though I know I have always been slender for my gender. My movements have never been lumbering or particularly powerful. Rather, people always think of me as graceful and slight. Of course, now Kayla has insisted that we let my hair grow out. She is also insisted on trimming my eyebrows, making them even more girlish.

Standing there in my socks and panties, I can't convince myself that I'm a real man. I'm not, not anymore.

Pushing those thoughts aside, I go back to the bed because I know I don't have a whole lot of time. I pull the pretty pink dress over my shoulders, and then I start the arduous task of tying all of those in the place.

Once I finish, I sit down at the small desk. Practiced instinct takes over, and I reach for the container of foundation. Outer is soft against my cheeks, and once it's on, I begin to feel like a slightly different person. Then again, this is only the start. Once I have the foundation on, I pick up some blush, and I apply it gently. When I'm done with that, I apply eyeliner. Last comes the lipstick.

When I'm done, I definitely look back at my reflection, and I feel like a different person.

If that I finish, Kayla opens the door. I stand up obediently, only to fall back down onto my knees. I keep my eyes aimed at the door, and she strolls over to me. She runs her fingers through my hair. "Pretty soon this will be long enough for a French braid. Won't that be lovely?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said, my face flushed beneath the makeup.

Kayla reaches down and touches of my chin, nudging me so I look up at her. Standing above me, she seemed so big and powerful.

At the same time, I can't help but feel especially pathetic down on my knees.

"Are you ready to start your day?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. There's my good sissy. Now stand up for your inspection."

I hate this part. It always gives her an excuse to spank or punish me.

Straightening my back, I get back up onto my feet, only now I make sure to stare down at the floor. Kayla starts to walk around me, and I could feel her eyes on me, searching for any mistakes.

"This bow is pretty sloppy," she says.

"I'm sorry," I tell her quickly.

Kayla shakes her head and clicks her tongue, clearly disappointed. Pursing my lips, I try not to contemplate what she is thinking. I try not to worry about what she might decide to do with me.

She lifts up my skirt and giggles, clearly amused by the pink panties wrapped around my ass. He reaches under the skirt and starts to stroke thigh and buttocks. It's such a small violation, yet it makes me shiver nonetheless.

"Let me take a look at your face," Kayla commands.

I turn about and I face her. "Yes, you are very pretty little sissy. And to think, when we got married, you were going to be my husband. You probably didn't think things were to go like this, did you?"

"No, ma'am," I say, gritting my teeth. It's impossible not to think about how much I had built before we got married, how much she had taken away from me.

"But you're a lot happier like this, aren't you?"

This is a test, little more than a game, one I am supposed to lose. Because I have been well-trained, I inhale, and I stifle the urge to try to defy this woman. "Yes, ma'am," I tell her, letting my eyes drift back down to the floor.

"Thank me for training you."

"Thank you, ma'am. Thank you for training me."

"Is there anything else you want to say?" He asks that question, only I can see through to what she really wants to hear. She wants me to sound grateful for doing this to me, for turning me into this pathetic little sissy, this shadow of a man I used to be.

"Thank you for teaching me how to be a good sissy for you. Thank you for training me and teaching me how to be obedient to a powerful woman. I'm very grateful," I tell her.

"You don't sound very convincing," she says, and I know that Kayla is right. I don't, and annoyance flashes across her face.

She grabs me by my neck, and she shows me down against the bed. She lifts up my skirt, and she starts to spank me, swatting the back of my ass hard. Pain lances through me, and I want to tell myself that this isn't a big deal. It's a spanking. This the kind of punishment the little kids get, so it really can't be anything truly significant.

But it is, and I can feel my strength start to dissipate. It hurts a lot, and even though I want to convince myself that I can be defiant at my core, I know that isn't true. She has worn me down, turning me into her pet and her plaything, little more than a toy for her to use.

The spanking comes to a stop. "That's what happens when you're a bad sissy."

"Yes, ma'am," I say, gasping for breath. "I'm very sorry."

"Good girl," she says to me, petting the back of my neck. "I know that deep down you want this. Really deep down in your core, you understand that you aren't supposed to be in charge. You are supposed to have any power. No, you are to be obedient and to do as you're told. You are to submit whenever you hear command because that's what you really need isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am," I say automatically.

"On your knees," she says simply.

Without question or hesitation, I obey. I dropped back down onto my knees for the third time, and this time, Kayla lifts up her skirt, and she pulls down her panties. Her naked pussy is right before me, and Kayla orders me to hold my hands behind my back.

Such close proximity to this exquisite woman pumps arousal through my body. When we first met, I thought that Kayla was incredible, the kind of woman I could never have a chance with. But

then, she decided that she wanted me too, at least at first. Of course, there was no way for me to possibly guess what she had planned for me.

Kayla grabs my hair and yanks me forward, pressing my mouth up against her slit. "Be a good little sissy and do what you're told," she commands. Her order is unnecessary, especially because I have just been spanked. My ass still feels hot from where her hand landed.

I start to lick, pushing my tongue forward. I enter her, and she starts to moan with pleasure. This is incredible for her, but not just because of how my hot and slick tongue feels against her clitoris. No, she also loves the power she can wield over me. I can feel her eyes on me as she looks down on me, having trained me from an independent man into a pathetic, obedient sissy. "There's my sissy," she says happily, echoing my thoughts. "Yes, you're such a good little girl. You are so pretty in your bows and in pretty pink dress. I think I'm going to keep you like this forever. Yes, I am. You're not going to have to worry about being my husband anymore. No, you're not."

Granted, Kayla has said those words to me on many occasions, yet they ameliorate and emasculate me all the same. Somehow, I just can't get used to hearing this beautiful woman talk down to me like that.

(Get the rest of *Sissy Trained* by Mina Black from all major ebook distributors.)