

The Power of Denial



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Owning Josh

Last night, they argued. Sure, every couple gets into a disagreement at one point or another. Sometimes feelings get hurt too, only this was different. Josh said things he couldn't take back. He's always known about his temper. He even warned his wife, except last night was different. It changed things.

The argument left a flare of anger in his gut along with something else...regret. Just as he opened his eyes in the morning, he tried to roll over because he needed to discuss this with Nicole.

He'd tell her that he's sorry. He'd explain his side.

But when he tried to roll over, it doesn't work. Rotating his position should have been easy. It should have been like a reflex, something he just did. And yet, when he made the attempt, he still couldn't move.

Registering the oddness of this situation, Josh fluttered his eyes open. He looked around the room, surprised. First off, it's bright in here. Usually, he wakes up with his alarm, even on the weekends. Ambition is always driving him forward. He never feels like he can relax.

Of course, that only takes a moment for him to realize. He tries to roll over, to get up, only he can't. He looks down at his body, his eyes get big. What the hell is he seeing? What the hell is he looking at?

It doesn't make any sense to him. Yes, he understands what he's seeing, but the circumstances are wrong. The blankets have been pulled away from his body. He's naked, his arms and legs spread. When he turns his head to the side, he sees the handcuffs around his wrist. There's another one on his other wrist. Other manacles encircle his ankles.

Somehow, he is naked, on his back, chained to his bed.

He licks his lips quickly, resisting the urge to panic. Josh has always been a focused. His temper might get the best of him occasionally (like last night), but he won't panic. This is one reason why he has done so well with his business.

Doing his best to think this through logically, he attempts to wiggle his wrists. He brings his fingertips together, hoping that he might be able to slip free. But as he pulls, the edges of the handcuffs dig down into his wrists and palms.

With even less dexterity in his ankles, he knows that he won't be able to squirm out of those restraints. Slowly, he comes to the rather pessimistic view that he's actually stuck in these chains.

That raises another question.

Who did this?

There's only one answer: Nicole.

His nostrils flare, he tries to figure out what he should do precisely. He presses his lips together. Without even really thinking about it, he figures out what she wants. This is the first step. She wants him to cry out for her. She wants to hear him shout her name so that she can saunter in here whenever she likes. In this way, she will take control.

But then he smirked sardonically. She's already in control. That much is obvious.

He bites on the inside of his mouth, torn between common sense and pride. He doesn't want to admit anything, especially the idea that he might be genuinely helpless there on their bed.

Pressing his lips together, he tries to think of something else he can do.

Nothing comes to mind. She has him trapped. As Josh considers his circumstances, he wonders if maybe he should plan something else. Okay, so she's going to come into this room, and they're going to talk. He already knows that if he tells her to simply release him, she probably won't do it. It's an infuriating thought, especially because she is supposed to be his wife.

When they first got together, Nicole seemed perfectly comfortable with the idea of being his helpmate. He would go off to work, plan for his business, and she would stay home. For just two years, this seemed to work. But now, she has been saying that he has done extremely well and been very lucky. That means it's time for him to slow down, not speed up.

They don't need more.

Instead, they should spend their time together, relaxing, having fun.

No. Maybe he's being stubborn, but Josh doesn't care. He isn't interested in just sitting on some beach somewhere, relaxing. There are too many things he still wants to do. Yes, work is hard, and he does get stressed out, and maybe he occasionally lets that bleed into his relationship, but Josh wants to focus.

Ambition drives him forward.

Or so he thinks.

Fine. So is going to have to talk. He's also going to have to do it from a rather inconvenient position. He can't let this undermine his position.

"Nicole. Nicole, where are you?" He calls out those words, his voice booming between the walls.

Nothing. No response of any kind. He grimaces, wondering if maybe she has gone out. It's certainly a possibility. Then again, he doesn't think she would so irresponsible. What if something happened and he was chained to the bed? It was unlikely, but there could be a fire.

No. She's playing with him.

Gritting his teeth, Josh inhales through his nostrils. He opens his mouth, and is getting ready to say something else. He wants to call for her, to get her to come talk to him. But if he does, will it sound like he's begging?

Probably. And that's the point.

She wants him at a disadvantage. She wants him to feel helpless.

Last night, she said something similar. Apparently, when he puts his business first, Nicole feels like she doesn't matter. She feels like she isn't enough of a priority relationship.

It sounds absurd to him. Doesn't she know that he's working for them? He's working to make sure that they have a very, very bright future.

Somehow, that isn't good enough for her. Shaking his head, he thinks about all the stuff he needs to do at his office today. Could other people handle it? Probably. Josh doesn't care. He starts

thinking about the different projects and deadlines he has set for himself.

The frustration mounts, one second collapsing into the next. Really, he should just be sure and call out for her again. He should tell himself that this is a big deal. Clearly, his wife is trying to send him a message. He hasn't listened to anything else she has said. Maybe this will get his attention.

But it doesn't.

Instead, he keeps thinking about what he should be doing instead of laying there, powerless in bed.

Because he can't quite help himself, Josh loses control of his temper. His heart starts beating faster. Heat cascades along his body. Even though he must know that it's futile, he starts pulling against the handcuffs, kicking, punching, throwing his body from side to side.

The chains jingle, and the bed rattles. There's a thumping sound every time he picks himself up and throws himself down, like that would make any difference. He keeps at it, determined. The handcuffs lock tighter automatically with every pull, but Josh doesn't care.

Finally, his anger burns out. He drops back down to the mattress. Practically snarling, he wants to grab his wife, to throw her down onto the bed. Clearly, she needs some time in chains. Oh yes, he likes that idea. Maybe they need to have a conversation about equality. Because he works harder, he should be the one who gets to take control whenever he likes.

His cock starts to harden at the idea.

Throwing his head back, he gives up. He knows that he's not going to win this, so he might as well get it over with. "Nicole, please, can you please come in here?"

Yes, it sounds like he's begging and he hates himself for that. Settling back, he closes his eyes. He tries to get the anger to dissipate from his frame. And yet, it's still there, lingering in his arms, in his legs, in his chest.

Fortunately, the door does open. Nicole walks into the room. She dressed simply in jeans and a T-shirt. She looks cute. She has

her shoulder length, blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail. Her bright blue eyes lock onto Josh's face. "Good morning," she says simply.

He understands that it's probably going to be a waste of breath, but Josh can't help himself. "Let me up. Please." The last word grinds out onto the air like he can barely force the sounds past his lips.

Nicole walks over to the bed. She runs her eyes up and down her husband's helpless body. "And why would I do that?"

"Because you can't change the rules without talking to me. You can't do this, Nicole."

"Interesting," she says, touching a finger to her lips. "Because I'm pretty sure I can and did." She winks down at him.

"I'm serious! Let me up! Let me up right now!" He knows it's a waste of energy. He comprehends this, and yet it doesn't really matter. He starts stretching again, flexing his muscles like some wild beast. Unfortunately, this animal is now in captivity, and there's nothing he can do about it.

He yanks and twists his body, contorting himself as he tries to find some way out of those restraints. None of it works; none of that helps. He keeps at it until his energy flags. He drops back down to the mattress, panting.

"Are you done?" Her question is so blasé, like his best efforts hardly matter at all.

Eyes wide, Josh isn't sure what he should say. How is he supposed to respond to something like this? For her part, Nicole has been about this for a long, long time. She knows exactly what he needs, and she's going to give it to him, whether he likes it or not. But for Josh, this is all new. This is a totally different experience.

Josh struggles against the restraints again, perhaps hoping that there might be some chance for escape.

No. He isn't going anywhere. Nicole has him exactly where she wants him. That's why it's so easy for her to wait, to remain poised above him, her hands on her hips. "It's okay. I'm sure you're confused. This must be something new for you, Josh. You always like to think that you get to be in charge. That's not how this is going to work, not this time." Nicole speaks those words slowly, letting

each syllable slide out on the air. Simultaneously, she pulls herself up onto the bed. She looks down his naked frame, enjoying the way his muscles ripple and clinch, especially as he halfheartedly pulls or tugs against the bonds, all without thinking.

At this point, though, his struggles were animalistic reactions, nothing but a desperate reflex. She knows this, so she really doesn't mind. Now she is between his legs, she looks down at him. "What do you think it's going to take to break you?"

"What?" Josh glares back at her, his expression tensed with frustration.

"It's a very simple question, Josh," Nicole replies, grinning coquettishly "what you think it's going to take to break you?"

"You can't. You can't break me," he tells her impressively, he actually sounds like he might mean those words. On her part, Nicole just giggles, shaking her head from side to side. The blonde tips of her hair brush against her shoulders.

She might be wearing a simple outfit, just her jeans and the white fabric of her T-shirt, yet she has no problem asserting this kind of authority. After all, he was her spouse. As far as Nicole is concerned, this means that she belongs to him.

With a grin on her face, she leans down, touching her palms to his calves. She drags her fingernails up along his thighs, closer and closer to his pubis. Her fingers continue to move, darting and teasing his sensitive flesh.

Inevitably, his body responds. There is that natural reaction. To make matters worse for Josh, Nicole knows his body. She smiles at him, that flirtatious curve of her lips teasing him to fresh heights. "You know, if you just give up right now, this can go a lot more easily for you," she promises. "I don't need to be rough. I don't need to be cruel."

"Just let me up, and we can talk about this like people," he says, protesting. With every sound, desperation rings out in his voice. Nicole actually likes that. She likes it a lot. She knows that she is focused on her husband and his subjugation, but she must also think about herself. In the end, this is a selfish act, after all.

Plenty of girlfriends and wives out in the world know what they want. They know what they hope to achieve in their relationships. But they don't have the courage or strength to simply take it. This is a mistake that Nicole refuses to make. So she touches her husband, teasing, exciting him.

"If you don't want to be my slave, just stay nice and soft. Don't get excited. I'm not going to listen to you, Josh. I'm going to listen to your manhood here." She winks at him, all while her fingers continue to play on his body.

Placing her nails against the sides of his legs, she scratches him lightly, sending electric tickles of sensation running through his body.

When he glances up at her, Josh realizes something. She's telling the truth.

As difficult as it is to believe, Nicole really does want this for him. She actually wants to enslave him, to keep him like this.

"You're serious," he says, unable to keep the shock from his voice.

"That's right. I want you, Josh. I want to keep you as my slave boy. I want to own you so thoroughly that you think of nothing but pleasing me. I want to make sure that you understand your place in this household. I'm going to be in charge, you will do whatever I want. I know exactly how to make that happen." There it is again, that wicked grin.

Yes, he hears each word. Yes, he understands what each one means. Yet, when put together into a sentence, they no longer make sense. Some part of him can't comprehend what she's saying.

"Don't look so shocked, Josh. You know that this is what you need. You know that this would be good for you."

"No way. I'm not going to do this!"

"But we've hardly started," she says, biting on her lower lip. Josh hates the playful certainty, she knows there's no chance of winning.

Nicole slides forward, crawling up the length of his body. She places her knuckles by his chest. And she leans down, she kisses him softly on the mouth. He tries not to respond or to react. Right

now, she keeps her eyes closed, and the soft mounds of her chest press into him. Her hand drifts down, languidly playing with his thighs, the flat of his stomach, and then his shaft. Her fingers move gently over the length of his member, teasing him, pleasing him.

Yes, it feels wonderful, but he knows that there will be a price to pay for this. She isn't doing this for his benefit. It's for hers. It's all for her.

And yet, as she continues to kiss, there is something hypnotic about the movement of her body on top of his. The gentle rhythm keeps him excited. Not only that, he can feel the curves and the warmth of her breasts, the heat of her lips, the play of her fingers.

She breaks off the kiss and looks down into his eyes. "All you need to do is give up right now. Give up, and I will make it feel good for you," she promises. All the while, she continues to touch, her fingers playing along his length.

He shivers, trying to resist. The desire spreads through his body. His lips part, he tries to hold it back, to pretend this doesn't really work. But it does. The need begins to blur his vision as he closes his eyes. He takes a breath, holding it tight in his lungs.

"You can't hide from me," she promises. "I get to do whatever I want, you get to lay here and take it." Her fingertips move down, caressing his base, his scrotum, the spot just beneath his balls. All the while, it feels like her fingers are dancing through these quick, complicated little movements.

Gritting his teeth, he tries to resist. He summons up all of his willpower, but it doesn't do any good. She has him, and she knows it. Worse, he can't stop her from doing exactly what he likes, exactly what he wants, what he craves.

"If you're a very good boy, I'll let you come. That's what you want, isn't it? Don't kid yourself, Josh. You can't help yourself. You're helpless, and I know exactly what you want."

That's when she decides to be particularly cruel. She pulls herself away from his torso. Her hands glide down to the edges of her shirt, she grabs it. She peels it off, revealing her bare stomach, her naked shoulders and her bra. And yet, even that flimsy garment

made of silk and cotton won't last for long. She discards it, throwing it down to the floor. Now she's naked from the waist up.

If Josh really wanted to fight and resist, he would find the strength to close his eyes. Yet, he can't. Like a horny newlywed, he stares right up at his wife. On some level, he must understand that there are going to be consequences. But that doesn't matter to him, not here, not now.

Nicole reaches up, and she touches two fingers to the corners of her mouth. She sucks on them gently, her eyes still on his. He knows that he should look away. He knows that he should fight her, but he can't. It feels too good.

She holds her fingers up, each one moist. Then she leans down, showing off the contours of her breasts. Her fingers slip over to her nipples. Of course, they are already hard, each one standing at attention.

Nicole knows that she's showing off. She knows that she's tormenting this boy, and that only adds to her excitement. She moves her fingers in neat, tight circles around her nipples. Pretty soon, she lifts her chin. She breaks eye contact, looking up at the ceiling as the pleasure cascades through her nervous system.

"Oh, that feels so good. There's something wonderful about knowing you can just touch yourself however you want." She grins down with just momentary eye contact. It's enough for him to read her expression, to know that she loves teasing him. At this point, her pussy must be wet as well, not that he gets to find out anytime soon.

Her fingers play along those curves, teasing those buttons. She savors the pleasure that runs through her body, the heat playing on her skin. Then she slowly moves her hand down. She brushes along that spot between her legs. "Would you like me to ride you, Josh?"

"I, I don't care," he says.

That makes her grin for the simple fact that she knows he's lying. It's adorable, watching him try to obfuscate at this point. Doesn't he know that he is helpless? Doesn't he realize that he can't lie to her?

Oh well. It's fun—like when a cat gets to toy with a pet mouse that she may or may not eat...

"You care. You want this. You can't help yourself," she tells him.

Retreating back, she leans down. She takes his balls in her hands, her fingers gliding over that sensitive skin. She works her way up, wrapping her fingers around his member. She moves her palm up and down, up and down, a soft, teasing rhythm that he can't ignore.

"I could go down on you right now, Josh. Would you like that? Would you like me to go down on you?" She giggles. "Just think about how good it would feel for you. You could think of whatever you like. Imagine a supermodel or something else. Think of my mouth tight around your shaft."

Of course, she's a good wife, so she's gone down many, many times before. She has licked and sucked, using her dexterous tongue to great effect. Those memories ripple back behind his eyes as he grates his teeth. More and more, he can feel the desires racing through his skin, calling out for release and relief.

Unfortunately for him, Nicole isn't interested in letting him off. No, he's going to have to succumb first. As she promised, he's going to have to break.

Josh must understand this, on some level, in some corner of his mind. And yet, he is a stubborn guy. He'll try to fight and resist.

"Okay," she says. "If you're feeling stubborn and you don't care about getting off, then I guess I will just have to do it on my own."

She pulls off her jeans. She removes her panties. All the while, she glances back in his direction, sure that he knows he won't get to enjoy himself as he does exactly what she wants. So really, what's more important, self-respect or independence?

Nicole already knows what he's going to choose in the end.

"I'm not going to let you do this. I won't let you win," he says, except his voice stretches, nearly breaking. Nicole twirls her panties on the tip of her finger. And she throws them down to the floor along with the rest of her clothing.

She might be naked, but that doesn't change anything. She's still in charge. That much is obvious. Some people are capable of exerting authority with hardly any effort. They are charismatic or simply dangerous. They wield an inherent boldness that allows them to take over.

This is Nicole.

Josh's wife grins down again at him. Yes, he closes his eyes once more, but that's just a paltry attempt to hide. It won't work. He can't protect himself from this woman, not when she knows exactly what she wants.

And she won't be denied.

"Where should I touch you next? Should I play with your legs? Your sides? Should I lick your neck, Josh?" She knows how much he enjoys that last one.

Decision made, she leans down again, stretching her body along his. She presses her lips to his neck. Her tongue laps out, and he starts to moan as the sensations sprint through his body. Poor boy. Because he naively kept his eyes closed, he didn't see this coming. Now he must endure the pleasure, the rocketing sensation spreading through his skin.

He might be able to close his eyes, yet he can't hide from the sound of her voice. Understanding this, Nicole flashes a feral grin. "I'm going to win, Josh. I'm going to take you down you. I'll make you into my plaything. What do you think of that?"

His lips part, and he wants to say something, but her tongue is busy at his neck once more. He can't stop it. He can't even slow her down.

His eyes fly open, his irises on display as she stretches her hand back down his legs. She cups his balls, her thumb and fingertips playing over his body. He squirms. He might even try to scratch, Nicole knows. But it still wouldn't make any difference. That is part she loves about this.

Her husband gets to make decisions, only none of them matter. Nothing she actually does to him can be stopped. Nothing he attempts will make the slightest difference.

Her fingers wrap around his cock. She can feel some of his excitement on her skin, not that she cares. Every little droplet simply emphasizes her power here. She squeezes him, he feels like he might be able to get off.

He groans, his voice stretching pathetically. He desperately needs completion.

“Please,” he says, practically whimpering the word.

“Please, what?” Her voice is lit with amusement. Oh yes, she wants to hear him beg. She wants to soak in his subjugation. Before he woke up in their bed, he really did think that he could do whatever he liked. He never imagined that there would be serious consequences.

Poor boy. Silly boy.

She squeezes again, bring him closer and closer to that climax. If she gripped him just a second longer, his body would rebel, and he would lose control. Fortunately, Nicole knows her husband. She recognizes the point of no return, so she is there at edge, and then she stops. Her hand comes away.

“No!” Josh squeals that word like some damsel in distress.

“Maybe if you beg, I’ll let you have it,” she says. She pushes herself up on her knuckles. Her hair falls down, almost caressing his cheeks. “What’s it going to be, Josh? Can you show me? Can you tell me?”

Desperate, he searches through his psyche for some rush of anger or frustration, something he can use to hold her off. And yes, even as he thinks about his own ideologies, it doesn’t work. Josh knows that he’s helpless before her, so she can do whatever she likes for as long as she likes. With this in mind, he knows that she’s going to win. It’s simple...it’s inevitable.

So he closes his eyes and throws his head back.

“Yes, fine. I will do whatever you want. I will be whatever you want. Please, just let me get off!” Panting, he looks up at her, his eyes wide with desperation. She smirks, only to slide off the bed. She grabs her panties and balls them in the palm of her hand. He watches.

Confused, he doesn't know what happened. Why is she doing that? Why isn't she touching him?

Nicole tilts her head to the side as she watches her husband, as she awaits the inevitable. His lips are parted slightly, but that's not good enough. There's more she requires.

He is ready to ask a question. There's something he needs to know. That's why he opens his mouth, and he starts to speak.

Nicole shoves her panties between his teeth. She pushes it down, gagging him. She holds her fingers up against his lips, making sure that he doesn't try to spit it out. "Don't do anything stupid, Josh. I've gagged you, and I'm not going to let you spit these out until I've decided to give you permission. Nod if you understand."

He brings his head down then up again. "I'm glad to hear it. You see, you can be trained. That's what's most important."

Narrowing his eyes, he glares at her. Under normal circumstances, a guy like Josh would be able to intimidate those around him. Right here and right now, tied down and helpless with panties in his mouth, he just looks like a toy.

Nicole can't wait to play with him.

"This next part is going to be very, very hard for you, but that's okay. I don't mind, Josh. So this is what's going to happen. I am going to leave you here. You're going to keep those panties in your mouth. You're going to calm down. When I come back, I'm going to put something on you and you're not going fight. Because if you do, I'm going to continue to touch you and make you so desperately, pathetically hard that you will cry out for release. You understand?"

Yes, Josh understands. That's why he pops his head down and up again. She smiles at him, her expression patronizing and also proud. "That's good. You see, you're going to learn how to behave one way or another. You don't need to worry about being your own man because you belong to me."

With those words, she leans forward and kisses him.

This time, the kiss only lasts for a couple of seconds. Then she pulls away. She leaves the room, and he watches his wife. From one moment to the next, he keeps thinking that she's going to turn

around, that this is just some sort of game, a way for her to play with him.

But no. She's gone.

She didn't allow him an orgasm; she didn't touch him or give him the release that he begged for. She took everything she wanted to, only to leave him frustrated and desperate, his heart pounding, his mouth dry.

At first, Josh doesn't say anything. He presses his lips together, waiting. He focuses on his patience; he tells himself that she's going to come right back. It's just a game, after all. It's not a big deal.

The seconds coalesce into minutes, and Josh suddenly can't help himself. "Nicole! Please, Nicole, you can't just leave me here!" He barely manages to articulate himself with the panties still in his mouth. He pulls against the shackles, thinking that maybe if he does a good job, she will come right back. It's a nice idea. It might actually work.

Or maybe not.

Eventually, his shaft goes flaccid. Poor slave boy. He can't maintain an erection, not without additional stimulation. But then, that's the entire point. Even though his shaft softens, the desire continues to swirl through his body.

Horny and frustrated, he closes his eyes. He tries to think of something erotic, something he might be able to use to get off. But no. Even when he manages to achieve another erection, it's not good enough.

He can't get off. He can't get that release.

Josh locks his teeth together, thinking about what this means. What is her plan? What is her game?

Again and again, he tries to figure out what she wants, what her plan is going to be.

Time starts to fracture. He doesn't know how long he has been here. Has it been minutes or hours? When he closes his eyes, it becomes easier to forget about. Everything falls apart.

Then the door opens again, and he opens eyes. He looks over at Nicole as she saunters into the room. She has on another pair of jeans. The denim is tight along her legs and between her thighs.

Josh bites down on the inside of his mouth, doing anything and everything he can to distract himself. He knows he should try to say something, but he can't bring himself to do it, not again, not while he has the panties in his mouth.

"Good. You didn't try to spit them out. I'm glad you're learning, Josh."

Her eyes practically glitter with amusement. Meanwhile, he tenses up with another dose of frustration. She can tease him and play with him. She can say whatever she wants, and he can't stop her.

"You want to know what I have?" Sure enough, she keeps both of her arms pivoted near her ass. Because of the angle she's standing at, Josh can't see what she is holding.

He tells himself that it will not be a big deal, that he will overcome this, whatever it happens to be. If he can resist, then Nicole won't have fun. If she doesn't have fun, then she might let him go. It's a nice thought and his only plan.

"Close your eyes and don't open them, Josh."

He isn't sure exactly why he does it, yet Josh obeys. Perhaps the training is working. Nicole wants him as her slave. Maybe that is precisely what she will get, so long as she is patient, so long as she wears him down.

She climbs up onto the bed. He can feel the mattress shift beneath her, and now she is between his legs. He wonders if she is going to touch him, if she is going to give him the orgasm that she owes him.

Nicole touches his cock, though it's different this time. There's something else she wants; she doesn't arouse him, though he still feels the desires spinning through his chest like some primal, animal instinct.

"It's okay, Josh. Just relax." She slides something along the length of his soft cock. The temptation to raise his head and look

vibrates through his body, but he stays down. He doesn't make any mistakes.

She slips a plastic ring around his scrotum, only to lock it onto the tube.

"Okay. Now you can look," Nicole says as she leans back.

Josh isn't really sure if he wants to know what's happening, but he doesn't see any other alternative. He opens his eyes and looks down at his genitals. Sure enough, there's something tight around his cock.

"You know what that is? You know what it is, Josh?"

He does. He has seen these online. Of course, when he was playing around, he thought it was just a joke. He couldn't imagine any scenario where people would actually want to wear something like this.

She reaches down and plucks the panties from his mouth.

"What is it? Tell me, Josh."

It's a chastity cage.

He remembers that odd phrase, just as he recalls thinking about how it didn't make any sense. No one would want to play with something like this. No one would want to give up control.

And sure enough, Josh doesn't want to give up control. He's losing it nonetheless. His wife has made up her mind.

"This way, I get to own you in the most primal, important way of all. So many guys get aggressive. They think that they should be in charge just because of the appendage they have between their legs. I wonder why that is. I'm sure some anthropologists have thought about this. But the reason doesn't really matter now, does it, Josh? All you really need to know is that you are owned now. Isn't that right?"

"Please, please take this off. I can't wear this thing!"

"You can't? Because you already are!"

"Please, Nicole," he says, his voice straining.

"Do you see this? This is your key. I hold it because I'm in charge. Now, you aren't allowed to touch it without my permission. In fact, you aren't allowed to get off either. "

He arches his back; he takes a breath, doing his best to think this through. Surely, there must be something to say, some way for him to get her to stop.

“This is the thing about men. Own their orgasms, and you own them.” She grins down happily, waiting for the inevitable pleas.

She doesn’t have long to wait. He knows he shouldn’t have to wear this. He knows he shouldn’t be subjected to this sort of treatment. He isn’t a slave! He’s her husband! Those thoughts ring through his head, but then he can’t do anything.

“Please, don’t do this. Don’t put me in chastity, Nicole. I don’t want to go in chastity! You can’t keep me like this.”

“Can’t I?” It’s a simple question, one he can already answer on his own.

“I’m your husband! I don’t deserve this!”

“I told you before, Josh. I have been unhappy with your performance as my husband, so I’m going to make you into my slave. Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone else about your cock cage. Well, I won’t tell anyone so long as you behave. Of course, if you really piss me off, then I can’t be held responsible for my actions.”

Before he can think to stop himself, Josh looks up at his domineering wife. Nicole is so beautiful, poised above him, ready to seize everything.

He shouldn’t ask this next question, but he’s panicking. “What, what do you mean? Who would you tell?”

“Well, there’s always your sister, your secretary, all of my friends. All of your friends.” She goes through the list, savoring the look of abject horror on his face. After all, Josh is supposed to be a real man, right? He should be able to handle his wife. What would everyone think if they knew that his cock was literally kept in a cage, that he couldn’t masturbate or touch himself without her permission?

“You wouldn’t!”

“You’re so cute when you’re wrong,” she says happily. At this point, she slides off of the bed again. He wonders if she’s going to leave him there. But no, she simply goes over to the nightstand. She grabs her phone.

Lips tight, Josh doesn't know what to do. He tenses up, wondering exactly what she has in mind. He doesn't understand. Does she want to call someone?

No, Nicole isn't going to use her phone to call anyone. She just wants the camera.

She looks at him from behind the screen. Her eyes practically dance with another rush of amusement. Why wouldn't I? She has her husband helpless, and now she's about to tighten his bonds.

Yes, this is how a marriage is supposed to work. She wants to own him so completely, so thoroughly that he won't try anything stupid. He won't attempt to think for himself. He won't resist any order. He will cook and clean and serve her. All the while, he's going to be so adorably pathetic, always eager for the chance to get off.

She might give him the occasional orgasm. Maybe. You know, for special occasions or as a genuine reward.

Thinking about this makes her wet. She snaps several pictures, quickly tapping her finger to the screen. "A couple of things you should know, Josh. These pictures all have your face and your imprisoned dick in them. So now, if you really pass me off, I can send them to whoever I like. Oh, and even if you manage to get out of the chastity cage on your own, I will still send out those photos. Don't worry about trying to access them. I just saved them to four different cloud accounts. This way, there is absolutely no chance you will get every single one of them."

As she explains this, the color drains away from his cheeks. He gets cold, knowing full well that she really does have command over his body now.

"Since you're going to do whatever I want now, we might as well get started." She shimmies out of her jeans in her panties. She climbs up onto the bed and maneuvers her pussy toward his face. Her calves straddle his head. Then she leans down, bringing her slit closer and closer to his mouth.

"You know what to do, don't you, slave boy?"

"I'm not going to do this!"

"You will if you want to keep your precious little secret," she says to him.

Understanding that there is no possible response, Josh grits his teeth for a second. He considers his situation, wishing that he had some other alternative. There must be something he can do, some way to get out of this. But she has those pictures now!

Knowing that his wife can blackmail him with hardly any effort, he opens his mouth, and he starts licking, sliding his tongue up and down the length of her crevice.

“No, no,” she says despite the quickening race of pleasure through her body. “First, you have to say thank you. Then you have to ask for permission.”

“Thank you?”

“That’s right. You need to think before I own you. You need to thank me for locking your cock up in its cage. Just think about how many mistakes you would have made otherwise. This way, you will always know what to do: whatever I say!” She giggles happily.

Josh looks up the length of her torso. He can see her breasts now. She is so lovely, but she seems so much taller, stronger, more powerful. Everything about this young woman vibrates with authority. He doesn’t know how to take that away or how to slow her down.

“Thank you for owning me,” he tells her. “Please, may I have permission to go down on you?” He hates those words, but that is becoming a familiar sensation. After all, his wife is going to make him say so many degrading phrases and sentences, comments and promises.

“That’s right. You’re a grateful boy,” she says, lowering her hips down another quarter inch. “Go ahead, slave boy. Start licking again. Show me what you can do. Show me who you are.”

Again, he does just that. He slides out his tongue and sweeps it along her opening. He licks her pussy like an obedient male. All the while, Nicole purrs, savoring the authority as well as the sensation now running along her skin.

Her skin gets hot, and she decides to grab onto his wrists. The shackles keep them in place, but she likes the sense that she is now holding him down as well. It’s more fun this way.

His tongue laps at her pussy, sliding around. It feels wonderful, delicious even. She closes her eyes, luxuriating in the

sensations that now course through her body. This is how our relationship can and should work, she decides. Her only regret? Not doing this sooner.

As Nicole partakes of her husband's mouth, Josh contemplates all of the times his wife has asked for something just like this. Well, not exactly like this. She has wanted him to go down on her many times in the past. Pretty much with every request, he turned her down.

There is one more reason why Nicole doesn't want her husband. Husbands can think for themselves. Husbands can try to hold their ground.

As a chastity slave, that wouldn't be an issue. Josh can feel that right here and right now. Her fingers squeeze into his wrists, and he halfheartedly pulls against both her weight and the resistance from the shackles. Obviously, there is no way he's going to be able to get up, not now.

"Slow down," she commands.

Josh doesn't obey fast enough. She lets go of his right wrist, lifting her hand and smacking it down against his side. It hurts, though only for an instant. This isn't about pain. No, it's simply getting his attention. Now Nicole has it.

"Slow down. I want to enjoy myself."

This time, he obeys, still moving his chin down and up. He licks at her opening, the flavor of her juices hot on his tongue. All the while, he keeps his eyes closed. If he opens them, he knows what he's going to see, his wife perched above him, holding him, in the most literal position of authority he could imagine with her pussy pressed down against his mouth.

Josh doesn't get to talk. He doesn't get to argue or try to think for himself. No, right now he exists only to please her. His tongue moves slowly and deliberately up and down, left and right, in neat, swirling little patterns.

"Speed up," she orders.

This time, she doesn't need to punish her husband. Apparently, he learned his lesson. Nicole grins like a huntress as she moves her hips just a little bit, making it easier for him to go deeper

into her opening. She savors the fresh heat that cascades through her skin. It starts right below her belly. It ripples out into the rest of her frame.

Yes, this is good. Yes, this is perfect. This is what every woman really wants, not that most of them would be willing to entertain such an idea.

Giggling as the pressure mounts, Nicole knows that she's going to come soon. She won't be able to help herself. She won't be able to resist the burst of pleasure. And yet, she still wants to draw this out.

Nicole can enjoy some delayed gratification. Then she giggles again, thinking about her husband. That is entirely what his world is about to become: delayed gratification.

"Faster," she orders.

He licks, swirling his tongue, darting in every direction. His jaw hurts, and his mouth is tired, but that doesn't matter, not in his place. She wants more. She wants completion. Unlike Josh, she can demand it. More than that, she now has everything she needs to enforce her will.

He licks frantically, almost desperate to please her.

He's not sure what he thinks will happen if he fails, but he lacks the authority, the willpower, the strength to fight back. After everything that has happened, Josh feels the need...to serve...the need to obey. More than that, he feels like he has lost something.

Perfect. A good husband should never try to think for himself. A good husband should be ready to serve the needs of his wife. So that's what Josh does. Over the span of such a short timeframe, Nicole has rewritten his most basic drives. And to think, all it took was a little bit of plastic between his legs.

Nicole rocks her hips forward and back, losing herself to the rhythm, to the feel of everything her husband has become. Just because she can, she calls out, "Good boy! There's a good boy. There's my good husband!" Her voice breaks apart as her heart pounds and her lungs constrict. But she doesn't care because she's bending forward, losing herself as his tongue continues to flicker along her clit.

Shivers of pleasure run through her body, and she's done. Hot, damp, and satisfied, she pulls herself off of his face.

"I'm going to go take a shower. We can talk about your chores when I get back," she says.

Josh opens his mouth, thinking that he might be able to stop her or get her to stay or maybe even release him. Only then, he realizes that this isn't going to work. More and more, he is understanding that his only option is surrender.

Josh lays on his back, still chained to the bed. Every few seconds, he starts thinking about his wife. He pictures her pussy. He imagines her breasts. He thinks of her naked. Not only that, he wonders what it would be like if Nicole were the one chained to the bed, her legs spread, her body on display for his amusement.

And he would be able to train her...

The thought is intoxicating.

And yet, there is the snort of derision that runs through his brain after just a few seconds. Whenever he starts to fantasize about Nicole serving him, his shaft begins to get hard, only to feel the confines of its prison. No, Josh can't have an orgasm. He can't even get an erection, not anymore!

Whether he likes it or not, he must lay there, thinking about how he has been caught and tamed by his wife.

Josh lifts his head when he hears the shower go off. He knows his wife is probably toweling off now, her skin damp. Little rivulets of water are probably running down from her hair along her back, her flanks, over her perfectly shaped breasts.

Josh can't help but think about their honeymoon. There was this moment where she was taking a shower after their flight. They just arrived at their hotel, and she emerged from the bathroom, still mostly wet. He jumped up from his chair, he pounced on her. Gleeful, Josh threw his wife onto the bed, and he started licking her breasts. He told her something silly about how he was going to help her. She squealed that his tongue couldn't help with that. That thought always got him hard.

Not this time.

His shaft begins to stiffen, only to feel those plastic boundaries. Pushing his fingertips together, he knows that this isn't fair, but he won't complain. Josh already knows it won't do any good.

"There's my good slave boy. Now, I'm going to let you up, and you're going to give me a nice massage. What you think of that, slave?" She speaks these words with absolute certainty, like she doesn't believe there is any way anything else could possibly happen.

Maybe she's right.

Josh watches as Nicole begins to open up his shackles. She starts with his ankles, freeing the chains. They pop open. Next, she goes for his wrists. Strangely enough, he doesn't move, not until all of the cuffs have been removed. Even then, he's tentative, just shifting his arms.

"It's not a trick, not a trap," she promises him. "If you want to get up, Josh then by all means, do so. Go ahead. Show me just how brave you can be."

There is, however, a problem. Right now, he doesn't feel brave at all. Despite this, he pushes away those tickles of fear, and he kneels. He gets up, and he looks back at his wife.

"Please, can't you just take this thing off me? I think I could still be your slave."

"No. That's not how chastity works, silly boy. This is the thing about chastity. Your own desperation will make sure that you are always a baby. You won't try to fight or resist because you'll always be horny. Because I can let you out at any moment and ride you, you'll want to do anything and everything in your power to please me. Don't worry. I know that boys are slow, but you'll figure it out in time."

In theory, he understands exactly what she's saying. And yet, some small part of him still doesn't believe it.

"Now, I need to see you do some chores for me. You know how I asked you to clean the kitchen last week? Oh, I also wanted you to vacuum the floors, do the laundry, and make the bed? I'm going to give you two hours to work on those chores. Do a good job,

and maybe you'll get a reward. Fail to please me, and well, let's just say that things won't go well for you."

Josh licks his lips. He glances over at the door. He feels like he must make one more attempt. "Look, Nicole, I'm sorry that I haven't been a very good husband, but you don't need to enslave me. I know that I can be a better man for you. Please, can't you just give me another chance?" He looks up at her with big, puppy dog eyes.

Nicole puts her hands on her hips and she considers her husband for a few heartbeats. "Interesting. You know what I find so fascinating about this?"

"What?"

"I really believe you, Josh. I think that, right now, you really do want to obey me. If I let you out of the chastity cage, you would probably do everything I have asked. I don't think you would even argue with me."

Hope spikes in his chest, making him think that she might take it off. After all, Nicole is a woman. She doesn't have what it takes to be genuinely cruel, does she?

"Yes! Please! I can still be a good servant without a chastity cage!"

"In the short term," she answers.

"What, what does that mean?" Josh stutters.

"It means that you would probably behave yourself for a little while, but I want more than just a little while. I want you to be a good boy each and every day. I want you to open your eyes in the morning to think about exactly how and why you are going to serve me. I want you to stop thinking of yourself. I want you to let go of every single selfish impulse in that cute little head of yours."

The anger sparks through him, though only for a couple of seconds. Then he looks back at his wife, and he sees her resolution. She won't back down on this. She knows what she wants, and she's going to take it.

"The clock is ticking," Nicole reminds him.

When Josh first heard about his assignments, he figured that he would do a crappy job. It wasn't much of a rebellion, it was the only thing he could really think of. Now that he finds himself in the kitchen, he can't do it. Rather, he finds himself scrubbing the corners, washing off the countertops, doing the dishes. He's a good servant, giving his wife everything she could want. He pours all of his effort, focus, and attention into cleaning for his wife.

Josh doesn't actually know how much time has gone by. He doesn't look at any clocks. Instead, he simply finishes in the kitchen then goes to the bedroom. As he walks, he can feel the extra weight of the chastity cage pulling on his scrotum and cock.

But what makes this really hard is the fact that he must pass his wife. She is seated on their sofa, her legs up. She has their tablet in her lap as she reads articles and watches videos.

Keeping his head down, he hopes that he is not going to hear any comments about his new status in their household. But inevitably, Nicole wishes to reinforce his position. "There is a good boy. I'm very proud of you. That's right. Go do the work in the bedroom now."

"As you command," he says, still keeping his head down.

What? Why is he just say that? Josh doesn't want to encourage her in the slightest. And yet, he just said "as you command," reinforcing her authority and position of power.

Feeling like an idiot, he makes his way back. When he steps across the threshold, he looks at the shackles that held him down. He wishes that he could tear them off, throw them away, discard them into some deep, dark hole. But no, the shackles don't belong to him, even if his wife has used them on his body.

As he does his best to ignore the handcuffs, Josh presses his lips together. He focuses entirely on the bed. He removes the sheets like a good slave. After that, he takes the blankets. He bundles them up in piles of dirty laundry. From there, he lugs the basket from its spot in the corner. He walks back through their house, feeling foolish.

This is supposed to be his house. He is supposed to be in charge here. And yet, he is naked, his cock under the control of a woman. These thoughts swirl through his head, making it easy for

Josh to lose himself in his tasks. This is almost meditative. He works quickly and efficiently. He does a great job, doesn't make a single mistake.

After the laundry is going, he looks around, confused.

Without really thinking about it, he knows that he needs to vacuum the floors. Good and subservient, Josh does exactly what his wife wants. He vacuums the floors. And when he's done, he goes back into the kitchen, and he sweeps up. There. He doesn't know exactly how long it's been, but their house has literally never been this clean before.

Other guys might feel pride at this sort of job. Not Josh. Instead, he finishes, and there is this sense of panic that shoots through him. What is he supposed to do now? That's the question that he faces.

He doesn't want to admit it, but losing control of his cock really does influence him. It changes how he sees the world, how he sees himself, how he plans what he should do.

Nicole.

Really, she is the only answer. He walks back into the living room, he drops onto his knees in front of her. "I have followed all of your orders," he tells her.

Languid, Nicole slides out her phone. She checks the time. "Very nicely done, slave. I think you are really learning. And to think, it has only been a couple of hours. Where do you think you're going to be in a couple of days, a couple of weeks? Oh, how about a couple of months?"

He doesn't answer. He knows what he should say, but the response is scary because it means that he will lose everything. Even if this is true, it's not something that Josh thinks he can really face.

Nicole reaches down and slides her fingers into his soft hair. She pulls his head back, turning it to the side so that it's easier for her to whisper into his ear. "Longer?"

His pathetic excuse for defiance crumbles away, and he bows his head down, he looks to the floor. At this moment, it feels like he isn't strong enough to directly address Nicole.

“I’m going to be your slave, Mistress.”

“Mistress?”

“I can call you whatever you like.”

“That’s right,” she agrees. Leaning back, she crosses her legs. With a swift movement of her toes, she discards both of her flats. Now her bare toes are right in front of him. “I could make you call me Goddess, Mistress, maybe even Master.” It’s true; she can really get him to do whatever she wants.

Pressing his lips together, he hopes that maybe she will be merciful. Somehow, it doesn’t seem likely.

Giggling with all of this power, she looks down at him. “For now, you will address me as your Mistress.” Oh, and you’re also going to massage my feet. You’re going to do it slowly. You’re going to take your time. You’re going to make me feel very good. And then I’m going to let you go down on me.”

“Let him” means that he doesn’t have a choice. Fortunately for Josh, he understands this. That makes it a little bit easier.

As she wiggles her toes, Josh raises up his hands. He starts to massage each of her small digits, starting with pinkies, working his way up toward her big toes. “Oh my, that’s marvelous,” she says. It’s true. It feels incredible, and it’s almost enough to get her off. Almost.

“Use your mouth,” she orders.

Josh looks up at her, and he knows he doesn’t have any choice. He leans in, he starts kissing her toes. When she giggles, he knows that’s not the right way. He wraps his lips around her left big toe. He starts to lick, to suck. His tongue flickers, exactly as it would have done if he had his head between her legs.

Nicole loves this, but she can’t take it for long. Her cheeks are already flushed, and watching her poor little slave boy scurry around, cleaning for her, has turned her on. Her pussy is wet, and she wants some attention. She pulls her foot away from his mouth. He retreats back, looking up at her with big, eager eyes.

“Good boy.”

She stands. She removes her jeans and her panties. She takes everything off so that she’s naked, not that this detracts from her authority in the slightest. She lowers herself back down, and she

beckons him forward with a curled finger. Josh doesn't need a second command. He leans forward, and he starts to lick her.

His tongue is quick and eager. He will do anything to please her. In the end, that's all that counts. That's all that matters to Nicole. It's her turn to be selfish, a turn that she isn't going to let end anytime soon.

Before, Nicole enjoyed breaking in his mouth. This time, it is all about her pleasure. She knows that she can make him do this for as long as she wants. But really, his tongue is only a portion of what she really craves. Josh might not know it yet, but he hasn't been entirely tamed and broken.

There something else she must do.

She can think of it as one final test.

Nicole sincerely intends to stop him before he gets her off, only it feels so good. Pretty soon, she gives in to the temptation. Because this feels so wonderful, she lets his busy tongue continue working against her pussy until she shivers, she shakes, and she gasps to her orgasm.

Nicole touches one finger to his forehead, she pushes him back.

"That was very good, Josh. More than that, I'm pretty pleased with everything you've done. I think you're really learning how to be a good slave. Is that right?" She wants to hear him say those words; she wants him complicit in every aspect of his enslavement.

"Yes, Mistress. I'm learning how to be a good slave."

"Tell me what that means."

Josh glances up at his wife turned Mistress. He wrinkles his brows, confused. He doesn't understand what she wants. He doesn't know what the correct answer is supposed to be. His insides tighten with fear.

"Go ahead. Tell me what you're thinking."

This feels like a guess, but Josh will do his best. He knows that he doesn't have any other options available to him. "To be a good slave," he begins, "I must think of you first." His voice trails off into a cold stop because he realizes that this is wrong. He tries

again, grateful for the opportunity. “I must think of you always. You are my only goal, my only priority.”

“That’s right, so does this mean that you’re just some dumb automaton? Does this mean that you don’t have to think for yourself?” Nicole smiled down at him, waiting for his answer. She can see it, the way he’s trying to think through this, to figure out exactly what his owner wants to hear. There must be a correct answer, right? There must be something he has to say.

That’s all he can hope, anyway.

Josh nervously licks his lips again, as has become his habit. Breathing into his nostrils, he tries to figure out what his owner wants him to say. Then he ventures a guess. “I think that I do need to think for myself, Mistress.”

“And why is that, sweet boy?”

Josh has a harder time thinking as she reaches down and strokes his cheek, her fingernails trailing along his vulnerable skin. Her affection is enough to make his cock twitch in its cage. Then again, that’s just one more reminder of everything Nicole has done to him.

Pushing his way through those sensations, he glances up at her again. “You want a slave, not a robot. You want a husband who can think of your needs and imagine what you want. I believe that you still want creativity and originality. You just want all of this under your specific terms, Mistress.”

With those words lingering on the air, Josh lowers his head. His wife contemplates him for a few more seconds, debating whether or not she should punish him again. Has he done anything wrong? No, of course not. In fact, she’s rather pleased with his answer. It is self-effacing, humble, and it’s loaded with obedience. Even so, she never wants him to get arrogant. He should always be just a little bit nervous around her.

This is why Nicole needs to make another decision. But before she does, she wants a little bit of time to think. She reaches down, sliding her hands through his hair, guiding his head back between her thighs. Josh doesn’t need any instructions. This is only his third time going down on her, but he has become used to it. He

has learned that he belongs there, on his knees, in a position to serve the woman he loves, the girl who owns him.

Sure enough, Josh is getting much better at this. Speedy and wet, his tongue darts along her pussy, deep into her slit. Not only that, he's getting more creative, just the way she likes. This isn't some machine. This treatment is better than a vibrator or any other toy. He understands what he's doing, he can learn. He can adapt.

Plus, Nicole understands something about human nature, something that applies even to herself. The greatest pleasures are surprises. If you don't know exactly what is coming, you can always be pleasantly surprised. There is always going to be a sense of anticipation.

Nicole tilts her head to the side as she looks down at her chaste male. For a few seconds, she wonders what he's thinking. Then she decides that it doesn't really matter. So long as he is focused on her pleasure, on her needs, on her satisfaction, the nothing else swirling through his cute head needs to be considered important.

"Stop," she says. She hasn't quite gotten off, but that doesn't matter. If Josh is confused, he doesn't give any sign of it. Instead, he falls back, straightening his spine as he looks up at her. He might be sitting upright, yet there is no real sign of disobedience in his expression.

"Follow me. Crawl," she says, casually issuing those orders. Regal, she stands up and begins to walk away.

For an instant, panic runs through his chest. His heart beats much more quickly, but then he remembers his place. Fortunately for Josh, he doesn't need to think about any of this. He simply needs to focus on the words that come from his Mistress. If he does this, then everything will be okay.

He moves along on his knuckles and knees, crawling. On some level, he expects another rush of humiliation. And sure enough, it's still there, but it feels diffused somehow, like yes, he was supposed to be better, but maybe he really can get used to all of this.

Maybe Nicole has been telling the truth because he really is meant to be a slave.

She is his Mistress after all.

“Since you’ve been taking to your lesson so quickly and doing everything I wanted with so little resistance, I think you might deserve a reward. What do you think that, Josh?”

His animal instincts tell him that this is some sort of trap. She sits on the edge of the bed, her naked legs crossed. Strangely enough, all he can think of is the taste of her excitement, the feel of her opening as his tongue slides upward. And yet, he must answer her.

“I think in my opinion doesn’t matter, Mistress,” he says. As he speaks those words, he keeps his eyes aimed downward. He only dares lift them when Nicole starts giggling.

“Clever,” she says. “Clever and correct. Your opinion really doesn’t matter. But I still want to know what you think.”

“I really believe that I only deserve a reward if I have pleased you sufficiently. There is no way for me to really know if that’s the case until you let me know,” he says, worried that he might be talking in circles, but it’s the best he can do. Outside of his cock lock, thinking clearly is easy enough...while wearing it? That changes everything. It’s like she’s chained down all of his confidence along with most of his abilities.

Josh feels bold. In a quiet voice, he asks, “Mistress, have I pleased you sufficiently?”

It’s a good question. Exactly what a slave should ask.

Nicole’s smile makes it clear that she is pleased with his responses.

“Get up on the bed,” Nicole orders. This will be it, a moment of truth, another test to see whether or not he will really be able to embrace his new position, his new status, his new attitude and way of life.

That thought makes Nicole smile again. She thinks of how many assumptions humans make just on a day-to-day basis. There are all of these tacit assumptions that influence the way people see

the world. Far too many take a patriarchal approach, meaning that everything is seen from a male vantage point. Sure, this is usually fairly subtle. The distinctions aren't necessarily obvious or shouted as declarations. But they're there nonetheless.

Sometimes, it might just be a question of who gets some attention first. If two people have questions, will the woman get to ask first or the man? So often, it's the guy. Not for any good reason. He's just a boy.

These thoughts fly through her head as she beckons her husband up onto the bed. He climbs up, nervous. The last time he was here, he had been chained down, exposed and vulnerable. Then again, that was exactly what his wife enjoyed so much.

"How does it make you feel to be back here?"

"Nervous," he says.

"Oh, come on, Josh. You can do better than that," she says with a smirk. When her lips move that way, parting slightly, revealing her teeth, she really does seem far more dangerous.

Realizing that her amusement could turn to disdain or frustration at any moment, Josh looks down. He's on his knees already, his arms straight, his knuckles against the mattress.

"I'm nervous, but I'm also excited. I'm very nervous. I know that you might punish me right now, but you also might reward me." As he speaks these words, he thinks of his last question, the one that she never answered. Has he pleased her sufficiently? Josh doesn't know, and he can't know, not unless and until his wife decides to tell him.

"You're right about that, slave," she tells him. Her smile is enigmatic and impossible to read. Again and again, he must try to guess what she's thinking, what she will do. Then she makes it even harder for him to know because she reaches out, sliding her fingers over his knee, up to the curves of his thigh, and then her palm is on his stomach. She brings her arm up higher until she touches his chest.

Josh doesn't try to say anything. He knows that he should be quiet, he should wait to find out what his Mistress will decide for him. It's not his place to try to think for himself.

His cock twitches in its cage, eager for escape. For a second, he looks down at his imprisoned shaft. It's enough to make his wife laugh. "Poor boy. I do wonder how long it will take you to get used to it. How long do you think, Josh? I mean, the effects of the cage. In just a few hours, you have given up all of those silly, masculine notions of free will. Isn't that right, slave?"

She has given him two questions. He knows he should answer both of them. Josh tightens his lips together for a few seconds. Then he looks up at her. "I'm not sure how long it will take me to get used to this," he says, tensing on the inside for one very good reason. If there's a timeline, that means he will inevitably get used to this, that he will accept it.

He is going to be a chaste, sex slave.

He wonders if this means that he is technically deprived. Obviously, he can't get off the way he once did. And yet, so much of sex is mental. It's a sensory and emotional series of responses. Yes, the most obvious symbol of his sex drive has been captured, but the rest of him can squirm and fantasize. His imagination isn't gone.

Josh doesn't know it yet, but Nicole has an idea.

She's interested in toying with the parts of him she can't yet control. She runs her fingers along his chest, savoring the heat of his body, the contours of his muscles. She comes up to his neck, and she drags a fingernail along his throat. She brings it up beneath his chin.

Because she feels like it, Nicole leans in and kisses her husband. With her free hand, she holds onto the back of his head. She tightens her grip on those short strands of hair. She has a solid grip, and she controls his position. More than that, she sets the rhythm. She kisses him slowly at first, then faster and harder.

Pretty soon, he is groaning with frustration.

"Is there something you want?"

"Yes!" He exhales that word, a single sound packed with frustration and desperation. It's exactly what a girl like Nicole enjoys hearing.

She leans in again and kisses him. She takes her time, enjoying the feel of his lips. Of course, so much of her pleasure

comes from the simple fact that she is in control. He would like to be, of course. Under his ideal circumstances, he would be able to flip her over and throw her to the bed. He would be able to take command.

But right now, under the circumstances, Josh can't even imagine something like that. So he kisses his wife, grateful for every sensation, knowing that it could come to an end at any moment.

"Stop," she says, touching her forehead to his, pulling her lips away just slightly.

There is a fraction of an instant where he desperately wishes to kiss her some more, to continue. And yet, he must know that he can't do it. She has given him an order, and this enslaved husband can't disobey.

Like a perfect slave, he obeys right away and without question. The urge to defy her might be there, only it is muted and weak, colorless and without any real definition. There is no way for him to cling to an instinct like that. So instead, Josh stops.

"Good," she says. "Now I want you to lay down. Lay down and spread your arms and legs. I think you can figure out what is coming next."

Shivers run through his skin. He shouldn't be scared. He shouldn't experience this kind of animalistic dread, yet it's there nonetheless, rippling through his body. He knows what's going to happen; she is right about that.

Josh lowers himself on his back spreads out his limbs. He's now in the exact same position he found himself in when he first woke up.

Well, he's not in the exact same position. Even before, while his arms and legs were bound, he at least had the freedom to get hard. That is something his wife has not yet granted him. But maybe...

Sure enough, she chained him again, securing the metallic circles around his wrists, then his ankles. He feels the weight against the four corners of his body, and he tries not to react, his wife giggles anyway. "It's okay if you're nervous, Josh.

"Yes, Mistress." He doesn't know any other way to respond. That's okay. He has done a good job.

“Close your eyes,” she orders.

Obviously, he complies. He lowers his eyelids, making sure that he has no idea what she’s doing. The bed shifts around him. He thinks that she might get off the mattress, though he isn’t exactly sure. It’s hard to tell just by the sounds he can pick up on and the sensations he can feel of the mattress shifting beneath him.

“Okay,” she says, definitely crouched between his legs. “You can open your eyes again.”

He takes advantage of this opportunity to look up at her. She’s seated there, on her knees, rather demure. It’s easy to think of Nicole as a sexy kindergarten teacher, maybe a tutor or something. Her eyes sparkle with vivacious delight as she contemplates him.

“What’s special about me?”

His eyes scan her. The most obvious detail is the fact that she isn’t wearing any pants or panties. Yes, she still has on her T-shirt, but that appears to be all. Her shoulders are bunched up, and her hair is pulled back into a simple ponytail. Every time she nods or shakes her head, that cluster of hair bounces along with the movements of her head.

“I, I’m not sure,” he tells her truthfully. There are plenty of details he could pick out, but which one does she expect him to notice?

Nervous anxiety runs through his body, quick and jagged. He grits his teeth, wondering exactly what he is supposed to tell her, but there aren’t any quick or obvious answers. That’s why he tells her, “I’m sorry, Mistress. I’m not sure what you want me to see!” He knows he sounds pathetic. He knows he sounds desperate. None of that matters. At least he’s telling her the truth? That might get him some sympathy.

Yeah, right. A woman like Nicole doesn’t do sympathy.

Then again, it might not matter. If she wants to punish him, she will punish him. It’s not like she needs a genuine reason. She can always just find an excuse.

“Don’t be nervous, slave. Take your time. I’ll give you a couple of guesses,” she says, obviously amused with his discomfiture.

Nicole knows exactly what she's doing. This is a game plenty of women have played over the centuries, if not longer. A woman makes a change to her appearance, something small, something subtle. To her, it's very important, but she gets upset if the man in her life doesn't notice.

Is it fair? Probably not. Does it matter? Definitely not.

Right now, Nicole knows that she is toying with him. This is just another game, another way for her to tease him. Even so, she isn't about to stop.

"Keep looking," she commands, perfectly aware that he will get stressed, but he won't stop. He can't.

"You're wearing the key," he finally says, his eyes full of awe. Immediately, he pulls himself forward, forgetting all about cuffs around his wrists and ankles. The metal bonds keep him in place, right where she wants him right where he belongs.

Sure enough, the key to his chastity cage is dangling from a small chain right around her neck. She leans forward, and he doesn't know if he's staring at her cleavage or at the glistening metal. Either way, Josh can't look away. Transfixed, he stares at her.

Nicole reaches around for the back of her neck. She unclasps the metal chain and holds it out, letting the key dangle, letting it fly front of Josh. Intellectually, he knows that it is completely futile, yet he still reaches out with his hands nonetheless. His fingers grasp at the air, gripping nothing.

Nicole keeps the chain moving. At one point, she dips it low, so that he can almost reach for the key. It's rather funny. Even if he managed to grab it, what does he think would happen? It's not like he can reach down and even touch the padlock that holds his cock cage in position. Completely trapped, he simply can't do this.

With her giggles rippling out on the air, Nicole shakes her head. Then she does something that he can't anticipate. She unlocks his cage. Yes, she uses the key, sliding it into the small opening. She turns the end of the key, and there is a click.

Nothing changes instantly. Just because the cage is no longer locked on, that doesn't mean Josh isn't trapped. The lock prevents him from taking the chastity device off when his wife isn't around.

Even then, he would need to use his hands. With his arms currently chained to the corners of the bed, that's obviously not an option.

Of course, she takes her time with this. She wants her husband to feel each second, to bask in his helplessness. Even though she's impressed with his progress, she can't deny the simple fact that he really does belong on his back. Granted, he probably needs more time to learn this fact for himself.

Shaking her head and amused as always, Nicole slowly reaches down. Of course, his eyes track her hands. Josh simply can't look away. Sure enough, she goes for the tube. Nicole slides the connections free. One after another, she pulls them away, setting them gingerly on the nightstand.

"There, there," she tells him. "No need to get excited."

Josh looks up at her, his expression filled with wonder, confusion, and the desire to please. Most of the anger has dissipated by this point. She pulls the tube off of him, freeing his cock for the first time in what feels like forever. Sure, it's only been a couple of hours, but that doesn't matter to the psyche of a boy like Josh.

His shaft springs up, hard and proud in its temporary freedom.

"What makes you hard?" Nicole asks.

"I, I want to have sex with you, Mistress," he confesses.

"Good boy. Now, think about that. Stay nice and hard for me. I'm going to go out and take care of a couple things. While I'm gone, you're going to stay here and think of your position. Think about what you want to say to me when I come back. Can you do that, Josh? Can you do that, slave?"

Josh. Slave. Those two words might as well mean the same thing.

Rather than leave right away, she decides to play with her boy first, she reaches up, touching his eyelids gently. She closes them for him, bathing his world in darkness. Next, she positions herself right above his member. She lowers herself down, her pussy just an inch or so away from his waiting member.

Nicole knows that she could give him everything he craves so desperately. It would be easy. Not only that, she would enjoy it. Her pussy is wet at the prospect of feeling his girth. And yet, she decides

to delay her own satisfaction. It's easy because she knows she's in control. Really, that's all that matters.

Nicole lowers herself down just a little bit more, and she hears that intake of breath. They haven't technically touched yet.

"What, what are you doing, Mistress?" Josh asks, his breathing labored and frantic.

"I think you know exactly what I'm going to do," she says, her legs spread, her ass pointed outward. She moves forward, then back. There's still no connection, no friction of her flesh against his. Even so, he tenses up beneath her. He knows that at any moment, she could take him, enveloping his manhood.

But that's not what Nicole really wants to do.

Instead, she just rubs her pussy lips along his cock while he moans and squirms.

Oh yes, this feels so good. Rapturous authority flows through her body as she rubs her wet slit against his shaft. "Keep your eyes closed, slave," she orders, so of course, he obeys. At this point, it's like Josh can't do anything else.

As hard as it is for her, Nicole must nonetheless pull away. She can't torment him this way forever, no matter how good that temptation might feel. Nicole withdraws, taking all of those wondrous sensations away from her poor slave.

His lips harden, pulling tight against his teeth as he hisses with disappointment. There's so much he craves right now, so much he desperately yearns for. But he isn't going to get it, and he knows it. So, like a good slave, he tries to accept his fate. He does the best he can.

"I'm going to come back, Josh. When I do, I'm going to be very, very quiet and you are going to keep your eyes closed. This way, I will see if you really can demonstrate your devotion to me."

"How do I do that, Mistress?"

A giggle runs through her body. "Oh, just stay nice and hard and keep your eyes closed and your chin up. You can do it, I'm sure."

She pats him on the head like he's just a pet before she turns and strolls away.

Nicole pulled on a quick pair of panties, some jeans, and socks. Once dressed, she grabbed her keys and got into her car. She was torn. On the one hand, she wished to run. There was this excitement burning through her body, like when she was a little kid, and there was some special treat or toy or surprise waiting for her.

Josh's Mistress could practically feel the vibrations running through her shins. It would have been wonderful to dart across the lawn, to jump into her car.

But she didn't. Instead, like a very mature and sedate young woman, she pulled out her phone and she made a call. Fortunately for her, the woman on the other end was bored and was looking for a distraction. This would work nicely, they both knew.

This is why Nicole finds herself seated at a café downtown. Around her, young men and women in black uniforms carry trays with glasses of water and wine. They bring plates filled with semi-gourmet sandwiches and other entrées. It's a lovely restaurant, Nicole thinks, with large windows and lots of light. On some days, this place can get ridiculously crowded. Every table will be taken up, and the din of conversation will be enough to make it difficult to talk without shouting.

Fortunately, the place is mostly empty now. That's why it's so easy for Nicole to spot her companion.

Theoretically, Nicole knows why she is there. This is going to be an intellectual exercise. And yet, her breath is already speeding along with her pulse. She gets up, and she hugs the other girl.

"Tara, it's so good to see you," gushes Nicole.

They hug one another, embracing like sisters.

For a few minutes, they enjoy some small talk, nothing particularly deep or impressive. They discuss some of their favorite TV shows, an article Tara read, a documentary Nicole saw a couple of weeks ago. They order their food, and they while away the afternoon.

Of course, Nicole occasionally squirms with erotic need. It has nothing to do with Tara, per se. Her friend is smart and sweet, but it's Josh who turns Nicole on. Right now, he's back at their place,

chained down and helpless, squirming with his erection as he tries to keep his eyes closed and his shaft hard.

As a female, Nicole really can't know exactly what goes through the mind of a male. Even so, she suspects that he is more than physically capable of remaining erect for all this time. She wonders exactly where his thoughts will drift, though she has one suspicion. She thinks that he's going to think of her. After all, Nicole is his only avenue to an orgasm. And at this point, he must want one badly, oh so very badly.

Yes, that situation is plenty to keep Nicole wet.

"And how is your husband?" Tara asks, snapping Nicole from her reverie.

At this point, Nicole reaches down for her glass of water. She picks it up, taking a gentle sip. "Oh, there are so many ways to answer that question," she says.

Tara raises an eyebrow. She has dark hair, bright green eyes, and sculpted features. She's a lovely woman, the kind of female who can walk down the street and expect a lot of attention from passersby. In this, both Tara and Nicole are very similar. Perhaps it's another reason why they get along so well.

"What do you mean?"

At this, Nicole glances around the restaurant. Obviously, the chances that she knows anyone else here are going to be fairly slim. Even so, she decides to be cautious.

"Do you remember that conversation we had at your party a couple weeks ago?"

"We had a lot of conversations," Tara replies. "You're going to have to be more specific."

Nicole smirks, thinking about how she really does have to come out and say this. She can't rely on euphemisms or double entendres. "Okay, at the end of the night, we started joking about men."

"If I remember correctly, you were talking about how to control men. There were some fun ideas," Tara agrees. "Why do you bring that up?"

At this point, Nicole licks her lips and looks around again. She knows this is a waste of time, but she can't quite ignore the flutter of nervous energy running through her chest. After all, everything she has done so far has been in private. No one else has been involved.

Suddenly, the prospect of sharing all of this with someone, even her best friend, feels like it might be too much. Nicole isn't really sure she can do it.

"Nicole?" Tara asks, maybe getting concerned when she doesn't get an answer. "You know, you can tell me anything, not that you have to. If you want to keep this to yourself, that's perfectly okay."

"No. This is something I think I want to share," Nicole replies, grateful for her friend's patience. "Okay, so we were talking about men. We were talking about controlling men."

"Yeah, and I'm pretty sure we agreed that the best ways to control a guy would be with food or sex." Tara smiles, thinking of that night. It was definitely a good party.

"And you said something about how the best way to keep a man obedient isn't to give him sex, but to take it away. You thought the best way to make sure he would behave is to keep him wanting all the time."

Tara tilts her head to the side, like she can't quite look at Nicole directly. Her cheek starts to flush slightly, perhaps because she didn't remember that detail...or maybe she remembered it all too well.

"And then we joked about some toys." Tara says those words, but she doesn't actually look back to Nicole.

"Were we joking?"

"Absolutely," Tara says, although there's no real humor in her voice. In fact, after just a couple of seconds, she looks back at her friend, "Why?"

"Over the last few days, I've been thinking a lot about what we were saying. I know that we were just joking around, but a lot of it made a lot of sense. What if guys would be better off without the freedom to get off?" Sure, her phrasing is awkward, but Nicole doesn't care.

After a few seconds, Nicole glances over at her friend, it's clear that Tara's eyes are bright with fascination. At this point, they don't have a party as an excuse. They can't pretend that this is just drunken joking, only that doesn't really matter. They are two friends alone in a crowded restaurant. They can say whatever they want.

Tara runs her teeth along her bottom lip. "Nicole, have you decided to put some of these ideas into practice?"

There. The question. The one they have both been dancing around.

"Yes," Nicole says.

Once that word is out there, it feels like she can't possibly take it back. In fact, everything is different now. She has admitted what she has done, and now someone else knows.

"Josh?" Tara asks.

"Yes!" Nicole calls out, practically shouting the word. "Who else would it be?"

"I don't know. I'm just blown away that you decided to do something like this. It's awesome, but it also feels a little bit crazy."

That's the problem, isn't it? This entire venture could feel absolutely amazing, but it remained contrary to so many messages and beliefs society constantly and unconsciously perpetuated.

"I'm not sure I care how other people might think of this. I just want to do what is best for me and Josh."

"What have you done exactly?" Tara asks, looking directly at her friend.

This is it. Nicole inhales, filling her lungs. She sets her hands on the table, her palms down. She can feel the cool glass against her skin. The table cover is solid, reassuring. "Last night, Josh and I had a conversation. It didn't go well. So I've been thinking about our girls' night a lot lately, so I went online a few days ago I bought everything I might need. I got handcuffs, other chains for the bed, and something else." She closes her eyes, takes a breath. Then she opens looks back at her friend. "And a chastity cage."

Nicole knows that she isn't speaking in the most logical or organized way, but that doesn't matter. She ended with the most

important part, the part that she and her friends had been talking and joking about.

“And?” Tara asks, her eyes lit with fascination. Like the other women at their party, she laughed at the prospect of putting a boy in chastity, of taking away his control. But that was just joking, right? It wasn’t supposed to mean anything. But here’s the most important part of every joke. It must contain some great truth, some little point about reality or society or people in general. That’s what really fascinates us.

Tara might have been joking, but some part of her wants to know exactly what happens when you take a man’s genitals and lock them up. After all, like so many other women, Tara understands that guys derive so much of their identity, perhaps too much, from their penises.

So what happens when they get locked away? It’s such a good question, one that fascinates her.

“This morning, Josh woke up in chains.”

“You’re kidding!” Eyes wide, Tara really isn’t sure she can believe her friend.

“I’m not joking. This happened. I woke up before him, and Josh’s always been a heavy sleeper. I was able to cut him out of his sweatpants and T-shirt. I took off his underwear and everything. Then I pulled off the blankets and the pillows. When I was all done, I had him naked, spread out, and ready for me.”

“You chained your husband to the bed.” Tara says those words, repeating each one. She still wasn’t sure she can believe this.

“I decided that it was time we try for a new dynamic.”

“A new dynamic,” Tara says, only she can’t keep herself from giggling. She rolls her shoulders back and looks around the rest the restaurant, like she needs to double check to be certain that reality hasn’t fractured.

“It’s crazy, I know,” Nicole says. She takes another sip of water. The cold liquid feels good. “For a long time, guys have gone around, picking and choosing what they think is best for us. It’s time for the women to assert themselves.”

“So what happened when he woke up?”

This is it, a very big question. Is Nicole going to tell the truth? Or rather, how much of it will she share? In theory, Nicole doesn't have to say anything. This can all be private. But where's the fun in that?

"I started training him," Nicole says, grinning.

Back at home, Josh is on his back, staring at the ceiling, cuffs around his wrists and ankles. He can feel the weight of the metal, binding him. Those restraints do so much more than simply hold down his body. They constrain his thoughts, making it harder and harder to think of himself as a man.

Is that a bad thing?

A man is free. A man can think for himself, but a man must also resist. Josh isn't certain that he wants to resist. He doesn't know if he has what it takes to try to fight back.

Besides, his wife and Mistress has given him a command. Although Josh doesn't know where she is or what she's doing, he understands that he must remain there on his back, his shaft hard. He keeps his eyes closed, so he isn't even sure if she's in the room.

Obviously, he hasn't heard anything for quite some time. That may or may not mean anything. For all Josh knows, Nicole is seated off in the corner of the room, watching him. Just as easily, she could be playing on her phone. It's not like his ears are sensitive enough to pick up on the sounds of her finger gliding over a screen.

More likely, he knows that she's gone. She probably wandered off to go enjoy herself. She may have already driven off to go enjoy a cup of coffee or something. That actually seems very likely to the restrained slave.

Unfortunately for Josh, he has no idea when she's going to come back. So even if he can assume that she's gone now, there's no guarantee that she won't be able to sneak right back in to see if he has obeyed. Opening his eyes would give him more information, but it would also be in direct violation of the command he has received from his Mistress. No, Josh won't take that risk. He can't bring himself to defy her like that.

So he keeps his eyes closed and he must remain hard, which means thinking. He must fantasize. He must constantly stimulate himself. Nicole certainly understood this before she left. She wanted to give him the opportunity to chase his own thoughts through his head in neat, binding little circles.

Josh, on the other hand, has no idea what would follow.

He is alone in the darkness of his eyelids as he tries to think of something sexy. First, he goes to a commercial. That's right. He starts thinking about this blonde model in a bikini. He always loved her bright blue eyes and the way she smiled, seductive, innocent, and inviting, all at the same time.

Right away, he can tell that this won't be good enough. He starts thinking of his wife instead, her perfect legs, the feel of her fingertips along his body. He remembers the warmth and heat of her pussy rubbing against his shaft. Immediately, his number stiffens. It's a reflex, an instinct, a completely biological reaction that he has no chance of controlling.

Josh hisses air through his teeth as he starts thinking of his wife. But the memories of her body are just the beginning.

He starts thinking of everything she said, about how she wants to train him, to own him.

No, that's not what he wants to think about. He tries to rewrite his mental script. In his fantasy, he should be on top. He should be big enough and stronger to grab his wife and force her down. She will be on her back, looking up at him, her eyes big with a mix of nervousness and adoration.

"You're so cute," she says in his mind. "You really think that you can be in charge, Josh?" She drops her voice to a whisper. "No. That's not how it works. You know that you're a slave."

Josh simply follows the fantasy, letting his thoughts drift. His pulse might spike as those images dance his head, but then his breathing stops for just a moment. He knows that he should stop this. He should fight back, especially because he is in control. This is his imagination, after all.

Somehow, that doesn't seem to matter here.

Josh imagines her voice, soft and seductive, utterly confident. “You’re just a slave, Josh. You belong on your hands and knees. You should please me and serve me at every opportunity. There’s nothing else you want to do. There is nothing else you can do. Try to fight it, you’re just going to lose.”

He scrunches his eyes closed, tightening them as much as he can, like he might somehow be able to hide from his Mistress.

But she’s right there, inside his head, she’s laughing at him. “This is how it works. I tell you what to do, and you obey. You don’t try to think for yourself. You don’t try to do anything on your own because you know that I make the decisions.”

Josh doesn’t want to believe it. He doesn’t want to accept it. Or does he?

His shaft is rigid, stiff with his desire. For some reason, these thoughts arouse him. They do something to him, turning him on in a way that should not be possible. But it is. It’s very possible, there’s absolutely no escape for him.

“Don’t worry. You can trust me. I’m going to be a gentle Mistress. I’m going to make sure that you always know your place, that you always remember how to be mine. Other guys have to worry about making choices. Not you. Never you, Josh. You’re just a slave now.”

His muscles tense, pulling against the restraints, tightening the bonds and yanking away the slack at every corner of the bed.

“Tell me who you are. Tell me what you are.”

This is just an imaginative version of his wife. He doesn’t really have to do it. On some level, Josh knows this, but he still can’t help himself. Perhaps he doesn’t want to help himself.

This is the hard part. Over and over again, he feels this itch, this programmed need to assert himself. But he can’t. He knows that he doesn’t deserve any real power, any genuine independence. He’s a slave. His wife has seen that within him, and now she is training him. She is breaking him. She is taming him.

Josh can’t know if he wants to be a tamed male or not.

As he lies there, his heart flutters in his chest. His shaft remains hard, and he keeps his eyes closed.

He must answer her unspoken question. He needs to say something to the Mistress in his imagination. Sure, this should be his mind, but it doesn't work that way. For this boy, he knows he must act. He must do exactly as she commands because she's in charge and owns him.

Josh licks his lips right before he starts to speak. He doesn't really make a sound, yet his lips move. He shapes the words, each one a silent pantomime of language.

"Mistress, I know that I am your slave. I know that I belong to you. I am owned. I am your property. I belong to you." Those words answer her question, so he can theoretically stop. This should be enough to satisfy her, but there's something else itching there at the edge of his brain, this other declaration that he feels compelled to make.

With an audible gulp, he scrunches his eyes closed again. He squirms, like he can't escape his own ambivalence. But he must. Josh has to make a decision. This is important. He can't mess up in front of his Mistress, so he needs to practice.

"Thank you," he says. These words almost come out like a prayer. "Thank you, Mistress. Thank you for owning me. I didn't think this was possible. I never imagined that it would feel so good to belong to you, but I love following your orders. This is what I need. This is who I have to be. Thank you for seeing this inside of me. Thank you so much, Mistress. Thank you for allowing me to serve you. Thank you for training me. Thank you for taming me." He pauses, his heart pounding faster. "Thank you for breaking me."

Gratitude. It is such a powerful emotion, one that sweeps through him. Then, all of a sudden, Josh relaxes. The tension dissipates from his body, yet his cock remains rigid.

In his mind, he's thinking about how he might serve her to demonstrate his gratitude. Other guys might immediately go to images of licking her pussy. Other guys would be wrong. After all, that kind of immediate jump to oral servitude would be for his pleasure and his satisfaction. No. If Josh really wants to be a good slave, then he needs to think of his Mistress and what she would genuinely crave first.

Like so many other women, Nicole likes to relax before sex. Men might use sex as an escape, to get away from stress and worry. Women, on the other hand, need to feel safe and sedate before they can really enjoy any pleasures of the flesh. Josh knows this, so he knows that his own desires are irrelevant. He needs to please his Mistress. He can't be selfish, he can't be greedy, and he can't be egocentric.

If his time in the chastity device has taught him anything, then it's this.

So in his fantasy, because he must remain stimulated, Josh thinks about how it would be to have his wife on her stomach. She would raise one foot, her arch extended. Josh would lean in, and he would begin to press down on her sensitive skin. He would work every part. He would take his time. More than that, he would pay attention to her and her desires. Josh would be the best husband he could be, massaging and serving her. All the while, he would do his best to discern exactly what she enjoyed most.

Each time she would smile or moan or groan with pleasure, Josh would pick up on it. He would make a note each time, and he would make sure to integrate those exact movements, those exact pressure points, into his strategy. Because yes, he would have to think about this very clearly. He couldn't just act randomly.

Over and over again, he thinks about how he has been captured, controlled, and modified. He really is thinking differently now. That's good. This is who he is meant to be.

After the massage, Josh fantasizes about working his hands along her legs. He knows that she doesn't enjoy a lot of pressure on her calves, her shins, or her thighs. Instead, Nicole always wants something soft, a featherlight touch of his fingertips and nothing more.

So that's what he thinks about giving her.

Even so, he knows that this would be erotic for her. When Nicole relaxes, when she is gently stimulated, her body begins to respond. In the real world, a shiver runs through Josh's body as he thinks about this. It's happened on more than one occasion where he simply wanted to be a good husband. As such, he gave his wife a

massage, and started to turn her on. That hadn't been his intention. It wasn't his goal by any stretch. And yet, it worked this way nonetheless.

Josh knows this might not be appropriate, but he grins anyway. He likes thinking about his wife, her pleasure, the way she would squirm helplessly underneath him. Then there were those times when he mocked her, pretending that he didn't know exactly why she started to twitch beneath his caresses.

Still, that's a good memory.

"I'm going to roll over, slave, and you're going to massage my breasts for me. You're going to use your hands and you're going to use your mouth. Understand, slave?" Nicole might not be in the room to say those words, but Josh has no problem imagining the sounds.

His wife's authority echoes through his mind and body.

In his fantasy, Nicole rolls onto her back. She moves with lazy certainty, savoring the fact that she can do whatever she likes. She can take her time, and there's no way for Josh to do anything about it. He might be impatient, but he's smart enough not to complain. In his mind, he keeps his head bowed down as he waits for her to assume whatever position she likes. Then, and only then, he will serve her.

With his owner on her back, he watches as she stretches her hands over her head.

She gives an almost imperceptible nod, and he crawls forward. He now has his head down, and gently touching his fingertips to the sides of her breasts. He goes for her left nipple first. He nuzzles her with the tip of his nose and his lips. She likes that. She likes it a lot.

He puckers his lips as he continues to fondle her breasts. He sticks out his tongue and quickly swipes it along her erect nipple. Yes, she is quite stiff. Both of her nipples are hard; how could they be anything else when she is so turned on?

This understanding doesn't make Josh arrogant or cocky. Instead, he remains servile and dedicated as his tongue continues to work. He goes up and down, from side to side, and in little squares and circles, all around her nipple.

“Would you like me to change?” Josh asks in his fantasy.

“Yes,” she would say with a quick nod of her head.

Obliging, Josh would quickly move over to the other side of her chest. His lips would come down again, and he would start with the same nuzzles. Those intimately sweet movements would make her smile, so he would keep going. Simultaneously, however, Josh would be very much aware that his owner would want some direct stimulation. Okay, then.

He would lick and suck, moving his lips and tongue wherever he could for her pleasure.

Josh doesn't think that Nicole would be able to take this for much longer. She gets horny quickly, especially when faced with this kind of dedicated stimulation. That's why she would spread her legs, perhaps snap her fingers, and definitely order him down between her legs.

He would look at her for just a second, his eyes big and pleading. He wouldn't ask any questions or make any requests. That would be too forward.

Even so, the idea would be there, lingering on the air. He would be so hopeful, eager just for the chance to have sex with her. Would she acquiesce? Would she decide that her husband has done enough? No.

Because really, this is about more than what he “deserves.” It's about her pleasure, her satisfaction, and her cravings. He's there, but she comes first. Always.

In his fantasy, Josh does the only thing he can. He goes down on his owner. He licks her, he worships her, using his tongue. This enslaved boy uses everything he has to please his Mistress. In his fantasy, he can taste her excitement. He can hear the speed of her breathing. It's almost like she's really here, and it's almost like he can climax on his own.

Nicole wants to hop. Seriously, the instinct pumps through her body, but she knows she should be serious about this. Instead of jumping around like an excited kid, Nicole creeps down the hallway to the bedroom door. She opens it, her hand on the knob. Gripping it,

she turns it very, very slowly. She doesn't make a sound, no noise whatsoever.

At this point, she can't even hear her heartbeat.

With the door open, she steps across the threshold, careful not to let the floor creak beneath her feet. She leaves the door open and takes several careful steps toward her husband. He doesn't react. There is no sharp intake of breath, no twitch, and he doesn't lift his head. No, he doesn't know she's here.

For several seconds, Nicole simply enjoys her position. This is fun, she reflects. But there's something else. She's in love with this slave, she knows. Owning him is one thing, but it feels good to simply admire him. She studies the contours of his muscles, his hair cut, his somewhat placid expression. For the most part, he is relaxed, but occasionally, she can see the movement beneath his eyelids, almost like he's dreaming.

She's pretty sure he's not asleep. No, this is something else.

Like a good plaything, Josh is doing exactly what his Mistress commanded. He's fantasizing. She can tell he's not asleep, after all, because his cock is hard. In fact, it stands up straight with little droplets of excitement at the tip.

Nicole creeps up to her husband. She's right next to him now, not that he knows it. His expression doesn't change in the slightest.

For his part, Josh is thinking about his Mistress. In his mind, everything's changed. He started thinking about what it would be like if he existed in a world where he really was a slave, both inside of this house and out. What would happen if he was so thoroughly owned that there was a legal dimension as well? What if any man could be owned?

This is something that scares him, something teases him. He thinks of a world where any guy could be collared, where any woman could simply claim a man. Suddenly, he would be subject to her whims, dependent on her approval. This would be a world where female prerogatives would control everything.

Just then, Josh feels this gentle caress along his balls, up his shaft.

He yelps!

The sound is alien, he scratches his eyes shut, almost like he is panicking. Josh doesn't know what else he can possibly do, especially because he doesn't want to open his eyes.

Silent and desperate, he can only hope that this is his wife.

Technically, she didn't tell him that he can't talk, but Josh somehow can't find his voice. He parts his lips, and his throat clenches as the sensations race through his nerves. She—someone—touches him again, those unnerving caresses that are impossible to ignore. He tenses up, wishing that he could climax, but there isn't enough pressure.

Besides, Josh is pretty certain that he needs permission for something like that. So he doesn't let go; he doesn't relax.

“Josh, what have you been thinking about the last couple of hours?”

Right away, relief floods through his system. Yes, it is Nicole. He relaxes. Sure, the physical taunts of her fingertips gliding over his member are almost unbearable, but at least it really is Nicole and not some stranger or something. He's almost tempted to smile at that idea. Who else could possibly be here?

“Mistress, I've been thinking about serving you and obeying you.” Those words should sound stilted or silly. They don't. When he speaks them, he does so with perfect conviction because he really is telling the truth.

“That's good to hear. So what does serving me and obeying me mean to you?”

He swallows, not exactly sure what she wants to hear. Instead of guessing, he swallows a gulp of air and tells her, “Nothing in particular. I guess, I've been thinking about simply putting your needs first. I know that I could serve you and say that I am subservient, but it would still be possible for me to put my own desires first. That's what I've been thinking about, Mistress. How do I avoid that trap?”

“Oh my, that does sound like a trap,” Nicole agrees, her tone slightly condescending. “And how are you going to avoid it?”

“I think there's only one way to avoid this problem. I need to put your desires first. To do this, I must always think about my

choices and evaluate them based on what I know about you, Mistress.”

“That sounds pretty smart,” Nicole says. “I’m impressed. What about you, Tara? Are you impressed?”

Josh registers those words, and his lungs clench up. Right away, he understands the implications. But then, he can’t help himself this time. He opens his eyes, and he looks across the bed. In his peripheral vision, he picks up on Nicole. Sure enough, she’s right by the bed, exactly where he expects.

But there’s another young woman standing in the doorway, her arms crossed. She’s wearing a slightly odd expression, like she doesn’t know exactly what she should do with this situation. Their eyes meet, and the woman smirks.

At this point, Josh desperately hopes that the girl will get nervous and leave. After all, she is involved in an obvious situation. Not only that, it should be clear from Josh’s expression that he doesn’t want her here. His face turns bright red, and he opens his mouth, desperate to say something to get her to go away. But what? What can he do?

After all of his training, it’s not like he can tell a woman to simply get out.

With just a glance in her direction, he can feel something. It’s almost like she is inherently superior. He shouldn’t challenge her. He shouldn’t question her presence. His default assumptions are clear: she’s a woman, so he should defer to her.

Josh doesn’t know whether or not this is something that his Mistress actually wants for him. Does she think that men are inferior? Does she think they should obey women? Probably. And yet, she hasn’t trained him for any of this. She simply left alone, chained down, and that’s it.

Confused, Josh squirms around, frustrated, confused and disoriented.

What is she doing here?

It takes him another second to realize that he recognizes this girl. It’s Tara, one of Nicole’s friends. He has probably chatted with Tara on more than one occasion, not that he can really remember it

now. Instead, his thoughts go blank. He stares at the other girl, their eyes locked on one another. While Josh is terrified, his thoughts scatter and his heart is pummeling in his chest, Tara just seems slightly amused, like she's looking down a very interesting bug.

Eventually, Josh forces himself to look back up at his Mistress. He opens his mouth to say something, but he can't get the words out.

"Well, Tara, what do you think?"

The other woman responds slowly, like she is carefully choosing her words. "This looks like a very interesting experiment."

Nicole starts laughing right away. "Oh, I think it's a little bit more than an experiment at this point. Josh here is giving up every shred of authority he used to possess."

"Yes, Mistress," he agrees quickly. It feels normal, natural, perhaps even automatic.

"Do you mind if I talk to him?" Tara asks, her question clearly addressed to Nicole. It's like she's asking the other woman if she can pet her dog.

A shiver of humiliation runs through Josh. He knows that he shouldn't argue or complain or even try to think for himself. Still, it's difficult. Some habits are hard to break.

"Of course," Nicole applies waving her hand.

"Josh, are you really her slave?"

"Yes," he says in the small, timid voice. Oddly enough, Josh feels particularly awkward because it feels like he should address this woman with some honorific. He doesn't know if he should call her ma'am or something like that. It doesn't sound right, but simply talking to her seems wrong as well.

Since his Mistress doesn't object, Josh just does as best he can.

"Do you want to be her slave?"

Josh glances up at his Mistress. Theoretically, it's only been a couple of days, but after so much training, so much programming, it's hard to sift through his thoughts. Eventually, he licks his lips and nods his head. "Yes. I want to be her slave."

"Why?"

This time, Josh can answer truthfully and without any real worry or thought.

“I want to be her slave because this is who I am meant to be. I think that I will be best off if I can serve my Mistress. I want to make her happy. I want to do as she commands.”

“And what would you do if I told you to eat Tara out?” Nicole asks.

He doesn't hesitate or pause to consider his answer. “I would do it. I will do anything you tell it to, Mistress,” Josh tells her truthfully.

Nicole turns back to her friend. “What do you say? Would you like to have some fun with my slave boy?”

Josh looks over at Tara, only he doesn't know what he expects to see. More than that, he doesn't know what he should hope for. Does he want to taste her pussy? Does he want to impress his Mistress with his obedience? He knows that if she climbs up on top of him, he's going to be used. This won't be any real chance for him to show off because he is just a plaything. He will be taken as an object.

It doesn't matter.

Josh simply needs to focus on his Mistress. Whatever she wants, whatever she desires. That simple directive makes it a lot easier for focus.

“Yes. I think I want to see what all the fuss is about,” she says.

“Would you like some privacy?” asks Nicole.

Tara touches a finger to the bottom of her chin as she thinks about this. “No. I think it'll be fine.” With a cocky little grin on her face, Tara unbuttons her jeans. She pulls them off even as she takes away her flats. Then her panties follow, and she is totally confident. Then again, it makes sense. With that tight little body, it's not like she needs to feel ashamed.

Tara hops up onto the bed. With smooth, confident grace, she positions herself over his mouth, only she is facing his feet. She lowers herself down, her pussy already wet. Josh has only ever done this for one before.

“Since you're his owner or whatever, does that mean you can't cheat on him?” Tara asks.

Nicole smiles over at her friend. "What do you mean?"

"Why don't you come up here?" she asks. "...Maybe we can have some fun together?"

Nicole grins ferociously as she looks down at herself. She has on a pair of khaki pants and her T-shirt. She decides to discard the pants, especially because she is interested in playing with her boy. But maybe she should have some fun with her friend as well.

A different kind of excitement, nervous anticipation runs through Nicole.

Did she think about this? Did she know that something like this could happen?

Probably. She's a smart girl. And yet, Nicole never really put those ideas into conscious, coherent strings of thought. But now it's happening, and she can feel the desires pound through her body. Because really, she knows that this is going to be fun.

Josh works his tongue as he lashes up eagerly after the woman poised above. Does he enjoy this? Yes and no. On the one hand, he hates his subjugation and his subservience, at least in front of this other woman. And yet, despite his reluctance, some part of him is thrilled. This is his opportunity to impress his wife; this is his chance to demonstrate that he really can be a good slave!

"Wow, that feels good," Tara whispers.

"Josh, I'm going to have some fun with you, but there is one rule you cannot break. If you come without permission, I'll lock you chastity for at least a year."

His mouth might be otherwise occupied, but he whimpers anyway. That makes Tara laugh as Nicole strips. Soon, she is naked from the waist down, just like her friend. Nicole climbs up onto the bed, and she strokes her husband's cock. As he shivers and shakes with pleasure, she smiles, wondering whether or not he can really handle this.

Ultimately, it doesn't matter. He might mess up, but she's not going to stop, not here, not now.

"Don't disappoint me," Nicole says to her slave. Then she keeps her eyes on Tara as she begins to lower herself down. Nicole's pussy is already wet. She doesn't know if that is because of

what she's watching or if it is simply her new position. In any case, she is ready for this kind of stimulation. She is ready for this burning excitement.

Nicole lowers herself down, tantalizing inch by inch. As Tara watches her, Nicole feels the tip of Josh's member against her opening. She moves slowly, sliding her hips forward and back. She wants to make sure that this is perfect.

For his part, Josh inhales and exhales. He's torn, locked between the dual realities of his life. While his wife teases him with her opening, his mouth is still busy. He has his tongue out, sliding, dipping, teasing and penetrating. He might not know Tara anywhere near as well as does his wife, but Josh is still determined to do a good job. He can't disappoint either woman because he's a slave. He must do a good job.

This is the main tenant of his life now.

He can't disappoint. He won't.

As Josh continues to lick, Nicole lowers herself. She can feel his cock as it pushes its way up her opening. She loves the way her body stretches, accepting his girth. Oh yes, that feels incredible. The friction of his body against hers might be subtle, but there's something else as well.

She owns his shaft. His genitals belong to her. His balls and cock are her property, just like the rest of him. This understanding is intoxicating. Soon, she is right on top of him, and Nicole doesn't need to move. Instead, she keeps her eyes aimed at Tara.

The two women study one another, perhaps basking in this position. Together, they have a man underneath them in the most subservient, restrained position possible. This is female leadership, female ownership, complete female control.

They love it.

Tara breaks the spell, leaning forward first. At this point, Nicole can't help herself. With a satisfied grin, she also leans forward, and she starts to kiss the girl. They're touching one another, their hands moving along each other's bodies. Suddenly, they start to sway, going forward and back, then up and down. They follow the movements of their instincts, combined with his and his shaft.

These girls use the slave. They take their own satisfaction.

For her part, Nicole loses herself in this sublime wonder. It feels like she might be cheating on her husband, but that doesn't matter, not when he is her slave. Simultaneously, she knows she can do whatever she wants whenever she wants. To make things even better, she knows that Josh will help her because he has to obey her.

It's utterly delightful.

Tara shivers quickly, enjoying her first orgasm. Moments later, the same happens to Nicole. But just because these two women have climaxed, that doesn't mean they are anywhere near done.

"What do you think of my slave?" Nicole asks, breaking off the kiss for just a moment. She is still close to Tara, so close. She can smell the other girl's cherry shampoo.

"He's a good boy," she says, and the two women giggle before they start kissing again.

Josh knows that this is happening; more importantly, he knows there's nothing he can do about it. Then again, he wouldn't even try to stop them.

Nicole knows that she's close. She's close to her next orgasm, one that will overwhelm her.

"This is your life, Josh. This is how I'm going to use you. You do what I want, whatever I want, whenever I want. You cook for me, you clean for me, and you serve as my toy."

With Tara's opening still pressed against his mouth, Josh can't actually respond. Even so, he makes a muffled noise, one that must be something close to, "Yes, Mistress!" In those sounds, Nicole picks up on the note of obedience. There's nothing more important than that.

The women go back to kissing, fondling one another. They savor the sensations roiling through their bodies even as they use his mouth and his shaft. They ride him, moving faster, rhythmic inclinations, crests and troughs. They move faster and faster, all the while Josh knows that he can't come.

As their hands move along each other's chests, their thighs, their waists, Josh can only imagine what it must feel like for the two women. This must be incredible, perfect bliss.

Nicole breaks away again. Her lips are only away from Tara's for a few seconds, just long enough to say, "Slave, you can come for me."

His eyes open wide, he doesn't even know if he has heard her correctly. Even so, Josh doesn't want to mess this up. He pumps his hips, working deep into her. Nicole moans. His tongue keeps working, going even faster with raw excitement now. Tara can't help herself. She squeezes her hips as she climaxes. Josh's cock pumps, thrusting wildly, pulsating. Nicole throws her head back and she laughs, savoring everything she can do, everything she gets to enjoy.

The three of them are spent. Nicole and Tara leave the room. They're going to talk.

But for his part, Josh can only lay there, utterly drained, knowing that his opinion doesn't matter. All he can be at this point is grateful. His Mistress allowed him an orgasm. For that, he must work hard to demonstrate just how well he can behave, how grateful he can be. After all, he knows that this is a privilege.

That's what it means to be owned.

The End

Trained in Chastity

We were hanging out one night, drinking some beers, watching some movies, relaxing. This was Melanie, and I could settle down around her. At work, I had to focus all of my energy on success. I had recently taken a position as a data analyst. There was a lot of pressure. If my reports weren't good enough, if my conclusions didn't prove to be sufficiently pressing it, then I could get fired any minute.

But this was a Friday night. I didn't have to worry about any of that stuff, especially because I had my best friend right there.

Sometimes I wondered about our relationship. I glanced over at Melanie a couple of times, furtively wondering what it would be like to kiss her or touch her.

We met in high school when we were forced to do a presentation together in freshman English. Over the next couple of years, we stayed mildly friendly with one another. Then it turned out that we decided to go to the same college. We started hanging out, having lunch, meeting new people together. It was always nice to have a wing man, even if that person turned out to be a girl.

When she started dating a guy, I did my best to be a supportive friend. When they broke up, I was there for her again. We were just friends. That was fine. I had my own girlfriends.

But at this point, we're both single. And with all that alcohol sloshing around my brain, thinking of Melanie in a more romantic sense was a lot easier.

Our second movie came to an end, and she turned to me. Without any sort of provocation or lead-in, she said, "Tell me a secret."

I looked at her, raising an eyebrow. "What?"

"Come on. We've been friends for years, but I feel like I don't know any of your secrets."

"You know that I was thinking about majoring in Art History for a while," I said, smirking at her.

Melanie reached for the bucket of popcorn, and she grabbed some kernels. She threw them at me, letting the little puffs bounce against my face.

"No, I'm serious. I want a real secret!"

To delay the inevitable, I took a sip from my beer. There was something I wanted to tell her.

The idea jumped into my head right away, probably because I hadn't shared it with anyone, not my girlfriends, definitely none of my friends. There is this one point, this fantasy that no one else in the entire world knew about me.

"No. I don't think it'd be a good idea," I said.

"Tell me," she commanded. Her face became dangerously taut. Fear pounded through me for some reason. This was Melanie, and yet she suddenly intimidated me. I scooted back toward the arm rest, pressing my body into the cushion. Then she grinned, like this was all just some sort of silly game.

"Come on, Jake. Tell me!"

I swallowed, immediately glancing over at my bedroom door. Since we had just graduated little while ago, I was still living in my college apartment. At least I didn't have roommates anymore. After graduating, they had decided to move out.

"What is it? What are you hiding?" Melanie asked, her eyes following my gaze like a predator.

"Nothing," I said quickly, but this was Melanie. She was my best friend. Of course, she knew that I was lying.

"Tell me. Please?"

She seemed to alternate so easily between cajoling and domineering. I gulped again, swallowing back my trepidation. No, I wasn't going to tell her. No, I wasn't going to give up this secret. My nostrils flared, and I shook my head again.

"If you don't tell me, I'm going to leave right now."

"No. Please, don't," I said. But why did I want her to stay so badly?

Probably because she was beautiful and smart and funny. Not only that, she was such a welcome balm compared to the rest of my life. At work, it felt like I spent ten hours per day with a bunch of

snapping lizards, each one cold blooded and hungry. No one could be nice to anyone else. No one could support anyone else. It was garbage. I really had to find a new job.

But this is my first real position in my career, so I wasn't going to mess it up. No, I shook my head. "I really don't want you to go."

"Then tell me your secret. Come on. We're friends. You think I'm going to judge you?" She grinned at me, her smile beaming brightly. "I promise, I'm not going to judge you."

"I have a chastity fetish," I said through the tipsy haze.

At first, I instinctively kept my eyes down. But then, after a few seconds of silence, I glanced back up at her. Did she even hear what I had said? Probably not.

Only then, she grinned, pulling her lips back as her eyes got delightfully demure. "You have a chastity fetish?" Melanie asked, enunciating each syllable with perfect clarity.

I didn't know what to say. Was I supposed to backpedal? Was I supposed to start laughing and insist that was just a joke?

But I looked at her for a couple more seconds, my heart pounded, and I made a decision. I wanted to tell her. It was a secret. She wanted a secret. We were friends. I trusted her.

Big mistake.

"Yes," I said in a small voice, almost like I thought she was going to jump up and leave this fast as she could.

"Interesting," she said, nodding her head down and up.

"You know that means?" I asked.

"It means that you like the idea of losing control of your sex drive, right? You want to wear a chastity cage, presumably so that someone else can keep the key and put you through some period of denial. Am I right?"

She was.

My lips parted, my jaw falling open. Seriously, what was I supposed to say to that?

"How do you know about this?" I asked, though even as I spoke, my cock started to harden in my pants.

"I've been around the Internet," she said, whispering conspiratorially, like this was some big deal.

"Anyway, we only talk about it," I said, waiting for her to laugh or tell me that it was gross.

Instead, she disregarded my point altogether. "Do you have one?"

"What?" I asked, pretending I didn't know what she meant.

"Do you have one?" Melanie repeated. "Do you have a chastity cage? That's what they're called, right?"

"Something like that," I muttered.

"Well?" She kept smiling at me, her expression lit with mischief. "Do you have one?"

I gulped.

She sat up, practically leaping to her feet. "You do! You have a chastity device!" This time, she started giggling. Then she waved her hands through the air, almost like she thought she would be able to expunge the laughter this way. "Sorry. I'm sorry. It's not funny."

"It's not a big deal," I said, looking away. Why did we have to talk about this? Why did I have to tell her in the first place?

"Can I see it?" At this point, she got her laughter under control, and now she aimed her gaze right at me. "Please?"

For some reason, hearing her ask so politely and hopefully made the adrenaline spin through my body. Maybe it was the beer or maybe it was something else. Either way, I got up, and I walked back toward my bedroom. I opened the door, and I closed behind me. I was breathing heavily.

All the while, I told myself that she was just curious. She only wanted to see it, so this wasn't a big deal.

It was Melanie, after all. We were friends, just friends. Nothing else. Nothing else was going to happen. And yet, there was excitement permeating me. It seemed to radiate outward from my core. I went to my top drawer, and I opened it. There, I found a small box wedged up in the back corner.

I pulled it out, and I looked at the package. The device was inside. I had worn it once or twice, yet it never gave me the thrill I had really hoped for. Playing with chastity alone wasn't that much fun. It certainly didn't match the vivid quality of my fantasies.

I walked back out into the living room, and Melanie sat with her hands on the back of the couch as she watched me.

"Is that it?" She practically hopped up and down with impatience. "Is that it?"

Silently, I held the small cardboard box out to her. She snatched it from my hand, and she popped the top open. Then, very carefully, like she worried she might break it if she moved too quickly, Melanie pulled out the chastity cage. There it was, each piece cleverly fitted together.

"This is fascinating," she said.

"It's just a toy," I told her, pretending that I didn't really care about it one way or the other.

"No. This is important," she said. "This is important to you, so it's important to me." She nodded her head. Before I could say anything else or reach back to take the cage from her, she rolled her shoulders. "Have you worn it with any of your girls?"

"My girls?" I raised an eyebrow.

"You know, one of your ex-girlfriends," she clarified.

Immediately, I shook my head. Yeah, I had dated several girls. I had even had sex with some of them, but there had always been too much of a barrier between us. If I was really honest with myself, I had to admit that I didn't trust any of those girls enough to give them a key to a chastity device.

There was probably only one person I would trust that much...Right away, I slammed that thought down, refusing to acknowledge it. No. No way. That wasn't going to happen.

Turning it from side to side, Melanie examined the chastity cage. She plucked at the small lock, letting it clank down against the solid plastic.

"How often do you wear it?"

"I've only put on a couple of times," I said, still not looking in her direction.

"You know, you really don't need to be embarrassed about this," Melanie said. That's when I glanced back at her face. From her yellow, blonde hair to her bright blue eyes, she really was very pretty.

"Here, I can put it away," I said, reaching out for the box. She let me take it, but then she grinned again. "Or you could put it on."

"What?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"I'm serious," she said. Then she picked up her beer and took another sip. "It's not a big deal. We are both adults. Would you like to wear it for a little while? You could put it on."

"I, I..."

"Come on. Don't be a chicken. I know that guys get weird about their penises and everything, but it's just a toy, and we are friends. Besides, I wanted a secret. This is a really good one."

My breathing came in shallow gasps, my heart was pounding, and I didn't know what to do. I glanced over at the door. I have the small box in my hands now. I could just bring it right back into my bedroom and stow it away. I could pretend that none of this had ever happened, that we never shared this conversation and she didn't know about my secret desires.

"Okay. I'll put it on," I said.

She clapped her hands together, squealing happily. She even leaned back and swung her feet through the air. Then she seemed to realize that this wasn't the correct tone to strike. "Okay...Okay."

"Turn around."

"No. I'm not going to turn around. Just put it on," she ordered. Before I could protest, she continued, "If I'm going to see you in a chastity cage, then I'm still going to see your guy parts no matter what. So it's not a big deal."

My best friend was about to see me mostly naked. I could hardly believe it.

Gulping, I didn't turn around. Instead, I reached for the belt from my pants. I unbuckled it. I pulled the belt loose, slowly. I took my time, mostly because I kept thinking that Melanie was going to change her mind. As far as I could tell, this wasn't going to happen. I kept thinking that she would lift her hands and wag her fingers and say that she needed me to stop.

But I pulled the belt away, and I unbuttoned my pants, and then I started to pull them down. All the while, I kept looking at her.

And I found something on her face.

Excitement.

Yes, my best friend was genuinely excited to see this. For some reason, her face was flushed, and she didn't look away. Then I lifted up my shirt, exposing my cock. I was hard.

"Wow. You really do like chastity cages, don't you?" She grinned, and I was tempted to turn around. "It's okay. Just give yourself a couple of seconds. I'm sure you can get smaller again."

Closing my eyes, I shook my head. I didn't want to look at her, especially at that moment. Seeing Melanie turned me on. Just being this close, with my pants pulled down was enough to send shivers of excited energy running through my body.

"No. I don't think it's going to work."

"Keep your eyes closed," she said. Then she got up, and she started walking.

With my pants down, I really did feel like I needed to listen to her. Simultaneously, I started to imagine this nightmare scenario where she was utterly disgusted with me despite everything she had said. So now, she was heading toward the front door, and she would leave. Just like that, she would be gone, utterly horrified by my secret, she would not be my friend anymore.

Only then, I heard her footsteps head toward the small kitchen. She opened the fridge. Or maybe it was the freezer. Seconds later, I picked up on the sounds of ice clinking into a glass.

What was she doing?

"Keep them closed," she ordered. There was something teasing, almost chiding in her voice. My shaft remained hard, and then she came up to me. She grabbed my hands and pulled in behind my back. Crossing my wrists, she pressed my limbs against the small of my back.

"Don't move," she whispered.

Later on, I would wonder if she had been intentionally teasing me. After all, her breath was sultry and warm against the contours of my ear.

But at that moment, I didn't know what was going to happen. My heart kept booming, my breathing came in quick little puffs, and I still didn't know what to expect. She put one arm around me, pushing her

body against mine. Then she used her free hand to touch a cube of ice to my cock.

I squealed. This girlish yelp escaped my lips, and that made her laugh.

She rubbed the cube of ice up and down my cock, draining the heat away from my body. I shivered, and I tried to break away, but Melanie was surprisingly strong.

Bizarrely, I kept my eyes closed. And my erection eventually faded. With my cock flaccid, I still didn't know what was going on. She grabbed the box from me, and she let me go.

I didn't know if I was supposed to open my eyes or not, so I kept them closed. "What are you doing now?" I asked.

Then I felt it. She brought a plastic ring up around the base of my scrotum. She was putting in on me!

Realizing this, I started to think about what would it feel like and how it would look. Even so, I couldn't open my eyes. Anxiety paralyzed me.

"Don't get excited. If you do, I'm just going to have to use more ice on you," she taunted. Or maybe she really meant it. Either way, I didn't question her.

Melanie connected the next piece. Finally, there was the third part of the chastity cage, the tube.

"Get ready," she said. She took my shrunken cock in her hand, and she slid the tube up over my member. Then she latched it into place. She made sure the connections were nice and strong, and then she secured all of them together with the small padlock.

Click.

I registered that sound and shivered. I couldn't help myself.

"There. That wasn't so bad, now was it?"

She touched the underside of my chin. She forced me to lift my head. "Open your eyes, Jake." Her voice was the strange mixture of command and consolation.

I gulped once and then obeyed. There she was right in front of me. She stepped back, nodding down toward my crotch. Instinctively, I looked downward at her behest.

Sure enough, I was wearing the chastity cage.

But what about the...?

Lifting my head, I saw what she held in her hand. She let it dangle in front of me. "I guess this is mine now," she said, letting the key sway from side to side.

"What?"

"That's what you really want, isn't it? You want to have someone hold your key? Well, I'm volunteering. From now on, Jake, I control your orgasms."

"No. That's not what I wanted," I began to say.

My best friend stepped forward, and she touched one finger to my mouth, silencing me immediately. Was it the fact that I now wore a chastity cage? Is that why I let her control the conversation so easily?

"Don't argue with me. If you argue with me, I might decide to punish you."

"What? You can't punish me," I said.

"Are you sure about that?" Then she winked. After that, she tapped my cheek. "Don't worry about it, Jake. I'm sure you're going to be fine. But you know, it's getting late, and I should leave. Thank you for a lovely night." She grabbed her coat, and she walked back toward the door. With my pants still bunched around my ankles and my cock now trapped in a cage, I didn't know what to do or what to say.

My best friend disappeared out into the hallway. She closed the door behind her.

What had I gotten myself into?

Sleeping in a chastity cage was different. For one, I was turned on.

I could no longer have any kind of erection. My shaft would start to inflate, hardening, only to get stuck at the boundaries of my cage. It took a lot of willpower, but I managed to calm down enough to mostly fall asleep.

I was lucky. It was a Friday. I didn't have any projects that required me to go into the office over the weekend. And yet, sleeping

had proved to be extremely challenging. I woke up, still aroused, still eager for an orgasm.

I reached down under the covers, sliding my hand into my sweatpants. And I found it, the ring up around my scrotum, the tube trapping my shaft. Exhaling through my teeth, I looked up at the ceiling, and I started thinking of Melanie.

Yeah, that didn't help me calm down.

What was I going to do? Seriously, what was I going to do?

Nothing.

I told myself that I was going to have to wait her out. At some point, she would get bored of this.

I got up, and I took a shower. I washed myself off as best I could. All the while, I could feel that extra weight dangling from between my legs. It was a reminder of what I had on, a reminder of just how helpless I had become in the face of my best friend.

Still wearing my chastity cage, I got dressed again after I toweled off. I went into my kitchen, and I stared at the sink full of dishes. I hated doing the dishes, but this needed to be done, I told myself. So I swallowed and I walked over to the sink. I turned on the hot water, and I got to work.

Scrub, rinse, repeat. Scrub, rinse, repeat. From one dish and the next, I worked. All the while, I imagined what I was going to say to Melanie when I saw her again.

How was I supposed to play this? Should I just pretend that I wasn't wearing a chastity device, that she didn't have the only key to my sexuality?

I shivered, this excitement running down my back.

Of course, I had fantasized about chastity on numerous occasions. But in each of those imagined scenarios, I was with some hot girlfriend. I was with someone who wanted to be with me, someone who would enjoy tormenting me, only to release me so that we could eventually have sex. Maybe. Probably.

I shook my head quickly. I had to stop thinking about sex. If I started thinking about sex, then my cock would try to get hard. More to the point, I would inevitably begin to think about the girl holding my key.

When I finished the dishes, I looked down between my legs. Some her perverse sense of curiosity prompted me to explore my captivity. I don't know why I did it. Call it fascination. Call it something else altogether. In any case, I pulled down my pants and my boxers. And then I reached for the cage.

I started wonder if I could get it off.

Glancing to my left and right, like I worried Melanie might pop out at any moment, I decided to take the risk. This was a nice chastity cage, not the best or most expensive. But what if I really wanted to get it off?

Obviously, I could go to the hospital. I was sure that they would have ways of extricating me. And yet, the humiliation would be way, way too much. More to the point, I knew that my bosses donated a lot of money to all the local hospitals. If I showed up at the ER complaining of a chastity cage, I could be fairly certain that my bosses would hear about it, and my career would be ruined.

No, that wasn't an option. It wasn't something I wanted to mess around with.

So could I get it off without the key?

That was the question that kept buzzing at the back of my head, tormenting me with various possibilities. I reached down, and I started to pull on the cage. At this point, my cock was pretty hard, or at least as hard as he could get within the cage. That made it even harder to remove the tube. I pulled and tugged as gingerly as I could. Obviously, I didn't want to risk hurting myself.

After one, two, three, no four full minutes, I gave up. My skin was hot, and I was panting.

Just the risk of hurting myself was enough to make me really, really nervous.

I was stuck.

This stupid grin splashed across my face. I was actually locked in chastity.

How many times had I fantasized about a moment like this?

But this wasn't a fantasy. It was a reality.

So what was I going to do?

Nothing.

The answer came to me all at once, clear, concise, and painfully undeniable. There was nothing I could do. Unless I wanted to go call Melanie and beg for the key, I wasn't going to be able to get out of this.

I went back into the bedroom and grabbed my phone. I clicked the button on the side. The opening screen came to life, and there, I saw it. One text message and one missed call.

I raised an eyebrow, a little bit surprised.

The call was from Melanie.

The text message was also from my best friend. I raised an eyebrow and opened it up. I only saw two words, each one staring back at me. *Call me.*

I didn't know how to interpret the tone of her text. Normally, she loved emojis, little happy faces or dancing puppies, even when they weren't appropriate for the content of her messages. I shrugged, immediately tapping her name under my menu. The call connected. It rang several times, buzzing the digital tone against my ear.

"Hello?" I asked.

"How're you feeling?" She sounded...chipper, like there was something she wished to share with me. Immediately, I started to wonder if this would be a good time to ask for the key.

"I'm okay," I said cautiously. How was I supposed to broach the subject? Because, to be completely honest, I really wanted to masturbate. Hearing her voice redoubled that desire.

"That's good to hear. I was hoping you could come over today."

"Because you want to give me something?"

"In a manner of speaking," she said. Okay, good. She wanted to finish this game. You give me the key, and I take off a chastity device, and we could pretend this never happened. "There are some things I want you to do. So yes, I'm going to give you something. I'm going to give you orders."

"Excuse me?"

"Jake, get over here as soon as you can. If you make me wait for a long time, I might have to punish you." Then she laughed, like

this was a joke, but she hung up.

I pulled my phone away from my ear and stared down at the screen. The standard background was right there with the different icons. I could have called her back. Somehow, I already knew she wasn't going to pick up.

What the hell?

What had I gotten myself into?

I got dressed. I pulled on some clean pants, shirt, my shoes and socks. Then I grabbed my coat, along with my keys and wallet and phone. After that, I drove through my neighborhood, a couple more blocks, over to her apartment complex.

All the while, I was straining to concentrate. I gripped the steering wheel tightly, thinking about how she had teased me and taunted me.

Giving me orders? What the hell was that all about?

Immediately, I started thinking of a fantasy, one where a woman put a guy in chastity, only to enslave him. But in that scenario, they had been married. There were already these different bases at play, so it made sense. Melanie and I had never been together. It wasn't like we even flirted.

Theoretically, it should have been impossible, but we were two people, male and female, single, and we never entertained ideas of having sex.

So what was she playing at? What was this game supposed to be?

Not understanding the rules, I parked in one of the uncovered spaces outside of her building. Then I went up. I took the stairs two at a time. I ran hard, feeling my chastity cage with every step.

Finally, I stood in front of her door, just as I'd done many times before. But this time was different. I was nervous, especially with the adrenaline running through my body. This was different. This was new.

When the door opened, Melanie stood there, leaning with this big grin splashed across her face. Her eyes practically sparkled with

mischievous delight. "Jake, it's really good to see you. Get in here." She snapped her fingers and pointed, like I needed the instructions.

"What do you think you're doing?" I asked.

"I gave you a command. If you don't get in here, they're going to be consequences."

"This isn't a game, Melanie," I retorted.

"You know, chastity can be really hard, especially if you know that you have a timeline. Maybe you don't get out of it for a week or a month or longer. And maybe if you piss me off, I add more time to your sentence."

My sentence? She made it sound like I was a prisoner or something.

Pushing away from the door frame, Melanie stood up. She took a step back and beckoned me for one finger.

I gulped again, nervous. I stepped across the threshold, and she closed the door. "There we go. That wasn't so hard, now was it, Jake?" I didn't like the way she was using my name, addressing me like I was an underlying.

"What am I doing here?" I asked.

"Isn't it obvious?"

"No." I crossed my arms over my chest.

"You, my dear Jake, are here to do whatever I want."

I stared at her, refusing to react.

"So this is the thing. I woke up this morning, and I had your key. Now it's hidden, and you're not going to find it without my help. So if you ever want to get out of that chastity cage, you're going to have to do what I say."

I listened to her words, and I concentrated on keeping my features neutral. For the most part, I succeeded. My jaw didn't fall open or anything. But the rest of my body responded anyway. I could feel this cold run through my body. At the same time, my cheeks turned white.

"You have to be kidding me," I said. "You can't be serious."

Melanie raised a finger and wagged it from side to side. "I'm not kidding. I'm very, very serious. I get to do whatever I want with

you now." And just like that, she hopped up and clapped her hands together. "Like right now, I want you to go do my dishes."

I stared at her, uncomprehending. Sure, the individual words made sense, but not when they were strung together.

"You can't do this!"

"Right now, I think I'm going to give you your key back at the end of the day. But every time you disobey me, I'm going to add more time. Maybe I will tell you how long it's going to be. Maybe I won't." She rolled her shoulders back in an amused to shrug, like it didn't really matter.

As I heard these words, my cock twitched. I couldn't believe it. I stared back at her.

I had to end this right then and right there.

"Look, Melanie, I don't know what you think you are trying to do, but this ends now. Give me the key." I held out my hand, palm up, as I waited for her to wilt.

She stared at me, her features placid. Then, the corners of her eyes started to crinkle with amusement. "No," she said with a cheerful chortle. "I don't think so."

"What?"

"Jake, you don't seem to understand what has happened. You let me enslave you," she declared. I blinked, uncomprehending, like I didn't know how to put those sounds together into a coherent words or ideas. "Oh, poor boy. You still think that you get to act like a person, is that it? You don't really understand what chastity slavery means, do you?"

Chastity slavery. I heard the words, and my cock twitched again in its cage. Simultaneously, I tried to look away, but Melanie reached out. Her hand went up to my cheek, forcing me to turn my head back to her. "Jake, you're mine now. Until I decide to let you out, I can make you do whatever I want, can't I?"

My best friend didn't wait for response. Instead, she tilted my head down and up, effectively forcing me to declare my loyalty with a gesture. "Yes. I own you," she said again. "I can make you do whatever I want. In fact, let's try this out right now."

I didn't understand what she meant, but Melanie grinned at me. "Keep your mouth shut. All I need you to do right now is strip. I want to see you naked and on your knees before me." Her voice seemed to stretch with delight as she said those words. It was almost like she had been waiting a very, very long time to let them out.

Then she stepped back, almost like a scientist waiting to see exactly what her experiment would do.

I dropped my head, my chin pressing into my chest. As my face flushed, I thought about all of this. How many times had I fantasized about losing control to a woman like Melanie? Only it had never actually *been* Melanie. It was supposed to be someone else, maybe a crush from office job, maybe some attractive teacher, something like that. Not Melanie. Never Melanie.

"I'm going to give you a couple of seconds. But if I count down to zero, I'm going to punish you. Remember. It can be a very long month or a very long year."

My sentence. She had called it.

As my throat tightened, I looked up at her. She was holding out five fingers. Then four, then three.

Something inside of me snapped, and I scrambled to obey. My hands immediately went up to my shirt. I grabbed onto the shoulders of my top. I pulled it off.

Next, my feet started to move. I kicked off my shoes. I peeled off my socks. I didn't stop to think about any of this. If I had, I would have slowed down. That would have been a mistake. Finally, my hand went to the belt around my pants. I pulled it free, dropping it down to the floor. Next, I shimmied out of my trousers and my boxers, just to reveal my trapped cock.

Standing there, I didn't know what to do. I didn't know what to say.

"Now get on your knees."

I stared back at Melanie. From one heartbeat into the next, I expected my brain to kick back into gear. I would think of something intelligent to say; I would get her to listen to me.

And yet, that just didn't work.

Instead, I fell forward. I dropped down onto my knees, and the girl who had been my best friend stepped in front of me. "Oh, that's right. I like seeing you this way. You belong on your knees, don't you, Jake?"

I raised my head. I looked up at her, but she was ready to continue without me. "Okay, boy. Show me that you can do as I say. I'm going to go sit down on my couch, and I'm going to take off my shoes. You are going to come over to me, you are going to crawl, of course, and then you're going to kiss my feet and tell me that you're going to be a good slave.

I started to shake my head, only this girl didn't bother to wait for an answer. Instead, she turned around, and she strolled over to the other side of her living room. She sat down, and she kicked off her flats.

My eyes locked onto the red of her toenails. The polish glowed, bright red.

I leaned forward, pressing my knuckles down into the solid carpet. I crawled, moving one stride at a time. My heart kept beating, booming in my chest.

I wanted to tell her that I wasn't going to do this, that I wasn't going to obey, that she couldn't get away with this. I wanted to tell her that the chastity cage didn't give her authority over me. All of these different ideas swirled through my head, yet I couldn't articulate or breathe a single one of them.

And suddenly, I was before her.

She wiggled her toes in front of me.

"Kiss them," she said.

This was my best friend! I wasn't supposed to have to do this!

And yet, my cock twitched again. I was trapped. I was going to remain trapped until she opted to let me out.

So I parted my lips slightly. But I didn't speak; I didn't try to defend my independence or my rights as an individual. Instead, I started to kiss her feet, just the way she wanted. I couldn't think about what I was doing. I simply obeyed.

Then, just as I finished, Melanie pressed her feet down into the carpet. She leaned forward, touching her elbows to her knees.

"Well? You have something you want to say to me?"

"I'm your slave." I mumbled those words. I didn't sound all that articulate or certain. And yet, I had given her precisely what she craved.

"Perfect!" She patted me on the head. "Now go do the dishes."

"Can I put my clothes back on at least?"

Melanie swept her gaze up and down the length of my body. She touched a finger to the corner of her mouth as she squinted, like she wanted to get a better look at me. I was being objectified, humiliated, displayed and studied for her amusement.

Then she shook her head. "No. You can't. Now get to work or I'm going to spank you."

Spank me?

For a second, I figured she was joking. And yet, I knew this girl, so I intuitively understood that she meant it. She really would slap my ass if that meant coercing my cooperation.

I moved up onto my feet, and I stumbled toward the kitchen.

Once I got there, I looked around. Melanie had actually made this easier; the sponge and dish soap or set out, just waiting for me. I gulped again. From the living room, she giggled at me. She was probably watching me.

My best friend saw me naked. Worse, I called myself a slave right in front of her.

I turned on the water, waiting for it to warm up. As I did so, I tried to think of some way out of this situation. What could I say to her?

Nothing. The answer is obvious. So I started to do the dishes. I washed them, one at a time. I set them out to dry. I cleaned her cups, her plates, her pots and her pans. The aroma of the dish soap wafted along my nostrils. It smelled like it was some kind of industrial grade cherry or something.

Just as I was about to finish, Melanie came up to me. She picked up one dish and set it back in the sink. Then she did the same with another and another. "Those aren't up to my exacting standards," she said to me, her nose wrinkled with disdain.

"You have got to be kidding me," she grabbed my ass, squeezing, pressing her fingertips and nails into my skin. My back went straight, and I stopped talking.

"No," she said disdainfully. "I am not kidding, Jake. I'm in charge. So do them again. Oh, and don't question me." Before I could make any promises or any responses at all, her hand cocked back, and then she slapped my ass. I was pressed forward, right into the side of the sink. My plastic chastity cage clinked against the wood.

"Say it. Tell me that I'm not kidding. Tell me that I'm telling you the truth."

Before I could answer, she smacked my ass, her palm quick and sharp against my skin. A mixture of pain and humiliation flashed through me. There was also a heavy dose of confusion. How could she do this to me?

But it was easy for her. She didn't see herself as my friend, not anymore. The moment I gave her that key, everything had changed. I was just too dumb to realize it.

"You, you're not kidding! You're in charge!"

"And what are you going to do now?"

My ass was already red.

My breathing stopped. I couldn't think clearly. And yet, she stroked my ass, running her fingers along my naked, sensitive skin. I shivered. "I'm going to wash those dishes again," I said.

"Yes, you are. And when you're all done, I'm going to come here and inspect your work. If I'm not thoroughly satisfied, I'm going to punish you, understand?"

"I, I understand."

"You know, since I'm in charge, I think I deserve a better title. This way, you'll always remember that I'm better than you."

Better than me? What the hell was she talking about?

She wobbled her head from side to side. I could barely see her from my peripheral vision. "From now on, you're going to address me as Goddess. Got it?"

"Yes. I understand," I said. Not good enough. Her hand flew down again, striking hard into the curve of my buttocks.

"What was that?"

Instantly, I understood my mistake. "I, I understand, Goddess."

"There's a good boy." She patted me on the head like I was some dumb animal who had finally mastered a new trick.

Once she was gone, I stared down at the dishes. As my hands started to resolutely move, to work, to rewash those plates and cups, I considered what my Goddess was going to do next.

I scrubbed. I washed thoroughly. I rinsed and repeated again and again. By the time I finished, everything was sparkling. There wasn't a speck of dirt or debris on any of those pieces. And yet, I still didn't want to turn around and face Melanie.

My Goddess.

I shivered at the thought. I kept doing that. She actually scared me.

And yet, I didn't see any other choice. If I waited much longer, she might grow impatient with me. And if that happened, I was obviously going to be punished again. Even if it didn't seem fair, that didn't enter into the equation. She held my key, thus she had power over me. That was the only thing I really needed to remember. Everything else became irrelevant.

Once I was certain I had finished, I turned around and walked back over to her. "Goddess, I'm done."

She looked up from her phone. Then, without a word, she stood up. She reached under her skirt, and she pulled down her stockings. At this point, her shoes remained on the floor. I didn't understand what she was doing. She took off her panties as well!

My cock strained in its cage, desperate for escape, but that wasn't going to happen anytime soon.

Not without the key.

"What, what you doing?"

"I think you already know," she said. Then she sat down on the couch again, leaning back as she spread her knees. "Come over here, slave. On your hands and knees. Come over here and lick me."

She wanted me to service her, to taste her pussy, to lick her.

Heat immediately ran through my body. Was I really going to do this? Was I really going to give this to her?

I crawled closer and closer, leaning upward. All the while, there was this little doubt at the back of my mind, the small voice whispering about how I wasn't really going to do this. At some point, somehow, someday, something would stop me.

But soon, I had my head under her skirt, and Melanie chuckled. "That's right, slave." Slave. She practically purred that word, making me shiver again. Worse, I now caught the scent of her arousal. Her slit was wet. She wanted to feel me. She wanted my face pressed up against her most intimate spot. "Lick. Show me where you belong."

My cock twitched again, desperate for escape.

But then, I leaned forward, brushing the tip of my nose against her pussy. From there, I stuck out my tongue and gingerly licked at her.

Her flavor buzzed along my taste buds. I could hardly believe it. The denial swept through me, this unwillingness to accept what was going on.

"You're going to have to do a lot better than that," Melanie sneered. She ran her fingers through my hair, taking a firm grip. Then she pulled my head deeper. My tongue impaled her, pushing against the walls of her crevice.

I started to lick, sweeping my tongue up and down. Suddenly, I could feel the swollen button of her clitoris. I licked, worshiping her. I did my best, eating her out as quickly as I could.

"Slow down," she ordered. I obeyed. It felt like I didn't have any choice.

"Faster now," she commanded.

I blushed, thinking that she was using me like I was just a toy, an object there for her amusement and pleasure.

At the same time, I still did what she asked. I obeyed her demands, licking and swiping, slow then faster, then slow again.

Pretty soon, she was on the cusp of an orgasm. Her inner thighs pressed against my cheeks. Hot sweat collected along my

brow. All the while, she maintained her grip. She wasn't going to let me go; she wouldn't release me.

"Yes. Just like that. Just, just like that!" Her voice broke. Her breathing became erratic, sharp puffs on the air as she came closer and closer. And then she hit that point of completion as my tongue danced and darted along her crevice.

She cried out, yanking my head back. I stumbled.

"Very nice," she said. Then she looked back at me. "You can go now, Jake."

I blinked a couple of times, confused. I still had her juices on my lips and tongue.

I could go?

"Get out," she said. She stood up, and she held her hands behind her back. Leaning forward, she stared down at me, her eyes blazing with menace. "You know you need to get going, don't you?"

I did. I understood that if I didn't retreat quickly, she was going to punish me, either by adding time to my sentence or with another spanking. I scrambled up onto my feet. I got dressed as fast as I could. And just like that, I stumbled out the front door.

Silence.

Apparently, that was my "reward" for my obedience, for servicing her with my mouth and tongue. After that, I didn't hear back from her.

That night, I considered this to be a good thing. Even with my shaft locked away in this stupid cage, I didn't think I wanted to talk to Melanie. If I did, I was certain that she was going to give me fresh orders. She would demand obedience in one fashion or another. That was something I couldn't take.

But then I went to bed. Or at least, I made the attempt. I showered and got under the covers. All the while, I kept thinking about Melanie. I thought about her long, toned legs. I pictured my arms around her waist. More than once, I saw myself as taking control. When that happened, I would eventually sputter out with laughter.

Me? Take control? Yeah, right. That was obviously an impossibility, this stupid image inside of my head. She was a Goddess. That's what she wanted to be called, and it seemed like an appropriate designation for this woman. From her shiny hair to her bright lips and her cunning eyes, everything about her exuded control and command.

No, I wouldn't be able to take her on.

At best, I would be naked and on my knees again. Or maybe it would be even worse. Maybe she would slip a collar around my neck and put on a leash like a pet.

Of course, these images made it impossible for me to get anything resembling sleep. I would close my eyes and toss and turn and roll over through one hour after another. By the time Sunday morning rolled around, I was exhausted and frustrated all at the same time. There was this buzz of need deep within me, yet I couldn't do anything about it.

Back in high school, I had gotten horny a lot. Like so many other teenage boys, I thought about sex all the time. Just being close to a girl was enough to make me hard.

This was worse. Every moment brought fresh waves of desire. I kept thinking about Melanie. Even when I tried to log into my computer at work, I wanted to check my email and get something done. I kept picturing Melanie. It was hard to focus for longer than a few seconds.

That morning, I tentatively went over to my phone, thinking that there would be another message from her.

But no. There was nothing.

I tried to get some more work done. I even considered going into the office, only to smirk to myself. Yeah, right. That would be a terrible mistake. If I went into the office, then I would risk someone seeing me like this.

Every time I checked the mirror, I looked like I was sick. Seriously, my eyes seemed unfocused, and my cheeks were bright red. My heart kept pounding, like there was this extra dose of adrenaline flowing through me from one second into the next, on and on, unending.

What was I going to do?

I focused on my apartment. I got my place cleaned up. To be honest, I had never, ever done that much housework so quickly before.

As the afternoon wore on, I checked my phone again.
Nothing.

What? How is that possible?

In a burst of frustration, I pulled up Melanie's name, and I decided that I was going to contact her myself. This game couldn't continue. We were quickly approaching seventy-two hours. I was going to have to go to work soon, so I couldn't let her do this.

As I held the phone up to my ear, I didn't know what I was going to say.

Then I heard her voice, digitized. "Hey, you've reached Melanie. If you want to leave a message, you know what to do!" Then she started laughing, and it was easy for me to imagine her laughing at me specifically.

The phone buzzed. I needed to say something.

What?

What could I say?

I wasn't going to beg her for release in the form of a voicemail.

I locked my teeth together, I ended the call, and I threw the phone back on my couch. It landed with a dull thud before bouncing once.

After that, I straightened my back and rolled my shoulders. I lifted my jaw as I stared up toward the ceiling. I tried to figure something out, to come up with a good solution for this.

Nothing. Nothing occurred to me.

Exhaling through my nostrils, I turned on my TV, and I started to watch something. I just needed a distraction.

The hours ticked by, one after another, on and on. Time felt meaningless. It started to get dark.

Every few minutes, I checked my phone, thinking that Melanie was eventually going to call me. She had to, right? She couldn't just

leave me hanging this way! But even as I made those silent promises to myself, I knew the truth.

There was nothing compelling her to call me.

Besides, she was probably enjoying my frustration. At this point, she could probably guess how I was feeling.

It was all part of her game. She wanted me squirming and desperate. She wanted to know that I was truly helpless, but I had to wait for her.

Suppressing a growl, I started a new show.

I checked my phone again. Damn. It was almost time for me to go to bed.

I stayed up a little while longer, waiting, hoping. Time and again, I was tempted to try to call her. If I did, I already knew that she wasn't going to answer. So making another attempt would only play into her hands. It would be one more reason for her to smirk or laugh at me.

Monday.

On my way to work, I desperately hoped that she was going to call me, that she would tell me what she wanted me to do.

In my darker moments, especially when I sat behind my desk, I started to contemplate what I would do if I could get my hands on her. I would grab the Melanie and throw her down on my bed. I would pull on her pigtails and kiss her hard. I would grope her, rolling her over to spank her. Oh yes, that would feel so good. She thought she could spank me? Well, I would show her what a real man could do.

Those thoughts formed bright, vivid fantasies.

But then I would blink, and have come back to the reality of my situation. As my cock hardened in its cage, I would feel the power she wielded over me. No, I wasn't going to fantasize about taking control. Not anymore.

Tuesday.

I got to work, and it felt like I was hung over. I hadn't slept particularly well in days. The arousal was still there. I kept thinking

that my body would cut it out. At some point, my shaft would figure out that I wasn't going to get off, right? There would be a moment when my body would finally figure it out, and the constant yearning would go away.

If so, I hadn't reached that point.

Wednesday.

By this day, I was sleeping. Somewhat. Or maybe I was just getting used to the constant shifting. From time to time, I would go to the bathroom, and I would check on the cage, just to make sure it was really there. They were times when I started to wonder if this was somehow an illusion, like I was just hallucinating my genital captivity.

But no. The cage was always there, this perpetual reminder of my place.

The fantasies of taking control had given way.

Now, when I dreamed, I pictured myself on my knees, naked. I could hear those words that I would say to her.

I would look up at her, and I would beg her to let me out. "Please, please, Melanie. I don't want to be a slave. I can't be your slave! Please, I don't belong in chastity! I thought this was just going to be a game or something, but I obviously messed up. Please, this was all my fault. Please, let me go back to the way things were!" And then I would wake up, and my eyes would be damp.

Thursday.

At work, I noticed something.

Around the women, I became deferential. Even when I talked to the secretaries, I approached them, and I felt timid each and every time. It was like someone had drained away my natural aggression, turning me into this pliant, servile creature.

The girls noticed almost immediately. Pretty soon, I would walk up to some of the secretaries to make a request, and they would giggle at one another.

It was embarrassing. Then the men started to notice as well.

I hated it. I hated every second of it! But there was nothing I could do. Even when I approached one of the girls, to issue some domineering command, no matter what it happened to be, my voice came out hollow. She would notice immediately, of course.

She told me she would get on it whenever she felt like it. I would nod my head. And then I made the mistake of saying "Yes, Ma'am."

I addressed one of the administrative assistants as "Ma'am"! The rumors flew that day.

Friday.

It felt like I was vibrating.

My subservience had only gotten worse and worse. At this point, I couldn't even ask any of the women for anything. When it came to those menial tasks that they were supposed to handle, I did them myself.

One of the female supervisors noticed, and she said something about how she was impressed with my teamwork. She liked the fact that I could take care of myself. I didn't say anything. I kept my head down.

That felt like the natural order now.

As a man in chastity, I had lost something key, something primal. I could no longer assert myself.

All the while, I kept looking at my phone, checking it constantly, desperately hoping that Melanie would call me.

By lunch, I couldn't take it anymore. I knew this was a bad idea, but I pulled up her name on my phone, and I called the number.

"Goddess, if you would meet with me, I would be very grateful. Please, I think we need to talk. Please, please can we talk? I promise, I will be well behaved." Even as the words left my lips, I crinkled my nose with disgust. Although I couldn't help myself, I still recognized the futility of what I was attempting. With every breath, I knew that I was just giving her more and more power. But I couldn't stop myself! I couldn't hold back that eagerness.

After that, I thanked her for her time. I spoke in a small, timid and deferential voice. I sounded so small.

That's what the chastity device did to me. It bottled up my desires, turning arousal into this corrosive acid that ate away my strength. Now I felt more and more like a slave. All I needed was a Mistress to take control of me.

When we started, I thought I was scared of the collar. Now I would have lifted my head and exposed my neck, eager for the opportunity to get owned.

She called me back.

I grabbed my phone, immediately answering. I held it up.

"Goddess?" I asked.

"Hello, slave," Melanie said. "How are you feeling?"

Horny!

Even if that was the truth, I understood it wasn't the words she wanted to hear. So I said something else instead. This word happened to be equally true. "Obedient."

"Oh really? Tell me more."

I licked my lips. In my cubicle, knowing full well that several other people in the office could probably hear me, I still spoke. "Goddess, I feel very obedient, like I must do whatever you say. I know that you are my key holder, so I have to obey you. I will do whatever you want, however you want. I belong to you."

I clutched my fingers as I said those words.

"I'm glad to hear that you're finally figuring out what chastity can do to a boy."

"Yes, Goddess," I replied.

"And since you are being such a good boy, I want you to come back to my place tonight." With that, she hung up.

Melanie didn't give me a particular timeframe. So I waited until I got off work, and I drove straight to her place. I arrived, and I knocked. No one answered the door. She probably wasn't home yet.

I flinched, looking around.

I needed to get the chastity device off. Even if that wasn't a possibility, I had to see Melanie! I kept thinking of the secret that she knew about me. No one else on the planet understood why I had changed. Sure, my office mates could tell that something was

different, yet they had no idea that a girl held the key to my cock, and with it Becky had assumed total control.

Yes, it was total control.

Whenever I examined my feelings for her, I knew that she had absolute power over me.

Finally, I heard steps. I looked down the hall, and I saw her approaching. She was texting someone.

Like a good boy, I got down on my knees and I waited for her.

Melanie walked right by me. She unlocked her door.

"May I, may I come in?" I asked in that same, nervous tenor.

"You may," she said. "But you should be naked right when you get in here."

"Yes, Goddess," I replied dutifully.

I crawled into her place. I closed the door. Immediately, I started to strip. There was no hesitation, no drawn-out pause. She wanted me naked. So I would be naked.

"Very good," she said.

Soon, I was naked, and she swept her eyes along my body. She was wearing another skirt. She kicked off her shoes and took off her panties. She did it much faster this time. Then she sat down on the couch.

"I think you know what to do."

"Yes, Goddess," I replied. Pushing my knuckles down into the carpet, I started to crawl.

I could feel my scrotum dangle from between my legs. I made my way over to her, and I slid my head under her skirt. I couldn't believe that I was back in this position. But it was true. Like a good little sex slave, I opened my mouth, and I extended my tongue, ready to service her at the first command.

I didn't have to wait long.

"Go," she said, only this time she spread out, drawing her knees apart, resting her hands on the edge of the couch.

Obediently, I started to lick. Like a thirsty puppy, I lapped my tongue over her crevice. Her flavor dominated my senses. I closed my eyes, and I concentrated on her. This wasn't about trying to

convince her to do anything; it wasn't about control or manipulation on my part.

It was like a new instinct, this impulse running through me. She was my superior. She was my Goddess.

I surrendered. I succumbed.

I licked obediently, swirling my tongue, darting my appendage up and down, then side to side.

I tried my best. I swear, I did my absolute best to please her. And yet, that still wasn't enough.

She grabbed my hair and pulled my head back.

Without another word, she stood. She towered above me as she smoothed out her skirt and stepped away. She walked off, and I watched, unable to do anything.

She went over toward her bedroom door. Then she turned around and beckoned me with one finger. "Follow," she commanded.

This time, I didn't even think about walking. Why would I? I was a slave. So I crawled after her, right into her bedroom. I shivered as I crossed the threshold, mostly because I could still remember that one moment when she moved in and told me that I was never allowed in there.

"I'm going to break you, Jake," she said simply as she grabbed her sheets and blankets. She pulled them off and threw them to the floor.

And then she climbed up, and she beckoned me again, waving me over with that same finger.

Like a good slave, I crawled forward and then up onto the bed. I kneeled before her, and she grabbed my shoulders, shoving me down onto my back. Then she straddled me. I could feel the heat of her thighs and her pussy radiated out against my chest.

I didn't ask what she was doing. That became obvious enough. I was on my back, and she lifted my hands above my head.

"It's time for you to be helpless," she said. She turned those words into an easy comment, something that should be taken as obvious.

I didn't resist as she pulled out two pairs of handcuffs. She clicked them around my wrists, first the left, then the right. After that,

she cuffed me to the bed. My wrists were now shackled to those bedposts.

I didn't struggle.

She wandered over to her dresser. She pulled out some chains for my ankles. She cuffed to them in place as well. Arms and legs spread, I was totally helpless, on my back, watching her.

"Now, I think it's time for you to learn your place. But I don't just want you to understand. I want you to feel it. I want you to reach deep down and look at yourself and understand exactly who and what you are."

"I'm your slave," I replied obediently.

And yet, those words came out more like a duty.

"That's what you say," Melanie allowed. "But I'm still not convinced. I don't think you are either. So this is going to be very educational, don't you think?"

Educational? How? In what way?

Although those questions popped up behind my eyes, I didn't utter a single one.

She went back to the dresser, and she came back a second later. She held something up, a silver chain. The glinting metal was pretty, but it couldn't hold my attention, not even for a microsecond. Instead, my eyes immediately fell to the brass key hanging from the bottom edge.

"Should I let you out?"

"Yes, please!"

"Wrong answer," she breathed, leaning forward. She kissed me. It was possessive and powerful, her tongue teasing my teeth and bottom lip. This should have been enough to make me climax. But with my shaft trapped, even a simple erection had become off-limits.

She kept kissing me, rubbing her chest against mine. I could feel her nipples through her blouse. More. I wanted more!

When she broke off the kiss, Melanie looked down at me again. "You know what you did wrong?"

"I, I think so," I said. I was about to explain, only she touched a finger to my lips. She quieted me. "No. I haven't asked. Just stay

quiet while I have some fun with you."

And then she shocked me. She slipped down between my legs, and she lifted up the key again.

She slid it into the padlock and she turned it. All of a sudden, I heard the click. The cage loosened. She pulled away the pieces, one after another. Then she wrapped her fingers around the main tube, and she pulled it off. I was so hard, it was difficult. But she took her time, working at it by bit until the two came off altogether.

Immediately, my cock hardened into a proud erection.

Why? What was she going to do with me?

"I want to see just how desperate you can get," she explained.

Kneeling between my legs, she reached for my scrotum. She stroked me, caressing me.

At first, I didn't really move.

I thought to remain stoic, like this was okay. I did my best not to react.

Melanie wanted me to suffer; she wanted me to squirm and wiggle with desperation.

I couldn't let myself do anything like that.

If I broke, then I would be totally at her mercy.

But the sensations continued to course through me. She wrapped her fingers around me, then she squeezed my cock, just hard enough. It nearly got me off. Nearly. But this girl understood male physiology. She knew how to make me horny and desperate without allowing any real relief or pleasure.

"What are you?"

It should have been an existential question, something that a philosopher would have grappled with. For me, however, this question seemed simple. In fact, I didn't need to think. I spoke now, with her blessing, and it was easy. It felt right.

"I'm your slave! I'm your slave boy. I'm your property. I, I belong to you! You can use me and own me and train me and I will do my best to please you, Goddess!"

As those words tumbled from my lips, she kept them coming. She made it hard for me to think by stroking me. At one moment, she would use her left hand to scratch my leg, her fingernails grazing my

flesh. In the next moment, she would have her other hand tease my cock. She would touch the underside of my balls, gently petting me. Then her hand would glide upward, along my length.

"Say it again."

"I'm your slave!" I made every promise, every vow that I could. I needed to prove myself to her. But chained down and helpless, that wasn't an option.

"Good boy."

And then she did something I never expected.

She climbed up on top of me, pulling her skirt back so that she could aim the tip of my cock for her opening. Lowering herself down inch by inch, she soon impaled herself on me.

I breathed, inhaling and exhaling, panting through my nostrils even as my heart kept kicking away in my chest, like it seriously thought it could escape the bars of its cage.

"You're learning," she said. "More importantly, you can feel it, can't you? You know who you are. You know what you are. Just look into my eyes, Jake. Look into my eyes, slave. Accept it. Understand who you are. Understand what you are. You belong to me now, don't you?"

I didn't speak because she hadn't given me permission. Even so, I bobbed my head down and up. I was frantic, desperate to show her just how good I could be.

"Good boy."

She started to ride me. She moved her hips down and up as she savored the feel of my shaft inside of her.

Up and down, up and down, I felt the tightness of her opening. Her walls clenched against my cock, but I still held back. Despite a week of denial, I didn't allow myself to climax. I wouldn't. I couldn't!

Then she leaned in again, cupping my cheeks with her hands.

"Go ahead. Come for me," she said. At that point, she practically bounced, moving up and down, forward and back. She claimed me, owning me.

I couldn't hold it. I couldn't stop myself. With her permission, I came hard, thrusting deep as my shaft pulsated.

Pleasure ripped through me, shredding any semblance of clear thought. Everything became an abstraction. I was just a pet, just a plaything to be used. I belonged to her, and I didn't question it. She was right. It felt completely natural, the way it was supposed to. This was my place.

I surrendered.

I gave up. I gave in. I accepted where I was and why I was and where I belonged, on my knees and at her feet.

She cried out with her own orgasm. She grabbed my shoulders, squeezing. And when she was done with me, she pulled off.

Holding up the pieces of the chastity cage, she looked down at me. "Should I put these on you? Should I lock you away again?"

But I had learned my lesson. I shook my head from side to side. "My opinion doesn't count. I'm just a slave."

"That's right," she said, as she proceeded to lock me back in chastity.

When she was done, she patted my head. "I'm sure there's a lot more I can teach you." She flashed a wicked grin because this was my life now. No matter how other people saw me or what I did or said at work, I was now her property.

The End