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The Truth About Men

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The Crystal Canyon Quarantine
Anna Ritter

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Always Honest

Emily held her phone. She brushed her fingertips along the smooth screen. Dozens of messages flashed by, some from him, most from her. As the memories flashed from days to weeks to months, she had to wonder the same thing again.

Was he being honest with her?

Her philosophy professor had brought this up back when she was in college.

How can you tell if someone is telling the truth? What is the truth? What if the person you're asking doesn't know? If they say something that isn't technically correct, does that mean he lied?

What about people who equivocate?

Disgusted with those questions and everything else, she tossed her phone onto her bed. A moment later, she threw herself down against her pillow. She stared at her ceiling, frustrated. She growled. She actually growled like a wild animal as she kicked out with her feet and stabbed her fists into the air.

Why couldn't he just be honest with her?

Because he was Daniel. Because he was the guy who loved messing around with language.

She wanted to trust him. She wanted to believe everything he had said, especially when it came to Allie.

Allie.

Theoretically, they were supposed to be best friends, and a guy was never supposed to come between them, but things have gotten so messed up.

Emily pulled her pillow out from behind her head. Just because she wanted to throw something, she flung it across the room as hard as she could. The pillow sailed and hit her apartment wall before dropping down to the floor. Emily got up, stomped over to it, and she kicked it.

It didn't solve anything, but it made her feel better, if only for a couple of seconds.

Of course, she had a couple of solutions. First, she could have confronted her boyfriend. Daniel could talk his way out of anything. Hell, there was a good chance that, even if he was doing something wrong, he would lie to her and enjoy the challenge along the way.

That left another option. She could break up with him.

The thought made her insides clench painfully. She didn't want to lose him. Yes, that made her pathetic. Yes, she understood this. No, she didn't want to do it.

And of course, there was another possibility. Maybe he had never lied to her at all. Maybe he'd always been honest with her. Of course, she couldn't look past his eyes. She couldn't see what impulses ran through his head.

Some of his comments seemed pretty plausible. She smiled at the last time they had been together. After they had sex, he told her all about his favorite parts of her. It was so sweet. He talked about how much he loved stroking her feet, running his hands along her legs. He said he loved her breasts and her stomach, her lips, her eyes. In total, he pretty much listed everything about her.

He could have been telling the truth. He could have been lying.

Then there were the less plausible comments he made. He once told her that he didn't check out other girls. Really? Was that even possible? As far as Emily could tell, guys were all evolutionarily programmed to examine as many women as they could. They couldn't help themselves.

It was like an instinct, an impulse they couldn't possibly resist. So was he lying? Maybe. Maybe not.

The insubstantial possibilities frustrated her endlessly.

And then her phone buzzed. Emily stopped beating up on her pillow. She trudged back over to the other side of her bedroom and grabbed her phone. There was a message from Allie.

We need to talk. There's something I want to show you.

Emily considered this for a few seconds. She wobbled her head from side to side, not really sure if she wanted to do this. And of course, that only made things worse. If she didn't trust Daniel, could she trust her best friend?

Realizing how messed up that all sounded, Emily picked up her phone so they could make some plans.

When Emily really thought about it, she didn't know why she said they could come over. Yes, *they*. Allie had asked to meet with Emily. Emily said she didn't want to go out. Allie offered to come over. She had something really important that she wanted to show her best friend. Apparently, that required bringing Ross.

Emily didn't know a lot about her best friend's crush. Apparently, they had flirted quite a bit, but Emily didn't know if anything had happened recently. Ever since Emily officially started dating Daniel, it had been hard to stay in touch with her friend.

"Whatever," Emily said as she checked her reflection. She had on a pair of tight jeans and a white tank top. Her outfit looked simple. She thought about putting on some makeup but decided against it.

Again, she told herself that she was just going to hang out with her friend. Even so, it felt like there was that wall between them, like she just couldn't trust Daniel. By extension, she couldn't trust her friends either.

This was so messed up and not at all fair. But then, no one promised her life would be simple.

When Emily heard a knock on her door, she jumped up and went to answer it. Allie stood there, her short, straight blonde hair brushing her shoulders just as she looked back from the boy standing behind her. Right away, Emily could tell that something was different. Allie smiled at her friend, her bright blue eyes glimmering with delight. Not only that, she seemed to stand a little bit taller, as though she felt more confident about the entire world.

If they had started dating, that made sense. If Allie felt secure in their relationship, then she might be willing to take on the entire world.

Ross. He stood back a couple of feet. If Allie seemed more confident, it almost looked like she stole that sense of security from her new boyfriend. He kept glancing around, only he wouldn't look at either Allie or Emily directly.

That was strange.

Emily had only hung out with Ross a couple of times, and never alone. Even so, she had always gotten the impression that he, like so many other guys, had an instinctive sense of his own self-importance. It was infuriating, especially in a place like Crystal Canyon.

“Hey, girl! It’s great to see you!” Allie chirped as she stepped into the apartment. Ross stood back—apparently timid?

That didn’t seem like him.

Emily raised an eyebrow, still expecting him to jump forward, maybe throw out his arms and make some obnoxious announcement about how he had arrived.

“Follow me,” Allie said, her voice sounding surprisingly like a command.

If Ross behaved differently, so did Allie. She seemed to stand a little bit straighter, her shoulders back, her eyes roaming around everything she saw. She seemed more like a predator.

Emily didn’t exactly know what was going on, but she smirked at the change in her friend anyway.

“You have anything to drink?”

“A bottle of wine if you’re interested,” Emily replied. “Red.”

“Girl, that sounds awesome,” Allie glanced over at her boyfriend. “You mind if I take care of it?”

Ross still had his eyes aimed to down at the floor, like he couldn’t bring himself to confront either girl. When Emily shrugged, Allie glanced back at her boyfriend. “Go get us some wine.”

His expression seemed to shift, going from nervous to calm acceptance, like there were no other possibilities. He walked right back to Emily’s small kitchen, and he began to search for the wine and glasses.

“What did he do?” Emily asked, glancing over at Ross.

“Oh? What do you mean?” Allie asked, obviously coy.

“I’ve seen Ross. He is not usually like this. Either you drugged him, which I don’t think you would do, or he messed up, and now he feels bad.”

“He didn’t do anything,” Allie replied.

“But he’s behaving...” Emily started to search for another word, only to decide she didn’t really need one.

“I know, right!” Allie threw herself down into the couch and brought her knees up as she started to giggle. “It has been amazing! I tell him to do something, and he just obeys!”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Emily said even as she glanced over toward the kitchen. Sure enough, Ross was still in there. He had found her bottle of wine, and now he daintily poured one glass, then another. He even made sure to find a tray. Holding it with the flat of his hand, he maneuvered like a waiter at some fancy restaurant.

“Miss,” he said to Emily. Of course, the expression on his face had changed again. Calm acceptance morphed into frustrated acquiescence. He didn’t want to do this, but it looked like he had been blackmailed or something.

Emily took the glass of wine, surprised at how she had been addressed. “Miss?”

“I think it’s important for Ross here to address his superiors with the proper deference, don’t you?” Superiors? Deference?

“None of this is making any sense,” Emily said. She had to assume that her friend was playing a game, that this was some sort of trick.

“I know, right?” Allie giggled just as she took a sip from the wine glass. Then she set it down, and she peeked over at her boyfriend. She clapped her hands together.

Emily watched all of this, still confused.

“Okay. Okay. I’m going to just tell you the truth,” Allie announced. “This is going to sound crazy, and I totally get that, but you need to listen to me. I talked to a bunch of friends, and it’s happening to pretty much everyone. It just started in the last couple of days, but not everyone has noticed.”

“What? What has started?”

Allie glanced over at her boyfriend. A wicked smirk touched the blonde’s lips. Then she said, “Ross, would you like to tell her?”

“No,” he said, the word jumping from his mouth. He looked horrified at the prospect.

“See that? He doesn’t want to tell you anything. You believe that, right?”

“He looks pretty unhappy about it,” Emily said, her voice still uncertain.

“Exactly,” Allie said as she pointed first at Emily, then back at her boyfriend. “He really, really doesn’t want to have to do this. But you know what is amazing? He doesn’t have a choice! She started giggling again, like this was some fantastic joke, one of only a few people might be able to understand. But she still wanted to share it with her friend.

“You’re saying he doesn’t have any choice?”

“Watch,” Allie said.

“No, please don’t. Don’t do—” Ross began to say, except now he was begging. Really, there was no other way to describe it. Even though he still stood there with his hands at his sides, his voice reverberated with abject desperation.

Allie cut him off, like his words didn’t mean anything to her. He was just making noise. And maybe that was amusing or cute, but she wasn’t about to stop. “Ross, tell us all about your new situation.”

His expression shifted again. The desperation vanished, replaced by that same calm acceptance from before. Emily watched, transfixed and fascinated at the same time, mostly because she didn’t think a guy like Ross would have the self-control to play this sort of prank. For him, the idea of a joke might be snapping a girl’s bra.

“For the last three days, I have been unable to resist any command given to me by a woman.”

“And?”

“My girlfriend has decided that I should be her slave and her servant. I do whatever she says whenever she says it. I can’t help myself.”

“And?” Allie asked.

“And I think it’s happening to all of the men in Crystal Canyon,” he said.

“That’s right! I think it’s happening to all of the boys. Just think about what this means,” Allie said. She brought her knees up as she wiggled with her feet. It looked like excitement vibrated through every inch of her skin, and Allie could barely contain herself!

“This is a prank, right? You guys are just messing around with me,” Emily said, squinting first at Ross, then back at Allie.

But no. After a few more giggles, Allie forced herself to look serious. “I’m telling you the truth, Emily. I can make them do whatever I want.”

“No...” Emily said. She was only talking to Allie at this point, as though Ross were nothing but a piece of furniture. It was funny how quickly she could adapt to this new situation, all without even realizing it.

“Yes,” Allie said. “And I can prove it.”

“How?”

“What you know about Ross? Don’t worry about being nice or protecting his feelings or anything. I know you two have never been friends. Ross, tell us how you have always felt about Emily here.”

“I always thought she was a stuck up, feminist bitch,” he said. Right after the words left his lips, his eyes widened, and he even brought his hand up to cover his mouth, like he might be able to block any other traitorous words from getting out.

“See? He has to do whatever I want,” Allie announced.

Emily stood up. She walked over to Ross, and he took a step back. He was taller than her by several inches. He had pounds of muscle on her, probably to the point where he could have simply wrestled her to the floor. And yet, he retreated back, clearly intimidated by her presence.

Although Emily didn’t know precisely what to think, she still experienced this little rush of power. It was fun, having a boy right in front of her and watching him fall back, apparently intimidated.

“Okay,” Emily said. She glared at Allie’s boyfriend for just a few more seconds before she sat down again. She picked up her glass and enjoyed a sip. The wine burned pleasantly on the flat of her tongue.

“He will do anything.”

“Take off your shirt,” Emily said.

“Oh, that was really easy!” Allie said, apparently disappointed in her friend. Even so, both of the girls watched as Ross pulled off his shirt. His expression had changed again, becoming complacent, like he no longer piloted his own body.

“I’m just getting started,” Emily promised.

When he heard those words, a little whimper escaped Ross’s throat. Good, Emily thought. For that feminist comment, he deserved a little bit of humiliation. Then again, she wasn’t sure she really believed this.

“Get down on your knees and crawl over here. Kiss my shoes.”

“Isn’t it funny how so many girls go to that first?” Allie asked. “Seriously, that was the first thing I made him do too!”

Emily started to smile, except she kept her eyes aimed at Ross. For a second, she thought she saw this flash of anger, maybe a burst of rage behind his eyes. That would be incredibly hard to fake.

But then, he lowered himself down onto his hands and knees, and he crawled across the room. He came right up to her shoes. She wore a pair of simple flats, black leather with silver clasps.

He leaned in and kissed her feet.

Emily could hardly believe it.

“Want to take some pictures?” Emily asked, starting to grin. She couldn’t help herself. If this was supposed to be a prank or a joke or something, she didn’t see how Ross would be able to turn it to his advantage. Seriously, the guy was on his hands and knees, kissing her feet!

“You want him to kiss your toes?” Allie asked.

For a second, Emily was going to pretend to be disgusted by the concept. But then, she thought of her own boyfriend, how he would never do anything like that. Besides, it wasn’t really going to happen because this *had* to be a joke.

“Sure,” Emily finally said.

“No. Please, don’t make me do it. I already licked her feet! It’s gross!” Ross called out, his voice tainted with worry.

“I will let you have the honors,” Allie said with a magnanimous wave of her hand.

Emily pressed her lips together for a moment. She considered the boy in front of her. At the same time, she experienced something entirely new. Usually, when she went out, she was nervous around men. No, she didn’t really think anything would happen. And yet,

there was always that lingering possibility, this nervous anxiety clawing at the back of her brain because something might go wrong. Maybe the guy would be drunk. Maybe she would make a bad choice. Maybe he would be just a bad guy.

As a girl, Emily always found herself on the defensive. Smaller, she had to be aware of her surroundings at all times. Most guys didn't get that. They didn't quite understand how intimidating it could be to always be the smallest and weakest person in the room.

But now, this fresh sense of excitement began to vibrate in her body, building. It felt as though something inside of her had started to boil, and she loved it!

Taking her time, Emily pulled off her shoes. She used the tip of her right shoe to take the left one off. Then she used her left toes to pull off the right shoe. Her feet were warm, slightly damp. Under other circumstances, she would have been embarrassed about this fact.

And yet, something about his nervous expression made her completely confident.

"Do it, Ross. Lick my toes."

She watched, transfixed as he leaned in. He opened his mouth and then wrapped his lips around her big, right toe. He moved down, more like a girl giving a blow job. At the same time, Emily felt it, that burst of pleasure right between her legs. The excitement mounted, almost to the point where she worried her friend might notice.

Instead, Allie just sat back.

"You're sure you're okay with this?" Emily asked, only that question wasn't aimed at Ross. The boy continued to lick, moving his head down and up as he gently bobbed the contours of his mouth over her digit. Then, as if preprogrammed, he moved to down to her next toe. He licked and sucked, his tongue flicking gently over her toes.

"It's fine. Actually, I'm kind of enjoying it. Is he doing a good job? Because if he's not, we could always spank him."

"What?" Emily asked. She nearly climaxed. She didn't know why, but the idea of having this boy across her lap, whimpering, nervous and maybe even begging, it all turned her on. Excitement

seemed to percolate through her body, almost along every inch of her skin.

When Allie first suggested she come over, Emily never imagined anything like this!

More and more, she thought it was really happening. This wasn't a joke. It wasn't a prank.

"Now do my other foot," Emily said, surprised at the ease with which she ordered him around.

"It's amazing, right? You can get him to do whatever you want! I mean, I've been thinking about this for the last day or so."

"How did you figure it out?"

Allie started giggling. "Oh, that's the best part! You know, Ross can be kind of an ass sometimes. Maybe he gets drunk. He loves going out and having beers with his friends. Well, we met up a little while ago, and he said something very rude. I answered. I told him to eat me. Then he got this strange look on his face, and he started crawling toward me. He started looking at my crotch like he was some kind of dog! I told him to stop, and he obeyed. I asked him why he was acting this way, and he told me he didn't know. Then I asked him again, only I ordered him to tell the truth. And you know what? He did it!"

"This is so incredible," Emily said.

"You want to know the best part?"

"What? What is it?" By this point, Emily was practically panting.

"Do you mind if I have him stand up?"

Despite a flash of disappointment, Emily quickly nodded her head because Ross belonged to Allie. Belonged? The thought came so naturally. Technically, one person was never supposed to "belong" to another. She didn't believe in slavery or anything like that. And yet, she glanced down at Ross. He continued to lick, moving his head down and up, swirling his tongue around her toes even as he gently sucked on them. He was doing an amazing job. This was what Emily had hoped her boyfriend would do.

But of course, the man in her life had always been so stubborn. He wouldn't go down on her or even suck her toes, but she always had to please *him*. It had never been fair, but Emily just

assumed that every relationship required compromises. Like so many other girls, Emily never sat down and considered how every “compromise” had her giving something up while her boyfriend could do whatever he liked.

What if things were different?

“Stand, Ross,” Allie said, making a big production of it. She motioned him with two fingers, like royalty ordering a peasant around.

His lips still damp from sucking on Emily’s toes, Ross got to his feet. After he had completed the command, he seemed to come back to his senses, like he could make his own decisions again.

Emily watched, completely transfixed.

He looked back at Allie, only now his eyes got big again. Another wave of fear seemed to wash over his face. “No. Please, please don’t do it. Please, don’t make me do it!”

“Should I make him do it?” Allie asked.

“Do what?”

As the girls talked, Ross held his hands together. He actually dropped down onto his knees again. “Please, you can’t let anyone else see this! Please!”

Yeah, this definitely was a joke. There was no way that Ross could ever act this well.

Despite his pleas, Allie raised a hand and twirled a finger. “Go ahead and pull off your pants.”

He stood again. The fear vanished, replaced by that ease of movement. More like an automaton, and an actual guy, Ross got onto his feet. He unclasped his belt and unbuttoned his pants. Then he pulled them down.

“Be sure to hold your shirt up high. We want Emily to see what you have on.”

With the additional commands, he remained unfocused, yet he obeyed nonetheless.

For a brief moment, Emily really didn’t understand what she was supposed to be seeing. Then again, perhaps her expectations skewed her vision. Only then she noticed this shimmering of light between his legs. She had expected to see simple, cotton boxers, maybe briefs. She didn’t expect to see panties.

Yes, panties. Ross wore a pair of pink, satin bikini briefs. He looked cute in them too!

“Oh my God. He’s wearing panties!” Emily exclaimed. She could hardly believe it. She glanced back at her friend.

Allie just nodded, like this was the most natural thing in the world. Why else would a boy wear a pair of demeaning panties?

“Yes.”

If Emily had entertained any lingering doubts about the situation, they had been utterly dispelled. After all, no self-respecting man would put on something like of that, and he definitely wouldn’t show it off to a girl he thought of as a “feminist bitch”.

“Now, about that spanking,” Allie said.

“Please, can I lower my shirt now?” Ross asked a few seconds later. He sounded uncertain of himself, like he wasn’t really sure whether or not he should try to get the girls’ attention.

“Yes, you can lower your shirt, sweetie,” Allie said to her boyfriend. “But you know, I think we should have a little bit more of a conversation before we proceed with your spanking.”

A spanking?

The words sounded so alien to Emily. Obviously, she understood exactly what it meant, only she didn’t think she would ever have the privilege of striking a guy’s backside. In fact, the idea had never even occurred to her.

It would be so demeaning, so humiliating for the male. How would he possibly be able to live with himself, knowing that some petite young woman had disciplined him?

She didn’t know; she didn’t care. She just wanted to do it! Now that the idea had been put forward, it felt like an itch deep within her psyche...and Emily really wanted to scratch it!

“This might be my favorite part,” Allie said. “Actually, I guess I’m lying. It’s all amazing!” She clapped her hands together, excited with everything she said and discovered about her newfound authority.

Emily sat back, doing her best to hold back her impatience. Yes, she wanted to see Ross gets spanked. She wanted to see him bent over her couch, maybe even across his girlfriend’s lap...

“Ross, what’s your biggest secret?”

“I have to wear panties.”

“Be honest. What’s your biggest secret?” Allie asked again, as though she had already expected him to try to deflect.

There it was again, that micro-expression: a flash of embarrassed rage shot along his eyes, only to be replaced a second later. Almost serene, he said truthfully, “I enjoy wearing panties. They turn me on.”

“Do you think that’s because you’re just a sissy? Is that why you always act like a jerk around girls?”

“Yes.”

“Well, what do you think the solution is? Or rather, what solution did I tell you about earlier?”

“Because I don’t know how to be a gentleman, I should be treated like a sissy. I should be retrained to obey your every command and do whatever you want. I should be your servant.”

“That’s right!” Indulgent and patronizing at the same time, Allie reached out and patted him on the head. He blinked again, his expression returning to normal.

“Is it time to spank him?” Emily asked before she really thought about what that question might entail or imply.

Fortunately for her, Allie was ready. “Yes!” The two girls giggled back at one another, all while Ross stood there, waiting for the inevitable.

“Do you want to do it?”

“Yes!” Emily practically squealed. She couldn’t help herself. She felt like a little girl at a birthday party. She couldn’t wait for this!

“Go ahead.”

“You’re sure it’s okay?” At this point, Emily didn’t think about Ross at all. In her mind, he was nothing but a toy now, a plaything there for her amusement. Allie, on the other hand, still deserved respect, especially as his...owner.

Yes, as his owner. He belonged to her because he was her boyfriend. She was the girl in the room, so she deserved all of his respect and obedience. He would need to learn to be humble. Somehow, Emily didn’t think that would take very long, not in a world

where his strength meant nothing and his will could be bent with nothing but a few words.

“Go ahead and play with him,” Allie said. “Punish him. I don’t mind. He deserves it.”

Emily focused once again on how he had insulted her. Didn’t he know that she deserved his respect? This thought felt utterly natural.

“Come here,” she said.

With his pants down and his panties on display, Ross obeyed. He took shuffling steps toward her. “Get across my lap,” Emily commanded.

She really didn’t know why this turned her on so much. Even so, the arousal plated through her body, intense desire spinning faster and faster. Soon, he lowered himself down across her legs. His ass was up, his face down.

She enjoyed the curves of his buttocks, that perky little behind on display. It looked even better in pink. “Ross, did you pick this color?”

“She made me,” he said, his voice strained, like it might break at any moment. He could start crying, Emily realized. Somehow, she almost wanted to see that.

“Tell the truth,” she ordered.

“Yes, I picked this color.”

“Why did you take pink?”

“Because it’s pretty,” he said.

“Yes. Pink is very pretty, it looks really good on you. I think you should wear pink all the time. Allie is right to say that you should be her sissy servant.” He absorbed those words, almost as though they were the only truth.

“Now, do you think I should spank you?”

“No!” Ross chirped back.

“Well, you’re just a boy. It makes sense that you would get confused pretty easily,” she said. Emily didn’t know exactly where that sexist thought came from, but she didn’t care. This felt too good to question!

With the boy in position, she reached to down and placed her hand right on the curve of his ass. She enjoyed the firmness. At the

same time, she savored the moment, basking in this power.

Then she raised her hand, tensed her muscles, and she swung down. Yes! She slapped his ass. Almost immediately, he let out this little dismayed gasp, like the whimper from some naughty little boy.

Emily didn't know why, but she loved that sound. She wanted to hear it again! That's why she spanked him harder this time, slapping her hand down against his tight backside. Underneath his panties, his skin probably started to turn a matching shade of pink. Good, she thought. That's what she wanted for him. She wanted it to sting; she wanted to watch him squirm and suffer.

He had insulted her. He had called her a bitch!

She smacked his behind again and again, her hand flying down in a flurry.

All the while, he stayed right where she put him. He accepted her authority and her right to discipline him. Ross didn't argue or complain. His lower lip trembled, and his eyes got wet, but he didn't tell her that she couldn't do this. He didn't even try to argue.

He took his spanking because he knew that this was his place.

As a female, Emily had every right to punish him. Besides, his real owner had already given her permission. He couldn't possibly contradict something like that.

After nearly two minutes of spanking him, she had to stop. She glanced over at Allie. "Thank you for this. Thank you so much."

"You're going to call your boyfriend, aren't you?"

"Absolutely," Emily said with an almost feral grin on her face.

Daniel.

Emily kept thinking of his name as she stood in front of her full-length mirror. She studied her reflection, considering precisely what might happen when he arrived. Now that Allie and Ross had left, Emily started to wonder if she had really recalled everything correctly. What if it had been a joke? What if it had been a prank?

She didn't think her friend would mess with her, but Emily still felt that little twinge of insecurity deep within her chest. Even if Ross had been totally genuine and absolutely enslaved, that didn't mean

Daniel would be equally affected. Even so, Emily still wanted to be certain one way or the other. Every time she thought about him in the same subjugated position as Daniel, Emily started to get wet. She sensed this incredible heat kindle deep within her body.

After Allie and Ross had left, Emily had texted her boyfriend, asking that he come over. At first, he didn't respond. But then she sent a quick note: *I really want to have some fun. Come over right now.*

Normally, she never would have sounded quite so insistent, but Emily needed to know. Even after he acknowledged her messages and promised to head over as quickly as possible, she still had some time to kill. She decided to put on something a little bit different. In her black dress, she looked amazing. She loved the way the skirt flared near her thighs. Her black boots glistened, and she enjoyed that little hint of cleavage just below her neckline.

She looked amazing, especially as she brushed out her smooth, dark hair. She put on some lipstick, just a little bit of foundation. Altogether, she was ready for him.

After that, Emily didn't quite know what to do with herself, so she left her bedroom and went back into the living room. Different possibilities kept playing out behind her eyes, ideas and scenarios she might enjoy.

Of course, all of that was predicated on the simple idea that Allie had been right, that all of the boys had lost their free will.

Was something like that even possible?

Emily figured that some sort of pathogen, like a virus or a bacterium or something, could have gotten into the water. If so, it would make sense that it might affect the men and not the women.

Vaguely, she remembered an article from high school. Apparently, there was some sort of pathogen that could affect mice. Basically, it would make them run toward cats, rather than away. No one really understood exactly how the human brain worked, which meant that there might be some chemical or substance that really could steal away a boy's free will.

If so, Emily really wanted to know about it.

After a couple of minutes of wandering around her apartment, she found herself back on her couch. She sat up and took out her

phone. She could have gone online or checked her email or sent out some messages. Instead, she bit down on the inside of her mouth. Careful not to smear her makeup, she studied the screen.

Then she lowered her phone, and she hitched up her skirt.

Emily didn't usually do anything like this. If she was going to touch herself to masturbate, she would have snuck back into her bedroom and hidden herself away under her blankets, like she worried someone might notice.

But this time, she felt brazen.

She started to run her fingers along her panties. Her breathing hitched in her throat, and it felt so good. The excitement began to build, swirling and spinning hotter and faster by the moment.

This was what she wanted; this was what she craved.

Then someone knocked at the door right before she could climax.

With an active burst of willpower, Emily pulled her hand back. She sat up. Then she stood, and she smoothed out her skirt. She walked over to the front door and opened it.

"Hey, baby," Daniel said, striding forward. He turned around and swept his gaze up and down her body. Before today, his lascivious attention would have made her itch to retreat. Instead, she watched him.

"Hey, before we get started, I just wanted to know, how are you feeling?"

"Let me show you," he said, stepping closer. He cut the distance between them down to nothing. Taller and stronger than her, he looked amazing. She liked the way his dark T-shirt clung to his biceps and shoulders. He was an excellent example of masculinity, she reflected. But could he be a good example of slavery?

He leaned in and started to kiss her. For a few seconds, she indulged, savoring the way he pressed his lips down into hers. But after a few more seconds, he tried to push her against the wall, and she braced her legs in place. She wasn't going to get pushed around, nor would she let him take whatever he desired.

With her hands on his shoulders, she nudged him back. "Playing hard to get?"

“Something like that,” she said, lowering her head. She looked up at him from beneath her eyelashes.

He blinked, tilting his head. Apparently, he finally noticed something was different. Her affect had shifted, becoming something more...dangerous.

Shrugging it off, he stepped toward her again. “No. Stay right there,” she said.

And that’s when she saw it, the smirking condescension on his face. But it was only there for an instant, maybe a third of the second. She hardly had time to notice it before it disappeared, replaced by relaxed acceptance.

Daniel stopped right away. He glanced around, perhaps confused why he wasn’t pushing himself toward his girlfriend.

“Have a seat. I think we need to talk,” she said.

He turned around and made his way past the coffee table, toward her plush couch. He sat down, his knees together, his hands at his sides.

“Daniel, we need to have a conversation,” she said.

“Yeah, we do. We need to talk about how it’s rude to lead a guy on,” he said, grinning at her.

“No. That’s not what we need to talk about,” she said, and although she smiled, none of the mirth reached the corners of her eyes. After all, this was the flirtatious, bastard version of her boyfriend.

“We are going to talk about honesty. I want to know if you have been honest with me.”

“Yeah, baby. I’m always honest with you. I *love* you.” For a second, he seemed confused again, as though he had tried to get up, only some unseen force held him down.

Daniel didn’t realize it, not yet, but the power of her command was enough to keep him bound in place. His body wouldn’t listen to him, not when Emily was there to give him a conflicting command. Her desires and words overrode everything else, even the signals running from his brain down to the rest of his body.

That actually seemed like a good place to start. Yes, he said he loved her, but Emily doubted him. It didn’t help that she had never

reciprocated with that particular phrase. Why not? Because, on some level, she wasn't really sure she could trust him.

"Be honest with me. Do you love me?"

"No," he said, his voice flat, as though admitting this weren't any big deal at all. It was the same neutral tone of voice Ross had used.

"Do you care about me? Be honest."

"You're a hot piece of ass," he said.

Emily stared at him.

He blinked a moment later, shaking his head as though he wanted to dislodge something from one of his ears. He almost looked like a dog trying to shake himself dry. Emily smirked at the image, thinking that he definitely seemed more like a canine, especially now.

"A hot piece of ass," she said, repeating his exact words.

"No. Come on. I didn't mean to say that. Besides, it's a compliment! You are beautiful," he said.

"But you have to be honest with me, Daniel. Would you break up with me if you thought you could get someone better?"

"Yes."

"So right now, I'm just a placeholder."

"Yes," he said, although his answer should have been unnecessary. Maybe the habit of answering, even when she didn't technically ask a question, was becoming ingrained within his psyche.

Emily wasn't certain one way or the other, then she filed that question away at the back of her mind. She could consider it later.

"Let's see how much control I really have," she said, more to herself than to her boyfriend.

Obviously, Daniel didn't understand. Even if he had heard any rumors about the girls' newfound authority, he would have shrugged them off, thinking that it was just some BS rumor, maybe something a girl wrote about online. Girls—as far as Daniel was concerned—could be really dumb.

"Daniel, stand up and take your shirt off."

"I'm not going to—" he started to say, at least until his brain registered those words. A heartbeat later, he was back on his feet.

He reached for the hem of his shirt, and he pulled it up, peeling the layer off. Now she could see his biceps, his pectorals, everything that made her want to date him in the first place.

“Good boy,” she said, her voice dripping with impressed condescension, as though she were addressing a dog.

“Why did I do that?”

“Because I told you to,” she said. “And that’s not the only thing I can make you do.”

“What are you talking about?”

Emily had imagined all of these little tests she thought she should perform, just to make sure that she really could control him. But now, as she studied his handsome face and attractive frame, she really was turned on. The excitement couldn’t be ignored, not anymore.

“Get on your hands and knees and crawl over to me,” she said.

Again, he tried to argue, to tell her that he would do no such thing. Daniel was the kind of arrogant guy who automatically assumed that he should be able to take control of any scenario. The idea of subordinating his desires to some girl seemed impossible to him.

Despite his disbelief, he fell to his knees, he started to crawl over to her.

“Good boy,” she said. “Now reach under my skirt and take a hold of my panties. I want you to pull them off of me. Take your time. Be gentle.”

Daniel still didn’t understand what was happening, yet he still experienced every moment. He could feel the soft velvet of the inside of her dress as his knuckles moved along her legs. Then he felt her panties, and he started to pull them down. He took his time, just as she had ordered.

Why am I doing this? What’s wrong with me? Why can’t I stop? Those questions hammered into his head, but he still didn’t have any answers. Emily lifted one foot, then the other, helping him along as he took her panties off of her.

Then she lifted her skirt, hitching it up around her waist as she sat down.

“You know, there’s one thing I really hate about our relationship,” she said. “Ask me what I hate about our relationship.”

Still braced on his knees, he turned to her. “What do you hate about our relationship?” Daniel asked, sounding as though his body had been taken over by some autopilot.

The smug swagger that usually lined every word had disappeared, replaced by something else: automatic and unquestioning obedience.

“You’re never willing to go down on me. I mean, you ask for blow jobs all the time, but when it comes to eating me out, you act like it’s the most disgusting thing in the world. That’s not acceptable, not anymore.” She shook her head, perhaps disappointed in how excepting she had been.

Then again, lots of guys refused, or so she had told herself.

Emily smirked again, thinking that such a thing would not fly in this new order. Emily couldn’t know if the situation extended only to Crystal Canyon or the world at large. Either way, she was going to enjoy herself.

She spread her legs and beckoned him forward.

“I’m not going down on you,” he insisted.

Oh, that was funny! “I like it when you try to defy me. First, beg me to let you go down on me.”

“Please, may go down on you?” Daniel asked immediately.

“You can beg better than that,” she said. “Beg harder.”

Now his eyes widened as he brought his hands together. Lacing his fingers, he shook his knuckles in her direction. His voice practically whimpered as he pleaded, “Please. Please, let me go down on you! I need to taste you! I need to feel my mouth between your legs. I want to make you feel good. Please, I want to make you feel so good!”

Emily didn’t answer. Instead, she reached down for him. She placed her hand on the back of his head, and he looked up at her, his eyes still bright and wide with fear. He didn’t understand what was happening. How could he? He was just a boy.

She pulled him forward, guiding his mouth toward her slit.

“Lick.” With that one-word command, she stole away control over his body again.

Tentatively, he stuck out his tongue and barely touched her. No, no, no. That wouldn't do.

Emily didn't get offended or upset. After a few seconds, she realized that his lackluster performance was really her fault. She hadn't been clear enough. "No. Do a good job. Go deep. Lick me hard and fast," she said. "Make me come!"

Immediately, he lowered his head down. Opening his mouth, he pressed his lips right up against her, and he plunged his tongue into her. He couldn't ignore it; the flavor of her excitement rushed along his taste buds, a physically visceral stab of sensation that he couldn't ignore.

On his knees, he bobbed his head down and up, again and again. He licked, swiping his tongue down and up, left and right, over and over. This was what she had demanded, and Emily wasn't about to let him stop.

"Good. Good boy!" she called out, laughing with every word. "That's right. Keep going. Go deeper, harder, faster!" She panted, almost maniacal in her awakened lust. Emily had never imagined that sex could be like *this*.

His lips were wet with Emily's juices, but he had no idea how close she was to an orgasm. A few more flicks of his tongue, and she squeezed his cheeks with her inner thighs. She began to wail, panting and screaming in equal measure.

"Don't stop," she said, gasping the words.

It was enough to compel him.

His lips and tongue stayed busy. He nuzzled his face down as close as he could go. Wet heat played along my mouth as he served her like an eager slave boy. Daniel worshiped her body, even as his neck started to hurt and his tongue got tired.

Somehow, he couldn't stop himself. Emily could sense it, that frustration vibrating deep within his torso. He kept fighting, doing everything he could to resist the instinct to follow that command, on and on. And yet, no matter how hard he resisted, he didn't get to decide when this would end.

For her part, Emily savored sensations, letting them wash over her in waves of pleasure and ecstasy.

It felt like her body was sparkling. But more than that, this felt like she deserved it. For such a long time, she had been a good girlfriend, doing all she could to be open, honest, and giving. Whenever Daniel had a bad day, she would be there to rub his shoulders and suck his cock. She had no problem giving blow jobs. Of course, she always felt a little bit demeaned on her knees, her tongue working up and down the length of his shaft, but she did it!

Now, it was Daniel's turn to take care of her. That's why it was so easy for her to revel in all of this.

But as she came close to another orgasm, Emily looked down at her slave boy. She considered his position. Bent down on his knees, he continued to bob his head, his tongue and mouth busy as ever. The sensations splashed through her, this intense stimulation that she couldn't ignore. And yet, she wondered if maybe she should feel bad for him. Something had stolen away all of his self-control, rendering him helpless.

Good.

Emily didn't know where that cruel thought came from, but she didn't care either. He deserved this. He had been a terrible boyfriend.

Usually, Emily was the nice girl. Not this time.

She put her hand on the back of his head. Sure, he had been doing a good enough job before, only now she craved something more intense. He started to whimper, and that only added to her excitement. Fueled by his frustration, she savored of the sensations he supplied.

Pretty soon, it was time for another orgasm. She fell back against the couch. Keeping her legs spread, she tugged on his hair, if only to prove that she could. She wanted to degrade him, to humiliate him.

He glanced up at her. When their eyes met, she cried out. There was something about that look of abject frustration on his face that pushed her over the edge, triggering a blast of orgasm throughout her body. She curled her toes, clenched her fingers, and arched her back. She pushed herself up almost an inch, which forced his tongue even deeper into her crevice.

And when it was all done, she fell back. "Stop," she said.

He pulled his head from between her legs. He remained there on his knees, ready for another command.

As she worked to catch her breath, Emily genuinely didn't know what to do. Part of her thought she should be nice and let him go. Maybe she had taught him a lesson? Perhaps, after this, Daniel would be more attentive.

But then, she glanced down at him again. He had his head bowed down slightly, his lips pursed with anger.

He wasn't going to forget about this.

At the same time, she started to wonder exactly what he was thinking about. What ideas were swirling behind his mask of impassive frustration?

Before all of this, Emily would have wondered. Now, she could know for sure. "Tell me, what are you thinking? Be honest." Emily didn't know if she needed to add that second part, but she thought it was a good idea.

At some point, a scientist would have to study boys like a Daniel. The researcher would need to figure out exactly what was causing this, but more than that, what kinds of conditions the boys had to operate within. For example, when Emily issued an order, could Daniel think about it? Was there some kind of process going on in his brain that he was aware of?

If Emily cared more about science, she might've looked into it herself. But for the moment, she just wanted to have him.

The power swirled through her, this authority that was practically addictive.

"I'm thinking about how I'm going to get my freedom."

"And?"

He blinked for a moment. Then there was something else, this firmness along his lips, like his mouth started to flatten.

Emily understood; he was trying to fight it. He worked to regain control of his body.

"And when I get free of this thing, I'm going to make you pay."

"Oh?" Emily raised an eyebrow, somehow amused by his determination. She didn't see him as threatening so much as adorable. It was like a puppy trying to scratch at her.

The question, it seemed, wasn't specific enough because she didn't hear him say anything.

"And when you get free, how are you going to make me pay?"

"I'm going to grab you by your hair, drag you into the bedroom, and fuck you. I'm going to make you obey, Emily," he said. Strangely enough, his voice had become impassive again, completely neutral. She felt as though she were talking to a machine.

But then he blinked, and he looked up at her. Some of the color drained away from his face as his lips parted. Clearly frightened, he wanted to say something else, only Emily reached down and touched one finger to his mouth. "No, no. You said quite enough," she told him. And just like that, he stopped talking.

"It's my turn. And you know what? I think that's a very, very good idea."

In the coming days and weeks, girls would send their boyfriends off to go shopping. Daniel did this himself. He left Emily's apartment. And even though he remained aware of what was going on, he couldn't stop himself. Her commands had been explicit and detailed. She told him precisely what to do, and he couldn't seem to resist it.

Even when he tried to misinterpret her words, it just didn't work. For some reason, his body wouldn't obey. His brain knew what she *meant* to say, and that was all that counted.

The worst part, he knew, was the simple fact that he had to be honest. As he walked through Crystal Canyon, that's what he thought about the most. Head bowed down, he hated honesty. Throughout his life, he had been deceptive, but that penchant for lying and bluffing had helped him so much when he had been in high school.

Girls, Daniel knew, always wanted to hear very specific things. They had these psychological buttons, and he had become adept at pushing them. In fact, he considered himself to be a pianist, playing girls by pushing their keys, making the right sounds, getting them to do whatever he wanted.

Some girls needed to be strung along with promises of "maybe" or "we will see." Others yearned for promises, all without

realizing that those words really didn't have any meaning. He could say he loved her. He could say that he cared about her.

Yeah, it didn't cost him anything to tell her that.

Pretty soon, he arrived at the required shop. He walked in and looked around. Even when he tried to forget the information Emily had imparted, he couldn't. Her words echoed in his head again and again. He made his purchases. Worse, he had to pay for everything himself.

The clerk, a young woman, smirked at him. "Don't worry. You're not alone," she said to him. "Lots of guys come in buying the stuff."

That didn't help.

Daniel stared back at the girl as he gave her his credit card. From one moment to the next, he realized something. Maybe if this girl gave him another order, it might contravene what Emily had already said. If he could get her to tell him to stop or to talk to her, it might snap him out of his programmed reverie.

And yet, Emily had told him not to say anything to anyone.

He couldn't even pantomime it. He tried.

Even as the embarrassing impulse ran through his body, he could feel himself move. The girl swiped his credit card. She gave him a receipt, and he signed it. She packaged everything in a black, plastic bag. "Have fun," the girl called out.

Even if Daniel had been able to communicate with her, she never would have helped him. Why would she? After years of getting harassed by young men just like him, she enjoyed seeing their helpless frustration.

Finally, they could understand what it meant to be powerless.

Daniel returned.

"Did you get everything?" Emily asked.

Now he could speak again. "Yes," he said, his voice low and strained.

"Good!" She grabbed a bag from him and dumped it out on her small, dining room table. She looked at the harness, the dildo, and the different restraint sets. After he'd gone down on her, Emily had enjoyed shopping online.

Technically, the straps weren't necessary. She could do whatever she wanted with Daniel, he wouldn't be able to stop her. Even so, she knew that there would be a psychological buzz from tying him down and giving him the illusion of freedom. Yes, she really, really wanted to watch him struggle. She wanted to see his muscles tense and clench as he squirmed helplessly beneath her.

"Come along," she said, almost as though she were talking to a beloved pet.

Emily didn't even check to make sure that he followed. She had the utmost confidence that he would obey. It wasn't like he could help himself, after all.

She went back to her small bedroom, opened the door, and turned. She watched as he marched forward.

As he passed the threshold, she put her hand on his ass and squeezed. It was just a quick, demeaning movement, yet she enjoyed it anyway.

"Strip for me, Daniel. Slowly."

His lips hardened as he began to obey. He knew what he was doing, but he still couldn't stop himself. Emily didn't know how that would feel, to be a passenger in your own body. But after everything he had done and how many times he lied to her, she knew that he deserved it.

"Don't worry. I'm only going to punish you a couple of times. After that, maybe you can go back to being a regular boyfriend."

Daniel didn't say anything. He pulled off his shirt. His muscles hardened underneath her gaze. After that, he unbuttoned and yanked down his pants. Soon, he was just wearing his socks and boxers. Those didn't last long.

She watched all of this, enthralled by his movements.

There was something about seeing the masculine form, especially when it was so utterly helpless. Yes, Emily decided that she could get used to this quite easily.

"You're doing a good job, Daniel. I'm very pleased with you."

He didn't say anything. Standing before her, naked, it was clear that he wanted to break her hold, but since he couldn't think of any way to do it, he opted to remain frozen, Stoic and impassive, as though none of this affected him.

“Don’t move,” she commanded. She stepped closer to him. She put her hand on his chest.

Sure enough, Emily could sense the pounding of his heart. He may have appeared to be utterly unconcerned with everything that was happening, yet his body betrayed him again.

“It’s okay. You don’t need to be scared of me. We’re just going to have a little fun.”

Apparently, that challenged his masculine ego. “I’m not scared of you,” he growled.

“Well, maybe you should be,” she said, contradicting her earlier comment. She smirked, savoring the fact that she didn’t need to be consistent. She could change her mind at any point.

Emily started circling her boy, her eyes gliding up and down the lines of his arms, his sides, and his legs. She squeezed his ass again, savoring the firm tension right there.

“Yeah, this is what I’m going to do with you,” she said, lightly brushing one fingertip over the curve of his behind. Then she stopped right in front of him. She kept her eyes aimed at his. He stared past her, more like a soldier or a guard at some museum.

But then, she touched him just above his knee. Her light, dainty fingertips began to slide up his thigh, moving closer and closer to his crotch.

“You like this?” Emily asked. “Be honest.”

“Yes and no,” he said, his voice trembling.

Emily didn’t think she would, but she enjoyed that. She liked that little note of worry in his voice. It must’ve been really frustrating for a liar to lose control over his voice. That, like every other part of him, now belonged to Emily.

Enjoying her easy access, she reached down and stroked his balls. Her fingers lightly glided over his skin, causing him to moan. He tried to hide it, to resist, to hold those sounds back, but he shivered and shook. Apparently, he couldn’t control those movements.

Good. Emily loved the way he tried to hold out. Even the power of her command wasn’t quite enough to keep him completely motionless.

With a mental shrug, Emily just smirked at her boyfriend. To think, sex had always been a weapon used against her, it seemed. But now, she loved the way his body began to respond. More than that, he clearly hated the way she touched him. He could feel good, but it was also so demeaning!

“How do you feel right now?”

“I like the way you’re touching me, but I also hate it,” he said, his voice ringing with perfect truth.

“Tell me more.”

His expression hardened again, though only for a moment before he began to relay the truth. “It feels really good when you touch me like this. That’s why I’m getting excited. But I also hate the fact that you have complete control over my body. I still can’t figure out a way to make this stop.”

Emily leaned forward. She straightened her back and raised herself up onto her toes. “And you’re not going to,” she whispered into his ear. “You belong to me now. Just accept it. You don’t need to fight. This is how the world is going to work from now on.” Emily didn’t technically know whether or not that was true. So she decided to add, “This is how your world will always work.”

“I’m not a slave,” he said.

She clicked her tongue. “Be honest.”

“I am a slave,” he said.

Emily stepped back and clapped her hands together. “Yes! You are. You are a good slave boy. And that’s why you stand here, naked in front of me.”

Emily threw herself at him. She pressed her chest into his. Wrapping one arm around his waist, she pulled him close, holding him tight. With her free limb, she reached down for his cock. She wrapped her fingers around his manhood.

This had been the symbol of his power for such a long time. Now it was the source of his weakness.

Boys. As far as Emily was concerned, boys everywhere should be enslaved. They needed strong women to control them.

The world would be such a better place, she thought. Maybe not for the boys, but Emily didn’t worry about that.

Her fingers wrapped around his shaft, moving up and down. Her palm glided slightly along his erection. Then she leaned upward and kissed him again. He stared back at her, his expression tight with frustration at least until she said, "Kiss me."

He surrendered.

The instincts took hold of him, seizing control of his body and forcing his compliance. Like a good slave, he kissed his owner, pressing his mouth into hers. He worshiped her, gentle kisses followed by firm presses of his lips along her mouth. Their tongues teased one another, and he started to moan. He couldn't help himself, not when the sounds originated from deep within his chest.

"You want an orgasm, don't you?" She spoke clinically, like this was a treat an animal at the zoo might receive.

"Yes, came the answer, stretched and tight with need.

"Good."

She kissed him some more, savoring the taste of his mouth and the heat of his body. By this point, she was extremely wet, especially after all the time he spent with his mouth between her inner thighs. But now, Emily could feel that aroused tension spread through her body once more.

Oh yes, she would get off. Again and again if that's what it took. For the moment, however, she just played with him. She toyed with him, the same way a cat might bat a mouse between her paws.

"Get down on the bed. I want you on your knees. Hold your hands behind your back. Keep your shoulders straight."

"What?" Daniel asked, but his confusion didn't allow for any sort of hesitation. After all, that part of his brain that only obeyed women knew exactly what to do. He climbed up onto the bed. He straightened his back and rolled his shoulders. He crossed his wrists and waited like an obedient slave.

"Very good," she said. Emily pulled herself up onto the mattress as well. She smiled, her expression locked with lust.

"I want to examine you now," she said. "I want to inspect my property."

"I'm not property," he said. Apparently, stoicism wasn't working, so he decided to argue with her.

Emily didn't mind. It was fun watching him try to struggle, if only verbally.

"You're not?" asked his girlfriend with mock confusion. "Are you sure about that? Because you sure are behaving like a slave. And what is a slave again? Oh, that's right. *He's* property."

She picked her words carefully, a quick little micro-aggression that made her boyfriend flinch.

She stroked his shaft again, teasing him, watching as the tension played out along his face. He had never experienced this kind of helpless frustration before. He had never known what it was like to feel both aroused and helpless at the same time.

He didn't like it.

Too bad.

"On your hands and knees. Back straight, ass up, chin raised," she ordered.

Daniel didn't move. In fact, he stared at her, one corner of his mouth rising into a knowing smirk.

For a second, Emily started to worry, thinking maybe he had somehow figured out how to fight her control.

But then she realized her mistake. "Get down on your hands and knees, slave. Straighten your back, lift your ass and raise your chin!"

This time, he obeyed at once.

That little spike of adrenaline began to fade from her veins. She exhaled slowly, making sure that her boyfriend couldn't see. It wouldn't be good for the slave to realize just how close she had come to losing her confidence.

For just a second, she pictured what might happen if Daniel ever did figure out how to break her hold over him. The thought excited her, yet it also jabbed her with a dose of fear. That's why she came up behind him and smacked his ass. "Even if you don't feel you have to obey me, you probably should." Her hand flew down again, striking harder this time. She put all of her strength and fury into her arm. She pumped energy hard into her shoulder, making sure that with every strike against his ass, he was pushed forward, if only for a second. More than that, she watched as his skin started to turn a shade of pink, then red.

Not only that, his eyes began to water.

He was on the verge of tears!

Emily waited for some echo of guilt. She didn't feel it, not when she knew just how aggressive a guy like Daniel could be, especially because he had been enslaved. All of that toxic masculinity would be pent up, just waiting for a chance to get out.

She would have to tame him first, both with her newfound power, but also by breaking his spirit. She smirked at the idea. She ran her fingernails along his skin. Then she began to circle him again. "Lovely," she said, squeezing his cock just once. From there, she stroked his chest. She savored the curves of his body, the lines of his form.

To her, Daniel was like a sculpture, especially when posed this way.

"You know, if you cooperate with me, you might enjoy being a slave. I'm going to be very generous with you, Daniel."

"Emily, please stop this. Please, you know this can't last."

"Do I know that?"

She came up behind him and spanked his ass again. She didn't stop with just one, however. Her palm pounded down against his backside until he yelped adorably. Hearing him gasp and whimper only added to the arousal already hot in her body.

"Think about it, Daniel. We don't know what is causing this. I'm willing to wager it's permanent." Then she leaned in, her breath hot against the curves of his inner ear. "And even if it's not, I'm pretty sure I can break you before anyone could find a cure."

His eyes widened, perhaps because he sensed the truth of what she said to him.

This was Emily they were talking about, after all. Usually, she was nice, but she was also determined. Whenever she set her mind on something, she achieved her goals. Why would Daniel be any different?

"Oh, are you getting scared? Good. Because you should be," she told him.

Daniel started to shake his head, but then she told him to stop. So of course, he obeyed.

Then she went back to her black bag. She looked at him, posed just like a model for a statue. She loved that site of abject, male surrender.

“You know, this is probably happening to all of your friends right now.”

“What, what do you mean?”

“Well, don’t most of the guys in your group have girlfriends? They’re going to figure all of this out. They’re going to say something, and the boy will obey, and the girl will start to notice, and then he will be enslaved, just like you.”

“No. I’m sure that’s not true,” he said, only his voice quaked with uncertainty.

Emily reached out and touched his hair, stroking him. Under some other circumstance, perhaps that gesture would have been reassuring. But right then, it was nothing but patronizing, and they both knew it.

“Yes, it’s true. Girls are smart, a lot smarter than boys. We are going to figure it out, and we will make sure that you all have to obey.”

This time, Daniel couldn’t contradict her. Maybe, deep down, he knew that she wasn’t only teasing him; she was telling the truth.

Emily opened the plastic bag. She took out the harness, the dildo, and the straps. She set the restraints, excited, decided she would play with those later. Right then, however, she unzipped to the side of her dress, letting it fall away. She remained just within her slave boy’s line of sight.

Deciding to be stubborn, Daniel didn’t look even though his body ached for the chance to see her naked again. After everything, he was so desperately horny. The arousal pounded into him, one pulse of desire after another.

But he knew what was going to come next. He had purchased everything she would need.

To think, this had technically been his idea.

He felt like a fool.

Then again, what could he have done differently? She told him to tell the truth...

Daniel never imagined that he would be trapped by the whims of some girl. He never pictured a scenario where she would be able to order him around, taking control with just a breath of air.

“Look at me,” she commanded.

At once, he turned his head.

Emily had discarded her dress. She still wore her bra, but now she had on the harness and the dildo stuck out, an artificial erection ready to be used...*on him*.

“Stay still,” she said. She came up to him even as he thrashed against his mental bonds. Daniel fought as hard as he could, channeling every ounce of free will he possessed. He told himself that he just had to move an arm or leg. That was all. If he could break her hold for a second, then he could do it again and again and again, eventually freeing himself.

Or so he believed.

Ultimately, it didn't matter because his arms didn't twitch. His legs didn't kick out. He couldn't even lift a finger. She came up to him.

“Oh, look at that. You probably want some lubricant, so you're going to bow your head down and suck on this,” she said.

“No!” Daniel managed to call out, his eyes getting bigger.

Too late, she had already issued the command, his body heard it. That's why he bowed his head down. He opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around the rubber phallus. He started to suck on it, just as Emily had wanted.

Just watching him was enough to turn her on, to send fresh waves of desire hot through her nubile body.

She had watched him bob his head down and up when he went down on her. This was a different kind of humiliation for her boyfriend, which she knew he richly deserved after all the lies he had told her.

“Stop,” she said.

At once, he jerked his head back up, though he still remained on his hands and knees. Maybe he could have tried to stand, but what would be the point when she would just order him into whatever spot she preferred anyway?

“How did that make you feel? Be honest.”

“It was shameful,” he said. “I shouldn’t have to suck on your dildo!” His voice rose, getting louder as he replayed the indignity.

“Oh, I don’t think it was shameful. I think you should be grateful. I think you should look at me and say thank you for the privilege.”

She didn’t technically word those phrases as a command, so his eyes just got big as he glared at her. His expression was hot with exasperation, like he couldn’t even believe what he heard.

“Do it,” she said, just a whisper.

But because he heard those words, he lost control again. “Thank you for letting me suck on your dildo. Thank you. I’m very grateful for the privilege.” It still didn’t matter that he fought as hard as he could.

His lips moved, almost on their own.

“Since you’re so grateful, do it again.” She put her hand on the back of his head and forced him down again. He started sucking some more, his lips and tongue working eagerly on the artificial shaft.

Emily watched him for another minute or so. Then she grabbed him by his hair and forced him back up. “Get on your hands and knees.”

“Please, please don’t do this. Please, I can’t have sex, not like this!”

“But wasn’t this exactly what you wanted? You wanted to come in here with me. You wanted me to make you obey.”

“No!” Daniel practically squealed his answer, but Emily was no longer paying attention. She positioned herself behind him. She put one hand on his buttocks. She separated his cheeks slightly as she pushed forward, bringing the tip of her dildo closer and closer to his opening.

“You’ve never been penetrated like this before, have you?”

“No!”

“Tell me how it feels.”

“It’s cold and wet,” he said just as she started to push the dildo into his opening.

As a boy, he had never imagined that a girl would take him like this. To him, it hadn’t even been an impossibility: it was simply

something he would never think of. But now it was happening. She had her hands on his hips, and she guided her pelvis forward. In doing so, she pushed the dildo deep into his opening.

“This is what you wanted. You wanted to get fucked,” she said, purring through those words. There was something about having this kind of control. It was addictive!

Maybe for the first time, Emily could understand why boys were so obsessed with sex. If it meant that they could have this kind of power, then maybe they were right to crave it all the time. Of course, boys would now be the ones on their backs and stomachs, getting taken by the whims of their girlfriends.

He was fighting her, she realized. “Relax,” she commanded.

At once, the walls of his ass loosened, making it much easier for her to penetrate him.

A wicked smile spread across her lips as she pushed herself forward, all the way in. She buried the dildo deep in his tight ass.

Once she had the dildo deep inside of him, she leaned in some more, wrapping her arms around his waist. She braced her chin just beside his spine. “Daniel, I can do this to you whenever I want because you belong to me. Isn’t that right?”

Again, it wasn’t a command. He didn’t need to say anything, yet he already understood that the one way to get this to stop was by playing her game and giving her everything she wanted.

That was how their relationship worked now.

As far as Emily was concerned, this was how their relationship would always work from now on. She had no intention of letting go. Why would she?

Those thoughts swam through her head as she started pumping him again, working her hips forward and back. She loved grinding against him. Not only that, she reached for his cock. She held his erect shaft in her hand. This was it, owning him so completely that she could keep his most valuable part between her fingers.

“Say it.”

“I’m your slave!”

“Say it again.”

“I’m your slave! I, I belong to you! I’m yours! I’m your slave!”

“That’s right,” she replied, her voice jagged and harsh. Then she started laughing, more like a little girl than anything else. Those giggles vibrated through his body as she pumped him, harder, faster, deeper, just because she could.

Finally, she yanked her dildo free.

“Massage me,” she said as she crawled over toward her pillows.

She slid forward and lowered herself down onto the mattress. The sheets felt cool, especially against her hot, slightly damp skin. Fucking her boyfriend like that had been a lot harder than she thought. She smiled for a second, thinking about how she should probably have been more appreciative of what it took for a guy to pound away into his girlfriend.

Oh well, she figured he deserved it.

At once, he started to massage her, his fingers lightly tracing the sensitive curves of the back of her neck, down toward her shoulder blades, then to the small of her back.

“Good boy,” she said.

Back when they had been equals as boyfriend and girlfriend, Emily almost hated the way he had massaged her for one simple reason. He didn’t like doing it, so he would stroke her for a few seconds and then announce he was done. Half the time, he would expect her to give *him* a massage.

And like a good girlfriend, Emily would always take her time, making sure that he relaxed. She would massage him for twenty, thirty, sometimes even forty minutes. Maybe the radio would be playing in the background or she might have her phone out. She could swipe at the screen with one finger while she used her free hand to pet him.

Eventually, he would always fall asleep, and she would marvel at just how sweet he looked, all relaxed and sedate. In those moments, she could understand why she was in love with him.

What about now?

Emily had her eyes closed, and her expression didn’t shift, but she still had that question. Did she love her slave?

She was upset with him, especially considering what he had said. He called her a hot piece of ass. He basically admitted that he was only in their relationship for sex.

Her nostrils flared at the prospect, but she decided she could keep him. She could train him, force him to obey. More than that, she could probably retrain his feelings.

She smirked at the prospect, wondering if she could tell him to fall in love with her. He had followed every other command. What about that one?

It was a fascinating prospect, but Emily decided she didn't want to mess with it. If anything, she liked knowing that he hated this. Even right then, as he massaged her, he must have remained horny.

Sure enough, Emily rolled over. She exposed her side to him as she glanced between his legs. His cock remained erect and firm. Even after nearly twenty minutes, his shaft hadn't softened.

"How did you feel when I took you?" Emily asked, almost giggling at that euphemism.

She liked "taking" him.

"I didn't like it. I didn't want to feel like a girl!"

Oh, that made Emily laugh! Eyes wide, she lifted her head and giggled uncontrollably. He didn't want to feel like a girl? Well, he had better get used to it.

After a few more seconds of chortling, she lowered her chin back down to the mattress. She relaxed as his fingers deftly continued their work.

"Little bit softer," she said.

He obeyed at once, his fingers lightly grazing the curves of her skin.

"After this, I think we should have sex again," she told him. "But you know, I think I might be getting a little bit hungry. Maybe you should go make me a sandwich."

"I am not going to make you a sandwich," he growled.

A sandwich. That had been a joke in their relationship for a long time. He always liked to tease her by telling her to get in the kitchen to make him a sandwich. It had been trite and sexist, kind of adorable and always annoying.

Just because she could, Emily rolled over. “Go to the kitchen, make me a sandwich. Bring it back to me on a tray with a little bag of chips and a glass of juice.”

“I’m not going to do it,” he began to say, only to stop for the simple reason that he had started to move. He slipped off of the mattress and walked back through her apartment. Still naked, he went into the kitchen.

Like a good little house slave, he started to prepare her meal. Emily liked imagining him scuttling about, pulling out the bread and a plate, pouring her juice, peeling off a piece of ham from the package in the fridge.

Yes, a girl could definitely get used to this.

A few minutes later, he came back. Emily sat up, and she started to eat her sandwich, all while he watched. “This isn’t bad. I think you’ll need to put a little bit less mayonnaise on it next time.”

“There won’t be a next time,” he vowed.

“What makes you so sure?”

Daniel had to stop. He didn’t have any particular reason to think that he might win his freedom. Even so, he stubbornly clung to the hope that he wouldn’t have to obey her for much longer.

“You know, even if someone does figure out a cure, who says you would want to take it?” Emily asked between bites.

“What, what do you mean?”

“Daniel, if anyone ever offers you a cure, say no.”

His eyes got big. He instantly understood what she had done.

“No! You can’t do this!”

Emily batted her eyes flirtatiously. “Yeah, I can. And you know how you can tell?” She whispered her answer, breathing it out slowly, forcing him to focus on her voice and to soak in her every syllable.

“Because I just did.”

He took a breath, getting ready to say something else. Before he had the chance, she touched a finger to his mouth. She silenced him. “Shush.” Apparently, that was good enough because he stopped talking. Even as his eyes widened, Daniel didn’t say anything else.

“You know what you need to do right now, don’t you? You need to lay down on your back so that I can ride you. You’re going to

be my pet. You're going to be my pony. I want to mount you, Daniel."

He shook his head, but she didn't phrase anything as a command. There were promises and declarations, but no explicit imperatives.

"Show me that you can obey."

No. He refused. Despite everything Daniel had already endured, he wouldn't give her the satisfaction of watching him surrender.

"Lay down. Spread your arms and legs."

There. That did it.

Daniel lost control over his body. She stole it, so he fell onto his back. He spread his arms and legs. His cock remained hard and it pointed toward the ceiling.

"I'm going to touch you. I'm going to tease you. Now, you will tell me when you want me to mount you. You're also going to promise that you want to be my slave. Because if you don't, I will just tease you. And if I get really bored, I might just sit on your face and make you pleasure me again." Emily giggled. "Or maybe I will just do that anyway."

She reached up, sliding her fingers through her hair before she reached down.

Her fingers brushed along his scrotum, up to the base of his shaft, along his length, all the way to his tip. When she squeezed gently, it was almost enough to get him off. Almost.

Emily was a good girlfriend, so she knew exactly what her boyfriend needed. Even as she taunted him, stroking and caressing his genitals, she admired that little glistening droplet of excitement at the end of his shaft. She knew precisely what he needed, what he craved, what he would do anything to achieve.

And yet, Daniel tried to hold out. Over and over again, he told himself that he could do this, that he was strong enough. After all, he was supposed to be a real man. His determination should have protected him.

But then, she leaned down, and she brushed her left nipple over his cock, then her right. She massaged him with her breasts. Under normal circumstances, this would have been embarrassing for

her, one more way for a girl to demean herself sexually for the satisfaction of her boyfriend.

Under these circumstances, however, she loved the way he moaned, how he groaned.

His body was tight with need. At any moment, he might break. In some ways, she toyed with him as though he were nothing but a slot machine. She could pull or tug, tease and mock. Eventually, he would break, which would mean begging for the chance to be her slave. She expected to hear those words at any moment.

Still determined, Daniel told himself he would not give up. He made one promise after another.

Simultaneously, he tried to get a hold of himself. Maybe he could think of something else, something that wasn't sexual or erotic, then he would be able to turn her attention into nothing but meaningless stimulation.

"Look at me," she said. "You're not going to be able to hide. You can't." She smirked.

She hadn't even bothered to tie him down, and yet he remained trapped, his arms and legs spread, his chest exposed.

She gave up on teasing his cock, at least for the moment. She slipped forward and dragged her fingernails along his skin. He shivered, his nipples hardening. Daniel couldn't help himself, not when it felt this good. Then she kissed the side of his neck. From there, she moved up, brushing her lips over his mouth, the tip of his nose, all the way to the spot between his eyes.

"Suck my breast," she ordered, lowering her right nipple down to his lips.

Her perky nipples right there in front of him, stiffly pointed, practically begging for his attention.

Even if she hadn't phrased her comment as a command, Daniel would have had an incredibly difficult time resisting the temptation. But now, she didn't give him a choice. He raised his head and latched on. He started to suck on her nipple. Grazing it with his teeth, Daniel sucked firmly.

Emily loved it. The fresh stimulation made her shiver. Little bumps ran up and down her arms. Damn. This was incredible. More

than anything, she savored the simple fact that she was in charge here. That control was the greatest intoxicant of all.

Practically drunk on her power, she switched. This time, she didn't even tell him to suck on her. He just did it, as though he couldn't help himself.

That was what she liked to see. She wanted to know that this boy had no chance, that he couldn't fight her or resist her.

In the end, she was going to win. And even if she had only been enjoying these powers for a few hours, they felt completely right and natural.

"Are you ready to beg yet?" Emily asked, pulling her wet breast away from his mouth.

His lips moved, but he still couldn't seem to say anything.

Finally, she became impatient. She would break him, obviously, but she didn't want to wait any longer. "Beg to be my slave."

"Please, may I be your slave? I need you to own me. Please, own me!"

"Does this mean I've mastered you?" Emily asked.

Daniel blinked a couple of times. At this point, he had control over what he said.

"Never," he growled back at her. Those two syllables reverberated through his body, a reminder that he was still in control of a few things.

"Always," she said. "Say it."

"Yes. You've mastered me. You can always master me!"

With those words still ringing in her ears, Emily pulled herself up. She spread her legs. She leaned to down and slowly lowered herself onto his shaft. She felt the tip of his erection, so hard. "Not yet. You don't climax until I give you permission." Emily didn't know if her voice would have the authority to override natural instinct. In any case, she was about to find out...

Inch by inch, Emily gloried in the sensations rocking through her body. She loved taking him, just like this. After all, his cock was so important to Daniel. He valued it as his most precious body part. But now, it felt as though it belonged to her.

“This is what you wanted, wasn’t it? You wanted to bring me in here so you could make me obey? Wasn’t that it?” She flipped her hair back, laughing at him all the while.

When her eyes locked on his face, she reveled in that frustrated expression. He was a poor, pouty boy. He hated and loved this is equal measure. He had probably never been so aroused before...and yet, he had no control.

Distantly, Emily began to wonder how many men enjoyed sex for the simple control it could offer. So many guys probably fantasized about grabbing girls, forcing them down onto their stomachs or backs, taking what they wanted...

It would be amazing.

And for the first time, Emily really seemed to empathize with those men. Granted, if this was the new normal in Crystal Canyon, then perhaps those boys might end up as playthings in those fantasies, just like her Daniel.

She began to rock her hips. She rubbed herself on his cock as she moved, down and up. She took her time at first, setting a gentle cadence. But after a few seconds, another rush of heartbeats, Emily started to speed up.

Damn. It felt incredible. She loved the friction of his body against hers. She loved enveloping his cock and using him like a sex toy. At this point, Daniel really was nothing but a human dildo.

“You’re mine,” she said.

“I’m never, never going to be your slave,” he said.

“Apologize. Keep apologizing until I come,” she said, giggling as the idea occurred to her.

“I’m sorry. Please, I’m so sorry. I have been a terrible boyfriend. You deserve better. I will work so hard to make you happy. I will try to be better for you. You deserve better! I’m sorry. I’m so sorry!”

She fucked her apologetic boyfriend, except Emily never imagined she might be turned on by something like this. It wasn’t his faking guilt or the words he chose. It was simply the fact that she was in charge. He had become her inferior.

Inferior. Oh, she liked that word.

His subjugation felt so right, so natural. Her fingers pushed down into his shoulders as she leaned forward. She used him, claiming him. All the while, he kept babbling, issuing one apology after another. Daniel simply couldn't help himself. There was no way for this young man to fight her influence or her control.

Then she bit his earlobe. She dragged her teeth along his sensitive skin, forcing him to arch his back. "Now you can come," she said.

Sure enough, she did have control over his instincts. Biological functions belonged to her, it seemed. And now that she granted him permission, his shaft began to pulsate as he came. He was practically shouting now, his breath coming in uneven gasps. She kissed him hard on the mouth as her own orgasm exploded through her body.

Delicious pleasure rampaged through her nervous system, singing along every inch of her body. Hot, damp, ready for more, she kept riding him harder and faster until they were both spent.

With nothing left, she rolled off of her boyfriend.

"That was amazing," she said.

Daniel had to get away.

So long as he was in the same room with Emily, he was vulnerable.

Just a couple of hours before this, he would have laughed at the prospect that a girl could order him around. It seemed so impossible, yet he experienced it time and time again.

Part of him wanted to believe that there would be a researcher somewhere out in the world who could find a cure for this. Or maybe it was just temporary. Maybe he could shake it off.

That was never going to happen while he remained with Emily.

She ordered him down onto his back. She told him to spread his arms and legs. He remained in that same position, only now she was curled up on his chest. Eyes closed, she breathed steadily, making him think that she had fallen asleep.

For a long time, Daniel couldn't bring himself to make a sound. If she had fallen asleep, then he didn't want to wake her. She

might tell him to stay on the floor or something. She hadn't given him any long-term commands about how he had to stay in her apartment or anything, which meant that he might be able to escape. He just had to grab the keys to his car and get back to his vehicle. From there, he could roll up the windows and blast the radio, ensuring that he wouldn't hear anything any woman had to say.

First, he tested his freedom. It should have been simple and easy, but Daniel needed to determine whether or not he would be able to move his arms or legs at this point. He started to flex his fingertips.

It worked!

He turned his head and raised his hand a quarter of an inch off of the bed.

Triumphant, he grinned. He actually had to suppress the urge to kick out with his feet or slap his hands together.

If he did anything like that, however, he would certainly wake up his girlfriend.

Determined not to make a mistake, Daniel instead looked down at his girl. Normally, sleeping with her like this would have felt pretty nice. She was warm and the steady sounds of her breathing were comforting.

But the moment she woke up, she would exert her control again.

How could he get her off? How could he extricate himself from her tangle of arms?

After thinking about it for a couple of minutes, Daniel came to one conclusion: he just had to move her. He could pick her up gently, readjust her position, and then he would be free to roll off the bed and rush back to his car.

His heart started to beat a little bit faster. He worried this might be enough to wake her. Counting out the seconds, he adjusted her left arm, then her right. From there, he began to slide his way out from beneath her cheek. He also grabbed the pillow, slipping it beneath her so that she wouldn't fall into some uncomfortable position.

Pretty soon, he was out from under her!

Daniel resisted the urge to make a sound. He slipped off of the mattress, going slowly, doing everything he could to keep from waking his girlfriend. He stepped onto the carpeted floor, and he began to make his way toward the door.

A few more feet. Just a few more feet!

Soon, he would be back in the living room. He could grab his clothing, his wallet, his cell phone. From there, he just had to get outside.

After that, he would break into a run. He didn't care if he looked foolish as he sprinted back to his car.

He reached down and touched the doorknob. He turned it slowly, careful to keep it from squeaking.

"Where do you think you're going?" Emily asked.

Daniel flinched, his shoulders bunching up around his neck. He turned around and saw her watching him. She had her cheek resting against one knuckle. She was still naked, but she didn't seem to mind or care. After all, nudity no longer felt like a disadvantage for this young woman.

"You're awake," he said.

"Obviously!" She grinned back at him. "But you didn't answer my question. Where are you going?"

"Nowhere," he said.

"Tell the truth. Where were you going?"

He noticed her use of the past tense. Since she phrased those words as a command, he had to answer truthfully. "I was going to leave. I wanted to get in my car and drive away."

"Oh, so you thought you could escape?"

"I wasn't trying to escape," he said, his voice speeding up.

"Tell the truth," she ordered. "Were you trying to escape?"

"Yes, I was trying to escape," he answered automatically, unable to lie or deceive.

"Oh, and why would you want to do a thing like that?"

"Because you're enslaving me!"

"Be honest. What is it about slavery that scares you so much?" Emily demanded.

"I'm scared of belonging to you," he said. Because of her command, he had to tell the truth. He always had to tell the truth.

“And why would you be scared of belonging to me?” Emily asked. She never would have expected this, yet she somehow savored his nervous energy. His trepidation, his worry, it all excited her. She loved knowing that she could do whatever she wanted; she could take whatever she liked.

Daniel couldn't stop her.

This was how things were meant to be, she decided. This was the new natural order, and she loved it!

“No. I'm not going to say it,” he said.

“Be honest. Tell me what scares you about belonging to me. Because let's face it, Daniel. You do belong to me. I have said it and you have said it. It's true.” When she grinned, she revealed the white edges of her teeth.

“I'm worried you're going to treat me the way I treated you,” he said. The words were forced from his mouth. He couldn't stop them. It was an act of nature, biology turning against what little willpower he possessed.

“Oh,” she said, stretching out that one word. “I see.” Emily considered him for a few more seconds. “Well, you are probably right to be scared. In fact, let's show you exactly how nervous you should be.”

Emily went back to the black, plastic bag. There was something in particular she expected to find, something that Daniel didn't expect.

She took out another box, only he didn't recognize it. Why not?

“I told you to forget about this,” she said. “I wanted to experiment with your memory.”

“What?”

Daniel truly didn't understand.

“You know what is so great about my authority? Well, I can control your memories. When I tell you to forget about something, you lose the memory. I don't know if it is just blocked off or genuinely destroyed, but this means I have even more power than I thought.” She reveled in that look of horror as it spread across his handsome face.

How could a frightened boy be so sexy?

“Lay down. Close your eyes.”

She slipped off of the bed. She watched as he came toward her. He took halting, almost mechanical steps. He seemed more like a robot who barely knew how to walk. That was fine with Emily. He could fight and resist this all he liked. They both knew it wouldn't make the slightest difference.

Soon, he found himself down on his back again, his arms and legs spread.

“You know, I think I do want to play a little game.”

“What? What game?” Daniel did his best to not to stutter through his question.

“I'm going to tie you down. Afterward, I'm going to give you the chance to try to escape. If you can get up on your own, then I will release you, Daniel. I will let you go. You can run off and be a stray boy.”

A stray boy. She made him sound like a dog.

As Emily considered her boy, she nodded to herself, thinking that the term seemed to fit. In any case, she tilted her head to the side. “What do you think of that? This could be a real opportunity for you. If you can get up, you can run away. You can go off and do whatever you want. Maybe you should go find yourself a bunker somewhere and seek to hide from all of the big, scary women in the world.”

“I just have to get off?”

“That's right,” Emily said.

“And you're not going to tell me to stay here or fail or anything?”

Emily burst out laughing. “Oh, that's funny! You're scared that I'm going to give you an opportunity, only to rig the game?”

He nodded his head down and up. The shallow little movement belied his worries.

“No, Daniel. I promise, I'm not going to cheat during the game. I just want to watch you struggle.”

“You want to watch me fail,” he said.

“That too,” she said with a little giggle. “Fine,” he said. “It's not like I have a choice.”

“No, you really don't.”

The restraints from the sex shop came in a neat little white box. The clasps looked fairly simple, nothing more complicated than what you might use on a belt. Emily nodded to herself as she checked everything out, making sure she had it down. Then she looped one strap around a bedpost before she secured the other side to his right wrist. She did the same thing with his left. After that, it didn't take long to tie his feet to the corners of the bed as well.

For just a few seconds, Emily basked in the sight of this young man. Just yesterday, he had been so intensely powerful. Young and reasonably wealthy, he could walk into any room, and people would listen to him. They would assume that he deserved authority.

They all succumb in the end, Emily decided.

Briefly, she wondered exactly how society would change. For so long, men had been in charge. Over the course of centuries, if not millennia, males had been able to exert their will in virtually every society. But now, there was this new, fundamental shift. If men could no longer say no or resist, what would happen to them? How would society change? The standards of beauty would obviously be different. Now, men would have to work harder. They would have to busy themselves to please their superiors.

And of course, their superiors would all be women.

She grinned at all these thoughts.

"What?" Daniel asked with a just a flash of his old arrogance. He was brave enough to try to talk to her.

"Isn't it obvious?" Emily asked.

"No!"

"Don't worry about it. You're just a boy. I was having some rather deep and important thoughts." She grinned again, savoring that look of frustration on his face. It wasn't fair that he didn't get to hear what she was thinking or that he would be patronized like that.

But this wasn't about fairness. It was about the new rules of society.

"You may start struggling whenever you like," she said to him.

Daniel realized that she had intentionally given him the opportunity to decide when he would begin moving. At first, he kept

his eyes closed. He thought back to his time playing football in high school. Back then, his coach always insisted that they never rush. They always need to be mindful of their actions. The guy had been kind of a hippie that way. Intention mattered, he insisted again and again. Focus was key.

Holding onto those lessons, Daniel breathed in and out. His chest rose and fell.

Strangely enough, Emily actually enjoyed this. She could practically see the gears turning behind his eyes. She wanted to see exactly how he would react.

Exhaling out, he didn't start to buckk or thrash. He didn't try to wildly punch or kick his way free.

Instead, he turned around, shifting his weight as much as he could so that he had the chance to look up at his right strap, then his left.

Daniel examined the bonds. Really, they were just simple shackles, a combination of padded leather and metal. He pulled his fingers as closely together as he could. He tried to make his hand as narrow as possible.

Smart.

"Interesting. When you lose all control, you start thinking," she said with another condescending smirk. "I don't think it's going to help you."

Daniel ignored her as he began to rotate his hand as much as he could. This was all about dexterity. He needed to slip free. He already knew he wouldn't be able to just blindly rip or tear through leather, especially because he suspected that the restraints came with reinforced metal bands.

Gently, he started to pull.

"The joint is usually more interesting?" Emily asked. Boredom started to pace her words.

Daniel ignored her again. That was probably a mistake. After all, this was a game to her. It might mean the difference between freedom and captivity for Daniel, but to his girlfriend, this was just one more way for her to tease her toy boy.

When he didn't say anything, she opened up the other package.

“Keep trying to get away. I don’t mind,” she said.

As he worked at the bonds, consciously ignoring her, Emily checked the new package. She opened it and examined the instructions. They were pretty straightforward. Once she put this on him, he would be desperate.

She liked that.

“Do you know what I like best about your new position as my slave? You are going to be subservient, but this means you will have all of the weaknesses girls have had to deal with forever, plus the traditional disadvantages of being a boy.”

Daniel still refused to acknowledge anything she said. He didn’t want to encourage her. More than that, he knew she could change her mind at any moment. As he tried to work himself free, Emily decided to distract him in another way. Since she already had her toy prepared, she began to brush her fingertips over his shaft.

His manhood hardened almost immediately. She watched as his erection lifted its way, aiming the tip of his member toward the ceiling.

Emily adored the way he reacted, just as she had expected. Boys. They could be so easy to manipulate.

“I’m wondering, how long do you think it will be before every woman decides that she wants to have a slave? How long before the idea of men having rights sounds like an absurdity?”

“No,” he said, growling back at her for the first time.

“What’s wrong? You sound frustrated,” she teased. Even as those mocking syllables smacked him, Emily continued to stroke his shaft. Gentle caresses kept him stiff as he tried to work. Of course, that became progressively more difficult. He couldn’t think clearly, not with the desires spinning through his body. His heart rate sped up, and he had to focus on his breathing.

“It’s okay. I know you’re trying to think really hard, and it’s difficult because you’re a boy. You get distracted. You see something pretty, and you have a hard time concentrating. Isn’t that right?”

“Screw you,” he growled.

“Such inappropriate language, and from a boy, no less.” Emily smirked, thinking of something from one of her history classes. “You know what I really like about this? There were so many different

ways men oppressed women, and most of them sounded like good things.”

Daniel went back to ignoring her. It wasn't like he had any choice. Without knowing how much time remained, he needed to stay focused on the restraints, on freeing just one hand.

If he could get one hand free, then he would be able to free his other limbs, and she would have to let him go!

“Back in the day, girls were told that they had to be ‘ladylike’. This, of course, was just a euphemism for weak. That’s right. Little girls were put in frilly, overly elaborate dresses and told not to run around. Boys could mess up their clothing, they could explore, and they could develop the confidence they needed to run the world, but girls had to sit back and wait for someone to come take care of them. It wasn’t right. It wasn’t fair.”

He perked up at that last part. “But you think this is?”

“Yes,” she said simply. “Payback is always fair.”

“You’re a hypocrite,” he growled at her.

And just a then, as he turned his attention back to her, his hand somehow finally, slipped free from the restraint. The leather scraped some skin off of his hand as he pulled it free, but Daniel didn’t care. If anything, he welcomed that pain.

Emily seemed impassive as her slave boy immediately reached up toward the other strap.

“I didn’t. I got free,” he said, nearly breathless. “This means you have to let me go! You promised!”

Daniel slipped off of the bed. He was naked and he didn’t even care. His erection stood up, again promising how much some part of him craved more attention from this beautiful girl. Even so, he immediately rushed back toward the door. He put his fingers to the handle. He turned it and practically leaped across the threshold.

On the floor in the living room, he found his clothing. He picked up his pants and boxers. He pulled them on quickly, all while anxiety scratched at the back of his mind.

But he had done it. He had escaped the restraints, so she had to let him go!

Just before he could race toward the front door, she called out, “Wait a second.”

Still naked, she reappeared in the hallway. “You remember what girls are great at doing?”

And Daniel shouldn’t have stopped. He should have kept going. He could have jumped back out into the fresh air, and that would have been it. He would have been free!

Instead, he stopped and turned around. “What?”

“Do you, Daniel, remember what girls are great at doing?”

“No,” he said truthfully.

He had already made his big mistake.

“We are great at changing our minds!”

Before Daniel could do anything, her voice rang out, crisp and clear and lovely as always.

“Stop.”

The boy froze.

Apparently, her command still allowed him to speak. “No. This isn’t fair. You said I could go if I got out of the restraints!”

“I did,” she said. “But I also changed my mind.” She started laughing at him. It was always so easy. He was nothing but a boy, after all.

Taking dainty and graceful steps, she practically danced through her apartment back toward the boy frozen near the front door. He had on his boxers and pants, but nothing else. He looked sweet, she thought. She dragged her fingernails along his chest.

His lips opened, then closed several times, probably because he didn’t know what to say. He had no idea how he should have reacted under the circumstances. Was he supposed to beg? Should he try something else?

Those questions kept him distracted even as she slid her hand back down into his pants. She cupped his balls in the palm of her hand. She loved the way he started to groan as her thumb stretched upward and pressed gently against of the base of his erection.

“It’s okay, Daniel. We both know that you didn’t really want to go outside anyway.”

“What?”

“This is probably my favorite part of traditional sexism,” she explained. “Men have always loved telling women what they really want. You know how guys tell themselves that they need to be persistent? Yeah, that is one of the grossest, most patronizing thoughts ever. If a girl says no to you, that means she doesn’t want to be your girlfriend. She’s not interested in you now, and she never will be. You don’t get points for asking her out again and again and again.”

Daniel barely understood. Her voice seemed to come from far away as she moved her hand up. The angle may have been awkward, yet Emily did an excellent job.

She knew exactly how to pleasure him, how to move her fingertips, how to glide her hand.

Within seconds, his thoughts fractured. But then, she wrapped her digits around his length, and then she tugged gently as she started to walk away. That’s right. She used his manhood as a leash. It seemed apt to her.

With a feral grin on her face, she brought him right back into the bedroom. “Lie down,” she ordered.

At once, he obeyed.

Daniel was going to say something, only she touched a finger to his lips and told him to be quiet. Again, the power of her voice compelled his obedience, immediately silencing him. He could no longer complain or argue because the girl didn’t want to hear it.

This was what made Emily marvel more than anything else. Usually, people listened to men. If you just take a moment and try to imagine what a hero or boss looks like, you’ll probably picture a male.

In Crystal Canyon, the boys wouldn’t be able to use their size or deep voices to get attention. A girl just had to tell them to be quiet, and that would be the end of it.

Perfect.

Emily tied him down again. Then she picked up her toy, the one he’d forgotten about. She didn’t want to ruin the surprise, so she told him to close his eyes. “I don’t want you to see what’s coming,” she said.

His eyelids dropped down, and he had no idea what she intended. Right then, Daniel struggled to remember. He couldn't recall her saying anything about buying an extra package or about forgetting it.

So what was this? What was going on?

Eventually, he could only growl in frustration, this petulant sound vibrating from his throat as he opened his mouth to reveal his teeth.

"Cute," she said. "I like it when you get upset."

Emily gently tugged on the ring as she admired the silicon edges. Inside, there were a series of small engines, electric powered vibrators. She stretched out the ring again, and then she slid down around his circumference. She watched as the realization hit him.

She had put a cock ring on him, one with built-in vibrators.

"Do you know what I just put on you?"

Daniel didn't say anything.

"Oh, it's okay. You see, I have this little controller right here, so you're going to enjoy this."

His eyes remained shut. "I bet you feel this," she said, immediately turning it up to maximum. The cock ring thrummed, vibrating against the base of his erection. As it did so, a groan of frustrated arousal pulsed deep within his chest. Daniel couldn't help himself.

Then she turned it down to its lowest setting. The vibrations were still there, teasing him, keeping him nice and hard and horny.

Pretty soon, Daniel started to struggle again. She had ordered him to lay down, yet he still tried to fight it. His muscles would flex, making it clear he wanted to get up, only something would hold him down. Emily knew exactly what kept in place: his obedience.

His weakness as a boy made sure he stayed right where she wanted him.

"How does that feel?"

"I don't like it," he said.

"Be honest. How does it feel?"

"It feels good."

With a big smile on her lips, Emily nodded. "Of course, it feels good. You're being turned on. Now, I'm pretty sure I've programmed

this thing correctly. I'm going to turn it on, and it is going to keep you nice and stimulated for the next couple of hours. And when I come back, I want to see if you have the strength to try to resist me."

"What, what do you mean?"

"Isn't it obvious, Daniel?" Emily asked.

He scrambled to think, to come up with some logical explanation. Nothing popped into his head, however.

"Okay, I will explain it to you because you aren't smart enough to figure it out on your own," she said. "I'm going to leave you here to wallow in your own desperation. All the while, you can think about one thing: my power over you. And this little toy is going to tease you and keep you desperate. You will ache for me. You will know that I am the only person who might grant you the relief you want. No one else will be able to do that for you because no one else will know you're here. I'm the only one, Daniel."

She tilted her head to the side as he absorbed those words. "Be honest. How does it make you feel?"

"Scared."

"Good."

Daniel listened to the commands.

Be quiet.

Lay there.

Stay still.

With those commands, she effectively trapped him within his own body, transforming it into a prison. He was trapped. This time, he couldn't even hope to escape the straps. They weren't holding him down. At this point, it was his own obedience, his inability to resist what she said and what she made him do.

At first, he believed that would be the most frustrating aspect of his captivity. But he was wrong.

When she first left, the vibrating ring barely teased him. It was a gentle caress, this pressure right there against the base of his cock. Only then, it started to speed up, gradually ratcheting up the sensations coursing through his stem.

His heart started to beat faster. In his opening moments, Daniel told himself that it wouldn't be a big deal. He didn't care. It

was only arousal. He had been horny before. Besides, Emily already had sex with him, so it wasn't like he'd been denied for hours or longer.

None of that helped.

The seconds drifted into minutes, and the minutes seemed to stretch on and on without any kind of terminal point.

For a little while, he managed to maintain his equilibrium. Daniel didn't get upset or frustrated. In fact, he didn't even make a sound. He was completely stoic as the device continued to tease his most sensitive spot.

But this couldn't last forever.

After just a short while, he started to struggle again. He could feel it, different cracks appearing in his psyche. Little by little, it wore away at his placid exterior.

Pretty soon, he started thinking of Emily again. He wanted to see her. In his first images, he fantasized about just talking to her. He would say something witty or charming, and he would be able to convince her to let him go. It would be easy, just a few words, and she would succumb.

But then he started to think about more than that.

What if she said no? What she argued with him?

Then he would need to show her that he was stronger, that he really was superior.

Ignoring the fact that any command issued by this girl could seize control of his body, he pictured himself grabbing her wrists and shoving her up against the wall. Taller than Emily, he would loom over her. He would look down into her eyes and see that mixture of fear and arousal. He would be able to take whatever he liked, and she wouldn't be able to stop him. More than that, she might even be grateful for it.

In his fantasy, she would try to struggle. She would fight, only to give up after a few halfhearted attempts to tear herself free. Eventually, she would understand that he was the man, so she should do whatever he wanted. It was her job to satisfy him.

In that same fantasy, she would argue even as he started to kiss her. But those articulated protests would give way to mumbled

moments of excitement. Then he would yank down her panties, and she would wrap her arms around him.

He would lift her up, and she would wrap her legs around his waist even as he shoved his cock deep into her waiting slit. He would pump her, hard and fast as he held her several feet off the ground.

In the real world, Daniel started to groan again. He couldn't help himself, not when images of his beautiful girlfriend kept straining through his mind. Not only that, he could practically feel her breasts beneath his fingertips. The phantom sensations were so alluring, siren calls to distract him from his need to remain calm.

Emily.

Just her name made him picture her face. Next, he started thinking of her on her knees. She might beg him for the chance to go down on him. She would lick her lips and stare up at him with big, eager eyes. She would be ready, willing to do anything. Instinctively, she would understand her place, and he would just have to put his hands to the sides of her head. He would take a hold of her hair and pull her forward.

No, that wasn't going to happen.

None of this was going to happen!

That reality made him grunt. Suddenly, he was struggling, kicking and thrashing about even as invisible bonds held him down. He couldn't really move, yet he could still flexes muscles. His body attempted to move, only to stop. It felt as though his body had become completely duplicitous, beginning to obey, only to stop at the last moment.

It wasn't fair!

Huffing, Daniel opened his mouth. He wanted to shout for her to come back. Even if he could, he already knew that it wouldn't do any good. Emily had no interest in talking to him. For all he knew, she wasn't even in the apartment any longer. She probably wandered off to go spend some time with her friends. Maybe she was out at a club.

And yet, the vibrating ring continued to work, teasing him with random intervals of stimulation. Hot lust seared his brain, making it harder and harder to think clearly.

He wasn't going to say anything. Only then, he tried, and his mouth refused to work. This only doubled his frustration. His eyes started to water, and he wished that he could hit something. He wanted to break it, to throw a tantrum and take control of his situation with violence.

Like some barbarian, he yearned to rampage, to pillage. He wanted to break something and then claim someone: Emily. In his wildest imagination, he could picture her with a collar around her neck. Maybe she would even be trapped behind the bars of a cage.

"What are you thinking about?"

Daniel opened his eyes. He turned his head and saw her. She stood there, wearing dark red panties and a matching bra. The light shimmered over the satin curves of her underwear. She looked amazing, her stomach flat, her long legs toned and trim. She had her arms crossed over her chest, which only sucked more of his attention toward her cleavage.

Despite all of this, Daniel refused to say anything.

"Tell me. What are you thinking about?" A second later, she remembered to add, "Be honest."

Be honest. She always said that. She always ensured that he told the truth.

Before, it had been so easy to lie, to dissemble, to equivocate and trick her. Over time, he could deceive her because she wanted to believe something that wasn't true anyway.

But now, Daniel arched his back as he tried to fight it. Almost immediately, he ended up telling the truth anyway. "I was thinking about enslaving you."

She answered him with giggles.

"Really? A boy thought he could enslave a girl? That's hilarious! You're really, really funny!" Chortles of laughter laced every word. When she strode forward she looked down at him again.

"From now on, always tell me the truth. You can never lie to me ever again," she said.

Daniel registered those words, and his eyes widened. Now he wouldn't be able to seek out a cure or tell anyone what she had done. Worse, she just tore away his last defense.

"Tell me. Do I own you?"

There. One question. It had an answer, one Daniel couldn't ignore or hide from because she always required the truth from her slave boy.

"Yes. You own me," he said, his voice trailing off into defeat.

"You see, Daniel," she said as she strolled over to her slave. She pulled herself up onto the mattress and dragged her fingertips down along his skin. She almost scratched him, and the sensations left little red lines along his body, tracks to prove she had been there.

Daniel belonged to her like conquered territory.

"You see, you are mine. You know it. You can feel it, even deep down. Your time as an independent man is over. You don't get to make your own decisions. You don't get your own desires. I'm going to tell you what you want. From now on, you want to please me. That's all you want. You don't need to think about anything else. You don't need to worry about what anyone else thinks. I am the only one who matters to you because I'm not just your girlfriend. I'm your owner."

"Yes," he said. Perhaps that comment wasn't even necessary. Was she just teaching him or reinforcing the truth? He didn't know, but it was clear that he would always have to be honest.

"Say it again. Tell me the truth."

"I belong to you. I'm yours. I'm always going to be yours. I'm your slave. I'm your property," he said.

She had walked into her bedroom and found him laying there, still trapped by her command. And now, he didn't even attempt to resist.

Good.

Emily pulled herself up on top of him. She straddled him, her knees at his sides, her hands pressing into his wrists, and she leaned to down to kiss him. He could feel the soft give of her lips even as the cock ring continued to tease him with its randomized vibrations.

Daniel wanted to lose control, but the device never went fast enough or hard enough. It didn't squeeze tight enough. It kept him desperate and eager to do whatever she said for the slim chance that he might get the relief he so pathetically craved.

Now she tortured him by kissing him, by touching him. Even when she placed her hands against his cheeks to maneuver his head to the side, he couldn't complain. It felt good as she took control. On some level, he knew this wasn't right. As the man, he should have been on top.

But as he said, he was a slave. All of those old illusions needed to fall away. He had to surrender and accept his place beneath her.

For her part, Emily just purred as she toyed with her slave. Then she sat up. She looked down at him.

"I'm going to touch myself while you tell me the truth," she said.

She got up just enough to pull her panties down along the length of her thighs, then past her feet. She tossed the skimpy underwear onto the floor. Then she straddled him again, her legs spread, her slit on display.

She leaned in and pressed her fingertips to his lips. "Suck," she said.

He obeyed. He wrapped his lips around her digits and gently pulled on them.

As she brought that hand between her legs, she gave him another command. "Speak."

She might as well have been talking to a dog. Even so, Daniel obeyed again. "I'm your slave. I'm your boyfriend and your slave. I'm your boyfriend and your property. You can use me however you want. I understand this now. I can feel it. Every time you give me a command, I must obey. It's like I don't even have a choice!" That was quite a general statement on his part.

Emily just grinned happily as she started to stroke herself. Her fingers moved up and down along her opening. At first, she barely touched her pussy, yet as the seconds coalesced, she started to go deeper. She began to gently rub the pad of one fingertip over her clit.

Meanwhile, he kept talking. Compelled, he said, "I love being your slave!" He blinked at that, surprised at the honesty. Before this, Daniel hadn't even realized that about himself. But as always, he was completely honest with his owner.

She rubbed herself. He watched, desperately hoping she might decide to claim him again. "I'm yours. I'm your slave. You can use me for whatever you want. You can take me. I am yours! I'm all yours. I can't think for myself. I can't do anything without your permission. I will obey you in public, in private, everywhere! You can collar me or put me on a leash." His fantasies reversed. Now, he was the one behind the bars. "You can cage me if you like, and there's nothing I can do about it because I must respect your authority at all times!"

Deciding she was not going to touch herself to completion, she stopped. Her heart pounded, and then she turned back. She slid the ring away from his shaft.

This was it, her decision. What was she going to do? What would she decide?

Emily leaned back. She pulled off her bra and began to stroke her nipples. She rubbed her palms over those sensitive points. All the while, she looked down at him.

Then he realized exactly what she was doing. She wanted to tease him some more. With every moment, she broke him down further, reinforcing her power by making it clear that she decided when and if he might to get the pleasure he yearned for.

His desires, his strength, all of his abilities became completely meaningless when set against her whims.

"Are you ready?" Emily asked.

"I obey," he said truthfully.

She shifted back and raised herself up above the tip of his member. She wiggled her hips, making it clear that she could still stop. There is nothing forcing her to do this. She didn't need to be honest or consistent with him. From then on, Emily could set whatever rule she liked, only she didn't need to follow them.

His life would become one filled with double standards, and there was nothing he could do about it!

But this time, Emily lowered herself down. She took him, enveloping him. She trapped his manhood between the walls of her crevice. Inch by inch, she imprisoned his most sensitive body part.

"You like this?"

"Yes!"

“And you love being my slave?”

“Yes!”

“And you think you’re going to be happier this way?”

“I, I don’t know,” he said because he still had to tell the truth. He couldn’t try to manipulate her or even feed her the lines she might wish to hear.

“That’s okay. Let me explain this to you,” she said, lifting herself up and then lowering herself back down again. As she did so, she kept him stimulated.

Daniel held back the orgasm. He had to relax his body as much as possible. He already knew that if he came without her permission, he would be punished.

“You’re going to be so much happier this way, Daniel. When you are freed from the responsibility of pretending to be your own man, life will be so much simpler for you. You’re going to love it. You’ll do as you’re told. You won’t even need to think for yourself!” She laughed at that, parting her lips so wide that he could see the roof of her mouth.

“Get ready,” she said.

Emily was close, so close to her own release. Yet she wanted him to climax at the same moment because she was generous. She didn’t need to do this. There was nothing forcing her to give him this reward, but she could be a merciful owner. There was no reason she had to be cool, so long as she didn’t think of enslaving her boyfriend as vicious or mean.

As she bobbed her body up and down, she rubbed him harder and faster with the boundaries of her slit. She practically bounced on him at this point.

“Please! I can’t take it!” Daniel called out.

“Now!”

A rush of heat flashed through his body. With every second, he could feel his shaft pulsate and throb. As he heard her scream out, Daniel kept his mouth shut. He panted through his nostrils even as he lost control. Desperation mixed with desire until he had to clench his eyes shut. Even though he could no longer see his girlfriend, he remembered her with perfect accuracy, like an after image burned into his retinas. She was everything to him now.

She owned him. And she always would.

He had been honest about that because he didn't have any choice.

Emily finished. Once she was done, she leaned in and kissed him on the mouth one more time. "It's time for you to go make me a sandwich," she said, grinning down at her slave.

He nodded quickly and rolled off of the mattress. Still naked, he rushed off to perform his tasks like a well-trained slave.

Emily had accomplished so much in less than a day. She couldn't wait to see how she trained him next or what the other girls would do to the boys of Crystal Canyon.

The End

Alyssa's Experiment

The students figured it out first. For some reason, it affected the young men before anyone else. They would be out with their friends, and some girl would make a joke. Maybe they would be out at the movies, and one of the girls' male friends would ask for a piece of popcorn. If she didn't want to share, she could say something like, "If you really want it, get down on your knees and beg for it!"

It was supposed to be silly, something between sarcasm and hyperbole.

But then, he would *actually* do it!

The girls and guys would probably assume that he had just been willing to be silly since they were out having fun.

But little by little, the girls started to figure it out. Whenever they said a command, any command, the boys had to obey. More than that, they started recording it. Rumors spread quickly, and the girls started to experiment.

Alyssa heard about this from her best friend, Natasha.

"Look, I know it sounds crazy, but it's really happening. I was out at this party, and one girl got pissed off at her boyfriend. She told him to get down on his knees and beg for forgiveness. Right there, in front of everyone, he had to apologize and plead with her."

"He probably felt bad," Alyssa said. The two girls were walking together on their way to the library. Most of the students there studied to work in geology or engineering. Alyssa and Natasha just happened to be a couple of the liberal arts majors. "It happens. It doesn't mean that there is some grand conspiracy or anything."

"That's the thing," Natasha said, grabbing Alyssa's arm. "I don't think it was part of some conspiracy. I think it was actually biological."

"No," Alyssa said, shaking her head. "That's not possible. Guys don't just to lose their free will."

"But what if they do?"

Alyssa immediately flashed onto someone. Her thoughts jumped, and she had to breathe out to keep calm. Fantasies aside, she already knew that this wouldn't work.

"It's just a game. I'm sure they were just flirting or something." Yeah, that made a lot more sense.

Natasha stopped, and she waited. Arms crossed, she wouldn't budge. Alyssa took several more steps before she turned around. "Come on. We really need to study."

"No. I want you to hear me first. I'm serious. I saw this with my own eyes. There was something about him. It wasn't a joke. It wasn't a prank, and it wasn't a game."

"So you think every guy has just lost his ability to say no?"

"It's more than that," Natasha explained. "I know it sounds crazy, but I think the boys can't help themselves. If you tell them to do something, something in their brains must get jumbled, and they can't tell the difference between something a girl says and something they actually want to do."

Again, Alyssa thought of the same face, the same stupid, handsome face from before. Her insides ached, but she couldn't just shove those memories aside, no matter how much she wanted to. Sometimes she wished that she could be more like a computer, like there might be some unpleasant experience in her head, and if she didn't really want it there, then she could just delete it.

That would have been awesome.

"Fine. Why are you telling me this?"

"Because we both know you're still upset," Natasha said slowly and quietly. "Maybe you need to talk to him again."

"He doesn't even live here," Alyssa replied.

Her friend tilted her head to the side. "If this is really happening, then there's going to be some kind of quarantine, I bet. The local officials are going to need to figure out the cause. Maybe you should invite someone to come hang out with you."

Alyssa's insides clenched. It was a physical reaction, like her lungs froze, her fingers bunched up, and she couldn't move. Natasha immediately recognized that look on her friend's face. She strode forward, confident of what would happen next.

Natasha may have been confident, but Alyssa wasn't. The idea kept bouncing back and forth inside of her head. More than that, she went online, and she started tracking down some of the local videos. None of the local leaders, whether corporate or governmental, and realized anything was wrong.

Young women, however, were definitely figuring it out. Every day, more videos went up. For the most part, the girls seemed to be just exploring, probing, trying to figure out for themselves what this really meant.

Could it be?

For so long, there had been more guys in Crystal Canyon than women. Consequently, they seemed to behave even worse than they did the rest of the country. They liked to show off, peacocking wherever they went. They usually flirted by "teasing" the girls, which usually meant behaving obnoxiously.

Only now, something had started to shift. The boys were getting nervous. They no longer went out on their own.

At the same time, the girls started to get more confident. They knew that if some guy shoved past them at the coffee shop, they could order him back to the end of the line, and he would obey like some well-trained dog.

In a couple of videos, girls started talking about what this meant. One explored of the social implications. She asked the very legitimate question of what would happen to society if young men suddenly had to go through a period of their lives when they would be utterly helpless in the face of female authority.

Clearly, this would have huge economic implications. For example, men could no longer be trusted with any kind of serious work. Sure, they could be manual laborers, janitors, and clerks or assistants, but not much else. Every major position of authority and power and decision-making would have to go to women.

More than that, what if these young men never grew out of it?

For the most part, the girls who had discovered this vulnerability seemed more interested in proving themselves right than really exploiting this. For so long, the male population had been in control. Even with the advent of feminism, so many men retained positions of power, even when they were undeserved. The

advantages were subtle, certainly, yet they still existed. If two people tried to speak at the same time, audiences would be most likely to listen to the man before the woman. When most people thought of a hero or a leader, the image to form first would be male as well.

These didn't provide any guarantees. It wasn't like women didn't enjoy any opportunities, but society remained predisposed to accept men over women in positions of power and authority. Now, it seemed like that might change.

Alyssa kept watching those videos, over and over again. She saw guys get down on their knees, begging, bark like dogs, roll around, do stupid little tricks, just to prove that they would do anything the girl in the room said.

As the days ticked past, Alyssa found other videos as well. In sum, girlfriends decided to demonstrate their newfound authority by dressing their boyfriends or brothers up. Quite a few guys now understood exactly how demeaning it felt to wear high heels and maid uniforms.

In one video, a girl pretended that she was demonstrating how to train a boy. The end came with a joke about how training wasn't really required. Apparently, this generation of young men simply needed a firm hand and a woman willing to issue commands. He would cook, clean, provide for every domestic need it, she said. And all the girl had to do was be brave enough to issue those orders.

"Be brave enough," Alyssa said as she lowered her phone.

That's when she went back to his phone number. She pulled it up on her screen, she typed a message, and then she hit Send. The entire thing took less than a minute. But once she had done so, Alyssa threw her phone back onto her bed.

There was no way this would work. After their last encounter, Justin wouldn't just come visit her.

At the same time, she started to think of what Natasha had said about there being a quarantine. If the boys really lost their free will, it had to be caused by something. It was probably something in the water, maybe something in the food. Perhaps it was some kind of new radiation unleashed by the local mines. No one was getting sick or anything. In fact, some of the local medical students had started to examine the boys searching for any problems.

Nothing showed up.

More than that, the girls didn't want to bring this to any of the older women or men in town. Maybe they wanted to keep the secret for themselves. Perhaps this was a subtle conspiracy, one where every girl just agreed on it to enjoy herself for a little while.

If there were problems, they would deal with them. If they needed help later on, they would ask for it.

But for right now, they just wanted to understand on their own.

It never occurred to Alyssa that she should tell someone. And right then, she paced her bedroom, walking back and forth. Her phone sat there on her bed, and she really needed to pick it up, to check to see if he responded.

Instead, she plopped down in front of her mirror. She ran her fingers through her hair.

Ever since their last encounter, Alyssa had thought about dying it. Her friends said she would look cute as a blonde, but she didn't know if she should change anything just for a guy.

She likes her chestnut brown hair. She likes the fact that she has brown irises. She didn't wear much makeup, but she was always comfortable. Wasn't that supposed to be the most important part?

And yet, she thought about Justin and what he wanted. Worse, she was in the spot where she had just one option now: wait. She had sent her message, he would respond or he wouldn't. He would say yes or no, and there was nothing she could do about it.

Justin had decided to take a night off.

He was back in his own room, sitting at his computer. He had one hand on the mouse, the other on the keyboard. His digital avatar ran between enemies. He darted past the red dragon, pulled out a shotgun, and fired. The electronic monster roared, the sound echoing in Justin's headphones.

Crimson digits appeared next to the dragon as damage. It reared up, slamming its talons down into the ground. Another set of numbers appeared next to Justin's character. He had tried to block, but not fast enough.

Another shot weakened the beast. It didn't drop, however. Justin turned, and he tried to run. The serpentine monster flapped its

wings and dropped down on top of him. His character's hit points fell to zero. The screen turned gray.

Justin rolled back in his seat. Irritated, he breathed out.

Yeah, he probably should have gone out tonight. In fact, he still could. There would be lots of the drunk girls out at the clubs. They'd be wandering around in their silver, red, and pink dresses, showing off their tight little bodies, all eager for attention from a guy like him.

He smirked, wondering if he should go out or stay in.

Here is the thing. Justin really didn't feel like working. Yeah, meeting up with some girl and having some fun would be quite nice, but he wanted something sure.

Just as he was about to pick up his phone, the universe decided to be kind. He saw a name right there on his screen: Alyssa.

Grinning, Justin saw her message. *Hey, I know you're probably busy or whatever, but if you feel like hanging out, I'm free tomorrow.*

Alyssa kept pacing back and forth, wondering what had possessed her to do something so stupid. She promised herself dozens, hundreds, thousands of times that she wasn't going to make this mistake again. He didn't want to be with her. Even if he hadn't said as much, Justin knew how she felt.

She ran her teeth along her bottom lip as she tried to deal with the nervous anticipation running through her body. It felt like there was an electrical storm hidden just beneath her skin. She wanted to lash out.

Maybe she needed to just go hit the gym. Working out would probably be good for her. It could also be something of a punishment, like self-flagellation. She would get hot, sweaty, and her muscles would ache. She would feel the burn in her lungs.

Before she could make that choice, her phone buzzed again. She glanced over at it. It sat there on her bed, just waiting. The little white light at the top flashing on and off. She had a message. Now she had to go pick up the phone and read it.

Knowing her luck, it would probably be from Natasha or whatever other friends.

Pressing her lips together, Alyssa didn't know what to do. She actually jumped up and down, growling with aggravation.

This wasn't fair!

Things would have been easier if Justin had simply said no to her. Okay, so she liked him. She asked him out. She said that she had so much fun with him, and that she wanted to be with him. More than that, he felt like a really nice guy. Yes, he went out with lots of girls, but Alyssa didn't need anything serious.

He told her maybe.

He said that he really cared about her, but he wasn't sure if they should risk their friendship with something romantic. Alyssa had nodded her head, saying that she completely understood, that it was cool, that she could follow his lead.

Yes, she used those exact words. "I can follow your lead."

That was more than a month ago.

During all that time, she didn't know what to do. She hadn't been rejected, not outright. Instead, he said something closer to a maybe. What was she supposed to do with that?

All of her friends said that he should have manned up and just said what he really wanted. Her friends got mad at him. But then, they didn't really know him. Alyssa still believed that he was a good guy, but he just was a little bit immature, like he couldn't really explain himself.

Now, Alyssa stared back at her phone, wondering if she should pick it up.

She told herself it was like a bandage. She just had to rip the stupid thing off. She marched over, she grabbed her phone, she swiped her finger along the screen, and then she saw his name. She started to read the text.

How about tonight?

Alyssa had a little bit more than an hour before he would arrive. She immediately jumped over to her closet, and she started to go through the different possibilities. She had jeans, dresses, skirts, and even a pair of overalls. Yeah, that last one definitely needed to go to the thrift store.

Her heart didn't pound, not exactly, yet the excitement kept her pulse up. She would pick out a dress or an outfit, only to discard it about two minutes later. The pile of clothing kept getting bigger and bigger.

Eventually, she concluded she didn't have anything to wear.

She sat on her bed, she exhaled slowly, and then she remembered something.

This was just an experiment. If she approached it that way, then maybe she didn't need to feel like she was going crazy with anticipation.

But it was Justin.

On the one hand, she really liked him. On the other hand, she wanted to slap him across the face, hard.

Maybe? He told her maybe? What kind of answer was that?

Seriously, he left her there, wondering if maybe they could have some relationship some day. She liked him. More than that, she cared about him. They had been good friends, and she had watched him sleep with one girl after another. All the while, she had pined for him, knowing that they would be so good together.

When she wrote it all out or said to those words aloud, especially to her friends, she knew that she was acting like an idiot, but it was hard to stop.

Then there was a knock on the door, and her hour was up. Worse, she was still wearing her pajamas!

Alyssa quickly rushed over to the front door. Without opening it, she said, "I'll be just a minute!"

She sprinted back into her bedroom, pulled off her sweats, and grabbed a white dress with an empire waist. She pulled it on and tied the bow at her side. Exhaling slowly, she knew she probably looked like some little girl on her way to an Easter egg hunt, but she didn't care. She had to do something.

Besides, this wasn't about Justin. It was about her experiment.

She went to the front door and opened it for him.

Of course, he looked gorgeous. His hair looked a little bit messy, just as it always did. But on Justin, it didn't seem sloppy. Instead, he just came off as innocent somehow. He smiled at her,

and she felt this warmth spread through her body. Was she really supposed to do this? Was she really supposed to experiment on him?

Maybe.

Justin spent a lot of time in Crystal Canyon. If something affected the other guys, then it would probably affect him as well.

"It's nice to see you," she said as she stood back.

Justin sauntered forward. He always moved with the easy grace of a guy who knew he would be welcome in pretty much any room, especially if there were girls around. It didn't even matter how old they were. Grandmothers loved him, and so did little girls.

"Have a seat," she said.

She watched him immediately lower himself down onto the couch. His expression seemed neutral, right before he started grinning at her. "Why don't you join me?"

Alyssa felt this flutter in her chest. Excitement thrummed like electricity through her skin. "It's good to see you," she told him. "I was hoping we could talk."

"I'm not really interested in talking tonight if that's okay," he said. He leaned over, and he started to kiss her.

What was happening?

Before, he said maybe. He said maybe because he didn't know if he wanted to mess with their friendship.

What if he had changed his mind?

What if he wanted to get together? They could be so happy together! Those thoughts fluttered through her head, excited as he started to kiss her. Their lips touched, and then he leaned in, pressing harder. He started to nudge her down onto her back. She could already feel his erection through his pants.

"What's going on?" Alyssa asked.

"I'm here. You're here. Let's have some fun. We don't need to overthink it," he said, staying close. This always worked with girls like Alyssa.

Unlike so many other men out there, Justin had an instinctive understanding of what a woman would want to hear, what words she expected, which ones to avoid. As far as he was concerned, girls were just musical instruments. Touch them the right way, say the

correct thing, and you could get them to make whatever sounds you liked.

Before Alyssa had the chance to say anything, he leaned in again, kissing her. He started with the side of her mouth. His tongue flicked out just a little bit, teasing her. When she started to lean in, he pulled back. When she started to pull back, he leaned in, always making her guess and second-guess what might happen next.

Moments later, he reached to down, sliding his fingers along her dress. He touched her gently, all without forcing anything.

His fingertips brushed over her thighs and he wanted to go all the way up her skirt. She reached down, her fingers wrapping around his wrist.

“This is going to be fun,” he said with perfect, easy confidence. “Just relax, and you’ll enjoy yourself. I promise.”

“But what does this mean?”

“Don’t think about what this means,” he told her.

She still wouldn’t release his hand. She still wouldn’t let his fingers glide their way up to her panties.

“Stop,” she finally said. His hand froze right there. She nudged him back, but he just blinked once or twice. She pushed him back so that they were both sitting upright.

“You stopped,” she said.

He blinked again, apparently confused. But then, he seemed to reboot, almost like a computer coming back online. “Of course, I stopped,” he said, his voice loaded with sincerity. “Why wouldn’t I?”

“Justin, how do you feel about me?”

“I care about you deeply,” he said.

Part of her really wanted to just accept that, to lean in and kiss him, to climb up on top of him or to let him roll her over onto her back. She could surrender. Excitement kept running through her body, hot and alluring. It would have been so easy to just give in and accept it.

And yet, she kept thinking of all of those conversations she had with her friends, the ones where they said he was a jerk and a jackass for stringing her along.

“What does that mean?”

He exhaled slowly, but then he leaned forward. He kept his eyes aimed at her. He seemed so sincere, like he just wanted to tell her the truth.

“Look, I’m not great at this whole talking part. We’re friends, and I really care about you. I love you because I want everything to go well for you. I care about you so deeply.”

This felt like a trap, like she could just fall forward and accept those words.

He loved her...as a friend...but he cared about her.

“I know that we could be great together. We could have so much fun,” he said.

Justin knew exactly what he was doing. He realized what it would take to keep a girl off balance. He could tell her what she wanted to hear even as he denied her, all while leaving her hungering for more.

It was perfect.

“Justin, tell me the truth,” she commanded. The words just snapped from her lips because she started to realize exactly what kind of guy he was. “Do you care about me?”

“No. I don’t,” he said, only to blink. He shook his head, like he didn’t know where those words had come from.

“I didn’t mean that,” he started to say.

“Justin, do you care about any of the girls you sleep with?”

“Absolutely,” he said. “I couldn’t get intimate with someone if I didn’t care about her,” he said.

“Justin, tell the truth. Do you care about any of the girls you sleep with?” She started to see the pattern.

“No, not really.”

“Then tell me the truth. Why do you do it?”

His expression remained neutral, almost blank. It sounded more like he was talking about applying for a credit card or filling out his taxes. “It feels good. I like showing off. I like knowing that I can. The challenge is a lot of fun.”

Alyssa got up. She started to walk back and forth, pacing just as she had done before he arrived.

It worked. She could get him to do anything...but really, she hadn’t actually tested him. She could get him to tell the truth. “Look, I

don't know why I said those things. I guess I must have eaten something or I didn't get enough sleep," he said. "Maybe I should go to the hospital."

"No. Stay right there," she snapped as he started to stand up.

Immediately, he fell back into the couch. He looked down at his legs, like he couldn't figure out why they weren't moving.

"Justin, we are going to spend the night together, just not the way you expected," she finally said.

"Look, you can't do this to me. I don't know what's going on here, but I need to go right now," he told her. Most of the charm had been burned away by uncertainty. Usually, Justin could walk into a room and know exactly what would happen. He had that ability to read people, to understand what they wanted and needed.

That didn't mean much, not when he was faced with a girl who could issue any command and expected to be obeyed right away.

"Be quiet," she said.

Immediately, he closed his mouth. He didn't make a sound.

Alyssa watched him as the confusion washed over his face. For a few seconds, she almost felt bad for him, but then she really thought about what he had told her. Justin didn't care about her, and he never had.

"Why did you say we were friends?"

That seemed to break the spell. "Because we are friends," he told her, and you need to let me go—"

"Tell the truth. Why did you say we were friends?"

"Because it was always good to have you around. If another girl saw you and me together, they would see me as a nice guy. They would be able to see they could trust me."

"You're a bastard, aren't you?"

"I'm not a bad guy," he started to say.

"Shut up," Alyssa didn't want to hear it.

Instead, she sat down on the chair next to the couch. She leaned forward as she looked at him. He wanted to speak; that much was obvious. But really, did he have anything worth hearing?

“You really like manipulating girls. You like knowing that you can do whatever you want.” A slow, wicked grin spread along her lips. “Okay. Fine. Maybe you just need to get a sense for what it means to be a toy.”

Alyssa tilted her head to the side. “But first, I think you owe me an apology. Get down on your hands and knees and crawl over here. Beg for forgiveness.”

Like a puppet, he dropped down on all fours, and he crawled over to her, just as she demanded. He looked up at her, his eyes big and full of fear. “Please. I’m sorry. Please, forgive me. I messed up. I made a terrible mistake.”

“And what mistake was that?”

His eyes narrowed. Apparently, he’d reclaimed some degree of independence and autonomy. “I came here. I don’t how you’re doing this, but I’m going to make you pay!” He was angry, his face flushed red.

A boy like Justin always needed to be in control. That’s why manipulation always felt so good to him. It made sense, Alyssa realized. This is why he could get away with a word like maybe.

“Apologize for being a jackass,” she finally said.

“I apologize for being a jackass.” The words left his lips, only he seemed confused, like he heard them, only he couldn’t understand why he would say such a thing. Always smooth, always confident, Justin never needed to apologize.

“No,” she said, tapping one finger against the corner of her mouth. “I want you to try harder. Give me a detailed apology. Make it sound sincere.”

His expression shifted again. The confusion vanished as the next set of words simply seemed to leave his mouth. “I’m sorry. I’m so, so sorry for being a jerk. I was terrible to you, Alyssa. Please, please accept my apology.”

“No.”

He shook his head again, looking around as he searched for some kind of explanation.

Justin started to stand, but she shook her head. With an almost regal ease, she pointed back to the floor. “Kneel.”

He dropped to his knees.

“There we go,” she said. “I really like this side of you, Justin.”

“What’s going on?”

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about that,” she said.

He opened his mouth to speak, but she cut him off. “Be quiet.”

And just like that, he closed his mouth again. He did it without complaint. He didn’t even seem frustrated or upset by the idea. It was only after a few more seconds that he seemed to regain some semblance of control over his body.

Excitement ran through her. Alyssa clapped her hands together, shocked that this was actually working. Then again, she recalled something from one of her science classes. If she really wanted to understand this, then she needed to experiment.

Oh, this could be fun.

Alyssa got up from her spot. Again, she felt like a princess or a queen. She was in charge here, so she could do whatever she liked. She circled him, all while he remained there on his knees.

“Tell me again why you came here. Be honest.”

Suddenly, his talents for deception and manipulation became irrelevant. With that same, neutral expression, Justin explained, “I came here because I was hoping we could have sex.”

“Really?” Alyssa asked, smirking. “Did you think I was going to be that easy?”

“I know that you are in love with me.”

“I was in love with you,” she replied. “But it’s hard to love a slave.”

A slave? Where did that word come from? But then Alyssa nodded to herself, content with it and all of its implications. If he had to do whatever she said, what else could he possibly be?

Perhaps there was a little twinge of conscience, but then she looked down into his lovely eyes. He always knew how to appear sincere, like everything he said was actually some secret confidence, something important that he could only share with her...

After a few more heartbeats, he reclaimed control. “I’m not a slave,” he said, gritting his teeth.

“Actually, you are.”

“I’m not. I’m not a slave. I’m never going to be a—”

Hot pleasure ran through her body as she casually cut him off. "Tell me you're a slave."

"I'm a slave," he replied. "Stop that. Stop making me do things!"

"So you admit it? I can make you do whatever I want?"

Alyssa glanced down at Justin as she waited for his answer. Hardening his lips together, he didn't reply, not at first.

Then, slowly, he made a deliberate point of trying to figure this out. At the same time, he was probably stalling for time. "Look, I don't know what's going on, but you need to let me out of here."

"Why would I do that?" Alyssa asked.

"Because you can't just play with me. I'm not your toy!"

"Tell me that you're my toy."

Justin fought it. It was clear from the expression on his face that he tried to resist, only something purely biological took over. His lips started to move almost immediately. "I'm your toy."

"Ask for permission to be my toy," she said.

"May I be your toy?"

"Oh, I don't know. I want to hear you beg. Beg for the privilege of being my toy."

He bowed his head down and gripped his hands together. He was pleading, desperation rippling through his voice. "Please, please let me be your toy. I want to belong to you. I want you to play with me!" His eyes started to shine, so she touched to the underside of his chin. She forced his head up. "There's a good boy."

Suddenly, he blinked again, regaining control. Of course, he remembered exactly what he had said, only now the humiliation rippled through his body. His fingers trembled as he made a pair of fists, but that only made her laugh.

"I should probably get a better sense for what I own," she said. "Stand up and take off all of your clothing," she ordered.

His eyes widened, though only for an instant. Then the biological need to obey this female took a hold of him once more. He stood up, his movements fluid yet still somehow mechanical. He pulled off his shirt. He loosened his belt. He shimmied out of his pants even as he kicked off his shoes and peeled away his socks.

Soon, there is nothing left but his boxers. Without hesitating, he took those off as well.

Alyssa didn't allow him the opportunity to think about what he had just done. "Remain still," she told him.

He froze, paralyzed. Trapped in his own body, he could only watch as this girl just circled him again. She touched him, stroking him. "Not bad. Not bad at all. But you know, I think you could do better. Maybe I should put you on a workout routine."

She told him not to move, which apparently included his mouth because he could no longer speak.

Justin fought hard, doing everything he could to reclaim control of his body. He kept sending those signals from his brain, only his body would not answer. His body would not do what he wanted!

Second by second, he tried to squirm, but he couldn't even do that!

All the while, Alyssa drank in the sight of her helpless male. He remained rigid, his body locked in place even as she ran her fingers along his thigh, up to his ass. She stopped in front of him. She touched his chin and turned his head from side to side. "Wow. This is so different. I wonder if I can make you forget about all of this? What you think, Justin? Do you think I could use my commands to reprogram you?"

Because she asked a question, he had the ability to respond, only now his lower lip trembled.

Could she? Could she assume that kind of authority?

"Don't worry. That's not what I'm after. I like owning you. But I also want you to know. I want you to understand that you really were a bastard, so you're going to get what you deserve."

For months, she had longed for his attention. Alyssa had stayed awake at night, often wondering what she could have done differently to make him like her. Of course, she knew those thoughts were silly. There was nothing she could do, yet those lingering desires kept running through her body, always there, tantalizing and impossible to ignore.

"You really don't care about me, did you?"

“I enjoyed being with you,” he said. As those words left his lips, he wondered if they would get him some good will. After all, he started to think that maybe he could manipulate her. He had to tell the truth, but every truth could be sculpted for a particular purpose.

Alyssa quickly dashed those hopes with one question, “Why? Tell the truth.”

“Because I always knew you would be there when I got bored or decided I wanted to be with you.”

“So I was a backup?”

“Yes.” As Justin answered, hot frustration flared in his chest. The urge to hit something gripped his hands, but he still couldn’t move.

“You know, that’s not a very nice way to treat people. Apologize.”

“I’m sorry I treated you badly,” he said.

“It’s a shame. I can’t really believe you, not when I’m forcing you to say those words.” She shrugged, like it didn’t really matter. “Fortunately, I still get to punish you.”

This could be considered another part of her experiment, she thought with a brash grin. “Walk over to the armrest and bent forward. I want to see your ass on display.”

She issued those commands, and he felt of them take a hold of his body. He had to ride, more like a passenger than anything else. Still aware of what was going on, he strode over to the couch. He bent forward.

“Cross your wrists,” she ordered.

He complied. Helpless to do anything else, he put himself in that humiliatingly vulnerable position, and she came right up behind him. “Oh, I have some good ideas,” she said. Her fingertips brushed along his skin as she pressed her pelvis up against his ass.

“Have you ever been fucked from behind, Justin?”

“No,” he said with a quiver that made it clear this was the truth.

“Maybe we will have to work on that,” she said. Before he could try to argue or plead with her, Alyssa cocked her hand back. She savored this moment, reveling in her newfound authority. Was he going to just sit there and take it? Her command still lingered, but

she wanted to know if he could resist. Maybe after a few more seconds or enough determination, he would break free. Of course, she could always just order him back into the same spot...

This was fun, a rigged game she couldn't lose. Because he was cute and knew how to manipulate girls, Justin always got whatever he wanted. He could string girls along, teasing them, taunting them. He could entice them, but that was over.

"You're helpless now, aren't you? Tell the truth."

"Yes," he said, his voice straining.

And for his honesty, she rewarded him with a spanking. Her hand impacted the curve of his ass with a loud clap. A gasp of pain escaped his lips. He must have fought to hide it, but he lost the struggle.

"Oh, that was fun," she said after that first experimental strike. She pulled her arm back.

Since Alyssa hadn't told him to be quiet, he had the opportunity to speak. "Please, don't. Please, you don't need to spank me. I, I'm sorry. I, I have learned my lesson!"

"Have you? Have you really?" Alyssa asked him.

Just as he started to answer, Alyssa smacked his ass again. Her hand flew down hard, a sharp blur. When she felt the impact, she grinned. It hurt him. For her, every blow just left a soft, tingling warmth in the palm of her hand.

"I don't think you have learned your lesson, Justin. But I'm sure after a few weeks or months, you will. By then, I'm sure you'll be eager to just be my slave."

"What, what are you talking about?"

Alyssa's next words surprised her. "Isn't it obvious? I'm going to keep you."

"What? You can't!"

"Sure, I can. That's why you're going to beg for the privilege of becoming my slave. Beg."

"Please. May I please be your slave? Please, I want it. I need it. I need to be your slave. Please, let me be your slave!"

Alyssa let him continue. He babbled on, desperate to be owned. It only stopped when her hand flew down again and she resumed his spanking. Only this time, she didn't just strike once.

Instead, she let loose a flurry, her hand flying down and pulling back, over and over. She soon lost track. Instead, she felt more like an artist as she studied the curves of his buttocks. They turned red. Not only that, she could see those little tendrils of color slide over his flesh.

“Lovely,” she said, an excited grin playing on her face.

“But maybe I should experiment with something else. Oh, I know. How about a hair brush?”

“No! You can’t!”

“Be quiet and just stay still. You know, look pretty.” She giggled, savoring the fact that she could just dismiss him so easily. More than that, she was certain he couldn’t break free.

As she strolled away, Alyssa knew that this was another experiment. What would happen when she left the room? Would he suddenly be able to move on his own again? It was a possibility. After all, when she really thought about this, she had to admit that she didn’t know how it worked. What compelled his obedience? Was it something in the air, something in the water? For all she knew, someone had used a voodoo doll on him, though that didn’t make sense, not when this condition seemed to affect every young man in Crystal Canyon.

Back in her bedroom, she grabbed her brush off of her nightstand. It was heavy and wooden, almost antique. She smacked it against the palm of her hand and enjoyed that brief stinging.

When she came back, she put her hands on her hips.

Sure enough, Justin remained in that same position.

“Please, please don’t do this,” he said.

“Oh, are you trying to manipulate me again?”

“I’m not! Look, I’m already naked and embarrassed. You’ve already spanked me. You don’t need to do anything else!”

“Actually, I do.”

One question lingered on the air, although Justin refused to ask it. What? What else did she need to do?

She strolled over to him, savoring every long step. She then reached out, gliding her fingertips over his ass and up to the small of his back. He shivered. More than that, little goosebumps appeared over his shoulders.

“Justin, I want to figure out exactly what makes you work. I want to understand what I need to do to own you. I mean, I already have your obedience. You’re like a well-trained dog.”

“No. I’m not. I’m not a dog!”

“Yeah. I think you are. I think you’re just a horny dog.”

“I’m not!” He seethed those words, each one loaded with vehemence.

“Tell me you’re a dog. Tell me you’re nothing but a horny dog.”

“I’m a dog. I’m nothing but a horny dog,” he said, his expression neutral.

“Not bad,” she said, patting him on the back of his head. “But you know, I think you can do better. I think I can train you with commands, but I’m also going to experiment with simple punishments.” Again, those words surprised her. As a young woman, she had always been socialized to be soft and small, innocent and sweet. But now, with this kind of authority, a new side of her personality emerged.

She liked it. She liked it a lot.

“What, what are you going to do?”

She smacked the palm of her hand with the brush again. That same delicious sting ran through her body, though she didn’t imagine he would like it nearly as much. After all, taking on something willingly feels very different from being forced.

And she intended to force him.

“This is the brush,” she explained to him simply.

She stroked the soft, curved wood over his skin. “I like the way you shiver, Justin. It tells me that you really like this.”

“No. I don’t. I don’t like this!” he shot back.

“Tell me you like this. Be energetic.”

“I like this!” Justin called out. As he did so, he sounded like some eager boyfriend desperate for more.

Boyfriend. Slave. She shook her head, marveling at the power of those different words.

“That’s right. You do. So ask me to spank you with this hairbrush.”

“Please, spank me with the hairbrush.”

“Good boy,” she said, patting him on the head again. She cocked her arm back, and then she swung, bringing it down hard. The heavy wood crashed into his buttocks. A gasp of pain escaped his lips. He clenched up, his face tight with frustration.

But he couldn't stop her.

She did it again. She swung down hard, making sure it would sting. He whimpered now, desperate for it to stop.

“You really thought you could sleep with me if you came here, didn't you?”

“Yes,” he said.

“That means you really don't have any respect for me, do you? As far as you're concerned, I'm just an easy target.”

“Yes,” he repeated.

“And that's why you deserve this,” she told him. Alyssa did bother to mask of the glee in her voice.

She spanked him again and again. She swung harder and faster until her arm got tired. The fatigue burned along her bicep, but she loved the pink, then red that glowed from his curves. All the while, he whimpered, hissing quick puffs of air as he tried to keep up with the pain stabbing into him.

Justin could do nothing but fight the agony. It flowed and ebbed, cresting and falling even as it overwhelmed him. Finally, the spanking came to a stop, and she caressed his ass. He shook as though he had been jolted with a burst of electricity.

“Oh, it's not that bad.”

“Please. Please, I don't think I can take any more.”

That was the wrong thing to say.

With a wicked, almost feral grin, she picked up the brush again.

It sounded like applause came from her apartment as she paddled him, using everything she had. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! With every loud clap, agony flashed through his body. His eyes were wet, but he refused to cry. He didn't care what kind of power this girl had over him, he would not succumb.

“Now, are you ready to beg to be my slave?” It was a question, and she didn't force him to say anything.

Justin blinked, understanding what she had in mind.

She wanted this next part to be willing. She wanted him to yield, to just give up and surrender to her.

Justin wished he could be stronger; he wished he could fight back. Unfortunately for him, she had the power. It felt so good. Her entire body seemed to tingle. But there was something else as well, this primal desire echoing through her skin, especially between her legs.

Alyssa didn't mean for this to happen, but she realized something. As a side effect of her experiment, she was wet. Her pussy was drenched...

Breathing out slowly, she considered what she would do.

Normally, she would have taken care of herself, slipping back into her bedroom and hiding under the covers. She would spread her legs and politely slide her fingers over her opening. She would tease herself to completion.

But now, she had her slave boy here.

Alyssa tilted her head to the side. "Would you rather be spanked some more or would you rather go down on me?"

"I'm never going down on you," he vowed.

"Going down on me it is," she said with a giggle.

Alyssa reached under her skirt and grabbed onto her underwear. Swishing her head from side to side, she pulled down her panties. Once she had them, she held them up and brushed them along his face. He caught the aroma of her arousal. It was a scent he would become far more accustomed to, whether he liked it or not.

Alyssa strolled back over to her chair. She sat down and pressed her skirt between her legs.

"Okay, slave. Come back over here. Crawl. Kiss my feet and work your way up between my legs. Then I want you to go down on me. I want you to use your tongue to the best of your ability. Show me that you can be an eager slave boy."

Alyssa blinked as the last of the words left her lips. Had she really said them? Yes.

And they felt good.

Compelled to obey, Justin turned around. He lowered himself back down onto his knees and knuckles. He crawled the short

distance between them. And when he got to her feet, he bowed his head. His lips brushed over her toes. He kissed her shins, then her thighs. Soon, he slid his face up between her legs.

All the while, she watched him.

Alyssa absolutely adored the expression on his face. He seemed content, like this was precisely where he belonged.

Just before his lips brushed over her crevice, she wondered if this would be the next stage of evolution. Maybe men had been given their chance to be in charge, only now nature decided to switch things around. Women would take control; boys would be chattel.

Before she could follow that thought any farther, she felt his tongue as he slid it along her opening. Bright pleasure ran along her body, tingling. It felt electric.

Alyssa had only ever had one other boy go down on her before. He had licked her a few times before darting back up, almost like he couldn't stand it.

Justin, on the other hand, demonstrated exactly what an eager boy could do. He popped his head down and up as he dove deeper, his tongue sliding and slipping left and right, up and down. He made neat little circles that caused her to moan deliciously.

"Oh. Wow. You're good at that. You're so, so good at that," she purred, reveling in every movement and flicker of his tongue.

Bowing her head down, she surrendered to the impulses running through her body. Alyssa clenched her fingers even as she curled her toes. She lifted her knees a little bit higher, giving him even better access. As he massaged her clit, Alyssa savored the heat roiling through her body. It spread along her arms, over her legs. It felt like this spiderweb of pleasure, silken strands of desire tight around her body.

Down on his knees, Justin simply tried to stop. He fought his body, doing everything he could to reclaim some semblance of control.

He found it easy enough to flex his fingers and run his hands over the floor. He could wiggle his toes or curl his feet. He could clench the muscles in his arms and legs, but each time he attempted to pull back or even slow down, he simply failed. His neck started to

hurt, only it seemed as though his body didn't care. It would do anything that she said.

The humiliation simmered through his body as he gave her exactly what she wanted.

Like so many other guys, Justin had fantasized about having some girl who would follow his every command. He would just need to say the words, and his lovely concubine would drop to her knees, eager to suck his cock or massage him however he liked. She would be ready to get down on her back or her hands and knees, her legs spread.

No limits, no boundaries, no objections.

But right there, he found himself in the position of the slave. Slave boy. That's what Alyssa called him.

He tried to yank his head back. It didn't work. He tried to push himself onto his feet. That didn't work either.

The flavor of her excitement was hot on his tongue. All the while, he kept licking, sliding forward and back, down and up, in circles and squares, stars and even little heart shapes.

Pretty soon, Alyssa couldn't take it anymore. She had never experienced anything like this, so the pleasure exploded through her body. Panting, she reveled in the tension as it snapped along every inch of her petite frame.

And when she was done, she shoved him back. Then she ran her fingers through her hair as she looked down at him.

Naked, he stared at her, his expression hard.

"Tell me you enjoyed that."

"I enjoyed that," he replied beautifully.

"And would you like to give me a massage now?"

Justin didn't answer.

That wasn't a problem, not for this girl. She decided to experiment to see what else her new slave boy could do. "That's fine. Tell me you want to give me a massage."

"I want to give you a massage," he said. His lips moved as though they had been programmed.

How was this happening?

Alyssa stood up, and she pulled off her top and her skirt. Naked now, she towered above him. Normally, nudity would have

made her feel vulnerable, as though she had been placed in a state of weakness. Not now. Perhaps never again.

She strolled over to the couch, and she lowered herself onto her stomach. "Crawl over here and massage me, slave boy."

The direct command seized control. He found himself crawling, moving on his knees and knuckles, just the way she expected.

Worse, he raised his hands, and he started to pet her. He worked his fingertips over her skin. Every light, gliding caress made her smile. Soon, she just relaxed into the ease of his hands on her body.

Justin saw an opportunity. What if she fell asleep? Then he could at least sneak out.

Or better yet, he could gag her and tie her up. He could show her what he could do! Hot, jagged anger seemed to grind through his chest. But before she could drift off, she said, "If I fall asleep, I want you to stay there on your knees with your hands behind your back."

And soon enough, she relaxed into the easy warmth of his hands on her body.

Eventually, Justin had to come to one conclusion: she had fallen asleep.

Locking his teeth together, he thought. He fought with every iota of willpower he possessed. He simply needed to remain still; he needed to hold out for just a little while. If he could demonstrate his independence, then maybe he would break free.

He didn't; he couldn't.

Like an obedient slave boy, he fell back onto his haunches, and he crossed his wrists behind his back. Once in this position, he completely lost the ability to move on his own. The fury swirled inside of him, like some angry hurricane. He struggled as hard as he could, at least on the inside. In terms of his exterior, he appeared to be completely and utterly content.

For a long time, she slept.

Justin couldn't even keep track of how much time went by.

His phone rested in the pocket of his discarded pants. There weren't any clocks in front of him, so he just had to wait there like

some unnecessary piece of furniture or an appliance.

Finally, she started to shift. She stretched her arms above her head.

“Oh. There’s my slave boy,” she said.

Now that she woke up, Justin found that he could move again. He didn’t anticipate this. If he had moved more quickly, maybe he could have grabbed her. He could have forced his hand over her mouth, effectively quieting her so that she wouldn’t be able to issue any more orders.

If only...

“Sit, boy,” she said, ordering him around like he was nothing but a dog.

Compelled by the sound of her voice, he remained on his knees. She stood up slowly, and she stretched her hands behind her back. She looked down at him. Just the sight of this young man, so attractive, so strong, degraded and forced into this position was enough to turn her on. Another flicker of desire ran through her body, especially when she studied his naked form.

“You know, I’ve always wondered how your mouth would feel on my chest,” she said. She beckoned him forward with a flick of her fingertip. “Come here. Suck gently right here,” she said, touching a finger to her left nipple.

She issued the command, so he couldn’t disobey.

At least he could walk. He got up, and he marched to her. Then he lowered himself down. Somehow, he couldn’t bring his hand from behind his back, so he had to lean in and do his best to maintain his balance. He wrapped his lips around her nipple, and he gently started to suck. “Oh, that’s nice. That feels really good,” she said to him. “I’m going to get used to having your mouth available for me.”

He needed to argue; he needed to insist that she wouldn’t get away with this. As nice as those thoughts sounded, Justin didn’t know how to make any of them a reality.

For her part, Alyssa just watched him. His head moved down and up gently as he kept his mouth sealed around her breast. He felt so good, especially when she decided to reach down and stroke him. Her fingers lightly touched his scrotum, then the base of his shaft.

She dragged her fingertips up to his tip. Within the span of just two or three seconds, he hardened.

He couldn't help himself.

Maybe Justin thought he could do better. Maybe he was the kind of guy who would always crave more female attention, but those impulses had become utterly irrelevant. She had him, and she wasn't going to let him go.

Worse, she could make him enjoy it.

Another dose of humiliation slammed into him. He was supposed to be better than this; he was supposed to be better than her!

She wrapped her fingers around his shaft, and she squeezed gently, just enough to make him moan even as he kept sucking like a good slave boy.

"Switch," she commanded.

"No. I'm not going to—" Justin fought to say as his head moved, seemingly of its own accord. He lowered his face back down, and then his lips tightened around her other nipple, just that she had desired.

He sucked gently, working his mouth and lips, over that pressure point. He serviced her, using everything he had.

All the while, Alyssa savored those sensations. More than that, she loved having his most precious body part literally in the palm of her hand. She squeezed and stroked, running her fingers down and up, just to watch the chagrin play out on his face.

He opened his eyes and looked up at her.

Eye contact only further humiliated him.

Good!

"That's enough for now," she finally said. She could have climaxed again, but she didn't want to. Instead, she expected to feel his fingertips on her skin. "Massage me."

"Fine," he growled even as he moved to obey. It made Justin feel a little bit better to think he was doing this on his own.

As she sat up and straightened her back, he positioned himself behind her. He started with her shoulders, pinching them.

"Lighter," she commanded.

At once, his grip loosened, and he started to glide his fingertips over her skin. He effectively petted her, working his digits

down the contours of her shoulders toward the soft curves of her back.

“Oh, that feels really good. You’re good at this, Justin. I think we have found your talent.”

“I’m going to make you pay for this,” he said. On some level, he knew that antagonizing her had to be a bad idea, but Justin didn’t care. Although he appeared complacent, the aggression surged through his body. He wanted to jump, to snap, to attack. He needed to fight something. He yearned to break something.

But her commands kept him right there, docile and obedient.

Perhaps if he could figure out what was causing this, then maybe he would be able to break her hold. And yet, Justin had never heard of anything like this ever happening. If anyone had suggested the possibility that a girl could just order a boy around, it would have sounded utterly insane. Was it an environmental factor? Maybe he’d picked something up on his trip back to Crystal Canyon?

It seemed just as likely for him to believe that he had been somehow hypnotized. Maybe he had been kidnapped and reprogrammed, subliminally trained and then ordered to forget all of it.

No. That’s not what happened here. And yet, Justin couldn’t figure any of it out.

“Tell me what you’re thinking, slave boy.”

“I was trying to figure out what caused all of this.”

“Oh, you don’t want to think about that. Think about something else. Think about how much you want to have sex with me.”

His cock immediately hardened as he pictured himself on top of her.

“Tell me how you imagine it.”

“You’re on your back, and I’m on top of you, pounding into you,” he said. His cock twitched, and he nearly climaxed right there. He had to exhale through his teeth to keep that embarrassing occurrence at bay.

“No, no,” she said with a giggle. He continued to pet her, massaging her back and shoulders. “That’s not how it works. Try again.”

He stared at the back of her head. Justin was almost entranced by the curves of her hair and the way the light glimmered off of her soft tresses. Even so, she had given him an order, so he needed to obey.

“You’re on your hands and knees,” he said.

Justin meant to say more, but she just giggled again. “Nope. That’s not how this works, not anymore,” she said.

He stopped. He still felt the urge to speak, like he had to say something, only now he didn’t know what. His thoughts immediately jumped, only now he saw a different image in his imagination.

Oh no.

Justin fought it. He battled with everything he had. Struggling to keep his mouth still and his throat silent, he worked hard to just hold those words back. It didn’t work. His best efforts didn’t stop him for half a second.

“I’m on my back, and you’re holding me down. You’re on top, and you ride me until I can’t take it anymore.”

“Actually, you can always take it,” she said. “It’s really just a question of when I give you permission. Isn’t that right, slave boy?”

He ached to tell her that he wasn’t a slave boy, that he would never be a slave boy!

“Yes. Fine,” he said. He hated himself for giving up so easily, but Justin couldn’t just argue with her either.

“In fact, I think you need to go on a little shopping trip tonight.”

“What do you—?”

“Quiet,” she said. “I’m not done enjoying my massage.”

Like an obedient slave boy, he closed his mouth and continued to work. Diligence and obedience, he behaved like every other young man in Crystal Canyon when confronted with a girl willing to order him around.

This became much more common in Crystal Canyon. Before the young men suddenly lost of their free will, the local sex shop didn’t do a great business. There were some couples who would stop by, and lots of college kids. Unfortunately for the proprietor, the college students just enjoyed walking around, examining the different

movies, toys, and costumes. For the most part, they would giggle, maybe point something out, and then retreat quickly.

But now, business was booming.

Boys like Justin had been ordered to go retrieve specific items. They knew exactly what they “wanted,” and they quickly grabbed the required items before paying and disappearing back out onto the street.

In fact, Justin only spent about ten minutes there. He searched, his eyes roaming over the different possibilities before he found what he had been ordered to retrieve. Then he paid and he left.

That’s why he found himself standing in front of her front door again. He knocked, and she answered quickly. “Come in,” she said.

He opened the door and stepped across the threshold. He held up the black, plastic baggie. “I have what you want,” he said.

“That’s nice. Strip for me first. Do it slowly, Justin. I want to enjoy the show.”

His expression remained neutral as he pulled off his shirt and his pants, shoes and socks. He moved with a mechanical grace, more like an automaton than a real person.

For her part, Alyssa didn’t mind. She just admired his muscles, the width of his shoulders, and the strength he conveyed. Even as a slave boy, he seemed strong, almost like a beautiful beast of burden.

“Very nice,” she said, nodding to herself. “Now, crawl over here and kiss my feet. Then tell me you got everything I told you about.”

Justin lowered himself down onto his hands and knees. Naked, he felt more like a dog or an animal. That was too bad for him. She had given him orders, so he complied as her power stole away his control.

He crawled. He soon found himself at her feet. When he looked up, he saw that she wore nothing but her panties. She grinned down at him as he lowered his lips to her toes.

“Good boy,” she said. As he kissed her feet, she ran her fingers through his soft hair. It felt nice, like petting a stuffed animal

or a dog. Having that absolute control definitely turned her on as well. Flickers of desire quickly kindled into something more.

“Follow me,” she said. She slid up from the spot on the couch. Without asking, she grabbed the bag and strolled into the bedroom. With a glance over her shoulder, she had to wonder how the future might shape up if this continued.

A newfound confidence spread through her. If she encountered Justin, or even any other male for that matter in an office, she would have no problem taking control, ordering him around. This power tasted good to her. More than that, it only increased her appetite.

She opened the door into her small bedroom. “Get on your hands and knees,” she ordered.

“What, what are you going to do?” Justin asked even as he moved to follow her commands.

Naked, he crawled up onto her bed. He lowered himself down onto his hands and knees.

“Spread your legs,” she said it, satisfied as he did just that.

Rather than answer, she opened up the bag and rifled through the contents. She pulled out one item, then another. She decided to start with the lubricant. She read the label, checking the directions. Yeah, it was simple enough.

Then, with a wicked grin on her lips, she opened the other package. “This is going to be so much fun. I like knowing that we get to switch roles, Justin. This was how you wanted it, right? Me on my hands and knees while you penetrated me from behind?”

Justin didn’t have to answer, so he kept his mouth shut. He stayed there, braced and quiet, just like a good boy.

She laughed, savoring his reticence. “It’s okay if you’re shy. I bet you’ve never been penetrated like this before.”

She dumped the contents of the bag onto the bed, and he couldn’t help himself. He looked. His eyes roamed over at the dildo and the strap-on harness. Soon enough, she would wear those items, and then she would come at him from behind, penetrating him. She would turn him into the girl...

“Are you ready?”

“Please, don’t do this,” he said. “Please, I can go down on you again. I can do whatever you want!”

“But Justin,” she said, reaching out and gliding her fingertips along his cheek, down to the underside of his chin. “This is *exactly* what I want.”

Justin struggled, fighting hard to tense his muscles, to get his body to obey. He worked, only none of the signals seemed to reach his hands or his legs. He remained there, braced and vulnerable, poised to be taken.

Making this even more difficult for the slave boy, he had to listen as she opened up the package. She tore through the box, removing the dildo first. Rather than just set it aside, she used it, touching the silicone tip to the nape of his neck and dragging it down along his back.

Alyssa loved the way he shivered. He didn’t say anything, yet the outrage seemed to spill off of him with every breath. He struggled to maintain some veneer of stoicism, but she could read him easily.

“You don’t like the idea of being a girl, do you?” Alyssa asked, just because she wanted to deride him some more.

Silence.

“Answer me. You don’t like the idea of being a girl, do you?”

“No,” he said truthfully. “I’m not a girl. I should be behind you or on top of you.”

“I’m sure that’s exactly how you feel,” she said. She looked down at the dildo in her hand once again. She admired of the soft curves, almost like a human form. “Suck this,” she said.

His eyes widened with shock, except his disbelief really didn’t matter. Her words took control of his body, so he wrapped his lips around the length even as she pushed it forward. He sucked on the artificial cock. She moved it forward and back, thrusting it deep into his mouth and almost to down his throat.

“There we go. That’s right. Show me how you can be a slut.”

He growled like a wild animal desperate for escape, yet her previous commands still bound him. They held him in that spot, on all fours.

Once she was satisfied that the dildo was thoroughly wet with his saliva, she let go. “Keep that in your mouth.” The command kept

him from spitting it out, no matter how much he may have wanted to.

Alyssa pulled off her panties. She pulled on the harness. For a few more seconds, she admired Justin. To think, just a few hours before her experiment, he had been the strong-willed, independent young man who thought he could get away with whatever he wanted. Things certainly had changed.

She wondered if she should post some videos online, just so other girls would be able to figure out how to deal with boys like him.

With a roll of her shoulders, she just grinned, savoring the fact that this was her choice to make.

Alyssa pulled the dildo from his mouth. She slid it into the harness, securing it with a click. From there, she pulled out the bottle of lubricant, and she asked him, "Do you want to beg for some of this? If not, it's only going to be your saliva."

When he didn't answer at first, she figured that he planned on remaining silent, like he could just put up with this or anything else.

Right before she started to move, however, Justin spoke up, "Please."

"What was that?"

He clearly hated every second of this, but Justin didn't want to feel the dildo slide into him without any lube. "Please, please put some lubricant on it."

"No. But I'll put it on you," she said.

Immediately, he started to mumble and stutter, begging her not to. He didn't want to feel her fingers right there at his opening.

Too bad.

Alyssa already made her choice. She squirted some of the viscous lubricant onto her fingertips. Then she rubbed it around his opening. She went deeper and deeper, all while Justin bowed his head down. His cheeks turned a flaming shade of red. He hated this. He hated the fact that she could keep him still, utterly paralyzed. He felt like a prisoner within his own body, and now she went deeper. She used one finger, then two. She made sure that his entrance had become nice and slick. Then, without any sort of announcement, Alyssa took what she wanted. She had her hands in his hips, and she thrust forward, aiming that tip right for his opening.

He felt the sliding, silicone mass as it pushed into him. He gritted his teeth. He was not going to say anything, only she grabbed him by the back of his hair and pulled, raising his head. He stared at the ceiling even as he listened to her laughter. “, That’s good. That’s really good,” she said, surprised at herself. Alyssa didn’t think this would be anything more than a chance to humiliate him, but she loved the pressure against her pubis.

Before she knew it, she set a rhythm, working her hips forward and back. She undulated with her body, enjoying every moment of this.

His eyes were wet as tears of frustration threatened to break from the corners of their confinement. Taking one breath after another, panting and gasping, he refused to break. He wouldn’t give her the satisfaction!

Alyssa wasn’t paying attention to his expression. Instead, she reveled in this power. She didn’t know how much of her arousal came from having him in this position, but it felt incredible. With every moment, she slid forward and back, knowing that he felt completely degraded.

“And to think,” she said, “This is what you wanted to do to me.” She giggled and shook her head.

Justin tried to say something, only she cut him off with a quick slap of her hand against his backside. She struck hard enough to leave a handprint.

“This is how your world works now, Justin. You get to do whatever I want whenever I want. I get to play with you and use you. I can use your mouth or your hands. Maybe I will play with your cock. What you think of that, Justin? Do you like knowing that you’re my toy now? Do you like knowing you belong to me? Tell the truth.”

“I hate it!” He cried out those words, each one punctuated with fresh desperation.

Alyssa wasn’t surprised. If anything, that confirmation just made her grin. She wore that impish expression as she started to move faster. Bucking her hips required more energy than she expected, but she enjoyed it. With every rhythmic thrust, she claimed him as her own.

To think, she had always fantasized about him being her boyfriend. In reality, he was so much better as her slave.

“Thank me,” she ordered.

And just like that, his lips started to move, his throat vibrating as he said, “Thank you!”

“Why are you thanking me?”

Justin sealed his lips. He would not give her the satisfaction of hearing him come up with some BS point.

“Thank me for owning you. Thank me for training you. Thank me for putting you in your place.” As she finished her commands, Alyssa stopped. She had the dildo wedged deep in his ass.

“Thank you for owning me,” he said. It felt as though the words had to be torn from his mouth. “Thank you for training me. Thank you for putting me in my place.” His fingertips shivered as he said those words.

“Good boy,” she said as she started pumping him again, quick, fast movements that proved she could do whatever she liked.

He had become chattel, something she could own. And she loved it. Every moment reinforced her authority. She worked him, claiming him. And pretty soon, she realized she was on the verge of her own orgasm. She didn’t think this was possible, but she kept with it. She worked him as he growled and whimpered.

“Maybe we’ll do this every week, maybe every day,” she said with a giggle. “Or think about this. I might show you off to my friends. How would you feel if some of them watched? You know, just so that it’s clear you are owned.”

“You, you’re not going to get away with this,” he said.

She smacked his ass again, so he got quiet like a good boy.

“Don’t be silly,” she said.

Another couple of seconds of that rhythmic, pulsating movement, and she came. The orgasm felt different, this flutter of sensation that reverberated through her body. It felt wonderful, hot pleasure coursing through her skin. Then she pulled back and fell onto her side.

“Good boy,” she said.

Resting and relaxing, Alyssa enjoyed herself. But for his part, he remained on his hands and knees. Trapped on all fours, he had to wait for that moment when she would give him permission to move or at least assume a different posture.

“That was good. That was really good,” she said. “In fact, I think you deserve a reward now.”

Still, he couldn't move.

“Lay down on your stomach, Justin.”

He lowered himself down. He rested, relaxing his hands at his sides.

“That reminds me. Did you get the collar?”

He didn't answer; he didn't want to. She glanced over at the corner of the bed where she had discarded the contents of his bag. Sure enough, she found that black leather collar engraved with five letters: SLAVE.

“You should probably try to improve your attitude, Justin. If I decide I don't like the way you behave, I might just make you wear this every day. That way, everyone will know who and what you are.”

His eyes opened, going wide. He knew he could speak, but he chose not to because he didn't think it would make any difference. This girl wanted to tease him and humiliate him. She would do it no matter how he reacted. Even so, his heart beat faster at the thought of wearing something like that.

“Just think about it. You could enroll in school, and I could just lead you around on a leash. You could carry my books for me. Whenever I need something, I'll snap my fingers, and you'll rush to obey. I'm sure all of my friends will be so jealous!”

“No. Please, don't.”

“Then you had better behave yourself,” she said.

She held up the collar, letting it dangle in front of him. Then, she just hooked it up around his neck. She pulled up on the two ends, latching them together. “From now on, you aren't allowed to touch your collar or take it off without permission.”

Perhaps Justin imagined it, but could almost feel the programming take a hold of his body and mind.

“Now, that reward...”

Justin didn't know what to expect, but she reached down and started to pet him. She ran her fingers along his ass, up his back, all the way to his collared neck. "Slavery is going to become the new normal," she said. "From what I understand, this thing, whatever it is, is only affecting the young men like you, but it will be hard to keep this from spreading."

Justin didn't say anything. He refused to think about what this might mean. Only one thing was certain: he wouldn't like it.

Unless they found a cure, his life would change radically. When he swallowed, he felt the collar, which only seemed to prove that point perfectly.

"Don't worry. If I have to keep you as my slave boy, I will take very good care of you. I won't punish you unless you deserve it, and I will make sure that none of the other girls are mean to you. That'll be my job!" Alyssa laughed like she was joking.

"Please. Look, I know I was a jerk, but you can't do this to me."

"Can't I?" Alyssa asked.

Justin didn't have a good answer for that. Even so, he pressed his lips together, and he tried to think this through. "You cared about me, right?"

Again, she answered with another question, "What makes you think that I don't care about you now?"

"You put a slave collar on me."

"Yeah?"

After a few more seconds, she tilted her head to the side and looked down at him. "Just relax."

At first, Justin wanted to jump up. He wanted to grab this girl and throw her onto her back, but he couldn't. Even so, he began to relax after a few more seconds. This girl knew how to touch him. As her fingers slid down his back toward his ass all over his legs, it felt good. Warm, soft pleasure simmered through his body.

Even if he had been violated from behind, Justin stopped worrying about it.

Instead, he closed his eyes. He didn't need to cling to his anger, not at that moment.

“There we go,” she said, sensing the shift in his muscles. The tension started to disappear. “That’s right. Just relax.”

This odd, serene contentment filled him. He relaxed, and he still understood all of his problems, but they seemed academic and intellectual, just abstract and theoretical. Did he really need to worry about his position?

No. Of course not.

“There we go. Just relax,” she said again.

Up until this point in her life, Alyssa never imagined she had a particularly potent libido. Unlike so many of the guys she encountered in Crystal Canyon, she didn’t feel horny all the time. She didn’t have any wild attraction to anyone besides Justin. But now, as she stroked him and reveled in her newfound authority, she could feel another wave of heat begin to coalesce at her center.

It radiated out from that spot just below her belly. Her pussy was getting wet again, and she started to shift.

After taking Justin, she thought she would be done. But then, she told him to roll over. As he obeyed like a well-trained dog, she absentmindedly stroked his cock, her fingers brushing over his scrotum toward his tip. He hardened almost immediately.

“I think we are to done playing,” she said to him. “I think someone wants an orgasm. Is that right, Justin?”

He pressed his lips together because he couldn’t decide what to do. As he tried to figure something out, her fingers continued to tease him. They danced along his erection. Pretty soon, he could feel that heat run through his body, this primal itch that he couldn’t simply ignore.

“Or if you like, I could just have you stand in the corner for the next few hours and think about your new status.”

Justin was about to say that he didn’t have a new status, only she wrapped her fingers around his cock and squeezed. That gentle pressure almost pushed him to the edge. He nearly climaxed right there, spurting his load.

“Tell me what you want.”

“I want to have sex with you,” he said, arching his back as she touched him. Every teasing rub of her fingertips over his skin made it harder and harder to think.

“Yes, you do,” she said. “You really, really want to have sex right now. I can see it in your eyes. So all you have to do is beg.” To that wasn’t a command.

Something inside of Justin broke. This wasn’t about her authority. Instead, it morphed into something else. He looked up at her as she grinned. “Please, please have sex with me. Please, can have sex?”

“Stay on your back. Cross your hands over your head.”

He obeyed.

But this time, he tried to follow those commands before his natural instincts took over. Even if this had been some other city and he had been allowed control over his body, Justin still would have followed her orders.

She looked down at him. She lowered herself so that she could rub her breasts over his cock. He felt her nipples, and the soft give of her flesh. His breathing sped up even further. His heart was pounding now. She positioned herself above him. She straddled him. She rubbed her pussy along his cock without actually taking him.

“From now on, this is how we will have sex. I will be on top and where will you be?”

“On my back, where I belong,” he said. Justin couldn’t even explain where those words came from. They just felt right. They just felt natural, especially with her poised above him.

She laughed. “That’s right! Good boy!”

“What are you?”

“I, I’m your slave,” he said, lifting his head and moaning those words.

“That’s right.” She lowered herself down, taking his cock into her wet opening. Her breathing caught in her throat. This felt amazing. She had imagined sex with Justin so many times before, but never like this. She took command of his body, especially as she started to ride him, working her hips up and down. She savored everything he had to give her.

She giggled, and his eyes got wide. What was she thinking?

Alyssa decided to let him know, “When I invited you over here, I thought it was just going to be an experiment. I had no idea this would turned into an entirely new relationship for us!”

He tried to shake his head, but she reached down with her free hand, her fingers braced against his collar. “Justin, this is how things will work from now on. Isn’t that right?”

He nodded his head as she rode him, working her pussy along the length of his shaft. Lowering herself down, she clenched, squeezing him. He couldn’t take it anymore! He started to climax! For her part, she used him, going up and down, taking his shaft like he was nothing but a sex toy there for her amusement. She cried out, throwing her head back. Her hair splashed against her shoulders and the nape of her neck. Everything turned to incandescent pleasure. And when she finished, she looked down at her slave boy.

“Say it.”

“I’m yours.”

“And?”

“I’ll always be yours,” he promised.

This experiment could be counted as a success...One that girls all across Crystal Canyon could perform with their own boyfriends, friends, and the cute guys who *used* to feel like they could be in charge.

The End

If you enjoyed this story, be sure to check out Anna Ritter's novel, *When Women Rule*, available [here](#).