

# The Promise

Male Chastity

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Bolt



**The Promise**  
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## The Promise

I remember the exact moment when everything started. It began with a simple comment on my part, a common complaint so many women have probably made to their friends again and again over the course of human history. “I really like him,” I confessed, “and I think he has a lot of promise as a boyfriend, but I’m really just not sure, you know?”

“Really?” Monique asked.

“Really,” I said. “He is such a sweet guy, but I’m just not sure.”

I could sense Monique contemplating something important on the other end of the line. We had already been chatting for a couple of hours. I wandered around my apartment, slipping from room to room as we talked about our jobs, our mutual friends, people we used to know, a few shared memories, just normal stuff.

After a few more seconds of silence, I asked, “What is it?”

She still didn’t answer right away. Eventually, she asked, “Could you see yourself with this guy over the long term?”

“Yeah, definitely.” I walked back into my bedroom, threw myself down onto the mattress, landed on my back, and looked up at the ceiling with my phone still pressed to my ear, “I guess I just don’t quite trust him yet, you know? I mean, he is this really great guy in so many ways, but he’s also really flirtatious, and I could see Wyatt cheating on me pretty easily.”

I waited.

Then I asked, “Does that make me sound paranoid?”

“No, it doesn’t. Not at all.” Now it was her turn to pause. Monique had been my best friend ever since we met as freshman.

“Hey, do you like my relationship with Mark?”

“I think you guys are really sweet together,” I said. “I really like the way he dotes on you. You can tell that you’re his top priority.”

“Okay. Are you busy today?”

“I should do some laundry, but otherwise I’m free. Why?”

“Come over tonight. There’s something I want to show you.”

“What is it?”

“Something special.”

“Something special.” That was all she would tell me. It was strange thinking that Monique had secrets from me, especially since we seemed to share everything. When she first met Mark, she told me about her insecurities.

For one, he was really, really cute.

It’s not fair, but the hottest guys can walk through life and cheat however much they want. Yeah, they will get caught, but it’s not like many of them will feel guilty about it. Maybe it’s sexist to say, but we worry more about monogamy than the boys ever will.

Once upon a time, it was probably a financial concern since women weren’t allowed to make their own money. Over the last couple of decades, it has become something else. I’m not sure what, but I hated the idea of dating someone, falling in love, only to learn that he craved someone else.

In college, I got into this big “argument” or maybe it was a discussion with a guy in one of my classes. He told the class that women were simply inflexible. After all, a man wasn’t really cheating when he had sex with multiple women. He could love one but want to fool around with someone else. As far as this guy was concerned, cheating wasn’t unethical.

Frustratingly, he did acknowledge, “If a man tells his girlfriend or wife that he’s not going to have sex with anyone else and proceeds to do so anyway, then he has obviously lied to her. He broke the contract, but it’s not the violation of monogamy that’s a big deal. But that is what I think most women will focus on.”

My face turned a bright shade of red as I snarled one response back at him after another. At the time, I could feel myself losing my temper, and I didn’t want to get so upset, but I couldn’t help it.

Like most girls, I want to know that my boy is really *mine*. I need to know that he’s actually with me.

Maybe that makes me insecure. I don’t know.

And of course, there were all of the other glitches that could pop up when it came to the dating world. So many guys might be willing to enter into monogamous relationships, but they could still be losers, jerks, selfish, or cruel.

Then I thought of my latest boy. I couldn't quite call him my boyfriend yet, but we were pretty close. We had been dating for about a month; we went out once each week. We talked and texted, and he seems really good.

But there was still something at the back of my mind that made me distrust him. What was it?

I loved the way he made me laugh. We flirted all the time. It was so much fun.

Whatever.

True to my word, I finished the laundry and headed over to see Monique and her loyal boyfriend, Mark.

As always, I rang their front door and waited for a few seconds. Mark opened the door, and he seemed just a little bit nervous. "Hello," he said. "Please come in." Was there an extra formal note in his voice?

Maybe.

He motioned for me to come inside.

"Monique is in the living room," he said.

"Thanks," I replied.

"May I take your coat?"

I glanced over at Mark. He was a pretty attractive guy with his black hair, sharp cheeks, and broad shoulders. It was childish, but I did love the fact that Wyatt was maybe an inch taller.

"Sure?" I said and shrugged off my coat. Standing straight, he took it, walked it over to the closet, and put it away for me. Just as I headed off to meet Monique, Mark asked, "Would you like me to get you anything to drink?"

He spoke with the masculine subservience of a well-trained butler. Immediately, I shrugged it off, thinking that he was just being a good host, but I still asked, "Do you think I could get ice water?"

"Absolutely," he replied.

Mark and Monique had a lovely home. I love the big windows, the wooden floors, and the built-in book shelves.

I found my friend sitting in their living room with her feet up on the coffee table and her tablet braced against her knees. She smiled up at me. "Hey, how's it going?"

“I’m good,” I said.

“How was Mark?”

“Mark?”

“Did he greet you politely?”

“Yeah...” I sat down and looked at her.

“We are working on his behavior and compartment.”

I arched an eyebrow, “Compartment?”

“Oh yeah,” she said with a dismissive wave of her hand. “It’s important that boys know how to behave and present themselves.”

I tilted my head to the side slightly, but Monique continued, “And that’s why you’re here, isn’t it? You’re thinking about how you can make sure you can really trust this guy.”

“Why yes,” I supplied.

“Yes,” Monique agreed. She set her tablet aside and brought her hands together. “Kelly, do you believe in equality?”

“Absolutely,” I said.

“Why’s that?”

“Because everyone should be treated equally,” I replied.

“I love the sentiment,” she said, speaking almost like a big sister, “But I’m not sure that’s really possible. And if you stop and think about it, I’m not sure that’s what is best for everyone anyway. I mean, just think about people who are physically impaired. We have handicapped spots for a reason, right? Not everyone can or should be treated equally.”

“Did I just walk into an ethics class?” I teased.

“Sorry,” she replied. “It’s just that there’s something kind of important I want to share with you, and I feel like I need to lay the groundwork.”

“That’s fine,” I told her, especially since I had absolutely no idea what she was talking about or had in mind.

Just then, Mark came back into the room, only he held a tray under one palm like a server at a restaurant.

He held out my drink, and I took it gratefully. “Thanks,” I said before turning my attention back to my friend. He offered a glass of wine to Monique who took a sip and smiled.

“Thank you, Mark.”

“Yes, Miss.”

I raised an eyebrow again, glanced over at him, then to her. "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"No, Mark. Feel free just to stand off to the side. I think I'm going to need you in a couple of minutes."

His cheeks started to turn a shade of red. Actually, he had a slightly darker complexion, so it was hard to be sure one way or the other. Still, I looked over at her. I had never seen them behave like this before.

"What's going on here?"

"If you had the chance to take control of your boyfriend, would you do it?"

"Like what, put a collar around his neck and train him as a dog?"

"Maybe," she said rather seriously.

"What?"

"Do you see how Mark is behaving here?"

I glanced over at him. He was studiously staring off into the middle distance without making a sound. He really did look like some servant from another century.

"Yeah..."

"I am absolutely confident that he will always be loyal. More than that, he recognizes my authority. We were talking about equality before? Well, I don't believe in equality. I actually think women should be in charge."

"You're joking," I said without any real certainty in my voice. There was something about the way Monique kept looking at me. With her dark hair tied back into a bun, she peered at me from behind her glasses with this very serious expression on her face.

"I'm not joking," she said. "Men are inferior, and they need to be controlled. Over the course of human history, I think it's fair to say that men have been in charge for most of the disasters."

"So you think we would live in a utopia if women ruled?" I asked with a little chuckle.

Monique didn't laugh; instead, she treated my question quite seriously, "It wouldn't be fair to assume that everything would be perfect just because women took over. But men have had their chance, and I think it's time we took over."

“What do you think of this, Mark?” I asked with a glance in his direction.

“Tell her you think this is a great idea,” Monique instructed.

Immediately, he answered, “I think this is a great idea.”

Yeah, his cheeks definitely glowed with a hint of blush now.

He kept his expression neutral as he tried to hide it, but he was embarrassed. That was pretty cute, I thought as my mouth twitched upward.

“You see,” she said. “It’s not hard to control a boy.”

“What’s going on here?”

“Can I show you something kind of intense?”

“Yeah...”

“Mark, please come here and pull down your pants and boxers for us.”

“What?” I asked, my voice shifting to a squeal.

I couldn’t believe it.

Monique glanced over at me, probably because she was waiting for me to tell her to stop.

Mark gulped audibly, marched to the center of the room, and he started to unbuckle his pants. I still couldn’t believe that he was doing this, only I didn’t tell either of them to stop.

“This is amazing,” Monique said. “I think, if you give it a chance, you’re going to love it.”

Too dumbfounded to respond, I just looked from his face back to hers as he unbuckled his belt, pulled down his pants, and dragged his boxers down with them.

At first, I couldn’t even bring myself to look toward his genitals, not until I caught the glint of steel.

Then I turned back to him.

“What’s he wearing?” I asked.

“It’s a chastity belt,” she said.

This was the moment that would change my life forever. This was the moment that would alter how I thought about relationships. Up until this point, I truly believed that women and men were meant to be equal. I ignored all of the fundamental power differences and the reality that people coming from unique perspectives and points in

life could never be equal because they could never be the same. There would always be power imbalances.

Just think about it. Even if two people want to be equal, they can't, not really. Maybe she makes more money. Maybe he is smarter or more attractive. Maybe she has a bigger family or more friends. In one way or another, differences like these will never go away.

"A chastity belt?" I asked as I repeated those words.

Yeah, I knew what the belt was. And yeah, I had heard of chastity. But to me, it sounded more like a stripper's name or maybe some concept from the Dark Ages.

"Take off your pants and boxers. Actually, I want you to strip altogether."

"Yes, Miss," he said in the same deferential tones.

Somehow, I couldn't pull my eyes away. Maybe it was the sound of his voice. Maybe it was the lines of his body, but I continued to watch. Part of me wanted to look away, but Monique short-circuited that impulse, "It's okay. I'm putting him on display. Besides, I don't think it's a big deal if my best friend checks out my boyfriend, especially now!" She laughed at that last part.

Soon, Mark was naked except for a metal band around his waist and a cage around his shaft. It looked a little bit like a bird cage, only the contours matched the lines of his member, making sure his manhood remained pointed downward.

"This is chastity belt," I said, testing the words like they didn't really make sense.

"Actually, there are quite a few different words you can use to describe it. Chastity device. Chastity cage. Chastity belt. They all work in this case."

"Why is he wearing a chastity belt?"

"Mark, would you like to explain your situation to our guest?"

Once he finished stripping, Mark stood straight with his shoulders taut, his hands held behind his back, and his chin raised. It occurred to me that he probably practiced this pose, but did that turn me on?

At this point, I realized that there was a little spark of heat just beneath my tummy, but it was the sort of instinct I could ignore pretty

easily.

“I’m wearing a chastity cage in order to ensure my obedience to my owner.”

I snorted, “Owner?” My eyes darted back over to my best friend, and I waited for Monique to burst out laughing because this had to be some kind of joke or something, right?

The young man standing before us blushed again. He knew I was laughing at him, just as he knew there was nothing he could do about it, not while his manhood remained locked up.

“Actually, yes. I’m his owner. You see, Mark here is my chastity slave.”

“Slave? Isn’t that illegal?”

“Not as long as he wants to be let out from time to time. Isn’t that right, Mark?”

“Yes, Miss,” he replied automatically.

“So what? You keep him locked up in this thing, and that makes obedient?” I sounded skeptical.

“Yes,” she said simply.

“You’re joking.”

“Not even a little bit,” she answered.

“Really?”

“Just think about it. So many men are reliant on their gender for their identity. These boys can’t help it. They think they are supposed to be in charge or independent or whatever because they are boys. Take that away, and suddenly they are much more malleable. Isn’t that right, Mark?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“Can he take it off?”

“Didn’t you see the lock?”

I turned back toward this boy, and now I spotted it, a small, brass padlock. The squared edges made me shiver because I knew he didn’t have the key.

“This is crazy,” I said. “Can you really do this to him?”

“Isn’t it obvious?”

“But this seems...”

“What? Wrong? Unethical?”

“Yes,” I stated emphatically.

“I think he’s happier this way.”

“Can’t you just ask him?” I wanted to know.

“Obviously, he’s going to tell me that he likes being a free man, but that doesn’t necessarily mean he knows what’s best for him. I mean, Mark used to have some serious flaws. He would spend too much time playing video games, and he would get distracted. Oh, there was always the possibility he might try to cheat on me.”

“But isn’t a relationship supposed to be built on trust?” I asked.

“Why?” Monique leaned forward. She looked at me because I must have seemed really uncertain. “I’m serious, Kelly. Why does it need to be based on trust when it could be based on something so much simpler, something like stainless steel?”

“Because that’s what relationships are supposed to be,” I told her.

“Just imagine it for a second. If you had a boy, and you could make him into your own private servant, and you knew with absolute certainty that he would be completely loyal and dependable, would you say no to that?”

“Did he agree to it?”

“Mark, tell her how you ended up in chastity.”

“Yes, Miss,” he said dutifully before turning back to me. With his shoulders straight, his back rigid, and his hands still held behind him, he seemed so perfect, almost like a show dog. It was clear he was trying as hard as he could.

“One night,” he began, “Monique invited me over. She and I had been arguing a few days before.”

“What were we arguing about?” Monique asked in the singsong voice of a kindergarten teacher asking one of her pupils a very simple question.

“We were talking about whether or not I should move in, Miss.

“And how did you feel about it?”

“I was uncertain.”

“And why was that? Be honest or I’ll spank you,” she said.

Apparently, she already knew the correct answer, but she wished to hear it from his mouth. He swallowed as he worked to suppress his nervous energy, “I was wondering if I could do better.”

I blinked. "What?"

"Tell us about men. Is that a common experience?"

With another nervous gulp, he told her the truth, "Yes, Miss. This is very common. Lots of men get into relationships, but they're unwilling to commit because they think they can do better."

"And what would qualify as better?"

"Usually younger or hotter," he said.

"That's disgusting," I said before I could stop myself.

"Isn't it?" Monique asked. "You know, sometimes I like to punish him for the sins of his gender. I mean, I'll go to work, some jackass will say something sexist, and I will know that I can come home and punish my boy. He can be my own private scapegoat."

"That could be handy," I said, except I meant it as a joke.

"I know you're not serious, but it's true. If you're a woman, you have to put up with so much garbage from guys all around. And yeah, they can say they're just joking or that we are being too sensitive or whatever, but that's just because they don't or can't imagine what respect might look like."

"Would you like me to continue, Miss?"

She offered a lazy wave of her hand.

"When I first came over, I assumed Monique meant to seduce me, and when I saw what she was wearing, I knew it was true."

He glanced down at her.

"It's okay," she allowed. "You can tell her. Today, I don't think we have any secrets."

"When I came over, I saw her in this tight, sexy little costume." A shiver ran down his back, and I couldn't help but watch as his shaft tried to engorge. Unfortunately, it had nowhere to go.

"See that? This is what happens to a boy when he's in chastity," she said. "He doesn't get as aggressive. He can't. A chastity belt essentially neuters him."

I didn't know what to say, so Mark took this as a sign to continue, "I figured she was going to try to seduce me. Maybe she thought if we had amazing sex, I would want to move in. I had no idea what her real plan was."

"Don't spare any details, Mark."

“We started kissing, and it felt so good. I loved seeing her in that schoolgirl uniform.”

I raised an eyebrow, “in a schoolgirl uniform?”

“Yup,” she said with just a hint of irony.

“It was really nice,” he said. He closed his eyes for a moment, and he was clearly fantasizing about another place and another time when his manhood didn’t belong to Monique. “It had this really short, pleated, tartan skirt. And I saw her ruffled panties underneath. She also had on these cute, black flats and knee-high socks. I swear, she looked just like a fantasy.”

“Actually, I looked like a porn star. I’d put my hair in pigtails and wore these fluffy ribbons. It was ridiculous, but it worked. And why did it work, Mark?”

“Because boys are foolish,” he said, although this sounded like a canned answer, something he had been taught to say.

“Yes, they are,” she agreed with a Cheshire smile. “Continue.”

After we made out for a little while, she told me she wanted to try something especially kinky.”

“By this point, he was so hard, he would have agreed to anything. Normally, he didn’t like the idea of being handcuffed to the bed, but he would make an exception because he wasn’t thinking with his brain.”

I listened intently with a growing sense of admiration.

“We went back to her bedroom, she stripped me, and I got down on my back. I spread my arms and legs, and I let her handcuff me to her bedposts.”

Monique told me in a stage whisper, “It was so easy.”

“Yes, Miss.”

It seemed my friend couldn’t help herself; she had to take over the story, “At this point, I had him. I knew it. Once I got those cuffs around his arms and legs, it didn’t matter how hard he fought me. I bought real handcuffs. You know you can get those online? It’s not just something only for the police or whatever.”

“How long did it take him to figure out?”

Monique inclined her head and gave her slave boy permission to answer. He bowed his head down, probably to hide some sliver of

his shame, “At first, I thought everything was still okay. I thought she was going to go down on me. I couldn’t wait for a blow job.”

“Did you get a blow job?”

“No, Miss.”

“Are you ever going to get a blow job?”

“No, Miss.

“Why not?”

“Because I’m your chastity slave, Miss, and it’s my job to serve you.”

“Good boy. Continue.”

He bristled for a moment. Despite his chastity belt, this young man still wanted to think of itself as an independent person, and he still retained some semblance of ego. But as long as he remained locked up, I could tell he would follow her commands, no matter how shameful or distasteful he found them to be.

“She touched me. We kissed. It felt incredible.”

His shaft tried to twitch at the memory. Somehow, I found myself getting accustomed to this. It seemed impossible. I had this naked, virile boy right in front of me, and it should have weirded me out, but it didn’t. Somehow, it almost felt...natural?

“But wait a second,” I said as I tried to approach this like an engineering problem. “If he was excited, then how did you get the cage on him?”

“Tell her.”

A shiver ran down his back, but he lifted his chin and looked right at me. “She had me helpless. I didn’t understand this at first, not until she got up and told me she would step out of the room for a minute. She was gone for a little while. Then I heard clanging or banging coming from the kitchen, and I had no idea what was happening.

“Actually, I thought about blindfolding him for this part. I thought that would be fun,” she said as a little confession.

“When she came back, she had a bowl. She put it right next to me, and I could feel the cold soaking through the plastic. She took out a piece of ice.”

“Ice?” I asked.

He nodded. "She ran the ice along my cock. She touched me with it. She stroked it along the sides, and it was so cold." Another shudder jumped down his spine.

Monique couldn't help herself, "Poor baby."

Staring straight ahead again, her chastity slave said nothing for several seconds.

"And?" Monique prompted.

"And I got soft," he replied. When Monique didn't demand he say anything else, Mark continued. "I got soft, and I was still chained to the bed."

Somehow, I couldn't help myself, "Did you fight?"

"Yes!" The passion shot through his voice, but now he seemed to realize that he couldn't risk offending his owner. Taking another breath, he paused before continuing, "Yes...I fought the restraints as hard as I could. I pulled on them with all of the strength I had, but it didn't matter how hard I pulled. I couldn't get away. I couldn't escape those chains."

"Chains? They were just handcuffs," Monique said.

"Yes, Miss," he replied right away, automatically agreeing with her.

"Did you agree with everything she says?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"Why?"

"Because she has something I want."

I glanced over at Monique.

My best friend broke out into fresh giggles, "He's a boy! More than anything, he needs to get off. That's the really fascinating thing about males. They aren't like us. We can think rationally, but men need their orgasms. If you take away the chance to play with themselves or have sex, they get frustrated. Eventually, they surrender. Isn't that right, Mark?"

"Yes, Miss."

"So she made you soft and locked you up?"

"Not quite," Monique said coquettishly. "Tell her."

He puffed his cheeks and proceeded, "Once I was soft, she started kissing me again. She touched me all over. I loved it. I

couldn't help myself. I tried to fight it, especially because I finally realized she had something else in mind."

"Did you have any idea how far she might go?"

"No, I never imagined that she could try to turn me into her chastity slave."

"Try?" Monique asked.

His eyes widened for a moment; Mark instantly recognized his mistake, he swallowed, and said, "I never imagined she would turn me into her chastity slave." There. He corrected his error.

"Good boy," she said.

"So she was making out with you, what happened?"

"What happens whenever you tease a boy? He got hard again. All of the brain drained away from his cute head and right down to that shaft between his legs." Monique shook her head as though she were truly disappointed with the physiological design of every male on the planet.

"Did she let you have an orgasm?" I had to know.

"No..." Mark said slowly and deliberately.

"So what did you do?"

"The ice," she said. "Basically, I used it on him again and again. I would make him hard, then soft, then hard, and soft again."

"That's correct, Miss. She made me really desperate again and again. Even when I knew what was about to happen, I couldn't stop it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I needed to break him," Monique said, making it sound obvious. "He's a boy, and boys get some really silly notions into their heads. But this way, he truly experienced that helplessness. In fact, every time we have sex, he gets to feel just as helpless, and this reminds him of his place. Isn't that right, slave boy?"

"Yes, Miss."

She grinned, rose to her feet, and walked right up to him. Then, without asking for permission, she grabbed his hair, pulled his head back, and leaned in to kiss and nibble on his neck. Then she pushed his face down, and she kissed his mouth. She was making out with him, and I watched as his shaft tried to hard. The response

was there, only he couldn't truly enjoy it. He couldn't even have an erection without her key.

Then, as though nothing had happened at all, Monique dropped back into her seat.

"Wait a second," I said. "You still have sex?"

"Oh, absolutely," Monique said with a dismissive wave of her hand. "When was the last time we had sex, Mark?"

"This morning," he said.

"You actually let him out? What keeps him from running off?"

"Who said anything about letting him out?" Monique asked as the corners of her eyes crinkled with delight. Oh yes, she was enjoying every second of this.

In spite of my confusion, I still sensed those sparks deep within my core. I started to shift and I realized that I was damp between my legs. My body had moistened, and now I glanced over at Mark. Obviously, he belonged to Monique, but I started thinking of Wyatt and what it might be like to see my boyfriend naked, belted, and standing before me with his hands behind his back like some love slave.

Oh, that could be good. It could be really good.

"But I thought you said you had sex...?"

"Has it occurred to you how unfair our conceptions of sex are, especially when it comes to women?" Monique asked, sounding almost professorial now. "Seriously, it is such BS. We talk about sex, and we automatically assume that it has to be penile penetration. Oh no. We need to redefine sex and think of it in a new way. How should we think about it, slave boy?"

Mark gritted his teeth for a moment. His eyes remained fixed on some point in the middle distance, yet it was clear he was imagining or remembering something else as his lips moved. "Sex should be reoriented to the female orgasm, Miss." Again, this sounded like a rehearsed answer.

"What would that mean?"

"It would mean that virginity would be based on a boy's ability to make his girlfriend climax. If you can't get her off, then he's still a virgin."

"So, what? The boy would just be locked up?"

“Oh, it’s important to let him out from time to time. I do let you get off if you really earn it, don’t I, Mark?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“What’s that like?” I needed to know.

“It’s pretty straightforward,” Monique replied. “I chain him down, I play with his body, and I take whatever I want.”

“Whatever you want?”

“Obviously, I make him use his mouth to serve me. Mark has actually gotten quite adept at pleasuring me with his lips and tongue.”

“Thank you, Miss,” he said. For the first time, he sounded genuinely pleased at the prospect even as he maintained his rigid stance.

“This is so fascinating,” I said.

“There are other ways for him to earn a few minutes of relief. For example, he can do chores, he can give me massages, and he can surrender more power over his life.”

“Like what?”

“Mark, do you want a car?”

Obviously, he did. I had seen him drive his Mustang on several occasions.

Some of the color drained away from his cheeks, “No, Miss.”

“Didn’t I see his car in the driveway?”

“That isn’t my car,” he said, only now a note of dejection had entered his voice. “That belongs to my owner.”

“What?” I asked in a breath.

“That vehicle belongs to my owner, Miss. I don’t have a car of my own.”

“He gave it to me,” Monique said, answering my very obvious question.

“He gave it to you?” I repeated this because he always seemed like the kind of guy who loved his vehicle.

“Oh yeah. And what did you get in return?”

“Fifteen minutes out of the chastity belt and one orgasm,” he said. He dipped his head down like he couldn’t meet my gaze.

“Wow,” I said.

“What else would you give up in exchange for an orgasm?”

“I don’t know,” he said.

“Well, let’s try it this way then,” Monique persisted. “What else have you *already* given up? After all, it’s important that Kelly understand just how powerful a tool that belt can be.”

“Is that why you invited me over?”

“Yes,” she said. “I want you to understand just what this could do to your life and all of your relationships with men. Just think what the world would be like if every male were forced to wear a chastity belt.”

I blinked several times, confused, concerned, enticed, and delighted all at the same time. “That can’t happen,” I said.

“Why not?”

“Because it would violate a bunch of personal liberties and freedoms?”

“The idea of liberty changes. Just think about what used to be permissible. Once upon a time, you could smoke wherever you wanted, and you didn’t have to wear a seat belt. Just think of the chastity belt in the same category.”

I hated to admit it, even silently, but she made a very good point. Different cultures and communities have always had different notions of what fairness and freedom might mean.

“I guess you’re right,” I said. “But what about the politics?”

“Don’t get me wrong,” Monique replied. “This would take a long time, possibly a generation or two. But you know what I love about chastity belts?”

“What’s that?”

“They’re only as private as you make them, but you don’t actually have to know if a boy is wearing one. The next time you go to a grocery store and to see some kid who is especially obedient or eager to help you, it might be because his girlfriend already locked him up.”

“True,” I admitted.

“Isn’t that amazing? And eventually, as more and more women demand their men going to chastity, it will become normal. Eventually, it could even become mandatory.”

“I guess so...” Still, I had to ask, “But the men would figure it out, wouldn’t they? They would fight back?”

“First, they might resist the idea, especially as a theoretical concept, but just look at how I got Mark into his belt. Between turning him on and icing him up, I made sure he was begging for it by the time I locked him up. Isn’t that right, Mark?”

He bristled with shame because it was obviously true. “Yes, Miss,” he told us.

“That’s right,” Monique said as though she were talking to a particularly well behaved pet. “So yeah, if men were allowed to go into a conference room, sit up straight, and think clearly, they would absolutely fight this with everything they had. But when a pretty girl lures them back to a hotel room? A bedroom? No. They won’t be thinking clearly. And better yet, those same boys won’t admit it once they’re all locked up. Isn’t that right, Mark? You wouldn’t warn any of your fellow men about this, would you?”

“No, Miss.”

“And why not?” Monique questioned.

Clearly, he didn’t want to answer, but he knew better than to try to defy this woman. His girlfriend owned him and could demand whatever she liked from him. In spite of his reluctance, he continued, “It would be too embarrassing to admit.”

“Too embarrassing,” she quoted her enslaved boyfriend. “So yeah, this could be the perfect conspiracy. You get a boy, lock him up, and suddenly he can’t even resist. Oh, and if he does try, you punish him. Have you been punished before, Mark?”

“How?”

“Tell her. Be specific, and I don’t want you to miss anything. If you do, I will be disappointed, and you don’t like it when I’m disappointed, do you, Mark?”

“No, Miss!”

Why did the flicker of fear splashing across his face add to the arousal already spreading through my body?

But then, he kept going, “My owner has punished me with crate training, restraints, extra chores, humiliating pictures, mandatory begging, mandatory gratitude, and spankings.”

I listened and absorbed the long list. As I heard every word, I pictured Wyatt again. I imagined what it might be like to have him bent over my bed right before I spanked him.

“Wait a second,” I said. “Mandatory begging?”

Monique motioned toward him, so he explained, “I have to beg for additional time in my chastity cage.”

“And I pretty much always oblige. Isn’t that right, slave boy?”

“Yes, Miss,” he answered.

“And mandatory gratitude?”

She motioned toward him again. “It means I have to express my gratitude for my training, subservience, and her willingness to guide and retrain me.”

“It’s been a lot of work, but I think it’s been worth it. I mean, I’ve been doing a lot better in my career lately.”

My brows creased with confusion.

“For the first time, I’ve gotten to experience what it’s like to be a man.”

Instantly, I understood.

Most guys wouldn’t have been able to admit it, but they almost always had an advantage when it came to corporate politics and competition. While a guy could go to work and pour all of his energy into his career, women were almost always expected to do other things at home as well. Sure, men had taken on a few extra chores, but women would be expected to do extra cleaning or cooking or laundry. The chores weren’t divided evenly. They weren’t even close.

“Female privilege,” I said, tasting the phrase for the first time.

Monique snapped her fingers together and pointed at me.

“Exactly! That’s why this is so perfect. And you know, if more women put their boys in chastity, that just means we will take over the world that much faster. Pretty soon, CEOs, prime ministers, presidents, and managers all across the planet will be women. We can hire other women. We can create a world where boys are belted and females rule.”

“This is incredible,” I said. “But it looks like Mark might disagree.”

His eyes flickered with hurt, probably because he thought I wouldn’t say anything. And yet, it was easy to read his expression.

“No, Mark is grateful for the chance to be one of the first slaves. Isn’t that right, Mark?”

“Yes, Miss,” he said, only his voice had turned quiet.

“Oh, that doesn’t sound sincere,” said his girlfriend and owner.

“Please, don’t make me say it,” he replied right away. His voice still remained low and quiet.

“I want to make sure Kelly here understands just how powerful chastity can be. Tell us how much you want to be a slave. Tell us how you think every boy should be enslaved just like you.”

“No, Miss.” He turned and looked right at her. “I can’t.”

Monique jumped to her feet. She marched over to her boy, ran her fingers through his hair, took a solid grip, and pushed him to his knees.

He fell before her at once.

“Actually,” she corrected him. “You can.”

His lips hardened together into a frustrated line. It was obvious he needed to resist her, but he couldn’t quite say some of the words. Then she grinned at him and said, “Go get my paddle.”

“Yes, Miss,” he said.

“Oh, and I’m adding another month to your chastity term.” Once he was gone, Monique turned back to me. “It’s pretty straightforward, but that means he has to wait another month before I will let him out.”

“Month? Really?” I didn’t masturbate that often, but that still sounded incredible.

“Oh, yeah! He needs to be desperate. That way, he won’t fight me. Except for now. And really, I should apologize for his bad behavior.”

“No, it’s okay,” I said.

“But if you want to watch, I think it would be good for him to have another woman see him get spanked.”

He came back with the paddle.

“Is there anything you would like to say?” Monique asked.

He gulped, shook his head, and that’s when she grabbed him by his neck, dragged him over to the couch, and shoved him forward. As he fell, his heart must’ve been pounding wildly. “One month and ten spankings,” she said.

She jerked her paddle into the air, brought it down hard, cut through the air, and almost made a whistling sound before the solid

wood crashed against his unprotected flesh. As I listened to the clap, I flinched.

His face turned bright red.

“Tell me you support a world where women hold the keys and men are belted.”

“I can’t,” he said.

“Ten more spankings after this, plus a second month in chastity.”

Through all of this, he had remained so impassive and stoic, as though he could truly accept enslavement. But now, his placid exterior shattered. “No, please, Mistress! No, I can’t take that! Please. Please, please don’t do that!”

“I like it when you beg. But that’s not what I want from you right now. You know what you have to do, slave boy.”

He understood perfectly well, but he still tried to hold out.

She paddled him hard, making sure his ass glowed a bright shade of red, and I watched all of it.

After twenty spankings, she asked, “What you have to say for yourself?”

I truly wondered if maybe he would somehow maintain his resolve and be able to hold out just a little while longer. And yet, he couldn’t do it.

“Every man should be enslaved. Every man should be in chastity. You’re right, Miss. Boys should be belted. They should all be owned just like me.”

“And what if I called your little brother’s girlfriend and invited her over to have a conversation like the one I’ve had with Kelly. What do you think of that? Would you warn him?”

“No, Miss.”

“Smart boy. But you know, you don’t just have to stand by. You should be helping, don’t you think?”

“Yes, Miss.” She grabbed his ass. Her nails pushed down against his skin. “And if he asked you whether or not he should agree to a chastity belt, what would you say?”

“I would tell him the truth.”

“And what truth is that?”

He clenched his eyes shut. He knew he couldn't lie to Monique. She was his girlfriend, his owner, and she knew him well enough to see through any deception. If he admitted this, it had to be genuine. "I would tell him that he should accept the chastity belt because it will be good for him. He'll have his owner, and she will know what's best for him."

"And why is that?"

"Women are smarter than men. They're more mature. They're more empathetic. They know what we need and how to run the world."

"Good boy," she said, patting him on the head. "And what have you learned?"

"I should be willing to tell the truth," he said in a small, defeated voice.

"Good boy," she said again. "Kneel by my chair and be quiet."

This time, he obeyed without any kind of resistance.

Then she turned to me. "Kelly, I hope you really take all of this to heart. We need to convince women all across the world. I'm talking to everyone I know and trust. I want to see this become the new reality for relationships everywhere."

For several long seconds, I didn't say anything. My cheeks were warm, and I couldn't ignore the heat between my legs. I really wanted to go home and have sex with Wyatt. But then I realized something. I didn't want sex. I wanted his mouth. I wanted him to be just as obedient and servile as Mark.

"I'm with you," I said. "I'm going to have Wyatt locked up before the end of the week."

I gave Monique a hug, we embraced, and she said, "This is going to be the future."

"I can't wait," I whispered back.

Before I even got back to my car, I had my phone out, and I was looking for the best websites where I could buy my boyfriend his first chastity belt.

It was time to get started.

**The End**