

Woman's Right to Rule

Anna Ritter

*A Femdom
Anthology*



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A Femdom Anthology
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Contents

[Boy Training](#)

[Your Demotion](#)

[Puppy Gear](#)

[Admit It](#)

[Puppy Punishments](#)

[Tricks](#)

[Our Rules](#)

Boy Training

Boys need to be trained. They don't like to admit this, and they don't like to think about this, but it's true. Each and every one of them knows, on some level, that they need this. They should be owned, controlled, and thoroughly subjugated. It's *good* for them.

In the end, I like to think this is also an inevitability. Sure, males can argue or whine or complain, but it won't make the slightest difference. Little by little, women will take control. They'll assume responsibility for the entire world. It's already happening.

And the boys? Where will they be?

Owned.

That's right. To be a boy means being owned. Boys should learn to think of themselves as chattel, as property. They're best when trained. Granted, training can be difficult, but I also think it's an inevitability. Men only get wild when they aren't thoroughly controlled, which is surprisingly easy.

After all, so many males are driven by base instincts. Control their arousal, and you control them. Deny them or tease them, and you can take whatever you want.

For example, take a hypothetical guy and tie him down. Stripped and powerless, he will try to remain defiant. He will grit his teeth, lock his jaw, and stare upward like none of this really affects him. But that's not true. He'll start to get nervous, and some of that energy will begin to morph into something else. Little by little, he will be turned on, especially with the right touch.

For example, run your fingers along his chest down along his body. Get closer and closer to his most vulnerably sensitive spot. Strapped down and naked, spread out and helpless, he won't be able to do anything but endure that was stimuli. Pleasure can be the most vicious torture.

Because really, that's the best way to mold a hapless male.

Approach slowly, taking one deliberate step after another. Climb up onto the bed, and look down at him. Enjoy every second.

Revel in the fact that he's helpless, and you can do whatever you want.

His ego will probably get in the way; it'll make him want to fight that much harder. Let him. Watch as he wiggles and squirms on the bed, pulling as hard as he can against the restraints. A lifetime of social programming and privilege will make him think he can get away. He'll imagine himself as the main character in a video game or a movie, so he will fight with everything he has.

Remain there above him. Just watch and enjoy the show. Inevitably, he will break. That's right. His strength will give out, and he will collapse back down against the mattress. Panting, gasping, frustrated and angry, he won't know what to do. After all, most boys don't know how to deal with failure.

But take this opportunity and claim him. Mock him. Tell him that he tried his best. Tease him just a little bit. Patronize him. A condescending tone right then and there will help mold him. Taunt him and strip away some of that ego. We all know he has plenty of it.

Remind him that he could always try again.

In fact, there's a very good chance he will take the opportunity to struggle even harder now. Anger might morph into strength as he writhes helplessly on my bed. Go ahead and watch. Remain there above him and study his body as he twitches, squirms, and fights with everything he possesses.

It's going to be adorable.

Again, he will eventually have to surrender; the exhaustion will get the best of him, and he will fall back to the bed. As he realizes just how helpless he's become, he'll need to be touched, teased, and stroked. Play with his body. Watch as he gets hard. He might hate himself for it, but he won't be able to stop any of this, and that's the entire point.

He needs to learn to lose control, to surrender to his superior.

And if he makes a mistake and says something disrespectful, smack his thigh or roll him onto his side and go straight for his ass. Strike hard, and make it sting. Spank him until his eyes are wet and he's begging for you to stop. Show this boy that he needs to obey and submit himself. Humility is his greatest asset.

After he settles down, you can touch him gently again. Stroke him and tease him. Move your fingers along the contours of his frame. Enjoy the feel of his muscles and listen as he starts to beg. It might not happen all at once, but this is pretty much an inevitability.

He will try to hold out, obviously. He will still try to fight, but even a boy will eventually be able to figure out how he doesn't have a chance.

Besides, he will *want* it. As his body reacts and he gets hard and turned on, you can take advantage of his need. Remind him that he just has to beg; he only has to surrender. Offer the options. Tell him that if he promises to be an obedient boy, you might caress him some more.

If you make some promises, it's not a big deal because you don't actually have to keep them. Remember, you're in charge, which means you can do whatever you want. Besides, he's tied down! What's he going to do?

If you get tired of arguing with him, you can always gag him. Stuff a shirt or your panties in his mouth and watch as he whimpers. Stroke him gently, tease him, and listen as he moans. Enjoy every helpless sound he makes, knowing all the while that you can do whatever you want with him.

Tell him about his future. Tell him how he's going to be a collared boy, owned and subjugated. Tell him that he will learn to obey. He might cook, he might clean, but his only priority will be pleasing his superior. He's your toy now.

So much of life is confusing because there aren't clear hierarchies. That's going away. Boys should all know that they're at the bottom of every power structure. They must do as they're told. This might be humiliating for him, that's perfectly acceptable. Given enough time, he'll start to understand.

In fact, he'll learn to be grateful.

The End

Your Demotion

The Executive Committee's decision was just announced, and congratulations are definitely in order. For me. I worked hard to get this position. Frankly, I deserve it. I may not work harder than you, but I definitely know how to do my job better. I'm more competent, skilled, and determined.

To be completely honest, I've been looking forward to this promotion for a long, long time. I've been watching for my chance because there are all of these changes I want to make, starting with you.

Yes, you.

Don't worry. I know that you wanted to get this job too, but you'll still get a new position. You just won't be moving *up* the corporate ladder. Instead, I have decided to demote to you. Congratulations. From now on, you're going to be my assistant.

You've always wanted to be a secretary, right? You've always wanted to sit outside of your boss's office, handling calls, making photocopies, and filing? Really, you aren't going to be anything more than a status symbol for me. I'm in charge, and I want all of my visitors to recognize this. I mean, technology is good enough that I really don't need an assistant. No one does. And yet, I'll have you out there as a prop and an ornament.

Don't worry. This won't mean you'll be useless.

Oh no. You see, I've been thinking about this for a long time, so I have lots of plans for you.

For example, I'm going to have an intercom set up. I want to be able to push a button and know you'll come running. I want to see you at the doorway, ready to do as you're told. The most important trait for a good assistant is obedience. Your job is to make my life easier. Your job is to make me feel good so that I can do the real work.

There will be times when I'm stressed out. Maybe I won't know exactly how to break some bad news to a supplier or one of

our clients, so I'll need to think about it pretty intensely. This is where you come in.

You will come into my office, you'll get down on your knees, and you'll massage my feet. Basically, you'll be my office slave.

At this point, you're probably thinking about quitting. Am I right?

You don't want to do that.

Our industry is pretty small, and if I decide to trash your reputation, then you won't be able to find work anywhere. At least this way, as my secretary, you'll be able to hope for the chance to eventually wiggle away. Maybe I'll find someone else, someone more entertaining. I wouldn't bet on it, but at least there will be a chance.

Don't worry about getting bored. I'm sure that you'll be challenged on your knees, massaging my feet. And that's just the beginning. From there, I will have you service me with your mouth.

That's right. I want you to go down on me.

This is an old tradition, don't you think? For decades, plenty of bosses sexually harassed their secretaries. Those poor girls had to give so many blow jobs. Well, now it's your turn. You're going to go down on me.

First, you will get down on your knees. You will bow your head down, and I will lift my skirt and grab my panties. I'll gently pull them down along the length of my legs. You can always try to sneak a peek, although I'm sure you won't be able to resist the temptation.

I'm going to remember that your bad behavior. Or maybe I will stop altogether. Without any panties under my skirt, I might just grab you by the back of your neck, pull you up onto your feet and bend you over my desk.

Do know what's going to happen next? Do you know what I'm going to do to you when you misbehave? Do you know how I'm going to punish you whenever you make a mistake? Because I want you to understand this. I want you to feel it deep down within your chest. When you disobey or mess up, I will punish you.

I will make you pull down your pants, and I will *spank* you. That might sound cute, but it won't be. I'm going to make sure that it stings. I'm going to slap your ass hard enough to make you cry out.

At first, you might do your best to stay still and stoic, like none of this will affect you. But after just a few seconds, your backside will turn red, and that's when you'll be panting. You'll be desperate to make it stop.

I can't wait to hear you beg. I want to hear you plead. You're going to make every promise you can. Your voice will tremble, and you'll shake. Your eyes will even get wet until you break. You'll give in. There will come this moment when you surrender, and you might even hate yourself for it, but then I will put my hand on the top of your head, and you'll know that it will be easier to give in. Especially because I might decide to play with you.

Yes, I'm going to use your mouth first, but I'm looking forward to exploring the rest of your body. Just remember, you belong to me. As my secretary, you'll do as you're told. You will serve me however I like.

Once you're down on your knees, I will spread my legs, and you'll get the chance to lick. You had better do a good job. You had better be eager and enthusiastic. I want to feel that tongue glide quickly up and down, left and right, in neat little circles. And as you do this, I'm going to think about all of those important decisions I get to make while you're fetching coffee.

This is the lesson you need to learn. I belong in that office and behind that desk, while you belong on your knees, deferential and eager to serve. This is why I earned this promotion and why you get your demotion.

The End

Puppy Gear

I've got a surprise for you. So far, I've trained you and tamed you to the point where you know I own you. That's wonderful and everything, but I'm still not satisfied. I don't think a collar is enough to keep you in your place.

I want something...more definitive.

Sure, when I slide that leather band around your neck, you can feel some part of yourself change. As I lock the clasp, you enjoy this little shiver that runs down your spine because the collar means something. It's a symbol of your surrender, of my control, and my ability to do whatever I like with you.

I can touch you, tease you, play with you. I can run my fingers along your naked body. And of course, I get to decide when or if you get to enjoy an orgasm. Oh, that must be so frustrating for you. You get so eager, so desperate. Within just a couple of minutes, you start panting.

Owning your pleasure is one of my favorite parts of owning you.

But still, it's not enough.

I want more.

That's why I'm going to lock you in a very special harness.

That doesn't sound very intimidating, does it? Usually, most people hear a word like "harness" and they think of some leather straps that might lock around your waist or over your shoulders. This is going to be just a little bit more intense. And once you're locked in this gear, you won't be able to take it off.

You really will be my pet, forced to crawl at my feet.

You see, this harness is a little bit more elaborate. It starts with a set of leather sleeves, two for your arms and two for your legs. These special binders are tight against your arms and legs, keeping them bent so that you won't be able to stand up or even use your hands. Your fingers will be safely encased in a set of leather gloves, which means that you'll have to crawl around on your elbows and

knees. Don't worry. The sleeves are nice and padded, so you won't get hurt.

But you won't be standing, walking or defying me either.

Just like any pet, you'll stay on the floor, and you will become entirely powerless. That's what I really want. I'm looking forward to seeing you on all fours, eager for attention.

The harness makes you helpless so that you can't even get through a door without permission. But of course, you can still beg. Well, you can beg when I don't gag you, that is. I'm going to enjoy looking down at your big, nervous eyes, especially when there's a bit in your mouth. Normally, you do so well when you speak. You can get people to listen to you, but not this time, not when you are my pet.

Behave yourself, and I might let you climb up on my lap. I'll pet you, brushing my fingertips along the back of your head, past your collar, all the way down to your buttocks. In time, you might even learn to forget about your subjugation. Maybe I'm just accept the fact that you're a pet, and it will feel like you've always been a pet.

Because really, you don't want to have to fight, do you? You don't want to be responsible for your own actions, especially when you have an owner like me. I'll make sure that you are fed and trained. I'll make sure you get lots of exercise running around on the floor.

Crawling on your elbows and knees might be hard at first, but you'll get used to it. Once I have you locked up, it's not like you'll get a choice.

And if you try to rush off to some other part of the house without my permission, I can just leash you. This way, you won't be able to scurry off. You'll stay with your owner and do as you're told.

If you think this is going to be easy, you're wrong about that. Just because you're a pet doesn't mean you won't have to perform for me. I'm looking forward to teaching you a bunch of different tricks. If you didn't have to wear this gear, they would be easy. Get up on your knees, hold out your elbows, and bark or whimper for me. Roll over, boy. Play dead. Fetch will be fun—for me.

But trapped in your harness, it's going to be so much more difficult. Of course, if you do your best to just look adorable, maybe I'll overlook your incompetence. You can fail, just like a pet, and I will still reward you.

That's the part you'll both love and hate oh-so-intensely. I know you, and I know how you like to be touched. The harness won't change any of that. You'll want to fall on your back and spread your arms and legs for me. You'll wag your hips from side to side. Hard and eager, you look up at me and you'll pant like a good boy.

Even if you feel like you've lost something, that will hardly matter when I get down on the floor with you. I'll be on my knees, so I'll still tower over you, but I might reach down and stroke you softly, my fingers playing along your erection. Wouldn't that feel wonderful, pet? Wouldn't that feel so good?

Or just wait for that moment when I mount you. Oh yes, I'm going to climb up on top of you, and I'm going to put my hands right there against your shoulders. With your arms and legs trapped in your binders, you won't be able to stop me. I can do whatever I want with you, and that's what you're going to beg. Even if you're gagged with a rubber bit in your mouth, you'll look up at me, and you'll whimper. In that moment, I will know exactly what you want, exactly what you need. You'll feel me as I envelop you, lowering myself down. I'll take you, and I will ride you slowly at first, then harder and faster. I will pump you, and with every second, you'll feel more and more of your independence drain away.

Sorry. Once I've got you properly equipped and locked away in your gear, you won't be able to get away. I will ride you hard, holding tight onto your leash all the while. You'll feel that tug against the back of your neck and the base of your throat and it will remind you that you belong to me.

The End

Admit It

Tell me the truth. Come on. I know you can do it.

Deep down, you understand where you belong. There is one truth lurking deep within your psyche, one you've tried to fight. You try to hide from it, pretending that you are something else.

Maybe you got a job, thinking that would make a difference. Maybe you got a girlfriend, hoping that would change things. But it doesn't. More importantly, I can look into your eyes, and I can see the truth. You aren't supposed to be an independent man. What are you supposed to be?

That's right. You're supposed to be a slave.

You understand that very special secret.

Men were never meant to rule the world.

Boys are born to be slaves.

Right now, I'm sure you don't believe me. Right now, I'm sure you want to stammer out one excuse or explanation after another. Maybe you will even throw a tantrum, pretending to be indignant about what I'm telling you.

But in time, you're going to understand your place. You're going to realize that there's nothing better for you. You need to be subjugated. You need to be owned.

Tell me the truth. Come on. I know you can do it. Just think about how good it would feel to have a collar around your neck, binding you. Every time you speak, you would be able to feel it right there. Every time you swallowed, you'd know that you are owned.

Like it or not, you need someone strong to tell you what to do. You need someone to give you chores and tasks to complete. You need someone to impress. Really, you just need a strong hand at the back of your neck.

Admit it.

If you can't, I have ways to help you see the truth.

We could start with a spanking. Do you think that would help you admit the truth? If I bend you over the bed and bring my hand down hard against your tight little buttocks, would that help you face the reality of your situation?

I could spank that little ass of yours until it turned bright red.

When I think about spanking you, I can't help but wonder what other kinds of sound I might get you to make. Could I make you squawk? Whimper? Oh, I would love to hear you pant with desperation, knowing full well that your future rests firmly in my hands.

If I decide not to spank you, I could always punish you in other ways. How do you feel about ice?

It doesn't sound like much, does it? But if I strap you down to the bed, your naked body in front of me, I could take out a cube of ice and move it along your body. I could drag that smooth chunk down between your eyes, over your lips, and along your chin. Maybe I could rub up against your nipples until they stiffen. If I decide to be especially cruel, I might lock a pair of clamps onto your nipples as well.

How would that make you feel? How long do you think you could take that kind of torment?

I like the idea of hearing you howl out with every caress of cold. The chill would bite down into your vulnerable skin, making you cry out for mercy.

But then, I don't want to hear you beg for mercy. You are good at begging. But I want you to admit the truth. Tell me that you want to be my slave. Tell me that you need to be my slave.

If you think you could handle the ice, I could always go with a different punishment. What if I tormented you with pleasure? Just think about how it feels to have a beautiful woman on top of you, playing with your body.

I might kiss you slowly, moving my lips along the contours of your neck, up toward your mouth. I could explore your teeth with the tip of my tongue. And all the while, you would be completely unable to hide the truth from me. Your cock would harden, and I could stroke you for minutes or hours. I could make you whine with desperation.

I think you'd be adorable, spread out and helpless in front of me. After I finished kissing you, I think I would move my lips down toward your manhood. You'd like that, wouldn't you? You'd like to feel me wrap my lips around your shaft. I could gently suck on you.

Sorry, slave. That's not going to happen.

Silly boy.

Did you really think I'd give you a blow job? No. *You* are the slave. When you are lucky, I will let you crawl beneath my knees. I will allow you the privilege of licking my clit until I come. And you will do it again and again and again until I'm satisfied.

If you can't, I'll just have to punish you by stroking your cock.

I'm sure you think that this could be enjoyable. After all, you're probably getting hard with anticipation right now, wondering about how it would feel if a woman controlled your orgasms.

Oh, that's a nice idea. If you can't admit the truth, then maybe I should just put you into chastity. Maybe a couple of weeks of denial would be enough to get you to admit the truth.

I could wear the key to your chastity lock around my neck. Wherever I go, I'd be able to feel it right up against my heart.

But for right now, I don't need to worry about putting you in a cage. Strapped down on your back, you wouldn't be able to move. You'd wiggle and squirm from side to side, and I could continue to touch you. I could leave you here until you finally begged for the privilege of becoming my slave.

Admit it.

Tell me the truth. Tell me what you really need.

Tell me that you can't be your own man anymore. You need to be mine. You need to be my slave, my toy, my plaything. You need a spot at my feet. You need a mistress to use you.

Admit it. I know you can do it.

And if you can't, we're going to have some very interesting conversations. Oh yes, we will.

Puppy Punishments

I get it. I really do. I can understand the appeal. You're tired of having responsibilities, of making decisions. You need an owner, someone strong, so you want me to own you. There's nothing wrong with that. Maybe this is a conclusion you came to on your own, an intellectual decision. Or maybe you have always felt the need for an owner, a girl like me.

I'm sorry if you had to wait such a long time. That must've been very difficult, pretending to be people, knowing deep down that you're supposed to be a dog. You are supposed to be *my* dog.

As a dog, you wouldn't need worry about taxes or paperwork. You wouldn't have some idiot boss telling you what to do. There would only be one person telling you what to do, and she would be me. You want to adore me. You want to wait for me by the front door with my slippers in your mouth.

Even though you've probably questioned these desires, you know that you're never going to be able to escape them. They are part of you, puppy.

Running away from your need to be treated like an animal would be like trying to flee from a part of yourself. Sorry, but you're not going to be able to get away. No, you're not.

But do you really understand what you want? Do you really understand what it would mean to become my permanent puppy?

Think about it. If you become my dog, I'm not going to let you go. This will be the last decision you make. You won't be able to change your mind. You won't be able to come to your senses later on. If you accept this, you're going to wear a collar, and that's just the beginning.

Depending on my mood, I might fit you with a puppy mask. It would be leather with an attachable bit. I know that there are some evil habits that you would have some trouble breaking. Talking, for example, might be a challenge.

If you become my puppy, you're only going to be allowed to bark and whimper. Any attempt at human speech would need to be

punished quickly and severely. After all, as a dog, you need to understand who the master of this household is.

Who's the master?

That's right. It's me. I'm the master, and that means you'll do as I say.

If I want to put you in a cute little puppy mask, I can do that. If I decide that you shouldn't be allowed to use your hands, then I can put you in fingerless gloves adorned with precious little paw prints.

Would it be humiliating?

Probably. But guess what? I don't care. As my pet, your job would be to please me. When I'm not around, you'd be free to wander the yard or find a nice sunbeam where you could fall asleep. Of course, there will be snacks out for you. I wouldn't let my puppy dog go hungry, which means you'd have a bowl of tepid water and dried kibble out at all times.

Becoming my puppy would also mean saying goodbye to walking upright. People walk upright. Dogs scamper around on all fours. Sure, it would take some adjusting, but you might be up to the challenge. If you become my little doggie, then you wouldn't have any other choice.

Attempting to stand or walk like people would naturally mean you'd need to be punished again.

Oh? Does the idea of being punished make you nervous? Does it make your little dog heart flutter in your chest? It would be difficult, I'm sure.

Aside from being down on all fours at all times, you wouldn't be allowed up on the furniture. Maybe, from time to time, I might grant you that very special privilege of crawling into my lap so I could run my hands over your body while I watched TV. But that would be rare. More often than not, I'd probably keep you on the floor. You could keep my feet warm.

How does that sound?

Besides the furniture, you obviously wouldn't be allowed to control your sex drive anymore. Yes, you are a pet, so I can't allow you to make messes everywhere. A chastity cage would definitely be in order.

I would wear the key around my neck, and every time you scampered about the yard or through the house, you would hear the click-clank of the padlock against your chastity cage. How do you think that would make you feel?

This must all sound very cruel. But really, I'm not being sadistic. I'm being a good owner. You see, puppies behave best when they are thoroughly disciplined. I don't want you to hump my leg or mess the furniture, so your erections and your orgasms would be strictly regulated.

Don't worry. Sometimes, I would let you out of your little chastity cage. Maybe I would even let you hump my leg if you have been a very, very good boy. You'd have to demonstrate absolute obedience.

But I think it would be worth it for you. After days or weeks or months of enforced chastity, you would get to finally enjoy an orgasm. Maybe I would simply stroke you. Or maybe I would order you down onto your back. I could ride you, little doggie.

How would that make you feel? Is that what you were hoping for?

There would be other rules too.

Oh, I know this must be hard for you. You spent so much of your life as a wild animal, running about, doing whatever you wanted. But that's not the life for you. I can see it in your eyes. You have been eager to find someone to own you, someone to play with you, someone to teach you tricks, and someone to take care of you.

You want to be groomed.

Don't worry. Grooming just means I'll trim your nails from time to time. If I'm feeling especially girly, I might play with my little puppy. Maybe I'll put pink gloss on your toenails. How would that make you feel, dog? If I want to be really mean, I might tie little ribbons into your hair. You would have all of these little pink bows all over your body.

Actually, there is one part of grooming that might be difficult for you.

Dogs don't like their baths, do they? No, dogs don't like getting wet. More importantly, they don't like staying still for their owners. But I think you might be different. I think you might be that

rare breed of puppy who would stay nice and still. You would love to feel the warm water along your haunches and over your naked back. You would catch the aroma of that soap.

It would make you feel so good. You'd feel so loved, so owned.

You might be a little bit embarrassed by the fact that I won't let you pick out your scent. I mean, what if I decide to wash you in something that smelled like bubblegum or lavender? That would be so funny.

Yes, it would be. But then, you're just a dog, so you wouldn't get to pick something so important.

You wouldn't get to pick your collar either.

Sometimes, it would be blue. Sometimes, it might be pink. At other points, I might pick out a collar with a bell on it. That way, you'd never be able to sneak up on me. Yes, I know that little dogs can be very mischievous from time to time.

Then there are other kinds of collars.

If you tried to speak or show me that you are a truly rebellious little animal, then I would have to put you in a shock collar. That's right. You would be able to feel the metal prongs right at the base of your throat. You would carry that battery with you everywhere you went. And I would have the remote-control in my pocket. With just the push of one button, I would be able to punish you.

I'd love to hear you yip and yelp.

You'd be so precious!

Shocking you wouldn't be my first choice. There are other ways to discipline a not too little puppy. For example, what if you make a mess? What if I let you out of your chastity cage, and you come all over the floor?

Then I would just have to put my hand on the back of your neck and push your face right down into your mess. I'd rub your nose in it for as long as it took until you finally learned your lesson.

I could be even stricter with you. I could make you clean up your mess by licking it up. What you think of that?

There are other punishments for naughty little dogs.

If you show me that you can't live in that house, I could always lock you outside. Don't worry. You'd have shelter. There'd be

a cute little dog house in the backyard. If it got colder or started to rain, you could take shelter there.

Poor puppy. Does that scare you? Does the idea of being stuck outside make you nervous? Good. It should.

If you are bad boy, you will be punished.

If you get too scared, think about how good behavior will be rewarded. Would you like to eat out of my hand? Most of the time, you'd be down on your hands and knees, eating out of a bowl. I would be able to enjoy lovely, cooked meals, while you would chomp away at your dog food.

But sometimes, I might be sitting at the table, and I might hold out something for you to eat. I could throw it down, and you could eat off of the floor. Or maybe when you are really good, I might allow you to eat out of my hand. I might enjoy feeling your tongue on my palm.

So are you wondering how you can be a good boy for me? Are you wondering what you can do to please your owner?

Well, first there is the obvious. You could do tricks for my amusement. You could be cute. Beg for me. Roll over. Play dead, wag that tongue, and pant for me. When you did these things, I would probably notice. Not always. You're just a pet, after all.

Then, from time to time, I would pull on your leash, and I would bring you up to the edge of the couch. You'd see that my legs were spread, and you'd know what you needed to do. You'd need to lick me like a desperate little doggie. I'd have to move your tongue, up and down my opening. You'd have to be energetic. You'd have to show me how much you enjoyed pleasing your owner.

If you did a good job, I'm sure I would invite you up on the couch for a petting and cuddle. If you did a good job, I might even let you off your leash so you could run around for a little while.

"And if you're a really, really, really good boy, then I would let you sleep with me in my bed. That would be a special treat. You know why? Normally, you'd have to sleep at the foot of my bed, down on the floor. I would probably put out some old sheets for you. That'd be all you'd get, little doggie. You don't deserve anything else, not unless you could really impress me.

Could you do that? Could you impress me?

You'd try. We both know you'd do your best.

Even if you're scared, knowing full well that you're about to accept a demotion, you can't help yourself. I know that you're going to get down on your hands and knees, and you're going to beg for that collar. You're going to beg for the privilege of being my pet. You want me to stroke you. You want me to tell you that you're a good little dog. If you want to always know your place.

Go ahead. Try to deny it.

You can't, can you?

Nope. You're just a dog. And soon, you're going to be *my* dog!

Tricks

Poor little puppy. You look nervous.

Why do you look so nervous? Don't deny it. We both know that your heart is pounding away in your chest. Your skin is hot, and you can't look into my eyes. Sure, I probably intimidate you. I own you, after all. Puppies should have a healthy sense of fear when it comes to their owners, but this is different.

Are you worried because we are going to start your training? Are you worried because you're not going to get to lay around the house like a lazy dog anymore? No, you're not. From this point forward, you're going to pull your weight. And you know how you're going to do that, little doggie?

That's right. You're going to entertain me. You're a pet, after all, so it is your job to make me happy. Do you know how you're going to please me? Do you?

That's right. You're going to do tricks.

Every dog should know lots of tricks. I know it sounds difficult, but you'll manage. You'll learn everything I teach you. You might need the occasional reward and frequent punishments, but one way or another, you will learn how to obey like the best trained puppy in the whole wide world.

What is a good dog, if not an obedient dog?

Because really, that's what I expect from you. I expect your obedience. You don't think for yourself. No, you don't get to have your own opinions anymore. Your perspective is irrelevant. All you need to know is where you belong—at my feet—and nothing else has to matter to you.

Money? No, you don't get to worry about that. Politics? Sorry. You don't get to think about government or the economy. You're a dog, so you will think about your food bowl, curling up around my feet, and getting petted. You wonder when I'll come home.

When I come home, you'll be waiting by the front door with my slippers in your mouth. Don't worry. I won't punish you if you get a little bit of puppy drool on them.

We will start with something simple. Does that make you feel any better? If so, cool. If not, I don't really care. This is going to happen one way or another. Really, the only question is how red your bottom will be by the time you've learned to please me. Will I need to spank you once? Twice? Ten times?

Don't worry. I can use my hand, but I also have lots of paddles. I can use a crop or a switch. One way or another, you'll learn. You don't have a choice. No, you don't! That's what makes this so much fun!

First, I'm going to teach you to shake hands. That doesn't sound too bad, does it? Just think about it. You will be naked, on the floor, at my feet, and I will hold out my hand. Since I can trust you to be a good boy, I will keep you locked in those leather gloves that make it impossible for you to use your fingers. I got them just for you, after all.

You will lift up your paw, and I will shake it. I'm sure this will make you feel so embarrassed. It'll be so humiliating for you, but you don't really have a choice in the matter, do you? No, of course not. Puppies get to decide where they bury their bones and when they want to drink from their water bowls. That's all.

After you have learned to shake hands, we will try something a little bit more challenging.

You will learn to roll over for me. That's right. You will drop down onto your back, you will lift your knees into the air, and you hold your paws over your chest.

Not only that, I'm going to make you pant for me just like a little doggie. I want to see your tongue slide in and out of your mouth. You'll be so cute!

Once you're on your back, you just have to throw your weight from side to side. You'll roll over and all around the floor for me. Maybe I will make you do it just once. Maybe I will make you do it a dozen times in a row. Hopefully you won't get dizzy. But if you do, don't worry. Your Mistress is here. I will take good care of you.

When you've mastered rolling around, we will move on to begging.

That's right. I'm going to make you beg!

A puppy needs to be many things. A puppy needs to be playful. A puppy needs to be energetic. But most of all, a puppy needs to be grateful. So to show me your gratitude, whenever you want something, you're going to beg for it like any other dog.

You'll hold up your hands, pressing your elbows down against your ribs. You'll let your wrists relax, and then you will whimper for me. You're going to sound so cute, all helpless and at my feet. Sometimes, I will reward you by patting you on the head or running my fingers through your hair. Maybe I will scratch under your chin or behind your ear. In any case, you won't get any word of any kind unless you learn to beg.

After that, I think we're going to try something a bit sillier.

You will learn to play dead for me. Don't worry. I know you're just a dumb dog, so this doesn't require any real acting. No, no. You'll just have to roll over onto your back, you'll lift your arms and legs in the air, and then you will hang your tongue from outside your mouth. You will keep your eyes closed and do your best not to smile. It's okay if you make a mistake. Like I said, I want you to be a happy little puppy. You should be happy with your new position, with the fact that you don't have any authority in this relationship. You are property, so you should get used to it.

Playing dead will be a good trick. In fact, I already want to show you off to all of my friends. Don't worry. It'll be a little while before all of my friends get to laugh at you. Those girls are really going to enjoy seeing you. They are going to laugh, and they are going to be so happy, knowing that a boy like you can be so thoroughly trained.

Men like to pretend that they're powerful. But there are specimens like you to prove that they can be easily domesticated.

If you don't like learning tricks inside, I can always take you outside. You know what puppies love doing? They like digging holes. Maybe I will bring you outside so you can dig with your little puppy paws. If you are a very lucky puppy, then maybe you will find something.

Once you're done digging, I will have to hose you off. You'll probably be really cold. But with your brand-new begging skills, I'm

sure you will be able to convince me to dry you off. Otherwise, you're going to have to stay outside, shivering, until I let you in.

But once you are back inside, you get a treat. After learning all these tricks, you will definitely deserve a reward. How about a cookie?

That's right, boy. I will give you a cookie. You will beg, and then I will touch the underside of your chin. You'll lift your face and look up to the ceiling. You might be confused. You also might whimper, but that won't bother me.

All you need to know is that this is a test of your agility. It's also another trick for my puppy to use to please me. I'm going to put a little doggie biscuit right on the tip of your nose. Unless you want to eat it off the floor like the dog you are, you're going to have to stay in that position.

Stay. Stay, boy.

After you've proven to me that you can hold that position, I will pluck the biscuit off of your nose, and then I will hold it out on the palm of my hand. It's good that you can get it out of my hand.

After that, we will go to that special favorite.

Fetch.

You're going to fetch for me.

First, we will keep it simple. I will take you back outside, and I will toss a red ball across the yard. You will chase after it, scampering along as fast as you can. And when you bring it back to me, you obviously won't be able to use your hands. So how are you going to get it? That's right. You're going to bring it back to me in your mouth.

And once you drop the ball into my hand, I'm going to throw it again. This might not seem fair to your little doggie brain, but you're going to learn to love this. After all, when I'm not home, you'll be stuck inside, just looking out the window, watching cars go by, wondering when your mistress will return.

Like every other dog, you'll need to be exercised. That's when you're going to chase your ball, and you're going to have so much fun.

Eventually, you will get really good at fetching the ball. So I will have to change things up. Because you are my little pet, I will

take you back inside, and I'm going to train you to fetch other things. For example, when I come home, I will expect you to be waiting for me with my slippers in your mouth. You will carry them right up to me. This is your job, after all, dog.

Then there is one last game for us to play. Puppies need to be exercised, so I will set up an agility course for you. That's right. My friends will want to see you because you're cute, but I like the idea of giving them a real show. I can set up an obstacle course in the backyard with mud pits, hills for you to climb, and rails for you to crawl over. It's going to be challenging, but I'm sure you'll get really good if I spank you for each failure.

And don't forget, I will be timing you too.

Doesn't that sound like fun? Oh, it doesn't? Really?

Too bad.

If you try to slow down or misbehave in any way, you'll get another punishment. Maybe I will make you sleep in your doghouse. Maybe I will pull you across my lap and spank you. Either way, you'll regret misbehaving.

Besides, don't you want to be a good little puppy for your Mistress? Just think about all of the rewards. When you please me, I can give you a real bath. Sure, you'll have to stay on all fours in the bathtub, but you'll love having my hands move along your cute little bottom, over your back, and down your sides. The warm water will feel so good. And you'll smell so sweet, like the best little puppy dog in the whole wide world.

Of course, you'll also get a nice, long petting if you manage to please me. Maybe I will put on a movie and you can lay in my lap like a good little dog. I will even allow you on the furniture. Doesn't that sound wonderful? Dogs don't normally get to go up on the furniture, do they? Of course not. Dogs belong on the floor, but I can make a special exception for you...when you behave.

Don't forget your collar.

You'll always have to wear one with your tag. I'll have your name on it and my contact information on the off chance you get lost. It will be locked around your neck so that it can't accidentally fall off. But most importantly, your collar can be decorated. That's right. I could put a little red bowtie on it. Or maybe something else. Sure,

bells are usually more fun for puppies, but I think it would look adorable on you.

Yeah, I know that you're going to be a good boy for me. Even if you need to be punished from time to time, you'll need to be a good boy. Like pretty much every other dog, you'll want the affection of your mistress. You can't help yourself. You're addicted, so you're going to do whatever I want.

Yes, you will.

Our Rules

You need to understand something. Our relationship is about to change. Up to this point, I have allowed you a modicum of independence. At work, out with friends, and even at home, you have behaved like any other man. You have made your own choices because my authority hasn't extended beyond our games in the bedroom.

That comes to an end now.

From this point forward, you will embrace and accept your new status as my slave. We've discussed this many times, so you shouldn't be surprised. But I'm guessing you'll still have trouble accepting this. That's okay. I have no problem punishing you along the way. Daily doses of discipline will help you understand.

Here are the new rules of your life.

First, I am in charge. Recognize this very simple fact right now. You belong to me. You're property, chattel, something to be owned. If I decide I'm not happy with your behavior, then I can punish you however I like. Think of every day as a performance. You had better act like a subservient boy.

As far as you're concerned, I'm the sole authority in your life. I outrank your boss, your friends, everything. If you want to do something, you need to ask. In fact, you might have to *beg*.

Because I'm in charge, I control your orgasms now. You aren't allowed to touch yourself or get off without my permission. Don't try me. I would be happy to lock your genitals up in a chastity cage. Of course, I'd be sure to wear the key to your cage. You'd get to see it all the time. It would be a constant, teasing reminder that you belong to me.

I own your orgasms, but I also get your money. From now on, you will have your paycheck deposited into my account. If you need to buy something, you'll have to ask. Maybe I'll give you the money. Maybe I won't. It'll depend on my mood and what you can do to earn it.

When you come home, you will also give me the keys to your car. That's right. If you want to drive somewhere, you'll have to ask for the key. It will be humiliating at first, but I'm sure you will get used to it...eventually.

You'll get used to cooking for me. Every day, you had better get home before me and prepare my dinner. Don't worry. I'll pay for you to take some classes. Doesn't that sound nice? If you do a good job, you might be able to avoid any serious punishments. If you fail, then you'll suffer. That's how this works now.

In addition to cooking, you will keep my house clean—yes, it is my house. You don't own anything, remember?

Each day, I will inspect my house. Every room had better be clean. You will need to vacuum, do the dishes, and make sure the floors are spotless. If you neglect your new duties, I'll be very disappointed. You won't enjoy that.

As clean, you will wear something I find pleasing. Prepare to wear tight shirts and dark slacks. You must be presentable at all times. For a long time, women have been expected to do their makeup, hair, and dress nicely. Guess what? It's your turn now.

My favorite rule? I can change these dictates whenever I like. They don't need to be consistent or fair. I can do whatever I like, and you're going to take it. If you try to defy me, you won't enjoy the results.

Both pain and pleasure can be used to control you.

When it comes to pain, I have no problem padding your ass. I have a new toy. Solid and smooth, this paddle will leave your butt stinging as a bright shade of red. Trust me. You won't enjoy it. This thing is going to sting brutally. You'll feel the pain flash hot through your backside. I'll paddle you like you're a child. Shame and pain will mix together. If you start crying, you should know now, I will laugh at you.

Pain will help you behave. But you'll really hate how I can use pleasure against you.

Like so many boys, you aren't strong. You lack any real fortitude when it comes to your libido. Like or not, I will keep you in a state of denial. You'll ache for release. At first, I'll probably give you

the illusion of freedom. Even though you won't be allowed to touch or pleasure yourself, the desires will remain.

Every day, you'll hope that I might give you permission to enjoy yourself. You'll look at me with big eyes. You might say all the right words, but the decision will still belong to me. Poor boy. It will really suck when you have done everything right, only to have me say one word: no.

Oh, you will be scared of that answer. Nothing can be worse than a "no" for you, especially when you work so, so hard to earn a reward. "No" will shut down all of your hopes. Crushing disappointment will weigh down on you. Worse, you'll still have your other responsibilities. Even if you're panting with need, you still have to wait—because I control you.

Or I might listen to you beg, only to decide that I should have fun with your body.

You could have me spread out in front of you, my body on display. You'd be so hard, your body tight and thrumming with desperate need. And yet, you would massage me. You would run your hands along my sides, between my legs, and along my breasts. You would do all of this with the understanding that you work for my pleasure.

Your hands, your shaft, and your mouth. You will be there to serve me and satisfy me. If I'm feeling generous, I might let you kiss me. Then you'll stroke me before you get down on your stomach. You'll slip between my legs to lick and kiss. You'll serve me for as long as I'll like.

Get used to denial, pain, and frustration. Get used to surrendering each and every day. Get used to following these rules and my orders.