

A black and white photograph of a woman's legs, wearing high-heeled shoes, sitting on a chair. The legs are crossed at the ankles, and the feet are pointing towards the bottom right corner. The background is dark and out of focus.

The Rule of Women

**A Futuristic Tale of the Rise
of Gynarchy and Femocracy
Part One**

Miss Samantha Strong

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By:
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Chapter I

The Internship

It was a warm, spring day as David sat anxiously in the bus on his way for the first day of his nine-month internship. He was selected to work at a prestigious hotel in the heart of the city and was excited for this great opportunity. He had a few options for internships as many of the boys who finished trade school did in 2099. Sure, getting into a secretarial role was the most lucrative position most boys sought for. It paid more and the stature it gave was very high for a man these days but that wasn't important to him. The ultimate goal for him was to learn the skills in the service industry in the hopes of finding a future wife he could serve. This would provide him with the most security in today's day and age.

As the bus drove down the backways to the hotel, he thought about how thankful he was that his mother had the means and status to get him into the prestigious boy's prep school. At the age of six he started his studies learning the basics of math and reading, along with cleaning and cooking. Through middle school, the main focus was on learning proper etiquette; how to present oneself when in the presence of a woman, the public and private rules men must abide by, proper attire for men, and learning to respect our superiors. Subjects on cleaning, cooking, how to maintain a home were also heavily covered. Reading, writing, math, and science were limited as it wasn't expected for the males to know or even understand much of this. History was touched on but only the last 75 years. Prior history was learned through hearsay and rumors. Most boys at the school knew that men were once the leaders of all the nations and women were almost treated as second class citizens. He also learned how men made such a mess of things that power was taken over by women to fix it. David chuckled at this thought as he could not even comprehend men leading the nation. Men were obviously not fit to be in charge of anything. Women clearly were the superior

gender with much more intelligence, power, and health. It was obvious that men were more muscular than women but what use was that in this day and age unless you wanted to work in the camps, which no one did. A feminine woman was the sign of power, not a muscular man. This was one aspect of the internship he was really looking forward to. At the end of the nine months, he must turn in a 30-page account of the last 100 years. David's great, great uncle lived through most of the century and would be the perfect source for his paper.

Just as he was thinking of all the questions he would ask his uncle, the bus stopped at his station. As David got out, he saw a billboard for the upcoming 2100 election. On the billboard was Emily Watson, the current ruling governess of the Western World Region. Even though the world was united in one femocracy, it was divided into 4 regions for a governess to look after. Miss Emily was the governess for the last 8 years and was fully supported by the majority of the population. On the sign, she wore a white silk blouse with a tight, maroon skirt, and her long curly, brown hair flowing down, the epitome of feminine power. The caption read, "The 21st Century was the Rise of Women but the 22nd Century will be the Reign of Women" David looked in awe at the woman on the poster before acknowledging his place and giving a slight bow of the head before walking to the hotel two blocks away.

David headed towards the rear entrance in the back of the building which was the custom of all men unless accompanied by a woman wife or owner. As he walked through, he was met with other men entering and quickly going to the locker room to change for their jobs. He acquired where he might find a Miss Elizabeth Raker, his soon to be boss, and was pointed down the hall towards the more elegant part of the building. He quickly walked through the hall and found himself in front of four desks with men sitting at them, typing away. He looked at each desk and found one with the nameplate "Miss Raker's secretary" Many times men were referred to by the woman they were under and their title. I walked up to the desk and

introduced myself. "Hello, I am here to see Miss Raker for my internship."

The young man lifted his head and smiled "Yes, Miss Raker said to let you in as soon as you got here." He got up, tapped on the door twice, and opened it slightly. "Miss Raker, your new intern has arrived." He called through the crack in the door then looked at me. "You may enter."

David walked through the large oak door to a lavish office, much different than the men's section he just walked through. Seated at the desk was a young, blonde woman about 25 years old. She was dressed in a blue pinstripe blazer and matching skirt. Her feet, in meticulously polished black stilettos, were propped up on the desk and her tan nylons shined from the light coming from the office window. I bowed my head and announced my presence. "Good morning Miss Raker, I am here to serve as your intern" Miss Raker lowered her feet from the desk and stood up. The only sound heard was the clicking of her high heels on the wooden floor as she approached David. She circled him as he kept his head down when she finally stopped in front of him. David's only view at this point was the tips of her stilettos.

"Right" She finally said. "Come sit with me while we go over the basics. Then I will call in Emmy who will train you." She walked to the leather sofa on the side of the office and sat down. Even though she offered to 'sit with her', David knew this meant that he wasn't going to sit on the sofa with her. He walked to where she was sitting and knelt down, his butt resting on the back of his heels. She crossed her legs and started bouncing her foot up and down slowly only inches from his face. In a very stern voice she instructed, "Here at Raphaella Hotel, we strive for excellence and expect nothing but the best from our employees, especially our male employees. Any disobedience or laziness will be dealt with harshly, do you understand? She asked as she put the tip of her shoe under his chin and lifted up his head so he was looking at her face.

“Y...yes Miss Raker” David replied, intimidated by this strong, feminine woman.

With her foot still under his chin, she continued, “We have a lot of powerful and influential women stay here” She paused a bit, “Many of whom, I will add, do not think too highly of men. I assume you know that, even if they are rude or mean to you, you will still respect them and do as you’re told?”

“Of course, Miss Raker, I would never disrespect a woman
“Good boy.” She said in a much softer tone which made David blush. She uncrossed her legs and lowered her foot to the ground. She leaned forward so her face was close to his. He had never been more intimidated in his life and he couldn’t hold her gaze for more than a few seconds before turning his head down in his much more comfortable, submissive state. She continued in her soft voice, “You are very lucky to have this opportunity. Many men would die for a chance like this. If you don’t screw it up, I am sure you will learn the proper skills to be a fine house husband for someone someday.”

“Yes Miss Raker, I sure hope so. Thank you so much for this opportunity. I will always do my best for you and try not to mess up.” I said with so much sincerity.

“It’s inevitable you will screw up; you are a man after all. But I am sure you will learn. I will now call Emma to show you around and start your training. In the meantime, I will allow you to thank me.” She said as she removed her right foot from the black stiletto.

David took hold of her foot and lowered a small kiss on the top of the nylon. “Thank you so much Miss Raker.” he said as he planted another small kiss and then began to massage her foot. Elizabeth pulled out her phone and called Emmy. “Hello Emmy, the intern is here and ready for you to pick up.” She looked down at David while

Emmy was saying something and brought her other foot up as a signal for him to move on to the next foot. David gingerly removed the high heel and performed the same kiss and massage ritual to her left foot. She continued "Okay, Emmy, see you in a couple minutes." and then hung up the phone. She leaned back on the couch and enjoyed the massage.

In a few minutes there came a succession of two knocks on the door and the secretary announcing Miss Emmy's arrival. Emmy walked in wearing the standard female outfit of the hotel, a white blouse and a short, tight, navy blue skirt with dark pantyhose and navy blue heels. On the breast of her blouse was a gold nameplate reading Emmy Spencer, trainer. At 17 years old, she was David's junior by 5 years, but age didn't matter, she was still his superior. "Hello Elizabeth!" She said as she looked down at David.

"Hey Emmy" then turning to David "You may put my shoes back on." David grabbed each high heel and carefully put them back onto the feet of Miss Raker, making sure not to cause her any discomfort.

"I see you already have him giving foot massages" Emmy smirked

"Yes, he's not bad either. You did a very good job David." replied Elizabeth

"Thank you, Miss Raker, I am glad you enjoyed it. I had several classes at the Merriam School for Boys and received exemplary marks"

"Well, there is always room for improvement, and you'll get plenty of practice here." Elizabeth said while giving a little smirk to Emmy. Then, turning back to David, still on his knees "You may stand up and meet Emmy, she will be training you. Emmy is still in high school but works here during her summer break."

David stood before the teenager, who was around a foot shorter than he, and bowed his head, showing the same respect he showed Miss Raker. "It is very nice to meet you Miss Emmy."

"It is very nice to meet you as well David" Emmy replied as she slowly moved towards David and put her hands on his shoulders, moving them gently down his chest and finally around his backside and gave his ass a nice squeeze. She looked over at Elizabeth while her hand was still on David's ass, "My, he is a cute one, I wonder what else he is good at massaging?"

Elizabeth snickered a little bit and David started turning a bright red as he was being talked about as if he wasn't there. "Oh Emmy, leave the poor boy alone. It's his first day"

"Alright" she said hesitantly and then leaning close to David's ear she slightly whispered, "Don't worry sweetie, we'll have our fun in time." David blushed even more when she pulled away, "I will be testing those massage skills later today though."

"Yes, of course Miss Emmy!"

"Good, follow me and I will start your training." She quickly turned to the door and started walking before passing a smile to Elizabeth "Thanks Elizabeth, I will see you later."

"Thanks Emmy" Elizabeth smiled like she would to a child she couldn't say no to. David started to follow Emmy but paused briefly to Elizabeth and bowed "Thank you again Miss Raker." She let out a quick mm-hmm before adding "You better hurry up" motioning that Emmy was already walking down the hall.

David scurried out of the office and caught up to Emmy. It was a common rule that any male accompanying a female should follow behind her at about 3 feet. This was thought to reinforce the idea of

women leading no matter the situation. David followed closely behind and took in the sights of the elegant hotel. He had never seen such glorious furniture and decor. After a moment, they entered a hallway and Emmy entered a room and quickly came out with a box and handed it to David. "Come" she said as she continued walking down the hallway, "we will go into my temporary office." David nodded and continued to follow her until they got to a small but elegant looking office with Emmy White on the nameplate. David followed her in, still holding the box she gave him earlier. Pointing to a small table in front of a couch Emmy ordered "Put that there and stand in the middle of the room facing my desk." David placed the box down and stood where he was instructed. Emmy then walked in front of him and hopped up on the edge of the desk. She looked David up and down a bit before speaking again. "I will be your direct supervisor while you are here as an intern. If you wish to or allowed to continue to work here after your internship, you will be placed under the supervision of one of the managers here. It is my job to train you and watch over you while you are here and, since we require the highest standards here are Raphaella, I will be very strict and will be quick to punish any mistakes. Believe me, you will highly regret testing me. Is that clear?"

"I understand Miss Emmy" David said with a little trepidation in his voice which did not go unnoticed by Emmy. She loved watching men quite a bit older than her squirm from her dominance and femininity. She always thought it was funny how these men, who were much bigger and stronger, were terrified of her or other women. This is something she loved to exploit and did so with any man that she ran across. David would be no different no matter how cute she thought he was.

"Good, now remove your clothes." She sternly said

"Excuse me Miss Emmy?" David said, shocked.

“I said, remove your clothes. Did you not hear me, or should I do it for you?”

“I’m sorry Miss Emmy, sorry, right away.” David said, fearful that he already made a bad impression. He removed his shirt and started to unbutton his pants. He could feel his face redden as he didn’t realize you would have to change in front of his supervisor. He removed his shoes and socks and pulled off his pants and stood in front of Emmy in just his silk, see through panties. One of the latest styles in men’s undergarments. Throughout the years, men’s fashion slowly changed to a more feminine and sexier look. This was for many reasons. One, femininity was a sign of power and men tried to look the part as best they could and two, it reinforced the humility that men were lesser to women and only could attempt to look feminine. Plus, the women loved it.

Emmy just sat on the desk, waiting when she finally nodded towards David’s panties. David understood this clearly as they were to come off as well. He pulled down his panties and stood there stark naked except for the chastity device that was locked in place. This was required by law at a certain age and David barely remembers a time when he wasn’t wearing it. Emmy jumped off the desk and started inspecting the naked man. She placed her hands on his back and slowly moved them down to his butt. Then, to David’s surprise, she reached under his legs and grabbed his balls, giving them a couple quick squeezes. David yelped in pain but tried to remain motionless. Emmy then moved her hands down his legs and back up, causing David to strain in his chastity. She then went around to the front of him and grazed her hands up and down his body and finally landing on his locked penis. She gave the chastity tube a couple tugs which caused David more pain. Finally, she stopped and stood in front of the exposed man. She looked up into his face as he towered over her petite frame. “Kneel down! I won’t keep looking up to talk to you.” David quickly dropped to his knees, his face now slightly above her waist. “That’s better. I want you like this whenever we are talking. Understand?”

“Yes Miss Emmy.” Now David was the one looking up at the superior girl in front of him.

“You will need to get a smaller chastity belt. There is way too much room in the one you have.”

David didn’t think that was possible as it already felt very tight, but he wasn’t going to argue. “I understand Miss Emmy.”

“You will also need to shave your legs better. I felt some stubble and that will not be acceptable here. If you are very hairy, I would suggest getting waxed every couple of days or having laser surgery.”

David felt a little embarrassed by this as he always did a thorough job with shaving but was in a rush this morning and didn’t do the best job. It was an unwritten law that men must be clean shaven in any noticeable areas and not doing so was usually taken as a sign that you resisted your place as the inferior gender which could get a man into a lot of trouble. Since you never know when a woman might ask you to remove an article of clothing, it was best to keep most of your body shaven. “I am sorry Miss Emmy; I will do better.”

“I should hope so. Now, go and open the box I brought in.” David stood up and walked to the table. Upon opening the box, he saw a light pink dress, white petticoat, some nylons, and a pair of pink mary jane heels. He pulled the dress out, noticing that it was quite short and turned to look at Emmy with a bit of confusion. “That is your uniform, try it on.”

David knew he may have to wear a uniform for work but nothing like this. It was common to see men forced into wearing women’s clothing and, at times, he even had to when serving at a dinner party or special events at school but not for 9 hours a day, every day. “But Miss Emmy?” he questioned; a bit troubled. Emmy didn’t hesitate as

she quickly walked over to David, painfully grabbed him by the ear and pulled him down as she sat on the couch. She let go of his ear and hiked up her skirt a little. "Get over my knee now!" She ordered in a very sharp and stern voice.

Terrified, David gingerly laid across her thighs and draped himself over her knees. The silkiness of her nylons felt good and she spread her legs just a bit to allow his chastity tube and testicles to fall between her thighs. It turned him on and he relaxed a bit until the first smack from her hand came down on him backside. He was surprised by the force she provided but it only stung a little and he didn't think this ordeal would be too bad. She quickly brought her hand down in a non-stop motion and soon David was reevaluating that thought. His ass felt like it was on fire and she did not let up. She started to squirm from the pain, but she closed her thighs on his dangling balls which kept him from moving and caused an added pain. After a couple minutes, his ass burning and his balls aching, he took hold of her foot and began kissing the top of her foot and the leather of the stiletto. "Please Miss Emmy, I am so sorry. I want to wear the dress. Please stop, I beg you!" he cried, tears starting to form in his eyes.

She added a few more slaps and pushed him off her lap. David crumbled to the floor with his hands still grasping at her feet. He moved himself upright, so he was on his knees and frantically started kissing her feet. "Thank you, Miss Emmy, I am sorry."

"Just put on your outfit and quit crying."

"Yes ma'am!" David quickly got up and put on the petticoat and dress, tears still in his eyes and a bright red ass. Sara just smirked at him fumbling around trying to put the dress on as fast as possible as not to upset her anymore. She laughed at how easily she established power over this bigger male and how terrified he was to disobey her. Men are so weak she thought. In a matter of minutes, a 17-year-old, petite girl dominated a 22-year-old muscular man.

She knew he would not dare disobey her, but she will definitely have fun tormenting him. She watched him fiddle with his dress and then putting on the white, thigh high pantyhose, and finally slip into his shoes. When he was finished, she stood up and walked over to him. He began to kneel as he was instructed when she was talking to him, but she motioned for him to keep standing. She walked around and adjusted a few things and pulled some slack in the dress. "You will need to take this in so it fits better. I assume you know how to sew?"

"Yes Miss Emmy, I will be able to adjust it."

"Good" She continued to inspect him and then stood in front of him. She pointed her finger down and David instantly recognized this as a command to kneel. He dropped to his knees and she continued. "The panties you wore today will be sufficient, but I hope you have more like that. We expect you to have white panties that look nice, maybe some lace or bows would look good." She said with a smile, knowing he wouldn't like the extra frilly touches. "Also, your shoes need to be polished every day. I don't want to see any smudges on them. If you stain or tear your dress or make a run in your nylons, you will be forced to replace them. It will come out of your pay and it isn't cheap. So, I would be careful if I were you, understand?"

"Yes Miss Emmy, I understand."

"Good, you should be ready to work at 7am each morning. Make sure you give yourself enough time as this is how you should be dressed for work every day. I know how you men like to waste time. Now," she turned, walked around her desk, and sat in her office chair. "I need to get some files prepared for you. Come here and show me your skills in foot massage." David quickly crawled around the desk and knelt before Emmy's chair. He carefully removed her high heels as she started typing away at her computer. He gently took hold of one of her nylon clad feet and began massaging it.

David could feel his cock stir and attempt to grow inside his cage. He, like the majority of men, are not allowed contact with a woman without her consent so the slightest touch always caused him to become aroused.

He massaged each of her delicate feet for about twenty minutes. His hands were tired, and his chastity was becoming painful as his penis tried desperately to get hard. Without looking down, Emmy lifted one of her feet to his face and rubbed it slightly up and down his face and finally stopped over his mouth. David instinctively began kissing her foot and she pressed her toes into his mouth, parting his lips and causing him to open his mouth to take in her pantyhose covered toes. He didn't know exactly what to do so he started to suck on her toes and maneuver his tongue around the outline of each toe. She then brought the other foot up and did the same. She peered down at David with a mouthful of her foot and she giggled a little. 'Pathetic' she thought to herself and went back to work.

After another ten minutes of sucking and kissing her toes, she moved her right foot to the top of his head and pushed his head down, further, and further, until his face was pinned to the floor by her foot. She applied some pressure which caused David quite a bit of discomfort. She kept him pinned there for a moment then finally removed her foot. "Put my shoes back on." Again, David quickly complied to her order and placed the heels back on her feet. She rose from her chair and started to walk towards the door. "Follow me." she said without waiting for him. David hurriedly got to his feet and tried to catch up. The shoes he was wearing were only about an inch and a half, but he was not used to the heel. He knew that he needed to practice because if he couldn't keep up with the women walking, there would be consequences. He heard stories of women who locked 5-inch stilettos on men who were having trouble walking in heels. These women kept the heels locked on the men's feet for days or weeks until they were able to walk properly. It wouldn't surprise David if Emmy was one of those women.

David kept up with Emmy's fast pace walking but was having a little trouble and his feet were killing him. He was always amazed at how women could so gracefully walk in these shoes with no trouble. He continued to follow Emmy into a more technical room. Once in the room, she instructed David to sit into a small chair by a technician sitting at a computer. David sat down and waited a few minutes before the technician turned to him. "You must be David?"

"Yes ma'am"

"I am Makenna and the first thing I am going to do is scan your chip" she said as she reached in her desk for a small scanner. Each male is implanted with a small when they are young in order to keep track of where he is and collect certain information. Makenna leaned over and pulled David's ear down, placed the scanner close to his head and pressed one of the buttons located on the side of the scanner. A beep was heard, and she let go of his ear. Then, focusing on her computer she began to read over the information coming up on her screen to herself. "Okay, I see that you are 22 and just finished at the Merriam School for boys."

"Yes Miss Makenna." he replied but she only acknowledged the computer.

"I also see that you are under the supervision of your mother Miss Carol Baker. Do you plan on changing your female owner anytime soon?"

"Not at the moment ma'am but I would like to get married someday soon" he paused for a second and then added "hopefully."

Makenna looked at him and smiled. "I am sure a cute boy like you won't have any trouble finding a wife to look after you. You won't want to end up looking for a sponsor."

“No Miss Makenna, that is part of the reason I wanted to work here. I think I will learn the skills needed to serve a wife properly.” David did not want to end up marriageless and have to look for a sponsor. Since males always needed to have supervision, if you couldn’t find a wife then you would have to apply for a sponsor. More often than not, these sponsors treated their males very harshly and it wasn’t a good life.

“You will definitely learn a lot here.” she commented before going back to her computer. She continued reading over David’s information and asking him questions for the next hour. When she was finished, she grabbed the scanner again. “Okay, it looks like you will get paid \$10 an hour while you are working here. I have it set so half will go into your mother’s account, 40% will go into your dowry account and then you will get 10% will be sent to your personal account.” David was pretty happy as \$10 an hour for a male just starting was quite a lot. It was standard that half of what he made before he was married or had a sponsor went to the matriarch of the family and most of the rest went into his dowry, which would go to his new wife or sponsor once they took ownership. After the ownership, that 90% would go directly to his owner. Makenna then pulled his ear back and scanned the chip to register the changes she made to his profile.

Before he knew it, it was well past lunchtime and Emmy was guiding him into the men’s cafeteria. It was a very simple room with a few tables. Two women dressed in security guard uniforms consisting of a white blouse and dark blue tie, short blue pencil skirt, tan nylons and navy blue stilettos were standing holding leather straps. One guard by the table and the other by the men serving food. There wasn’t much talking as the men filed in, sat down, and minded their business. At first David was reluctant to go in dressed as he was but as he looked around, he noticed many men wearing totally different apparel; from maid’s outfits to just loin clothes. “Get in line and get something to eat” Emmy told him. She pointed her

finger down the hall, "I will be down this hall in the women's dining area. In an hour, wait by the door until I come out."

"Yes Miss Emmy" and she walked off. David looked around to get a better idea of what he should do. It seemed simple, he grabbed a tray and got in line. The food was pretty basic as he searched for something good to eat. Mostly rice and vegetables so his options were limited. He grabbed a plate and sat down. After about 10 minutes, someone sat next to him. He was dressed in tight white pants and white button-down shirt. "Hello, my name is Derek."

"Hello Derek, I'm David. It's nice to meet you."

"So, I can tell by your outfit that you just started here." Derek could tell David was ashamed by his outfit. "Don't worry, most men here had to wear the same thing when they started."

"Ok, good. It is my first day and it is a little embarrassing."

"The first couple months here are pretty rough but, once you know the rules, you'll get used to it."

"What do you mean by rough?" David asked

"Well, be prepared to get disciplined a lot. They expect perfection from all their male employees and will not tolerate any mistakes."

"Yes" David said adjusting his seat, reminded of the harsh spanking Emmy gave him earlier. "I've found that out already."

Derek just smiled "Expect plenty more in the next few weeks. Emmy can be really tough on guys. Just do as your told and you'll be fine." They continued talking for quite some time when David noticed the time and only had a couple minutes to go to the women's

dining area to wait for Emmy. He got up and went to put his tray in a bin to be washed and, as he was putting it in, another man walked in front of him with a tray that has some leftover food on it and pushed him aside. As he did so, some rice spilled off the tray and onto David's skirt. "Watch where you're going you idiot!" yelled the man. David looked down at the food on his dress and worried that he'd get a stain the first day he wore it. The man pushed him again to get out of the way when, in the distance, the clicking sound of high heels were heard getting closer. In a flash, one of the security women grabbed the man by the ear and dragged him away, yanking him across the other side of the cafeteria. You could hear the man begging relentlessly "Please, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" David watched as she violently pushed him over a table, pulled down his pants and swatted his ass repeatedly. When she was finished, the man dropped to his knees and began kissing her feet. She just kicked him away "Go clean up your mess boy!" She ordered as the man rose to his feet and scurried off, pulling his pants up as he went. The scene David just saw caused him to get excited. The sight of such a powerful woman always made his cock grow but he couldn't think of that. He rushed to a nearby sink and dabbed his dress with some cool water in hopes that it wouldn't stain. Then he had to rush to meet Emmy.

He got to the dining hall right on time and there were several other men waiting outside, presumably for their supervisors. Every so often a woman would come out and one of the men would start following her. When they did come out, David would get a peek into the dining area and saw how fancy it looked. The women were eating steaks, lobsters, and pastas with plenty of sides. They had bottles of wine and water at the tables and men scurried about serving them. David couldn't believe how fancy everything looked, much different than the stark white cafeteria, serving only rice and vegetables, looked. He wished sometimes he was female but didn't the majority of men? He waited outside the room for a long time. His legs were getting tired and his feet were sore from the heels, but he patiently waited. It wasn't until about 45 minutes that Emmy finally came out looking refreshed and relaxed. She smiled at David,

seeing his discomfort and nodded her head signaling him to follow her.

Throughout the second half of the day, Emmy showed David around the hotel, giving him a tour of all the dining rooms, ballrooms, the lobby, exercise facilities, spas, and relaxation centers. She even showed him the punishment room. Many times, when males make mistakes, the female staff isn't shy about disciplining them right out in the open. This has been common practice and both men and women are used to seeing this. Years ago, this was done a little more privately and they made these special rooms just for that purpose. They are still used many times but are generally used for the more severe disciplinary actions. The room was dark and scary to David and he didn't even want to ask what all the tools and implements hanging on the walls were used for. He also hoped that he would never find out.

Finally, 5:00 came and it was time to go. Emmy showed him to the locker room where he could change back into his clothes. Before she left him, she gave him instructions for the next day. "So, from this day forward, you will clock in, dressed in full attire, at 7 am sharp. You will have a 30 minute lunch at noon and will clock out at 5. In your locker, you will find the itinerary for the day. I want you to start immediately on the list. Understand so far?"

"Yes, I understand Miss Emmy"

"I come in at 9 and leave at 3:30 with my lunch at noon as well." She spoke. It was customary for women to work around a 30 hour work week while men usually had a 45 to 50 hour week. Emmy continued, "You will report directly to me but, during the times I am not here, you will report to the lady on your itinerary. They will inform me of everything you do, good or bad, so be on your best behavior. I won't want to be forced to beat that cute little ass of yours too bad." She smirked at him and gave a playful smack on David's ass causing him to jump both from his ass still sore from the discipline

earlier and because he was scared. She laughed a little from his jumpiness and pretended to slap his ass one more time just to watch him flinch. "Alright boy, go change and be here bright and early tomorrow."

"Yes, of course" David thought for a second and, trying to get on her good side, dropped to his knees and kissed each one of her shoes delicately "Thank you Miss Emmy for showing me around. I hope you will be pleased with my work."

She lifted his head up by the tip of her stiletto and looked down on him, "Let's hope so." then she turned and left. David watched as she left, observing her ass move back and forth and the way her calves bulged out a little from the heels. He wanted to worship a powerful, young woman and hoped to find a wife soon.

David dressed back into his regular clothes and hopped on the next bus. After a short walk, he finally arrived home. He walked in and found his 15 year old sister in the living room watching tv. "Hello Megan."

"Oh, hey David, how was your first day?" she asked, barely turning her head away from the television.

"It was a little difficult but okay. I get paid pretty good so that's nice."

"Oh yeah, how much?"

"Altogether it is \$10 an hour."

Megan just giggled "And I thought I didn't get paid well." Megan just finished Women's High School and started a job at a banking firm. She was a financial reviewer but at the lower end. She took the job just so she can have some extra cash for the summer before

she started at the University. “I make \$30 an hour and I am at the bottom.”

“Well, you're a girl, that's why. You know men can't do the same jobs as women.”

“I know one job you can do. Dad's in the kitchen, go help him prepare dinner.”

“Yes Megan” David replied and meekly went into the kitchen where he found his father, Marcus.

“Hey dad” David's father turned around from cutting vegetables. “Hey David! How was your first day of work?”

“It was okay, but they are making me wear this silly dress as a uniform.” David said as he pulled the dress out of the bag he was holding.

“Oh man, that is pretty frilly, I'm sorry.”

“It's alright, most men there have a uniform so I blend in, I guess. I need to bring it in a little as it's too loose on me. I also was told that I need to get a smaller chastity device.” David said, a little ashamed. “I don't know when I will get it done because I was planning on going to Uncle Jake's to start my assignment. Uncle Jake was actually David's Great, Great Uncle. He was 93 years old and would be a great resource to talk about the 100 year history assignment.”

“I'll tell you what, after dinner, when I finish all my chores, I will fix your dress for you. I can check but I don't think I have an extra chastity that is smaller than the one you're wearing. You can ask your sister or mother to take you to Uncle Jake's and on the way, she

can stop by the store and you can buy a new one. Until then, why don't you come over here and help me prepare dinner."

"Okay, thanks dad." David said, still not in the best mood but, cooking with his dad was always enjoyable so that would cheer him up a bit. Mom wouldn't be home for another 30 minutes so they had plenty of time to talk. Time flew but they got everything prepared just in time as Stephanie, David's mother, walked into the house. Marcus quickly stopped what he was doing and ran to his wife. "Hello darling" He dropped to his knees and planted a kiss on each of her black stilettos then looked up at her. "How was your day?"

"It was good but long. I am ready to eat, is supper ready?"

"Yes darling, we just have to put it on the table."

She rubbed his hair "Good boy, grab my stuff first and then you can prepare the table." she said as she kicked off her shoes

"Yes dear." He replied and grabbed her suitcase, sunglasses, and shoes and put them in their correct spots. He left the heels out as he would polish them quickly before going to bed. David overheard his mother, so he started to set the table before his father came back. In a few minutes it was time to eat and the women sat down at their respective spots at the table, Stephanie, being the matriarch of the family, sat at the head with Megan to her right and Marcus to her left. David sat next to his sister. As customary, Marcus served his wife and daughter first and, when their plates were full, he and David would take their food. Marcus, per his wife instructions, could only take a small portion of meat and the rest should be salad. A couple years back he gained a few extra pounds, so Stephanie put him on a strict diet and exercise regimen. He is careful to follow the diet as he has learned it will not be good if his wife caught him sneaking a snack or not meeting his weight at the end of each month.

After dinner, Stephanie announced that they will have the weekly family meeting. This was done in the den, a room with no television, just a couple chairs, a couch, fireplace, and a library of books. Stephanie took her place on the large chair in the center of the room and waited for her family to take their places. Megan sat down on the couch and David sat on the floor beside her. Marcus knelt next to his wife, facing her. Stephanie believed this portrayed the hierarchy of the family best. She also liked that Marcus was by her feet, just in case she wanted him to give her a nice foot massage during the meeting or give him a swift kick if he didn't look like he was paying attention.

"As you know," She proceeded "David had his first day of work which means that there will be a lot more work around the house. Marcus," She looked down at the kneeling man, "I expect you to pick up the slack."

"Of course, dear." replied Marcus

"And David, I know that half your paycheck will go into my account and 40% will go into your dowry account. Since I make plenty of money to support the whole family, I decided that the 50% I would receive will also go into your dowry." David was very happy to hear this. His goal was to find a good wife and, aside from learning how to serve properly, having a larger dowry would be beneficial in finding a woman. "But David" continued his mother "just because I am doing this, I don't want you to think you can slack off at work. You should work very hard at honing your skills in cooking and cleaning. If I hear that you are not living up to either my expectations or the expectations of Raphaella Hotel, you will be in for a very severe punishment and I will take back the money. Do you understand?"

"I understand mom, I will try very hard."

“I’m glad to hear that and I don’t doubt that you will. Now, Megan, you will have extra responsibilities as well. You know that I cannot chaperone your father and brother all the time so, you will need to help out with that.” Megan let out a little huff as she wasn’t pleased to hear this. “I know honey, it isn’t fun, but I need to count on you. As an incentive, I will be buying you a new car so you can drive them certain places.” This returned a smile to her face. “Since you just got your license, this will give you plenty of practice.” Stephanie then looked at David and then to her husband. “And boys, I am also giving Megan another responsibility. I am handing control of the household to her while I am not here. I know a woman usually is 16 when this happens but we have a lot going on right now. This means that, whenever I am not here, Megan will be the matriarch of the family. She will be in charge of both of you and you will do what she tells you to do and listens to what she says. Is that understood?” She looked around the room at everyone with Megan being the only one smiling.

“I understand” came in unison from the three members of the family.

“The last thing I wanted to mention is that I will be out of town on business for two weeks starting next week. Megan, this will be your first test to see if you can handle having control of the household. Be extra strict and firm. I don’t want to come back and hear these boys tried to slack on their duties.”

“Don’t worry mom, I know I can handle them.” Megan said as she looked at both of the men on the floor with a grin. The men, on the other hand, each had a visibly worried look on their faces.

“Alright then, does anybody have any questions for me?” Asked Stephanie

David raised his hand and his mother nodded for him to ask his question. "At work, they are requiring me to get a smaller chastity. Can you or Megan take me to the store to get one?"

Stephanie looked at Megan, "Megan, can you do that? You can take my car."

"Yeah, I can do it." Replied Megan, not wanting her mother to think it is a bother and rethink the idea of a new car.

David looked at his sister and sheepishly continued "I will also need to go to Uncle Jake's as well. I have my assignment and was going to use him as a resource."

"Yeah, that is fine as long as it isn't too long."

"No, but it may be several times in the next couple months if that is alright?"

"Okay, hopefully I can take you there in my new car then" she smiled and then looked at her mother who smiled back, proud of her strong, powerful daughter.

Chapter II

The 2020's

Megan arrived at the Assisted Living Center with David where their Great, Great Uncle was staying. It was a nice place and had a lot of activities. The men mostly stayed in their rooms watching tv but there were quite a few activities for both sexes.

Megan and David walked to the 2nd floor where their uncle was lodged. Megan politely knocked on the door before turning the knob and coming in. There Uncle Jake was hunched over in a chair watching a broadcast of a speech the Governess was giving. Most of the channels on the television were set to news and female supremacy propaganda channels. Since most men staying here lived through some of the turbulent times in the nation's history, where men tried to resist female authority, it was thought best that they only were allowed channels that empowered women.

"Hello Uncle Jake" Megan bellowed as she walked over and gave him a pat on the back. "David is doing a report and would like to ask you some questions."

Jake looked up at David and smiled a bit. "I'd be glad to help Ms. Megan." Then looking over at David. "David, come sit down."

David looked over and saw a chair but became confused. When asked to sit at someone's home, it was customary for the men to sit on the floor and the women to sit in the chairs unless instructed otherwise. Since there really wasn't a woman of the household in his uncle's room, David wasn't sure if this ritual should still take place. He looked over at his Uncle pointing to the seat but then at

his sister who nodded her head saying it was alright for him to sit in the chair.

Once David sat down, Megan spoke up "Alright David, I am going to do some shopping and will be back in an hour. I want to get home so if you are not ready when I get here, I'll take you over my knee right in front of our uncle, understand?"

"Of course, Megan" trembled David's response as Megan turned and walked out the door.

"So, David, what is this report?"

"Well, I need to do a history of the nation in the last hundred years. Since you have lived through most of it, I thought you would be able to help me."

"Why yes!" Jake replied "You're lucky your uncle still has a sharp memory. I can tell you all about it."

"That would be fantastic!" David said excitedly. He pulled out a small recording device and looked eagerly at his uncle.

"Where would you like me to start?"

"I guess as far back as you remember. I really don't know much history so I would love to hear it all."

"Oh my goodness, well, let's start when I was a teenager. That's when things started to really change.....

First off, there wasn't one nation like we have now with the Gynarchy World Union. The world was divided into hundreds of countries, each with their own government. In the early 2020's men

were the majority in power. Whether it was politics, business, sports; it was the men who were leading the country and, pretty much the world. Things changed pretty quickly though.

Women were slowly on the rise. There was the MeToo movement which brought to attention men's crude treatment of women and also made many men scared to say or do anything that might offend a woman. The courts many times favored the women in these cases and a lot of men thought it was unjust that a woman could make a claim against a man, ruin his career, without much of a trace of evidence other than hearsay.

More and more women were taking over management and executive positions in large companies. As the world was embodying the computer age, there wasn't much use for the strength men provided. Women were showing that they were much better in the office environment than males.

Women were going to college at a much higher rate. Where once males dominated the academic field, women were now outnumbering men not only in attendance but also in academics. Colleges were giving men more and more financial support to balance the tide, but they were dropping out or not even attending college at an alarming rate. It was clear that this trend was rapidly moving towards the female's favor and would eventually increase the number of management positions in companies as well.

You could also see a change in everyday life. Women were eating much better and going to the gym much more frequently than men. Even though men may have had the muscular frame, it was the women that were healthier and more fit. All these small trends led to a younger generation of women having so much confidence and the male population feeling outmatched and threatened. This led to some great struggles and, eventually, a major revolution.

The year was 2022 and the world was a scary place. Many people thought we would be going to war, not only with other countries but within our own country. There was so much hatred that it seemed like it was going to go off like a time bomb. We had a President that was slowly trying to change how our government worked. Many people blamed it on him, but everyone knew it was the whole government's fault. The majority of our allies left us, and we were all alone. The economy was terrible, and crime was at an all time high.

I would say I was around 16 years old when the first major change happened. I remember it was the beginning of my Junior year in high school. I was a very popular kid back then. I made the varsity football team and basketball team, very good looking, got very high marks in all my classes, and my parents were pretty wealthy. I was walking down the hall as every classroom was abuzz. The teachers were scrambling around, talking with each other in private. Then, over the intercom, I heard there was to be an assembly and all students should report to the auditorium immediately.

As we arrived in the auditorium, students already knew what was happening from the alerts on their phones. Mr. Mitchell, the school principal approached the podium in front of the large room. "Students, as you may have heard, the President of the United States has resigned. From what we know, a treaty was signed to avoid a global war, but one of the conditions was that the President step down along with his cabinet and several members of the house and senate. We are not sure which senators, but we will keep you posted."

Everyone had questions but they couldn't provide many details on what was about to happen moving forward. School went on as usual and when I got home, my parents were both in the living room watching the news. "So, any news?"

My mother looked over to me while still keeping one eye on the television. "It looks like the house and senate will be taking a vote on the next president. About 50 Senators and 120 representatives resigned so I am not sure what they will do about replacing them. But at least we won't be going to war. I am sure we lost all our allies these past few years."

I sat down next to my father and watched. They showed a view of the senate and it looked so empty. One thing I noticed is that the majority of the remaining 50 members were women. A few men were sprinkled here and there but I could only count 5. "Wow, it's almost all women!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah," my father grumbled "I can just imagine what they'll end up doing to this country." he spat out.

"Probably fix it." My mother said defiantly. "You have seen what a mess this country is in. It's about time women took charge." This angered my father even more and he stomped out and went into the kitchen. My mother just rolled her eyes at him. My parents weren't getting along for some time and they often argued pretty loudly. It's been going on for several months, ever since my father lost out on a promotion for CFO to a woman who he felt had much less experience. Since that moment, my father has been grumpy and very against any woman's movement happening. Many days, after an argument, my father would storm out of the house and go to his favorite bar to have a few drinks. This pissed off my mother even more.

I continued to watch the news the rest of the night with my mother. One senator stood out among the rest as these crazy events unfolded. Janet McCormick from Minnesota stood up and spoke to the remaining members of Congress. She was fairly new as a senator and was quite well known for her outrageous views. She was only 33 and ran on a platform of empowering women and destroying the old, white male rule that has been the norm for the

country for so long. She didn't hide her feminist views and was clearly the boss in her marriage. Another reason she was well known is because of her beauty. Being young and beautiful always became a talking point among the boys at school and I am sure, many of her male supporters. She didn't sport the drab clothes most women in politics. She always dressed very elegantly which wasn't the cliché of the typical feminist, usually in a very nice dress, nylons, and high stiletto heels. She reached the podium and addressed the senate and nation.

"My beloved senate, now is not the time to panic and worry about the state of our nation. We must put aside any divisions we have amongst our parties and move forward. This event not only saved us from war and, most definitely, financial ruin, but it gave us a chance at a fresh start. No longer will we be the laughingstock of the world. This is our chance to make things right and I am positive we can do it. We will restore the respect of our nation and turn things around. The first thing we need to do is elect a new President. We are in uncharted territory, so I suggest that we make this decision both intelligibly and quickly. I propose that we elect a temporary President who will stay in office until the next election in 2024. This way our government will not fly into a state of confusion. Once we restore order to the government, we shall continue with the normal processes. We should do this with our Senators and Representatives as well. The quicker we elect our officials, the sooner we can work to rebuild our nation." She looked at the rest of the senators who were mostly nodding in agreement. "Now, who shall we elect?"

One woman stood up and shouted, "I nominate you, Mrs. McCormick!" Soon after a few 'ayes' came from the crowd. It was obvious that, even though she was the youngest, she was well respected among her colleagues.

One man, the senator from Georgia Mark Stowe, stood up. "I would like to run as well."

“Anyone else?” Janet asked the crowd. Nobody said a word. “Alright then, we have our two candidates. Since we are not the only branch in this government, I propose that we bring the House of Representatives to have an official vote this evening. Each candidate will have time to talk in front of everyone” Everyone was in agreement and my mother and I continued to watch as the events took place.

Later that evening the official vote was taking place and my father joined us in the living room. We watched as a family as the final votes were taking place and it wasn't even close. Of the 390 representatives left and 50 senators, the final tally was 412 to 25 in favor of Senator McCormick. My mother was elated, and I couldn't imagine what my father was feeling.

Throughout the next couple weeks, some major changes started taking place. To start, elections continued to move forward to replace the members of the government that were forced to resign. The majority of seats were taken up by women with a few younger men added as well. The typical look of the government of older, white, males was gone. The United States also worked with other countries to forge an alliance and trade agreement with several countries around the world. It didn't seem to be any coincidence that all the countries in this agreement had females as their political leader. The trade agreement consisted that all trade outside of these countries would be taxed heavily. This was seen as to persuade other countries to elect female officials which one country in Europe did once their taxes were increased. The most controversial change was to help pay our debt and get the country in the black; this was the Female Reparation Act. This bill called for a 20 percent increase to any male that made over \$100 thousand a year and 10 percent if you made under 100 thousand. It also put an added tax to companies that had a male owner or CEO and charged a penalty to companies that employed men in more than 40% of management positions.

This caused a lot of anger from both men and some companies, especially when the penalties took place immediately. A few companies refused to pay it, some paid it and didn't say anything, but the majority of companies restructured their organization chart to meet the demands of the bill. This was what many people thought was the main goal of the Female Reparation Act; to force the male into lesser roles and push women to dominate all areas of the workforce. Since they already controlled the government, it was time to push their agenda forward.

The final part of the bill was to try and curb any harassment or abuse towards women. It allowed for women, or witnesses, to openly report any form of harassment to their manager, teacher, or superior. It also stated any male convicted of female harassment would be prosecuted with the strictest penalty. Nobody knew what this actually meant but it did put a lot of fear in men's eyes. They didn't know what they could do or say anymore. On the same hand, women started gaining self-assurance and boldness.

This mentality spread throughout all aspects of life. I remember seeing the girls in high school have so much more of an air of confidence in them. Where once, the football players and other male athletes walked the halls and people got out of the way, now it was the cheerleaders and female athletes that forced others to step aside. I was one of those people. I was a future star football player but none of that seemed to matter much anymore. The girl I was dating at the time, Laura, was always more of the shy type and she wasn't sure how to take these winds of change. She was one of the most attractive girls in the school, but she was quiet and even mousy. It was nice dating her because she always let me have my way and never argued when I couldn't be with her because of football or friends.

One night, several months after the bill had passed, Laura came over to my house to study for some exams coming up. She always

got straight A's and helped me with a lot of my assignments. As we were sitting in my room studying, my father came home from work and was not in a very good mood. We could hear him talking to my mother about dinner and slowly his voice began to climb until moments later it turned into a full on yell. He berated my mother for not cooking what he asked for and then we heard some of the pots and pans clatter noisily to the ground.

"He can't talk to her like that!" Laura loudly whispered, visibly upset.

"Don't worry, he will cool down in a few minutes and apologize. He will probably even help set the table and clean afterwards."

"That doesn't matter Jake! I need to report him."

"No, no, it'll be fine" I tried reassuring her. "You don't need to. He's actually a really good guy and father."

"No Jake, by law now, I need to report any harassment I witness."

She started to get up to leave the room; I could only assume to go to the authorities. I couldn't have my father taken away. I would feel terrible and quite embarrassed. I leaped after her and grabbed her arm to hold her back. She swung around viciously and gave me the sternest look I had ever seen. She looked down at my hand still on her arm and I quickly removed it. It was the first time I have ever been scared in the relationship and the first time I really noticed how much power women have taken these past several months.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry" I repeated, afraid that she would turn me in as well. "Please forgive me, I didn't mean to grab you. I just was afraid you'd turn my dad in."

While still staring at me with those stern eyes, she slowly walked up to me so her face was only inches from mine. I felt intimidated and unable to hold eye contact with her. A few minutes ago, I thought of Laura as this shy, passive, soft little girl and now I felt threatened by the strength she exuded. "Look at me Jake" She ordered as I sheepishly obeyed. "I should turn your father in. I should also turn you in. Things are different now and you must come to terms with it. Not only different with what's happening in the world but also our relationship. You are no longer the one calling the shots here. Do you understand?"

"I didn't mean anything by it Laura, I swear"

"That is not what I asked. I asked if you understood. Now, do you?" She said almost growling.

"Yes Laura, I understand." I said as I bowed my head in shame, unable to continue looking at her as her lips curled upwards in a triumphant smile.

"Good, now, I am not going to turn neither you or your father in but that is strike one and two against you so you better listen to me from now on."

I could feel her confidence growing by the second while mine were crumbling from her power. "Yes, Laura, I will, I promise."

"That's what I like to hear. Now, I need a little break from this studying." She walked past me and sat on the bed. She opened her legs and pulled her skirt up a little. "Come here"

I excitedly walked over to her and started to undo my belt, but she put her hand on my belt to stop my motion. "No, down here" she said as she pointed towards the floor between her legs. This caught me off guard as she never asked for oral sex before. Our love life pertained to regular sex and her giving me oral now and then. I

slowly got on my knees and removed her panties. Once I pulled them from her legs, she grabbed a handful of hair and pulled my head right into her pussy. "You may begin." She ordered

I started to lick and suck on her pussy as she guided my head to where she wanted me to be. I could hear her moans and, with each moan, she tightened her grip and squeezed her legs around my head. I felt her getting wetter and my only option was to lap up her juices. I labored between her legs for 30 minutes before I felt the waves of orgasm sweep through her. She clenched her legs even harder and her wails of pleasure were loud enough that I guarantee my parents heard her. She shivered out the last bits of pleasure and loosened her leg hold but kept a firm grip on my hair, making sure I clean everything up with my tongue.

Finally finished, she pushed me back so I lost my balance a little and rocked back onto my bottom. She faintly reached for her panties making no effort to actually get them which signaled me to retrieve them for her. She stood up and put them on. "Alright, let's get back to studying." She said nonchalantly and opened the textbook.

I knew that our relationship took a major turn right there and I was a little frightened as to what to do. Part of me kind of liked her boldness but, for the most part, I wanted the shy girl I knew. I didn't think I would enjoy someone that was aggressive and bossy.

Throughout the next few months, Laura became more and more demanding. Football season was over for me and she decided what we did. Many times, we would go to the theater, go shopping, or hang out with her friends. When we were at home, we usually watched what she wanted and I would always jump and run to the kitchen anytime she wanted another drink or snack. Several times I spoke up and told her that we can't keep doing what she wanted but it always ended up the same. She reminded me that she did me a favor by not turning in my father, not to mention, saving my butt by

not turning me in either for grabbing her. Sex was also mostly about her. We had regular sex a couple times but the majority of the time I was on my knees pleasing her. She kept me informed as to exactly what and how she wanted it and complimented me on how good I was getting.

This was not just a trend in my relationship but in a lot of guys in my school as well. It was becoming common to see women arrogantly walking down the hallways with their boyfriends walking behind, carrying their books and bags. The women would stop and talk to a friend and the boy would just stand there like an idiot, not sure of what to do. There were several boys already expelled from school for saying inappropriate things to women. It was getting harder and harder to define what harassment was. All I knew was that it wasn't the men defining it. We also had one of the male teachers fired for yelling at a senior who was talking on her phone in class. There were 8 male teachers in our school and they were even afraid to say anything wrong to the female students. Girls that age will definitely take advantage of these types of situations. When they had class with one of the male teachers, they did whatever they wanted. Talk during class, not doing their homework, openly mocking the teacher; they got away with it all and received no less than an A in the class. Once in a while the teacher would ask a female teacher to step in just so the girls would listen. At the end of my junior year, it was definitely obvious that women ruled the school and there were no signs of it going back. At least I had summer break to look forward to before my final year at school but, after the first week, it looked like it wouldn't be much of a break for me, or other men, at all.

The week after school ended, I was at Laura's house watching some tabloid show. It was not exactly how I wanted to spend my day but it was raining so I was fine with it. We were sitting on the couch, Laura rested against the side with her feet propped up on my lap while I gave her a massage. The show was going through the usual fodder of what the stars are doing, who they are dating, and much of

the same. Then they showed an interview with a pretty famous actress. They were talking about her recent marriage and she made a comment that shocked me and intrigued Laura. She calmly noted that she has put her new husband in a chastity device. The woman interviewing her looked a little surprised but also very interested. The actress went on to explain how she learned that her previous boyfriend had cheated on her and she wasn't going to make that mistake again. She informed her husband that this is what she expected and he would have to abide by it or leave. The interviewer went on to ask if it has improved the relationship. "Oh yes!" she exclaimed. "It took him some time to get used to it but eventually it just became a part of him. He is very attentive to my needs and we don't argue at all." She then smiled at the interviewer "We now both agree that I am always right." both of the women laughed at this. The topic stayed on this until the end of the interview but, before it concluded, the actress looked at the camera "Ladies, I highly recommend you discussing this with your partner or, if you don't want to discuss it, just do it." Again, both ladies laughed and the show concluded.

"Oh my gosh, that's crazy!" I blurted out when the show was over.

"Why is that crazy?" Laura looked over at me very seriously

"You can go locking men up in chastity. I don't know what is happening in this world."

"I think it is quite logical. Men have such difficulties controlling themselves and this would definitely help. It would be beneficial for them as well, I think. The punishment for harassing women is pretty harsh, this would make men focus on other things other than just their own satisfaction. Don't you agree?"

"I guess that could be true." I replied, leery of where she was going with this.

“I guess? You don’t think men act on their sexual desires too much?”

“Yeah, you’re probably right on that.”

“I think we should try it, see how it works for us.”

“I don’t think so Laura. I treat you nice and wouldn’t ever cheat.”

“Of course you do Jake. I just am looking out for you. It is getting to be a difficult place for men and I don’t want you to get in any trouble.” She looked at me as I was thinking this over but she didn’t wait for my response “Well then, I think it is decided. I will order one this afternoon.”

I was stunned. What had just transpired in these last few minutes left me confused and replaying it in my head. Laura just continued in a tone that mixed sympathy and condescendence, “You can help me pick out the style and color if you would like Jake?”

“No, just pick whatever.” I said, defeated

The interview and the confession of the actress made a huge impact. The video went viral and within a couple days, sales of male chastity devices skyrocketed. Towards the end of the summer, small shops in malls had even opened selling these devices. What might have been some taboo, S&M game was starting to become mainstream

A couple days after our talk, the package arrived. Laura called me over so we could open it together as if it was a present for both of us. I got to her house and Laura excitedly let me in. I saw the box sitting on the coffee table in the living room and all I wanted to do is either run away or throw it in the trash. Laura sat down on the couch and playfully patted the cushion next to her as to where she wanted

me to sit. I took my seat and Laura gestured towards the package "It's for you so why don't you have the honors of opening it." As slow as I could move, I grabbed the package and began ripping the tape from the cardboard. I opened the box and gasped. Before me was a bright pink chastity tube with several pieces for which I did not have a clue on what their purpose was.

"You bought me a pink one?!" I exclaimed, visibly annoyed

"Yes, I like pink. What does it matter, do you plan on showing it off to everyone?"

"No but," I paused as I stared at this thing "I just don't know why you thought pink would be the best."

"I just liked it and you didn't want to help. That's what I chose so that's what you get." Her voice became less joyful and more annoyed. "Now stand up and pull your pants don't."

"I don't want to do this Laura. Please, I can't do this." I whined to her.

I could see she was starting to get annoyed. "I said, pull your pants down, now!" I meekly undid my belt and lowered my jeans for her. She didn't wait for me to finish when she grabbed my underwear and pulled them down quickly when she noticed that I was starting to get erect. "Oh, you don't want to do this" she giggled. "It doesn't look like that from here." I turned red as I couldn't control myself. She started to put the chastity on but, with her fingers caressing by penis, I only became more erect which made it impossible to fit the tube around my swollen cock. "Alright, this isn't going to work." She said, a little frustrated. "I'll tell you what, since I know this isn't what you really want and you've been trying to be a good boy about it, I will let you masturbate in front of me. Get rid of that erection so I can get this on you."

“Can’t we just have sex?” I asked

“I am not in the mood now. I thought this was going to be an exciting and fun day for us but you aren’t making it pleasant at all. You have five minutes before I get some ice to shrink that hardon down.” When I didn’t start right away, she just looked at me coolly “You’re wasting time. I’m serious about the ice.”

I quickly reached down and started stroking my cock. She reclined on the couch and turned on the television, completely ignoring what I was doing in front of her. I was so confused as to how quickly our relationship had changed. A couple months ago she was always by my side, following me wherever I go, willing to do whatever I asked. Now, I stand in front of her, jacking off so she can lock my dick up in a cage while she pays no attention. I am the one following her schedule, doing whatever she asks, afraid to get her angry. But then I looked at her and saw a gorgeous, smart, powerful woman and I wanted nothing more than to be with her, to be hers. I stroked faster and faster at the sight of her resting on the couch and I was ready to release. “I’m going to cum Laura.”

She looked over at me, “Not all over the couch! Go get a tissue.” With my pants still at my ankles, I hobbled over to the bathroom to retrieve a tissue and just as I did, I exploded into the soft paper. Shortly afterwards, Laura came into the bathroom with the device. She instructed me to clean up and then I stood in front of her as she put the chastity on me. Then she took the padlock and inserted into the loops. I heard the click of the lock and my heart sunk. “There, that looks like a pretty good fit. How does it feel?”

“Clunky” I said as if I were a child pouting.

“Oh, you’ll get used to it I am sure.” She flicked it up and down to hear the lock clatter and smiled to herself. “I think I will definitely get

used to it.” Laura then looked up to me, “I do want you to do one more thing though.”

“Please no more Laura, please!”

“No, it’s just something small. I know you don’t like this but I made this decision for the both of us and I want you to show me a little gratitude. I want you to thank me for putting this on you.”

“What?! Thank you?”

“Yes, I need to feel that you will accept this. Not only accept it but be okay with it. I am just asking for a thank you.”

I just wanted this to be over and grumbled a ‘thank you’ under my breath.

“You think I’ll accept that? No, I want a sincere thank you.”

I swallowed my pride as my pants still lay at the floor and a pink chastity belt jutted from my groin. “Thank you, Laura. I know you did this to strengthen our relationship so I am grateful you put this on me.” She nodded her head in approval as I pulled up my pants.

The next couple weeks were so difficult. First off, I was learning that I couldn’t do certain things or had to change the way I did normal activities. I had to sit down every time I wanted to pee, whenever I went to the gym, I never took a shower there, I was constantly feeling like I had to adjust my pants and the cage sometimes would pinch my upper thigh. It was also difficult because Laura had me doing so much for her that I didn’t have much time to myself. She would constantly tell me that if I did something that she might let me out for some fun. This would have been incentive enough but she made a point to tease me or try to turn me on, which wasn’t difficult. She had me aroused all the time and, not only did

she like how attentive I was when aroused, she also liked the way she could control me so easily with her body.

About once every 10 days she would let me out and we would have sex but it was always on her terms. She was a little worried that I would run away or try to stop her from putting the chastity back on so she insisted that she handcuff me anytime she removed the device. This also helped put sex into her terms. I was usually on my back, my arms handcuffed to the bed and she would ride me until she was satisfied. Don't get me wrong, I loved every minute of it but I wish I had more control like before.

It was going to be a long summer for me.

Chapter III

The New Girlfriend

David put his dust rag on a cart as he just finished cleaning one of the rooms. He walked through it one last time to double check he didn't forget anything. When he decided the room was up to standard, he packed up his cart and started walking out of the room. Just as he opened the door, he saw Emmy walking down the hall with another woman he hadn't met before. He could tell she was also a hotel employee by the same business blouse and skirt Emmy was wearing. David bowed my head as they came nearer and hoped they would just ignore him and pass by. Although Emmy was smart and beautiful, David didn't like the way she took pleasure in tormenting him. He spent many hours since he started at the hotel over her knee. It didn't matter if there were other employees or even guests around, she felt quite comfortable in punishing any slight mistake he made. David was happy that school started again and she was only working part time but that didn't seem to decrease the amount of punishments she dished out.

"David!" Emmy exclaimed

"Good afternoon Miss Emmy." David replied with his head still bowed in respect.

"Have you finished cleaning this room?"

"Yes Miss Emmy, I just finished."

"Okay, I have a few minutes, I think I will do a quick inspection." Emmy pushed David aside and went into the room, followed by her coworker. She started brushing her finger against the bookshelf,

checking for dust, “Oh, this is Brittany, she just started and I’m showing her the ropes.”

Lowering his bow slightly more, David acknowledged the young woman. “It’s nice to meet you Miss Brittany. I hope you find the hotel a great place to work.”

“Well thank you David.” Brittany was saying when Emmy interrupted.

“David, David, David” She looked over at the boy who raised his head enough to look at Emmy. Her finger was pointed at the television screen where, as bright as day, was a smudge. David knew that he couldn’t have missed something so obvious and pretty much knew Emmy smudged the tv with her finger. “You know we expect excellence here. We can’t be having silly mistakes like this happen when you are cleaning.” She sat down on the bed and patted her lap. She didn’t need to say a word, David knew exactly what was going to happen. He walked over to Emmy, pulled down his panties and laid across her lap. He adjusted himself so his chastity cage was in between her legs. Emmy taught him this so she could gently squeeze his balls against her thighs while she spanked him. It was a little extra punishment she could provide while also restricting his movement.

As soon as he was positioned correctly, Emmy started slapping his bare ass with her hand in a slow, hard motion. David winced each time as his ass was constantly raw and, sometimes, the softest slap hurt. She decided that 15 smacks would be sufficient and had David count each one of them. At first David thought she was being nice as she usually gave around 20 but then she advised him that Brittany was going to administer the remaining 15. David rose from his position and turned to see Brittany waiting on the other side of the bed. He didn’t ask any questions, just proceeded to go through the same ritual. Before Brittany began, Emmy wanted to give her a quick piece of advice. “Don’t go easy on him. He not only needs to

respect your authority but also fear you.” Brittany nodded and took Emmy’s advice to heart. She walloped him with 15 intensive blows that brought a few tears to his eyes.

As David got off of Brittany’s lap, Emmy noticed a small tear. “Oooh, you made him cry a little!”

“Oops” giggled Brittany

Emmy just laughed “You will do just fine here. All this position requires is for us to keep the males in line and make sure they do what they’re told.” She then moved closer to David in a seductive way “Isn’t that right David.” she said as she moved her finger up and down David’s uniform. “You will do what you’re told?”

Visibly aroused, David breathed out “Yes Miss Emmy.”

“Did Miss Brittany hurt you? I am sure we can make up for it somehow.”

“It is fine Miss Emmy; I will be okay.”

“Don’t be silly. Come, lay down on the bed.” She turned David around and lightly pushed him on the bed. He laid down as Emmy went to close the room door. She pulled up her skirt so it was around her waist, exposing the tops of her nylons and garter belt. She pulled her underwear down and looked over at Brittany. “Here is another perk you can enjoy here.” She crawled on the bed and placed her exposed pussy on David’s chin. David was worried, he never was asked to do this before. He felt his oral skills were good but he was still nervous to disappoint Emmy. “Okay David, show me how much you appreciate working for me.” She scooted up his face a little and soon felt David’s tongue gently licking. As he continued, Emmy became more and more aroused thus causing her to become more aggressive. She rubbed her pussy up and down David’s face

harder and harder. Her moans quickened and grew in volume as she was clearly enjoying using his face for her pleasure. She reached behind her and fiddled with David's Chastity for a while before going further and grabbing his balls. With a secure hold on his balls, she tugged and squeezed them matching the rhythm of her waves of pleasure. David shifted back and forth from the pain in his testicles and force she was grinding her hips on his face but he had no choice and nowhere to go. After about 10 minutes she exploded in orgasm, gave his balls one last squeeze, and slunk down on the bed to recover, David's face still under her pussy. Once she regained her composure, she looked over at Brittany "Whew, that was nice. I think it's your turn."

Emmy removed herself from David's supine body and within seconds, Brittany was on top of him. The new girl proved that she could be just as wild and tormenting as Emmy. She added the extra touch of positioning her feet so her heels were digging into David's midsection. She bucked wildly on his face for another 10 minutes before having her own orgasm. She got off and smiled in satisfaction. "Wow, I think I will like it here!"

David still lay on the bed, his face covered in juices and beet red from the constant friction. "Alright David, don't slack off now." Emmy commented and David got up from the bed. "You can help us with our underwear." she said, motioning her to the ground where her panties lie. David picked them up and knelt before Emmy. He adjusted them and held them open for Emmy. She picked up her foot a bit and David carefully maneuvered the leg opening around her high heel before waiting for the other foot. Once they were around her ankles, he slowly brought them up, feeling the silkiness of her nylons as he went up. His penis ached in the chastity tube but he stayed focused until he reached her hips. He then pulled down her skirt and brushed it down to make sure it didn't look unkept.

He then grabbed Brittany's which weren't too far away so he stayed on the ground, moving across the floor on his knees. Once

again, he pulled the underwear up and adjusted the skirt of his superior. The women stood over him and looked down at this weak man that was basically theirs to use. Emmy stepped forward and moved her shoe towards David. "You may thank us for letting you please us. I was very impressed and will definitely use you again."

David lowered himself and kissed the top of her shoe. "Thank you for allowing me to please you Miss Emmy and I will always be available if you ever need me again." He then moved over to Brittany and kissed her foot. "And thank you Miss Brittany. I hope I made a good impression on you."

"You sure did, you are such a good boy." she said as she bent over and patted his head like a dog.

Emmy looked around at the room "Well, you better clean this room up again." and then walked out with Brittany. David stood up and saw the bed not only disheveled but also some wet marks from the events that took place. He would have to rewash them but what was worse, his dress had some stains on it and his nylons had some tears on the knees. He would have to run to the locker room and change and purchase another pair of pantyhose.

It was difficult for David at the hotel. He really liked the job and felt he was learning some useful skills to become an excellent husband but Emmy was making it very frustrating for him. He knew he had to keep plugging away and deal with whatever she threw at him but he secretly hoped that she would finish school soon and quit. He thought about this as he was heading home but he also had to worry about what awaited him at home. His mother was out of town and his sister Megan was in charge of the household. Even though she was only 15, she was very demanding. She had a stronger belief on what a gynarchy should look like and was favoring the more stricter approach to males. Their mother was more sympathetic to men and wasn't too fond of some of the literature Megan was reading. Megan had complete respect for their mother

and held some of her ideas back but, when their mother was on business trips, she had free reign to enforce her agenda. That meant hard times for David and his father.

David arrived home and found his sister watching television with one of her friends, Liz. Megan had been friends with Liz since they were children and David watched Liz grow up. Although he always remembers her as this scrawny little kid, she slowly turned into a very beautiful young woman. She dressed the part as well, always wearing very elegant and fashionable dresses and high heels. "Hello Megan, hello Miss Liz" David said as he walked past the living room.

"Hey David, Dad's in the kitchen, go help him." Megan responded, not really even paying attention to him.

"Of course." he said as he continued his way to the kitchen where he found his dad preparing a supper for the girls.

"Hey dad, how's it going?"

"Oh, pretty good. How was work?"

"It was okay." David said as he grabbed a knife and started helping his dad cut some vegetables.

"Well, that doesn't sound like it went very well?"

"It's just that..." David paused a few seconds to try and explain to his father what Emmy had done to him. "I don't know, it's just my supervisor is really hard on me and makes me do things I don't want to."

“Oh, I know how that goes” his dad said, shaking his head. “I’ve had some pretty harsh bosses when I was younger. Thank god I met your mother. I don’t know what I would have done if she hadn’t asked me to serve her; probably be an old maid.” Neither men knew that the term ‘old maid’ used to refer to women. Why should they, a maid was a man’s job now and so it rightfully fit for an unmarried man. David’s father continued “So, what did your supervisor miss...?”

“Miss Emmy.” David helped finish the sentence.

“Yes, what did Miss Emmy make you do that was so bad?”

“It’s kind of embarrassing.” David said, starting to turn red.

“If you don’t want to tell me, you don’t have to but I will understand and try my best to help you.”

“Well, I was cleaning one of the rooms and she came in with a new female supervisor.” David hung his head. “They made me perform oral sex on them.”

David’s father let out a small hum “well, I know it must have been a little embarrassing for you but, she is your supervisor and it is her right to do so. She probably shouldn’t have done it but things like that will happen David.” He then put his arm around David to try and console him a little.

“I know, and I understand. I just wish it wasn’t like that. I mean, I know women are smarter but why do they have to treat us like we are nothing?”

“David stop.” He let go of David’s shoulder and continued preparing the meal. “Do you understand how incapable us men are? You are talking with your great uncle; you’ve heard what a

mess we made. If women didn't take care of men, who knows what would happen to us. We should be thanking them each day and if, every once in a while, they do something to hurt us or humiliate us, just know that it is because they want to make us better." David shook his head but didn't seem to feel any better. "Besides," his father continued, "we have a very important role. We take care of the house; the cleaning, cooking, laundry, running errands, and carrying their things. Do you expect women to do that? Imagine a woman cooking such a great meal." He said nodding to the meal they've been preparing.

This brought a smile on David's face. He knew his dad was joking as all the famous chefs were women but he did chuckle at the thought of his mom and Megan finding their way around the kitchen. "Yeah, I guess you're right"

"Good, now let's get the table prepared. Megan wanted to eat alone with Liz tonight so it will just be two places for now."

The men set the table for the two women and set aside a plate for each of them on the counter. David went into the living room and addressed the women. "Megan and Miss Liz, sorry to interrupt but supper is ready."

"Fantastic!" Megan said, "I'm starving."

"Me too! I always like your father's cooking." Liz added. "I wish my dad could cook as well as he does."

"I'll have him come over with a few recipes. Maybe he can show him a few things if you think it would help?"

"Definitely!" The girls got up from the couch and sat at the table. David came over with a carafe of water and filled the lady's glasses.

“Do you need anything else?” Asked David

“This looks wonderful Marcus!” announced Liz.

“Well thank you Miss Liz. I hope you enjoy it.”

“Dad, tomorrow you will go over to Liz’s house to help her father with cooking. Bring some recipes as well.” ordered Megan

Clearly caught off guard with her demand Marcus spoke up “But I have to do all the laundry and polishing the furniture tomorrow.” He said this and instantly knew he misspoke.

Megan just stared at him for a moment. “You will go to her house tomorrow and you will help her father with cooking. Find some way to make it work!” She growled

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, yes, I will make it work.” Looking very nervous, he turned to Liz. “Will 11:00 work Miss Liz?”

“Yeah, that’s fine” Liz replied while Megan continued to stare her father down for a few more seconds. She calmed herself and then started discussing politics with Liz.

During the meal, David and his father stood in the kitchen, keeping an eye on the girls to see if they needed anything. When it looked like they were low on drinks, they would rush over and ask if they wanted some more, if they asked for anything, they wanted to be ready to comply with whatever they needed. Once they were finished, David and Marcus grabbed the women’s plates and set them in the sink. They then grabbed their own, empty plates and helped themselves to the supper. They didn’t enjoy when Megan requested to eat alone as it always meant they ate after her and the food was usually cold by then.

Marcus began to put a bite in his mouth when Megan called him into the living room.

Marcus walked into the room and saw his daughter sitting on the couch. Her arms crossed, her right leg bouncing over her knee. "Yes Megan?" Marcus asked, knowing he was in trouble.

"What on earth makes you think you can talk to me like that?"

"I'm so sorry Megan. I don't know what I was thinking."

"You weren't thinking. You're a man and that isn't your job. Let the women do the thinking for you, just do what you are told!" She scolded

"Yes, I am sorry."

"Oh, you are definitely going to be sorry! Get over here now!" She uncrossed her legs and waited. Marcus knew exactly where she wanted him, over her lap. He walked up to her and pulled down his pants. He laid across her lap and felt the softness of her nylons on his legs. Megan grabbed him by the hair and yanked his head up so he could look into her eyes. "The first beating I am going to give you is for talking back to me. The second is going to be for embarrassing me in front of my friend. She swung her hand back and gave him a stinging slap with her hand, then a second and a third. After about 15, she felt her hand reddening so she reached over and grabbed a wooden paddle her mom keeps out 'just in case'. She continued the onslaught for another five minutes. Marcus' ass was red and beginning to develop bruises. Once she finished, Marcus was in tears. He couldn't remember the last time he received a spanking this hard but he realized it wasn't going to end there. "Okay" remarked Megan after about a minute break, "Now for your second punishment." She brought the paddle down

on his ass again. Marcus started to go numb and his thoughts drifted in and out from the pain. After about 10 minutes and severe punishment, Megan finished. Marcus stayed on her lap, sobbing for mercy. She just lowered her knees a bit and pushed him on the floor where he curled up next to her feet.

Once he realized it was finished, he took hold of her ankles and started kissing her feet and heels. "Thank you, Megan, I am so sorry. It won't happen again, I promise."

"For your sake, I should hope not." She said with a small smirk. Having her father, a man almost 3 times her age and twice her size scared of her made her feel so powerful. It didn't matter if he was her father, she had a disdain for all men and thought they were only good for one thing, to serve women unquestionably. There was no question in her mind how superior she was to this wretched man slobbering at her feet. "Alright father, you think you have it so bad? You are going to realize just how hard it can be. There are going to be a lot more chores added to your list and, if they are not done perfectly, the beating you just got will be nothing compared to what will come."

"Yes Megan" he said, stilling groveling at her feet

While Megan began to go over the additional chores he will need to complete, Liz decided to go talk to David. She always thought he was really cute but her friendship with Megan kept her from asking him out or trying anything. Watching Megan thrash her father like that turned her on though and she wanted to have some fun herself.

David was washing the dishes when he heard the clicking of high heels on the kitchen floor. Just then, a hand was on his ass. "Hey David, you're looking good these days."

David stopped what he was doing and turned around to meet Liz's gaze. "Hell-hello Miss Liz. Thank you very much." He said nervously

She traced her finger along his chest and stomach. "Do I make you nervous David?" She smiled, moving her hand down to his crotch.

David felt his cock stirring in his cage. "A little Miss Liz. After hearing my dad crying, I didn't know what Megan was going to do."

"Don't worry about that" she said, still rubbing his groin, causing him to get hard in his cage. "She is just reminding him who's in charge, sometimes men forget. You don't forget, do you?"

David started breathing heavily from her teasing. "No, no ma'am" he said, almost panting.

"Good, you're not only handsome but also obedient." she felt his balls tightening and his penis straining. "Would you like to worship me?"

"Oh yes, please!"

"Are you sure?" looking at David still standing. "It doesn't look like you're in a good position to worship."

David dropped to his knees and bowed his head to the ground. "Please Miss Liz, may I worship you." he was so horny. Every so often a woman would let a man out of the cage and allow him some pleasure and he was hoping Liz might be in a giving mood.

She stood over the kneeling man who was seven years older, enjoying the sight. Megan and Liz were at the age where they

started gaining more and more power at home and in the world. Sometimes, girls this age, were the most sadistic as they would test the limits of their superiority. “Hmmm,” she said, “Maybe I just might, show me how well you can beg.”

Just as David was about to beg to worship this young teen standing over him in a short skirt, nylons and black stilettos, Megan came in and saw what was going on. “Ewww, c’mon Liz, he’s my brother. Let’s go to the movies or something.” Megan cared for her brother and didn’t want anyone to take advantage of him, even her best friend. He was a sweet guy and always tried his best.

Liz turned to Megan “yeah, that might be fun.” Then, turning to look down at David “I’m sorry David, maybe another day. Hope you don’t think of me too much while finishing your chores.” she laughed and then walked out of the kitchen with Megan. David got up from his knees, extremely frustrated. He started to think about everything that happened today. From Emmy and Brittany taking advantage of him and making him do more work to how Megan spanked his father so hard that he was openly weeping and now Liz just toying with him. He began to feel everything was unfair. Why couldn’t men have the same rights as women! What made it even worse was when he finished the dishes and walked by the laundry room. His father was putting clothes in the washer and was wearing what we called ‘the punishment shoes’. These were 5 ½ inch stilettos that were very tight and had a jagged edge around the opening for your feet. They also had an ankle lock which, when securely fastened, made it impossible to get them off.

He walked into the room and asked his dad if he could help with anything. Marcus just turned to him; his eyes still puffy from crying. “Maybe bring the rest of the dirty clothes so I don’t have to walk too much in these things.” he said, looking down at the shoes.

“No problem, I will help as much as I can.”

“Thanks David, you are a good son.”

David wanted to let his father know his frustrations but didn't think he would be very understanding so he just continued the rest of his chores.

The next weeks at work were difficult for David. As Emmy was training Brittany, she seemed to go out of her way to torment David and show Brittany how to humiliate and make his life a living hell. Brittany seemed to delight in this and, on a couple occasions, sought out David by herself so she could have her own fun.

On one of these occasions, after Brittany forced David to go down on her, she was freshening up and instructed David to remain on his knees. When she was finished, she sat in front of David and offered her foot. David removed her shoe and started massaging her foot. She smiled down at David. “David, I am starting to really like our little meetings.” She removed her other shoe and pressed her nylon covered foot into his crotch, lightly massaging it with her toes. She could see and feel the effect it was having on him and she continued. “And I can see that you are enjoying yourself as well. Do you enjoy your time with me?”

David had his head bowed, staring at her foot while he massaged it. He didn't want to tell her that he feared the visits he received from her and Emmy. But he had to admit that her foot rubbing his cage made him lust after her. “Yes Miss Brittany, I do like when you come visit me.”

“Why don't you remove your nylons and dress?” David knew better than to anger her so he did as she asked. While still kneeling, he pulled his dress over his head and sat down to remove the shoes and pantyhose. He now sat on the floor in just his panties. “You can remove those as well.” She said, nodding towards his panties. David once again obliged and stood up to remove the only remaining clothes. He stood in front of the young woman with nothing but his

chastity on. Brittany stood up and stood inches from him. Even though she was about a foot shorter than him even in heels, David was intimidated. She reached up and put her fingers on his nipples, rubbing them gently. David let out a moan and she smiled. "David, I would like to take you out on a date. What do you say?" She continued rubbing his chest and slowly worked her way down to his thighs.

"Oohh" David moaned "Yes, I would like that."

"Good!" She quickly went from tracing her finger around his body to cupping his balls and playing with his cage. "Maybe if you are good, we can set this free."

"Yes Miss Brittany." David breathed heavily. He would agree to anything as long as she kept caressing him like that.

"Great! I will pick you up at 7:00." She turned around, leaving David naked in the room, thrusting his hips forward, not wanting her touch to leave him. He soon came to his senses and quickly grabbed his clothes and put them on.

As he got back to work, he regretted agreeing to the date. He saw firsthand that Brittany had a mean streak but, who knows, he thought to himself, "Maybe she was very nice outside of work."

Later that night, David was waiting anxiously for Brittany to pick him up. It was a little after 7:00 when he heard a car horn go off. He looked outside and saw Brittany sitting in her car outside his house, he rushed out the door to meet her. She stayed in her car while David got in the front, passenger seat. "Hey Brittany," He looked at her, noticing that she had her hair and makeup done and was wearing a very tight black dress with black nylons and stilettos. "Wow, you look amazing!"

Brittany just smiled “Thanks David” and then drove off to the restaurant she picked. They spoke and ate for almost two hours when Brittany decided it was time for them to go. “We can go back to my mom’s house for a little bit if you would like?”

“I would but my mom would like me home by 10:00.”

“I think I can do that” she said and they headed towards Brittany’s house. As they got there, David walked into the house. It was a decent home but he could tell Brittany’s mom didn’t make nearly the same money as his mother. They walked down the hallway and Brittany’s father was on his knees, scrubbing the floor. Brittany didn’t say anything but, as we walked past him, she gave him a kick to the side which knocked him over. He kept looking down and mumbled hello to his daughter. As we got to her room, I asked “why did you kick him?”

Brittany quickly turned around and slapped David hard across the face. He was shocked and then her knee, unexpectedly, came up and slammed him in the balls which forced him to the ground. She squatted down next to David who was holding his groin. She grabbed him by the chin and lifted his face so he was looking directly at her. “That is none of your business but, if you must know, he knocked over a vase while mopping the floor yesterday so now he must clean the floors on his hands and knees.” She stood up and put her hands on her hips, looking down at David. “My mother runs a tight ship around here and has no patience for clumsy, incompetent men. I plan on following her philosophy and will not put up with any silly male behaviors. Especially questioning a woman’s decisions. Is that clear?”

“Yes Miss Brittany, I am sorry if I questioned your mother’s decision. I apologize.” David crawled to her feet and began kissing her pumps.

“Fine” Brittany huffed “We had a nice evening; I don’t want to ruin it. Now, crawl over to the bed. David made his way to the bed and Brittany walked over to him, kicking off her high heels. She pulled her nylons and panties down halfway and sat on the bed. David didn’t hesitate and maneuvered his head so it fit between her pulled down pantyhose and her pussy. He began licking and Brittany fell back into the bed and enjoyed his service. When she orgasmed, David stopped and let her recover, still keeping his head in place just in case. After a few moments, she advised him to move. He slid underneath and crawled back. Brittany stood up and adjusted her panties and nylons. She looked at the clock which read 9:45. “Awww, I was going to let you out of chastity but it looks like we ran out of time. Maybe next time, huh?”

“Yes, Miss Brittany” David said, disappointed. “As long as I was able to please you.”

“You certainly did!” she exclaimed. “You can thank me for allowing you to do so.”

David bent over and kissed her stocking feet, planting light kisses all over the tops of her toes. “Thank you, Miss Brittany, I had a wonderful time with you and thank you for allowing me to pleasure you.”

“You are very welcome. Now, go fetch my heels and I will drive you home.”

As David got home, he saw his father folding laundry in the living room. “How was your date?” He asked.

“It was nice but...” David paused for a second.

“But what? Didn’t it go well?”

“It did but I am a little worried.” David said, hoping for some understanding from his father.

“Why’s that? Did something happen?”

“Well, she seemed a lot nicer to me than what she is while at work but I saw her father and it looks like her and her mother are very strict.”

David’s father knew what he meant and nodded his head as if trying to come up with a thoughtful response. “Well, I was very lucky to find your mother. She treats us extremely kindly. Not all women manage their households like your mother. Some, I’ve heard, can be quite strict but it’s their house and they have the right to be.”

“I know dad.” David said in a defeated tone.

“You’re a good guy David and deserve to be treated as such but don’t throw in the towel right away. Maybe see how things work out with Miss Brittany?”

“Yeah, you’re right.” David went off to his room to change and go to bed. He laid in bed thinking if Brittany was the right person for him. He didn’t like that his options might be limited to finding a wife that would beat him or not finding a wife and try to find a sponsor, which would be much worse. He was starting to be annoyed with how men were being treated and wanted a change.

Chapter IV

The New Position

David sat on the couch with a pencil and notebook taking notes while his Great Uncle continued his life story. His mind floated between listening to his uncle and thoughts about Brittany. They were dating for a couple weeks now and she was proving to be just as vicious outside of work as she was at the hotel. David knew he couldn't stay with her but was also afraid to break it off. He tried not to focus too much on that as he needed to take notes.

His Uncle continued his recounts of his teenage years and David stayed attentive.

It was a year and a half into President McCormick's presidency and things were looking up for our country. The economy was doing very well and a vast majority of people were becoming prosperous again. There was definitely a shift in power as more and more companies were hiring women. These companies soon found out that, not only was it a good financial move in order to avoid extra taxes but, it also proved to be good because the companies were doing much better under female supervision. This went unnoticed amongst the business sector and it became a wise decision to hire female management.

The trade agreement that was forged by President McCormick was strengthening as well. It was gaining new countries monthly and was quickly becoming the strongest alliance in the world. Many countries wanted part of this but, in order to do so, a stipulation was put in place that any country part of the trade alliance would need to have a female leader. Several countries already had this but more and more foreign elections were moving in favor of women and thus

building and strengthening the alliance. By the beginning of 2024, over 45 countries had joined, all under female leadership.

A new election would be held in November and it was difficult to disregard the work that President McCormick had done. Many people thought she would be a shoe in for another term. The only cause for concern was small uprisings of people fighting for male rights. These were growing in number as they could feel the shift in power. They felt that something must be done before it got too far. Many expressed their beliefs in equal opportunity and women's rights but didn't like the burden they faced with extra taxes just for being male. You would see marches in the streets protesting the new laws and they would sometimes get violent. At first, they weren't big but as time went by, they were growing and getting more aggressive.

As for me, I was a few months away from graduating high school. Laura and I continued to date and, although I was really in love with her, she definitely wore the pants in the relationship. There wasn't much I could do without asking her if it was alright and we mostly did the things she preferred. I was still stuck in the chastity but was let out 1-2 times a week for sex. She often had me perform oral sex on her and she constantly remarked on how good I was getting at it; often joking that it was starting to be better than real sex and she might not need to unlock me. I would laugh at these comments but was also a little terrified that she meant it.

We decided to apply at colleges close to each other so we wouldn't have to do any long distance relationship but I had trouble getting into the Universities she was accepted into. She picked a prestigious school on the east coast and it was decided that I would work full time so we wouldn't be financially strapped like we would if both of us were in school. I got a job as an assistant in a financial institute and was making fairly decent money. Although my direct supervisor was a male, most of the higher, executive positions were

held by women. I liked the job and wanted to do my best so I could move up in the company.

Meanwhile, Laura was quite busy with her schoolwork. She seemed to always be busy which forced me to do most of the cooking and chores around the house. Sometimes I would complain to her that I was doing the majority of work around the house but she would scold me and threaten to not take me out of chastity. I quickly backed down from these threats and quietly went about my household duties.

The election was coming up and there was a lot of tension in the air. Many male groups were protesting what was happening in the workforce and how they felt they were being treated unfairly. The opponent of President McCormick was Thomas Malin, an older senator from Ohio, who strongly opposed the views of this new women's movement. He would challenge his supporters to make a stand and provoked more uprisings and violence against women taking over. His attacks were futile though as President McCormick had over a 20 point lead in the polls. Laura and I were both 18 and this would be our first time voting. I expressed to Laura that I thought Malin brought up some good points about the economy and healthcare but she stopped me right there.

"There is no way you are going to vote for that misogynist pig!" she screamed at me.

"But Laura, look at all the rioting that is going on. Sure, things are getting better but something still needs to be done."

She just folded her arms and looked at me fiercely "Jake, if you even think about voting for that guy, you can expect to stay in chastity for much longer." I hung my head down as she walked closer to me. So close that her face was only inches from mine. "You will vote for McCormick or you will definitely be sorry. Is that understood?"

My head still lowered in her presence, I mumbled “Yes Laura.”

“I can’t hear you!” She took her finger and placed it on the bottom of my chin, lifting my face so I was looking into her eyes. “Who will you vote for?”

A little scared, I responded to her answer “President McCormick. I’ll vote for her Laura.”

“Good!” She smiled “Now you can finish cleaning the house while I work on my assignment.” I didn’t even bother arguing and, as I walked away to work on my chores, she gave me a slap on the butt and laughed.

A few weeks later, the election results were in and it wasn’t even a contest. President McCormick won in a landslide, winning 47 of the 50 states. It was actually pretty embarrassing for Thomas Malin and his supporters. In fact, all seats up for election were won by women including Governors, Mayors, and Sheriffs. The makeup of the leadership in this country was becoming obviously female dominated at all levels and McCormick’s Vice President, Sarah Mauer, pointed this out after the elections.

“Today is a great moment in our history.” She started her speech. “Today, the United States overwhelmingly showed that they are ready for the next chapter. A chapter that will be run by women. For centuries, men have condemned us to wars, unrest, financial troubles, and a failing planet. Through the progress we have made in the last two years, our nation clearly sees that women should be the ones in control. We will continue to see progress and growth as women now hold the majority of power in all aspects of government. We have already witnessed the domination of women in education, science, math, and the workforce. Now we are seeing firsthand the domination in politics. It is clear that men cannot keep up with us.

For years they moped around like sorry little boys in knowing that femininity has become the new symbol of power while us women have worked harder, studied harder, and showed the determination that men lacked. Our work is not done though, we must continue the advancement of women and the progress of our nation. Women must continue to show men where their rightful place is. I am positive that President McCormick will be a great leader in this time. Thank you again for unanimously voting for the right and true leader of this great nation!" The crowd, mostly made up of women, erupting in applause and cheering. Vice President Mauer then was joined by the President and they held hands and raised them in the air in victory. Both women were glamorously dressed in short dresses, nylons, and high black heels. The husbands of the two women came out on stage and stood a few feet back, applauding their strong wives. Many news organizations noticed that Mauer's husband looked uncomfortable and had a bulge in his pants. Some news anchors said he might have been excited to see his beautiful wife in such a high state of power but most concluded that he was probably wearing a chastity cage. Although President McCormick was radical in her views on women and their superiority, Mauer was known for having much stronger opinions on the matter and it was definitely believed she had a tight leash on her husband.

I didn't like the way she talked about men in such a demeaning manner but it was honestly true. Colleges were overwhelmingly made up of young women, the top jobs were increasingly being taken over by female leaders, and now, in politics, women were aggressively replacing men at a rapid pace. You also saw it in everyday life. I would go to the gym a few times a week and it wasn't the heavy lifting men you saw there; it was women strengthening their bodies. I would say that women outnumbered men 7 to 1 in the gym I went to. I also saw it in the streets. When I was younger, my father was the one that always drove. Now, you saw mostly women driving and men in the passenger seat. Little things like this would show me that women were slowly taking control of more and more aspects of life.

Another thing that was noticed was that women were following the President and Vice President in their fashion statement. Before, feminists were always thought to 'dress down' and not to follow the standards of beauty that were imposed on them by men. Things changed though because of the way our leaders dressed. Showing off your femininity by wearing tight dresses, high heels, nylons, and wearing makeup was becoming symbolic of success and Power. More and more women adopted this fashion. Anywhere you were, you could hear the clacking of heels on the ground, the rustling of nylons, the swooshing of dresses. Women walked confidently and unashamed to flaunt their new found power. All the while, men were confused as they couldn't help but stare and be turned on but they didn't know how to approach them. They were worried that if they said anything, it could be construed as harassment and they could get fined or even go to jail. This built up the women's confidence even more and gave them an almost arrogance when it came to their behavior around men. You would see some women daring or even provoking men to hit on them and then turn around and accuse them. Men didn't have a chance.

The next three years saw most of the same upward movement for women and a steady decline in the power men used to have. The initiative for countries to join the trade alliance was too great for a lot of countries and women were elected as the top leaders. Over a hundred countries now had a female president and the strength that they carried were convincing more and more countries to rethink their elections. In the United States, companies were finding it very economical to hire women as the top executives and managers. Not only because of the tax but also because the majority of the college graduates were women and more capable of doing the job required.

For me, things were going fairly smoothly. Laura and I were doing very well. I accepted her role as the more dominant partner in the relationship and my role as the one who did the cooking and

cleaning while she was working towards her degree, which she was excelling at. I was also doing very well at my job and moved up a little bit and received a few pay raises along the way. Laura kept track of the money so, even though I was making more money, I didn't see any benefits from it. The same thing was happening with a few of the guys I met at work. I rarely got to see them because we were all quite busy and our girlfriends or wives didn't allow much time for hanging out. On a special occasion or by chance, we would all be free and could hang out together. A Thursday in October happened to be one of those times and we decided to go have a drink together. I had to beg Laura to go out and, after agreeing to clean the whole house and wash her car on the weekend, she gave me enough money to have two drinks and a cab ride home.

Me and the guys met at O'Malley's, a small bar in the city. We were all very excited to get out and it was nice to see them outside of work. Altogether, there were five of us; Jeremy, who worked as a customer service rep, Alan and Greg who worked with me as a financial assistant, and Peter, who was a personal assistant to one of the financial advisors. All of them were in their upper twenties except for Greg, who was 38. I was the only one out of the bunch that wasn't married and was quite often referred to as the 'Lucky One'.

The night started out like any other night but, after our first drink, some of the guys started to open up a little more. Greg, being the senior member of the group, was the first to start airing his grievances. "You know what, I am all for women's rights but this is starting to get ridiculous. I have more experience than most of the people I work for and yet, I am still just a financial assistant. I have been working at the company for 12 years and I am starting to get tired of these girls, fresh out of college, taking all the supervisor and manager roles."

"I completely agree with you Greg," Peter interrupted. "Stacy, my boss, treats me like a second class citizen half the time. She is

always talking down to me and treating me like a child. And she is younger than me. She won't let me handle any important documents and, it seems like half the time, she has me running personal errands for her. The sad thing is, I have been looking for something else but there is nothing available for men except low level positions that pay less."

"What's worse is that it is not just at the job." added Alan. "The other day, I went to my gym and they now have a new policy where men must work out separately from the women. They said it was because the women wanted to feel safe and free of any harassment. So, they showed me where the men would work out. It was a small little room in the back with just two treadmills, a bench, and a few old weights. The room could only fit about 10 people in it and it was filled to capacity with men trying to work out. It was horrible and I am afraid it is going to keep getting worse."

"But what can we do?" asked Jeremy who was around my age.

Greg looked at him sadly, "Unfortunately, from the new laws coming out of this crazy, feminist government, nothing. There is nothing we can do." He looked around the table and saw the somber looks on all the guys. "That's why, we have to make a stand and fight to get back our rights." He looked around the bar to see if anyone might hear him and then leaned in and spoke in a quieter voice. "I've heard of groups that are forming all around the country. I was talking to my neighbor who recently was laid off and has become a full time house husband while his wife works. He said he meets with a couple guys who also lost their jobs and there is a group that is getting larger and larger with men who are ready to change things."

I kept my mouth shut during the whole conversation but I didn't want to sound like I wasn't with them. "I completely am on board but these groups are not new and, so far, they haven't been effective and I heard that quite a few of them were thrown in jail."

Greg nodded his head, "Yes, but that was early on and was a quick response to what was happening. These new groups are a lot more organized and are planning everything out before they act." Greg looked around the bar one more time and then reached into his coat pocket. He pulled out 4 small pamphlets and passed them out. "Here, read this but do not let anyone find it." We each took the pamphlet and started reading it. It had a detailed plan of what this men's group had in mind along with future changes that President McCormick and Vice President Mauer were getting ready to enact. A lot had to do with the segregation of women and men and we all looked through the pamphlet with worried faces but the thing that really struck me was the implementation of female leaders in all military and law enforcement agencies. This would definitely halt any attempt to change this and give women even more power. I felt that we should act now if we were going to change anything. After giving us some time to look it over Greg continued, "So, would you guys be willing to join in our efforts to stop this?"

We all nodded in agreement while still looking over the information provided to us. Greg breathed a sigh of relief as any one of us could have been outraged and told on him. "Great, I will give you more information at work throughout the next couple weeks. But remember, do not tell anyone about this and don't do something stupid like leave this pamphlet in your pocket for your wives or girlfriends to find.

We continued to talk about some of the troubles we've faced in the last couple of years and finished off our second drink. Shortly afterwards, the wives were texting the men to come home and slowly the men started to follow their wife's orders and go home. I followed suit and ordered a taxi to go home. When I got home, I quickly hid the pamphlet from Laura and started with my chores.

The weeks went by and I continued to talk with Greg and the other guys about the men's group. We had to be careful because all

the men were monitored at work so, any chance of privacy, we took to discuss it. I met with some other people that Greg introduced me to that were pretty intense and I had a bad feeling that I got myself into something I shouldn't have. About three months after our initial meeting, Greg informed us that something big was happening and the revolution was going to start. Once it did, everyone would get word on what their role was going to be and to act accordingly. While doing so, he slipped each one of us a small handgun. Without thinking, I put it quickly into my inside jacket pocket but I was terrified to have it. The whole day I wondered what I should do. I didn't know what was going to happen but I felt I shouldn't be part of it at all. It was bad enough trying to hide a few pamphlets from Laura, I didn't think I would be able to hide this from her.

The day came and went without any further information and the next morning I wondered to myself what was the big thing that was going to happen. I went to work as usual and I didn't hear any news. But around 11:00 am, there seemed to be some commotion in the office. Many of the women gathered together in the breakroom and quickly left. I didn't know what was happening and I looked around at the other guys who all looked confused as well. About 30 minutes passed and it was just the men in the office when one of the advisors came back and told all of us that there was going to be an announcement in the large meeting room in 5 minutes sharp. We all finished up what we were working on and headed down to the meeting. We got there and sat down in the back. All the women of the office were already there either standing in front or sitting in the front, executive seats. Once all the men were seated, the top executive, Cindy, asked the other women to sit down and she began to address everyone. "It has been a very unfortunate day and I am saddened to inform everyone that there has been an attempt made at both President McCormick's and Vice President Mauer's life. It breaks my heart to tell you that the President was shot three times and didn't survive the attack. Vice President Mauer was shot at several times but, thankfully, was unscathed by the attack. This looks like it was a very planned out attempt by a group of malicious men, afraid of the progress we've made in the last several years. I

am happy to say the men responsible for the shooting have been quickly arrested and taken in for questioning. We hope the police will be able to get more information on the group that was involved and justice will be served.” Cindy paused for a minute to hold back some of the tears while she looked at the other women wiping away tears of their own. She gathered herself and continued on. “Vice President Mauer will be sworn in as the next President later this afternoon. Because of this, I am letting everyone go home early. The higher members of the company may leave now but, make sure you let your assistants know what work is still needing to be finished today. Assistants, once you have finished the work given to you, you may also leave. I will stay to take care of a few things so I will supervise you boys while the other women are out.”

It didn't go unnoticed that Cindy first mentioned the higher members leaving and later that the women would be out. Although it was obvious that all the ranking positions in the company were held by women, Cindy made a point to acknowledge this fact and that the women could leave and she would supervise the boys. This angered me and I could tell by some others' reactions that they weren't happy either. The women left the meeting room and the men followed shortly afterwards. Within minutes of returning to the offices, each assistant had a stack of files to work on which definitely wouldn't allow us to leave early.

All the men were diligently working away when I felt my phone buzz. Even though Cindy was supervising us, she was in her office so I quickly snuck a peek at my phone. It was a text message from one of the members of the group. I read the first sentence which stated to have my gun loaded and ready. I looked around and saw a few other members looking secretly at their phones. I continued to read the message and it gave instructions that at 3:00 pm we were to hold any women in charge wherever you were hostage and to shoot them if necessary. It then stated further instructions would follow. I looked at the clock and it was 2:30. I had to decide in 30 minutes what to do. If I should follow what they said or just simply

walk away, pretending not to be part of this. I began to sweat and I looked at some of the other guys I knew in the group. They all looked equally nervous. I just shook my head no as to signal I wasn't going to be part of this.

The clock ticked by slowly as I tried to keep one eye on it while keeping my other eye on the work I needed to finish. I couldn't concentrate and was worried what would happen. Would I be the only one that didn't go along? If so, would they think me a traitor? I didn't have to wonder too much longer as the clock finally came to the hour. For a minute, nothing happened. Nobody got up the nerve to do anything and I was a little relieved. But then, Gary stood up and started walking to Cindy's office. Within seconds, he opened her door and pulled the gun on her. We all sat at our desks, stunned that he did it. He went to where she was sitting, grabbed her by the neck and dragged her out to the open office, the gun pointing at her head. He told her to stand still and she listened. He laughed to himself when she obeyed his order. "Well, it looks like men can give orders again after all!" She just stared at him with hate as he gave her a small shove. "Men!" He addressed everyone else in the office. "Today will go down in history as the day America became free again. No longer will men be suppressed." he then looked at Cindy again "You bitches think you were so smart. You thought men were the problem for everything. You didn't want equal rights, you wanted everything for yourselves. Well, that is not going to happen now. Your precious bitch President is dead and men are taking back their freedom." Cindy scowled at him but he just laughed. He then turned back to us and continued to talk but, before he could say another word, Cindy stomped down on him, the heel of her stiletto jabbing him in the center of his foot. Greg let out a scream but before he could react, Cindy grabbed his shoulders and turned him towards her and brought her knee into his crotch, doubling Greg over. She then brought her knee up again, smashing it into his face. Greg tumbled to the ground, his nose bleeding. She began kicking him while he tried to crawl away from her assault. She grabbed a handful of his hair and dragged him back viciously, pushing him down so he was sprawled out on the floor. She gave him a few more

kicks to the side and Greg was doing his best to cover himself from her attack. After several hard kicks, she pushed him with her leg, turning him over so he was laying on his back. She placed her foot on his groin and pressed down. I couldn't imagine how painful it was. Being hit in the nuts was hard enough but when you are wearing a chastity cage, it can be even more painful. She kept applying pressure as Greg tried his hardest to push her foot off of him but to no avail. She eased off a little but then started to stomp her foot down. Greg was begging her to stop, apologizing profusely. Cindy would have none of it. She grabbed him by the hair and pulled him up so he was standing. She again put her hands on his shoulders and brought her knee up to his crotch three, hard, consecutive times and then let go of him. He dropped to the floor, utterly defeated. The office was filled with about 15 men but not one of us dared help him. I am not sure if the others were afraid to, if they didn't want to be associated with the insurrection, or if they didn't want to lose their jobs. As for me, I was a little scared. This petite woman just kicked the ass of a guy twice her size in a matter of a few minutes and I did not want to test her.

She stood over the beaten man and looked at us. Then started walking through the aisles of the desks we were sitting at not showing any concern that Greg might get up and try to attack her. She looked at each person but no one could hold her stare and every man looked down at their desk while she walked past. She finally stopped when she reached the front of the office after making the rounds. "Any other idiots have anything planned? Everyone quickly shook their heads no. "Good! That's what I thought" Cindy walked back over to Greg who was coming to. She tapped him on the face with the side of her high heeled toe. He looked up and saw her smiling down at him. She placed her foot on his exposed hand, pressing down as Greg again screamed in pain. "Poor man, you thought you were going to have a big revolution, didn't you?" She took her foot off of his hand and he grabbed it and brought it close to his body. He put his head back down but she wasn't going to allow it. She took her foot again and lifted his face so he could see her. "Well, it's not going to happen. Not today, not tomorrow, not ever.

This is just the way it's going to be and you and your dumb male ego will have to accept that. Do you understand?" Greg nodded his head in acknowledgement. "I want you to realize who really is in charge now." She walked back to one of the desks and then spun around facing him. "You dirtied my shoes while I was kicking your ass. I want you to clean them. Show your buddies how good you are at serving a member of the superior sex." She hopped up on top of the desk "Well, get started" Greg stood up to get a towel but she snapped at him. "With your tongue! And crawl to me." She ordered. Greg got back on the ground and crawled to her and began to lick her shoes. Greg crouched down lower and first licked the tips of her shoes and made his way around the side. Cindy didn't bother moving as he maneuvered himself to access the back of her shoes. Once he licked every part of her high heels, she crossed her legs and indicated that he lick the bottoms as well. He didn't question her and just started licking. Having completely finished his task, she leaned towards him. "Well, it looks like I am back giving the orders, aren't I little man?"

"Yes ma'am" he mumbled

"Now, you can take off my shoes and give me a nice foot massage." Again, he instantly obeyed her order and removed her shoes. "It must be so humiliating for you. You thought you were such a big man with your gun. You were going to defeat a woman but it took me less than 5 minutes to reduce you to a shoe licking servant. Do a good job on my massage or I will kick your ass again. We both know I can and I will" Greg began caressing her nylon covered foot as Cindy then turned to us. "I think the show is over boys. You," she pointed to Alan, "Call his wife and tell her to come pick up her husband, she can decide what to do with him. The rest of you, get back to work." Alan immediately went to get Greg's phone and began dialing his wife while we went back to work.

I tried to work but I kept taking peeks at Gary massaging Cindy's feet. It was kind of turning me on and I was struggling to stay

focused on my work. Several years ago, I would have never been turned on by such a thing but, I don't know if it was because I was locked away and haven't been able to cum in several weeks so I was just horny or, if I have been slowly programmed to find this type of thing appealing. Either way, I couldn't help but gaze at her. I saw her slowly cross her legs, allowing Greg to start massaging her other foot and I was getting hard in my chastity. I looked up and saw Cindy staring at me with a smirk on her face. I quickly looked back down at my work, embarrassed that I was caught looking and a little worried that she would be mad that I was busy gawking at her instead of focusing on my work. I peeked my eyes up a few seconds later and she was still smiling at me. She just chuckled a little to herself and shook her head knowingly.

Shortly after this, Greg's wife came into the office and was not happy. Cindy signaled Greg to put her shoes back on and she hopped off of the desk to greet Greg's wife. They both went into Cindy's office leaving Greg still sitting on the floor. After about 10 minutes, they came out and Greg's wife headed straight to him, grabbed him by the ear and started dragging him out of the office. It struck me that this man being led out by the ear was once someone I looked up to. Someone who was a role model for strength and courage. Someone that I thought could lead us. But here he was, struggling to keep the pace of his wife who looked more like a leader and was clearly the one in charge. I looked back at Cindy who was leaning up against the side of her office door, her arms crossed in utter confidence. I instantly admired her and looked at her as the one with strength and a leader. Once Greg and his wife were out of the office, she spun around to go back into her office but not before catching my leering eyes once more.

The hours went by and soon it was 5:00. All the men were still there still trying to finish the work that was given to them when Cindy came out of her office. She announced that she was leaving and since there weren't any other supervisors here that we could all go home as well as long as we come early tomorrow to finish the work

we should have completed today. Everyone started packing up their things when Cindy addressed me. “Jake, I would like to see you for a moment before you go.” Everyone kind of looked at me with worried faces but then raced out of the office in fear that she would call on one of them as well.

I walked into Cindy’s office and she was already sitting behind her large, oak desk. She pointed towards a chair in front of her desk and I took a seat. She was looking at her computer, not paying attention to me for a minute before she made a few clicks with her mouse and closed the laptop. She stood up and walked around her desk until she stood in front of me. I was completely intimidated by this woman who now leaned up against her desk and crossed her legs at her heels. Not only because she could easily fire me if she wanted to but I still had a clear image of her overpowering Greg and making him massage her feet. Although she was a little older, maybe in her 40’s, she definitely kept in shape and was meticulous about her appearance. I feared this woman but also was attracted to her. She could sense my nervousness and tried to calm me down. “Don’t worry Jake, you’re not in any trouble. I just wanted to talk to you about today and see how you were dealing with it.” She leaned over and rubbed my shoulder a bit.

“Uh, I guess I am doing good.” I said. “It was kind of a messed up day.”

She shook her head in agreement “Yeah, it saddens me that men are capable of such terrible, hateful things. But I watched the news and it looks like most of the insurrectionists have been caught and their little ploy didn’t get too far. The President will be dearly missed but I am confident that Vice President Bauer will be able to step up and continue this country on the right path. Don’t you agree?”

I didn’t know where she was going with these questions so I was trying to be as careful as possible. “Uh, I, I guess so. I think she’ll do a good job but I honestly don’t follow politics too much.”

“Yeah, politics can be difficult to follow for some but, you are correct, she will do a good job and I am happy to hear you think that.” She hopped up on her desk and crossed her legs in front of me. “That brings me to the next thing I wanted to ask you. I saw you staring at me earlier. What were you thinking about?”

I was flustered and I could feel my face going flush. “I, uh, I am not sure.” I sputtered

“Did it turn you on?”

I lowered my head even more embarrassed. “Yeah, I guess so ma’am.”

“What is it that turned you on?” She asked. I didn’t know what to say and when she saw that I wasn’t going to speak, she continued. “Was it my legs?” she lifted up the knee of her leg that was crossed and guided her finger up and down the nylons of her leg. “Or, was it the site of a strong woman in control?”

I felt I needed to say something and it seemed she could see right through me anyways. “Yes, both I guess.” I responded

“Would you like to be in the situation that Greg was in?” She paused for a second and smiled “Without the ass kicking I gave him of course.”

I couldn’t lie to her “Yes ma’am.” I said, looking up into her eyes.

“How long have you worked here Jake?”

“A little over three years ma’am.”

“Hmm, well, you seem like a good worker and now I know that you will be eager to take orders from a woman. I will be looking for a new personal assistant. Would that be something you would be interested in?”

“Yes ma’am” I spurted out, maybe a little too eagerly.

She laughed at my enthusiasm. “Great! Tomorrow we can discuss some of the details. Who knows, maybe one of your duties would be to give me a foot massage once in a while. I know you’d like that.” She smiled as she extended her foot towards my face, leaving a few inches away from my mouth for a few seconds before hopping off of her desk. “You may go now.” she announced as she walked back around her desk and gathered her things.

On my way home I was elated at not only the new job prospect but also being able to be Cindy’s assistant. I thought how happy Laura would be for me as I am sure the new position would have a small pay increase. When I got home, I was eager to tell her the good news but it wasn’t going to go as I planned. Laura was waiting for me at the kitchen table, a handful of pamphlets were strewn across the table. I just stopped and was struck with regret as to why I didn’t throw them out. “Mind explaining these!” She barked.

I started to panic. “Please Laura, they are nothing. I wasn’t part of anything. Some guy at work gave them to me and I didn’t know what to do with them. I swear, I didn’t want anything to do with it.”

“Sit down!” she ordered and I quickly sat on the chair next to her. She then grabbed the pamphlets and shoved them into my face. “You didn’t know what to do? What about throwing them away? How about telling me? How about going to the police? Don’t tell me you didn’t know what to do, you idiot. Maybe I should call the police?”

I was so scared. I dropped to my knees and hugged her legs. “Please Laura, please don’t call the police. I’ll do whatever you want

but don't turn me in. Please, I beg you." I buried my head in her legs as she towered over me.

She just sighed "Well, tell me everything. I want to hear every detail on how you got these. What you think of these ideas. Everything."

While still on my knees, I explained everything to her. How I first got the pamphlets when I went out to the bar. How the other guys at work were part of it. When Greg gave me a gun and said something big was going to happen and finally, when Cindy stopped Greg. She smiled a little bit when I was explaining how Cindy thwarted Greg's attack. I then told her about how Cindy offered me a new position at work. She thought for a moment. "Alright, first thing that is going to happen is that you will never go to the bar again alone and you can be sure you won't be hanging out with any friends for a long time. The next thing, while I am happy that you received a promotion, I want you to go to Cindy first thing tomorrow morning and explain all of this. I also want you to tell her everyone that was involved. I will let her know that I decided not to call the police but I can't guarantee what will happen to the other men. You better beg her to keep you let alone give you a promotion after this."

"Yes, I will. Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"You're welcome. Now start cooking dinner, I'm starting to get hungry."

The next day I went to Cindy's office to explain everything. Against all feelings I had for breaking some guy code, I turned in everyone I knew who I met with. Thankfully she understood but she still gave me a lecture at the end. "I know there have been a lot of changes in the past years and it may be difficult to adjust to but, as you can see, it is the best for everyone. You did the right thing by coming forward and letting me know all that were involved. We will deal with them appropriately. You are young and impressionable but

I don't want you or any other male in this office to get sucked into that nonsense anymore. I may need to hire another supervisor to watch over the men but, if I do that, I will probably have to cut their pay. I don't want to but you guys left me no choice. I will still take you on as my assistant but you better show me that you are going to work hard for me and be on your best behavior. Is that clear?"

"Yes ma'am, I will, I promise. Thank you so much, nothing like this will ever happen again, I swear." I was so thankful to her. "I do have one favor to ask though, if that is alright?"

"We'll see, what is it?"

"I'm sorry but my girlfriend wanted to make sure I spoke with you about this and to discuss some other things. She asked if you could call her after I spoke with you."

"Of course, I think that is a very good idea. What is her number?" I gave her Laura's number and she dialed it on her phone. Once she got Laura on the line, she covered the mouthpiece of the phone and lifted her head up to me. "You can go back to your desk for now, I'll call you when we are finished speaking." I nodded my head and walked out of her office while she resumed speaking with my girlfriend.

After about 30 minutes, Cindy called me into her office. "You have a wonderful girlfriend. You should be thankful you found such a lovely woman."

"Oh yes ma'am, I am very thankful!"

"Good. So, we talked it over and decided that she will check in with me daily to get a report on how your behavior at work. She also said that any behavior such as laziness, tardiness, not listening, or

anything that I deem inappropriate will be dealt with both at home and by any punishment I feel is befitting. Does that make sense?"

"Yes ma'am" I said. Although it was a little annoying that they thought they had to check in on me, I was happy to work for Cindy directly.

"Very good. I also mentioned to Laura that I would have to hire another person to supervise the other boys and they would have to take a pay cut; you wouldn't fall under this since I would be personally supervising you. She was very pleased with this."

"Oh, thank you so much. I was worried about that. I really appreciate it."

"You're welcome, just do a good job so I don't regret this decision. You will start Monday morning so report directly to me when you get in."

The weekend went by fast as I was excited to get started on my new position. I woke up early on Monday and did a couple chores around the house before I showered. I then made Laura a nice omelet with an English muffin and orange juice. I put it on a serving tray and brought it to her while she laid in bed. Bringing her breakfast in bed was my typical routine on the weekdays but on weekends, we always ate together. While she was eating, I got a nice bubble bath ready for her and prepared everything she would need in the morning, her toothbrush, hair supplies, and makeup. Once she is finished with breakfast, I wash her dishes and clean up the kitchen before returning to her again. Usually, I would service her before I would head off for work but it is her last semester and she has been especially busy with studying so now, I ask her if there is anything else that she needs before I leave. Sometimes she does have me pleasure her but, other times, she says I can leave so she can study. Today was one of those days so I kissed her goodbye as she wished me luck in my new position.

I got to work a few minutes before Cindy arrived and she brought me into her office right away. She sat behind her desk and unpacked her laptop and a few files from her bag. "Alright Jake," she reached into one of the files, pulled out several papers, and handed them to me. "I will need you to sign these" I took the papers while she handed me a pen. I started to read everything, but she interrupted me. "It is all just formality stuff you don't really need to worry about. Things like you are accepting this new position without a pay raise as we discussed, if you do something not up to my satisfaction, I can punish you in any way I see fit including termination, you will accept all responsibilities asked of you and required for this position, you give consent to performance evaluations conducted by your girlfriend and I, and so on."

I leafed through the papers, just skimming everything briefly and started signing each paper. When I came to the performance evaluation paper, I noticed that Laura also signed it. I was a little shocked. They must have met this weekend while I was cleaning the house. It upset me that Laura was getting so involved in the details of my job but what could I do. Cindy saw my hesitation while reading the document and spoke up. "Yes, I met Laura over the weekend to discuss the details of your position. She is a very smart and lovely woman. We decided to have dinner sometime soon. Is that going to be a problem?"

I didn't want to fuss over something like this. "Oh no, ma'am, I was just surprised"

"Good." She waited another minute until I finished signing all the papers. She grabbed them and put them back into the file. Next, she handed me a folder. "This is my usual schedule for the week with all the names, numbers, and locations for the places I go. I want you to have this memorized by the end of the week. I cannot have you forgetting any part of my schedule. There may be changes week to week, but I will inform you of these ahead of time." I looked

through the folder and saw her weekly meetings and with whom, her weekly appointments for manicures and pedicures, her gym schedule, and the classes she takes there, and plenty more. I was a little worried that I would have trouble memorizing everything in a week. I didn't have much free time at home but I vowed I would find a way.

She continued to go through several other requirements for the position for the next 15 minutes when she finally concluded with a few extra details. "I ordered a small desk to go in front of my office where you can sit but, until that arrives, you may continue to stay at your old desk. I also want you to dress as professional as possible. I have a lot of clients come here and I want you to make a good impression, not only with your manners, but also with your clothes."

"Yes ma'am, of course"

"One last thing, we will have a staff meeting at 8:00 and I want you there. Anything the ladies need; I want you to assist them. Until then, you can get me a cappuccino with almond milk." I got her coffee and then sat at my desk to go over all the documents she gave me until the 8:00 meeting started.

About 5 minutes to 8 I headed for the executive office. Cindy, along with a couple other women were there seated already. "Jake, come stand over here while we wait for the rest of the women to join." She pointed towards the corner of the room, away from the others. I watched the next few minutes as the remaining women came in. They all sat down in elegant leather chairs positioned in an oval with Cindy's chair at the head. All the women wore the fashion for most office women at the time which was a nice button down blouse, either a pleated skirt or pencil skirt that ended a few inches above the knee, and high, leather stiletto heels. Since it was the beginning of spring, all women wore nylons and some opted to wear form fitting sport coats. I looked at all the women seated, legs crossed and some dangling their heels on their toes. They all looked

confident, smart, and powerful. It was such a contrast to when he was with the guys from the office. They all had a sense of nervousness that made them seem weak and unsure of themselves. The difference could also be seen in the physique. While many men still tried to get to the gym and be active in sports, it was the women who were constantly improving themselves by going to the gym and fitness classes. More and more gyms were popping up that were for women only and it seemed like as women had more time and more money, it was the fashionable thing to do. Cindy snapped me out of my thoughts of this when she started the meeting by introducing me. "Hello ladies," she started. "I know most of you know Jake over here." She motioned for me to come stand next to her. "He has been with the company for almost four years and, while that might not be a very long time, he has shown dedication to the company that I admired. He has also displayed an understanding and acceptance as to the atmosphere we are trying to build, not only here, but in this country. I am pleased to announce that he has accepted a new role in the company as my personal assistant." Everyone clapped for my announcement. Cindy looked at me and smiled "I know he'll do a great job and, although I'll probably keep him very busy, feel free to ask him for anything if he has some down time. I think he would enjoy that." Then turning back to the women, she put her hand to the side of her mouth as if telling them a secret, she said in a loud whisper. "I am sure he'd enjoy it; he has a thing for powerful women in charge." The other ladies laughed and looked at me while my face turned red. "Jake," continued Cindy. "You can start helping out by getting coffee for everyone here."

"Yes ma'am" I politely responded and went about asking each woman what they would like. Once I got all the orders, I rushed out to fetch their coffee. I got back a few minutes later and started passing them out, hoping that I got everyone's order correct. They were already talking business so I tried not to disrupt the meeting as much as possible. Once I finished, I walked back to the corner where I was standing before.

The majority of the meeting, I had no idea what they were talking about. At first, I tried to understand it but after a few minutes it was too complicated and I gave up. It made me kind of glad that getting coffee was part of my job. Before the end of the meeting, Cindy wanted to make one final announcement before letting everyone get back to work. "As you know, after the craziness of last week, I've decided to hire another person on to help supervise the men. I put in the opening online on Friday and have had several responses. I will be scheduling interviews this week and hope to have someone starting by next Monday." With that, the meeting ended and I went about gathering the coffee mugs left by the women and brought them into the break room to wash. The remainder of the day flew by as Cindy had me constantly busy with things and, before I knew it, it was time to go. Cindy congratulated me on my first day and praised how I handled everything.

The following days were much of the same except for the handful of interviews. Cindy had me sit in on the interviews but not to help, merely to assist her in taking notes and providing the candidates with anything they may need. One candidate stood out to me and later, I would find out, stood out to Cindy as well. Her name was Isabelle and, although she was 18, she was still a senior in high school. She excelled at school and completed all of her course credits early. She only had to take a few classes which she was able to do independently which afforded her the ability to work full time if needed. Cindy was very impressed by this and continued on with the same questions as the other candidates. "So, what makes you interested in this position?"

"Well," Isabelle started. "I am very interested in many things, one being the financial sector. I plan on going to college and I would like to see the inner workings of this business to see if it is the correct fit for me. I know that is not exactly what the job entails but, I think it would give me a good idea. Plus, I am very organized and hardworking. I would expect the same from the people I work with and am very particular about their performance. If they are not

working to my standards or, in this case, the company's standards, I am not afraid to crack the whip and make them work harder."

"Very good. When doing this job, you will be supervising about 15 men. Do you find that intimidating or do you foresee any complications that might arise because of that?" I thought that was a good question as this girl was not only 18 years old, but she was also very petite and almost half the size of some of the men working here.

Isabelle quickly answered, "Not at all! I am confident I can hold my own against a group of men. I am a big believer in female supremacy and the changes that are happening throughout this nation. I think women are finally showing their true potential and men proving to themselves that they belong below us, in menial jobs. If I could predict any complication, it would be that I may hurt their feelings by pushing them too hard. But I really don't see this as a complication because I know, and I am sure they know, that the job market is pretty scarce for men these days. I don't think they would want to lose their jobs."

I was amazed at how confidently and matter-of-factly she spoke. Cindy asked a few more questions and was visibly impressed with Isabelle's responses. What I believe was the thing that sealed the deal was, at the end of the interview, Isabelle made a small joke. Cindy laughed at the joke and I let out a small little laugh. As soon as I did, Isabelle glared at me with a penetrating look as if she was saying 'how dare you speak when not spoken to!' I couldn't hold her gaze and stopped laughing while putting my head down. Cindy noticed this and I am sure saw that Isabelle could easily handle any man.

By the end of the week, the decision was made, and Isabelle was hired. The following Monday was her first day and Cindy announced a meeting for all the men in the office, including myself. We all gathered in the large meeting room and, as usual, all the men sat

towards the back as the front seats were relegated for the women. Cindy stood in front of the room with Isabelle standing in the background. Once everyone was there, she started her announcement. "I gathered you all here today to discuss a new employee we hired. Since the little incident a week and a half ago, I clearly saw that there needed to be extra supervision. Your direct reports have important work to do and they don't always have time to keep you guys in line and focused on your work. I hired a supervisor specifically for this task. She will keep track of your productivity and make sure no time is wasted with planning silly little plots. Unfortunately, we did not plan in our budget for this extra expense so, in order to compensate, I will need to decrease your annual salary a bit. I know this is unexpected but you have yourself to blame for this. After negotiating, we came to an agreement on a suitable salary for this position. Since there are 15 of you, we decided to deduct \$5000 from each person's salary to pay for this new found expense." I could see everyone calculating this in their head and I was so thankful that I wasn't part of this group. I know I made a similar salary as everyone else which was 35 thousand a year. After the deduction, they would be making about 30 thousand while Isabelle would be making 75K. I couldn't even imagine making that much while still in high school, just starting my first job but here was this girl making over twice as much as me. Cindy saw all the worried and upset faces amongst the men but continued. "I know this is going to be tough but it needs to be done. If any of you have any complaints about this, I will be happy to discuss them with you privately. But, for now, let me introduce the new supervisor of production, Isabelle Blakemore." With that, Isabelle came to the front and I could tell that some of the men were shocked and unnerved by how young she was. She definitely dressed the part though. She wore a shiny, purple blouse and a tight, black pencil skirt with black nylons and black, 5 inch heels. Her long, sandy blonde hair hung down and curled slightly at the ends, framing her young face.

"Thank you, Cindy," she said and then looked out to the small crowd of men as she addressed them. "Alright, I want everyone to

come up here to the front and line up.” The men looked at each other for a second before Isabelle yelled “Now!” The men got up from their seats and started walking to the front of the room. Isabelle showed them where to stand until everyone was lined up in front of her. She walked back and forth inspecting everyone silently. She stopped in the middle and continued to speak. “Now, the first thing you will need to understand is that when I tell you to do something, I expect it to be done immediately. There should be no hesitation and I shall not be kept waiting. Is that understood” A series of ‘Yeses’ and nods came from the group. “Second, you shall address me as Ms. Blakemore. I know I am quite a bit younger than all of you but, I am your superior, and you shall address me with respect. Again, does everyone understand?” Everyone answered ‘Yes Ms. Blakemore’ except for Peter which didn’t go unnoticed by Isabelle.

Isabelle walked up to Peter, so she was only a few inches from his face. Even with her high heels, she was a good 6 inches shorter than him but she clearly unnerved him. Peter couldn’t look directly at her and kept moving his head to the side as she stepped a little closer. “I’m sorry” she said, “I didn’t quite hear you.”

Clearly flustered Peter finally muttered “Yes Ms. Blakemore.” She stared him down for a few more seconds before stepping back, satisfied with her intimidation of Peter.

“Now that we all understand, let’s continue on. I watched you guys come in this morning and it is clear you can’t tell time. While you are all supposed to be here at 8:00, I saw quite a few of you come in at 8:05 or later. One even came in at 8:10. This is not acceptable anymore and to reinforce this, you will now need to be here at 7:30 sharp, no later. I don’t care if your bosses aren’t here yet. You have work that needs to be done and I will see to it that it is finished. You will leave, no later than 5:00. Your lunch will be 20 minutes and I will set your schedule so nobody will have the same lunch times. I don’t want any chance for you to get together and

discuss any more silly plans.” I could see the men getting very irritated with her already, but I was just happy that I wasn’t with them.

Isabelle continued, “When you are here, I expect you to be at your desk, working. You must ask for permission to use the restroom and coffee breaks are most definitely out of the question. You can survive on water from the water cooler. I will also put a lock on your internet so you can only access work related sites. Gone of the days of wasting time at work.” One guy meekly raised his hand. “Yes?” Isabelle pointed to the man.

“What if we get a phone call from our wife or kids?”

“Good question.” she said, nodding. “I will not listen in on your phone conversations, but I can’t have you receiving calls all day long. You will drop your phones off at my desk every morning and pick them up before you leave work. If one of you does get a call, I will check the number and, if it is your family, I will let you take it. If it is someone else or an unimportant call, you will just have to wait until after work.” The man asking the kind of slumped down a bit, fully aware that it was going to be a nightmare working under her.

“I want everyone to understand that I am completely serious about everything I just said. I will not tolerate any laziness or insubordination. You think I am strict now, just test me and you will see how strict I can get. Does everyone understand?”

All the men in unison responded, “Yes Ms. Blakemore.”

“Good, I want you back at your desks and working. You’re dismissed.” Without any hesitation the men scurried back to their desks.

True to her word, that afternoon, she put a lock on all the men’s computers and only allowed them to get water. Their breaks were

scattered so two people couldn't go to lunch at the same time and they spent the next week with their heads down, working diligently on their computers all day. The next morning, all the men arrived bright and early and nobody showed up later than 7:20. Two desks arrived early in the morning and I assumed they were for me and Isabelle. Upon opening them, we saw that one was a small simple desk, almost like a tall coffee table. The other was a larger oak desk with ornate legs and side drawers. I didn't need to be told which one was mine. Isabelle ordered everyone to stand up and start rearranging their desks to make room for hers. She first had them move her desk to the front and, once they accomplished that, she sat down, put her feet up, and directed them to position the desks so most of them were back-to-back in order to deter any talking. There ended up being 4 rows of desk and at the head was her large desk. I moved my new desk in front of Cindy's office, but it gave me a clear view of the other men and Isabelle at her desk. She put her feet up on her new desk as she watched the men struggle to move all the desks around. Things were definitely changing but it wasn't until a couple months later that everything would be completely changed for good.

Several months after the attempted coup, President Bauer was running the country in a similar fashion to former President McCormick but on a late summer morning, there came an announcement that she would address the nation. There were rumors that it would be big news and the whole office was anxious to hear what she had to say; well, the women were anxious. At around 11:00, all employees were gathered into the big meeting room to watch the President speak. Shortly afterwards, she appeared on the television, smartly dressed, and looking confident.

"My fellow Americans," she started. "A few months ago, we had a small uprising of insurrectionists that took the life of our dear President McCormick along with attempted uprisings across this nation. The

hatred that spurred this event came from fear and ignorance and it is my duty to protect this nation from both foreign and domestic attacks. It saddens me to think that, while we've watched this country grow and prosper under a woman's leadership, there seems to be people that don't agree with it. Never before in history have we seen such a dramatic improvement in economic growth and stability and still people fight and protest. Our foreign allies have also seen the same prosperity as we have and countries all around the world are seeing the advantages of a female led society. I understand change is difficult and can be uncomfortable but together we can all benefit. But we can't do this together if people still plot against this great country. We must see to it that something like this happens and, in order to do so, drastic measures must be taken. Once we are confident that there is no longer a threat, we will lighten these measures." She went on to lay the groundwork for what would be a new government that was led by females. "First, all military leaders and ranking officers shall strictly be women. All males holding any position higher than Corporal will be demoted to Private or Private First Class. This will also be utilized in the Police force as all males shall not hold a rank above officer and will automatically be outranked by any other female officers. All military and law enforcement in this nation will entirely be run by women. Second, men have temporarily lost their right to vote or run for office. We have seen the poor choices they have made and it is better if the generations of men living today shall not make similar mistakes. Third, if a man is married or in a committed relationship, all assets will be turned over to their significant other. As for the men not with

anyone, with the challenge of finding a high paying job, it is going to be difficult to survive without anyone. We understand this and are in the process of creating programs to help you find a female sponsor to help look after and take care of you. Finally, we will also be creating training programs for men who are having a difficult time with the new changes to this world. I believe these changes will be for the good of all and I hope men can understand that this isn't their world anymore. We are the new leaders. We are the ones that are in charge. We are the future. The future is female!"

After the speech, while the women joyfully joked around and laughed with each other on the way back to their offices, the men were stunned and didn't know what to make of everything. As soon as I got back to my desk, I logged into our bank account and was denied access. I tried several times but each time it said I didn't have permission to access this account. I walked over to Peter and mentioned that I couldn't log into my bank account. He looked over to see if Isabelle was at her desk and when he noticed she was in the office of one of the executives, he quickly checked his account. Moments later, we saw the same message. I knew this wasn't a mistake or computer glitch, they had already locked us out of our banks. I was positive that Laura was the only one that had access anymore.

If I thought things were difficult now, I realized it was just getting started.

End of Part One

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Part two coming soon.

