

The Pack



**Michelle
Means**

The Pack
Michelle Means

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED: No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser. Your non-refundable purchase allows you to one legal copy of this work for your own personal use. You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and copyright owner of this book. This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload, or for a fee. Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. Publisher's Note: This is a work of fiction. All characters, places, businesses, and incidents are from the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual places, people, or events is purely coincidental. Any trademarks mentioned herein are not authorized by the trademark owners and do not in any way mean the work is sponsored by or associated with the trademark owners. Any trademarks used are specifically in a descriptive capacity. All characters should be assumed to be consenting adults over the age of 18. The cover model is also over the age of 18. **Cover via Shutterstock.**

This work is a fantasy. It is not real; it is not non-fiction. Consent should always be included in all real-world activities. This story does not represent real world activities. First Edition: ©2022

The Pack

Their sneakers hit the grass and concrete in a quick rhythm as they jogged across campus. Early morning light cut between the tree branches, spreading intricate patterns like spider webs against the ground in hues of gold and yellow against gray. Together, the four girls darted between the buildings and jogged along the asphalt paths. It was early in the morning, before any of the classes started, so they didn't see many people. In a couple of hours, these walkways would be clogged with hundreds of freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors, graduate students and teachers as they shuffled from one classroom to the next.

For now, everything was quiet and mostly peaceful.

Still, there were a couple of guys on campus who got there early. Maybe they needed to print something up in a computer lab, or perhaps they hoped to get an early start on some reading or writing an essay. Those guys turned, and they watched the group of girls as they jogged past.

The girls were gorgeous. As a pack, they moved with sleek grace as they hopped from one strike to the next. All four girls had their hair tied back into simple ponytails that swayed from side to side. Two of them, Sidney and Jazmine, both had dark brown hair. Alyssa was blonde; she was also the smallest of the group with a narrow waist and a very petite build. The fourth girl, Cheyenne, was tall and lean. Maybe she wasn't muscled like some of the other student-athletes at the college, but she exuded this potent sense of confidence. Even now, despite the fatigue building in her arms and legs, plus the breathless weight pushing against her chest, she still managed to lead.

"Break," Alyssa called out with one quick gasp.

In sync, the four girls slowed down. They didn't stop, but they braced their hands against their hips and continued to walk the circuit around the campus. By now, their bodies radiated heat, so the cold couldn't touch them.

"Two minutes," Cheyenne announced to her friends.

They had only been running together for a couple of weeks, but it felt amazing. There was something spectacular about joining

up in the morning, feeling exhausted and sleepy and getting dressed. All four girls had on tank tops and sports bras underneath. Their shorts were loose but revealed the long, perfect contours and curves of their toned legs.

Right then, one guy was heading in the opposite direction, off toward the library, and he was doing his best not to stare. Cheyenne couldn't help but grin. After all, he wasn't just trying not to stare. This random guy, maybe a freshman or sophomore, sensed something else. These girls were a pack; they ran together like wolves. On their own, maybe they could be vulnerable. But as a group? They were unstoppable.

It was their physicality; it was their intellect. Combined, these girls worked together in a way many of the boys at this campus couldn't comprehend. Some of the males may have understood it, like they realized they were outnumbered. At a party, maybe these boys would saunter around as they held a red, plastic cup filled with amber beer. They'd get drunk or tipsy and work so hard to come up with some stupid pickup line. A few of the guys might be romantics. Most of them just needed to hook up. In any case, these boys could unconsciously enjoy this sense of power, this sense of superiority. Maybe it was some kind of evolutionary drive or simple male privilege. In any case, they embraced that sense of confidence.

Somehow, they couldn't maintain that same pride or cocky swagger when those boys faced these four girls. They moved like a pack, so it was clear they would work together and defend one another. No boy could stand up to them.

Of course, Cheyenne was still itching to test that theory. These girls had talked about it once or twice, late at night. It would be after a movie or right as the night was coming to an end.

Cheyenne met that boy's gaze, and he quickly found something interesting to stare at along the ground in front of him. Normally, he would have barely been able to control himself. If he saw some hot girl jogging along the side of the road, he would have let his eyes roam along her body. He would have studied her sneakers, the thin lines of her socks, the perfect curvature of her legs, the flat lines of her stomach, the contours of her breasts, and the way her hair bounced back and forth with every stride. But this

time, he sensed something else, and Cheyenne could read him. She stared back at him, practically daring him to meet her gaze, only he couldn't do it.

Perfect.

When she first came to the school, Cheyenne hadn't known precisely what to expect. She considered herself to be fairly introspective. In high school, that meant being "the quiet one". But now that she was at a university, she had decided she didn't want to hang out in the background. When it came to her first day on campus, she and all of the other freshman had been nervously unpacking. The RAs were helping the students find of their rooms and get unpacked, but Cheyenne decided she wanted to be bold. She walked through the dorms, randomly knocked on doors and called out to some of the other girls on her floor, "Hey, I'm going to go to the Student Center to explore and maybe get some pizza. Want to join me?"

Sidney, Jazmine, and Alyssa had all said yes.

"Let's go," Cheyenne announced. They had walked long enough. It was time to run.

The girls jumped forward, and they darted ahead, rushing between the huge glass edifice of the geology building and the rainbow-paneled sides of the art department.

"Oh, crap."

Cheyenne glanced over her shoulder. She peered back, and she saw Alyssa. The short blonde was staring off to the side, her eyes wide.

A second later, Cheyenne followed her gaze, and they both saw a boy.

"It's him," Alyssa whispered. Normally, these girls moved together, but the blonde slowed to a stop like she couldn't remember how to run. The other girls doubled back.

"What is it?" Cheyenne asked. "What's going on?"

"That's *him*," Alyssa spat the pronoun as her eyes narrowed.

Cheyenne, the leader of their pack, started to wonder all at once if maybe this would be the perfect opportunity. They had talked about it in daring whispers. They had even made the purchases...this might be it. It might be time...When Cheyenne glanced at her other

friends, she saw this first the sparks of interest in Sidney and Jazmine's eyes as well.

Yes, it was finally time for the pack to hunt.

Connor had his eyes aimed it down in front of him. It was early, he was still pretty tired, and he had class in a couple of hours, but he was determined to do well in his Spanish class. That's why he was running through those basic conjugations. *Yo soy. Yo soy. Yo soy.* As an engineering student, he preferred the clean simplicity of math or the underlying reality of mechanics. When he designed a project, he understood how there were physical variables. Sure, he may not have been able to account for every single detail, but at least there were underlying truths.

With language? It all felt so *fuzzy*, like someone had just put together an arbitrary system. Sometimes, he and his friends joked about wanting to create a perfect, artificial language, one that would be easy and logically consistent.

But for the time being, he just needed to get through school. That meant surviving his general education requirements, his core classes, and an internship.

"Connor," someone called out to him.

Torn from his reverie, he glanced up. Four girls were walking toward him. One wore bright pink shorts that barely reached a quarter of the way down her thighs. Her snug tank top highlighted her best features. He didn't know this girl, but then he glanced back at some of her friends.

Why were there four girls walking toward him?

The moisture drained away from his mouth. Sure, he could get nervous around other girls, but this was different. His pulse, unnoticed just a few minutes before, pattered faster. Not only that, Connor actually glanced from side to side like he was seeking some escape route.

"Are you talking to me?" Connor asked, only then he noticed one of her friends.

Alyssa Montgomery. He remembered that first time he saw her. He thought she was really hot. No, she didn't have massive breasts, but there was something about the shape of her cheeks, the

full richness of her lips, and the way she pouted. They had gone to the same high school, only they didn't meet until senior year. They'd been taking an AP history class together, and the teacher was asking some random, abstract question about the nature of cause and effect in the relationship with social development or something. Alyssa had tentatively raised her hand, and she started speaking.

Her idea had been wrong, so Connor corrected her.

He still remembered the way that vibrant blush had flooded her cheeks.

Later on, she had decided she wanted to argue with him. Over the course of that academic year, they had butted heads again and again. If he made a point, then she had to disagree. For the most part, he had been amused by their little competition, but now he was seeing her here again, and she looked incredible, especially with that hint of sweat along her brow, plus she looked even more amazing in those tight little shorts and that tank top.

Only now, another girl stepped right in front of him. She was taller than Alyssa by several inches, and she had her hands on her hips. "Hello, Connor," she said.

He tried to take a step back, only then he realized the other two girls had circled around him. They had their arms crossed over their chests, and he experienced this weird flutter of nervous energy through his body. Normally, whenever he met up with girls—especially on campus—he knew he needed to be careful. Young women could be skittish, like they were all worried about getting mugged or whatever.

These girls clearly didn't have that problem.

"Can I help you?" Connor asked.

"Actually, you can," said the taller girl. "You know Alyssa, right?"

"Yeah," he said. "We went to the same school." The answer was easy enough, but his voice still echoed with uncertainty.

"Well, my name is Cheyenne, that's Sidney, and that's Jazmine."

The boy glanced at the other girls, and he was about to raise his hand and say hello, but Cheyenne cut him off before he had the chance. "Well, Alyssa was telling us about you to our friends, and we

were wondering if you wanted to come back with us to our dorm. We could hang out...and maybe you and Alyssa could catch up?"

He glanced back at the petite blonde. Really? She wanted to "catch up"?

"Really?"

Alyssa stepped forward. She glanced over at her friends for support, but then something seemed to come over her. Her features shifted slightly, like she decided in this moment that she was going to discard the nervous flutter in her stomach. She wouldn't let her anxiety get the best of her, not this time. She had her friends there, and these four girls could do anything.

"Yes," she said. "Besides, I did you have never seen any of the girls' dorm rooms. Aren't you curious?"

He was. And yet, he still needed to study those verbs and conjugations. He also had a long list of vocabulary which he needed to memorize. "You know, I don't think that'd be a good idea," he finally decided. "But maybe we can catch up later?"

He started to take a step forward, but all four girls stepped in front of him. They formed a human wall, and Cheyenne cocked her head to the side. She leaned forward and very carefully whispered, "I don't think you want to do that. I mean, it would really suck if you got beaten up by a bunch of girls, don't you think? Besides, Alyssa really, *really* wants to spend some time with you."

His lips parted as his jaw fell open, and he glanced over at the other girls. He was waiting for some kind of confirmation, only Alyssa reached out and grabbed him by his hand, "Please?"

Wait, he had to wonder. Had the other girls heard Cheyenne's threat? Didn't they know what she had just said?

In that moment, he should have pulled away, stumbled back, and maybe even turned and ran. He could have discarded his backpack and slashed his fingertips through the air as he sprinted away as fast as he could. And yet, there was something that held him back.

Would he be the guy who tried to run away from a bunch of *girls*?

Silently refusing to look back at Cheyenne, he instead concentrated on Alyssa. He pictured what it would be like to go into

her bedroom with her, to lean down, to kiss her. He could pick her up, throw her down onto the mattress, climb on top of her, and peel away that tight little tank top. He would get to stroke her flanks, to run his hands along her torso. These girls could make their little threats, but he was a man. If he could get her alone, he could take control.

As his shaft hardened, Connor knew he had already made his decision. If nothing else, this would be a story to tell his friends, right?

He had no idea.

With every step, he tried to shake the sense that he had been taken as a prisoner. The coeds seemed to have separated. Jazmine and Sidney were walking behind him, and he could pick up on the sounds of their giggled whispers. He strained hard to hear what they were saying. To his right, Alyssa walked beside him. Again and again, he tried to imagine what would happen if he ran. If he just turned to the side and pivoted into a sprint, what they chase him?

No, of course not. That was ridiculous.

And yet, he couldn't shake the feeling...

Cheyenne walked ahead of him, each step poised and confident.

They headed over to Osmond Hall. He had never been in here before. It was quieter than he expected, and they took the elevator up to the third floor. Once there, the girls seemed to crowd around him. Again and again, Connor tried to think of what he should do or say, only his voice completely failed him. As hard as he tried, he couldn't determine which questions he should ask. After all, he still didn't understand what was going on, not exactly.

That's why he tried to think about this as a new experience. It was college. He was supposed to mess around. Besides, he didn't get many chances like this. If he had run off and decided to study for his Spanish midterm instead, would he regret it?

Absolutely.

The elevator doors opened with a *ding*, revealing a long hall. There were several girls already out and chatting. They were dressed in simple jeans or sweatpants. They glanced up, and one of

them actually looked nervous, like she hadn't expected to see a boy here.

"This is okay?" Connor asked. "I don't want to break any rules."

"It's fine," Cheyenne promised him. At the same time, she reached out and grabbed him by his forearm. Alyssa did the same. Her fingers were stronger and tighter against his arms than he would have expected. Still, they were just guiding him forward. This wasn't a big deal, he told himself. Maybe at the back of his mind, deep down in the primitive meat of his brain, some troglodyte instinct woke up, but he ignored it. Again and again, he told himself that this was a dorm. He was on campus.

Besides, he was a guy. What was a group of girls going to do to him?

They brought him over to one of the doors, opened it, and nudged him inside.

For the most part, it was what he would have expected; there was only one poster on the wall, two small desks, and a pair of twin beds. He was surprised by the bedposts, but the dressers also made sense. The girls had only moved in a little while ago, so now they were trying to figure out how they should decorate to make this space theirs.

Alyssa stood in front of him, and she put her hands on his shoulders. She looked up at him. "I want you to know I've been thinking about this for a long time."

"Close your eyes," Cheyenne said.

In that moment, Connor forgot all about Jazmine and Sidney. Maybe the other girls were waiting out the hall?

Who cared?

He had Alyssa here along with her friend. Holy crap, was this going to be a threesome? When reading about college life, he had wandered a couple of different forums online, and most of the posts were pretty much what he expected. There were laments about dorm cafeterias, reminders to read the professor reviews, and general comments about how student should try to keep an open mind when it came to their classes. After all, someone might show up to a university thinking she wanted to be a doctor, only to fall in love with

social work or art history. Peppered and with these general piece of advice, there were one or two moments where guys bragged about getting to have these wild nights or encounters with some of the girls on campus, many of whom were determined to "experiment".

Was that happening here? Was he about to hook up with Cheyenne *and* Alyssa?

Back in high school, he had never really respected Alyssa. She was too cute and pretty to really be smart.

Except now she was right there in front of him, and that's when she reached up for the edge of his T-shirt. She grabbed the bottom of his top, and she lifted it up. He raised his arms, and soon he was bare from his shorts up to his shoulders.

"Not bad," Cheyenne said with a satisfied nod. She stepped behind him, and she brushed her fingers down along his short cropped hair to the nape of his neck, then down along his shoulders. It felt incredible. At this point, he had only ever been with one person, his girlfriend back in high school, but they had broken up. Trying to stay together when they were both headed off to different colleges seemed like a waste of time.

Now he was really, really grateful for that decision.

"Lay down," Cheyenne instructed. Unlike Alyssa, she didn't need to get up onto the tips of her toes in order to whisper something into his ear.

In the next moment, the small blonde pushed against his chest, and he allowed himself to fall against her bed.

"What is this? What are we doing exactly?"

"Well," Cheyenne purred, "My friends and I have been talking about what we want to do with our college careers. And now, with your help, we're going to do something new and different, something completely amazing."

He was braced on his elbows. Half-naked, he knew he'd get in trouble if any of the resident advisers found him here, but he couldn't worry about that. His heart was pounding faster, and now both girls glanced down at his crotch. They could see the outline of his erection.

"This is going to be wonderful," Alyssa promised with a quick nod like she wasn't entirely certain, but she wouldn't back down

either.

Cheyenne turned away, opened a drawer, and she came back. "I want to use these on you," she said as she held up several different scarves. They looked soft; each one shimmered. They were all the same shade of hot, neon pink.

Connor couldn't bring himself to answer, especially because Alyssa had just pulled herself up onto the mattress as well. "What? You want to blindfold me?" He glanced at the girls like they had to be joking.

"Exactly," she said. "That's how we'll start."

Cheyenne didn't give him the opportunity to argue. Instead, she pulled herself up onto the mattress. With Alyssa down near his feet and this other girl placed above him, he found himself looking up toward the young women. Another wave of nervous energy roiled through his body, but she lifted the first scarf, and she drew it down around his face. Soon, she completely covered his eyes.

He had expected some half-assed attempt, like she wouldn't *actually* know what she was doing, only then she tugged the scarf tighter, and now he could feel that bow at the back of his skull. Everything became black!

Alyssa stripped him; she started with his shoes, yanking them off. His socks followed. From there, she moved her hands up his legs, and then she unbuttoned his shorts. She pulled them down as well, stripping him. He wore nothing but his boxers now.

Before he could say anything, she started to touch him. With only the soft fabric of his underwear between her fingers and his length, she stroked the outline of his shaft. She toyed with his manhood, sending spurts of arousal running through his body.

He started to squirm, but while she touched him, he couldn't think about anything else. It was amazing!

Beyond the blackness of the blindfold, Cheyenne and Alyssa looked back and forth at one another. Alyssa was pleasuring him, but there was that anxious expression on her face; they had never done anything like this before. Sure, she had touched two of her boyfriends back in high school, but it hadn't been like this. She never had a plan. Besides, she really liked those boys. When they snuck

off to kiss and play around, she had never wanted to punish either of them.

It was different with Connor.

Very different.

Her hands moved along the outline of his erection as she listened to him grunt and growl.

Cheyenne grabbed his right hand and pulled his wrist toward the corner of the bed. At this point, he hardly noticed. That gorgeous, dark-haired girl grinned and shook her head. She knew that, in some ways, boys could be so predictable. He was getting touched, so he got dumb. As long as he stayed hard, he wouldn't be able to think clearly.

Perfect.

Didn't he understand what was going on? Couldn't he comprehend the kind of danger he was in? Even after she had finished tying his first arm to the corner of the bed, he didn't yank away. Instead, he arched his back, lifted his chest, and raised his chin. He was panting, all because a cute blonde was touching him and stroking him.

Boys. They could be so incredibly silly sometimes.

For his part, Connor still couldn't contemplate what was going on or what it might mean. He only knew that he had one arm raised, and now another soft touch lifted his left limb up toward the other corner of the bed. As Alyssa played with his shaft, he squirmed desperately. By now, droplets of pre-come had soaked into his underwear, but he couldn't care about that. Instead, he embraced the sensations.

He bucked his hips up like he just wanted to rub his cock against her hands.

His breathing came faster, and maybe he should have been begging. As his heart hammered away in his chest, he needed to say something, to do something, but she kept playing with him! The arousal pulsed through his body, becoming more and more powerful. The intensity increased, warping his perception of time, his understanding of reality. Pretty soon, there was nothing but that pleasure, but anticipation, that wild need. It gripped his body and swept away every other thought and priority.

That made it very, very easy for Cheyenne to finish tying him down.

"You can stop," Cheyenne told her friend.

"Wait, what?" Desperately, like a dumb beast, he finally seemed to comprehend that something was wrong.

"Ladies, you can come in here now," Cheyenne called out to her friends.

A second later, both Jazmine and Sidney entered the room.

Close to hyperventilating now, he distantly heard the sound of the door opening and closing, yet he didn't care. Instead, he felt it as Alyssa finally pulled down his boxers, freeing his shaft.

"What, what's going on?"

"Alyssa, would you like to do the honors?" Cheyenne asked.

Connor still wanted to turn his head and look around. He needed to understand what was happening. And yet, Alyssa's soft voice hit the air, freezing in place, "Do know how you made me feel?"

"What?" Connor breathed out. Despite his best efforts, he couldn't articulate himself any better than that.

"When we had that history class together, I was really excited. I was looking forward to that class. History is my favorite subjects. But what did you do? Every time I said almost anything, you had to argue with me. You belittled me. You insulted me."

"I..." Connor still couldn't think, not with his cock throbbing for attention.

Alyssa spoke over him anyway, "I didn't know what I would be able to do. Honestly, I don't think revenge would ever really be an option. Revenge? It sounds so old, like something from ancient history. But now, I have my friends, and we have you..."

That's when the girls moved. Jazmine and Sidney were laughing as they grabbed his legs and pushed them down against the mattress.

This time, animal panic finally exploded through his body. He stopped thinking with his cock, and he tried to kick out, to roll over. His arms had already been pulled over his head and were now tied to the bedposts. He yanked hard, thinking he would be able to slip free. It should have been easy. And yet, Cheyenne demonstrated her

acumen with knots because he kept thrashing from side to side, yet he couldn't tear himself away. Not only that, he could feel the other scarves as they were looped around his ankles. His legs were forced apart, and then the girls tied him down completely.

Within a couple of minutes, they had succeeded beautifully. Now he was naked, blindfolded, bound and spread out. His body was on display for these four girls, and there was nothing he could do about it.

"Stop struggling," Cheyenne called out.

"What is this? What the hell is going on here?" He pumped as much anger as he could into his voice, but that wasn't the overriding emotion in those frantic questions. Instead, the girls glanced back and forth before they grinned ferociously at their prey. After all, the pack had lured him back here, and now they trapped him, making sure he wasn't going to be able to stop them.

"This," Cheyenne said, "is us having some fun with you. First, we're going to play with you, punish you, and then we are going to tag you."

"Excuse me?" This question sounded unusually prim and proper, especially for a college guy, yet he couldn't help himself. Her promises sounded so bizarre, so utterly impossible.

"What's wrong?" asked an unfamiliar voice. It had to be Jazmine or Sidney.

Jazmine reached down and brushed her fingers between his nipples. She lightly touched him, making intense. At the same time, she could feel his heart racing behind his rib cage, "Are you scared?" She chuckled. "That's okay. You can be nervous. Don't worry. This is just going to be a little game. And you know, if you ever try to tell anyone, we can always release the footage. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

"Footage?"

"Let's just say we're making a little video," said the other girl who he didn't know. It had to be Sidney. "You boys like videos and clips, don't you?"

She gazed his leg with the edges of her fingernails. That light scratching made him bike down. At the same time, he tried to think

of something angry or sharp he could say. He needed to fight back, to show these girls he couldn't actually be held as their captive.

But deep down, he had to be wondering something else. How could he have been so *stupid*? Trapped behind the darkness of the blindfold and with the ribbons holding him to that small bed, he couldn't get away.

"If you want, you can shout out for help," Cheyenne said. "But guess what? Everyone on our floor has already gone to class. That means we can do whatever we want, and you can shout all you like, but it won't change anything. You're still going to be helpless here. You still belong to us."

"Screw you!" Connor shot back.

If he hoped to intimidate these girls, he must've been disappointed. When they outnumbered him, when they had him down to powerless, they just laughed. Those sounds rolled over his body and vibrated deep into his core, shattering any kind of confidence he may have tried to summon. Whether he liked or not, he now belonged to them.

"Alyssa, do you want to make him beg?"

"I'm not sure if I can," she said.

"Oh, I don't think that's going to be difficult at all. He's a boy," Cheyenne said. "He gets overwhelmed very easily."

"That's true," Sidney said. "Absolutely," Jazmine agreed.

The petite blonde sucked in a slow breath. Yes, she and her friends had talked about what kind of power they could wield over the boys around them. In fact, they could hardly understand how previous generations of women had failed to take control like this. Didn't they realize how vulnerable the boys were? Sure, a man might look intimidating or powerful when he stood up straight, but girls knew exactly how to tease the males around them. A smile, a flirtatious giggle, a silly little joke or a flip of the hair could be enough to make a boy melt. His defenses would fall away, and she could do whatever she wished...

Holding onto those self-evident truths, Alyssa reached to down. She pressed her hands to his sides. His body was firm and muscled beneath her touch. More than that, she reveled in the way

he tensed up, flinching and squirming underneath her. Clearly, she could touch him however she liked, and he could only yank hard against of the scarves holding his arms and legs down. She had complete access to his body.

First, she massaged his flanks with her palms. From there, she scratched him, gliding her nails down along his skin, leaving red lines in her wake. He hissed through his teeth as pleasure and pain mixed together. Then she came down toward his cock and balls. With her right hand, she cupped his scrotum. Again, he froze. This time, he took one breath after another.

"What's wrong?" Alyssa asked playfully. "Are you scared, Connor?"

"No," he answered quick, yet none of the young women in that dorm room believed him. As Jazmine, Sidney, and Cheyenne watched, the petite blonde played with him. She teased and tormented him, stroking his balls as he squirmed from side to side. No, he hadn't given up on escape, yet the girls knew that would be utterly impossible. Even if he managed to free one limb, they could pounce on him. This pack of girls could grab him, hold him down, and tie him up all over again.

"Funny," Alyssa said as she tightened her grip on his balls. "I don't believe you." His body stiffened, going rigid. Then she laughed, and she used the pad of her thumb to massage the base of his cock.

Often, girls got weirded out by male anatomy. After all, these appendages could feel so alien to them, yet it was much, much easier when he was bound like this. In fact, Alyssa almost felt like some kind of scientific researcher. She had this strange specimen spread out before her, and she could explore his body however she saw fit. With that in mind, she moved the pad of her thumb up along his length. She teased him, gently pressing down.

Hot arousal coursed through his veins. Delicious desire raced along his nerves, each one crying out as she touched him. He stopped thinking all over again. He was helpless, yet his body still responded to her touch.

"Tell me you're sorry for being such a jerk," Alyssa said.

"What?"

"In our history class," she explained, "you were such a jerk. You talked over me all the time. You insulted me. And now you need to apologize. You need to tell me that you were just pretending to be smart. You're a dumb boy; you're dumb boy who let himself get tied down." Alyssa didn't know where those words came from.

No, that wasn't true. She had fantasized about getting to degrade him before, and now the excitement swelled in her chest.

He sucked in a cold breath between his teeth. He slipped had hardened into angry lines, but she didn't know how to contradict her. What was he supposed to say? He was tied down and outnumbered!

"Fine!" Connor growled. "I'm just a dumb boy." He hated uttering those words; this felt like some kind of vital surrender. The words crated against his ego, but there was still nothing he could do.

In the meantime, she continued to touch him, fondling him and stroking him. To make matters worse, Alyssa nodded over toward her friends.

Snickering amongst themselves, Jazmine and Sidney took up spots to his left and right. They started to caress his flanks, gently touching him. His brows creased and it together as he tried to work his way through the stimulation. Each sensation seemed to beat down against his defenses, making it impossible for him to mount any kind of counteroffensive. How was he supposed to speak? How was he supposed to think clearly when they kept playing with him.

"That was a nice start," Alyssa allowed, "But I don't believe you. That's why you're going to beg for forgiveness. You're going to promise that you will go to every class, and you will be appropriately deferential to the girls around you."

"What?"

"The world is changing," said Cheyenne as she straddled his head. She pressed the sides of her knees and inner thighs against his cheeks as she reached down and rested one fingertip on the tip of his nose. In doing so, she showed this boy just how vulnerable he had become. Cheyenne continued, "Maybe you don't understand it yet, but just look around. Have you noticed anything about the demographics here?"

With Alyssa still stroking his cock and the other girls playing with him, lightly petting, stroking, and caressing his sensitive skin,

Connor couldn't possibly answer.

Giggling, Cheyenne shook her head. "In all of my classes, the boys are a minority. It seems like the men of the world are getting angry. They're busy throwing one big tantrum, which means they aren't planning for the future. I'm not going to call it a conspiracy. Maybe it's just some new social dynamic that's evolving. It could be completely natural. We don't need your big strong muscles anymore, so the women can step forward and take control."

Connor struggled to say something. Alyssa watched as his mouth started to move, and she stopped him. With one gentle squeeze, she scattered his thoughts again. His body tensed, and it was obvious he desperately needed an orgasm. He craved that throbbing release of pressure, only she didn't give it to him. Every time he came close, she relaxed her grip, pulling her hand away and making him jerk his hips from side to side. His cock wagged to and fro like he was some horny canine.

Cheyenne continued, "There are people out there who think a college education doesn't really matter. They don't believe in learning or education, not in the traditional sense. They think they can go online and just read random articles or headlines and figure out how the world actually works. They're overwhelmed by the complexity brought on by new technologies and this absolute deluge of information. That's fine. If you guys want to hide, you can. But what will the results be? *Women* will become the researchers. We'll earn our degrees and continue to evolve while you boys get angry and stupid." Cheyenne shook her head from side to side. "You had so much potential. But don't worry. I'm sure the women of the world are going to give you a nice place at our feet. We'll make sure you understand your place. At our school, you can be the first."

"The first?"

"The first slave," she said. "Give it to me."

His brows creased again. Give it to her? It her what?

Because he was blindfolded, he couldn't see as Cheyenne held out her hand, palm up. Jasmine rushed back toward one of the dressers, and she opened the bottom drawer. She pulled out an item and quickly carried it back to Cheyenne. The tall, dark-haired girl slipped it down around the back of his neck and brought it up to the

base of his throat. He felt the metal clasp right there and he heard it click into place. Now there was this pressure pushing against his skin. "What is that?" Connor demanded even as the threat of a possibility started to work its way behind his eyes in between his ears.

"What? You don't want to guess?" Sidney teased him.

Filling his lungs again, he got ready to say something, only Cheyenne placed her hand right over his mouth, silencing him. Sure, he could still make a couple of muffled noises, yet he needed to know what she said, so he stopped. Unlike so many other boys before him, Connor understood that he had to listen as this young woman spoke, "It's your collar. That's right. You see, there's going to be a new fashion trend at this school, and it's starting with you. Lots of boys all across campus are going to start wearing collars just like this one. And no, you won't be allowed to take it off. It comes with a lock." She pressed down, and he heard the mechanisms engage. The lock snapped into place with a click that hit his eardrums and seemed to vibrate along the rest of his body.

Cheyenne leaned down and whispered, "Yeah, you could probably try to cut it off, but if you did that, I'd hear about it, and then everyone would see this video. They would hear you telling my friend all about how you're nothing but a dumb boy."

"You won't get away with this," he said.

"You could turn us in," Cheyenne replied. "Of course, it would be our word against yours. Do you really think the administration wants to hear about how a boy was tricked into coming back to a girl's dorm room? Face it. You got horny. You did something profoundly stupid, and now you have to face the consequences." She pulled her hand away, and he meant to answer, only Alyssa squeezed his cock again. She sent another shudder of anticipation running through his frame. More. He needed more.

"Or you can accept your place and understand that we'll give you treats from time to time. I mean, I think you can perform better if you're happy slave, if you're an eager slave. Is that what you want? Do you want to be an eager slave?"

"I, I..." He was trying so hard to find the right words. As an engineering student, Connor truly believed there would be a correct

answer out there for him, somewhere. He just had to think of it! As hard as he tried, however, he couldn't get past these girls; he didn't know how to defeat the pack of young women who had decided to claim him as their own.

Cheyenne nodded over toward her friend again.

"Apologize. Beg me for forgiveness."

"No." His answer came out fierce and determined.

"Get the hairbrush," Cheyenne instructed.

Alyssa giggled, jumped off of the bed, and rushed over to the small desk where she and her roommate kept their makeup. She grabbed her hair brush, gripped the solid wooden handle, and rushed back over to their captive. The other girls moved him. They rolled him onto his side. He tried to stop it, if only because he wished to defy them, if he failed.

"You know, this doesn't have to be hard," Cheyenne purred with feline excitement resonating in her comment. "You can just do as we say. You can accept your collar and your new place here on campus."

"I'm not a slave!"

"Yes, you are," Jasmine replied. "You just don't know it yet."

Alyssa tightened her grip on the brush, she spun it around, lifted her arm, and she embraced this moment. Yes, it had started out with an observation: on campus, the boys were a distinct minority. Not only that, Sidney had been reading an article about how male enrollment was down at universities all across the country. Clearly, something was changing. And if the boys eschewed new technologies, new ideas, new strategies, could they compete? And if they couldn't, what would happen? Maybe there'd be a gender swapped retelling of the 1950s where the boys would be required to stay home and serve. Maybe they would become little more than property. Women had been treated like chattel for centuries. Was it the boys' turn?

Could they *make* it the boys' turn?

As that singular question glowed bright behind Alyssa's eyes, she smacked his ass. She brought the impromptu paddle down hard. Yes, she used that hairbrush each morning. She ran the teeth through her hair and relaxed as she settled into the rhythm of her

personal grooming routine. But now she used it as an implement of discipline.

Yes, he had been forced onto his side, but he had never envisioned something like this. Connor hadn't been able to imagine what it would feel like.

Now he was beginning to learn.

At first, he didn't show any reaction. He seemed completely immune to that first swat, but these girls weren't about to give up. In fact, something sparkled in Alyssa's eyes. Maybe it was because she was the shortest and smallest, like other people might be able to walk by her and ignore her completely, so now she had to prove herself to the rest of the pack. She tightened her grip, aimed, and brought the improvised paddle down harder and faster.

To her ears, the brush sang through the air as she smacked it down across the distance. In the next instant, she heard that booming crash. But she was only getting started. She brought the hairbrush back up, swung down, and reveled in her power. Better yet, she savored the way Connor squirmed. His muscles tightened, and she could see his limbs flex and strain. His veins bulged as he tried to break free, yet the scarves held him down.

"This is what you get. You know, you could have cooperated. Or better yet, when we were classmates, maybe you could have just been nicer," she said.

"He's a boy," Cheyenne replied. "They don't know how to behave themselves. But maybe, if we work together, we can teach them."

"I like the sound of that," Jazmine added.

"Me too," agreed Sidney.

Alyssa only barely registered those words. Instead, she kept her eyes focused on his exposed ass. She struck three more times in quick succession. By now, his defenses had started to fracture and flake away. As she brought the paddle down, he endured those bursts of pain. The sharpened agony cut through any psychological barrier he struggled to construct. The hurt and helpless frustration washed over him, soaking into his psyche and showing him exactly what true powerlessness felt like.

"Go on," Alyssa taunted him. "C'mon, Connor. Show us that you're a big, strong man who can't get overpowered by just a group of girls."

He tried.

He tried so hard!

Connor thrashed around again, pulling and yanking, twisting and fighting. He worked to punch out with his fists, to kick his way free. In the meantime, this pack of girls just watched. Their eyes were lit with delight, with the thrill of power. Up until now, it had always been just a conversation, something they could joke about and laugh at...until now.

She struck five more times. She brought her improvised paddle down again and again on the same spot.

"I'm sorry!"

"What was that?" Cheyenne asked sweetly.

"What do you have to say for yourself? Did you want to beg for forgiveness? Do you want to tell us how you are going to be an obedient slave from now on?"

He was panting hard and fast. The girls, on some unseen signal, let him fall to his back. With his eyes glazed, wet, and aimed up at the ceiling, he seemed unable to understand what was going on. Only then, Alyssa brushed the smooth surface of the hairbrush along his thigh, then toward his cock and balls. Next, she stroked the flat of his stomach.

Although she allowed him this respite, he continued to breathe heavily. Each time he sucked in fresh oxygen, he could feel that band around his throat. No, it wasn't a choker. It wasn't about to strangle him, and yet...

So long as he wore this thing, he wouldn't be able to forget about these girls or what they had done. Far worse, he thought about trying to remove it, about finding a set of bolt cutters or something. It was just a band, after all. With a knife or a pair of scissors, he probably get it off. But what if they came for him again? What if they tracked him down?

Plus, there was the threat of blackmail.

Over the next couple of seconds, he rushed through the different implications. Like an engineer trying to figure out how a train

might explode, he contemplated the recordings. What had he done so far? Was any of it truly embarrassing? No, probably not. And yet, these girls were smart enough to back up the recordings in a dozen different cloud accounts. Worse, they would be able to edit the video. They could make him look like whatever they wanted...

Anyone who saw this would assume that he was just a slave, that he had truly volunteered to accept his position.

As those thoughts pulsed behind his eyes, Connor pushed his fingers down into his fists. His nails dug half-moon trenches in his skin as his knuckles turned white, yet he still couldn't come up with anything. In fact, he tried to scoop out some burst of angry adrenaline. Maybe, in one swift movement he could tear himself free from the restraints. Yeah, that might have worked...

He enjoyed that rush of ragged anger for just a moment, only then he opened his eyes, and he looked up at Alyssa. If they had met at a club late at night, a bar, almost anywhere else, he would have been able to overpower her. He could have just stepped right up to her, and she would have felt that little thrill of intimidation.

Only now, he was their captive, and she grinned down at him. She flashed the tips of her canines and the tips of her incisors.

His carefully cultivated anger flickered and faded into oblivion.

"Poor boy," she said. "You're starting to figure it out, aren't you? You know that we are in charge. You know that we own you."

"We do," Jazmine confirmed for him.

"Totally and completely," Sidney agreed.

With a supreme effort of will, he stopped staring at Alyssa. Instead, his gaze bounced from one girl to the next. They all intimidated him. By working together, they had showed him what they could do.

"Say it," Alyssa ordered.

He sucked in another breath, held it, and then he broke.

"Please, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I was a jerk. I'm sorry I was a jackass. I, I never should have done that to you in our history class."

"That's because you know I'm smarter than you, don't you?"

What? No!

Even as that silent protest rushed through his head, he couldn't voice any kind of argument. Instead, he broke again. "Yes.

You're smarter than me."

"You know why everyone else in the class listened to you? Even our teacher, a woman, let you talk over me again and again and again." She clicked her tongue and shook her head from side to side at this disappointing truth, like it was little more than bad weather. "It's because you're a boy. You're a boy, and you sounded so confident. Your voice was so deep. You could get so loud! And look at me. I'm small. I get it. And yet, that doesn't make you right. Just because you're loud or insistent, that doesn't mean you're correct. It doesn't mean you know what you're talking about."

He didn't want to look at her, but there was something about the gravity, the pull of her gaze. Finally, he met her eyes, and he said it again, "I'm sorry."

"What else are you?" Cheyenne asked helpfully.

The correct answer was right there, hovering at the edges of his thoughts.

"Say it," Alyssa commanded.

One last time, Connor glanced over at the other girls. He didn't see any sympathy or mercy on Sidney's or Jazmine's faces. In fact, their features practically glowed with excitement. Yes, they were enjoying this.

"I, I'm your slave," he said.

"Yes, you are," Cheyenne agreed with a bright, cheerful smile.

"I want you to know this isn't just about humiliating you," Alyssa told him. "Yeah, that's part of it, but it's just part of it. Do you know what we *really* want? We want a servant. We want a boy who will understand his place. We want a boy who will come in here, clean our rooms, do our laundry, and anything else we command. That way, we can focus on our studies."

Did she really care about that? Maybe. But he could tell at a glance that she was far more interested in her power and authority.

That's why she glanced back at her friends and said, "I'm going to do it." It wasn't a question.

Do it? Do what?

Before he could even consider asking, she kicked off her sneakers and pulled down her shorts and her panties. She was half naked in front of her friends, but none of them seemed to notice or

care. Now she climbed up onto the mattress, and she stared down at Connor. She nibbled on the inside of her mouth, and then she straddled his face. She lowered herself down, and she gave him a monosyllabic command.

"Lick."

This beautiful girl, her inner thighs still damp from her exercises, moved her slit down against his mouth, and he tried to turn his head away, only she pressed down against his cheeks, making it impossible for him to escape. Second by second, he tried so hard to hold out. In fact, the girls all seems to be holding their breath as they waited.

He gave in. He yielded. He surrendered.

Their boy opened his mouth just a little bit, he inhaled, and he breathed in the scent of her arousal. In the next moment, he slid his tongue along her crevice. He tasted her excitement. The flavor buzzed along his perceptions, electric and wild. His cock remained hard, and he knew how vulnerable he looked before these girls, but he couldn't stop himself. He licked, going in deep. To please her, he stretched the walls of her pussy as he serviced her.

Holding on tight to the headboard, she covered his face, rocking her hips forward and back just a little bit. Even so, that added friction sent wild shivers of pleasure running through her body. "Deeper. Faster. Yes!" Alyssa demanded. Like so many other young women, she had instinctively picked up on what a "good girl" was supposed to be. Sure, she was young, and there were lots of slogans and declarations about how fierce she should be as a young woman, but there remained that underlying current. Good girls were supposed to be quiet. Good girls were supposed to defer to the men around them.

No more.

She rode his face and took what she wanted. She used him.

"My turn," Cheyenne said.

His eyes widened. What? What did that mean?

Just as her friend had done, this gorgeous girl pulled off her shorts and panties.

He whimpered out some kind of protest. Or maybe it was just a question. In any case, the girls didn't bother checking with him.

Cheyenne stroked his cock. Then she straddled him, and she lowered herself down little by little. She took him, enveloping his cock between the walls of her pussy. His tongue and his shaft were both getting used in that moment.

In the meantime, the other two girls watched. Maybe there were touching one another. Maybe they were touching themselves. At that moment, he couldn't tell. Even if he tried to look around, he couldn't see anything, not while the blindfold continued to obscure his sight.

One girl rode him hard. The other used his mouth.

He could hear them panting. He could hear their gasps of pleasure.

He tried to whimper out a plea, like he needed permission.

If he had been defiant, then maybe he would have jerked his hips up and lost control. He could have surrendered completely, letting his cock throb. And yet, he knew he didn't have permission. Just as importantly, he knew he needed it.

In the meantime, he continued to lick, flicking his tongue as fast as he could. Spirals, circles, and other quick shapes absorbed all of his thoughts as he lost himself to the pleasure.

Alyssa came hard. She had never known that he could feel like this.

Sure, making out with a boyfriend here or there had been fun, but this was wild, incandescent, and utterly addictive. Her nipples were stiff, her skin hot. The flames of passion licked against her flesh, filling her up until the entire world seemed to vanish in a flash of white ecstasy.

She pulled away, and she glanced over at the other girls.

Jazmine and Sidney grinned back at her. He heard clapping and realized that they had just given her a set of high-fives.

"Come for me," Cheyenne said next.

By her command, he lost control. Just as he had expected, his shaft pulsated. He felt those throbbing bursts of relief. He came so hard. Not only that, he forgot about what this was going to cost him.

But then it was done, and she pulled away the blindfold. She looked into his eyes. The other girls were standing nearby. They

were looking down at him.

"What are you?" Cheyenne demanded.

"I'm a slave," he confessed. "I'm your slave..." he told the pack of girls, knowing it was true, knowing he would never be able to escape...

The End