



Michelle
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The Secret Game

"How was dinner?" I ask him.

"Good," my boyfriend tells me. He's handsome, and I love the lines of his jaw, his nose, his mouth and his eyes. There something sweet and masculine about his short, cropped hair, especially compared to my long, blonde mane.

I scoot a little bit closer on our couch. We just moved in together a couple of weeks ago, and we're still getting used each other. It's different living in the same apartment together; I think there is still a lot of magic and incredible tension between us, but there is also this easy comfort of knowing that we get to be together. He chose me, and I chose him.

Still, we have a couple of secrets. Maybe there are a few details I still need to uncover. But this makes sense, right? We are still learning how to live together.

At first, I don't do anything special or unusual. We're streaming some silly reality TV show about people who want to relive their failed proms. Maybe they were stood up, dumped, or it didn't go well for some other reason. But now, in their twenties and thirties, they get to try again. Better yet, quite a few of them have secrets they never got to reveal.

Yes, it's a little bit ironic, especially considering what I have planned for my boyfriend.

At this point, I tilt my head to the side, and I press my lips up against his neck. I nuzzle him with the tip of my nose, and then I nibble on his left ear, just the way he likes. Reaching up, I glide my fingertips along the contours of his neck along the other side before moving my hand down to his chest. He tenses up.

Good.

I want him to be a little bit nervous. I want him to wonder exactly what's going to happen and what I might have in mind. Finally, my hand makes it down to his crotch, and I can feel the outline of his cock. His shaft stiffens as I start to rub him, moving the heel of my palm up and down along the bulge between his legs. I'm toying with him, and now he lets out a little groan.

Then, feeling especially precocious, I climb up on top of him, and I straddle him. I feel like a stripper, except I'm the one who's in control here. Next, I grab his wrists, and I push them against the top of the couch. At the same time, I lean down. I press my lips to his, and we start to make out just like that. I'm rubbing my chest against his, feeling the soft give of my breasts. Better yet, he can probably feel the stiffness of my nipples as I rub my body forward and back. I'm teasing him, and he knows it.

Finally, I break off right when I hear that little groan vibrate from deep within his throat.

Maybe he's hoping I'm going to sit up, peel off my panties, raise my skirt, and unzip his pants. It might be awkward, but it could be frantic and desperate. I could mount him, taking his cock between my legs as I rub myself up and down.

But now, I have something else in mind, something secret...

At first, I press my lips together, and I breathe heavily through my nose as I do my best to remain focused. Yes, I'm about to take control in a way he can't quite imagine, but that's okay. As far as he will be able to tell, this is just a game. We are just flirting; we are just playing.

"Do you want to go back to the bedroom?"

"Yes..."

"Do you want to play a game?"

He looks up at me, and his eyes are bright. Not only that, I can see that look of aroused desire etched into his features. Normally, my boyfriend is really, really good at keeping his features even and neutral. Some of his friends have trouble with this; they might throw him a surprise party or something, and he will only barely react. Or he might be especially angry or sad, yet his expression won't shift. He tries to hide so much from the world. Of course, as his girlfriend, and I know him better than that.

"Jonathan," I whisper. "Do you want to play game?"

"Yes," he answers.

"The Secret Game?"

"Yes," he says.

Quickly, reach over to the small stand by the couch, and I grab a notepad and pen. I push them both down against his chest.

He tears off the top piece of paper, writes something down, and he folds it. Then he puts everything back.

The game can start.

"What did you write down?" I ask, my eyes twinkling.

"You're going to have to work a lot harder to get it out of me," he answers.

"Promises, promises," I say with an impish grin.

The game is simple. I'm going to take him back to the bedroom, restrain him, and touch him all over. We're going to see if I can break him. Will I be able to seduce my boyfriend, stripping away those defenses until he's willing to give me that number? Of course, my boyfriend doesn't know it, but this is only the first half of the game.

I have something else planned, something even better (for me).

That's when I slide off of him, and I take a step forward before turning back and extending my arm. My fingers reach out toward him, and that's when he jumps to his feet. Holding onto his hand, I guide him down the hall. We are practically running as we rush into the bedroom. Once we cross that threshold, I put my hands on his chest and shove him down.

Jonathan lands with a quick bounce on the mattress before he starts to peel off his shirt, his pants, his socks. Soon, he's down to just his boxers. Those don't last much longer. Next, he's naked, and that's when I climb up onto the bed with him. I'm still wearing my black, pleated tennis skirt and that snobby top he loves with the white edging along my sleeves. I pull my blonde tresses back into a ponytail and quickly tie them into place.

I lean downward, and then I run my fingers along his naked body. I love the warm tension and softness of his skin as I stroke his neck, shoulders, his collar bones, all the way down to his chest. His muscles tighten as he holds his breath. He has to understand what is going to happen here. He must comprehend what his captivity is going to feel like.

Or so he thinks.

I kiss him, pressing my mouth to his. At the same time, I can feel his erection twitch. Even as I savor the taste and heat of his

mouth, I marvel at how fascinating boys can be. Yes, when I'm turned on, my pussy might get hot or damp or whatever. Maybe my nipples stiffen, and there might be that little pink along my cheeks, but men can't hide their true desires. And so, I reach down casually, and I start to stroke his balls, the base of his cock, all before I wrap my fingers around his shaft. I give him a gentle squeeze, and suddenly he pushes his shoulder blades down against the mattress.

"You're going to break," I promise him.

"Never," he answers.

We've played this game before. He thinks he knows what's going to happen.

He's wrong.

With him beneath me, I pull his right arm toward the bedpost. Then I lift the handcuff. Yes, we keep restraints on the bed for moments like this.

Of course, he doesn't understand what the "secret" is going to be this time.

I love the feel of the cold metal as I wrap that first cuff around his wrist. I push the band down, and I hear the lock click into place. Just like that, he is trapped. I push it down again, and I enjoy the sound of another audible click. Next, I go for his other arm. He doesn't resist. Instead, he's looking up at me, and he has this nearly feral grin on his face. "You have to know that you're not going to be able to do this," he tells me.

"Cocky boy," I say. "But you know, I have my feminine charms." I turn my head from side to side, making my blonde ponytail bounce behind me. He watches; he can't help himself. He's always been fascinated by my hair. And then I smile down at him, and that's when I retreat back between his ankles. I pull his right leg toward another one of the bedposts. I pull on that slender chain, and then I encircle his ankle with the next cuff.

Soon, I have all four of his limbs chained to the bed. He is naked and spread out. That's why it's so easy for me to kiss his thigh, to move the tip of my nose and my mouth up along his hip to his stomach. Next, I kiss his sternum. Finally, I straddle his waist and lower myself. I kiss his mouth. Then I go for his neck. I graze my teeth along that soft skin as he groans and moans beneath me.

Because I'm feeling especially puckish, I reach down and take his balls in my hand. I glide my fingertips just underneath his sack, and I love the way he stiffens.

"What's wrong?" I ask. Bracing my weight on one arm, I continue to play with him with my free hand. I'm gently stroking him in one of his most sensitive spots. I'm pressing down, caressing, and teasing him. "Are you getting horny? Are you starting to feel like a dumb boy who can't control himself? Is that what's happening here, Jonathan?"

Normally, he would be able to answer quickly, but the arousal is already burning through his defenses. At work, or even out with our friends, maybe he can maintain that still veneer whenever he likes. But I'm his girlfriend, and I know exactly how to touch him. I know exactly how to tease him. I'm not like some of those other girls; I try to pay attention. I try to learn all I can about his body and his responses. More importantly, I'm not lazy. Lots of cute girls will grab a guy, squeeze a couple of times, and get him off. As far as he's concerned, one orgasm is as good as any other. But those girls don't understand the male psyche like I do.

I'm grinning down at him, the corners of my eyes crinkle, and I can feel that heat running through my own skin as I play with him.

"If you want, you can just tell me what numbers you wrote down on a little piece of paper."

"No," he answers, gasping back at me. "Never. I, I want you to know I'm not going to let you win this."

"Oh, and how do you think you're going to stop me?" I inquire sweetly. Not only that, I bat my eyes up and down, all while I continue to play with him.

"Please..." At this point, he is only pretending. He's trying to get me to change my mind. It's not going to work because I know how to read him. That's why I continue to touch him, why I continue to stroke and caress him. I'm going to play with this boy; going to make him squirm.

Then I sit up straight, and I stretch out my arms. I glide my fingernails along his wrists, down to his forearms, the crux of his elbows, and along his biceps.

He sucks in a breath.

"Where should I touch you next?" I ask, my eyes shining with mischievous delight. "You know, I could touch you down here." I reach back for his cock. I wrap my hand around his shaft. I stroke and tease and squeeze his circumference. Then I let go.

"You're going to pay for this," he promises me. "At some point, I'm going to tie you down, just like this."

"Sweetie," I say, cocking my head to decide even as I straighten my back and rest my knuckles against my lap, "You're chained down. You aren't going anywhere. By the time I'm done with you, you will be so thoroughly owned that you won't ever think about trying to defy me again."

His eyes flicker a little wider. Did he hear it? Did he hear the certainty in my voice?

Does he know I have a plan?

I retreat back between his legs, and now I slide my fingers along his inner thighs. My thumbs reach out, and he lifts his head. He looks down along the length of his body, as he's waiting, watching and wondering. He needs to know when I'm going to stroke his cock again.

That's when I rest my hands on my lap.

"What, what are you doing?"

"Waiting," I say.

He stares at me, his eyes narrowing. He's trying to comprehend what kind of strategy this could possibly be. His heart beats faster, and then he tugs against his restraints. He pulls on the metal shackles, digging little grooves into his wrists and ankles. Then I reach down, and I make it look like I'm about to grab his cock again. It would be so easy for me to move my hand up and down, to squeeze, to massage and to send off those jolts of pleasure running through his body.

Instead, I sit up, and that's when I peel off my panties. I pull them out from underneath my skirt, and then I straddle his waist again.

"Aren't, aren't you going to touch me?" Jonathan stutters out.

"No..." I say. "Maybe later. Maybe."

Then I touch two fingers to his bottom lip.

He glares at me. His eyes narrow, he's obviously annoyed, but he can't think of any other strategy. He knows what I expect. More importantly, he knows he has to cooperate.

"You know, maybe I would decide to fuck you right now if you tell me what you wrote down."

"No," he says with a shake of his head.

"Then suck my fingertips."

"And if I don't?"

"Can you get up?"

We both know he can't, so he tells me the truth, "No..."

"Then maybe I will decide to go watch TV. You know, I've been meaning to binge that new show about cats."

His lips pull back, he opens his mouth, and I can see the edges of his teeth as he glares at me. Hot frustration radiates off of my boy. He's annoyed; he's upset. He obviously wants to lash out, but there's nothing he can do! Suppressing the urge to giggle, instead I stare down at him, my expression neutral. Inside, I'm giggling like some elementary schoolgirl, but he doesn't need to know that.

Reluctantly, he breaks. He lifts his head, and he wraps his lips around my fingertips. He starts to suck, dampening those digits, just as I knew he would.

"Good boy," I tell him.

Right as I withdraw my fingers, he glowers up at me. His expression is so adorably frustrated, like he hates this despite his erection, not to mention the pleasure running through his body. He is keyed up and eager. With a few more caresses, one firm squeeze, I could drain his balls. But no, not going to do that. Instead, I lift my skirt so he can see my damp pussy. Then I start to rub myself. I close my eyes, and I brace for the sensations.

The warm heat of desire rushes along my body, rippling just beneath the surface of my skin. I keep my eyes closed, and think of Jonathan as I say, "I'm looking forward to breaking you."

"That's not going to happen," my boyfriend snaps back at me.

I answer with just a smirk at the corner of my mouth. At the same time, I glide my fingers up and down along my crevice. I'm touching myself. Next, I push down against those walls. I stretch my

opening just a tiny bit as I savor the way my body reacts and responds. Although I don't open my eyes, I ask him, "What's the code? What did you write down on that little slip of paper?"

"I, I..." He's mesmerized by watching me touch myself. He can't help it. There's something so incredible for this boy about being naked, chained down, and powerless. Halfheartedly, he yanks against his bonds. His muscles tighten and relax. He wants to break free so badly, but only so he can grab me, push me down, and climb on top. Like some wild animal in heat, he wishes he could succumb to those primal instincts.

But he can't. Chained down and powerless, he has to stay right there on his back, spread out and powerless, just the way I like him.

"This feels so good," I tell him. "I love getting to touch myself. I love getting to just focus on my own pleasure, you know?" I flash him a grin and make eye contact for just a moment. Then I close my eyes, and I continue to rub myself, just a little faster. Then I slow down.

Because I'm feeling cruel, I casually drop my skirt, and then I reach back for his cock. I stroke him with just the tip of my pinky. I barely make contact, yet his body goes rigid as though he had been electrocuted with some delicious flavor of energy.

Then I pull my hand back away, and I ask, "What's the first number?"

"Five," he tells me.

I come back between his legs. Crouching down, I now cradle his balls with one hand. With the other, I caress him, stroking his shaft with my fingers and my palm. I'm touching him lightly, making sure he can't climax even as I send fresh waves of stimulation running hot through his frame. He wants this so badly! He needs it! I can tell from the way his muscles tense and flex. At the same time, he jerks his hips up, like he thinks I might make a mistake. Maybe if he thrusts upward, he will get an orgasm. Maybe he will be able to grind his shaft against my palm until he comes.

Nope. That's not going to happen. Even as I enjoy the desperation pulsating off of his body, I make sure that he can't get what he wants. Instead, I keep him there on the edge.

It would only take a little bit, the tiniest bit of pressure, just a drop of effort, and he would be able to enjoy that mind blowing rush of pleasure and perfect satisfaction.

"Good boy," I reply. Then I pull my hand away.

"Please..."

"Oh, are you begging?" I tease him. "Are you pleading with me? Are you *that* desperate for it?"

I toy with him some more. Long, dreadful seconds stretch on for this boy even as the pleasure washes over him. His thoughts, his plans and his strategy start to break away. But then, that's why he thinks he enjoys this "game". He has no idea.

"Yes. Please, yes, I'm begging."

"I'm not asking you to take you," I reply quietly. "I'm asking you for the rest of the numbers. Give them to me, boy."

That's when I pull my hands away. I lower myself down, and I lick my bottom lip. In that moment, he must be thinking that I'm going to wrap my mouth around his cock and gently suck. I could make him come so hard. As a boy, he doesn't comprehend what's really happening. Maybe, if he had been allowed to think clearly, then he would have figured it out. Right here and now, however, he can't contemplate any of this. He can't put the pieces together, nor can he really understand what I have in mind.

I lick my bottom lip, making sure it glistens for him.

"Five, seven, six, three!" he calls out those words, one after another.

"I'll be right back."

"No! Please!"

I retrieve that neatly folded piece of paper and open it up. Sure enough, there are those digits written and waiting for me.

When I come back into the bedroom, I reposition myself between his legs. While I was gone, he struggled. Even as I came back into the bedroom, he pulled and twisted. But now I'm positioned above him, and I place my hands on his shoulders as I stretch out along the length of his body. The hem of my skirt presses down on his cock as I gently work my hips from side to side.

He's breathing faster and harder. "I broke you," I tell him. "You tried so hard, didn't you?"

"Yes!" Jonathan gasps out.

"You tried so hard, and you still lost, didn't you?"

"Yes!"

"Good," I tell him. "Think about this feeling that you are experiencing right now. That sense of inevitable surrender? Inevitable loss? That's what I want you to focus on." As I speak to him, I rest my hand on his chest.

"Please, please just end this. Please, take me. Do whatever you want with me!"

"Okay," I tell him. "But first, I want to know the password for your phone."

He blinks. His eyes open wide, and he stares up at me like I just said something in some foreign language.

"What?"

"That's a secret you have kept from me throughout our relationship, and I want to know why."

"No..."

"Yes," I tell him sweetly. I bat my eyes down at him. Not only that, I lean forward again, and I start kissing him. He's trying to speak, but I won't let him. Within seconds, he surrenders again. He succumbs to those urges because he knows that he really wants this.

Then I break off that case, and I look right down into his eyes. Only a couple of short inches separate my eyes from his as I stare down at him. "Go on, Jonathan. We both know I can break you. We both know if I continue you'll tell me whatever I want to hear."

"No. You, you don't need to see my phone."

"What's wrong? Have you been lying to me? Is that it?"

"No!"

"When we first got together, you said you would do anything for me, didn't you? You made me a promise, didn't you?"

"I, I..." My bound boy is trying so, so desperately hard to come up with a good answer. He thinks there must be something he can tell me, some string of words to make this all stop. But with the desperation pounding through his frame, he can't think clearly.

"Go on," I coax. "If you try really, really hard, I think you can figure out your promise. What did you say to me?"

"I, I promised I wouldn't watch any porn," he says.

"And?"

"I said I wouldn't touch myself when you're not around," he confesses.

"That's right. I don't mind if we watch some videos together, but you aren't allowed to do it on your own. Maybe it's unusual. Maybe it's weird. I don't care because I was honest with you. I told you exactly what I wanted out of our relationship. And I've been a good girlfriend, haven't I?"

"Yes, but..." Again, he's thinking so hard, but he can't do it, especially because I'm casually reaching down and stroking the tip of his cock. I brush my fingers around the top of his shaft, just barely making contact. It keeps him hard. It keeps him, eager and desperate!

"No," I tell him. "You don't get to argue with me, not here, and not now. I have you, and I'm not letting you go until you tell me that code."

He wants to insist that this isn't fair. Perhaps he wants to argue with me, like he thinks he can come up with some well reasoned points that will make me change my mind. Nope. I pull myself back between his legs, and I brush my knuckles along his inner thighs. I'm just barely touching him again, sending fresh jolts of need running through his skin. Then I cup his balls, and I push my thumb down against the base of his cock. It's almost enough to force him to climax.

Almost.

Then I move my hand up and down. I'm rubbing him, giving him just enough to keep him yearning for more. Those desires overwhelm him, and he arches his back. He struggles again, jerking his body from side to side. He actually makes the bed rattle, but I don't mind. I'm playing with him, and we both know I can do whatever I want.

"I just want us to be honest with one another. I just want you to tell me the truth. What is your passcode?"

"No. Please, please don't make me!"

"What's wrong? Are you trying to hide something from me?" I tease my boy.

"No, that's not it!"

"Oh? Then what is it?"

Jonathan doesn't have an answer for me. Instead, he just closes his eyes as I withdraw my hands. My touch disappears, and he collapses down against the mattress. With his arms and legs spread, he knows he can't get away, but he has to try to stop me, right?

Before he gets the chance to come up with any clever ideas, I grab him, and I roll him onto his side, exposing his left butt cheek. I reach down, pinch him, and press down with my fingertips. For those first few seconds, I just massage his ass before jerking my hand up in the air. Then I bring my arm down, and I strike hard.

The sound of a single clap shoots across the air, echoing against the walls.

"No. Please, don't," he's begging.

"What's wrong? Is your skin, especially sensitive? Are you scared of getting spanked by your girlfriend?" I tease him.

"I, I..."

"You sure do say that a lot," I point out with a ferocious grin. Mocking him now, I pout out my bottom lip and chant, "Poor boy. This must be so frustrating for you. You want to keep this secret, don't you? But you can't. You want to play this game. You let me seduce you, and now you are all chained down and helpless. More importantly, I can do whatever I want with you, can't I?" I nod my head down and up. "That's right. I can!"

From there, I spank him again, unleashing a barrage. This time, it isn't one blow. Instead, my palm crashes down again and again. Those sounds echo against the walls. I love it. Every time I strike, it feels like another kick of my heart inside of my chest. Adrenaline races along my body.

I take a break.

I realize that I'm panting. Not only that, my nipples are stiff, excitement buzzes through my body, and I can feel that heat between my legs. If I was wearing panties right now, they would be quite damp. But instead, I look down at it this boy. Better yet, his backside has started to turn a bright shade of red.

"Are you ready to break? Are you ready to tell me what I want to know?"

"Six," he says.

At first, I'm not even sure I heard him correctly. But now I lean down and ask, "Six?"

That's the first number.

"Tell me more," I command.

"Please, please, don't do this. Please, you don't need to check my phone. Can't you just trust me?"

I let him drop back down onto the mattress. He's on his back again, his shoulder blades, buttocks, calves and heels are pressing down against the soft cushion underneath him. Casually, I reach up and caress my chin. "Can I just trust you?" I utter these words with contemplative curiosity. Wobbling my head from side to side, I answer, "No. I can't just trust you. You're a boy, and boys have a nasty tendency to lie."

"But I'm not lying!"

"Then you can give me the code."

"I deserve my privacy," he protests.

I just laugh at him.

From there fingertips glide along his wrists. "Give me your code. Tell it to me right now. If you tell me, maybe I will decide to fuck you. Doesn't that sound nice?"

"No. Please, I can't. I won't..."

"You can," I contradict him. "You will. Face it, Jonathan. I'm your girlfriend, and I know exactly how to manipulate you. How many guys would be in a position just like this?"

"I don't know," he tells me.

"If a girl knows what she's doing, then she can get her boy into any position she wants. Face it, you guys might be bigger and stronger, but we are smarter. We know exactly how to tease you. We know how to touch you. Besides, your bodies are obviously so, so responsive." As I speak, I reach back between his legs, and I start caressing him again. My fingertips start to dance along the underside of his cock. He's so hard, so desperate. Fresh waves of heat roll off of him, even as I continue to tease him with that pleasure he can't have, not without my permission.

"Yes, fine. Whatever. Please, just stop! Let me up!"

I lift my head, stare off into space, and hum to myself as I pretend to think about this. "Um...no." My sharp answer cuts across the air and there is nothing he can do about it.

Frantic, he jerks from side to side, fighting his restraints. As hard as he tries, he has zero chance of tearing through those metal bonds. He is spread out and helpless. He's all mine.

And that's when I go back to caressing him. "You already gave me the first number. What's the big deal? Are you lying to me? Or maybe you have already lied to me? Is that it?"

"This isn't fair!"

"No," I agree. "It's not fair. But guess what? It doesn't need to be fair, either. This is all about me taking control of you. You made me a promise, and now I want to see if you have kept it. That's my prerogative, boy."

"Don't call me that," he shoots back.

"I will call you whatever I want. Boy. Slave. Boyfriend. It's all the same to me," I tell him.

Locking his teeth together, he growls like some captive animal. Maybe he thinks he can intimidate me. If so, he's adorably wrong. He clinches his jaw, and he can barely hold out, but I decide to break him.

I stretch forward again, kiss him, and I'm nibbling on his lower lip, even as my hand slides back down along his body. My nails graze his tensed stomach, then his pubis. Next, I slide my fingers around his cock. He starts rubbing himself on me like some horny canine. As hard as he tries, he thinks he can hold out. He thinks he can somehow maintain his defenses and keep that secret.

Unlike this boy, I can control myself.

That's why my fingers continue to dance, keeping him on edge. Moment by moment, I toy with his body. I make sure that he is still panting, that his lips are parted and his eyes shut, even as he pushes the back of his skull down against the mattress. Every few seconds, he tries to break free. He must understand that it's impossible; he won't be able to break through those metal shackles, yet some primitive urge continues to compel him to try.

Finally, I ask him, "Can you do it? Can you tell me exactly what I want to know?" Without giving him the chance to answer, I continue, my tone sedate and conciliatory, "Yes, you can. You can do exactly what I want. You can succumb to me, Jonathan. You can surrender like an obedient boy."

"No. I can't. I won't!" He keeps coming back to that refrain. Even now, he shakes his head frantically from side to side. Then I pull my hands away, and he opens his eyes. That's when I reward him with another soft caress, another tantalizing squeeze. There's almost enough pressure for him to climax...almost.

"You're driving me insane!"

"No," I replied. "Insanity is trying to fight back. Even when you know you are outgunned and outclassed. You can't beat me, Jonathan. You are trapped. I have you chained down, and I don't have to let you go."

He opened his mouth, and it looks like he wants to make some adorably irrational proposal. Maybe he will try to threaten me with a breakup. Maybe he thinks he can hold our relationship hostage. But that isn't how this works, not when I have him restrained, and not when I am ready with the right kind of equipment just waiting for him in the closet.

"Please!" that's all he can manage.

"Please, what?"

His brows tighten, and he stares up at me. There's confusion written across his face as he tries to figure out what I mean.

"Please, what?" I repeat.

He kicks his heels down against the mattress. His muscles go rigid, and I'm still stroking his cock, gliding my hand up and down, up and down. I'm playing with him, and there's nothing he can do to stop me.

"If I'm your owner, what does that make me?"

"No," he says, his voice deepening as he tries to sound oh-so-serious, oh-so-certain. Unfortunately for this boy, that won't work. He can try to intimidate me, but he is doomed to failure. Whether he likes it or not, he's bound like an animal. He's chained like a slave.

It's really just a question of when he will admit the truth.

I may have been masturbating before, but toying with him like this triggers something even more powerful and profound deep within my psyche. Like so many other girls, I was raised to be good, to be sweet, to put others and their needs first. But right here and now, it doesn't matter what he demands. It doesn't matter how he tries to argue or fight. His larger muscles and superior stature don't mean anything. In some ways, he's like any other animal; he could be a bull, a tiger, or a lion. Maybe out in the wild, he would be stronger than me. But now, I can domesticate him. I can turn him into livestock.

He's a boy. He deserves to be enslaved.

Honestly, I don't know exactly where those thoughts come from. Then again, it doesn't really matter because I'm the only one with the key to those handcuffs.

"What does that make me?" I ask again. At the same time, I straighten my back for a moment. When he looks up at me, he sees me as this powerful, imperious goddess. Obviously, I'm stronger than him. I'm smarter than him. This isn't a fair contest because I drew him into those restraints. I'm lured him into this bedroom, and then I chained him down.

"I'm not going to say it!"

"Okay," I reply. I hold my hands on my lap for just a few seconds, silently counting to myself.

One, two, three, four, five...

As I patiently wait, I watch as his resolve fractures. After all, he knows what he needs. It's a desperate desire, one that seems to override everything else. Intellectually, he might understand the cost of surrendering to me, but he still tries to hold out.

"What does that make me?" I ask again. Then I reach for his cock, and I'm about to stroke him, to encircle his circumference with my fingertips, but I pull away at the last moment without making contact.

A growl vibrates from deep within his chest. He hates this! He hates it so much!

Too bad.

"Poor boy. You look so, so frustrated. It's like you hate this more than anything else," I tell him with just a hint of pity in my voice.

"Is this frustrating? Is it humiliating? Do you want to break free? Are you completely trapped? Are you stuck right here because you know that you belong to me? Is that what's happening?"

"I'm not going to say it."

"Oh, fine..." I reply as I feign disappointed acceptance. Then I reach for his cock again, and I'm about to stroke him, about to squeeze him.

Again, I don't even make contact. My fingers don't brush along his sensitive flesh. Right before I'm about to make contact, I pull my hands away, sending that jolt of frustrated shame running down his spine. It's easy to imagine the disappointment firing along every nerve he possesses. After all, he wants it. Maybe he wants this more than he has wanted anything else.

Inevitably, those desires break him, "Mistress," he says, in little more than a whisper.

"Oh, very good!" I clap my hands together, making him flinch. "Say it again. Louder this time."

He bites down, his jaw locking. He still thinks he might be able to resist.

"Louder this time," I repeat.

"Mistress..."

"Plead for it. Tell me how much you want me to give you that orgasm. Tell me how much you want to lick my pussy before I ride you hard."

"No. I can't. Please, don't make me beg, please, you can't do this!"

"I can't? Really? And what I have I been doing all this time?" I ask puckishly. "Seriously, Jonathan, what am I doing? Because as far as I can tell, I'm taming you. Right now, I'm breaking you. I'm tearing down your defenses, one after another, and that's why you will acknowledge me as your owner. What am I again? Who am I again?"

"Mistress," he says.

"And for that, you get a reward."

"No. Wait, can't we talk about this?" My boyfriend is trying so valiantly to speak up, but now I wrap my hands around his cock. I have one hand on the top, and another at the base. I'm stroking and

teasing him all over again, delivering fresh bursts of need. Maybe all of it starts between his legs, but those urges must be flashing out to the rest of his body. Both his toes and the arches of his feet curl. His body goes rigid as he arches his back. His fingertips push down against his palms, all while he tries to comprehend this.

As hard as he tries, my boy can't navigate his way through those urges.

"What is the code? Tell me?"

I know that I'm interrogating him. I know that I am beating down his defenses, one after another.

"Please, please, Mistress!" If he thinks using my new title will change anything, then he's wrong. Instead of giving him what he wants, I casually consider him, my eyes locked on his face. He stares up at me. Spread out and chained to the bed, there's nothing he can do. Even so, he finally breaks. He yanks from side to side. He makes the chains clatter as the cuffs push down against his wrists.

Inevitably, his strength abandons him, and he drops back down against the mattress. He lists digits, one after another. I memorize those five numbers, and then I reach out and grab his phone. The security screen appears, and I look right down at him. "If you're lying to me, then I'm going to leave you here for the rest of the day."

He sucks in a breath, suddenly frightened. He probably tries to convince himself that I would never do something like that. And yet, he never imagined he could be in a situation like this either.

Once I type in the numbers, the screen automatically lights up, and then I can see his favorite apps right there in front of me. I go to his search history, and that's when I see those terms: *girl on girl*, *bondage*, *BDSM*, and more. There are videos, images, and even a couple of audio files. Slowly, almost languidly, I move my finger up and down his screen as I examine the evidence against him. "You lied to me," I say.

With those words hanging on the air, I lift my skirt and position myself above him. Then he can only watch, horrified, as I lower myself down, inch by inch. "I have something special for you, Jonathan. I know exactly how to control you. You lied to me. You made me a promise, and you broke it."

"What, what are you doing?" Jonathan starts to ask, only then the walls my pussy tighten along his tip, down his length, all the way to the base of his shaft. Damn. That feels incredible! I love having his cock right between my legs. I revel in the heat and solidity of his body. Of course, it's more than just his rigidity. More than those purely physical sensations, I embrace my power over him. Right now, I can fuck him and ride him because he is strapped down and powerless. There's no way for this boy to break free, so he's little more than a living sex toy here for my amusement.

"What? Are you confused?" I ask. "Don't worry. The moment I finish with you, I'm going to punish you. I'm going to take away your ability to masturbate. Oh, and I'm also going to download a couple of surveillance apps to your phone."

With his rigid shaft still wedged between the walls my pussy, I hold up his phone, and it takes extra concentration and focus, but I go to the app store.

Luckily for me, I've already done my research, so it's easy to find those programs and to download them over the course of just a few seconds. Not only that, I have already established my passwords and accounts.

"Stop it. Please!"

"Oh, you want me to get off of you? Is that it?"

As hard as he tries, he can't answer me.

Finally, I set his phone aside. "Don't worry. You can still use your phone as much as you want. Only now, I'm going to be able to monitor what you see and what you search for."

"No. You, you can't be serious!"

"Don't worry. You'll get plenty of time to try to find those hidden apps. I don't think you'll succeed, but you can try your hardest." I pout out my bottom lip as I look down at him. Then I lean forward, and I brace my palms against his shoulders. "Remember, the apps are just the beginning. I have something even better planned for you."

"What?"

"As soon as you come, you'll find out," I promise.

"What if I don't? I can control myself!"

Sitting up straight again, I throw my head back and laugh.

"I'm going to be generous," I tell him. This is a cruel game, especially considering all of the teasing, he has already endured. "If I come before you, then I won't use our new toy. But if you come first, you're going to get locked up."

"What, what does that mean?"

Perhaps he genuinely doesn't know. Maybe he already has a solid idea, yet the question feels natural and he craves confirmation. Either way, I answer him with a coquettish grin.

Then I start to ride him. With the heat burning along my skin, I glide up and down along the length of his cock. I nearly pull away several times. Then I slide back down, impaling myself with his shaft as I enjoy the pleasure this boy can give me.

I'm pumping him, teasing him, and he's fighting so hard. At the same time, I giggle, "You know, I'm a woman. I have far more self-control than you can ever dream of."

"No, that's not true."

"Just think about what our new relationship is going to be like. Since I can't trust you, that means I'm going to have to take control of you. That's the only way we can have a happy relationship. And you want that, don't you? You want to make me happy, don't you?"

Maybe he can't think clearly. Maybe he knows exactly what he's saying. Either way, he cries out, the only possible answer, "Yes, Mistress!"

I lean forward again and kiss him hard. Passion flashes along my body as I enjoy the feel of his mouth. My tongue dances along his lower lip. Then our tongues are flirting against one another before I pull back. I start riding and faster. I slow down. I speed up making it impossible for this boy to understand what's going to happen.

"You're my slave!" I cry out as I speed up for the final time. I can't hold back that wave of pleasure any longer. The temptation is bright and vivid, but it doesn't matter because he succumbs. The temptation finally overwhelms him, and his shaft starts pulsating. As he moans and gasps against that storm of pleasure, I laugh hard.

Perfect ecstasy races along my veins, pulses between my legs, dropping out into the rest of my body until I finally pull back. Then, almost casually, I grab my panties, I pull them back up the

length of my legs. From there, I smooth out my top, and my skirt. Finally, I go back to the closet.

For his part, my boy is utterly spent. The slave can't think clearly.

It's only when I climb back up onto the mattress and position myself between his legs that he lifts his head. He looks drunk and exhausted at the same time. "What, what are you going to do?"

"Isn't it obvious?" I ask casually.

He can't answer. He can't even shake his head from side to side. That's why I hold the components. They're all neatly arranged right there on the palm of my hand. It's his chastity cage. There's the lock, the slender fasteners, the tube, and that ring.

"No. Please. Please, Mistress. Please, I'm sorry I lied to you! I couldn't help myself! It was a mistake!" I start to slide the pieces up in place, starting with his scrotum. Then the tube slides over his cock, and I begin to lock it on, one component after another.

"Say goodbye to your freedom. Say goodbye to your independence," I taunt him as the lock clicks into place.

"No. Please, Mistress. Please, I will do whatever you want! I swear. Please, don't do this! Please, I can't take it! I swear, I will do whatever you want. I will cook. I will clean."

"Yes, you will," I say. At the same time, I smirk as I consider all of those other girlfriends and wives out in the world who have to nag, bug, and harangue their boyfriends and husbands into helping them. That won't be a problem for me. I can already see it in his eyes. The desire is starting to shine again. Maybe his cock even twitches as he tests the confines of that metallic tube and the other pieces. No, he won't be able to break free. He won't be able to remove this. I have seen to it. I read all of the reviews; I did my homework and researched this chastity cage quite thoroughly. It's locked on. He won't be able to break out. "You want to do whatever I want. You will obey my commands, and you will be honest with me. Because if you aren't, I will extend your chastity sentence."

"My chastity sentence?"

I giggle and tell him, "Yes. That's the length of time you're going to have to wear this between sessions."

"Between sessions?"

"Absolutely," I answer. With every syllable, I make it sound inevitable. For him, it is. "They're going to be moments just like this. I'm going to chain you down, let you out of your cage, and play with you. Now, do you want to hear a secret?" I drop my voice to a whisper for that last part.

"Yes?"

I love the uncertainty in his voice! He sounds so timid now, so frightened.

"When I let you out of your cage, I'm going to bring you to the edge. I'm going to touch you and tease you all over. And I might let you come...but probably not."

There. The secret is out.

The game is over.

I win.

The End