

A close-up portrait of a young woman with long, straight blonde hair. She is smiling broadly, showing her teeth, and looking slightly to the right of the camera. She is wearing a white collared shirt under a grey blazer. The background is dark and out of focus, with some faint white markings.

Trained Boys

Michelle
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Corrective Therapy

“Here you go,” he heard her say before taking a couple of sips from his wine glass. The alcohol had been good, really good, sweet and maybe a little bit dry. It was probably his favorite vintage of wine. All of his senses enjoyed this moment as he looked over at his wife. She wore that sexy little negligée, and he yearned to run his fingers up along her hottie, to touch her.

“There we go. Keep drinking,” she said, even though he had almost finished the glass. With a smirk, he downed the last of his wine before she said, “Perfect. Now, we can get started. I don’t want you to freak out, but you’re going to pass out in a couple of seconds. You can probably already feel the effects.”

Pass out?

Effects? The effects of what? But even as the questions started to form behind his eyes, he could feel the wobbling uncertainty permeate his body. He didn’t know what to do, especially because she continued talking.

“Josh, I’ve made a little decision for our household. You see, I’m tired of your belligerence, your misogyny, your sexism.” Despite her lingerie, she sat down, resting her hands on the armrest. With her back straight, she looked like she was ready for a board meeting. Even if her legs were bare and the lines of her panties were visible, she still exuded the kind of confidence and control that most people envied.

“What, what are you talking about?” Josh finally managed to say.

“I’m saying that our relationship needs to be modified. That’s why, when you wake up, you’re going to be in a very special clinic for men just like you.”

Clinic? He wasn’t sick.

“I’m sure it’s hard for you to understand now, but this will all make sense in a little while. Just relax and let it happen.”

No! He wasn’t that kind of man. Josh pushed himself up onto his feet. As soon as he did so, he knew it was a mistake. The world seemed to rotate around him. He blinked once, and his eyes needed another couple of seconds to focus.

It felt like he might fall asleep at any moment. He didn’t know how that could happen.

Sluggish thoughts and questions bubbled up behind his eyes, but he

still couldn't make sense of his situation. Distantly, hear the sound of his wife laughing.

“You need to understand that I am going to be in charge of our home from now on. That means he will do what I say. You'll wear a collar, crawl, beg, and serve my every whim. I'm going to be the owner, and you'll be my slave. Because really, that seems like it would be the foundation for a much better society.”

Josh had heard about those rumors, a slow conspiracy working its way through society has girlfriends, wives, and even sisters and best friends decided that the men they knew should be retrained.

But it was all just garbage, click bait and lies spread online. Right?

He took a step, and he decided he had to get out of there. If he could get outside, maybe find some help, this could all start to make sense.

He took another step, striding closer toward the front door. On his third step, the floor gave way, and he fell down into the carpet. He had his shoulder hard.

“You really should just relax. Don't worry. Some people be here to pick you up shortly.”

She rose from her spot and strolled to him. She placed her foot on his shoulder, making sure he couldn't attempt to get up again. He experienced the weight of her foot, the smooth contours of her toes, and he shivered, hating the fact that his wife could do this to him.

“I'm not going to do it!” he gasped at her. “I'm not going to let you turn me into a slave.”

“Do you know what the best part of this is?” Serena asked. “You don't have a choice. No, you don't. This is going to happen whether you like it or not. But don't worry. Med need to be enslaved. That's probably the greatest issue with our society, I think. Men suffer from thinking they are in charge. For way, way too long, women have given you the opportunity to rule, but that needs to stop here and now.”

He had glanced at some of the female supremacy essays and treatises floating around online. At work, he had once laughed with some of his buddies, joking about how crazy these women must have been. But now he heard those words coming from his own wife!

Quadrupling his efforts, he fought to shove his hands down against the carpet so he could force himself up. He wasn't going to put up with this! Despite the sedatives running through his bloodstream, he would somehow

defeat her! He would throw her to the bed, take her, and show her he was and always would be the boss.

But then she shifted her weight and shoved him back down to the floor, right where he belonged.

By this point, his eyelids fell, and he lost consciousness.

A while later, Josh woke up. As he did, he tried to move. He shifted around, thinking that he would grab a glass of water, maybe roll over and wrapped his arms around his wife as he so often did. He enjoyed this first couple of seconds before he really woke up. He could grope her, running his fingers along her breasts or down between her legs. She would squeak out, telling him to stop, but he enjoyed playing with her. He loved the feel of her body, and he wasn't going to let her stop him.

But as he tried to move, he felt resistance in every direction, first from the left, then from the right. Blinking his eyes open, he found that there wasn't soft sunlight glowing from the windows. Instead, he looked up at harsh fluorescence.

Raising his head, he looked to down along the length of his body. His arms were pulled over his chest, each limb confined to the sleeve of a straitjacket.

"What, what the hell is going on?" Josh demanded. The memories flickered, only they didn't make sense. They had to have been some kind of weird dream, right?

The memories felt distorted. He remembered the wine, talking, his wife in her sexy lingerie. He remembered falling at her foot against his shoulder.

No. None of that happened. It must've been some kind of weird dream or something. But if that was true, why was he in a white room, on his back? Why does it look like he was in some sort of hospital or clinic? There was a counter to his right with a jar of cotton swabs tucked into the corner.

"What's going on here?" Josh demanded again, louder this time.

He didn't bother trying to figure this out. Instead, he fought to get up. When his arms pulled against the boundaries of his straitjacket, he felt the solid fabric along his shoulders and elbows. He tried to tear himself free, but he could tell that wasn't going to work.

Fine.

Josh may have been stuck in a straitjacket, but he started to roll over,

only to realize that his legs remained stuck near the corners of his hospital bed. He tried to pull away, only he felt the shackles around his ankles. Soft, white leather, they were medical-grade restraints. He had to lift his head up as high as he could, but he could see them. He also realized that he was naked from the waist down.

Not only that, he sensed something else around his wrists as he started to move. There were also another set of bands around his ankles. Always going on? What was this place?

Before he could demand attention, someone opened the door and walked in.

“Look, I’m not interested in talking to a candy striper right now. Go get an actual doctor,” he said, thinking that he would be able to talk his way out of this situation. He had no idea what Serena had said to get him here, but it wasn’t going to work.

A young woman in a white lab coat strolled up to the foot of the bed.

She had soft, light features, freckles along her cheeks, and black hair tied back into a simple ponytail. Her dark-rimmed glasses almost made her look like a librarian. Holding onto a tablet in one arm, she looked down at him. Her lips hardened into something of a frown before she forced herself to be more polite.

“Josh?”

“I asked you to go get a doctor. Do it right now,” he snarled at her.

“I am your doctor,” she replied. “My name is Doctor Haley Sinclair. I’m going to be working on your corrective therapy for the next couple of days.”

“No. I don’t want some lady doctor. I want a real doctor,” he growled at her.

Josh thought he understood how the medical industry worked. He honestly believed that the patient, it was his right to determine who would treat him. But then, he was a man, so he didn’t get the same rights as the female patients. He didn’t know this yet, but he was about to figure it out.

She walked around the side of the bed, scanned through the chart displayed on her tablet, and then she smiled down at him. “My own mind. According to your wife, you are something of a sexist. That definitely looks like it’s true. Don’t worry. We can cure you.”

“I’m not a sexist, and you can’t cure me of anything because there’s nothing wrong with me! I’m serious. Go get me a real doctor!”

“Josh, I am your doctor whether you like it or not. Now the only question is whether or not you need to be gagged for the first part of your treatment.”

“Gag?” He repeated the word like it didn’t make any sense.

“That’s right. We have plenty of muscles for belligerent males such as yourself. So tell me, can you behave yourself?”

“Screw you, lady!” Josh probably thought he sounded intimidating, yet this woman had dealt with so many boys just like him.

“Yeah, I think you definitely need the muscle,” she said, walking over to one of the cabinets. She opened it, pulled out a white, leather muzzle. It would fit over the bottom half of his face, make it impossible for him to speak or try to bite.

When he saw the muzzle, he realized that he only had one choice.

Josh shut his mouth, sealed his lips, and clenched his jaw. He wasn’t going to give her the opportunity to put that thing on him!

Holding the bag in one hand, she reached over for the tablet, typed in a couple of commands, and then she watched, waiting.

The tablet sent a signal via the Bluetooth connection. He hadn’t really noticed that the bracelets or extra set of bands around his ankles. But now they came to life, searching with electricity. He felt the snap. It was enough to make his eyes water and he opened his mouth.

Before he could realize what his mistake had been, the doctor slipped in the muzzle over his face, inserting the gag between his lips. Then she grabbed his hair, pulled it painfully, enforces head back so that she could connect to the class.

Within moments, he was effectively muzzled.

“Many of our patients’ owners like to see how they look once they’re fully helpless,” she explained, reaching down and pulling a phone from her pocket. She snapped several pictures of him. In one, he closed his eyes and looked away. In another, he glowered at her.

“I believe your wife is going to really enjoy these.”

He snarled out at her, bucking and thrashing like a wild animal, yet he had no chance of frightening his doctor. She had seen bigger, scarier guys on her hospital beds before, so Josh wasn’t any real threat. Those boys had been broken and successfully treated. The same would happen with this one.

“You’re probably wondering about that electrical shock you felt. In case you haven’t noticed, there are four bands around your extremities, one

on each wrist, and one on each ankle. Whenever I tap a button on my screen, I can make them deliver varying levels of electrical shocks.”

When he heard that explanation, he swallowed.

He tried not to be scared, but it had stung. Was it really possible this woman had the power to punish him with just that the tap of her tablet screen?

“Would you like another demonstration?” Dr. Sinclair asked.

Narrowing his eyes, he glared at her.

“Here we go,” she said, theatrically raising her hand above the screen before dipping her hand down. Her finger touched the smooth surface, the signal jumped, and that he felt it.

Fresh bursts of electricity smacked into his arms and legs all at the same time. He twitched, crying out into his gag.

“Oh, sorry. I probably should have warned you, Josh. I had increased the power level by about five percent.” She smiled down at him. His eyes narrowed again, and he snarled something, not that she could understand with the muzzle over his face.

“Before we continue, I should probably explain what the purpose of this training is going to be. You see, you need therapy, Josh. You might think that you are a good man, but you’re not. You know why?”

He didn’t react. Josh didn’t shake his head or say anything. He didn’t want to give her the satisfaction.

“No? You don’t know? That’s okay. Here, I will make it simple for you. There are lots of men out in the world who actually think that males and females should be equal. That is a mistake. Women are actually superior. Women should take control of society, and that’s what we do here in this clinic. We take boys like you, we collared them, leash them, train them, and ultimately correct all of their bad behaviors. This way, they can go home and learn to be obedient.”

He said something. She had dealt with lots of young men who tried to speak through their gags, so she could guess that was probably, “Never!” These boys were always so dramatic.

“Never? You don’t think, after just a couple of days of treatment that you are going to be ready to acknowledge your wife’s authority?”

This time, he shook his head.

“You see. That’s why you need this therapy. You have all these mistaken assumptions and beliefs about the world. But don’t worry. I’m

going to show you exactly how well you can be trained. Like right now, I want you to knock your head when I tell you that women are superior.” She smiled down at him again. “Women are superior, aren’t they?”

He stared at her hard and refused to cooperate.

That’s why she made a show of picking up the tablet, wiggling her fingers over the screen, and then pressing of the pixelated button.

This time, Josh thought he was braced for it. He thought that he could handle anything that happened to him because he knew it was coming.

Four jolts of electricity exploded through his body, glancing through his wrists and jumping from his ankles. The energy seemed to flow through him, snapping along his body all at once. Everything became incandescent pain. His vision disappeared as he endured that shock.

It only lasted for an instant, but it seemed to go on and on.

When he finally understood how painful it can be, he opened his eyes.

“Are women superior to men?” Doctor Haley Sinclair asked again.

This time, he bobbed his head.

“That’s right. Women are superior to men. Women are better, but we’re going to cure you of all of your delusions. Doesn’t that sound nice?”

This time, he didn’t respond, so she gave him another dose of pain. Electricity rocketed through his body, blasting along every pain receptor he possessed.

Right after the pain dissipated, he tried to pull away. He yanked on his straitjacket, twisting from side to side. Unfortunately, Josh couldn’t even roll over, not while his legs remained tied to the corners of the bed.

“You aren’t going anywhere,” she said.

Still, he kept fighting.

“I can see that you’re going to be a stubborn boy. But don’t worry. I’m going to make sure that you learn your place. After all, pain is one inducement toward obedience, but there’s something else. You know why men are truly inferior? It’s because of this.” She reached down and gently stroked his scrotum. Her fingers brushed along his sensitive skin, teasing him until he started to get turned on.

At first, Josh didn’t even know what was happening. It was like his brain refused to accept these fresh sensations.

But after a short while, she wrapped her fingers around his shaft. With a gentle squeeze, she made him hard.

As he became erect, she smirked. “See? Right now, you should be

scared and upset. But you can't help yourself. You're becoming turned on. Is it because you think I'm beautiful? Or is it because you understand how I'm in control here? I can do whatever I want with you, Josh. I'm your doctor."

He didn't want to believe it, but then she tapped the button again after withdrawing her hand from between his legs. Another surge of pain blasted through his body, scouring every thought from his head.

When he blinked and looked up at her again, he saw that she had stepped on a pair of latex gloves. She reached down with both hands now, cupping his scrotum in one hand and teasing him with the other one. "You like this, don't you? You enjoy being stimulated. You can't help yourself."

He itched to say that this wasn't fair, that she wasn't supposed to be able to mess with him like this.

"Are you getting frustrated? Are you starting to understand what it means to be helpless?"

He bit down on the gag, which helped a tiny bit. But at the same time, the stimulation continued to work its way through his body.

"It's okay," she said. "An important part of your corrective therapy is learning to admit that you have been wrong about pretty much everything."

He stared back at her hard, but her fingers continued to play along his body. She tickled the underside of his scrotum, caressed the base of his cock, and gave him gentle, teasing squeezes along the way. It didn't help that she had a surgeon's dexterity, so Haley knew exactly what to do.

As she stood above him, poised between his legs, she marveled at her simple authority.

When most people thought of power, they imagined being the President of the United States or maybe a CEO or something. But she preferred something more intimate, something more personal. Medicine. As a doctor, she dictated how someone might live, what he could do, and even what he might accept as reality.

Teasing him, she smirked. He still had his eyes closed, and she knew that he was waging a private war against his own body.

Her patient, Josh, really believed that he was going to be able to get out of this. She could tell by the way his muscles tensed and flexed and how his fingertips pushed down into his hands. He kept thinking that he was going to be able to break free. Every few seconds, he twitched against his restraint, almost like he thought he might be able to tear through those medical bonds.

Nope. It wasn't going to happen.

When she first started her practice here, Haley had considered one male patient. Large, almost a professional bodybuilder, he had strained the holding capacity of his restraints. Ultimately, she had him sedated before doubling and then tripling his restraints. Technically, that probably wasn't necessary, but it made him feel weaker, and it made both Haley and the rest of her associates feel better.

This boy, Josh, really didn't stand a chance.

"You are about to climax," she said to him. "At any moment now, you are going to lose control. Think about that, Josh. Think about what it means and what it says about you. You like to think that you are in charge of your own life and your own destiny, but you're not the reader a boy, and the world is dominated by women now."

He swung his head from side to side.

No, that wasn't true!

Yes, women had made incredible strides over the last couple of decades, taking more and more power as the years elapsed. But still, he needed to believe men would reassert their natural dominance.

The woman poised in front of him wished for him to understand the truth: the patriarchy was coming to an end. Too many men had made too many mistakes, and now women demanded absolute authority.

"It's only a matter of time before female supremacy is codified in the law," she said to him. "You know that, don't you? I think that's why you're so angry. You're frustrated. You want to throw a tantrum. You think that if you beat your hands against your chest, you might be able to scare the future away. But I have news for you, Josh. The future is female."

She grinned down at him as he absorbed those words. He didn't want to believe them or accept them. He didn't want to face the reality of his situation, but there was no escape, not for him. He could struggle, buck, and thrash with everything he had, and it would be enough.

"Boys like you will learn to be properly deferential," she said, grinning. The corners of her mouth reached up for her cheeks. "You might not like it, but that's okay."

As his nostrils flared, he tried to get out a coherent word, sentence, or phrase. There had to be something he could say, some way he could show this woman that he wouldn't succumb. He wouldn't allow himself to be owned!

In his mind, women seeded control. They learned to accept male

authority and to obey. For Josh, it was practically impossible to imagine a world run by women.

The doctor stroked him, bringing him to a frenzy. He panted, gulping through one breath of air after another. He couldn't take this! It was too much!

Just as I thought crossed his mind, she pulled her gloved hands away from his genitals.

The teasing had been bad, but the sudden loss of sensation was so much worse!

Before he knew it, he was grunting with frustration as he yanked even harder on his restraints. He started to think that the confines of the straitjacket would start to tear, but he didn't hear the telltale rip of the seams.

Worse, Dr. Sinclair still stood above him. She raised an eyebrow, like she thought his best efforts were somehow entertaining or amusing.

“Would you like more?”

Despite his desires, he quickly shook his head from side to side.

“Too bad,” she said.

The doctor reached down and stroked him again, running her thumb along at the tip of his shaft. With her other hand, she stroked his balls again, tracing one finger around his sack.

It was almost too much!

Just as he felt like he might orgasm, the doctor pulled her hands away again.

“You see? This is why men can be controlled and owned. You might not want to think about it or admit it, but women are better. We are dominated by our sex drives, which means that we can control you.”

He swung his head from the left to the right and back again. He panted out, desperate to convince her that she was wrong. Or maybe he just needed to convince himself.

“What? You think we can't control you? I can make you do whatever I want, dumb boy.” To prove her point, she teased him to a fresh frenzy. The desires pounded through his body, lighting up nerves all along his arms and legs. His back went straight as he tried to lift his hips up as much as possible. He wanted to thrust his member against her hand. This way, he might get the friction and pressure he needed to finally climax.

Unfortunately for him, Dr. Sinclair had dealt with boys just like him on many previous occasions, so she relaxed her grip and pulled back just

enough to make sure that he worked for fresh stimulation, but that it wouldn't be enough to actually get him off.

"Sorry," she said as he groaned.

"I know how your body works, Josh. I know what you need. And just think about it. After a couple of days or weeks of this, how long will it be before you surrender? How long before you acknowledge that women deserve to be in charge and that you should obey."

He shook his head again, fighting hard to hold onto his dignity.

Men were superior. Men had ruled the world for countless generations because they were stronger and smarter and more aggressive. That's what he had always believed, so he clung to those ideas now even ask this female doctor remained above him. She had control, but it had to be temporary, right?

Yes?

He searched for certainty, but he just couldn't find it. As hard as he worked, he wondered if maybe this woman could be right.

She squeezed him again, scattering his thoughts because she brought him right to the verge of an orgasm. She took him to the very edge, watched his face, learned his reactions, and then pulled back. She relaxed her grip and took her hands away.

"Sorry," she said without any real sympathy or sincerity in her voice.

He stared up at her again. He tried to spit the gag out, but the muzzle had been securely strapped in place. As hard as he worked, he just couldn't speak.

"You're trying to stick your gag out, aren't you?" Haley asked. She seemed more amused than concerned.

"I'm always fascinated by how long it takes boys like you to give up on escape. Right now, you're probably thinking about trying to negotiate with me. It's okay. That's perfectly understandable. I mean, just look at you. You must be very upset. It's okay to admit. I mean, you're being confronted with the truth of that you are inferior and that everything you have believed is just wrong."

He shook his head. No! Men had been in charge for a reason. Women and feminists could whine and complain and pitches much as they wanted to, but that didn't change the reality. Men worked harder, earned more money, and took greater risks. Consequently, they controlled society. That was right!

"Do you want me to touch you again?" The simple question tantalized

him.

This time, he couldn't quite bring himself to swing his head from side to side.

Yes, he earned for her touch.

He hated the conflict brewing within his body. Part of him wanted to resist and simply escape. Another part wanted to disappoint her. Yet another strong impulse said that he should do whatever she wanted for the chance to get an orgasm. It felt as though he hungered mercilessly for this one stimulus, that one little push that would get him over the edge so that he could come hard.

"Maybe if you beg, I will let you get off," she said. "What do you think of that? Would you like to beg for your orgasm?"

He swung his head again, going back and forth.

"That's fine with me," she said. "But you know, I have other patients I need to see. This really was just about telling you how things would proceed from here. I took all the measurements I needed while you were unconscious. So my nurse will come in here, stick you with a vibrating ring, and then you can stop and think about how you really want the world to operate from now on."

She turned around, made a few notes on her tablet, and then she walked right out of the room.

Josh could barely believe it.

Left alone, he didn't know what to do. After a few seconds, he turned his attention back to the restraint around his right ankle. He studied it, searching for some weakness or vulnerability that he might be able to exploit.

Although he searched, he didn't find anything.

Just as Josh was about to give up and maybe look down at his other limb, the door opened again, and a pretty blonde girl in a white nurse's uniform walked into the room. She didn't push the cart or anything. Instead, she reached into her pocket and took out some kind of rubber ring.

At this point, he remained hard, his shaft pointing upward.

Without saying anything, the pretty nurse took out a bottle of lubricant, squirted onto the ring, and then she brought it down around at the tip of his cock, sliding it inch by inch until she got to his base.

From there, she pulled out some kind of controller. It looked like something that might be used to open a garage door. She pressed a button,

and it started to vibrate.

Josh exhaled through his nostrils, hating the way it felt so good.

“Sorry. According to the doctor, your prescription only includes edging,” she said with a shrug.

To her, it wasn’t a big deal one way or the other.

For Josh, it would be a new kind of punishment, something designed to break him.

Without another word, she turned around and sauntered away, her hips swaying elegantly.

Bracing his weight against his shoulder blades, he lifted his head and looked to down along the length of his body. He saw the purple rubber, and he could feel the weight of the small motor embedded within.

Josh didn’t know precisely what it was supposed to do or why it really mattered, but of the vibrations felt so, so good. It was almost like having the doctor touch him herself.

He is getting close, so incredibly close. His heart rate sped as his breathing turned frantic.

Yes, that felt good, so good! He was so close!

And then it stopped.

Josh didn’t understand what had happened. In fact, he wiggled his hips from left to right and back again, hoping that he might be able to jump start the device.

His body started to relax. Even though he remained hard, some of the arousal dissipated over the next couple of minutes. Josh began to think clearly again, and he was grateful that the device had stopped.

Just as that thought crossed his mind, the vibrator began to pulsate at the base of his cock once again.

No. Oh no. Oh no, it couldn’t do this to him! Fresh waves of desire began to rush through his body, flooding his system and make it impossible to think coherently.

“Get this thing off of me! Get it off of me right now!” Josh shouted, but no one came rushing to his hospital room door. No one wanted to let him out or take the ring off of his shaft. As far as all of the women here were concerned, his doctor had prescribed this treatment, so he would accept it whether he liked it or not.

After all, it was going to be good for him.

Yanking and twisting against of the boundaries of his straitjacket, he

fought to tear himself free again. He thrashed, bucking to the left, to the right, then back again. He fought as hard as he could until his heart was pounding wildly in his chest, his skin was damp, and his cheeks had turned bright red.

But even as his strength gave out, the vibrator continued to tease him. He could feel those delicious, automated sensations coursed through his skin.

He had never been this hard before. In fact, he could feel belittled triples of excitement make their way down his legs.

“Please, I can’t take this!”

Just as it felt like he was about to climax, the device stopped.

He didn’t know how it been programmed or what made this thing operate as it did, but Josh was desperate. Hot, incandescent need radiated through his body.

He didn’t know what to say, and he didn’t know what to think, yet he recalled Dr. Sinclair saying something about how women would rule. They were going to be in charge. He would have to learn to obey. He would need to do as he was told.

Gritting his teeth, Josh told himself that wasn’t going to happen. As a real man, he would always strived to be in charge. Sure, he might defer to the authority of others, but that didn’t mean he had to listen to women. They were smaller, biologically inferior...

Just as those ideas bubbled up to his consciousness, the ring started to vibrate again. Fresh impulses the darted between his nerves. Gasping now, he panted, sucking in one breath after another.

Desperation prompted another brief attempt at escape, but he couldn’t do it. As hard as he tried, Josh couldn’t break his straitjacket. He couldn’t kick his way off of the bed either.

“Please! Please, I can’t take this!” Pitiful desperation seeped into his voice.

If he had awoken with the solid confidence of a man who had worked hard and succeeded throughout most of his life, then he had started to lose it. That edge of certainty started to dull.

The vibrator stopped.

His body relaxed.

And that’s when the nurse came back. She carried a small rounded speaker. She set it up on the counter.

As Josh watched her work for a couple of seconds, he didn’t know what to do. He didn’t wish to risk getting in any more trouble. This was bad

enough! But then he saw that she was starting to leave. “No. Please, please, just take this thing off of me! I can’t take it!”

“I’m sorry, Josh,” the nurse said, having obviously read his chart. “But the doctor made it very clear that you needed more of your treatment.”

“This isn’t a treatment! It’s torture!”

“Just be grateful that you haven’t been shocked as part of your prescription.”

Josh remembered the bands around his ankles and wrists and the electrical jolts they could deliver. Even so, he almost preferred them to the primal need now gripping his body.

“Look, can’t you take it off of me just for a few seconds? Please, I’ll do whatever you want!”

The nurse seemed to consider him for a moment.

She nibbled on the inside of her mouth, almost as though she were considering something very naughty or an appropriate. Still, it was just going to be a game to her. Stripping Josh of his dignity and self-respect meant little more than a brief entertainment for this young woman.

“Actually, there is something you can do.”

“What? Please, just take it off of me. I’ll do anything!” Josh promised again.

“Tell me that I’m better than you.”

“What?” Somehow, he couldn’t quite make himself believe that this girl wanted something like that. She was wearing a tight, white uniform. Even the little cap on her head looked like something from another decade. How could this girl hold onto the same beliefs as Doctor Sinclair?

“I guess you don’t really want me to take the ring off of you,” said the nurse with a shrug before she started toward the door.

“You’re better than me!”

For a painful instant, Josh worried that wouldn’t be enough. He imagined her opening the door and striding back at into the hallway, if only to prove that she could. Fortunately for him, she did stop. Slowly, she turned around and considered the patient in his bed.

“I like it when you say that. Do it again.”

This time, the words came out as more of a grumble, “You’re better than me.”

“And why am I better than you?”

This was an open-ended question, one that did technically have an

easy answer. But if both the nurse and Dr. Sinclair held onto the same beliefs, but Josh could figure out what he needed to say.

The answer vibrated there at the tip of his tongue, but he still tried to think of something else he could say, something that would satisfy this woman.

“Time is ticking,” she said, tapping an imaginary watch on her wrist.

He pulled again, arched his back, and slammed his heels down on the mattress. “You’re better than me because you’re a woman!” There. He said it! She had to take the ring off of him now, right? *Right?*

“Not bad,” she replied. “But I think you can do better.” The coquettish smile on her face was absolutely enraging.

At some other place or time, Josh would have absolutely been attracted to this blonde girl. That only made it worse. It was like she had all of these advantages, which just wasn’t fair. As a woman in this hospital, she could influence his treatment. After all, it would have been so easy for her to walk right over to his crotch, slide the ring up and off of him, and set aside. It would be super easy, barely an inconvenience.

But he would have to convince her first!

That wasn’t right. It wasn’t fair!

Better...she needed him to say something “better” but what did she want to say?

As if she could read his mind, she touched a finger to her chin.

Flirtatiously, she smirked and said, “What makes me better as a woman?”

This felt childish, as though he’d been pinned down by a group of girls in elementary school and order to talk about why girls were smarter.

He told himself that he wasn’t going to do it, only Josh could still feel the tension of the rubber ring around his cock. At any moment, he could activate again, bringing him to the desperate cusp of an orgasm, only to stop.

He couldn’t take that again.

“You’re better than me because women are smarter and stronger than men. You better endurance, you know how to deal with people, and you are more resilient.” He didn’t know if he really believed to those words, but maybe he did.

Josh can really tell anymore.

“Good boy,” she said. “At this point, I’m willing to wager that you have a very good prognosis.”

Then she started to leave the room.

“Wait! I did what you wanted!”

She smiled back at him. “Yes, you did.”

Once the door closed and the nurse was gone, he felt like an absolute idiot. Why had he played along with her game? Why had he given her what she wanted?

Stupid, stupid, stupid! He slammed the back of his head against the soft mattress of his hospital bed. The frustration seethed throughout his frame, granting him another burst of strength for another futile escape attempt. But after his arms and legs got tired, he fell back down just in time to feel the vibrations restart.

The vibrating ring pulsated, teased, tormented, and pleased him all at the same time. His mouth watered it, and he started to think about that nurse.

But in his fantasy, he wasn't in a straitjacket. Actually, there positions would be reversed. She would be trapped on the bed, naked from the waist down, her legs spread. He would get to touch her, teasing her with a vibrator. He would make her moan, beg, and pleaded.

Her bottom lip would tremble as she would promise to do anything for him. And maybe he would have sex with her. Maybe he would just touch himself and blow his load all over her face.

He loved that thought, and it almost got him off, but then the vibrator stopped again.

And that's when the speaker activated.

“Your name is Josh, and you should always obey women. Whenever you see a female, you should assume a deferential stance.”

What was that?

He heard the soothing tones come from the speaker, but he couldn't really believe what they were saying.

What was this, some half-assed attempt at hypnosis? He snorted, thinking these women really were insane if they assumed something like that could work.

He was an intelligent, strong-willed man.

“Your name is Josh, and you should always obey women. Whenever you see a female you should assume a deferential stance,” repeated the soothing, feminine voice. It reminded him of the tone you might hear at an airport or train station.

“Obey women is always the correct decision. You should always do as you’re told. You are a male, and that means you have a place in society. At the bottom. Grovel. Obey. Do as you’re told.”

Josh clenched his eyes shut, like that could somehow protect him from the sounds entering his ears. Yet as hard as he tried, he couldn’t ignore the voice.

“Boys should always obey. Boys should be diligent. They should be humble and do as they’re told. As a boy, you should be ready to obey your owner.”

“I don’t have an owner,” Josh quickly replied, only to feel foolish because he was answering machine.

“You have an owner. Your owner is your wife. Your wife loves you very much, but she smarter than you and will tell you what to do and how to behave. Always obey your wife. Acknowledge your own inferiority. Accept the fact that there is a natural order to the universe. Women lead and men follow. Women command and men obey.”

At this point, he couldn’t help himself. He started to shake his head from side to side.

Then the voice started to repeat herself, “Women lead and men follow. Women lead and men follow.”

The repetition would have been bad enough, but the vibrator activated again. His ring started to buzz and pulsate.

No, he couldn’t listen and try to resist at the same time. He felt the ring as it teased him, bringing him to the edge of an orgasm, only to stop. It allowed him to relax for a few seconds. Then it resumed.

“Women lead and men follow. Women lead and men follow. Women lead and men follow.”

“That’s, that’s not true,” he called out, and he meant to shout, yet Josh could manage much more than a plaintive gasp.

“You should always do as you’re told. When you think of your wife, you should think of an authority figure. She has authority over you. She loves you, and that’s why she tells you what to do. You love her, and that’s why you will obey. You love her and that’s why you will obey. You love her and that’s why you will obey.”

Each syllable came out as determined and precise, almost as though the automated voice stated a fact.

Josh slammed his head back down again.

“I’m a boy, and I should obey,” he said.

What?

Why did he say that?

“Women lead and men follow. Women lead and men follow. Women lead and men follow.”

Clutching his eyes shut, he concentrated and managed to tell himself that none of this was true. He didn’t care what the speaker repeated. Those words didn’t mean anything. They were just gibberish.

“When you go home, you’re going to be a docile, deferential, and obedient husband. He will do as your wife commands. You are inferior, and you always want to please her. There’s nothing more important than pleasing your wife.”

When he heard those words, he imagined himself coming home. He would be back in his regular clothing, but he would see her, and she would lower himself down to his knees. He would study her shoes and the glint off of her leather flats.

“I love you, Serena,” he would tell her.

And maybe she would walk up to him, stroke the top of his head, and tell him that she was grateful he had been cured of his belligerence and sexism.

Was that something he should strive to achieve?

No!

This ideology was wrong! He didn’t care about any of the feminist crap spewed by these women. He was better, stronger, and more intelligent! He was aggressive, and he deserved to be rewarded for the risks he had taken.

And yet, the voice kept going, on and on, making it harder and harder for him to think clearly. “Women lead and men follow. Women lead and men follow. Women lead and men follow.”

“That’s not true,” he tried to say.

But then the vibrator teased him again, working him up to another frenzy. He clenched his eyes shut, surrendered, basking in the desperation. And then it stopped.

It went on and on like this, teasing, degrading, reminding, and training him. Whether he wanted to admit it or not, the procedure was working as a reshaped his mind.

“Women lead and men follow. Women lead and men follow. Women lead and men follow.”

The door opened a while later, and Doctor Haley Sinclair strolled into the room. She had her tablet in her hand. “This portion of your treatment may be unpleasant, but only if you refuse to learn your lesson and accept your treatment.”

Josh blinked several times. When she had first stepped into the room, he had glared at her, his expression harsh. Not only that, he had grunted and snarled like a wild animal. Only his muzzle had kept him from speaking out of turn.

But now the doctor turned off the speaker, and Josh remained quiet.

She stood there at the foot of his bed, and he almost imagined he could still hear the words: “Women lead and men follow. Women lead and men follow. Women lead and men follow.”

“What have you learned?”

“I, I don’t know,” he said.

Dr. Sinclair reached over for the box of latex gloves, pulled out a pair, and snapped them back onto her hands. “I don’t believe you,” she said. “I think you know exactly what you have learned, and now you need to tell me. Go on. You can do it. I know you can.”

Pressing his lips together, Josh gulped nervously.

Inside of his head, he still had this one last mental barrier, a wall that would hold back all of the training he had already delivered.

He had to wonder how much time have actually elapsed. It felt as though weeks ago by, but he didn’t really believe that. Just hours, right?

She walked over to him and slid the vibrating ring off of his shaft. Once it was gone, he exhaled with relief, and he looked up at her. For a moment, gratitude splashed across his handsome features.

“Well?” She asked, bracing her hands against of the foot of the bed.

“Women lead and follow,” he said automatically.

“That’s good. I’m glad to hear it. What else?”

Josh didn’t know what to say. The first response had been automatic, something that had been programmed into his head by the voice. But now she wanted him to think on it and reflect on it. Before he knew it, he started to speak again. “Women lead and men obey because women are smarter. They’re stronger. That’s why I’m in a straitjacket and type down.”

“Absolutely. And can you prove it?”

He didn’t want to think in these terms or along these lines, but what

other choice do Josh have?

“You can tell that women are better, especially from a historical perspective because they have made incredible strides over the last couple of decades, all despite the amount of oppression they suffered. Even just fifty years ago, women were little more than property. They were expected to do whatever there has been said. Now, women lead in so many different facets of society.”

“And what is happening to that trend?”

“It’s accelerating,” he said.

“Meaning?”

“Meaning that women are getting more and more power.”

“That’s right. Now, I’m a woman, so what does that mean?”

“It means that you are in charge.”

“And?”

“It means you can decide what to do with me. You’re the doctor, and I am your patient.”

“Good boy. So if I decide that you need to be shocked for the next couple of minutes, does that mean I’m right?”

He wanted to say no.

That barrier deep within his psyche seemed to strain for a second, then he went around it. “Yes. You’re right.”

“Good boy. So that’s what I’m going to do. I’m going to shock you for the next couple of minutes. And as I do so, I want you to reflect on my authority over you. I want you to remember that I am the woman in this room, so you should do whatever I say. And when I’m done, you’re going to thank me.”

Inhaling and exhaling quickly, he looked around the room, like he might be able to convince her to change her mind. But because he was a boy, he didn’t dare contradict her.

Before she started, however, the doctor reached to down, cupped his balls, and started to tease him. At this point, he was right there on the edge of an orgasm again. If he really thought about it, he knew that subservience turned him on now. They had created a psychological association within his mind, making sure that he connected arousal with helpless subservience.

That’s why she took his member in her other hand, and she squeezed him, just as she had done before.

He looked at her, his eyes big and pitiful, but he didn’t beg or plead

because he already knew that she was in charge, so she could decide what she wished to do with him. It was her choice. She was the woman. She held the power in this room. He had to obey.

But she moved her hand up and down, again and again, softly stroking and teasing this boy until he couldn't possibly take it anymore. His shaft started to pulsate, throbbing as he came hard. He felt the splash against his pubis.

It felt so good. The long-awaited relief rushed through his body, lighting up his nerves. He gasped, his lips parted slightly as he enjoyed every second of it.

Your orgasm faded, he felt completely disconnected, as though his entire body had turned into jelly and he forgot how to use his muscles.

That didn't last long.

She pulled off her gloves, threw them away, and then she smiled as she picked up with the tablet. "Don't worry. The nurse will be by later to clean you up. Right now, you still need to be shocked."

Without giving him any other warning, she pressed a button on her screen, and that's when the pain resumed.

He felt the shocks, sometimes in one leg, sometimes in both, sometimes in one hand, sometimes in both. The pain stabbed into him again and again from a dozen different directions as the electricity pummeled him.

Standing over her patient, she watched as he surrendered, accepting her authority.

Good, she thought. This was it. This was the cure he needed.

Josh still didn't know exactly how much time had elapsed. At this point, it had been at least a few days, right? He knew that he had gone through multiple sessions, during constant teasing, denial, electroshock therapy, and positive reinforcement. He talked to nurses and his doctor, all as he learned how to obey.

And now it was time for him to meet his wife again.

His wife. His owner.

In his mind, those words were now synonymous.

There wasn't any difference between Serena and her authority, her power to command.

Still, he felt nervous as he stood up. For the first time in a long time, he didn't need to wear straitjacket. Just as importantly, he only wore one cost

now. It circled his right wrist, and it would make it clear to anyone who saw that he was owned. If he went out onto the street, then would see it and know that he had been trained. Women would not their heads, happy to see that another male had been thoroughly subjugated.

And if anyone asked, he would honestly tell them that he was grateful for his treatment. He was grateful that he had been retrained and cured of his misogyny and belligerence. For so long, he had been mistaken about how the world really worked. But his delusions were gone, replaced by the truth of female supremacy and male obedience.

Those thoughts continue to bounce around behind his head until the door opened.

At once, he saw the outline of his wife, so he lowered himself down onto his knees. “Serena, thank you for coming to get me,” he said. “I promise I will be a good husband for you. I will be obedient to do as you tell me. I know that when lead and men follow.”

He heard something, almost like a girlish giggle. He still kept his eyes aimed downward.

And then she walked over to him, she stroked the underside of his chin, and she guided his gaze upward. “Glad to hear that you’ve had this wonderful attitude adjustment. But let’s just make sure, okay?” She pulled out her phone, pulled up one specific app, and then she tapped a button.

Zap.

It was a simple command, and she hit it easily.

He felt the stab of pain from his wrist. It jerked out into the rest of his body, but he didn’t argue or protest.

Instead, he showed that he was grateful, “thank you for punishing me. I’m grateful for the attention.”

“Good boy.”

From there, she told him to thank his doctor. “Thank you, Doctor Sinclair. I’m very grateful for all of the time and attention and effort you’ve given me.”

“Just do your best not to regress,” said the beautiful professional. She patted him on the head like he was an animal before Serena took him by the hand and guided back to the car.

“When we get home, how are you going to behave?” Serena asked.

Every time she glanced over at her husband, she expected him to start

growling or snarling like some wild beast. Seriously, she knew how men thought that acting like animals could somehow be respectable.

“When we get home, will you address me as your Mistress?”

Mistress.

She loved the power and authority that word conveyed.

“If it pleases you,” he said at once.

That made her laugh.

“Yes. It pleases me.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said.

It sounded as though every scrap of his former defiance had been taken away.

Good.

She parked in front of the house, got out of the car, and she watched as he followed her obediently, almost like a well-trained dog. She took him by his hand and guided him right back into their house. As he looked around one room after another, he remembered how he used to feel. He had subscribed to that traditional notion that a man’s home is his castle. But that wasn’t true. It was now his cage, his prison. Besides, all of this property belonged to his wife.

It didn’t matter what the law said. Josh knew his place.

She guided him right back into the bedroom. For a moment, she thought about stripping him. Then she decided it would be too much trouble. Instead, she smirked. “Take off all of your clothing,” she said. “I want to inspect my property.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said as he moved his pants, shoes, socks, underwear. He took off everything. Then he stood there before her, his back straight, his hands held crossed behind him.

“Good,” she said, stroking his naked body. She circled him, inspecting him as though he had been demoted to the status of property. In many ways, he had.

“Lay down on the bed. I want you to lick me.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he replied, immediately assuming the position.

Back at the hospital, he had spent a lot of time on his back. He didn’t regret returning to that position because he had followed a woman’s orders, and nothing could be more important. This was his wife, his Mistress, and he would always obey.

She pulled up her skirt, pulled down her panties, and then she touched

herself lightly.

“You’re turned on,” she said.

“Yes, Mistress,” he agreed, but the little blush of red along his cheeks made it clear that he was still embarrassed by how he had embraced his subservience.

“That’s good. You should be turned on by surrender.” She smiled at him as she lifted her skirt and pulled down her panties. Then she climbed up onto the bed, braced herself over him. She straddled his head, and then she started to lower her slit closer and closer to his mouth.

“Lick me, Josh. Lick me like I own you.” She smiled then lowered her voice, as though she were sharing a secret, “Because I do.”

He lifted his head as much as he could, and then he began to lick her slit, lapping his, over her opening, all for her pleasure and satisfaction. He moved eagerly, even if he didn’t have any real expertise. That was fine with Serena. It would come in time. But for right now, she basked in his subservience.

To think, this had been a man who had insisted women shouldn’t be doctors or lawyers.

She shook her head, amused. As he licked, however, her face started to turn red. She could feel the heat coursed through her body as he stimulated her. She loved how her body reacted. It felt so good.

But she wasn’t done with him.

“Should I have sex with you?” She pulled away, just long enough for him to answer.

Fortunately for Josh, he gave her the correct response, “Only if it pleases you, Mistress.”

With a triumphant grin on her face, she shifted back, took his erect member in her hand and lowered herself down to his tip. As she did so, she looked down into his eyes. He kept his hands over his head, as though they were held there by invisible restraints. He had taken off every article of clothing except for the bracelet. That remained locked around his wrist, right where it belonged.

“What have you learned?”

“I’ve learned to obey and embrace my own inferiority, Mistress,” he said. “I’ve learned to do everything I can to please you, Mistress. I belong to you. I love belong to you. I’m grateful that you on me,” he said, panting to the words as she started to slide up and down his shaft. She took her time at

first, but now she began to speed up, riding his member. She loved the heat, tension, and strength of his form underneath her.

As she enveloped him, Serena felt that perfect kind of power.

“That’s right. Women are superior. We’re stronger and better than you. That’s why you always have to obey.”

“Yes, Mistress. You’re superior. You own me!” He said those words as best he could, but his lungs struggled to keep up as he panted through the sensations.

She rode him hard, getting closer and closer to an orgasm.

“Are you ready to come? Are you ready to acknowledge your inferiority?”

“Yes, Mistress. Yes, please! Please, Mistress!”

For just a moment, she considered keeping him from his relief. She could have made sure that he didn’t climax. But she was his mistress, so she didn’t need to be cruel. He had already been trained. He had already been cured.

As the pleasure rampaged through her body, she threw her head back. “Now! Come for me now, my little slave husband!” She cried out those words, and then she felt him pulsate as his member started to the Rob. He embraced his orgasm and everything it meant.

When she finished with him, she leaned down and kissed the tip of his nose. “I’m never letting you go,” she promised, grateful that he had been cured. Like so many other women, she knew that an owned husband is a healthy husband.

The End

Trained in Chastity

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To delay the inevitable, I took a sip from my beer. There was

something I wanted to tell her.

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

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

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

"Come on, Jake. Tell me!"

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

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

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

"Tell me. Please?"

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

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

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

Probably because she was beautiful and smart and funny. Not only that, she was such a welcome balm compared to the rest of my life. At work, it felt like I spent ten hours per day with a bunch of snapping lizards, each one cold blooded and hungry. No one could be nice to anyone else. No one could support anyone else. It was garbage. I really had to find a new job.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Big mistake.

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

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

"You know that means?" I asked.

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

She was.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Something like that," I muttered.

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

I gulped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"This is fascinating," she said.

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

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

"My girls?" I raised an eyebrow.

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

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

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

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

"How often do you wear it?"

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

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

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

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

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

"I, I..."

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

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

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

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

"Turn around."

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

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

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

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

And I found something on her face.

Excitement.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What was she doing?

"Keep them closed," she ordered. There was something teasing,

almost chiding in her voice. My shaft remained hard, and then she came up to me. She grabbed my hands and pulled in behind my back. Crossing my wrists, she pressed my limbs against the small of my back.

"Don't move," she whispered.

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

But at that moment, I didn't know what was going to happen. My heart kept booming, my breathing came in quick little puffs, and I still didn't know what to expect. She put one arm around me, pushing her body against mine. Then she used her free hand to touch a cube of ice to my cock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Click.

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

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

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

consolation.

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

Sure enough, I was wearing the chastity cage.

But what about the...?

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

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What had I gotten myself into?

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

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

I was lucky. It was a Friday. I didn't have any projects that required me to go into the office over the weekend. And yet, sleeping had proved to be extremely challenging. I woke up, still aroused, still eager for an orgasm.

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

Yeah, that didn't help me calm down.

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

Nothing.

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

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

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

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

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

I shivered, this excitement running down my back.

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

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

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

I started wonder if I could get it off.

Glancing to my left and right, like I worried Melanie might pop out at

any moment, I decided to take the risk. This was a nice chastity cage, not the best or most expensive. But what if I really wanted to get it off?

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

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

So could I get it off without the key?

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

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

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

I was stuck.

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

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

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

So what was I going to do?

Nothing.

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

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

I raised an eyebrow, a little bit surprised.

The call was from Melanie.

The text message was also from my best friend. I raised an eyebrow

and opened it up. I only saw two words, each one staring back at me. *Call me.*

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

"Hello?" I asked.

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

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

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

"Because you want to give me something?"

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

"Excuse me?"

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

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

What the hell?

What had I gotten myself into?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When the door opened, Melanie stood there, leaning with this big grin splashed across her face. Her eyes practically sparkled with mischievous delight. "Jake, it's really good to see you. Get in here." She snapped her fingers and pointed, like I needed the instructions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What am I doing here?" I asked.

"Isn't it obvious?"

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

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

I stared at her, refusing to react.

"So this is the thing. I woke up this morning, and I had your key. Now

it's hidden, and you're not going to find it without my help. So if you ever want to get out of that chastity cage, you're going to have to do what I say."

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

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

Melanie raised a finger and wagged it from side to side. "I'm not kidding. I'm very, very serious. I get to do whatever I want with you now." And just like that, she hopped up and clapped her hands together. "Like right now, I want you to go do my dishes."

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

"You can't do this!"

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

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

I had to end this right then and right there.

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

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

"What?"

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

Chastity slavery. I heard the words, and my cock twitched again in its cage. Simultaneously, I tried to look away, but Melanie reached out. Her hand went up to my cheek, forcing me to turn my head back to her. "Jake, you're mine now. Until I decide to let you out, I can make you do whatever I

want, can't I?"

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

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

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

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

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

My sentence. She had called it.

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

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

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

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

"Now get on your knees."

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

And yet, that just didn't work.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And suddenly, I was before her.

She wiggled her toes in front of me.

"Kiss them," she said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Spank me?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And what are you going to do now?"

My ass was already red.

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

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

"I, I understand."

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

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

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

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

"What was that?"

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

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

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

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

around and face Melanie.

My Goddess.

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

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

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

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

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

Not without the key.

"What, what you doing?"

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

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

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

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

But soon, I had my head under her skirt, and Melanie chuckled.

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

My cock twitched again, desperate for escape.

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

Her flavor buzzed along my taste buds. I could hardly believe it. The

denial swept through me, this unwillingness to accept what was going on.

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

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

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

"Faster now," she commanded.

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

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

Pretty soon, she was on the cusp of an orgasm. Her inner thighs pressed against my cheeks. Hot sweat collected along my brow. All the while, she maintained her grip. She wasn't going to let me go; she wouldn't release me.

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

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

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

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

I could go?

"Get out," she said. She stood up, and she held her hands behind her back. Leaning forward, she stared down at me, her eyes blazing with menace. "You know you need to get going, don't you?"

I did. I understood that if I didn't retreat quickly, she was going to punish me, either by adding time to my sentence or with another spanking. I scrambled up onto my feet. I got dressed as fast as I could. And just like that, I stumbled out the front door.

Silence.

Apparently, that was my "reward" for my obedience, for servicing her with my mouth and tongue. After that, I didn't hear back from her.

That night, I considered this to be a good thing. Even with my shaft locked away in this stupid cage, I didn't think I wanted to talk to Melanie. If I did, I was certain that she was going to give me fresh orders. She would demand obedience in one fashion or another. That was something I couldn't take.

But then I went to bed. Or at least, I made the attempt. I showered and got under the covers. All the while, I kept thinking about Melanie. I thought about her long, toned legs. I pictured my arms around her waist. More than once, I saw myself as taking control. When that happened, I would eventually sputter out with laughter.

Me? Take control? Yeah, right. That was obviously an impossibility, this stupid image inside of my head. She was a Goddess. That's what she wanted to be called, and it seemed like an appropriate designation for this woman. From her shiny hair to her bright lips and her cunning eyes, everything about her exuded control and command.

No, I wouldn't be able to take her on.

At best, I would be naked and on my knees again. Or maybe it would be even worse. Maybe she would slip a collar around my neck and put on a leash like a pet.

Of course, these images made it impossible for me to get anything resembling sleep. I would close my eyes and toss and turn and roll over through one hour after another. By the time Sunday morning rolled around, I was exhausted and frustrated all at the same time. There was this buzz of need deep within me, yet I couldn't do anything about it.

Back in high school, I had gotten horny a lot. Like so many other teenage boys, I thought about sex all the time. Just being close to a girl was enough to make me hard.

This was worse. Every moment brought fresh waves of desire. I kept thinking about Melanie. Even when I tried to log into my computer at work, I wanted to check my email and get something done. I kept picturing Melanie. It was hard to focus for longer than a few seconds.

That morning, I tentatively went over to my phone, thinking that there would be another message from her.

But no. There was nothing.

I tried to get some more work done. I even considered going into the office, only to smirk to myself. Yeah, right. That would be a terrible mistake. If I went into the office, then I would risk someone seeing me like this.

Every time I checked the mirror, I looked like I was sick. Seriously, my eyes seemed unfocused, and my cheeks were bright red. My heart kept pounding, like there was this extra dose of adrenaline flowing through me from one second into the next, on and on, unending.

What was I going to do?

I focused on my apartment. I got my place cleaned up. To be honest, I had never, ever done that much housework so quickly before.

As the afternoon wore on, I checked my phone again. Nothing.

What? How is that possible?

In a burst of frustration, I pulled up Melanie's name, and I decided that I was going to contact her myself. This game couldn't continue. We were quickly approaching seventy-two hours. I was going to have to go to work soon, so I couldn't let her do this.

As I held the phone up to my ear, I didn't know what I was going to say.

Then I heard her voice, digitized. "Hey, you've reached Melanie. If you want to leave a message, you know what to do!" Then she started laughing, and it was easy for me to imagine her laughing at me specifically.

The phone buzzed. I needed to say something.

What?

What could I say?

I wasn't going to beg her for release in the form of a voicemail.

I locked my teeth together, I ended the call, and I threw the phone back on my couch. It landed with a dull thud before bouncing once.

After that, I straightened my back and rolled my shoulders. I lifted my jaw as I stared up toward the ceiling. I tried to figure something out, to come up with a good solution for this.

Nothing. Nothing occurred to me.

Exhaling through my nostrils, I turned on my TV, and I started to watch something. I just needed a distraction.

The hours ticked by, one after another, on and on. Time felt meaningless. It started to get dark.

Every few minutes, I checked my phone, thinking that Melanie was

eventually going to call me. She had to, right? She couldn't just leave me hanging this way! But even as I made those silent promises to myself, I knew the truth.

There was nothing compelling her to call me.

Besides, she was probably enjoying my frustration. At this point, she could probably guess how I was feeling.

It was all part of her game. She wanted me squirming and desperate. She wanted to know that I was truly helpless, but I had to wait for her.

Suppressing a growl, I started a new show.

I checked my phone again. Damn. It was almost time for me to go to bed.

I stayed up a little while longer, waiting, hoping. Time and again, I was tempted to try to call her. If I did, I already knew that she wasn't going to answer. So making another attempt would only play into her hands. It would be one more reason for her to smirk or laugh at me.

Monday.

On my way to work, I desperately hoped that she was going to call me, that she would tell me what she wanted me to do.

In my darker moments, especially when I sat behind my desk, I started to contemplate what I would do if I could get my hands on her. I would grab the Melanie and throw her down on my bed. I would pull on her pigtails and kiss her hard. I would grope her, rolling her over to spank her. Oh yes, that would feel so good. She thought she could spank me? Well, I would show her what a real man could do.

Those thoughts formed bright, vivid fantasies.

But then I would blink, and have come back to the reality of my situation. As my cock hardened in its cage, I would feel the power she wielded over me. No, I wasn't going to fantasize about taking control. Not anymore.

Tuesday.

I got to work, and it felt like I was hung over. I hadn't slept particularly well in days. The arousal was still there. I kept thinking that my body would cut it out. At some point, my shaft would figure out that I wasn't going to get off, right? There would be a moment when my body would finally figure it out, and the constant yearning would go away.

If so, I hadn't reached that point.

Wednesday.

By this day, I was sleeping. Somewhat. Or maybe I was just getting used to the constant shifting. From time to time, I would go to the bathroom, and I would check on the cage, just to make sure it was really there. They were times when I started to wonder if this was somehow an illusion, like I was just hallucinating my genital captivity.

But no. The cage was always there, this perpetual reminder of my place.

The fantasies of taking control had given way.

Now, when I dreamed, I pictured myself on my knees, naked. I could hear those words that I would say to her.

I would look up at her, and I would beg her to let me out. "Please, please, Melanie. I don't want to be a slave. I can't be your slave! Please, I don't belong in chastity! I thought this was just going to be a game or something, but I obviously messed up. Please, this was all my fault. Please, let me go back to the way things were!" And then I would wake up, and my eyes would be damp.

Thursday.

At work, I noticed something.

Around the women, I became deferential. Even when I talked to the secretaries, I approached them, and I felt timid each and every time. It was like someone had drained away my natural aggression, turning me into this pliant, servile creature.

The girls noticed almost immediately. Pretty soon, I would walk up to some of the secretaries to make a request, and they would giggle at one another.

It was embarrassing. Then the men started to notice as well.

I hated it. I hated every second of it! But there was nothing I could do. Even when I approached one of the girls, to issue some domineering command, no matter what it happened to be, my voice came out hollow. She would notice immediately, of course.

She told me she would get on it whenever she felt like it. I would nod my head. And then I made the mistake of saying "Yes, Ma'am."

I addressed one of the administrative assistants as "Ma'am"! The

rumors flew that day.

Friday.

It felt like I was vibrating.

My subservience had only gotten worse and worse. At this point, I couldn't even ask any of the women for anything. When it came to those menial tasks that they were supposed to handle, I did them myself.

One of the female supervisors noticed, and she said something about how she was impressed with my teamwork. She liked the fact that I could take care of myself. I didn't say anything. I kept my head down.

That felt like the natural order now.

As a man in chastity, I had lost something key, something primal. I could no longer assert myself.

All the while, I kept looking at my phone, checking it constantly, desperately hoping that Melanie would call me.

By lunch, I couldn't take it anymore. I knew this was a bad idea, but I pulled up her name on my phone, and I called the number.

"Goddess, if you would meet with me, I would be very grateful. Please, I think we need to talk. Please, please can we talk? I promise, I will be well behaved." Even as the words left my lips, I crinkled my nose with disgust. Although I couldn't help myself, I still recognized the futility of what I was attempting. With every breath, I knew that I was just giving her more and more power. But I couldn't stop myself! I couldn't hold back that eagerness.

After that, I thanked her for her time. I spoke in a small, timid and deferential voice. I sounded so small.

That's what the chastity device did to me. It bottled up my desires, turning arousal into this corrosive acid that ate away my strength. Now I felt more and more like a slave. All I needed was a Mistress to take control of me.

When we started, I thought I was scared of the collar. Now I would have lifted my head and exposed my neck, eager for the opportunity to get owned.

She called me back.

I grabbed my phone, immediately answering. I held it up.

"Goddess?" I asked.

"Hello, slave," Melanie said. "How are you feeling?"

Horny!

Even if that was the truth, I understood it wasn't the words she wanted to hear. So I said something else instead. This word happened to be equally true. "Obedient."

"Oh really? Tell me more."

I licked my lips. In my cubicle, knowing full well that several other people in the office could probably hear me, I still spoke. "Goddess, I feel very obedient, like I must do whatever you say. I know that you are my key holder, so I have to obey you. I will do whatever you want, however you want. I belong to you."

I clutched my fingers as I said those words.

"I'm glad to hear that you're finally figuring out what chastity can do to a boy."

"Yes, Goddess," I replied.

"And since you are being such a good boy, I want you to come back to my place tonight." With that, she hung up.

Melanie didn't give me a particular timeframe. So I waited until I got off work, and I drove straight to her place. I arrived, and I knocked. No one answered the door. She probably wasn't home yet.

I flinched, looking around.

I needed to get the chastity device off. Even if that wasn't a possibility, I had to see Melanie! I kept thinking of the secret that she knew about me. No one else on the planet understood why I had changed. Sure, my office mates could tell that something was different, yet they had no idea that a girl held the key to my cock, and with it Becky had assumed total control.

Yes, it was total control.

Whenever I examined my feelings for her, I knew that she had absolute power over me.

Finally, I heard steps. I looked down the hall, and I saw her approaching. She was texting someone.

Like a good boy, I got down on my knees and I waited for her.

Melanie walked right by me. She unlocked her door.

"May I, may I come in?" I asked in that same, nervous tenor.

"You may," she said. "But you should be naked right when you get in here."

"Yes, Goddess," I replied dutifully.

I crawled into her place. I closed the door. Immediately, I started to strip. There was no hesitation, no drawn-out pause. She wanted me naked. So I would be naked.

"Very good," she said.

Soon, I was naked, and she swept her eyes along my body. She was wearing another skirt. She kicked off her shoes and took off her panties. She did it much faster this time. Then she sat down on the couch.

"I think you know what to do."

"Yes, Goddess," I replied. Pushing my knuckles down into the carpet, I started to crawl.

I could feel my scrotum dangle from between my legs. I made my way over to her, and I slid my head under her skirt. I couldn't believe that I was back in this position. But it was true. Like a good little sex slave, I opened my mouth, and I extended my tongue, ready to service her at the first command.

I didn't have to wait long.

"Go," she said, only this time she spread out, drawing her knees apart, resting her hands on the edge of the couch.

Obediently, I started to lick. Like a thirsty puppy, I lapped my tongue over her crevice. Her flavor dominated my senses. I closed my eyes, and I concentrated on her. This wasn't about trying to convince her to do anything; it wasn't about control or manipulation on my part.

It was like a new instinct, this impulse running through me. She was my superior. She was my Goddess.

I surrendered. I succumbed.

I licked obediently, swirling my tongue, darting my appendage up and down, then side to side.

I tried my best. I swear, I did my absolute best to please her.

And yet, that still wasn't enough.

She grabbed my hair and pulled my head back.

Without another word, she stood. She towered above me as she smoothed out her skirt and stepped away. She walked off, and I watched, unable to do anything.

She went over toward her bedroom door. Then she turned around and beckoned me with one finger. "Follow," she commanded.

This time, I didn't even think about walking. Why would I? I was a slave. So I crawled after her, right into her bedroom. I shivered as I crossed

the threshold, mostly because I could still remember that one moment when she moved in and told me that I was never allowed in there.

"I'm going to break you, Jake," she said simply as she grabbed her sheets and blankets. She pulled them off and threw them to the floor.

And then she climbed up, and she beckoned me again, waving me over with that same finger.

Like a good slave, I crawled forward and then up onto the bed. I kneeled before her, and she grabbed my shoulders, shoving me down onto my back. Then she straddled me. I could feel the heat of her thighs and her pussy radiated out against my chest.

I didn't ask what she was doing. That became obvious enough. I was on my back, and she lifted my hands above my head.

"It's time for you to be helpless," she said. She turned those words into an easy comment, something that should be taken as obvious.

I didn't resist as she pulled out two pairs of handcuffs. She clicked them around my wrists, first the left, then the right. After that, she cuffed me to the bed. My wrists were now shackled to those bedposts.

I didn't struggle.

She wandered over to her dresser. She pulled out some chains for my ankles. She cuffed to them in place as well. Arms and legs spread, I was totally helpless, on my back, watching her.

"Now, I think it's time for you to learn your place. But I don't just want you to understand. I want you to feel it. I want you to reach deep down and look at yourself and understand exactly who and what you are."

"I'm your slave," I replied obediently.

And yet, those words came out more like a duty.

"That's what you say," Melanie allowed. "But I'm still not convinced. I don't think you are either. So this is going to be very educational, don't you think?"

Educational? How? In what way?

Although those questions popped up behind my eyes, I didn't utter a single one.

She went back to the dresser, and she came back a second later. She held something up, a silver chain. The glinting metal was pretty, but it couldn't hold my attention, not even for a microsecond. Instead, my eyes immediately fell to the brass key hanging from the bottom edge.

"Should I let you out?"

"Yes, please!"

"Wrong answer," she breathed, leaning forward. She kissed me. It was possessive and powerful, her tongue teasing my teeth and bottom lip. This should have been enough to make me climax. But with my shaft trapped, even a simple erection had become off-limits.

She kept kissing me, rubbing her chest against mine. I could feel her nipples through her blouse. More. I wanted more!

When she broke off the kiss, Melanie looked down at me again. "You know what you did wrong?"

"I, I think so," I said. I was about to explain, only she touched a finger to my lips. She quieted me. "No. I haven't asked. Just stay quiet while I have some fun with you."

And then she shocked me. She slipped down between my legs, and she lifted up the key again.

She slid it into the padlock and she turned it. All of a sudden, I heard the click. The cage loosened. She pulled away the pieces, one after another. Then she wrapped her fingers around the main tube, and she pulled it off. I was so hard, it was difficult. But she took her time, working at it by bit until the two came off altogether.

Immediately, my cock hardened into a proud erection.

Why? What was she going to do with me?

"I want to see just how desperate you can get," she explained.

Kneeling between my legs, she reached for my scrotum. She stroked me, caressing me.

At first, I didn't really move.

I thought to remain stoic, like this was okay. I did my best not to react.

Melanie wanted me to suffer; she wanted me to squirm and wiggle with desperation.

I couldn't let myself do anything like that.

If I broke, then I would be totally at her mercy.

But the sensations continued to course through me. She wrapped her fingers around me, then she squeezed my cock, just hard enough. It nearly got me off. Nearly. But this girl understood male physiology. She knew how to make me horny and desperate without allowing any real relief or pleasure.

"What are you?"

It should have been an existential question, something that a

philosopher would have grappled with. For me, however, this question seemed simple. In fact, I didn't need to think. I spoke now, with her blessing, and it was easy. It felt right.

"I'm your slave! I'm your slave boy. I'm your property. I, I belong to you! You can use me and own me and train me and I will do my best to please you, Goddess!"

As those words tumbled from my lips, she kept them coming. She made it hard for me to think by stroking me. At one moment, she would use her left hand to scratch my leg, her fingernails grazing my flesh. In the next moment, she would have her other hand tease my cock. She would touch the underside of my balls, gently petting me. Then her hand would glide upward, along my length.

"Say it again."

"I'm your slave!" I made every promise, every vow that I could. I needed to prove myself to her. But chained down and helpless, that wasn't an option.

"Good boy."

And then she did something I never expected.

She climbed up on top of me, pulling her skirt back so that she could aim the tip of my cock for her opening. Lowering herself down inch by inch, she soon impaled herself on me.

I breathed, inhaling and exhaling, panting through my nostrils even as my heart kept kicking away in my chest, like it seriously thought it could escape the bars of its cage.

"You're learning," she said. "More importantly, you can feel it, can't you? You know who you are. You know what you are. Just look into my eyes, Jake. Look into my eyes, slave. Accept it. Understand who you are. Understand what you are. You belong to me now, don't you?"

I didn't speak because she hadn't given me permission. Even so, I bobbed my head down and up. I was frantic, desperate to show her just how good I could be.

"Good boy."

She started to ride me. She moved her hips down and up as she savored the feel of my shaft inside of her.

Up and down, up and down, I felt the tightness of her opening. Her walls clenched against my cock, but I still held back. Despite a week of denial, I didn't allow myself to climax. I wouldn't. I couldn't!

Then she leaned in again, cupping my cheeks with her hands.

"Go ahead. Come for me," she said. At that point, she practically bounced, moving up and down, forward and back. She claimed me, owning me.

I couldn't hold it. I couldn't stop myself. With her permission, I came hard, thrusting deep as my shaft pulsed.

Pleasure ripped through me, shredding any semblance of clear thought. Everything became an abstraction. I was just a pet, just a plaything to be used. I belonged to her, and I didn't question it. She was right. It felt completely natural, the way it was supposed to. This was my place.

I surrendered.

I gave up. I gave in. I accepted where I was and why I was and where I belonged, on my knees and at her feet.

She cried out with her own orgasm. She grabbed my shoulders, squeezing. And when she was done with me, she pulled off.

Holding up the pieces of the chastity cage, she looked down at me. "Should I put these on you? Should I lock you away again?"

But I had learned my lesson. I shook my head from side to side. "My opinion doesn't count. I'm just a slave."

"That's right," she said, as she proceeded to lock me back in chastity.

When she was done, she patted my head. "I'm sure there's a lot more I can teach you." She flashed a wicked grin because this was my life now. No matter how other people saw me or what I did or said at work, I was now her property.

The End