

# The Feminization Machine



by  
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## **The Feminization Machine**

"What did this one do?" Emily asked as she scanned through the file. She found the usual statistics: height, weight, eye color, hair color, and skin tone.

"Apparently, he is quite the misogynist," Melissa replied from her seat at the center of the table.

"Good. I like messing with misogynists," Emily said as she continued to peruse the file. Most of the information contained on those pages focused on his biological issues. Apparently, Mr. Adam Stevens had elevated testosterone as well. Perhaps that was because of his bad behavior.

Emily shook her head, reminding herself that it didn't really matter one way or the other. They weren't interested in excuses. They wouldn't discuss matters of cause or effect. After all, so many of these men could whine and whimper for days on end. No. They needed to simply determine what was going on and what needed to be done to correct the situation.

"You enjoy your job a little bit too much, I think," Melissa said.

Emily smirked. She swept her gaze around the rest of the room. There was a long conference table. Other, well-dressed women sat and chatted or worked on their tablets or phones. Everyone here was wealthy. Everyone here had influence.

Outside of this building, lots of men still believed that they had control over civilization. The president was a man. Plenty of senators and members of Congress happened to be male as well. But that was all just a façade.

Little by little, groups like Emily's were taking hold of the country. Eventually, they would come out and create a matriarchy. Someday. For today, Emily was content with the progress they would make regarding Adam Stevens.

The ladies continued to chat for a few minutes until someone knocked on the double doors. At once, the cell phones and tablets were put away. The women watched, staring at the doors.

Melissa, the judge for today, called out, "You may bring in the accused."

The doors opened, and two young women wearing white nurses' uniforms pushed a gurney into the conference room. The space was large enough to accommodate the large table and now the gurney and the man

strapped to it.

Adam Stevens had dark hair, dark eyes, and a well-built body. He looked strong, like the kind of guy who probably spent many hours at the gym. He probably worked out simply so he could show off his muscles to the various women he met in his life.

Emily actually enjoyed seeing him like this. She could admire the male form, from his abdominal muscles to his biceps. In fact, he flexed and tensed as he struggled, pulling and yanking on the restraints holding him down.

Completely naked except for one item, he wore a silver collar around his neck. Of course, he would probably like to get it off, but that wasn't going to happen.

"What the hell is going on here? Who are you people?"

"Ladies, please remind each youth that he must be quiet while these proceedings progress. If we need to hear him speak, he will be allowed to do so in order to defend himself," Melissa said from the center of the conference room.

One of the two nurses grinned, and she fished out a small remote-controlled device from her pocket. She pointed it at Adam who immediately started shaking his head from side to side. "No! You don't need to do that! Not again!" He probably meant to say more, but she pressed the button, and a surge of electricity blasted through his body. Arching his back, he tensed, groaning and shouting at the same time.

Emily just watched, impassive. A couple of the other ladies smirked. She felt she needed to be a little bit more professional, even if she enjoyed the show just as much.

When Adam's punishment ceased, he fell back down against the gurney, his chest rising and falling, his face red.

"Adam Stevens, you have been accused of various elements of misogyny. My name is Emily Trent, and I am going to be interrogating you today. If you can convince us that you are a civilized young man capable of treating all people with respect, then you will be released."

He glared at Emily as she spoke, describing the proceedings. For a moment, he opened his mouth, like he was going to say something rude once again. Only then he stopped himself. He closed his eyes, he swallowed, and he did his best to sound professional. "Who are you?"

"We are members of the Hera Society. Simply put, we control the

city."

"I've never heard of you," he told them, clearly looking around the room, doing his best to be intimidating.

It wouldn't work, not on these ladies, let alone anyone else. He was naked and strapped down, utterly helpless.

"You are wasting your time if you think you're going to memorize any of our faces," Melissa said. "If, somehow, you are found innocent, we will give you a very special formula that will block out your memories from last twenty-four hours."

"You're sick," he spat back at her.

"We're evolved," Emily said, taking several steps forward. She looked down at him. "For your sake, I hope you are found innocent. You have a very nice body."

"Right. Whatever. Let's get this over with," Adam replied, clearly doing his best to pretend that this situation didn't bother him. He kept trying to put out the memories of how they took him.

One night, he went out with his friends, he hit a couple of strip clubs, and he came home. Just as he walked up the steps to his front door, several people grabbed him from behind. At first, he assumed that they must've been men. They moved with professional precision, grabbing his arms, holding a rag over his mouth to make sure he couldn't shout for help, and they injected something into his neck.

It all happened so fast.

"Adam Stevens, I am going to ask you several questions. You are free to try to lie, but if you do so, the shock collar around your neck will punish you, and I will repeat the question. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good boy," she told him, smirking again. She held her hands behind her back as she walked along the length of the conference table. "Adam, are you a good man?"

"I guess." He looked around the room, perhaps searching for some way out of this situation. Even if he managed to get out of this room, the guards would have him down on his stomach within the span of a few seconds.

"Tell us about yourself. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a manager at International Silicon Hardware."

"And what does that entail?" As she looked at him, Emily almost

admired this man. After all, he remained remarkably, despite his surroundings. She had interrogated many men, most of whom usually broke down when confronted by this kind of scenario.

Men. They loved to puff out their chests, to strut around, insisting that they were the lords of creation. But really, they were the weaker sex by far.

"I oversee about a hundred employees. Mostly, I make sure they correctly track orders and inventory."

"And how do you treat your female employees?"

"I treat them fair—" he started to say, only another jolt of electricity shot from the collar right into his skin. It flashed through his flesh, lighting up pain receptors all over his body. He strained against the restraints, grunting and growling like some captured animal.

"Care to try again?" Emily asked, doing her best not to make it seem like she was gloating.

This time, he pressed his lips together. He didn't want to answer.

"Participation is not voluntary," she told him.

Even so, Adam refused to respond. If this game was going to be rigged against him, than he decided that he just didn't wish to play. Unfortunately for him, he didn't actually get a choice. Emily nodded over to the nurse with the remote control.

She pressed the button, and another jolt of electricity assaulted him. Hot pain sizzled along his skin, making him shout out again. "Bitch!" Adam yelled, not that it made any difference.

"Care to try again?" Emily repeated.

"I treat my employees the way they deserve," he said. The collar functioned as a lie detector. It could read his physiological responses and make a determination about whether or not he required correction. It was interesting that he would talk about what his employees deserved because it meant that if he behaved badly, then he truly believed that was the right thing to do.

"Be more specific."

"What you want to hear?" Adam demanded. "You want me to talk about how a couple of the girls from my department got all whiny and went to HR to complain about my behavior? Because yeah, that happened."

"Why did they complain?"

"They said I made some inappropriate comments," he replied, his tone rife with disdain. "I swear, girls are so freaking sensitive. I said they looked

good in their skirts. Maybe I suggested we should go out for a drink or two."

"But you're married," Emily said.

Adam didn't hesitate with his response. "Yeah, so what?"

"So I would assume that your wife wouldn't be pleased if she knew that you were going out with other women."

"Look, I take care of my wife. I make sure that she has plenty of money so she can go buy all of the stupid little outfits she wants. I make sure that she has a nice house. Frankly, I think that means I should be entitled to a little fun on the side."

"And did the sexual-harassment complaints go beyond just a couple of comments?"

Again, Adam pressed his lips together. There was something here, something he didn't wish to discuss. Too bad for him.

"Give him another taste," Emily said.

The nurse raised the remote control, pointing at the captive male. Of course, he shook his head from side to side. Finally, his eyes started to water as he begged. "No, don't. No, you can't! Not again!"

Merciless, the nurse pressed the button, and he arched his back, yelling out all over again. The other women watching the proceedings just shook their heads. Of course, they weren't especially sympathetic. Not only had they viewed this kind of thing before, they simply didn't understand.

They were very reasonable. If Adam would only tell the truth, then he wouldn't need to be punished. Really, he brought this on himself.

"Are you ready to answer my question?" Emily asked, the picture of professionalism.

"Fine! I'll tell you!" Adam answered, his chest rising and falling as he panted through the lingering twitches of sensitivity. "There was one girl, Jessica. She kept flirting with me, telling me that I was handsome. She liked touching me. You know. She would leave her hand on my shoulder. Anyway, one day I decided that I'm not interested in flirting anymore. I figured she just needed someone who is brave enough to get started. So when she was in the break room, I closed the door, and I started to kiss her."

"Did she kiss you back?"

Adam didn't answer right away. He kept looking around, perhaps wondering what would happen depending on his answer. Finally, he started to speak, "Yeah—"

He didn't get the chance to finish the rest of his sentence because the

collar around his neck detected his attempted deception. It punished him with another hot dose of electricity, shooting it right into his body. He thrashed about, fighting hard against his restraints. He pulled and tugged, kicked and punched.

It still didn't do any good.

"Let's try that again. Did she kiss you back?" Emily asked.

His face was red by this point, but Adam did not look defeated. On the contrary, he looked angry, not that his rage would do any good, not here. Maybe out with his friends, a testosterone fueled tantrum could get him whatever he desired. But here, he needed to speak like a civilized young man.

"No," he finally admitted.

"So what did you do when she didn't kiss you back?"

"I encouraged her," he answered, doing his best to keep his voice level. This time, the collar didn't punish him. And yet, there was a very obvious question.

"How did you encourage her?"

"I told her that I would fire her if she didn't loosen up."

"And what did you want from her?"

"You know what I wanted," Adam sneered. "You wouldn't be asking me these questions if you didn't already know!" As another lame attempt at intimidation, he threw himself forward, only to be held down by the restraints all over again. One of the nurses glanced over at Emily, seeking silent permission to punish him again.

The interrogator shook her head, always amused when they fought like this. No, that wouldn't be necessary. This boy could kick and thrash all he wanted. It didn't change anything.

"Be specific. Tell us what you wanted. Tell us what you thought should happen."

"That stuck up bitch needed to relax. She needed to spend some time with a real man."

"Oh?" Emily asked, raising an eyebrow. "Did she have a boyfriend?"

"Yeah," he said, making it sound like an unimportant detail. "But he was a wimp. He was the kind of guy who couldn't really satisfy a woman. I am."

"I'm sure you are," Emily said, letting that patronizing smile shift the pitch of her voice. "So what did you do?"

"We had sex."

"You feel bad about what you've done?"

"I didn't do anything wrong," he said.

"Nurse, I believe we have heard enough. You may gag him."

"Gag me? What the hell you talking about? I told you the truth! I told you what—" Adam didn't get the chance to finish his rant. One of the nurses took out a ball gag, and she shoved it down between his teeth. Then she pulled on his hair, forcing his head forward. Just like that, she strapped it on.

He thrashed some more, shaking and throwing his body from side to side. The gurney didn't even wobble. These ladies knew they were doing.

"Ladies, I believe we are now able to make a decision regarding this man's fate. Considering everything he has told us, I believe that it is clear that he doesn't deserve to be a man or even an adult."

Melissa tilted her head to the side. "What are you suggesting?"

"Simply put, I think he should be transformed. He should be changed into a little girl so he can learn how it feels to be small and helpless. He needs to learn what it feels like to be weak. Clearly, this young man has always been strong. That has given him a sense of entitlement. We need to take this away."

"There are other forms of training we could employ," said another one of the women at the conference table. "I'm sure there are several women here would be willing to train him in the arts of slavery."

Emily smiled, glancing back at Adam's naked body.

Another girl clearly had the same idea. "He is a rather remarkable specimen. Just look at that number of his. I'm sure, when properly trained, he would know exactly what to do with it. Of course, he'd have to be in chastity for the rest of the time."

Gagged, Adam kept trying to make noises. The women discussing his faith ignored him easily.

"Chastity slave training could be useful," Emily agreed. "But we have to ask ourselves one key question. Do we honestly think that this man would ever truly be changed?"

"I know I could break him," said another one of the women.

"Breaking him isn't what I'm talking about. I'm talking about changing him. I'm talking about not only teaching him the new forms of behavior but making sure that he really becomes a different person, a better person." Emily glanced around the room. She had their attention. "Remember. We aren't only here to satisfy ourselves. Our goal is to make the world a fundamentally

better place. We can do this if we are willing to employ the technologies at our disposal."

For a short while, no one spoke. They glanced at one another, considering their options.

"I believe it is time for us to take a vote," Melissa said.

As one, the different women pulled out their phones. They employed a specialized application, one that could never be broken by even the most skilled hackers. They made their votes, and then it was Melissa's job to announce the results.

Melissa stood up. "Adam Stevens, you have been sentenced to transformation. Would you like to make any requests?"

It was only because he settled down that the nurse pulled the gag from between his lips. "Transformation? What are you talking about?"

Emily answered him, keeping her eyes right on him. Oh, she loved this part. She loved the fact that they never believed this was possible. Then again, he was going to learn. Oh yes, he was going to learn very soon.

"Adam, we have a machine here that is capable of transforming you from a man into anything else we want. We could even transform you into an animal, all while preserving your memories and thoughts. We can also edit the same memories and thoughts."

"That's not real. That's not possible," he answered, lifting his chin derisively.

"I assure you it is. But now, there's just one question. We are going to transform you into a little girl," Emily said, making this all sound so normal. "But you are free to make any requests you like. Are you interested in being a little blonde girl? Maybe a redhead? Would you like to have curly hair or straight hair? Would you like to be especially pretty or tall or short?"

"Screw you! You don't know what you're talking about! You're crazy! You're all crazy!" The nurse raised the controller. Rather than gag him, she simply delivered another shock to his system. He fell back, his fingers tightening into angry fists.

"Ladies, please take him to the transformation chamber. I will be along shortly to ensure that the process is completed correctly."

Adam couldn't believe what he heard. Did these women seriously think that they could transform him? That kind of thing wasn't possible. Hell, even the most absurd sci-fi and fantasy movies never dealt with that kind of

thing.

So he had to wonder what they intended for him.

The nurses pushed his gurney, rolling him down one hallway after another.

At one point, he tried to negotiate with these women. He told the nurses that he had a lot of money. He could make sure that they were very well compensated if only they let him up and helped him escape.

"Seriously, you just have to look the other way for a couple of minutes. Just do that, and you can make more money in five minutes than you'll make in five years," he promised.

The two women glanced back at one another, but they didn't say anything.

Realizing that bribery wasn't an option, he had to try something else. He kept looking around, studying the facility, searching for some weak point, some item or two he might be able to use.

Unfortunately, with both his arms and legs held down, he didn't have many options. He kept imagining scenarios where he could behave like some action hero. He would slip his hand free here or maybe he would dislocate his shoulder, and get his arm out of the restraint.

Working out at a gym five days a week did not mean he really knew what he was doing. At the same time, he couldn't help but be intimidated by his surroundings, not that he would ever let any of these bitches know it.

Clearly, they had a lot of money and a lot of backing. This facility seemed to go on forever.

But what about that machine they were talking about? Could that be real?

No way.

Finally, they pushed him through another pair of double doors. The nurses left the room, abandoning Adam to his fate.

A side door opened, and Emily walked into the room. "Hello, Mr. Stevens. Are you enjoying your last few minutes as a man?"

"Look, I don't know what you think you're going to do, but you're not going to get away with this. The second I'm free, I'm going to make sure the police come for every single one of you. You are going to be going to prison for a long, long time." He spoke clearly and curtly, like a professional.

But he couldn't intimidate Emily. Nope. She just threw her head back and laughed at him. He was amusing. They all were at this point, right before

they lost everything that made them men.

"I'm going to give you a chance for one last treat," Emily said. "If you can amuse me, then I will let you have one last orgasm before I take away that big penis of yours forever and ever."

"You aren't going to be able to transform me into anything," Adam snarled back at her.

"Such a funny boy," she said, taking several slow steps in his direction. For the first time ever, he felt like a sex object. "You know, it really is a shame. I know lots of guys who could have done so much more with this kind of equipment," she said.

Throughout most of the day, Adam had done an excellent job of ignoring his nudity. He didn't allow his nakedness to put him at a disadvantage. Only now, there was something about the way this girl looked at him. There was something hungry, almost predatory in her gaze.

She dragged her fingernails up his shin, over his knee, and along his thigh. "Most people don't think that men's genitals are very attractive. For the most part, I agree, but there is something about this appendage." As she spoke, she took a hold of his manhood.

She squeezed it gently, forcing his body to react.

If only to be obstinate, he tried to keep his body from doing this. He tried to keep himself limp and flaccid. And yet, his manhood responded as she stroked him, working her fingertips from the base of his shaft up toward the tip. Pretty soon, she could see that little listening of excitement.

"Do you want one last orgasm? Do you want me to let you come?"

"You are going to pay for this. Oh, you're going to pay!"

Emily responded by using one of the remote controls to his collar. She held it up, and she grinned as his eyes widened. He probably wanted to hide his dread, but she could read his body easily enough. And then she punished him, tapping the button several times. One jolt of exterior sheathing electricity after another went through his skin.

Of course, it wouldn't cause him any permanent harm, but it hurt.

Considering what he had done, Adam deserved nothing less.

"Answer my question, Adam. You want me to let you come?"

Remarkably, his cock remained erect. She looked down at his member, "It would be a shame not to give you the chance to say goodbye. After all, this is a very nice penis. Trust me, I have seen a lot of men, and you were definitely blessed. You are very well endowed. It's a shame you're not

going to be for much longer."

He bucked and kicked, fighting as hard as he could for several more seconds before finally settling down. "Fine. Let me come."

"I think I'm going to ride you," she said, slipping out of her flats. She lifted up her skirt, and she pulled down her panties.

"What?"

"That's right. I'm going to ride you," she told him with a lascivious smile. "Don't worry. You can struggle all you want. It won't make any difference."

"That's not what I wanted. I thought you were just going to give me a hand job!"

Emily didn't bother to respond this time. Instead, she climbed up on top of his gurney, and she lowered herself down. She took him between her pussy lips. Yes, he wiggled and squirmed, but that didn't make the slightest difference to this girl. Instead, she locked her eyes on his.

"I like your brown eyes," she told him. "They make you look so strong, so powerful. I think when we change you, we are going to turn you into a blue-eyed little blonde girl. You are going to look so cute. Everyone is going to see you, and they're going to want to put you in beauty pageants. What you think of that, Adam? Would you like to perform? Would you like to do little tricks while people clap?"

"Screw you!"

"That's exactly what I'm doing," she replied.

She rode him slowly, moving her hips as she savored every inch of his manhood deep inside of her. Emily lived for this, knowing full well that she would be the last one to enjoy the contours of his body. Pretty soon, he would be just an adorable little girl. He would be fascinated by ribbons and bows. He would want to hold a teddy bear close to his chest to make the world feel like a safer place.

After all, everything was about to get a whole lot bigger for him.

Perhaps realizing that words were foolish, Adam sealed his mouth. He glared at her though, still pulling in struggling against his restraints. That only drove his dick deeper into her crevice. And oh yes, she loved his girth, his solidity. She savored the tumescence of his cock while she rode him, enjoying his futile struggles.

"Come for me," she said, reaching down and grabbing a tuft of his hair. She pulled, and something about that pain ignited his orgasm. Adam

never could have explained it, but he started bobbing, pumping as unwanted bursts of pleasure ran through his body.

She climaxed as well, tensing up. Her pussy squeezed around his cock, taking everything he had. And then, she slid off of him. She left the room for several minutes, leaving Adam to contemplate his fate.

The nurses returned first. Adam didn't bother to ask any questions, nor did he try to bribe or intimidate them. What would be the point. They obviously weren't going to talk to him. Instead, they rolled in one machine after another. At first, they only looked like large boxes. They reminded Adam a little bit of future servers.

But then the doors opened, and the nurses pushed in the final piece. It looked like another rectangular, black box, only this one had some kind of array. It was now pointed right at him.

*This isn't real. Those are props. They're just trying to scare me,* Adam thought to himself. He was tempted to simply close his eyes, to pretend to be asleep, but he wouldn't give them the satisfaction of realizing he was nervous. So instead, he watched them, studying their movements. At the same time, he told himself that he was memorizing their faces because he would get back at them. He would make sure that they paid for doing this to him.

His erection spent, he couldn't actually get hard, but Adam still thought about the many ways he could make these beautiful women suffer. He wanted to hold them down, to hear them gasp. He wanted to make a fist as he plunged down, showing them what a real man could do.

Especially Emily.

"It's been nice knowing you," said one of the nurses, patting him on the head. Adam snarled, bucking against his restraints. The girls just twittered and giggled before departing.

Left alone, he strained his hard as he could against his straps. They held him tight, no matter how hard he fought.

"Are you ready?" Emily asked, reentering the room.

"I don't know what you think you're going to do, but it's not going to work," he told her.

He made those words sound more like a promise.

"That's what they all say," she answered.

Emily opened one of the boxes, and she pulled out a vial. It looked like some kind of mercury, cyan quicksilver. She held the material up to the

light. "You know, if you talked to your average scientist, they wouldn't have any idea what this material can do. But we have figured it out. We know exactly what it does, and we know how to manipulate it to alter humans on a atomic level."

"You are insane," he told her.

"No. Now, you can close your eyes and pretend nothing is happening, or you can keep them open and watch. Either way, it doesn't really matter." She carried the vial across the room and opened the panel on the box with the array. She slid the vial into place like it was some sort of cartridge. She pressed several buttons, and suddenly Adam could hear the sound of machinery humming.

Nostrils flared, he closed his eyes at first. He didn't know what was going to happen, but he simply needed to steal his resolve, to show this girl that he wouldn't be intimidated. She didn't scare him!

Only when he lifted his eyelids again, he found himself looking up at the array, and now it was splashing some kind of blue light over his body. "It itches," he said. "Why is it itching?"

It felt as though hundreds or thousands of ants were crawling along his body, moving over his palms, under his fingernails, between his legs, and along his cheeks.

Adam was an attractive, well groomed man. Even so, he still had hair all over his body, mostly under his arms, over his chest, and down the length of his legs. But now, he watched, fascinated and horrified as those strands began to disappear.

"What's going on? What, what you doing to me?"

"I already told you," replied Emily. "I'm transforming you into a little girl. In a few minutes, you're not going to feel like a twenty-six year-old man. No, you are going to be a sweet little girl."

Horrified, Adam could only watch as his muscles started to shrink. He spent years developing those hard lines over his body. When he walked down the street or put on a tight T-shirt, women turned and they looked, instinctively recognizing that he was an incredible specimen of masculinity.

Only now, his arms seemed to become dainty. Not only that, he watched as his hands shrunk. His limbs seemed to get so small. Even his waist was shrinking!

"No! Don't! Look, I believe you! Just don't do this!"

"Keep talking. In a moment, something else is going to change."

"What are you, what you talking about? No! I don't want to sound like this! I want don't want to sound like a woman!" His voice changed. When Adam had first been rolled into the conference room, he sounded confident and strong. He could have gone into any meeting and commanded the room's attention.

Now, his voice sounded like he had just inhaled some helium. He would have done well to voice a cartoon character, maybe some princess or a mouse in a polka dot dress.

Then something else started to happen. Adam could feel his body shrink. He almost heard grinding sounds, like his bones had started to miniaturize. No, no, no! This wasn't supposed to be possible! And yet, he couldn't deny the obvious evidence of his eyes. By the seconds, he watched as his form shifted, becoming more and more feminine.

Then he felt something else, his hair was growing. His scalp tingled, but he didn't see dark tresses slide over his face. No, it was golden hair that streamed down the sides of his head.

His lips tingled as well, and he knew that his mouth was becoming fuller. His eyelashes grew, and he could even feel that same tingling in his eyes. They were probably changing his irises, turning them from brown to some crystalline shade of blue.

Unable to take any more, Adam clamped his eyes shut. And yet, he could still feel the transformation taking place. He could feel it everywhere, along his tongue, down between his legs.

*Oh no!*

Adam forgot about the most important part of this transformation. Ignoring the light playing along his skin, he lifted his head, and he looked down at his crotch. Only his penis had started to shrink. When Emily rode him, he had been so big with seven or eight inches.

Now?

More like three.

Make that two.

One.

His genitals disappeared altogether. He closed his eyes, concentrating, trying to believe that this was some sort of optical illusion. But he couldn't feel anything. At least not at first. Then, a different kind of sensation started to stream through his body.

He could feel something; he could feel his slit.

Adam threw his head back down against the gurney. His restraints loosened slightly, not that it made much difference.

Emily turned off the machine. "Oh, it looks like I made a mistake."

"What, what you talking about?" Adam asked, doing his best to ignore the new, feminine pitch to his voice. He really did sound like some breathy girl.

"Take a look for yourself," Emily said, strolling over to the gurney. She moved her hand over his slit, through his bush, and his chest. When she touched his nipples, he nearly jumped, almost as though his body had been electrified, only this time it felt good.

Adam lifted his chin, and he looked down to see his body really had been transformed. But he wasn't a little girl. On the contrary, he had a woman's body. As a part of his transformation, he now had these bouncy, beautiful breasts.

If Adam had seen these tits on another girl, he would have been turned on like nothing else. Now, he only felt horror, knowing that when other guys looked at him, they would think about how it would feel to motor boat him...

Somehow, the thought actually turned him on.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing," Adam insisted, hating that little squeaky voice.

"Yes, you are. You're thinking about something very naughty. I can tell because you're getting wet. Do you see this? This is your pussy."

"I'm not wet!"

"Yes, you are," Emily said, sliding her hand down between his thighs. She started to stroke him, to touch him. She worked two fingers over his opening, every touch igniting something within his core.

"You know, from this point forward, you aren't a straight man anymore. You're a straight woman. If I leave you like this, you are going to be so horny. You're going to see guys walking down the street and you're going to want to do anything to please them. You wouldn't be able to help yourself. You're just going to be a dirty little slut."

"But, but you said you're going to make me into a little girl!"

"Did I?"

"You did!" Adam said, realizing that she was messing with him. To Emily, this was all a game. His punishment was fun for her!

All of a sudden, his eyes started to tear up. He couldn't explain it.

Normally, he never cried. "Oh, don't feel bad. If you want, I can turn you into a little girl, but you're going to have to beg for it. Do you really want me to take away your adulthood?"

"I don't, I don't want to be a slut."

"But if I turn you into a little girl, that will only buy you some time. Eventually, you're going to grow up, and you're going to go boy crazy. I promise you that."

Adam swallowed. He threw his head back, feeling the soft, blonde tresses stream along his naked shoulders. "I don't care!" He almost sounded hysterical.

"Then you know what you have to do. Beg."

Inhaling and exhaling, Adam didn't know what to do.

"Just think about it. From this point forward, you are going to just be a dumb bimbo unless you convince me to let you be a little girl."

"What, what do you mean?" Adam asked in his annoying high pitch.

"Sweetheart, your transformation isn't just physical. It is mental as well. I shaved off a couple of IQ points. Sure, you could try to go to college, but I'm pretty sure you would fail out unless you'd be willing to have a lot of sex with a lot of professors. How do you feel about being teacher's pet?"

"Would I, would I be dumb if I was a little girl?"

"You have to go to school to learn, but no, I wouldn't mess with your intelligence."

Right there, Adam knew exactly what he had to do. He inhaled, taking a steadying breath. As he did so, he could feel the extra weight on his chest. "Please, can I be a little girl?"

"Honey, you're going to have to do a lot better than that if you think I'm going to change you."

"Please, please let me be a little girl! I can't handle the idea of being a slutty bimbo! I can't! Please, please make me a little girl."

"You know, little girls have to wear adorable dresses. Is that what you really want? You want to wear a cute little pink dress? Do you want to go to school in a pleated skirt? Do you want to have ribbons in your hair?"

"Yes! Please!" Obviously, Adam didn't mean those last words, but Emily didn't mind. She was enjoying the show. "Please, please let me get little girl. Please, I will be really good. I will behave, and I won't complain during bedtime or anything. Please, I don't want to be like this!"

"Okay," Emily said. "I will let you be a little girl." She made this

sound like a concession, like she was doing Adam a favor. "But first, I want you to pick out your new name."

"My name is Adam," he replied right away.

"No, sweetie, you don't get to be Adam any more. Adam is a name for a boy. You won't be a boy. You're going to be a little girl."

"I don't want to lose my name!" Adam replied, his eyes wide.

"Last chance..." she said. "Make sure your name is nice and feminine."

"Allison!"

"Very nice. I think I'll start calling you Allie," Emily replied. But true to her word, she went back to one of the cabinets, and she pulled up another vial. She took it over to the machine, she fitted it in place, and then she glanced back at her prisoner one last time. "Are you sure you don't want to be an adult? With that body, you would get so much attention. Guys would be throwing themselves at you. Of course, you wouldn't be able to say no, but that's how you like women, isn't it?"

"But make me a little girl," Adam insisted, and those were the last words he said as an adult.

Emily hit another button, and she watched as the light began to play along his body.

Although he theoretically knew what to expect this time, that didn't make it any easier. The tingling shifted from his toes, over his feet, along his shins, up to his knees and thighs. It proceeded over his chest, and this time, he was so grateful when he could feel his breasts start to disappear.

This time, he didn't want to see it happen. He closed his eyes even as he could feel the gurney start to shift beneath him. But no, the gurney wasn't actually moving. He was. Yes, it felt like the shackles were getting larger around his wrists, but that wasn't really true.

No, he was the one who shrank.

"All done," Emily announced.

Emily walked right back over to the gurney, and she picked Allison up.

"Hey there, little girl. Welcome to the world. How are you?"

"Angry," Allison said, pouting. She stuck out her lower lip, and her brows crumpled with aggravation.

"That's okay. I'm sure you'll feel a lot better once I get you dressed up."

Oh, and I can get you a little stuffed animal too. Would you like that? Or would you prefer a dolly?"

Allison opened his mouth, ready to insist that he was still a man, and he wasn't going to be playing with any toys anytime soon. Only then, Emily opened another cabinet, and he stopped.

Little Allison couldn't help himself. He looked at the different possibilities. On one side, there were a bunch of dresses hanging there. Pink and purple, they were all lacy with big bows and fluffy skirts. On the other side, he found different dolls and stuffed animals. In particular, he spotted a stuffed polar bear.

"I want the bear," Allison said, pointing.

He couldn't explain it. Just as Emily took the animal and passed it off to the little girl, Allison tried to understand this. He tried to tell himself that he was a real man, that he could think for himself. This transformation couldn't possibly alter his behavior, not really.

And yet, he clutched the bear to his naked chest. Worst of all, it actually made him feel good. The soft, fake fur rubbed along his skin.

"Now I need to get you dressed. We don't want to have a little girl running around naked, now do we?"

Allison didn't answer as Emily pulled out a pink dress. It looked like something a little girl might wear for her birthday. "Before I get this on you, I need to get you into some socks and panties."

As much as Allison hated this, he didn't complain as she dressed him. First, he put on a pair of frilly little socks. They looked so small. But then, Allison glanced up at Emily, and she seemed enormous, like some Amazonian giantess.

"Now your panties," Emily said.

They were pink with little ruffles along the back. It had also been decorated with childish bows. Allison despised those panties right away, but there was nothing he could do about them.

"There you go, sweetie. Now it's time for the dress. I need to take the bear from you."

Allison pouted out his lower lip again, almost like he might start crying at any moment.

"Don't worry. I'm going to give him right back to you."

With an exasperated sigh, Allison lifted his tiny hands into the air. The dress fit him perfectly, and Allison made sure to tie it on nice and tight.

There were two big bows, one at the small of Allison's back and another just above his tummy.

"There. Now don't you look cute?"

Emily guided Allison over to the mirror in the corner of the room. And when he saw himself, he didn't see a man. He didn't even see an adult. No, there was a cute girl staring right back at him. From his big, blue eyes to his button nose, he looked perfect.

"What's going to happen to me now?"

"We are going to send you right back to your old life," Emily said, patting Allison on the head.

"But I can't keep my job. No one would believe that I'm really me."

"And silly, you couldn't even do your job. You don't know how to type. Everything you learned before is gone now. You're going to have to go back to school."

"No, that's not true. I still remember everything. I remember going to school!"

"But you don't know how to type, you don't know how to send an e-mail, and all those facts you learned are long gone," Emily explained, loving the little tremble in Allison's lower lip.

"I remember everything."

"Really? Then who was the president during the American Civil War?"

"He was, he was—" Allison said, struggling. "Oh, I know this!"

"Actually, you don't. Sorry, little girl. But don't worry. I'm sure you're going to have a lot of fun going back to school."

It looked like Allison was about to start crying. Even so, Emily took the little girl by the hand, and she led him out of the room. They went down several corridors until they came to a waiting room. And there, a beautiful woman sat off in the corner, playing on her phone.

"Elizabeth Stevens?"

"No! Not her!" Allison cried out. Right away, the little girl tried to run away. She pulled as hard as she could on Emily's hand, not that she had the slightest chance of really escaping. After all, the adult was so much stronger now.

Elizabeth Stevens got up, and she walked over to Allison. "Is that, is that really him?"

"Actually, this is Allison now. She's going to be your little girl,

assuming you don't want to put her up for adoption."

"No," Elizabeth said, shaking her head. "I want to take her home. I want to take very good care of her."

"I'm your husband! I'm not a little girl!"

"Actually," Elizabeth corrected, "as far as the rest of the world is concerned, you are now my little girl. And that means we're going to have some ground rules. Like for example, you're going to have to eat your vegetables before you get dessert. You are going to have a very strict bedtime, young lady. And you are always going to be respectful of the adults you meet, especially my new boyfriend."

Allison's mouth dropped open. Yes, he had been abducted several weeks before, but he never imagined that Elizabeth would move on so quickly. Only then he understood. "You. You are the one who turned me in! You told these women about me!"

"It doesn't matter," Elizabeth said, patting the little girl on the head. "All you need to know is that I'm going to be in charge from now on. I'm going to be your mommy, so if you ever want to have little play dates or go on sleepovers, then you had better behave."

Allison couldn't believe his ears. He wanted to shake his head, to run away, to hide from everything that was happening.

For just a second, Emily relaxed her grip. Allison took his chance. He turned around, and he started running as fast as he could.

Unfortunately for him, his little legs could carry him very quickly. Elizabeth reached out, and she grabbed him, pulling him up into the air. Allison kept trying to run, his little legs dashing over the air, not that he could get any real purchase.

"I think someone needs a spanking," Elizabeth said. His former wife took him over to the chair, she sat down, and she pulled him over her lap. He felt so small, so utterly helpless. And yet, the spanking started, his wife's hand flying down against his panties.

It didn't hurt, not really, so why was he crying? Why was he bawling at the top of his lungs?

Simple. He was a little girl now. He just didn't have the tolerance for this kind of punishment.

"There, there," Elizabeth said. When the spanking was all over, his former wife held that little girl to her chest. She felt so good. Allison couldn't explain it, but he settled down almost immediately.

"Are you going to be a good little girl?" The threat was right there. If he didn't provide the right answer, he was going to get spanked over and over again. They would punish him until he behaved himself.

Because, from this point forward, he was going to be a sweet little girl, and there was no way for him to change that. He would go to school, he would wear a uniform, and he would play with the other kids.

"Yes, mommy," he finally said, his voice trailing off into defeat.

**The End**

## **Addicted to Danielle**

I'm at the bar, looking around for someone to pursue. She has to be hot. She must be sexy. Success on a night like this depends on making the right choices. I need to be able to pick out the right girl.

Then she strolls into the club, and I'm immediately drawn to her.

Honestly, she doesn't look that much different from the other beauties here. This girl has long, straight blond hair. Her bangs are neatly trimmed, but when she turns in my direction, she immediately notices me staring. A subtle smile tugs at the corners of her mouth, and I make my decision.

Rather than rush up to her right away, I observe. Lots of guys get in trouble because they get impatient. They don't really understand what it takes to get a girl in a place like this.

Letting my eyes linger on this unknown female, I admire the white shorts she has on, the pink tank top clinging to her body. It practically shimmers under the occasional pulse of light. For the most part, the club's dark, but it doesn't make any difference to me. I'm seeing everything I need to.

She saunters up to the bar, about ten feet away from me.

Although I studiously look in a different direction, I can somehow sense her presence. It's like she knows I'm looking at her. It's like she can tell I'm interested without even tossing a glance in my direction.

Somehow, that possibility makes me nervous, yet that doesn't stop me. If anything, the nervousness only heightens my desire, making me hungry for this girl that much more.

Bracing my elbows on the bar, I gaze back out at the different crowds dancing. There are bottle blondes hopping up and down like over-caffeinated bunnies. There are guys like me, each one searching for a target, someone to go home with.

From the corner of my eye, I sense movement.

She catches my attention, smiling at me. Her eyes are locked directly on me, yet I still turn around, almost like she might be making eye contact with someone behind me. There is no one.

When I face her again, this girl is grinning. She shows the whites of her teeth, and there is something so incredibly confident about her. This isn't

some little college girl out for the first time. She doesn't even have any friends with her.

Without meaning to, I swallow, and I feel my Adam's apple rise and fall down the length of my throat. The girl giggles, and then she waves me over with one finger.

I spent a lot of time talking to other guys about how to get a girl. One of the biggest mistakes a man can make is letting her take control. The illusion of choice is useful with these girls, but I'm not supposed to walk right over.

Despite that very good advice, I head in her direction, almost like I can't stop myself.

"Hello there," she says to me. "You're cute."

Cute. There's something about the way she says it. Before I can get a handle on what she's doing, she sizes me up, running her gaze up and down the length of my body. For the very first time ever, a girl has objectified me.

Under normal circumstances, I can talk. I can be so smooth.

Now, I try to get my lips to move, but I only sputter out something incoherent. My face turns a bright shade of pink, and I try to shake it off.

Some instinct at the back of my brain shouts for me to retreat. The damage is done, so I can't possibly get with this girl. I should simply withdraw and find better prey.

Before I can make the right decision, she leans forward and whispers in my ear. "I'm Danielle. What's your name, cutie?"

I stumble back. Honestly, I can barely keep my feet beneath me. Something about this girl confuses me. I'm almost dizzy, and her voice sounds so good, so warm and her breath is hot along the contours of my inner ear.

Although her hands are no longer on my shoulders, my skin tingles beneath the spots where she had touched me. My chest rises and falls with exaggerated capacity.

"Mike," I tell her, half impressed that I manage to speak in the first place.

"Well then, Mike, let's dance."

She doesn't ask me. She simply flows out toward the floor and expects me to follow. Rather, she grabs my hand, and there is that same spark of evanescent energy running through my skin. I can't explain it, but I can't tear my hand away either. She pulls me down to the dance floor, and then

she's all over me.

A techno beat pounds from the speakers. All around us, girls grind on guys. They jump up and down, everyone eager for some physical contact. People are sweating. People are concentrating so hard.

My face is flushed, and it feels as though every inch of my body is radiating extra degrees of heat. Then there's Danielle, right in front of me. She's beautiful as she twists and turns. Around this, the other dancers instinctively move away, giving her all the room she needs. She holds her hands at the nape of her neck, spinning her body. Her blonde hair flares outward, and some of those tresses strike my face.

The same tingles reverberate along my cheeks.

Then something else hits me. My cock is hard. My erection strains against my pants, and it feels like I need an orgasm. I need one so badly!

Surrendering to my desires, I move closer to her. I put my hands on her waist, and we move together. She opens her eyes, and they lock onto mine, two perfectly blue irises which seem to entrance me. I feel like I'm staring into spirals, an infinite circle of color.

She is smiling at me, but there is something so taunting, so intimidating about her expression. For a moment, I remind myself that I'm bigger than her. I'm a male. I'm the hunter here, but those small details don't seem to make the slightest difference.

The song is about to end.

I turn back to the bar for a moment, wondering if I should go buy some water. I need to cool down. I need to regain control of myself, but when I glance back in her direction, she pounces on me, running one hand along the nape of my neck until she fists my hair.

She tugs me close, kissing me hard. Her tongue explores the ridges and lines of my teeth.

Instantly, I know that I can pull back. I know that I can shove her away. This is my choice, but I don't.

On some level, I understand how this is dangerous because there is something predatory about this girl, but I kiss her back, grinding my body against hers. My erection presses into her thighs, and she's kissing me, moaning all the while.

The final beat resounds and silence hits the dance floor.

Her eyes are on me, holding me tight.

"Want to get out of here?"

I try to speak. Nothing gets out.

Grabbing my wrist, she pulls me from the club. Before I know it, I'm in her car, and she's driving, weaving through traffic. At the same time, she has her hand between my legs, her fingers brushing the outline of my erection.

Several minutes later, we pull up in front of a skyscraper. Filled with condos, this place has to be insanely expensive. I imagine millionaires living here.

"What, what do you do for a living?"

"Biological chemist," she tells me, grinning like a minx. Then she winks, so I can't tell if she's messing with me or not.

Whenever I hit the clubs, I expect to meet silly girls who don't quite know how to read, let alone what a biological chemist would even do. Heck, the more I think about it the more I don't really understand the term myself.

Either way, Danielle pulls into the underground garage. She parks, hops out of the car and turns off the engine all in one smooth motion. She makes her way toward the elevator bank as I fumble with my seatbelt.

What is happening to me?

When I slip out of the vehicle, I look around. I inhale, filling my lungs with fresh air. The aromas of gasoline and tire rubber hit my nose but my head starts to clear for a moment.

Maybe I should just walk home, I think to myself. Maybe I can go back to the club and find someone else.

But my eyes seem to gravitate toward Danielle. As she walks, sashaying forward, I can't help but admire her ass. I picture my hands on those smooth curves. I picture myself fondling her breasts, licking at her neck and kissing her hard.

Then a different image flashes through my head. What would it be like to grab her and pull her down onto the bed? How would it feel to take her and hit her beneath me, seizing everything I want from her hot little body?

My erection presses out against my trousers.

Inhaling and exhaling, I promise myself I can do this. I tell myself that she is just some young woman. She is probably lying about the whole chemist thing anyway.

Jogging to catch up, I sprint after her. By the time I catch up, she is already in the elevator, and the doubled doors are sliding closed. Panic blasts

through me, and I jump in at the last moment.

"I wasn't sure you were going to make it," she says to me, that same teasing smile on her lips.

"I'm fast enough," I say. "Let's hope you're not too fast," Danielle replies easily.

It is a silly joke, but I blush nonetheless. For some reason, I just can't get my thoughts together, not in front of this girl.

Danielle slips behind me, and just as I start to turn around, she puts her arms around my shoulders. She holds her own hands, right over my chest, and I feel suddenly trapped. Really, I try to tell myself that I am stronger than she is. I have to have at least fifty pounds on Danielle, but that doesn't make the slightest difference. As hard as I try, I can't convince myself that I would be strong enough.

"I'm going to have a lot of fun with you," she says, her warm breath caressing my neck. I shiver with desire, feeling my erection press against my boxers. "We are going to play tonight. And if you do a good job, I'm going to keep you."

"Keep me?" I ask.

"First, I want to see just how pliant you can be for me. Right now, I want you down on your knees."

None of those words make any sense to me. As hard as I struggle and attempt to draw coherence from them, I can't. Then she puts her hand on my shoulder, and she nudges me down. All of a sudden, I feel like a toy. Or maybe a puppet. Someone cut my strings, and my knees give out. They buckle, and I drop down.

Obviously, I try to stand up again. This time, she just puts her hand on the top of my head, and I can't stand!

"Stay down," Danielle tells to me.

She pulls her hand away from the top of my head, yet I still can't get back up. I keep trying, sending the command from my brain, down my spine, to my legs, and yet the signal must get lost somewhere along the way. I stay there on my knees, prone and subjugated before this girl.

Danielle runs her fingers along my cheek. She touches the underside of my chin. "You look really good like this," she tells me.

"What's, what's going on?"

"I'm having some fun," she replies easily, flashing me that same impish smirk.

"Mike, I think I want to see you take off your shirt for me. Do it. Slowly."

"No," I insist. Losing my shirt isn't a big deal. Obeying her without question definitely is.

Standing above me, Danielle puts her hands on her hips. She pouted with her lower lip, and she would be adorable except for the fact that she wields so much control.

She leans down and puts her hand on the back of my head again. This time, I try to pull away, but some deep-seated need takes control. She kisses me, running her tongue along mine. She teases me constantly with the feel of her kiss, and then she pulls back, but I want more.

I shake my head, clearing my thoughts.

"Do it," Danielle says again. "Take off your shirt. Unbutton it and show me your chest," she says.

My breathing turns shallow as I fight the impulse, yet some part of me wants to obey her. Some part of me feels the need to do so.

My hands move up toward the base of my throat, and I find the first button. I slip it free. Once the rhythm starts, I can't stop myself. No matter how hard I try, my hands work down my shirt.

"Take it off for me," she says. I'm still on my knees, but I can't bring myself to look up at her. This girl is controlling me, yet I can't explain it. I'm not handcuffed. I'm not technically helpless in any way, but she is playing with me, teasing and taunting me, and I don't understand what's happening.

Danielle runs her fingers through my hair, and then she whispers, "Good boy. Now lose your T-shirt."

Under my shirt, I have on my T-shirt. It is just a little bit tight to show off the definition of my pectorals and biceps. Girls usually love it, but this time I'm embarrassed. Yes, I look fit, but that doesn't seem to matter now. Again, I can't help but think about how this girl is objectifying me. She is making me do what she wants for her amusement.

"Take it off," she instructs.

I peel off my shirt, and I toss it onto the floor of the elevator.

"Nicely done," she tells me. She actually sounds impressed. "Would you like a reward? Would you like me to kiss you again?"

There's something about being so close to this girl. If she kisses me again, she's going to scramble my thoughts.

I try to shake my head, to tell her not to do it. Instead, I look up at her

with big, pleading eyes. I feel like a small child or adult hoping for a treat. "Please, Danielle, kiss me." My voice is breathless, like I can't keep up.

She smirks again, so adorable and sexy.

She leans down and she kisses my lips slowly, barely touching my mouth with hers. Even so, the tingles run through my skin, igniting that hot need. She reaches down for my crotch and starts to stroke my penis through my pants. At least she didn't make me take those off, I think, doing my best to console myself.

"Do you want me to play with you?"

Again, some small part of me in the back of my mind tells me to flee. I should get out of there as quickly as possible. Obviously, this girl has some kind of power over me. She is doing something to me, but then she kisses me again, and I nod eagerly.

"Say it," Danielle commands.

Helpless to resist, I reply, "I want you to play with me."

"How do you want me to play with you, Mike?"

I lick my lips, uncertain how I can respond. Then she just smirks and turns away, strolling down the hall. I stand up quickly, jumping after her. I walk, taking a few steps, but then she pauses. One hand on her hip, she turns around.

"Did I say you could walk?"

"I..." Somehow, I can't bring myself to finish the thought. Her eyes are on me, blazing with irritation. Even so, I swallow back my nervousness. Then she points to the floor.

Immediately, I understand what she wants me to do. More importantly, I automatically drop down onto my hands and knees. My discarded shirts are left in the elevator, and I turn back as I hear the doors close.

"Follow me," she says, motioning with her hand.

Humiliated beyond belief, I scamper after her, scurrying along on my hands and knees. I'm crawling. I'm actually crawling behind some girl. Not only that, when I lift my gaze and open my mouth to argue with her, I can't. Instead, my eyes lock onto the curves of her ass, the beautiful contours of her toned legs, and every coherent thought just disappears from my brain.

Danielle unlocks the door, and she pushes it open.

"Inside," she says.

Nostrils flared, I don't want to do it. This should be my stand, I tell

myself. If I cross that threshold, especially on my hands and knees, then I don't know what she's going to do with me. She's already in control. She pulled me out of the club, she put me in her car, and I've been helpless at every step.

She snaps her fingers, which knocks me out of my reverie.

"Inside," she says again.

I scurry forward, into an entryway. The walls are a cream color, and there are various pictures as well. Most of them look pastoral, water paintings of trees and rivers.

"Follow me," says this mysterious girl, and I don't see any other alternative. Still crawling, I'm on my hands and knees, doing my best to keep up with her. It is surprisingly difficult, especially because I'm not used to this kind of ambulation.

Despite being a condominium, this place is expansive. It's definitely a lot bigger than my apartment. Her kitchen is huge with granite countertops and recessed lighting. It's everything a young woman would crave.

"Are you impressed?"

"Look, Danielle, I don't know what's going on here, but I think I should leave."

"You don't want to stay?" Danielle asks. She walks into the living room, and she is pouting ever so slightly. She drops down onto the couch, putting her hands on her lap. At the same time, she crosses her legs.

Danielle wiggles her foot forward and back.

"I should leave," I say, but I can't do it. Each time I try to stand up and simply walk back to the door, something stops me. It's like I don't really want to do it. For a moment, I'm reminded of those mornings where I'm all wrapped up in my blankets, it's warm and soft, and I just don't want to go to work.

Danielle is an entirely different sort of temptation.

"Are you sure you have to leave? Are you sure you wouldn't like to stay here?" As she speaks, her voice takes on a higher pitch. She sounds seductive and innocent in equal measure. My mouth goes dry she reaches down and pulls off one of her shoes. She lets the flat drop down, and I see her toes, each nail painted a shade of cool pink. She wiggles her toes in my direction.

Although I can admire a pretty girl's feet, I've never been especially enticed by that part of the feminine form. But now, as she moves her toes

along the air, I can't look away.

"Mike, would you like to crawl over here? Would you like to suck on my feet?"

My eyes flicker wider, and I immediately jerk my head from side to side. No way. I would never do something like that. Although I've been experimental in the bedroom before with other girls, I've always been the one to get the best sorts of treatment.

Girls can suck my cock. Girls can massage me with their breasts. Ultimately, my pleasure has always been the most important part of every bedroom activity.

"Go ahead. I can see it in your eyes. You want to do it."

"No," I say, my voice shaking. I'm determined, yet I'm not sure that my resolve makes much difference. "I, I can't."

"Would you like to kiss me instead?"

"Yes," I say, hissing through my teeth. This is an admission, one I probably shouldn't make, yet the word slips out nonetheless. Just like I can't control my body, it seems I can't control my mouth either.

"Come here then, cutie."

There. She's doing it again, using some diminutive nickname on me. I inhale, catching the scent of her perfume. For some reason, I didn't notice it before.

Her aroma fills my lungs, and I'm moving. Crawling along like some dog once again, I make my way across her living room floor. Then I'm right in front of her, and she puts her heels down against the soft carpet. She leans forward, puckering her lips.

No, I shouldn't! I can't do this!

As of those denials shoot through my body, I feel her lips against my mouth all over again. Hot yearning flashes through me, and I can't resist the temptation. I continue to kiss her, letting the second melt away. Our time dances together, and her mouth is so warm. I want to press my body against hers again. I want her to touch me, to let this moment last forever.

But it can't because she puts her palm on my forehead, and she nudges me back. When I look into her eyes again, I see that she is giggling at me.

"Are you sure you don't want to suck on my toes?" Danielle asks.

She just asked me this question a few seconds before, but now the temptation burns through me. As much as I want to tell her no, I open my

mouth, I inhale, and I can't do it. For some reason, I look down at her petite digits, and I wonder how they would feel between my lips. I wonder how it would feel to run my tongue between her toes.

"Maybe," I say.

"You're going to have to do better than that," Danielle says with a knowing smirk.

"What are you doing to me?"

"Does it matter?" Danielle responds easily, waving away my objections like they don't mean a thing. She leans forward again, crossing her legs. She still has her bare feet in front of me, her toes wiggling on the air. "What you should really concern yourself with is the fact that my feet are right here. And if you're a very good boy, and if you asked very nicely, I might let you have a taste."

My cock is so hard, and the urge to lick at her feet shoots through me. I keep trying to insist to myself that I'm not a dog. I'm not an animal to be trained, but how can I deny the obvious. How can I ignore the inevitable?

Because it already feels like I'm going to lose the matter what I do, I crawl forward, and I open my mouth.

She jabs one finger at my forehead. "Oh no," she says. "You don't get to start until you ask for permission."

Furrowing my brow with a mix of confusion and anger, I'm about to pounce. I'm going to show the world that she can't control me. Only she holds up one finger. "Stop." Immediately, my body relaxes, and I can't bring myself to move.

"If you want to suck on my toes, which you so obviously do, then you need to ask for permission. You need to beg for it."

Beg her? She has to be kidding, but the longer I look into her beautiful face, the more I can tell she absolutely means it. This isn't a joke, not to her, which means it isn't one to me either.

My breath comes in short, angry gasps. But then something inside of me breaks, and I can't hold out any longer. Although I don't like to admit it, not even myself, I lower my gaze and I start to speak.

The words trickle out, slowly at first, "Danielle...do you think I could suck on your toes?" I glance up at her, and she turns her head from side to side, like she's playing with her decision. Desperation shoots through me, and I try again, "Danielle, I promise I'll be good. Please, can I just lick your toes a little bit? I'm sure you'll enjoy it!"

"How badly do you need it?"

"I'm desperate! I've never wanted anything more badly in my entire life!" And as I utter those words, I realize that they feel absolutely true.

"Is that right?"

"Yes!" The words sound so desperate and pathetic. As a guy who's good at picking up girls, I've never made these kinds of sounds before. I've never shown this kind of need in front of a young woman, but she is so beautiful, and her toes entice me like nothing else.

"Okay," she says lazily, holding out one foot for me.

Right away, I crawl forward, just as she tells me, "Mike, you aren't allowed to use your hands."

Because she's given me permission, ecstasy courses through me. I feel incredible as I open my mouth and wrap my lips around her big toe. Right away I think, and I don't even care about the saltiness of her sweat.

This should disgust me. Again and again, I wait for some sense of revulsion to lance through me. It doesn't happen. I lick and suck on her toe, and she starts to giggle, almost like I'm some dog licking at her feet.

On and on, I suck her toe.

"Switch," she says.

Despite her command, I can't bring myself to break away. Then she pulls her toes back, and she touches the ball of her other foot to my cheek. She is teasing me, patting me with her feet, and a different sort of desperation floods my psyche. As hard as I try, I can't resist the urge. The temptation is too much, so I start working on her other toes, simply because this girl told me to do it.

I lick and I suck eagerly, making her giggle and laugh, all at my expense.

"I like your tongue. I think I'm going to find some great uses for it," she tells me.

Danielle allows my time on my knees to stretch onward. Once or twice, I open my eyes, it is always this way because I just see her gazing down at me, the corners of her mouth lifted into her trademark smirk. She is having some fun with me, taking away my self-control.

"Now, I think it's time for you to show me what else you can do."

"What are you talking about?"

Danielle touches a finger to the corner of her mouth. She has her eyes narrowed and aimed right at me. Obviously, she is thinking about what I'm

going to have to do next. "I think I want you naked."

"No! Please, don't make me do that," I say, pleading with her. I actually bring my hands together, leaving my fingers against one another. I shake my fists together like some peasant pleading with a princess. "Please, I've already taken off my shirt. Isn't that good enough?"

She leans forward again. "No, it isn't." She makes this all seem so very simple.

"I won't do it."

Finally, I focus on the adrenaline and anger spiking through my bloodstream. No, I'm not going to let this girl control me. No, I'm not going to allow her to take away my independence.

I'm bigger than her, stronger too, and am about to show her. Slowly, I force myself back up onto my knees. Then I straighten my back, and I slowly start to stand.

Honestly, I'm surprised when Danielle doesn't say a word. She simply watches, her eyes lit with amusement while I reclaim some semblance of control.

Once I'm back on my feet, she grabs my hand, and she pulls me forward, right onto her lap. I'm straddling her, looking down into her beautiful eyes. Whatever lipstick she is wearing catches the light, and a shiver of need runs through my body.

"You're thinking about doing something rude, aren't you?"

I inhale, catching another breath of her scent. Intoxicated, I blink, trying to get my thoughts together.

"You look confused. Let me help you," Danielle says. She reaches up, touching her hands to the back of my neck again. She pulls me down, and I know that she is about to kiss me again. I should tell her to stop this. I should make her.

Our lips meet again, and she kisses me hard. She holds my mouth to hers, and I inhale again, breathing in more of her perfume. Between the physical contact and her scent, it feels like I'm on the verge of an orgasm.

Instinctively, I reach down, hoping to catch myself. All I need is a little bit of pressure. That's it, and I would be able to come. It would feel so good!

Danielle catches my hand, and she holds it down against my thigh. As hard as I try, I can't slip free from her grasp. It's not that she's particularly strong. Rather, it's like some part of my body can't stand the thought of losing

contact with her fingertips.

She pushes me, shoving me back onto the floor.

I stumble down, landing on my knees.

At first, I'm confused, at least until she grins at me and says, "Mike, take off your pants, your shoes, your socks, and your underwear. Do it right now."

In spite of myself, I scramble to obey. Before I know it, I've already slipped my shoes off. My socks follow next. Then I sit upright, and I start to unbutton my pants again. No, why am I doing this? I should stop.

As those thoughts shoot through me, I pull off my pants, throwing them off to the side like they don't matter at all. Now, there is only one layer of fabric hiding my genitals from this girl. It is my last shred of privacy and dignity.

I loop my fingers into the elastic waistband of my boxers, and I pull them down.

Now, I'm naked in front of her.

"Stand up for me," she says.

This fresh command gives me the impetus to try to respond, to defy her.

Despite my best efforts, I stand up, naked before this girl. "Hold your hands behind your back," she says. I despise the notion of posing for her, but I do it anyway.

Closing my eyes, I automatically think back to the last time I was with a girl. She was into me. It had been easy to manipulate her, and before long, I had her in just her bra and panties. I made her stand up for me and pose.

Now, it's like the universe has decided to get back at me. Danielle hops up onto her feet, and she circles me slowly, enjoying the vision I present.

"Very nice," she says, touching my back, sliding her fingers down my torso. Then she stops in front of me, and she puts her hand over my chest. "Your heart is beating. Are you excited?"

This time, I refuse to respond. I'm not going to play her game. I'm not going to let her manipulate me!

"Oh, are you trying to pretend that you're the strong silent type? Is that it?" Danielle sounds amused by the notion. But then she leans forward, and when I can't see her hand, she wraps her fingers around my cock. It is

naked and easily accessed by this young woman. She caresses me, stroking me. Already, the tip of my shaft is wet with excitement, but that's only the beginning for her.

"You're so big and hard," she says to me. "Would you like me to use this? Is that what you are hoping I'm going to do?"

The more she touches me, the more helpless I begin to feel. In fact, I'm quivering from side to side, helpless to tear my hands away from behind my back. I may not be restrained in any way, but it certainly feels as though I am.

"Please," I say, my voice taut with need.

"Beg." She caresses my chest, moving her hands up and down my body. Every time her skin grazes mine, I want to shiver. I want to shake, but I manage to remain somewhat stoic. I stare ahead, doing my best not to even look back at her.

"Please, let me talk to you. Please, please let me know you. I need to. I want, so badly. I want and I'll do anything for it."

"Silly boy, the way you're talking, you'd think that you were going to be on top." She shook her head, coming back into my line of sight. She taps her hand against my cheek. "You're going to be my plaything. You're going to be my little sex toy, and when I decide you've earned the privilege of an orgasm, I'm going to ride you, Mike."

Narrowing my eyes, I want to argue with her, but I can't bring myself to do it. In spite of everything I wish to believe about myself, this girl is clearly in control. Somehow, she can manipulate me. She can alter my needs and make me so incredibly desperate.

No other girl had been able to tempt me like this. No other girl had ever tantalized me the way Danielle did with such ease.

She kisses my neck. She kisses my sternum. "Tell me you want to be my little slut."

Locking my teeth together, my lips pulled back, it requires all of my self-control not to immediately obey. Honestly, it would have been so simple to accept her orders and do what she wished.

But no, I am better than that!

Then she comes up, and she kisses me again. She molds her body against mine. She even rubs the swell between her legs up against my tumescent member. She is grinding against me, getting me so close to an orgasm. Honestly, I probably smear some of my excitement on her shorts, but

Danielle doesn't seem to mind. When she pulls back, my lips tingle. In fact, every inch of me is alive with desire and need.

"Beg to be my toy. Tell me you want to be my little slut."

"Please, can I be your toy?" I ask, my voice little more than a pitiful whisper.

"Not yet," she says. "There's a laptop in the room at the end of the hall. Go fetch it for me."

Naked and humiliated, I bow my head low, but I walk away from her. I inhale and exhale, breathing quickly. The farther I got away from her, the more my head starts to clear. I go into that other room. It is small, probably a bedroom, but Danielle is clearly using it as an office.

I spot the laptop, I unplug it, and I carry it back to her.

While I am gone, Danielle takes a seat on the couch again. She holds out one hand, and I pass the computer to her. She opens it, placing it on her lap, and then she logs in.

"Mike, I've definitely decided to keep you. Isn't that wonderful news?"

"Keep me?"

"Yes. By the end of the night, you're going to belong to me: mind, body, and soul." She smiles again, making this sound like the best news I could have ever heard.

I swallow again, uncomprehending.

"But first, I need to show you just how far you've fallen. You might think you're still an independent man, but you're not. Now, you are my toy."

"I'll never be your toy," I insist.

"On your knees," she says, pointing to the spot in front of her knees.

"Look, you can just let me go now. I promise, I won't tell anyone about this. I won't tell anyone about you or what you can do. You can find someone else," I tell her, doing my best to sound sincere. "Besides, it's not like anyone would believe me."

"I don't think you want to do it. I don't think you really want to give up your spot at my feet. Now get down on your knees."

Using every iota of my self-control and discipline, I manage to stay up on my feet for another three seconds, but then her order compels me down, so I drop onto the floor.

"Such a good toy," she tells me. Danielle reaches out and strokes my chin. Each time she touches me, I feel those rippling tingles of desire and

energy. She is like a drug, something irresistible.

"I'm not your toy," I tell her again.

She smiles at me. She continued to pet me, my eyes close, and I start to relax. Despite everything, the tension leaves my body. Yes, I'm still hard and horny, but every caress makes me settle down. "Mike, where do you bank?"

Now, my eyes are open, but I feel groggy. She continues to stroke me, moving her hand along my cheek and down to my neck and back under my chin. Those soft caresses lull me into contentment.

"What?" I asked, feeling dreamy.

"Where do you do your banking?" She continues to touch me, and everywhere her fingers go, those tingles trail.

I give her the name of my bank. I don't even think about it.

"What's your username?"

I tell her.

The words just slips from my lips, like I'm not even thinking. Then she pulls her hand away, and I can hear the sound of her fingers dancing along the keyboard. I start to recover, but just as I'm about to inhale and ask her why she needs that information, she reaches out and touches me again.

She cups my cheek, and her palm is so warm. In spite of everything, I hold my hand down to the side, savoring every sensation she gives me. I revel in her attention.

"Maybe you're not going to be my toy after all," she says to me, the skin around her eyes crinkled with delight. "Maybe I'm just going to keep you as my pet. Would you like that? Would you like to be my pet?"

She is still stroking me, caressing me, keeping me nice and relaxed. Deep down, I try to resist. But it is so easy to simply stay there on my knees, letting her touch me.

"What's your password?"

I murmur something, but it isn't what she wants to hear. She pulls her hand back, and right away, I miss the heat from her skin. Swallowing, I force my eyes open, and she is looking right at me.

"Mike, what's your password?"

Now that she's not touching me, I can think more clearly.

Should I give her this information? What is she going to do with it?

"I know you want to be a good pet," she tells me. "I know that you want to please me." Just then, Danielle stretches her hand back toward me,

and I close my eyes, waiting for the moment when she caresses me again.

It doesn't come.

A second more, and I open my eyes, but she isn't touching me. No, she pulled her hand back, and I immediately start to long for her touch again. I need her to stroke me and pet me. I want it more than anything else.

"What's your password?" Danielle repeats.

I tell her.

I give her a string of letters and numbers that feel absolutely unimportant. And when I do, she flashes her brilliant smile, and just seeing her scimitar grin is enough to warm my insides. Then she reaches out with both of her hands, her elbows stretching past the laptop monitor. She runs her fingers along my cheeks and down my shoulders. She starts to caress the soft spot along my forearms, and it feels like I'm melting.

A brand-new swoon of contentment rushes over me.

"You're a very good pet," she says, continuing to run her fingertips along my skin. On some level, I hear her words, and I understand them. But at the same time, none of this makes sense. But then she pulls back, and she's typing on the keyboard again.

I open my mouth to speak, but she jerks one finger into the air.

"Quiet, Mike."

Just like that, I'm silenced.

No girl has ever been able to shush me like this. My eyes narrow and I try to summon up some characteristically misogynistic comment about girls and how easily they should be controlled. But as I look at Danielle, I can't do it. This girl is too beautiful, too perfect, and I only want to please her.

Please her? Where did that thought come from?

Doing my best to focus, I look back at the front door. Although I'm naked, part of me insists I need to get the heck out of that apartment. I need to jump back on my feet and run for it.

Danielle closes laptop with a click, she set it to the side, and then motions for me to crawl forward. Without even thinking, I do it, and she leans down. She kisses my forehead, which only kindles the frustration at the back of my mind.

"Would you like me to kiss you?"

"Yes, please," I say, and I'm not arguing. I'm not even insisting or demanding. No, this is a simple request.

She flashes me another one of those smiles, and then she waves a

finger for me to straighten my back. Without hesitating, I do it, and she kisses me again lightly at first. A rush of ecstasy surges through me.

"Mike, would you like me to take you back to my room?" There is something so patronizing in her voice. On some level, I know she isn't really giving me a choice. This isn't my decision. No, she is simply toying with me.

That doesn't stop me from telling her exactly what she wants to hear. "Yes, please." My voice is quiet.

That doesn't matter this time. She gets up, and saunters from the room, walking away. Immediately, I jump up onto my feet, ready to follow. She twists back slightly, looking at me, one eyebrow raised. "Did I say you could walk, pet?"

Pet.

For an instant, I cling onto that word, using it to summon up a bulwark of anger and frustration. I'm supposed to be better than her! I'm supposed to be the one in control!

It doesn't work that way, and I immediately drop down on my hands and knees. She turns away, not even bothering to watch as I crawl after her.

A few heartbeats later, I cross the threshold into her bedroom. The walls are a shade of pale pink, there are various art prints including a picture of painted asteroids falling through the night sky. She has her bed set off to the side, and her dressers and the nightstand. To the left, I see the entrance to the master bathroom.

All of those details register in my brain, yet none of them seems more important than the young woman seated on the edge of her bed. She has her legs crossed, her weight supported on her palms behind her back.

"Come here, pet," she says.

Pet. I hear the word again, only this time it starts to sound right. It starts to sound accurate as I crawl to her feet. Her toes are still bare, and it takes all of my self-control to avoid trying to lick them. I want to suck on her toes. I want to move my nose along the arches of her feet, to nuzzle her and show her all of my adoration.

Danielle hasn't allowed me those privileges, so I stay there on my knees.

"You want to get onto the bed?"

"Yes," I growl back, hating the desperation in my voice.

"Then ask. Ask nicely."

"Danielle, may I please get on the bed?" I hate making this request,

but I get my reward. She taps the coverlet to her right, and I immediately scamper up.

Right away, she pounces on me. She catches me off guard and she starts to kiss me. I try to roll her beneath me, but Danielle won't stand for it. No, she keeps me on my back, grabbing my wrists and pinning them over my head despite our different sizes.

She kisses me, sapping me of my strength.

All over again, one press of her body intoxicates me. She has the entrance, and I completely lose all sense of place and time. There is nothing but the feel of her lithe physique pressed down on mine. My cock is hard against her inner thigh, but Danielle is very careful with me. She never gives me enough pressure to incite an orgasm.

No, she wants me desperate. She wants me right on the precipice, squirming and eager. She does such a good job of keeping me in such a state. She kisses me lightly, then hard, only to go back to the gentle pressure of her lips against my mouth.

My heart is pounding, and perspiration begins to spread along my naked form.

When she pulls back, her face is flushed, and her breath is sharp in her lungs. "Very nice, pet. What do you know, I think it's time for you to give me a massage."

"What?"

Considering how we were just making out, I thought we were going to get to sex very soon.

Apparently not.

"You want to please me, don't you?"

"Yes," I say, my single word. At this moment I learn to despise those three letters.

"Then I want massage. You're going to give it to me."

Just like that, she takes off her top, and my lips stiffen. My breathing quickens, and my heart is beating seriously as I see her in just her bra. Then she gifts me with another treat. Danielle unclasps her bra. Now naked from the waist up, she is glorious. She is perfection personified, and I actually freeze.

One corner of her mouth rises as she lays down. She cuddles up against the sheets, and her back is on display. I understand exactly what I'm supposed to do.

"Go ahead," she says. "I give you permission."

Although I hate to admit it that was exactly what I have been waiting for: permission. Even though I try not to think about it, this girl is in control. Little by little, I'm learning to obey her commands, even the ones she hasn't yet spoken.

I come up behind her, bracing my knees just above her pert little ass. I reach down, and I start to stroke and massage her back. I move my palms along her naked skin, and I feel so incredible. With every touch, I can feel those tendrils of tingling energy run up the length of my arms.

All the while, my cock is still hard, but it makes no difference. I massage her, kneading her skin. I give her everything I have, and the minutes run by. In some ways, time seems to go by so much more quickly. In other ways, it is excruciatingly slow.

With a purr, she says, very satisfied, "I like that. I like that a lot, but I think it's time for you to show me what else you can do."

When she starts to roll back over, I retreat several feet. I brace myself at the edge of the bed, and then she smiles at me. All the while, I take in the glorious visage before me. I concentrate on memorizing this moment, the curves of her breasts, her pink nipples, and the bright blue of her eyes all at the same time. Everything about this girl entices me and addicts me.

"What would you like to do right now?"

"I...I..."

She giggles at me, savoring my discomfiture.

"Mike, would you like to touch my breasts? Is that what you're hoping for?"

Just a second or two before, my brain refused to work, but now that she has put the idea in my head, there is nothing I desire more. I jerk my chin down and up again, nodding eagerly.

Danielle giggles at me. I must be so adorable from her perspective.

Normally, when I spend time with a girl from the club, I expect her to look at me with adoration and awe. She is supposed to be grateful for my presence. That's why she's willing to do whatever I ask.

Now, Danielle just glances at me like I'm her pet. Not only that, I'm her possession.

"Come here," she says with a wave of her finger.

Instinctively, I crawl across the bed, and when close enough, she takes me by my wrist, pulling my hands up into the air. Then she places them

right over her nipples, and a groan of ecstasy escapes my throat. I can't help it, not when I feel the softness of her flesh. I squeeze and massage the breasts, savoring the way her nipples tighten under my attention.

All the while, she keeps her eyes aimed right at me. She is studying me, enjoying every one of my reactions.

"Now come here," she tells me, using her hand and guiding me even closer. She has her palm on the back of my head again, and I immediately lean in, like we're going to kiss.

Oh no, she has something else planned for me.

She tugs my head lower, toward her nipple. My eyes go wide, and I can't believe it. "Go ahead and suck." Her voice is lower now, quiet and encouraging. Even so, I can hear that little undertow of ridicule as she speaks.

I hold out for a moment. Despite the overwhelming urge to simply open my mouth and run my tongue along her nipple, I think about what her touch has already done to me. "Go ahead, Mike. You know you want to do it. You know you want to belong to me."

The more she touches me and the more time she spent with me, the more pliable I become. I give a quick little shake of my head, but she just grins like a feral cat and pulls me closer.

My lips brush against her nipple, and I can't control myself, not anymore. I make the decision, and I lose control, latching my lips around her nipple. I lick and swipe my tongue over her, and pounding ecstasy blasts through my body. I can feel it, all the way down in my core.

When she pulls me back, I'm helpless to resist. But then she gets me over to her other breast, and I'm licking and sucking again.

This time, it's her turn to moan, and I know she must be getting aroused by all of this. But it's not simply the pleasure of my time she enjoys. "Mike, the more time you spend with me, the more helpless you are going to become. You don't mind, do you? No, of course you don't. You want to belong to me, don't you? If you didn't, you wouldn't go along with all of this."

Danielle makes it sound so simple.

As hard as I try, I can't hold my lips away from her nipple. The desires keep spinning through me, finding it right there.

"You know, the more time you spend with me, the more helpless you become. By the end of the night, I think you're just going to become my little pet. You're going to do whatever I say." She strokes my back, petting me all the while I continue to lick and suck and nuzzle. "Just look at how

forthcoming you were with your bank account information."

She nudges me back, and Danielle peers into my eyes. "You remember that, don't you? Do you know what you gave me?"

I inhale, and the scent of her perfume makes it hard for me to think once again. "I gave you, I gave you my money, didn't I?"

"That's right," she tells me with a slow nod. "You gave me every single penny, so I guess I really do own you now, don't I?"

I open my mouth to respond, but she puts her hand on the back of my neck, and she pulls me forward, kissing me again. All of a sudden, my concerns disappear. We are kissing, and she lowers me down onto the bed.

When she breaks away, she is smiling. "Do you really want to please me? You really want to make me happy?"

"What are you doing to me?" I ask. I barely whisper the words, almost to the point where I can't be certain I've spoken at all.

Danielle reaches down, and she touches my lips. "I'm a biological chemist, remember?"

Those words don't really mean anything to me, which only makes her giggle some more. "Mike, I've come up with some very special genetic alterations. The more time you spend with me, the more you become addicted to my pheromones. They're in my skin and even the warmth of my breath."

She means it literally. I am actually becoming addicted to this girl, so I should jump from the bed. I should marshal the last of my mental fortitude and sprint from the room.

It sounded so easy, at least in my head.

But then she kisses me again, and the urge to flee suddenly fades into nothingness.

Eyes crinkled again with delight, Danielle pulls back. "Do you really want to become my pet? Do you really want to become my possession?"

"Yes," I tell her without thinking, one syllable stretched across the seconds.

Danielle puts her hand on my shoulder, and she nudges me back. That's all it takes to practically toss me on my ass. Then she sits up, and she starts to pull off her white shorts.

Before long, Danielle gets down to her panties. I admire the curve of her hips, and my eyes drift down toward that spot between her legs. Her panties hold all of my attention, at least until the moment when she pulls them off. Now, she is naked, just like me. But unlike me, she is in control.

Danielle gets down onto her back, and she spreads her legs. "Would you like to lick me? Would you like to taste me?" Before I have a chance to answer, she slips one hand between her inner thighs, and she caresses her pussy. When she takes her hand back and holds up her fingers, they are damp with her juices.

"Lick," she commands.

Obviously, I have gone down on girls before, but I can tell this is going to be different. This time, she will set the tone and the pace. This time, she will tell me when I'm done.

I crawl forward, and I lap my tongue along her fingertips. The flavor of her excitement shoots through me, sending those same tingles running through every inch of my body.

"You know when you go down on me, you're going to make it even harder for you to ever get away. With every step, you become more and more mine."

Danielle tells me those words, yet it doesn't make any difference. Then she puts her hand on the back of my head again and guides me down toward her opening.

I start to shake my head. I try to murmur something, perhaps even beg her not to do this. All the while, she nudges me down, yet I don't have the strength to resist or fight back. Then my mouth is right up against her opening, and I stick out my tongue. I lick at her crevice, and she moans.

Loving that sound, I start to lick more furiously, sliding my tongue right into her entrance. The flavor of her excitement shoots through me again, and I can feel the chemical bonds wrap around my wrists and ankles. In every way, I become hers.

"Good boy," she says to me. "There's my good possession. There is my eager pet. Lick me. Lick your owner. I have everything you have," she says, arching her back and moaning. She keeps her legs spread, and I move my head up and down, left to right, swirling my tongue around her clitoris.

An orgasm races through her body. I can tell from the way she raises her hips up and then she tells me to get back. Right away, I retreat, helpless to defy her commands.

"You like that, don't you?"

In spite of myself, I tell her yes in a very small voice.

Danielle rolls over onto her side, and she reaches down toward the bottom of the bed. There are a series of drawers underneath us. She opens

one and she takes something out.

"I have some good news," she says, "and I have some bad news. I think you'd like the bad news first." Danielle is teasing me again. There's nothing I can do about it, so I stay there, naked, my cock still aching with desire. "The bad news is that you're no longer a person. You're now my pet. I'm going to keep you for a long, long time. And while I've got you, you are going to serve me and service me whenever I want. You belong to me now. And part of that means wearing this."

She sits up straight, and she's holding a black, leather collar in her hand. "The good news is once I have you collared and once I take you and claim you, you're always going to have a place at my feet. You're going to be so happy, knowing that you belong to me. You can deny it all you want, but I'm going to make you enjoy your new position, Mike." She smiles at me, and then she points to that spot before her knees.

"Let me collar you. Let me put this around your neck so you're always going to have a reminder of your place."

Somehow, I sense that if I let her do this, she really will be able to own me. I will no longer be my own man.

"Come here," she says, pointing down to that spot again.

My resistance crumbles, and I crawl forward. I straighten my back, and she slides the collar around my neck, clicking it into place.

"Good boy," she says, touching my chin and looking into my eyes. "Now, would you like me to fuck you? Would you like me to claim you and make this permanent?"

For an instant, I try to shake my head. I try to beg her not to do this. Please, Danielle, don't take me. Please, I don't want to be your property! Those thoughts echo at the back of my head, but I don't utter a single one of them.

She puts her hands on my shoulders, she pushes me down onto my back, and then she lowers herself onto my cock. It all happened so slowly and so fast at the same time. She is hot and wet around my cock, and she impales herself, letting out another little moan of ecstasy. Her eyes lock onto mine, and we both know what's happening.

"I want you to come for me. I want you to, and make this all permanent. Embrace your place at my feet. Do it, Mike. Give yourself over. You know you want to do it. You know you want me to own you from now on." Her lips move into a precocious grin as she starts to move up and down

the length of my cock. She is so tight and wet. It feels incredible.

She puts her hands on my wrists, holding me down as she rides me.

Second after second of pleasure boils through my body. But I was already so aroused before she started, so I can't hold out.

As she pumps me, taking what she wants, Danielle cries out. That sound pushes me over the edge, and I feel my own orgasm boil over. I spurted hard, coming, a rush of ecstasy crashing down on me.

With every pulse of my body, I know I'm losing more and more of my independence. When she's done, she will have transformed me. I was a player, the kind of guy who can get any girl in any club.

She's done. She pulls off.

"Good boy," Danielle says to me.

As the surge of pleasure dissipates, I understand. I finally get it...and I accept it. I become this girl's property. She has claimed me: mind, heart, and body.

**The End**

## Office Sissy

Later on, she told me all about their preparations, how they started to see each other behind my back. At first, it was just a game. They enjoyed the excitement. Ethan savored my ignorance while my wife got off on being with a real man.

All the while, I had no idea. Frankly, all of my attention went to the company, working out the problems with various codes.

That left my wife and my business partner time to get together. And when I decided that I was done, that I was going to retire and take my patents with me, Ethan knew what he had to do. It was all very simple for him.

And my wife? She went along with it. She probably didn't enjoy the idea of spending a very long retirement with me.

Because she wanted me to understand exactly how this all happened, she told me about their first conversation.

They were at our home, in our bedroom. Brianna, my wife, was waiting for Ethan. My business partner sauntered through the door, confident that I wouldn't be home. My wife had her curly blonde hair loose and trailing down her shoulders in smooth cascades. Her crystal blue eyes rested on his masculine frame. He started to unbutton his shirt, revealing his built physique.

He pounced, pushing my wife into the soft sheets of our bed. He kissed her, his lips taking what should have belonged to me. Right away, her body responded, and she started to mold her silhouette against his.

"Good to see you again," he said, pulling away for just a moment.

"Thank you for coming," Brianna replied.

My business partner grinned. "I haven't come yet," he said, teasing her. Then he kissed Brianna again, his lips coming down upon her mouth. He explored her tongue, teasing and nipping at her. She began to moan, savoring the feel of his body on top of her own.

He slid his hand down her shapely body. He spent several seconds palming her breast. Her nipples hardened, and then he pinched one of them, twisting gently. She never would have allowed me to do something like that, but then I didn't give her that little thrill Ethan did.

She tried to kiss him again, harder, but he then pulled back. "Not yet," he said. "We need to talk."

"I'm not interested in talking," she said, trying to raise her head to kiss

him again.

Immediately, his other hand came down, touching her forehead. Her eyes must've blazed with an intense ferocity, yet he knew what he was doing. He understood how he had the power here. My wife may have been able to intimidate me and control the home, but I was at work, and this was an entirely different sort of man.

This was a real man, an alpha male who could do what he wished and who could take what he craved.

"You're going to listen," he told her.

"What do you want to talk about?" Brianna asked, her eyes narrowed.

"I want to talk about the company."

Right after college, I built a successful operation. Although this enterprise started with just me, after a few years I realized I was going to need help. Ethan and I had met in college. While I had always concentrated on my studies and developing my coding acumen, Ethan played around the school, sleeping with virtually every girl on campus. There wasn't anyone he couldn't get.

On paper, we made an excellent team. I could handle the codes and product development. He worked with customers and clients, making sure they all felt valued.

But after several years of working together, he had made a decision. Not only did he want to take my wife from me, he wanted the company as well.

"What are you thinking?" Brianna could sense that he had an idea.

"Ian has been talking about retiring. He wants to take you off to some tropical island somewhere to indulge in a life of boredom. If he does, he will probably sell off all of his assets. That includes the patents, and the company will basically be ruined. I'm not going to let that happen. In fact, I'm not going to let your husband make any decisions at all, not anymore."

"He is the majority shareholder," Brianna reminded him.

Ethan kissed her gently, his lips barely touching her mouth. Shivers of pleasure coursed through her body, especially because she understood that she had to wait until he was going to offer more. And she definitely craved more. Although I had never been able to truly satisfy my wife, she did have an insatiable appetite when it came to sex.

My business partner moved his hand back down the length of her body. But this time, he didn't stop at her chest. Rather, his fingertips

continued to glide downward. He made it to her skirt, and he hitched up the hem.

Then he found her panties, and he then started to touch her, pressing down on her pussy. Although the layer of fabric remained between his touch and her sensitive nerves, it didn't keep my wife from getting wet. In fact, her panties dampened almost immediately.

"What, what you suggesting?"

"I want you to call your lawyers. I want you to get them to write up the contracts that will give you absolute control of his shares."

"What, what makes you so sure that you can trust me?" Brianna had a difficult time talking because his fingers kept probing her, gliding up and down the length of her slit.

"Brianna, I know what you want. You want a strong man to put you in your place, don't you? You want someone to tell you what to do and how to behave. That isn't Ian. That is me."

Brianna opened her mouth to speak again, but he came back, kissing her hard. Then, he pulled back the elastic of her panties, and he pushed his fingers into her moist pussy.

"Tell me you'll help me," he said, his fingers gently caressing her clitoris. Ethan did a good job, keeping her on edge. If he pressed down even a little bit more, then my wife would climax. Until then, she was trapped, enduring the swirls of pleasure that ran through her system.

"Yes, I'll do it," she said, and he kissed her again. He kept teasing her though, making her wait. It was only when she started to whimper and moan that he sat up and pulled off his clothing. He yanked down her panties and lifted up her skirt. Then he pounded her hard, in our bed.

At first, I'd been reluctant to take on a business partner. The idea of trusting someone else seemed a little bit foolhardy. After all, I understood that I was very good at equations, logic, and computer science, yet the finer points of social interaction often escaped me.

Like when some of my friends warned me that Brianna might be a gold digger, I didn't understand. She and I seemed to get along so well. She always laughed at my jokes, and I never imagined a scenario where she might be anything but loyal.

After years of hard work, I had decided to retire. My company was worth a great deal of money. Not only that, I knew that I could extract even

more value from this enterprise once I sold off the patents to our rivals. Yes, this was going to be hard on people like Ethan. But frankly, they were still going to walk away wealthy, so it didn't make any sense that he would be resentful.

Although he had tried to dissuade me from selling out on several occasions, when he e-mailed me about the lawyer, I figured that he'd finally come to his senses.

Even though I didn't know what I was going to do once I finally retired, I figured that there had to be something better than spending day after day in front of a computer, tackling complicated equations.

As I made my way through the various workstations in my building, I looked around at my various employees.

I stopped by my office. As usual, there was Sabrina, my secretary. She wore a black dress and tights. Frankly, her uniform always reminded me a little bit of something a schoolgirl might wear. She had dark hair that looked soft and shimmery.

She had a cup of coffee ready for me. "Here you go, sir," she said.

Because I still had a few more minutes before the meeting with the lawyers and Ethan, I went back to my computer. I answered some e-mails and contemplated my future. Yes, I was in charge here. Yes, I could wield so much power. If I decided to fire Sabrina, then there is really nothing she could do about it.

Somehow, that thought filled me with a giddy sense of power.

After a few minutes, I headed back to the elevator, and I rode it down to one of the lower floors. Then I went into the conference room, and everything changed.

Ethan and Brianna were waiting for me. When I shut the door behind me, my brows furrowed with confusion.

"What are you doing here?" I asked my wife. Although we had briefly discussed the possibility of my retirement, she didn't really care one way or another. After all, she didn't have to work, and I had plenty of money to make sure she could go shopping to her heart's content for the rest of our lives.

"Sweetie, I'm here to help you with the paperwork," she said. Strangely enough, she was sitting on the same side of the table as Ethan.

"Where are the lawyers?" A transaction like this seemed like a big deal.

"They came and went," Ethan said. "Since you're cashing out, apparently the paperwork is very simple. You just have to sign in a few places, and then it will all be taken care of." Because he was my business partner, I trusted him completely, even when he pulled out a big stack of papers.

Every few pages, a small tab indicated where I needed to sign.

I started to read through the legal fine print, but Brianna leaned over and she whispered into my ear, "I want you to take me back to your office. I want you to have some fun with me." Sultry and lustful, her words pricked my attention.

My mouth went dry, and I could feel the heat run through my skin. Her every syllable reverberated with lust and desire. My wife never spoke to me like that, and I could feel the heat run along my body.

If this was what retirement was going to be like, then I should have done it a long time ago.

I flashed her a cocky and satisfied grin.

Yes, I really did feel like a master of the universe. Even so, I wasn't so foolish that I was going to sign a legal document without reading it thoroughly.

Brianna made it more difficult. She sidled up next to me, resting her hand on my thigh. Her fingers drifted lower, down to my crotch. My body responded immediately, and I could feel an erection press out against my trousers.

"It's all very standard," Ethan said, his grin making it abundantly clear that he knew what was going on. Considering that he was about to lose a great deal of potential profit, I was impressed with his maturity.

Too often, people get caught up in money. They start to think that nothing else really matters. But since I'd been the one to design all of the software for this company, it really did make sense that I would be able to reap the most benefits.

I tried to read again, but then Brianna actually had the gall to slide her hand into my pants. More than anything, I needed to stop her, but it felt so good. At the same time, I glanced over at my wife, and I hadn't seen her behave like this since we started dating.

It was just after our marriage that she became distracted and bored. But now, I found the same fires of excitement lit her eyes. She squirmed her hand into my boxers, and she took a gentle grip on my shaft. She started to

maneuver her hand up and down, lightly stroking me. Yes, it felt incredible. My heart began to pound more quickly, and I didn't really think she was going to push me to the point of climax, not in front my business partner.

For his part, Ethan didn't seem distracted by any of this. In fact, he did an admirable job of pretending Brianna was simply sitting next to me like a supportive wife.

After five full minutes, I still hadn't finished the first paragraph. Each time I started to get closer to understanding what this document was all about, Brianna would increase her tempo. The rhythm of her touch became frantic at various points, only to calm down.

She had her eyes on me, and she studied me, making sure she correctly read my body language. Although our lovemaking had generally bored her, that didn't stop Brianna from learning about me.

"Go ahead," Brianna said to me. "Just sign it. I'm sure he then did a good job. You guys spend lots of money on lawyers. Let them do their jobs."

"I should really, I should really try to, try to read this," I replied, struggling so hard to maintain my concentration. Her fingers slipped lower into my pants, and she cupped my balls. Her fingertips danced along the spot just beneath my scrotum, and I nearly came right then.

Disoriented, I could barely think. Even so, I marshaled my willpower. I was the kind of guy who could sit in front of the computer screen and concentrate on numbers for hours or days at a time. Whatever it took. Now, I summoned up that same resolve to get through this. We were talking about millions of dollars, and I wasn't about to fail because my wife decided to be flirtatious.

I blinked, and when I opened my eyes again, the world blurred around me. It felt like the room was beginning to thin slightly. After a few seconds, everything returned to normal, at least until I closed my eyes once more.

Something was wrong, but when I tried to voice my concerns, my lips wouldn't work quite right. Maybe I said something. Maybe I didn't. Ethan and Brianna pretended they didn't hear me.

"Here, dear, let me help you." My wife got up from her chair. She stood behind me and I could feel her against my ear. Brianna reached over, and she pushed the pen into my hand. Before I quite realized what was happening, she guided my signatures from one page into the next.

I was getting sleepy too. My head bobbed forward, but she didn't seem to mind. In fact, we were almost done.

"Just a few more," she said, both condescending and sympathetic.

"No," I said, practically moaning the word because this was important. I shouldn't just randomly sign these pages.

"Trust me, sweetheart, this is going to be the best for you. You're going to be so much happier when you sign these papers."

Swallowing, I struggled hard against the confines of my body. Brianna still had her hands down my pants, and she stroked me, making sure I stayed nice and hard. My pre-come dribbled out, soaking into my boxers, but Brianna didn't seem to mind. She kept playing with me, teasing me with her hands even as she continued to help me.

"Just a couple more," Ethan said. His voice sounded very far away.

Then we were done. Brianna guided my hand over the last signature line, and she let me go.

My head bobbed forward, and I passed out.

Just before I lost consciousness, I realized that I hadn't been able to come. Brianna didn't squeeze me into an orgasm. Somehow, that felt very important.

Waking up, I didn't know what to expect, but my arms and legs ached. It felt like I'd been standing for a long time, and I tensed my legs, putting my weight down on the balls of my feet. Only then did I realize I had quite literally been hanging, probably for some time. No, none of this made sense, I told myself as I swallowed.

"Look at that. I think he's almost awake."

Scrunching my eyes closed, I forced them open. Right away, I realized several things were wrong. For one, I had passed out. Whatever illness or chemical caused me to lose consciousness must have cleared my system. Although I remained disoriented, at least my thoughts seemed to have crystallized.

I was in my office. That much was apparent.

But there was Ethan, sitting at my desk, and Brianna was braced on his lap.

"You're absolutely right," Ethan said.

I tried to speak, but there was something in my mouth. It felt like the stars had been tied around my head. I couldn't close my lips, and my tongue probed the soft cloth. Ees, someone had definitely tied a scarf around my head, gagging me.

Who would do such a thing?

This seemed so silly, especially because I was just going to pull it off. But when I tried to use my arms, I found that they wouldn't move. Something held my arms over my head. When I twisted my body to look upward, I found my wrists encircled with leather shackles. They connected to a set of thin chains that stretched to a metal bar over my head.

This may have been my office, but someone had certainly made a few alterations.

A third revelation hit me hard. I was naked except for my boxers.

My chest rose and fell with every gasp of air. Incensed, I pulled on my shackles, and I started to shout at Ethan and Brianna. Although I couldn't make out any clear, coherent words, my meaning was obvious.

They had to let me go. They had to let me go right then.

I pulled as hard as I could on my shackles, thinking that I would be able to free myself. Whoever installed this bar had done a very good job. The matter how hard I yanked or strained against my bonds, they held me fast.

"I think it's time you see something very important," Ethan announced. With one sweep of his hand, he knocked everything off of my desk. Those knickknacks, notes, pens, and pencils all fell down, clattering. Then he picked up Brianna easily, lifting her by her waist. He set her back down on my desk.

By this point, I went silent, especially because Brianna winked at me. I didn't understand what she meant, but then Ethan was on top of her. He pinned her easily, and I wanted to believe that this went against her will, that she didn't really want it.

No, that wasn't true.

He climbed on top of her, and he started to kiss her hard, all while I watched. My eyes went wide, and I tried to do something. Helpless, I could only stand there, chained to the wall of my own freaking office.

Ethan kissed her for several more seconds, moving his lips from her mouth down to her neck. Then, he tore away her blouse, popping the buttons. One of them even flew so far as to hit me in the stomach.

Ethan tore my wife's bra, exposing her gorgeous breasts.

"You want this, don't you?" he asked her.

"Yes, give it to me," she begged.

Ethan lowered his lips down to her nipple, and he started to suck. His tongue must've flipped over her bud, all while I watched. My fingers

tightened into fists, and I fantasized about ripping myself free and going over there to kick his ass, but I knew something like that could never happen. Even if I somehow managed to get away from the chains, I was never the kind of guy who could go up against someone like Ethan.

My business partner glanced up at me for a moment. He smirked before he started to lick my wife's breasts again. Now, he started to alternate from one to the other, and each time he shifted, he made my wife moan with ecstasy.

In all honesty, I had never heard her make that sort of sound from me. No, this was a woman who was truly on the verge of satisfaction, a woman who knew that she was about to be pleased in a way she didn't normally get at home.

Ethan licked and nipped at her buds, making my wife cry out each and every time. "Yes! Yes, more!"

I couldn't believe it, so I kept straining, pushing all of my doubts and insecurities into my futile tugs and yanks. Each time, I knew that I was wasting my strength, but some part of me couldn't believe that I failed so completely with Brianna.

I should have closed my eyes, but some perverse curiosity made me watch. I needed to see what it would look like to have a real man take my wife.

Ethan lifted up her skirt. A second more, and he pulled down her panties. His fingers slid their way into her opening. She arched her back, crying out again. "More! Yes, show me what it feels like to be with a real man!"

He touched her, teasing her. His rhythms shifted and alternated, making it impossible for my wife to know what to expect. Lovemaking with me must've been so incredibly dull for her. I tried to think back to a time when she made sounds like that, and I couldn't think of a single instance.

My business partner kept going, pushing her higher and higher.

"You know, it really isn't that difficult to satisfy a woman," Ethan said to me. "Ian, you always saunter around like you know more than anyone else. Sure, you're good with numbers, but you're not good at very much else, are you?"

Obviously, I couldn't respond, not with the scarf tied around my head. I tried to spit it out, but the stupid thing wouldn't budge. Whoever gagged me with this had done an excellent job.

One last touch, and Ethan made my wife come. She cried out, her eyes wide. As her screams of ecstasy filled my office, I had to wonder if any of my employees would hear this. What would they think? Did they know what was happening here?

Hot shame glanced across my body. I still couldn't look away.

Ethan gave Brianna several seconds to recover.

But they weren't done.

With big, pleading eyes, Brianna stared up into his handsome features. "Please, sir, will you mount me? I want to feel you inside of me. I want to have your big cock in me."

I whimpered, pulling and yanking on my shackles again.

"That's a pretty big request, my dear," Ethan said to her. He stroked her cheek with the back of his hand. "If you want something like that, you're going to have to earn it."

"Yes, sir," Brianna responded without hesitation.

I couldn't believe it. Normally, my wife came off as so imperious and arrogant, the kind of spoiled trophy wife who didn't yield to anyone. But there she was, doing whatever he wished. She came off as positively subservient.

Somehow, Ethan had tamed her.

My business partner got up, and he unzipped his fly. He pulled out his cock, and there was Brianna, down on her knees. She seemed so eager and excited, simply waiting for permission. Ethan glanced up at me, and he grinned, almost like I was supposed to cheer him on.

"This is how a real man takes control," he said, sliding his fingers through her hair. Once he had a good grip, he pulled Brianna up few inches. He guided her mouth toward his cock.

Almost eagerly, Brianna took him between her lips. She licked and sucked and slurped on his shaft, her tongue while and frenetic. She never went down on me like that, not ever. In fact, when we first got married, Brianna had told me that she was never going to give me a blow job. She thought it was disgusting and demeaning to women.

But there she was, servicing my business partner. She licked him again and again, running her tongue from the base of his shaft up to the tip of his cock. And when those droplets of pre-come appeared, she wiped them down with her tongue as well.

Ethan grew impatient, and he guided her to take and more of his shaft

into her mouth. He was so big. He had me beat by several inches, and I could only watch, helpless as Brianna did whatever he desired. She bobbed her head forward and back, taking in the full length of his shaft. Her gag reflex must've kicked in, but she suppressed it.

"There's a good girl," Ethan said to her. "You see, Ian, every woman can be trained. Every woman can be domesticated so that she knows her place."

I whimpered out some kind of response, not that the sounds I made were anything more than frustrated noise.

Ethan chuckled at me. With his free hand, he stroked my wife's cheek. His other hand remained lodged firmly in her hair, maintaining a solid grip. "Things are about to change, Ian. I'm sure this is going to be a challenge for you, but I'm sure you're up to it. From now on, I'm going to be in charge. There is a new order at work here."

My eyes narrowed, and I promised myself that he wasn't going to be able to get away with this.

"I bet you're thinking you're going to somehow spoil my plans, but you won't. You see, you've already signed all of the documents giving your wife control of your company. Because you guys are already married, the paperwork was quite simple. Just like I said."

I shook my head furiously from side to side. No, that couldn't be true. No, he couldn't be right about any of this.

"Brianna here is going to be my new partner. Of course, she isn't really sure of the business, so she's going to need to rely on someone to guide and advise her. Who do you think that's going to be? Who do you think is going to wield the real power here?" As he spoke, my wife continued to service him, moving her head forward and back.

I shouted something into my gag, not that it made any difference.

Ethan laughed again. "You always thought you were so smart just because you're good at computers. But really, people matter so much more. If you know how someone will react, then you can truly take control."

He gazed down at Brianna even as she continued to bob her head forward and back. She gave him pleasure, servicing him eagerly.

"But you know, I am worried that you might try to do something silly like bring a lawsuit forward. That would be very bad for the company, so Brianna and I have come up with a solution. You're going to stay here at the company, but you've been demoted. You're not going to be the CEO

anymore. You want to guess what your position is going to be?"

My eyes narrowed again, and I shot pure aggression in his direction. Unfortunately, Ethan knew me well. He understood that I would never be able to get violent. I didn't have that within me. While he was the kind of guy who could fight for what he truly wanted, I just played with numbers.

"Honestly, I'm not sure there is even a name for your new position. You're going to be an office helper? An assistant? Oh, I like the term secretary. Would you like that? Would you like to be a secretary here? You can do things like fetch coffee and help out wherever anyone needs it."

My eyes widened,. He couldn't be serious. My jaw dropped open, and I shook my head furiously from side to side. No way. I was in charge of this company. It had been my ideas that build this place from the ground up. Ethan couldn't take that from me!

"Yes, I think you would make a very good secretary here. Of course, you're going to be new, which means that you're going to have to listen to everyone else. You're going to need to let the other employees here show you the ropes."

Growling at him, I pulled as hard as I could on my restraints. It didn't do any good. I snarled, like a wild animal, but Ethan just laughed.

Then he nudged Brianna back. She stared up at him with nothing but adoration.

"Get up on the desk," he told her.

Brianna scrambled to comply, and she even pulled back her skirt. She dropped her panties, bracing her forehead on the solid material.

This couldn't be happening, I thought to myself again and again. I rattled my chains, and I tried to shout out. Maybe someone would come and help me, but the scarf wedged between my lips muffled every sound I attempted to make.

Ethan got up on my desk as well. He grabbed my wife by her hips and thrust forward, pushing his cock into her throbbing pussy. The second he penetrated her, Brianna cried out, whimpering with ecstatic delight all over again. I had to witness what Ethan gave her. They didn't give me a choice.

He pushed forward and pulled back, gently giving her body time to adjust to his size. All the while, she murmured about how much she loved every inch. He was so big! He pumped her slowly until he finally buried his cock in her slit.

Then he pulled back, pushing forward a second later. All the while, I

could only watch, enduring the humiliation of knowing that another man took my wife.

Their speed built up from one heart beat to the next. She cried out again and again, moaning as each orgasm washed over her. Over the span of minutes, she must have come two, three, maybe even four times.

Her pussy must've clenched around his cock because he gave her one more mighty thrust, and then climaxed. He threw back his head, his eyes closed. At that moment, I knew exactly what was happening, how he was using her.

He came back to his senses and pulled up his pants.

Then he then walked over to me. "Right now, you have nothing. This company belongs to her, which means it belongs to me. So, Ian, you have a choice now. You can do as you're told, or I can have you shipped off to some other country where you'll be some factory worker. I'm sure the real men there would have some good uses for that mouth of yours."

His threat caught me off guard, and I didn't know how to respond.

"What's it going to be? Are you going to do as you're told?"

I bit down into the scarf, and then I forced myself to lower my head. I nodded at my former business partner, fully aware that he was now in control.

"Very smart," Ethan said to me. He unlocked my manacles, and I stumbled down onto the floor. For just a moment, I was on my knees, and I raised my gaze, staring up at him. He seemed so much taller and bigger than me.

Someone else might have tried to tackle him right there, but I held my place, knowing that he would be able to beat me in a fight. Not only that, if he had been telling the truth, that he really did have all of my money.

Almost disdainful, Ethan untied the scarf. Then he tossed it aside and said, "I need to know that you really are going to be a good employee. I want to see you crawl over to your former desk. You're going to clean out your wife with your tongue for me."

I blinked several times, right up until that moment when he grabbed me by the back of my hair. "Tell me you understand," he commanded.

"I, I understand," I replied in a small and pitiful voice. Of course no one respected me if I couldn't even sound like a real man.

He released me, and I fell back down. For a moment, I was on all

fours, feeling the cold of the industrial carpeting. I never imagined I could fall so far, that I could end up in a position like this.

Understanding that I didn't have a choice, I crawled forward. At some point, Brianna had sat upright. She was waiting for me, her skirt still hitched up, and her panties discarded. She spread her legs, and I looked up at her, searching for some sign of sympathy or pity.

Instead, she smirked down at me, pointing at the spot between her legs. "Go ahead, Ian. Show us what you're really good for."

Ethan stood behind me, so I couldn't see his face, yet I knew that he was watching, reveling in my subjugation. I hesitated for several seconds, but Brianna became impatient. She grabbed me by my hair, just as Ethan had done, and she forced my face between her legs.

Immediately, I caught the aroma of his semen. My stomach roiled, and I wanted to stop right then and right there. Every instinct in my body told me to stop, but Brianna didn't give me that choice.

"Eat me out and taste what an actual man is like," she ordered. When she'd been down on her knees in front of him then, my wife had been the picture of submission. Only now, I heard something else in her voice, the kind of dominance that I couldn't even begin to fathom.

Although I didn't want to do it, I heard Ethan threatened me. "If you wait much longer, I will have you deported. I'll make sure you end up somewhere where your pretty mouth will be used a lot."

If nothing else, I have always been pragmatic and logical. Although I didn't want to believe him, I couldn't deny the truth. If I had really signed those documents, and if they really gave him control of my company, then he would be able to smuggle me out easily enough. More than that, he really wouldn't want me around.

Without any other choice, I stuck out my tongue, and I started to eat out my wife, cleaning away another man's seed. The taste nearly made me gag, but I didn't have any choice.

Of course, I had gone down on my wife plenty of times. Despite my experience, I had never seen her so aroused. Her pussy was practically dripping, and her clitoris was engorged like never before.

My tongue darted from side to side, servicing her.

For a moment, I pulled my head back, and I was going to spit out his seed.

"No, you're going to swallow it like a little slut," Brianna said. She

grabbed my hair and pulled harder, making my eyes water. I've never had a very high tolerance for pain, so I went slack. I let her guide me back between her hips.

Then I found my lips up against her pussy again, and I kept licking, nuzzling my nose from side to side as my tongue did its work. She started to moan again, and I knew that she was enjoying herself.

The seconds dragged, but then she finally threw her head back. Her lower lip quivered, and she squeezed my cheeks with her legs. "Yes! Yes, I finally, finally found a good use for you!"

I stumbled back, glaring up at her.

"Are you done with him?" Ethan asked. He sounded bored.

Despite my lack of influence, I turned around. Although I was still on my knees, I glowered at him for everything I was worth. Ethan had his phone out. Then he reached into his pocket, he pulled out a pair of handcuffs.

"Get dressed and put those on," he told me. He nodded back toward the corner of my office where my clothing had been unceremoniously dropped.

"Where are we going?"

"Home," he said with a wicked smirk.

All of that happened in the middle of the workday. It seems so strange to think. When I first arrived, I had felt like I was in control of my surroundings. Everyone in this office worked for me. Even Ethan, to a lesser extent was only a minority shareholder.

Apparently, I had only been unconscious for an hour or two before I had woken up, chained my office wall.

Biting down on my lower lip, I tried to convince myself that things could have been worse.

Brianna and Ethan had waited for me, their eyes on me as I pulled my pants back on.

"Tell me, is he usually so small when he's excited?"

I glanced down at my crotch, immediately realizing that I had a hard on. At least, it was huge for me. Swallowing back my humiliation, I tried to ignore their voices.

"Yup. For three years now, he's been trying to satisfy me with that little prick of his. Obviously, I had to find myself a real man," Brianna said, giggling all the while.

I pulled on my shirt as he chuckled. "Poor thing. Well, from now on, you're going to get it from a real man. Your little sissy here is just going to have to find some other place to put that small dick of his."

I couldn't believe that Ethan and Brianna were talking about me like that. Biting down, I wanted to spin around and face them, to tell them that they were wrong. But I couldn't. No matter what I wished to believe, I knew that his cock was so much bigger than mine. Not only that, he knew how to use it, how to satisfy women in a way I could only fantasize about.

Finally, I had my shirt on, and I appeared relatively decent.

"You know what to do," Brianna said, her gaze devoid of any sympathy.

"What did I ever do wrong?"

Brianna grabbed the handcuffs from me, and she snapped them over my wrists. Considering that they already controlled my estate, I didn't understand why they required the restraints. Simply put, they wanted me to feel helpless. They wanted to know that I couldn't do anything. This was just one more layer of psychological humiliation and confinement.

My wife narrowed her eyes with obvious frustration. "For our entire marriage, you've been insufferable jackass, going on about how smart you are. Yes, you know what it did. Sure, you're a great computer scientist. But when it comes to the important things like how to deal with people, you are an idiot."

My nostrils flared, and I longed to argue with her. But at that moment, Ethan tossed me my coat. "For right now, we're not going to let employees know about the shift in authority here. I think it might confuse people."

They hid my handcuffs under the coat, and then they escorted me from the building.

Without asking, Brianna reached into my pocket, and she took out my car keys. She tossed them over to Ethan, who caught them from the air. After that, she got into his car, and he got into mine. He told me to get in, and I had some trouble working the handle, but then I sat down in the passenger side.

We started driving, all while he then told me about how things were going to work from now on.

"You know, people have really gotten away from the idea of a hierarchy of home. A husband and wife are supposed to be equals, sharing the responsibilities. All of it goes unspoken, which turns out to be a problem."

"You aren't going to be able to get away with this," I told him.

Just as we pulled up to a stop light, Ethan glanced at me, almost like I just barely warranted his attention. "Ian, listen up. Maybe you'll learn something."

"I'm not going to let this stand," I said, but more wildly this time.

He went on, talking as though I hadn't uttered a word. "Personally, I think hierarchies should be more explicit. Everyone should know exactly where they stand, which is how things are going to go at your house from now on. Oh, I'm sorry. I should say my house."

"It still belongs to Brianna," I told him, clinging to the possibility that my wife would change her mind.

"And she belongs to me," Ethan finished smoothly. "Don't be foolish. You saw the way she went down on me. I have that girl eating out of the palm of my hand."

I opened my mouth, yearning to disagree with him. I kept thinking back to what happened in my office, hoping to find some discrepancy, some small detail that I could use against him. As hard as I tried, I couldn't think of a single thing.

Ethan had no trouble guessing my thoughts, and he laughed at me. "But anyway, hierarchy is really important. So from now on the totem pole is going to be very simple. I'm at the top. Brianna is beneath me, which means I own her and everything she owns. And guess what? She owns you, so what does that mean?"

I never should have answered, but something compelled me. "It means you own me too," I said.

Underneath the coat, my fingers tightened into fists, my nails digging down into the skin of my palms.

He wasn't supposed to be able to do this, only I didn't see any way to stop him.

Just a few minutes later, we pulled up in front of my house. No, he was right. For the moment anyway, this estate belonged to him.

Ethan parked my car, and he got out. He motioned for me to do the same, and I followed. He escorted me inside, walking just a few feet behind me. With every step, I glanced around, searching for some solution to my situation. There had to be something I could do or say, some way for me to get out of this.

Nothing.

Brianna met us in one of the guest bedrooms. This was one of the more feminine spots in the house, something of a boudoir where she could do her makeup and store some of her extra clothing. I really didn't understand what we are doing here, not until Ethan explained it to me.

"Ian, I want you to understand what true submission means. I want to keep you around, if only to make sure that you don't try to countermand any of the contracts you've already signed. But of course, I need to make sure that you also learn how to behave yourself. So, from now on, you're going to be Brianna's little pet. You're not a man, not anymore. Now, you are a play thing, and she is going to do whatever she wants with you. Maybe she will tease that sorry excuse of a cock you've got. Or maybe she will just put you in a cage. Really, I don't care. Just know this. You have to do exactly what she says, or I will make sure that your life is miserable. Now, tell me you understand."

Staring down at the floor, I did it. "I understand."

The door opened a moment later, and Brianna sauntered into the room. She looked so graceful and confident there. It was almost impossible for me to reconcile the visage of this young woman with the girl who I just saw my office, eagerly sucking on a cock.

"So he knows what going to happen?" Brianna asked.

"Yup, and he's not going to give you any trouble at all. Is he?" For the last two words, he turned his attention to me.

"No," I replied quietly. I wanted to believe that I could be stronger than this, yet my mind was still reeling from all that happened.

"Brianna, remember the toys are in the bottom drawer. Have fun with your new pet." With those words, he grabbed her and he kissed her. It was probably for my benefit, but there was nothing I could do but look on.

Once he finished with her, he left us alone. I could only imagine what Ethan would be up to while Brianna had some fun.

Still, I did have something I could try. When the door had shut, and I was certain that Ethan would not be able to hear us, I stepped closer to my wife. "Brianna, if you help me right now, I can probably undo all of the damage that's been caused here."

She sneered at me, silent.

"Look, I can do better. I can be a better husband. I will give you whatever you want, just let me out of these cuffs and help me get back to my lawyers. There's a reason Ethan wants to keep me here. He knows that if I can

talk to someone, the right person, then I can set things right."

I reached out for her, like I was about to take her hand.

Brianna's hand shot up, and she grabbed my chin. She pinched hard, her fingernail digging down into my skin. "Ian, you need to understand something. This wasn't a trick. Ethan didn't manipulate me. Yes, I do what he wants because it makes me feel good, but I wanted things to turn out just like this. I wanted you to be humiliated. I wanted you to know it feels to be just a toy."

"I never made you feel like that," I snapped back at her.

Brianna didn't bother with an answer. Instead, she walked over to one of the dressers, she crouched down, she opened a drawer, and she pulled out a wicked looking paddle.

"Bend over."

"I—"

Brianna didn't give me the chance to finish my response. "Bend over," she said again. "And if you don't do it, I'm going to get Ethan back in here, and I'm going to tell him that you're being a very bad boy."

I didn't want my former business partner to see me like this. In fact, I didn't want him to come back into this room at all, especially because some small part of me still clung to the hope that I would be able to convince Brianna to assist me.

I bent forward, dropping my elbows onto the bed.

The paddle came down hard against my backside. Even with the layers of my trousers and boxers to absorb some of the blow, the force caught me off guard. Hot pain shot through my skin.

My eyes started to water right away, and Brianna shook her head. "You really are pathetic, thinking you're so smart. When really, you don't have a clue."

To emphasize her point, she grabbed the hem of my pants. She yanked hard, dragging them down until they tangled around my ankles.

"No, Brianna, you don't have to—" I didn't get the chance to finish my thoughts because she brought the paddle down again, striking hard. This time, there weren't any superfluous layers to protect me.

The paddle connected, its leather bite turning my skin a bright shade of crimson.

"Tell me you're going to be a good boy and do whatever I say," Brianna commanded.

Gritting my teeth, I decided it was one thing to yield to Ethan. But I wasn't going to let my wife control me. She had already cheated on me, so I had to draw a line somewhere. I needed to know that she couldn't control me completely.

The paddle came down again and again, two more times, and each blow left me panting, my eyes wet.

"Do it," Brianna commanded.

"No." Hot defiance rang in that single syllable. I could do this, I thought. I could hold out long enough until she decided that I should be released. It was a small hope, but it was the only strategy I could imagine.

She smacked my naked ass again and again. All the while, I heard something at the edge of my senses, and it took me a few seconds to realize just what it was. Brianna was laughing at me, having a great time.

Several seconds later, Brianna paused. Although I faced forward, so I couldn't see her features, I had no problem imagining her grin as she said, "Really, Ian, you tell everyone that you're some kind of genius, but you can't even get yourself out of this situation. Seriously, you know what you have to do, don't you? I just told you."

She reached over and grabbed me by my hair again, pulling hard. My eyes watered even more from this fresh sting, but I hesitated nonetheless.

"What you have to do?"

"I, I have to tell you that I'll be good," I finally replied.

"So say it. Say it right now, or I'm going to spend the next hour just spanking your cute little bottom." Just then, she released my hair, and she began to caress the naked curves of my ass with the paddle.

I didn't want to believe her, but I saw no alternative. Gritting my teeth, I did it. I surrendered to my wife, letting her seize control. "Fine. I'll be good. I'll do whatever you want. I'll do whatever you say." Every promise came out clipped and sharp, but Brianna just laughed.

"Oh, poor boy. This must be so embarrassing for you, losing everything you once possessed. But don't worry, I'm not going to just throw you away. Ethan and I have big plans for you. Yes, we do." Now, she stroked my buttocks, running her soft fingertips up and down the curvature of my ass. Finally, she rolled me over, and she said, "I'm not going to be cruel with you, Ian. If you learn to be a good boy, a good pet, then I will treat you very nicely." Almost like she wanted to prove her point, Brianna took out the key to my cuffs. She unlocked the shackles and dropped them over onto the bed.

"Strip down. I want you naked."

As my limbs begin to move, it didn't feel like I was actively participating. Instead, it was like I just followed some ingrained instinct. My fingers worked the buttons of my shirt. I kicked off my pants and shoes and underwear. Before long, I only had on my socks, and I discarded those easily enough.

Then I was naked.

My wife was fully clothed, and she looked up and down the length of my body. She had never stared at me with such an appraising gaze before, and I already knew that she found me wanting.

She clicked her tongue. "I'm glad I don't have to pretend anymore."

"Pretend? Pretend what?" I probably didn't want to know the answer, yet I asked anyway.

"Pretend that you're a real man. Pretend that you deserve any of this," she said, motioning down at the rest of her slim physique. She did have such an incredible body with big breasts, a narrow waist, and toned legs. She was the kind that so many guys needed and craved. "From now on, you're just going to belong to me."

"What you going to do?"

"I'm going to make sure you learn your place. And right now, I think you still believe that you're going to be able to get out of this. So I want to do something big. For right now, close your eyes and stand up straight."

I did so, and my wife laughed at me again, probably savoring my obedience. Because my backside still stung, I found myself compliant.

Technically, I had a couple of inches on Brianna, but she may have actually been stronger than me. Realizing this, I didn't try to simply run in the room. Even with my hands free, I didn't know how far away Ethan would be. And, although I didn't want to admit even to myself, I worried that I wouldn't be able to get past Brianna. That was a truly embarrassing thought.

For several seconds, she ran her fingers along my body. She touched my legs, my arms, and my neck. From there, she dragged her fingernails down to my crotch.

I didn't want it to happen, but my cock stiffened. All the while, a bright shade of blush spread out along my skin. "Look at that, you're getting all horny despite everything that's happened." Even with my eyes closed, I had no trouble imagining Brianna shaking her head. "Well, there's something else you need to understand. Because you belong to me, this also belongs to

me." She squeezed my dick.

She moved her fingers down toward my scrotum. "If you're a very good boy, from time to time, I may let you touch yourself or grind on the floor so that you can come. But never, ever forget that you belong to me."

I remained silent, although it took all of my self-control not to contradict her.

"Say it."

"I belong to you."

"That's right," she said, stroking my cheek with one hand. With her free hand, she started to caress my cock, gently working me up into a frenzy. She took her time, letting the seconds tick by even as my cock strained against the confines of her palm.

I didn't understand what she was doing. This didn't make any sense to me, and the tip of my shaft moistened with pre-come. Then she touched that tip and pulled away the sticky pre-come.

"Open your mouth," she commanded.

I didn't mean to do it, but my jaw dropped open because I didn't think she could possibly be serious. She stunned me, and then she slid two fingers into my mouth. Right away, I could taste the flavor of my own excitement.

"There is a good toy," she said, amused.

My brow tightened with aggravation, but I knew better than to try to assert myself right there. Like it or not, she was in control, at least for the moment.

"Now, I'm going to dress you," Brianna said, wiping her fingers off on my chest. "I have big plans for you."

It took some time, and I could only stand there, my cock still erect as she opened and closed various drawers. I tried to predict how she would dress me. It was going to be demeaning. That, I could already guess. Maybe she would put me in some kind of butler outfit. Maybe she would make me wear a driver's uniform.

"Lift your leg," she commanded.

I did so, and she pulled a pair of underwear up along my legs. It felt soft, like a pair of snug but gentle briefs. Swallowing, I tried not to think about it overly much. Then, she had me lift my legs again, first one then the other. She pulled something tight up over my feet. The material clung to my skin, and it stretched on and on, going all the way up to my hips.

This didn't make any sense. I tried to figure out what kind of costume

she could be putting me in.

Then Brianna ordered my hands into the air. Heavy material fell over my body. Around my arms, it seemed very tight, only to loosen around my waist. My heart started to pound more quickly, yet I still couldn't figure out what she was doing. What was this girl planning? What did she have in mind?

After that, she dropped something around my neck. It didn't seem very heavy. Brianna turned me around, and she began to tie something at the small of my back. From one second into the next, I tried to figure out what was going on. None of this made any sense.

"There are two shoes in front of you. I want you to step into them."

"Please, Brianna, you don't have to do this," I told her.

"Silly toy. This isn't about what I need to do. This is about what I *want* to do," she told me, gleeful.

With her hand at the small of my back, I felt the soft material of whatever clothing she had put on me. Deep down, I already suspected what she had done, yet I couldn't quite acknowledge it. This was going to be too humiliating, too degrading.

I stepped forward, and I found the shoes easily enough. They fit my feet, barely, though they were very tight. Once they were on, I knew that I was going to need help to get them off. That thought didn't make me feel any better.

The shoes felt different from everything else I had ever worn on my feet. For one, they had high heels. At this point, I couldn't deny it. There was no way for me to justify that curve in the arch of my foot.

Brianna helped me walk several feet forward, and then she sat me down at the desk where she kept her extra makeup.

"Hold your hands behind your back." Her tone brooked absolutely no disagreement. I could do this, or she could go get Ethan, and then I would be in real trouble.

I did what she wanted, holding my hands behind my back. Sitting straight, my fists pressed against the back of the chair. Brianna picked something up, and I heard the distinctive sound of the plastic cap getting unscrewed.

What was she about to do?

On some level, I could already guess, yet I tensed up nonetheless.

"Don't be such a baby," she said, touching something soft to my

cheek. It felt like some sort of brush. "I'm going to be really happy with you when this is all done. Honestly, I'm surprised we didn't do this before."

I couldn't help but notice how she meticulously refused to name the activity. Every instinct inside of me shouted to open my eyes, but there is something about my wife, something I couldn't deny.

After the brush, she touched something to my eyelids. Then she did something to my eyelashes. None of this made any sense to me, but the final detail came just a few seconds later. She smeared something soft along my lips.

"Don't open your eyes yet," she said. The firmness had left her voice, but there was something else in her tone now. I recognized it as girlish excitement.

She helped me stand up, and I nearly stumbled several times. I wasn't used to wearing high heeled shoes. Brianna escorted me across the room. Then she stopped me.

"Open your eyes," she said, still holding my hands behind my back.

I did so, and horror shot through me.

I found myself standing in front of a big mirror, only I wasn't looking at my reflection. No, there was a young girl staring back at me, and she wore a maid uniform. It came with a frilly skirt, lacy bows, and even a white apron. Pursing my lips, I could only watch as the reflection did the same. That was me, but it didn't look like me. It didn't look anything like me.

"You know, I always wondered what you'd look like as a girl. I think you look a lot better," she said, whispering into my ear. She sounded positively predatory, like I really had become nothing but her toy.

After just a few seconds, I couldn't take anymore, so I turned my gaze down to the floor. Brianna wasn't going to have any of that. She touched the bottom of my chin, forcing me to face my reflection. "Yes, this is perfect. Ethan was worried that you were going to try to go to the lawyers, but you won't do that, not dressed like this, would you?"

"No, never," I told her, only realizing once those words left my mouth that I should've lied. Maybe if I'd been able to bluff, she would have let me out of this.

"Good toy," she said, patting me on the head. "From now on, I'm going to pay a lot of attention to your hair. I want to grow it out. I think you'd look especially cute with little pigtails," she said, grinning.

Locking my teeth together, I couldn't even begin to respond. Pigtails?

Seriously?

"Because you've been such a good toy, I'm going to give you a little treat."

"What you talking about?" Speaking felt strange with the red lipstick smeared along my mouth. I still couldn't believe that I looked like a young woman. I had always known that I was smaller and that some of my features might've been somewhat more effeminate, but nothing like this.

I looked like a maid. I looked like some college girl who thought it would be funny to dress up in a kinky outfit for Halloween. A storm of humiliation raged inside of me, but Brianna just walked from side to side, drinking in the details of my new form.

"It's simple. You've been horny for several hours now. I think I'm going to let you touch yourself. But you're going to have to watch. No closing your eyes. No pretending that you're somewhere else."

My nostrils flared, and I wanted to shake my head, to tell her that she was crazy.

Without preamble, Brianna grabbed my skirt, and she slipped her hand down into my panties. Because right then, I saw that they were a pair of white briefs that shone in the light. They must've been silk, and they came with little flower prints.

No way...But as much as I may have wanted to disagree with my senses, I couldn't ignore the obvious truth. This was how she addressed me, and now her fingers worked along my shaft, touching me and teasing me. I was so hard!

After just a few seconds, I noticed the dark spots appear on the panties. That was me, my excitement soaking into the material. I didn't want to believe it, but Brianna kept going, keeping me right on the edge of an orgasm.

"Do you want to come? Is that what you want, sissy?"

She was calling me a sissy, and my heart skipped a beat. Humiliated beyond belief, I finally forced myself to nod. Yes, I wanted an orgasm. I wanted to come. I wanted it so badly!

Knowing her work was mostly done, Brianna slid her hand from between my legs.

A groan of frustration bubbled out from my throat. "Go ahead, toy. Prove that I control you. Prove that you are just a plaything now. I want you to look into your reflection and know how far you've fallen in just a few

hours. When you woke up this morning, you were the king of this estate, but now you're dressed like a maid, a sissy maid who will do whatever he's told."

I couldn't do it. I didn't want to do it.

Yet I found my hands drifting back down to that spot. I lifted up my skirt, feeling the soft and light material. My heart pounded wildly in my chest as I pulled back the elastic of my panties. And there was my tiny cock. I started to stroke it again, touching myself.

"Look at that. You're so horny! I can tell you're desperate. Just go ahead, Ian. Come for me. Come for me like a good little slave sissy. That's right. You're my enslaved sissy, and you're going to come for me while I watch. Go ahead, Ian do it. Do it right now."

I kept expecting Brianna's words to turn me off, to help me calm down. Right then, that would have been a delicious kind of defiance, going soft while she watched.

But I couldn't do it. I kept touching myself, and my arousal soared through my body. It felt like an inferno, a storm of desires shooting through me.

A rush of satisfaction washed over me as I started to come into my panties. I couldn't believe it, but I was spurting into the soft silk. From one second to the next, I kept gripping my shaft, squeezing out every drop.

And when I finished, I could barely stand.

Honestly, I couldn't remember ever experiencing an orgasm quite so intense.

I closed my eyes, and I ignored the makeup. I forgot about everything.

Brianna touched my arm, and she guided me back to the bed. She pulled my arms over my head. For a moment, I was going to ask her what she was doing. I was going to tell her to stop, but she touched a finger to my mouth. "Remember, you still belong to me. You're still my toy, so you're going to do whatever I want. And right now, I just want to move you around like my doll."

With my brain flushed from arousal and satisfaction, I let her maneuver me on the bed. Brianna pulled my arms over my head, and then she spread my legs.

After a couple seconds, I felt the first strap slide over my wrist. My eyes fluttered open for just a second, but Brianna touched her palm to my forehead. "Settle down, sissy," she said to me.

Those words shouldn't have worked, but they did. I found myself

relaxing, closing my eyes once again. In the meantime, she strapped me down, tying my arms and legs into place. When she was done, Brianna straddled me. She gazed down at my helpless form.

"You've been a very good sissy," Brianna said. "It's almost like you were made for this."

"No, I—"

"You're being a good toy. Don't ruin it by doing something dumb like talking."

I closed my mouth, glaring at her.

"Good toy," she said when I didn't make another sound. She patted my cheek, running her fingernails down the side of my face. She was very gentle, making sure she didn't scratch me.

"You want me to wipe you off? It looks like you made a mess in your panties."

"Yes, please," I said.

She frowned for a moment, clearly annoyed that I spoke. Even so, Brianna got up off of the bed and she came back with a paper towel. She scrubbed me off, wiping away the semen from my cock and panties.

"You know, now that I did something for you, you're going to do something for me."

She hopped off of the bed, and she kicked off her shoes. She pulled away her tights, and her panties followed a moment later. Because I had just come, my cock wouldn't be able to harden for several minutes at least. Even so, I licked my lips, enjoying the sight of my wife. She was so gorgeous, and she had such a perfect body.

Brianna clambered back onto the bed.

"You're going to lick me like a good sissy slave," she commanded.

Without another word, Brianna moved forward, slowly lowering her pussy down against my mouth. Spread out and restrained, I really couldn't argue. There was nothing for me to do or say. I simply had to obey.

My tongue slid into her pussy, and I serviced her. Just a moment before, I had felt sluggish and awkward. But now, I lifted my face, stretching my neck as my tongue penetrated her opening.

Brianna was practically sitting on me, the heat of her body radiating down toward my cheeks. She braced her weight on her knees, and I could only lay there, knowing that I was helpless, trapped while she used me.

This woman had been my wife, but now she felt like someone else,

something else. I couldn't quite explain the transformation, but everything felt so different now. All the while, the flavor of her excitement ran along my tongue. She tasted good, and I scrunched my eyes shut, humiliated in my little maid uniform.

"Good toy," she said to me. "There is my good little toy with your busy little tongue. Yes, this is where you definitely belong. I should've done this to you years ago."

Her words dug down into me, but I didn't stop. On some level, I struggled against the restraints, pulling and tugging, but she had done a good job. The material kept me down on my back, helpless as I continued to lick and swipe my tongue from side to side, teasing her clitoris.

Brianna leaned forward, and she cried out, an orgasm rushing through her body.

Then she got up, and she walked back over to the middle of the room. She pulled on her tights and her socks and her panties. I could only watch.

"You're very good toy," she said, leaving the room.

With my lips wet from her juices, I could only wait for her to return.

Brianna and Ethan returned sometime later. When they sauntered into the room, I could only turn my head and struggle from side to side.

"Go ahead," Ethan said to my wife.

With a spring in her step, she hopped over to the bottom drawer again. But this time, she didn't take out some cruel paddle. No, she had something worse in mind.

Once she had it in her hand, she held the device up for me to see. My eyes locked onto it, and I started to shake my head. "No, not that. Please, don't make me wear that," I said, suddenly straining against my straps.

"What? Did you think I was joking about taking control of that little cock of yours?" Brianna asked with a smile. "And to prove that I am really serious, I want you to ask for this. Do it right now or Ethan here is going to drag you back to the company so that all of your former employees can see what's happened to you."

I snuck a glance at my former business partner, and my heart sank. He would do it. There was nothing in his body language or expression to indicate that he wouldn't.

Defeated, I looked up at my wife. "Please, put that cock lock on me. Please, make me wear a chastity belt."

"Only because you asked so nicely," she said, climbing back up onto the bed. She braced herself between my legs, and then she gave my thigh a little slap. Reluctantly, I lifted my buttocks off of the mattress. She looped the belt around my waist. After that, she slid my cock into the plastic cylinder. Now, my member was forced into a downward position. It wouldn't matter how excited or aroused I became. Until she let me out, I wouldn't be able to come.

That wasn't all. Brianna pulled out a small lock, and she clicked it into place, binding me into the chastity device. Belted and helpless, I could only watch as she pulled my panties back in place.

"There, there. Doesn't that feel better?"

"Brianna, please don't do this," I tried to beg.

She touched one finger to my mouth and shushed me. It was embarrassing. It was humiliating. My whole body seemed to glow with bright pink blush. Normally, I could be so stoic. I could approach any situation with nothing but reason and logic. But blackmailed and helpless, I didn't see any options.

"Now that you are finally starting to figure out how things are going to work," Ethan said, "Brianna here is going to assign you some duties."

"Duties?"

"That's right," he said, grabbing her and holding her close. Right away, I could tell that Brianna enjoyed his proximity, that she savored the solidity of his body. He was strong and muscled, a virile male. As I watched, he started to kiss the base of her neck. My wife began to moan.

This time, I couldn't help myself. I started to struggle against my straps, pulling and kicking. I tried to punch my way free, but I lacked the strength necessary to tear my way out of those bonds. They held me tight, and I could only squirm pathetically.

Ultimately helpless, I fell back, panting from my exertions.

"That's right. You can't get out of this. I own your company, just like I own your woman. Oh, and I own you too, don't I? It's a good thing Brianna here found a use for you. I'm going to enjoy watching you scrub my house."

"She's still my wife," I growled back at him.

"Is she now?" Ethan taunted. I never should have responded to him, but now that I had, he decided to shame me one more time. He wanted to show me who was really in charge here.

Ethan grabbed her skirt, and he pressed his fingers between her legs.

Right away, Brianna began to moan, the ecstasy flashing through her body. She closed her eyes, and her mouth opened.

She never made sounds like that for me.

"I'm going to take your woman, right here, right now. If she's still yours, just stop me." His fingers danced along her panties, pressing downward. Brianna started to shake, little shudders of delight coursing through her body. "That's right," he said to her. "Come for me. Come for a real man."

If Brianna disliked being treated like property, she didn't comment on it. She gave no sign that she resented any of this. If anything, she seemed like she finally found a place where she could genuinely belong, at the feet of someone bigger and stronger than me.

The best defiance would have been to close my eyes or pretend that I really didn't care. But then, my temper got the best of me, and I struggled even harder. I gave it everything I had, yanking and twisting against the straps. No matter how hard I tried, it didn't make any difference. My best efforts amounted to nothing because I wasn't strong enough.

Panting, I could only watch. Ethan pressed down one more time, and she doubled forward, the orgasm exploding through her.

"You two have fun now," Ethan said to my wife just as he gave her bottom a little slap. Then he left us alone.

"He was joking, right? You won't really expect me to work like this?"

"Of course," she said, "he wasn't joking. I've got you all dolled up, so you're going to behave like a good sissy. I want you to keep this house clean from now on. It's a very important job."

"Why are you letting this happen?"

Brianna started to release me from my straps. She started with my feet, and I imagined myself taking out her, doing anything to show my defiance. I wanted them to understand that they couldn't beat me. But that would just be a waste of time, and I still feared the possibility that they would actually ship me off to another country. Without any money or resources, I really wasn't special. I might be able to get back, but I definitely wouldn't be able to reclaim my company.

"I'm helping Ethan because it feels right," she said, whispering. Her eyes locked onto mine, and I saw a special kind of ferocity in her expression. "Ian, you have been a terrible husband, but now you're going to be good sissy. Yes, you are."

She pulled away the straps from my wrists, and then she grabbed the front of my dress. She grabbed me by my apron, dragging me from the bed.

We started in the kitchen, and she made me sweep the floors. After that, I had scrubbed them, all while she watched. To make sure I had enough incentive, she carried around the paddle. Each and every time I missed a spot or slowed down, she would pull me over her lap and spank me.

Then, I did the dishes. The same rules applied.

After that, we went into the living room where she watched as I dusted the paintings and books. Each time I had to get on my tippy toes, she would giggle, getting to see my panties. I settled into a simple rhythm, pretending to go along with this.

For the rest of the afternoon, I did whatever chores she could assign me.

Toward the end of the day, she decided to teach me how to cook. We started with the basics, and my horror only mounted because she expected this to continue.

And she wasn't wrong. This was the beginning of my new lifestyle.

For a full week, I stayed at the estate, never leaving the grounds. Part of me wanted to try to make a break for it. I kept thinking that I could flee. After all, the estate was big, but I could probably sprint across the yard and make it to the street.

But what then? I would still be dressed like a maid with my makeup done. No one would take me seriously. I looked like a young woman. Although I didn't like to think about it, whenever I passed my reflection, I found a girl staring back at me.

Brianna had done an excellent job. And each morning, she started to teach me to do my own makeup. I learned about foundation and matching colors. Although I hated these skills, it wasn't the worst of my confinement.

The clothes and makeup were degrading, but at least they were better than having to serve Ethan. He moved into my house, treating the place like it belonged to him. Each morning, I brought them breakfast. Occasionally, he would slap my ass, treating me like hired help.

It went beyond infuriating.

After breakfast, I had to clean the different rooms. She made me do it every day.

Every. Single. Day.

Again and again, I cleaned the same spaces. I scrubbed the toilets and

bathtubs. I swept, washed, and vacuumed the floors.

Of course, I could almost lose myself in the work, but there were moments when the other servants would check on my work. My estate covered several acres, so I could never maintain it all by myself.

Neither Brianna nor Ethan wanted to fire the other staff members. That meant I would routinely cross paths with the other maids and gardeners. Of course, Brianna and Ethan had told everyone about my situation. He said something along the lines of how I no longer wanted to be rich, that I wanted to truly understand the plight of the working poor.

They also told me that I was going to be treated like the lowest ranking staff member. That meant anyone and everyone there could correct my behavior.

On the first afternoon, no one wanted to risk genuinely punishing me. But as one day led into the next, those workers became more comfortable thinking of me as someone pathetic.

It was one of the maids, a girl named Ariana who walked by me. She startled me, and I dropped a cup while I was doing the dishes. She looked around, and I shook my head, but she decided that she was going to test my new situation. She sat down at the dining room table and she pointed to her lap. I knew what she expected of me, but I just shook my head pathetically, hoping that she would remember that I had been the one to hire her originally.

Actually, that wasn't true. Brianna gave her this job, so she really didn't have anything to fear from me.

The girl pointed to her lap again.

"You don't want me to tell your boss that you've been a bad servant, do you?" The maid let a little bit of extra emphasis slide into that one word. This girl had been my subordinate, someone I could have fired on a whim, yet I found myself shuffling forward, my high heels clicking against the floor.

Once I got close enough, the girl grabbed me. She yanked me forward, knocking me off balance. Before I knew it, I found myself spread across her lap. She smacked my ass. Again and again, she brought her hand down, and every stroke was loud enough to reverberate through much of the house.

At that moment, I didn't know if Brianna and Ethan were home. For all I knew, they were off in the bedroom, having wild sex.

Other employees started to show up. They heard the sounds of my spanking, and curiosity drew them. A couple of the men looked at me with nothing but derision and disdain. They couldn't understand how I had fallen so far. Frankly, neither could I.

Then there were the girls, pretty young women Brianna and I had hired. They giggled at me, looking at how pathetic I was, getting spanked by one of my maids.

"Now tell me thank you," my former employee demanded.

Inhaling, I held my breath for a moment, hoping that I wouldn't really have to do it. I kept expecting some solution to present itself. None did.

"Thank you. Thank you for spanking me."

After that, all of the employees enjoyed finding mistakes. They would notice little spots that I may have forgotten to dust or wash. Maybe they would try to sneak up on me to get me to drop something. And even if I didn't damage any of the property, they would still insist on spanking me.

Day after day, I had to endure this.

All the while, I stayed on the property, never leaving.

More than anything, my confinement terrified me. I started to wonder if this would begin to feel normal. After all, there were days when I would wake up at my small room and roll out of bed, only to start my makeup without any thought. I would just do it, and it would feel almost natural.

It was only after a few minutes that I would blink, looking at the young woman in the mirror and remember that I was supposed to be in charge of a massive company.

But then I would go back down the hall, wearing my white apron and black dress, and I would shiver with embarrassment every time I saw Brianna. Now, I would lock my eyes onto her glorious body, and my cock would twitch automatically. It would struggle against the confines of the chastity device. She never took it off of me. I had to wear it every single day, and the need to come only grew more intense.

Time started to lose any real meaning for me, at least until Brianna had me down on my knees servicing her. She was petting me, and then she said, in an almost offhand way, "Ian, I think it's important for you to see what Ethan has done with the company. Tomorrow, you're going to come to work with us."

My heart started to beat more quickly, but I was ecstatic. This would be my chance! If I got to work, then there would be people to talk to,

resources I could access.

It took all of my self-control to keep my features schooled. I had to appear completely neutral and detached, like this didn't mean anything to me.

Opening my eyes, I lifted my arms over my head, stretching. Brianna kept me in panties all the time. When I asked for an explanation, she had giggled something about how she thought I looked cute in them. Of course, the more I thought about it, the more I realized she just enjoyed having the symbol of power. She wanted me to feel weak and effeminate, like a sissy.

Today, I rolled out of bed, and I didn't go to the closet to pick out my dress and apron. No, my time as a maid had come to an end, at least for now. Instead, I walked over to the small chair and vanity to find another outfit waiting for me.

This was the day. I was going back to work. After having lost my company to my business partner and my wife, I was now going to return. It had been a little bit more than a week, so he couldn't have done that much damage.

Biting down to my lower lip, I found a note on the outfit.

It was written in Brianna's handwriting. My wife always wrote with such care.

*Sissy, put on these clothes. Today is going to be a big day. It is your first day back at work, so if you do a good job, I promise there will be a very special treat in it for you. But if you misbehave, we're not going to have any trouble punishing you for showing you off to your former employees.*

A shiver of dread ran down my spine. Yes, going back to work would be an opportunity, but it was a risk as well.

I set out each piece of clothing, and that sense of dread only increased. Brianna gave me clothes from work, and I should have been relieved that it wasn't another maid uniform. Instead, she had laid out a white, frilly blouse. She also gave me stockings and a pleated skirt. The skirt had to be the worst part because it seemed like something a schoolgirl might wear.

It didn't matter. Again and again, I told myself that it wouldn't make any difference.

When I went to the mirror, I tried to see myself as a strong man, someone who could take what he wanted. As hard as I tried, I couldn't quite succeed.

Knowing that Brianna would be in here to check on me soon, I started

to get dressed. I pulled on a fresh pair of panties, which reminded me of what else I wore. There was my cock, trapped in the chastity belt. For a moment, I wanted to try to tug on the device, to see if I could somehow find a way to get it off of me.

I wouldn't succeed. That much was already apparent. Swallowing back the desires at the base of my torso, I pulled on another pair of panties. This one was pink and frilly. It had a embroidered heart right over the bottom. Gritting my teeth, I tried to pretend it was something else. I couldn't think of anything else.

My heart started to beat a little bit more quickly as I pulled on the blouse. It was thick and white, but it still managed to cling to my frame. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I realized that I really did have an almost girlish figure.

Perhaps Brianna had already known this about me. Maybe she'd tailored these clothes just for me. In any case, I pulled them up, and then I had to go to the stockings. I rolled them on, one at a time, just as Brianna had taught me.

Then I slid into the skirt, hating the fact that it was shorter than the dresses I usually wore. This was going to feel especially embarrassing.

Once I had all of my office appropriate attire on, I sat down and I started to do my makeup. I went through the usual routine with foundation and blush and lipstick and eyeliner. When I was done, it felt like I wore a very thin mask. The weight was one more reminder of what Ethan and Brianna had done to me.

Just as I set down the last bottle, the door opened. Brianna sauntered inside and touched my chin, turning my head from one direction to the next.

"Stand up and do a little twirl for me," she commanded.

Exhaling with exasperation, I did exactly what she wished.

It was early in the morning, and I didn't want to risk another punishment. After all, in the bottom drawer of my dresser, she kept an arsenal of different implements of punishment.

I did a little twirl, and I could feel my hair actually rise up a little bit. Granted, it had only been a week, but Brianna came closer, and she ran her fingers through my hair. "Those special vitamins and we've been giving you are working out very nicely," she said.

Vitamins? What was she talking about? It didn't make any sense to me, yet I realized she was correct. My hair felt a lot longer than it should

have. Up until this point, I hadn't really noticed, but Brianna put her hand to the back of my neck, and she guided me to the vanity. She sat me down and picked up a brush.

Almost gently, she began to brush my hair. "You know, you're a lot better like this. I have so much more fun with you, knowing that you can't say no." Brianna may have started out as my trophy wife, but now she was something else entirely.

My owner? My mistress? Honestly, I didn't have the word to describe her. After all, she wasn't the owner of this estate. That honor fell to Ethan, the man who suborned my wife away from me.

She ran a brush through my hair for several minutes, and I found myself relaxing, although at that point when she took a pair of bolo hair ties from the vanity. She pulled one section of my hair into a narrow braid. Then she did the same on the other side, making sure to tighten them securely.

When she was with done my hair she then pulled my pigtails. I couldn't believe it. This shouldn't have been possible. Yes, they were short pigtails, but they were distinct nonetheless. No one would have any trouble seeing what this girl had done to me.

"There's my good little sissy husband," she whispered into my ear.

"Am I still your husband?"

"Of course you are," she told me with a little smirk. "Whether or not you believe me, I still love you. I just know what's best for you. Besides, I can care for you and want to have sex with a real man as well."

I opened my mouth, ready to argue with her, only she didn't give me the chance. Brianna put her hand on the back of my neck, and she guided me down to the floor. Then she lifted her skirt, and I knew what I had to do. Again and again, she had trained me for moments like this, instances where she desired the pleasure my tongue could give her.

Brianna had no problem treating me just like a sex toy. At that moment, I became nothing but her plaything.

She grabbed my pigtails and pulled my face forward. For just a moment, I considered all of the other young women throughout history who were in a position like this. Somehow, it didn't make me feel any better.

I serviced my wife, giving her everything she could desire. My tongue entered her pussy, and the flavor of her juices nearly overwhelmed me. I ran my tongue down and up, again and again. I flicked it from side to side, listening to the sounds of her growing desire.

Whenever I wasn't doing it right, Brianna had no problem jerking my head one way or the other. Those painful pulls on my pigtails reminded me of my status in that house. At one point, I had been the husband and master of this domain. Now I was little more than a diversion, her entertainment.

"There's my good little sissy," she said, just as I struck the right spot. Her words had turned breathy and uneven. "Yes, just like that. There's my good little sissy. If you keep this up, maybe I will let you come some day. Would you like that? Would you like to get your orgasm? Of course, you won't be able to have sex with me. No, that's not going to happen ever again."

I whimpered even as I continued to lick. She moaned again, savoring the sound of my subjugation, my perfect degradation.

"And you know, I think I should probably rename you at some point. I mean, you make such a pretty sissy. You look just like a little girl. So maybe a new name would definitely be in order," she said to me. She released one of my pigtails, and then she started to pat me on the back of my neck. It was just one more reminder of my place and of how she could do whatever she wished with me.

As she spoke, I didn't have a choice. I could whimper. Maybe I could moan, but I couldn't actually stop. With every second, I continued to service her, giving her the pleasure she demanded. Anything else would invite severe punishment.

And today I was going back to work, so I couldn't risk it.

Brianna finally came, howling with pleasure. For just a moment, she seemed more dictatorial than ever.

She released me, and I stumbled back. Doing my best to muster whatever dignity I could, I stood upright. With my hands held behind my back, I waited for her. Brianna pulled her panties back up, and then she smiled at me.

She walked over to me, touching her breasts to my chest. She whispered into my ear, "Ian, you did a very good job. Here's a taste of the treats you will get if you behave yourself for the rest of the day." Without warning, she lifted up my skirt, and she slid her hand down into my panties. My cock twitched at her proximity, my penis straining against the unyielding plastic.

Her fingers went lower, cupping my balls. She started to tease them, stroking the spot just beneath my scrotum. My eyes closed, and desire swirled through me. A storm of temptation raged hot at my core, and I

wanted an orgasm. I wanted it so badly.

"Please," I whispered, the ragged word dragged out.

"Be a good sissy," she said again. Then Brianna took my hand. I thought we were done, but she led me from the room. "Just because you're coming to work doesn't mean you don't have to make breakfast for us," Brianna said.

In the kitchen, I found Ethan sitting at the table, just as I had done many times before. He had a tablet computer out. He held it with one hand, scanning through various articles. In his other, he had a glass of orange juice.

When we entered, he glanced up, smiling at my wife. There was a look of lust on his face, one I couldn't pretend wasn't there.

"There's my girl," he said to Brianna. "And there's the sissy slave who couldn't keep his woman satisfied." He clicked his tongue and shook his head, mocking me with every syllable. "Why don't you make yourself useful, Ian, and make us some toast and bacon?"

"Yes, sir," I replied quickly, scampering back into the kitchen. I got to work right away, doing my best to concentrate on the tasks before me.

That worked for a few minutes, but then the temptation became too much, and I glanced over at the table. Yes, Ethan was still seated, but now Brianna straddled him. She was kissing him hard, and he had his hand between her legs.

He touched her until she climaxed. Then he nudged her back down onto the floor, and she scrambled to unzip his fly.

No not here, I thought. Please, don't make me watch this again.

Apparently, Ethan enjoyed having an audience. He liked making his former business partner—me—watch those moments when Brianna went down on him. She never would've done that for me, but he had her trained. He knew how to make her feel so much more compliant than I ever could.

My wife licked her lips, and once he presented his cock, she eagerly started to suck on his member. She bobbed her head down and up again, moving quickly. All the while, Ethan rested a patronizing hand on the back of her head. He guided her, setting the rhythm. She would do whatever he wished.

That was my wife right there, and I could only watch helplessly as she serviced another man. No, that wasn't entirely true. I didn't just watch. I had to make that man breakfast all while I was dressed as a secretary or assistant.

Doing my best to concentrate on my work, I couldn't help but catch those little glimpses of movement in the corners of my eyes.

For long minutes, Brianna continued to suck on his cock.

Then, I heard him growl, and he must've come. Even so, Brianna didn't stop. She swallowed down his ejaculate, guzzling it like some little slut.

When she finished, she finally pulled back. Then, I found myself standing before them. "Your breakfast is ready," I announced.

"Thank you," he said. "Feel free to service whenever you're ready."

Swallowing back my humiliation, I carried the place settings over to the table. I set them down and turned away. He then gave my ass and little smack. "You know, you really do look like some office girl. I'm sure lots of the guys at work are going to be interested in you. At least until they hear the truth."

My jaw dropped open, and I wanted to contradict him, telling him that no one would ever find out about this. After all, I didn't think anyone would recognize me at this point. I had on makeup and women's clothing.

That should have been enough to protect me. But what if he then decided to make an announcement? What if he decided to spread a couple of rumors or let this little detail slip? Ultimately, I couldn't do anything about it.

I stood off to the side, just like an unobtrusive servant while the master and mistress of the house finished their breakfast.

When they were done, I figured we were going to get into the car and head back to work. I had no idea what kind of duties I would be given, but as long as I had access to a computer, then I would get the opportunity to free myself. I just had to get back to my lawyer. Then he would be able to fix all of this.

Of course, as I stood there, there were moments when it almost felt easier to just embrace this. I could become a sissy servant, my wife's pet. She would have her lover, and maybe she would give me treats from time to time. Fighting and struggling to reclaim my empire seemed so hard.

Those thoughts kept rattling around my head, no matter how hard I tried to dislodge them. They just wouldn't go away.

Once Brianna and Ethan finished their breakfast, she came up to me. She held her hands behind her back. "This is going to be a very special reminder of where you belong," she told me, pulling a collar from behind her back. She slid it around my neck and locked it into place.

"What, what is this?"

"It's a collar," Ethan said derisively.

Brianna giggled at his tone. "The office is a pretty big place, so we need to make sure that you don't get lost. This is basically just a tracking device to make sure that you don't try to leave the building without permission."

"Is this really necessary?" I asked, keeping my voice low.

"I don't like your tone," Brianna responded, grabbing me and sending me over the kitchen table. She brought her hand down hard, harder than she ever spanked me before. The sounds clapped through the room, and I could only take it until she finished.

"No thank me," she commanded.

"Thank you, ma'am," I replied.

"There. Isn't it so much easier when you just do as you're told?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

With my bottom still stinging, we eventually went outside. He then decided to take one of my sports cars. Brianna had me get in the back of her vehicle. It wouldn't be long now before I faced the office.

Ethan got to the office first. He was already parked and headed up the elevator before Brianna and I even arrived.

Just as we parked, she glanced over her shoulder. "Don't worry. This is going to be easy as long as you behave. Just do as you're told and remember that you're the new girl." She giggled for a moment. "And since you're the new girl, you have to do what anyone tells you."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, bowing my head forward. Beneath the blushing foundation, my skin prickled with heat. This was beyond mortifying, but it was my only chance.

Brianna parked, and I got out, walking a few servile steps behind her. She sauntered into the elevator and moments later, we stepped out onto the main floor. We passed the main receptionist, and I glanced around, seeing all of my former employees.

It felt so strange to be here again, having once been able to give any order or command, knowing that my employees would obey. Now, this place belonged to Ethan. He had taken it from me, just as he had taken my wife.

I followed Brianna through the labyrinth of cubicles. My heart pounded wildly in my chest as I expected someone to recognize me. But at

that moment, everyone remained focused on their duties. The clattering of keyboards and the clicking of computer mice accented the murmur of various conversations.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Ian, I'm sure your new position is going to take some getting used to. So today, I got someone special to help you acclimate."

Brianna escorted me back toward one of the far walls. Set off in a corner, there was a small desk. I couldn't help but notice the conspicuous absence of a computer and telephone. "This is going to be your desk," my wife told me. "Like I said, you're going to be handling some very simple tasks today. You won't need a computer or phone." Her eyes glittered with amusement, probably because she could guess my thoughts. Disappointment glanced through me. I had been hoping that I would be allowed to use some of that equipment.

Footsteps caught my attention, and I glanced up in time to see my former secretary. Sabrina had on another one of those tight black dresses. It came with a Peter Pan collar made of some white cotton. Her angled features were pretty, and she stopped a few feet away, resting her hands on her hips.

"Brianna, when you said there were going to be some changes, I had no idea," Sabrina said, her eyes locked on me.

Blushing, I turned my gaze back down toward the floor.

"Sabrina, Ian here is going to need some help getting trained. From now on, he is only going to be a receptionist."

That was the first time Brianna actually used those words. I couldn't believe it, and I tried to stammer out a protest, but she held up her hand, one finger extended. That silenced me immediately, which only sent another burst of shame running through my body. It had only been a week, and yet I let her treat me like that. She talked down to me and she silenced me.

"Is this really Ian?"

"Yup," Brianna replied with that same smug grin.

"But he looks so girly!"

"Have a look for yourself. If you want, you can take a look under his skirt," Brianna offered, which only made me blush further.

Sabrina skipped forward, and she grabbed my skirt, pulling it up. Then, she yanked down my panties, and she found my cock trapped in its cage. Right away, my member tried to stiffen, but the plastic confines kept it trapped.

"I can't believe you used to be my boss," Sabrina said with a little shake of her head.

"Well, those days are long over. From now on, Ian here is going to be a receptionist at his company. Well, I should say it is not Ethan's company. Tell me, what do you think of your new boss?"

"He's very generous," Sabrina said, and I could tell that she had a little crush on Ethan. "He's kind and fair. It actually feels like he cares about his employees," she said, shooting me a scathing look.

"So for right now, just get acquainted. Teach him what his duties are going to be, and if anyone asks about this pretty girl, feel free to tell them the truth. Of course, if you want to hold it over his head, I don't mind either. Whatever you think will be most useful in training him."

With those words hanging on the air, Brianna left us alone. She sauntered off to go find Ethan. As I watched my wife leave, my whole body stiffened. Then Sabrina grabbed me, forcing me to face her.

"You know, I think we're going to need some private time in the conference room. I want you to go schedule it for me."

Refusing to yield, I stood my ground. Having Ethan and Brianna torment me had been one thing. Letting one of my employees do it was something entirely different, and I was not going to stand for this sort of treatment.

"Look, Sabrina, I don't know what they told you, but—"

She braced her hands on her hips. "Brianna told me all about how you signed over your entire company, how you don't have a single cent to your name. That's what she told me. And now, you're going to be an employee here, which means that you're going to do as you're told. And if you don't, I get to punish you."

This woman was younger than me, and she had achieved almost nothing. In fact, I only hired her in the first place because she sounded cute and like maybe she had potential. Now, I opened my mouth to speak again, but she grabbed me, pushing me up against the wall. Then she started to spank me.

Her hands came down several times, and the sound reverberated through our work area. I kept thinking that someone would come to check, but luck was on my side. No one seemed to notice that sound over the din of office work.

Besides, it only lasted a few seconds, but in the span of those

heartbeats, my breathing quickened, and my backside now stung.

"Do I make myself clear?" asked Sabrina.

"Yes, you make yourself clear."

"Is that how you answer a superior?"

Gritting my teeth, I said, "Yes, ma'am. You make yourself clear."

"Then I want you to come back to my desk so that I can show you something very important." She took my hand and practically dragged me back through the building until we came to that door which led to my former office. Now, I couldn't help but notice Ethan's name on the door.

Sabrina pointed down to the spot in front of her chair. It was under her desk, and I didn't understand, not until she grabbed me by my neck and pushed me down.

"I have some work to do, but while I'm doing it, you're going to service me," she said.

"No!"

"Do you need another spanking?" Just one question, that was all it took to remind me of how things now worked.

Humiliated and cowed, I dropped down onto my knees, and I took up that spot under her desk.

Sabrina glanced around once just to make sure that none of her male coworkers would notice. Then she pulled down her tights and her panties. She sat on the edge of her chair, keeping her legs nice and wide.

"You know, I saw that collar Brianna put on you. If you don't behave, I'll suggest that she add a leash. Good luck explaining that to everyone else at work." Then she started to giggle.

Understanding my limited options, I crawled forward and lifted my lips. I tried to think of this girl in the same terms as Brianna. But my wife was older and more experienced. She deserved my respect, while Sabrina had always been a subordinate.

I should have been on top of Sabrina, pounding her and showing her who was really in charge. But it didn't work that way, not anymore. I was now the office sissy, and I had a job to do. I put my face between her legs, and I started to lick her, using all the same techniques that pleased Brianna.

Unlike Brianna, Sabrina had little trouble concentrating. She typed away, responded to e-mails, and she answered the phone. She scheduled meetings, and I listened all the while, my tongue busily licking her clitoris.

"You know, I think Brianna should give you an official title here at

work. Receptionist is so bland, especially because I don't think you're going to be able to handle this kind of work. Maybe something like 'clit-licker' would be better for you. Would you like that? Would you like to be a little clit-licker?"

Shame burned through my whole body, especially because I couldn't respond. I whimpered, but Sabrina ignored the sounds I made, instead answering the phone as it started to ring again.

Eventually, she enjoyed her orgasm. Then she nudged me back, and I tried to crawl out from beneath her desk, but Sabrina just stuck a foot in my path, blocking me. So that was how things were going to go. I was going to stay under her desk, like some kind of plaything.

She kept me down there for an hour, on my knees, dressed like a receptionist.

After a while, she finally let me out. She held her hand under her desk, and I took it gratefully. Sabrina led me around the office, and she pretended like nothing strange at all had happened. In fact, she gave me the standard tour, talking to me as though I was just like any other new hire.

From the corners of my eyes, I couldn't help but catch sight of a few of the men. They glanced in my direction, a few smirking, a few waving.

"You know, there's a very good chance you're going to be popular here," Sabrina said. "You are so cute, after all."

"No," I replied wisely, unable to say anything else.

After the tour, Sabrina sat me down at my little desk. She gave me some basic proofreading to attend to. It was a letter from Ethan to our major investors. My heart beat more quickly as I read over the text. It was an announcement of my retirement. It didn't say anything about where I was going to go or what I was going to do, but I hated the idea that I was about to lose my company.

Worse, I hated the fact that they were making me help. I found two typos, and then I brought the letter back to Sabrina.

"Very good," she said, patronizing me. "Now, I want you back under my desk," she said with a cruel that wry grin.

I didn't respond right away, so Sabrina just grabbed me by my collar, and then she forced me down between her legs. I was hidden from view, but it wasn't long before she took out her pussy once again. The aroma of her excitement filled my senses as I began to lick at her. This was going to be my real job, I thought, servicing Ethan's employees.

When she finally finished with me, I couldn't help but ask. "Sabrina, why are you doing this to me?"

"You were a jerk as the boss," she snapped back. She rolled the chair a few inches away so she could look down at me. "Seriously, how much money did you make while you were here? Well, now you're going to get a taste of what it means to be at the bottom."

Then I remembered how she had asked for a raise, but I had turned her down. Although she had always been an exemplary employee, I didn't want to set a bad precedent.

I pursed my lips, feeling the makeup along my mouth.

Again, I had to stay under the desk for another hour.

Then Brianna came to get me.

"Guess what?" Brianna said as she guided me back toward one of the conference rooms. She opened the door and motioned for me to enter. Tentatively, I stepped into the room, immediately recalling all of the deals which had been negotiated here.

In this space, I had literally made millions of dollars, winning contracts and outmaneuvering so many different opponents.

Now my eyes immediately went to the front of the room where a metal bar had been installed. "What?" I asked, my voice shaking just a little bit. As hard as I tried, I couldn't hide my trepidation.

"Ethan and I are going to have some fun," she said, touching a fingernail to my cheek. "Sabrina told me about all of the great progress you're making, but I don't think you've been allowed to have enough fun yet."

I couldn't possibly guess what she meant, but then she tugged the bar across the room, past all of the chairs. Then she pushed me up against the wall, just beneath the metal bar. I can already guess what was going to happen, and the instinct to try to flee burned hot at my core.

If I left this room, she would simply call security, and they wouldn't be loyal to me. They would do whatever Ethan, their boss, wanted. That thought paralyzed me so she grabbed my wrists and pulled them over my head.

"Hold the bar," she commanded, and I did so.

Brianna reached into her purse, and she took out a pair of handcuffs.

"There's a good sissy," she said to me, snapping one cuff into place. Then she brought the metal chain over the bar and snapped the other metal

ring around my second wrist. Instinctively, I touched the mechanism, hoping to find the latch that would free me. No such luck, this pair wasn't a toy. It was locking, solid metal.

"You can struggle now," she told me.

Stepping back, Brianna looked a lot like an artist inspecting her work. She touched her finger to her chin. Then she nodded to herself, yet I just stood there, my arms trapped over my head.

"If you want your orgasm, you're going to have to cooperate," she told me.

My mouth went dry at the mention of a climax. In fact, it seemed as though my entire body tensed up. It had been such a long time since Brianna allowed me to come. Almost to prove her point, my wife sauntered over to me.

She lifted up my skirt, she pulled down my frilly panties, and then she unlocked the chastity device. She slid the cock lock off of my shaft and I got hard instantly.

"What, what you going to do?" I asked, my voice quivering. As much as I wanted to sound fearless, I was trapped in the conference room. I was helpless.

My wife ran her fingers along my chin, careful not to smear my makeup. Then she worked her way down toward my chest. She knew my body well, having been with me for several years. She found my right nipple, and then she grabbed it through the fabric of my blouse. She pinched and twisted, sending a mix of pleasure and pain running through me.

Brianna grinned at me impishly.

"We are going to have so much fun," she said. "All of this, this is just the beginning, Ian. You have no idea how far I want to take everything."

At that moment, I couldn't begin to guess what she was talking about. Did she mean the company? Did she mean her relationship with Ethan? Or did she have something even more sinister planned for me?

She slid her hand down the length of my torso, slipping her fingers beneath my skirt. With my panties pulled down halfway, she had easy access to my penis. She stroked me lightly, teasing my scrotum. Every little tickled sensation made me squirm from side to side.

Then I realized what she was doing. This was even more insidious than the chastity device. At least that thing kept my cock down. But now, I was fully erect and engorged, aroused beyond belief.

Except I still couldn't climax!

"Now you're starting to figure it out," she said to me. "Ian, I want you desperate. I want you to beg. I want you to fully understand your place and just how helpless you've become. You are a sissy, a slave, a pet. You belong to me and Ethan now, and you're going to service us and please us however we see fit."

Gritting my teeth, I tried to ignore the pleasure dancing through my skin. It wasn't enough to satisfy me, and I longed for her to give me what I truly craved. She didn't.

Instead, Brianna kept caressing me, stroking my shaft. She used gentle little touches, grazing her fingertips and nails along my sensitive skin. I squirmed even more, swaying my body from side to side. The handcuffs allowed for a great deal of movement, but Brianna had no problem pulling back. No, I wasn't going to get to climax, not until she allowed it.

At that moment, my body really did belong to her.

The door to the conference room opened, and Brianna skipped back. My wife held her hands at her sides, then she looked down at the floor.

Ethan strolled in, and he had on a tailored suit. He looked at the two of us, me restrained against the wall, my wife demure and servile.

"Is he ready for his lesson?"

"I think so," she said. This time, Brianna lifted her gaze to meet her lover's, and she was grinning.

"Did he need a spanking?" Ethan asked as he pulled off his coat.

Brianna started to unbutton her dress. As her fingers moved along those slivers of plastic, I realized what was going to happen. I was going to have to watch again. They were going to show me.

My eyes bounced from Brianna to Ethan and back again.

Layer by layer, they stripped down. In a matter of seconds, Brianna was down to her bra and panties. Then, she took off even those flimsy garments, showing off her breasts. When she shimmied out of her panties, I noticed she was shaved. My breath caught in my chest, especially because I had asked her to do that for me on many occasions.

Brianna always refused.

Now, she did it for Ethan.

Gritting my teeth, I tried not to feel humiliated. I tried not to think of how good he must've made her feel so that she would submit so completely.

Ethan stripped down as well, getting naked. He was already hard, and

the girth of his enormous cock made me blush again. My pathetic prick tented out my skirt—barely.

My former business partner strode across the room, grabbing Brianna. Right away, he started to kiss her hard, his hands on her ass. For just a moment, it seemed like my wife was struggling against his advances, like she wanted to free herself.

But those struggles didn't last long, and then she relaxed, surrendering to everything he wanted. She kissed him back, their bodies melting against one another.

They kissed like that for several seconds, and I tried not to let this image feed into my arousal. In theory, I could have closed my eyes and looked away. But something primal forced me to watch. As hard as I tried to resist it, I couldn't help myself.

Ethan grabbed my wife and lifted her up onto the conference table. She shimmied back, almost as though she were retreating. He climbed onto the table as well, and I knew that every time I came back in this room, I would think of this moment. No matter what else happened here, I would remember how my partner stole my wife from me.

Her fingernails scratched along his back. For several seconds, they seemed to wrestle, struggling to determine who would end up on top. Obviously, it was going to be Ethan. He was bigger and stronger than Brianna, yet she put up a good fight.

Then, he had her pinned, and he grabbed her wrists, forcing them over her head. From my vantage, I could see the way her breasts rose and fell with every frenzied breath. He kissed her, pillaging her lips for several seconds. Then he pulled back, moving down toward her breasts. He nipped at one pleasure bud, then the other.

Her eyes must've blazed with fury because she earned another kiss. Then her eyes closed, and she started to moan all over again.

No, I couldn't watch this. I had to show them that they weren't going to be able to train me. I was going to get myself out of this situation, somehow. At first, I just wiggled against my handcuffs, doing my best to slip my hands free.

When that wasn't good enough, I dropped my weight down against the metal bar, hoping to tear it from the wall. No, that didn't work either, and a blaze of frustration lanced through me. I was seeing red, even as my wife and business partner continued to wrestle like predators.

I threw my weight from side to side, helpless.

But then she spread her legs, and he pushed his cock deep into her wet opening. Now, I really couldn't tear my eyes away as he began to pump her.

Every thrust made her moan. Each time he pulled back, she cried out again, reveling in the friction from the heat of their bodies.

He kissed her hard once again. Then, I heard her come. I could tell from the cry of exultation.

"Yes, more! Please, please give me more!" Normally, Brianna could be so dignified and restrained. She was the kind of woman who could get whatever she wished through simple self-control. But at that moment, he turned her into something else, unleashing her most basic instincts.

"You belong to me now, don't you?" Ethan demanded.

"Yes, yes sir!" She sounded so servile, like his pet, his plaything. Part of me couldn't really believe it, yet there was the evidence right in front of me.

She stared up at the ceiling, unseeing as the sensations roiled through her body. He pumped her harder and faster, taking anything and everything he wanted from her. At that moment, she really did belong to him in a way that demonstrated how she had never been mine.

He pushed harder, coming. He growled ferociously, and my wife cried out, a keening wail that belied the pleasure exploding inside of her.

They finished, and he pulled back.

My cock was dripping with excitement, and I couldn't remember having ever been so hard. Despite despair roiling through me, I slumped forward, panting almost as though I had been allowed to climax too.

Ethan pulled on his clothing, but Brianna got up.

"It seems that I need someone to lick me," she said, her voice just a little bit distant from her exertions. Her skin was damp with perspiration, and her hair had gotten messed up. Even so, she still looked so gorgeous.

"Please, will you let me do it?" I was asking for permission to lick another man's ejaculate from her pussy, but I didn't care. I couldn't bring myself to worry about such niceties.

"I think you're going to have to ask Ethan for that particular privilege," she said with another grin.

Shame lanced through me, but I did it. With my face directed toward the table, I asked Ethan, "Sir, may I lick out her pussy?"

"You may, but only after you clean me off first," he said.

I couldn't believe it, but Brianna removed my handcuffs, and I dropped down onto my hands and knees. For just a moment, I wanted to run for the exit. If not that, then I wanted to grab my shaft and squeeze. That was probably all it would have taken to get an orgasm.

But after a week of serving these people, I couldn't bring myself to disobey.

Then I didn't get a choice. Brianna came up behind me, grabbing my wrists and pushing me.

"You can move on your knees," she said.

To aid me, she grabbed one of my pig tails and guided me along the floor. I moved from one moment to the next, every stride another reminder of my humiliating demotion. This building used to belong to me. Now it belonged to Ethan.

Although he had just enjoyed sex with my wife, his shaft remained firm and upright. It was wet with her juices.

"Clean him off, sissy. Prove that you're useful," Brianna said to me.

I closed my eyes for just a moment before I opened my mouth, and he even helped, grabbing my pigtails. He practically yanked me forward, and suddenly I have his shaft in my mouth. Angry humiliation flared through me, but I couldn't stop.

He guided me, working me. I licked away every drop, and he stayed hard as he used my mouth.

"My turn," Brianna announced several seconds later, just as Ethan released me.

She sat down and spread her legs. This time, she didn't help me, so I had to awkwardly make my way back to her, moving on my knees.

"I really like you like this," she said. "You should always be below my waist."

Then she took my pigtails, pulling my face between her legs. I licked at her, tasting the compound of her juices and Ethan's seed. Just like before, I swallowed down every drop, loathing how far I've fallen.

"There's my good little sissy," she said to me. "Yes, you like this. You like knowing that you're serving your owners. You like knowing that you're not going to have to worry about anything important anymore. Obviously, a company was too much for you. That's why you wanted to retire in the first place. Well, here's your retirement."

Seething, I kept licking her, flicking my tongue up and down from

side to side. I gave her everything she wanted, and it wasn't long before I felt her squeeze against my cheek. Then she nudged me back.

Still braced on my knees, I stared up at her.

"Very nicely done," Ethan said, mocking me with his praise.

"You think he deserves an orgasm?"

"Considering what we have planned next, it probably wouldn't be a bad idea. But the sissy will have to clean it up. I don't want anyone messing up my conference room," Ethan said sternly.

I didn't understand what was going on, but Brianna unlocked my handcuffs. She still hadn't given me permission to touch myself, so I simply stayed there, gripping my hands behind my back. I held on so tight that I imagined my skin turning white.

In the meantime, my captors got dressed.

Ethan stood back, his arms crossed over his chest. I had just licked his cock. I couldn't imagine a more subservient gesture on my part. When he looked at me, his expression gave off nothing but disdain. Yes, I'd been smart enough to build this company, yet I hadn't been enough of a man to protect it.

"Get up on the conference table," Brianna ordered.

They had something planned for me, but I couldn't guess exactly what it was going to be. I climbed onto one of the chairs, and then she pushed me up, keeping me stable because my hands were still behind my back.

"You aren't allowed to touch yourself. This doesn't belong to you anymore," Brianna said, lifting my skirt and gripping my cock.

"No, ma'am," I replied obediently.

"Who does it belong to?"

"It belongs to you," I replied, earning my reward.

Brianna started to squeeze my shaft, gently working her hand forward and back. Right away, I could feel the flurry of desire shoot through me. It felt like a hurricane, like a tornado.

Even so, I tried to hold out, knowing that I might not be allowed to climax for a long, long time. She could keep me in that chastity device for days or weeks or months. All the while, I had to enjoy myself now.

She squeezed a little bit more firmly, using just one hand at first. But after a few seconds, she reached around, cupping my balls in her other palm. She tickled the soft spot just beneath my scrotum, and I began to moan.

Shutting my eyes, I forgot all about how they had turned me into a sissy boy. I forgot about how I lost my company, only to take a new position

as a receptionist, now below my former secretary.

All of those details faded away as she gave me so much pleasure.

Then I started to come, the spurts shooting across the table. They must've lanced four or five feet. She squeezed harder and harder, getting out every last drop.

And when she was done, Brianna grabbed my pigtail, forcing my head down. "Now, you're going to clean it up like a good sissy." Before I could ask how she intended for me to do that, she giggled. "You're going to lick it up."

Disgust blasted through my chest, I opened my eyes, and I shook my head. No, she couldn't be serious.

"You can do it right now in private," Ethan said, "or I can bring in a few of the girls to watch you do it."

Crimson blush rushed along my features, even brighter than the makeup Brianna forced me to wear every morning.

My captors watched as I maneuvered along the table, licking up my semen.

"Get every single drop," Ethan said.

Once I finished in the conference room, Brianna took me back to Sabrina. The two women chatted about my progress, discussing the best ways to make sure I could contribute to the company. Of course, they didn't talk about how I'd already developed the software and various technologies which gave everyone here a job.

No, from now on, I was only going to be a receptionist, the lowest of the low. Everyone else here outranked me, and it didn't matter what kind of job I did. If I failed at a task, I would be punished. If I succeeded, I might still be punished.

Sabrina kept me under her desk again. She loved having me lick her clitoris.

But then I heard her chuckling, right after she received an e-mail.

Then she brought me out from beneath the desk, and I could immediately tell something had happened. All of the employees were moving around, heading toward Ethan's office.

For the first time, I could look out and see the faces of all of the people who once worked for me. Now they were my superiors, each and every one authorized to spank me or worse.

After everyone gathered, Ethan stepped out of his office. "For the last week or so, things have been a little bit different around here. I'm sure you've noticed that Ian hasn't been around."

At those words, I tried to step back, to be as inconspicuous as possible. My efforts didn't amount to much, not when Sabrina grabbed my arm and held me in place.

"Things are about to change for the better. You see, Ian has decided to retire from his post as leader. But don't worry, you're still going to see him around. From now on, Ian is going to be our office sissy."

My eyes widened, and I immediately started to shake my head from side to side. But that was a mistake because it only drew attention in my direction.

People stepped back, and I could see the revelations spread across their features. They were starting to figure out exactly who I was. A moment later, Ethan shattered the last of the mystery.

"This," he said, motioning toward me.

Several people stepped away even as murmurs began to fill the air. People were talking, trying to figure out if it could possibly be true. I heard a couple of people say it wasn't possible. But then there are others who started to nod along, clearly noticing some of my masculine features.

"Ian was a decent boss, but I think he's going to be a much better receptionist. From now on, he will do whatever he is told. And if he fails to obey, just come to me. He is the office sissy from now on, so if you have any cleaning you want done or if you need some coffee, just ask him. He's going to be happy to serve you and service you in any way you like," Ethan said, letting the words sink in.

Slowly, my former employees began to smile, each and every one of them thinking about how they were going to use me...

**The End**