



**Your
Place**

**Mina
Black**

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Do you know what a cuck is?

Of course, you don't.

But you're about to learn. I'm going to teach you.

Tonight, you come home, and you walk through the door. Right away, you can tell that something is different. Something has changed. Maybe you will feel it as a tingling along the back of your neck. Or maybe that little dicklet of yours will just get hard when you see me sitting in the living room, one leg draped over the other as I read my magazine.

Uncertain, you will let your eyes run over the length of my body. For a moment, you will think about just how lucky you are to have me your girlfriend. Sure, you make a decent living, and you are certainly generous with me, we both know that I am so far out of your league that it isn't even funny.

That's why you drink in the sight of me. You stare at my polished toes, the smooth arches of my feet, the gentle contours of my shins, and you purse your lips together, just a little bit nervous. Even though we have been living together for a while, you can't believe your luck.

Clearly, you did something really good in another life to deserve this. At least, that's what you think. Before the night is over, you're going to understand that you aren't lucky at all. In fact, I'm going to make you squirm and struggle for all you're worth, but it's not going to do any good. I'm going to make you understand the truth.

As you drop your keys off by the front door, you see me in my little red dress. The clingy material squeezes at my lithe physique, showing off my breasts. You get a good look at my cleavage, and you wonder why I'm dressed up like this.

Why are my lips painted crimson? Why do I have my curled hair around my face?

"Hey there, honey," I tell you, looking up from my magazine. I don't stand and I don't greet you, not really. In fact, I still have my eyes on my magazine. It's like you are even worth my attention.

"Why are you dressed up?" you ask. At this point, you're half surprised that your voice doesn't crack. Seriously, I make you feel like some adolescent boy, a teenager who has never had the good luck of touching a girl's body.

"Tonight, I thought we could play a couple of games," I tell you,

closing the magazine and tossing it aside. I lean forward, giving you another good review of my cleavage. You must be thinking about how it will feel when you are allowed to touch me. But right now, I point down to the spot at my feet.

"Games? What kind of games?"

"Right now, there's only one rule you really need to understand, Mikey. Tonight, I'm going to be in charge. How does that make you feel?"

You don't know how to respond. On the one hand, you don't want to risk offending me. On the other, you still have some misguided notion that you are a real man who deserves respect. Don't worry, Mikey. I'm going to make sure that I correct you.

"Crawl over here now," I command, snapping my fingers.

With a silly grin on your face, you tell yourself that this is just us playing. Nothing we do here really matters, so you don't need to freak out. You get down on your knees, and then you start crawling. All the while, my eyes are locked on to you. Oh yes, that is where you belong.

That is where you have always belonged.

I watch as you cross the living room, coming to a stop between my legs.

"Kiss my feet."

Your nostrils flare for a second or two, but you still believe this is just a game. So you lean forward, and you gently touch your mouth to my big toe. "You can do better than that," I say, touching your face with my foot.

Eyes narrowed, you probably want to tell me that this needs to stop. You probably want to say something about how you're not going to put up with this, but then I just tilt my head to the side, and my eyes are so cruel, almost serpentine reptilian. You don't see any sympathy in my expression. On the contrary, there is something cold, like I don't consider you to be a real person.

And in a lot of ways, I don't. You might not realize it yet, but I don't respect you, Mikey. I don't think of you as someone important.

Only here, you don't realize that, so you service me. Gently, you start to suck on my big toe, flicking your tongue over my skin. I lean back, resting my other leg over your shoulder. Yes, that feels good. Yes, that is very nice. I enjoy having you down on your knees.

And for me, it's only going to get better.

To start with, I pull my foot back, and I look down at you. "Mikey, be

a good boy and get down on your hands and knees. I want you to be my footstool."

"What?" The question drops from your lips.

"Down on your hands and knees right now," I order.

Inhaling and exhaling, you're probably trying to think of some way to get out of this. Could you try to seduce me? Could you try to take my hand and lead me back in the bedroom? Maybe you're thinking about how good it would feel if you're strong enough to nudge me down onto the mattress, to spread my legs, to pull off my panties, and to take me. In your little fantasy world, I would be a damsel in distress, and you could be the dashing knight or maybe the rugged brigand.

You're so cute when you think that way. Only here, I tapped the ball of my foot against your forehead. That one simple gesture is enough to remind you that I'm in charge here because I'm the hot girl, the one you need to be grateful for.

Gritting your teeth, you get down on your hands and knees, forming a stool for me. Picking up my magazine, I start to read as I drape my feet over you. You can feel my heel pressed down into your spine. This isn't comfortable. You don't enjoy it, but you know better than to contradict me.

After all, you wouldn't want to make me upset.

Minutes go by.

That might not sound like much time, but every second is a minor torment for you. Every heartbeat reminds you that you can't control me. In fact, I'm the one who's in charge. I've never stated explicitly, but we both know who really runs this relationship. If we are going to go out to dinner, I choose the restaurant. If we are going to hit a movie theater, I pick the film. This is just how things go. Frankly, you should be down on your knees, thanking me for giving you even a second of my time.

"Mikey, there is an interesting article here about different sex games couples can play. Tell me, how are you feeling right now? Do you like this game?"

You will hear those words, and they might even reassure you. Maybe they will make you think that I'm just teasing, that I'm not serious when I turn you into human furniture.

Inhaling, you hold your breath for a moment, not trusting yourself to speak. Finally, you tell me, "I just want to make you happy."

"Good answer," I reply, pulling my legs away. Then I place my feet

on the carpet, and I sit up for just a moment, just long enough to peel back my little red dress and take off my panties.

I shimmy out of my panties slowly, letting you watch. Inch by inch, they slide down my silky skin, and you're probably thinking about how my skin must be warm and soft. Maybe you are even daydreaming about lifting your hand and touching me, but I haven't given you permission, so you don't try it.

I take off my panties, and I drop them off to the side.

"Can you tell how I'm feeling right now?"

Maybe you want to be tentative. Maybe you want to be conservative. Either way, you look down at the floor. "No. I don't know what's gotten into you," you tell me, being absolutely truthful. It's kind of adorable. You probably think that I will respect you more if you are honest.

That's so funny. No matter what you do, I'm never going to respect you!

"Then don't worry about it," I tell you, reaching down. I grab you by the back of your head, seizing your hair between my fingers. I pull, and you let out a little panicked yelp, but I don't mind.

Before you know it, I have spread my legs, and you're staring at my naked pussy.

"Go ahead. You know what to do," I say.

So many guys fantasize about this image. But in your mind, I'm probably supposed to be on my knees, eagerly taking your cock between my lips. Sorry. It doesn't work that way. For me to want to suck your dick, you'd have to be bigger. You'd have to be stronger. You'd have to be a real man.

So instead, you're on your knees, my pathetic little boyfriend here to serve. You stick out your tongue, sliding forward into my opening. I quiver with pleasure, enjoying this, not purely for the physical sensations you provide. No, I enjoy the power. I love knowing that I can use you. I can snap my fingers and point down, and you will do whatever I want.

Isn't that right?

Of course, you can disagree with me, not now, not with your tongue busily licking at my slit. From one second and the next, I watch you work, moving your head from side to side. A little moan leaves my lips, reverberating from my chest.

After a few more seconds, your neck is probably aching, but I don't let you stop. Actually, I reach down, and I run my fingers through your hair. I'm

pinching you like you're a dog, an animal that I own.

At moments like this, you don't feel like a person. You aren't in control. And you never will be.

Granted, you haven't learned to admit that to yourself yet. Don't worry, Mikey. I'm going to teach you.

"There is a good boy," I tell you. "Yes, you know how to do this, don't you? You know how to make me feel really good." I purr those words, and there is something else, a trace of mockery in everything I tell you. If you can hear it, you don't give any outward sign. Maybe you just can't admit it. I stroke the back of your neck, enjoying the feel of your body.

But frankly, I think you can do better. I think you can make me feel really good. That's why I grab a tuft of your hair, and I guide you forward and back, setting the rhythm, effectively dictating what you're going to do.

Some guys might not mind going down on their girlfriends because when they do this, they can feel just a little hint of power. They set the pace. They decide what to do. You don't have that right, do you? No, of course you don't. Right now, you are little more than my human sex toy. I'm playing with you, using you. You can feel it deep down in your psyche, a silent declaration that you are property.

I come.

The pleasure rushes over my body, and I squeeze your cheeks with my thighs. I release you, and you stumble back, panting. You look up at me, nervous.

"Mikey, do you want me to take you back into the bedroom?"

Right now, you can't speak. So instead, you eagerly bob your head down and up.

I stand up, towering above you like I am some goddess. You are allowed to worship me, and you must be grateful for this privilege. After all, you are such a pathetic excuse for a man. Even being near me must feel like a treat for you. With a cruel smirk playing along my lips, I stroll ahead, beckoning for you to follow.

From the corner of my eye, I realize that you are about to stand. I spin around, fast enough to make my hair fly behind me. My eyes lock on to you, and you freeze up, realizing that you've made a mistake. You don't know exactly what it is, but you immediately aim your eyes down at the floor.

For a moment, I smile, but I want to enforce discipline. I'm determined to make sure you become my little slave boy. I want to shatter the

last remnants of your manhood. It's going to be easy, but only if I am firm with you.

That's what you need, a strong hand to make sure that you always remember your place.

"Did I give you permission to walk?"

"But—" you begin to say.

I shake my head. "If you want to walk, then you need permission. Since you didn't ask, you obviously don't have it. Get back down on your hands and knees," I command.

You inhale, holding a breath of air in your lungs before your resolve cracks and breaks. You drop down on your knees, and you start crawling after me. I go back into the bedroom, and by the time you arrive, I am pointing to the mattress. "Get up," I command.

Again, you obey, faster this time.

"Strip."

"What?"

I clamber up behind you, and I grab you by the back of your neck. My lips are close to your ears when I speak again. "I'm sorry, did I stutter? Did I speak too quickly for you? I told you to strip. I want you naked and on your back, your arms and legs spread. I'm going to tie you down, and I'm going to play with you."

"That's really not—"

"Do it," I interrupt, cutting you off because I really don't care about your excuses. I'm not interested in what you have to say.

Your entire body radiates reluctance. We both know you don't want to do this, that you aren't eager to surrender to me. At the same time, we can both understand that you won't resist. Like it or not, you're going to yield to me.

You unbutton your shirt, your hands shaking slightly. That would almost be adorable, except you look so pathetic. You get your shirt off, and then you remove your tank top. From there, you strip out of your shoes, your socks, and your pants. Now, you only have your boxers to protect your dignity.

I snap my fingers. "Take them off. Take them off right now!" Practically barking those words, I make you jump. You comply. Of course you go along with whatever I say. You know better than to anger me. You know that I can punish you and keep you in torment however much I wish.

Soon, you're naked.

"On your back," I command again.

Like a well-trained slave, you comply. Maybe I've never used that language with you before, but it's true. You aren't anything but property to me now. You're a little toy, something for me to play with whenever I get bored.

And guess what, Mikey? I'm bored.

I flash you a vindictive grin as I readjust your position, sliding your arms and wrists little bit higher. I spread your legs a little bit more, and then I peer down into your eyes. At first, you can't meet my stare.

There's something so aggressive and haughty about how I'm looking at you. I'm looking down at you, my elbows braced above your head. Maybe you think I'm going to kiss you. Maybe you think I'm going to nibble on you a little bit. I smile, revealing my teeth, and we both know I can get away with anything right now.

"Mikey, can you be a good boy for me?"

"What, what is that mean?" When you ask, I can tell that you are fighting so very hard to try to convey some sense of strength. It's almost enough to make me laugh.

I trace one of my red fingernails over your naked chest. I scratch you lightly, just enough to make you shake. "It means that you do whatever I say. It means that you listen and follow all of my instructions."

"Yes, I can do that."

"The first rule is simple. The first rule is this. You aren't allowed to move. You're going to stay in this exact spot. Do you understand?"

"Yeah, I understand," you say, your voice surprisingly quiet and timid. You're supposed to be a man, aren't you? You're supposed to be aggressive. Your voice is supposed to be loud and deep, but it isn't because you aren't worthy of that label. You're no man.

"Good," I say, and then I climb into the position. I brace my knees at the sides of your head, and I lower my crotch down, my pussy getting closer and closer to your lips.

"But I just went down—" you start to say. Whatever point you intended to make is lost as I press my pussy down against your mouth. You try to turn your head from side to side, but you're stuck, trapped between my thighs. "Lick," I command.

Then I do something far worse. I reach down for that small dick of

yours. I stroke your little penis, working my fingertips along your link. Immediately, you harden, and you growl, groaning with frustration. I can barely get a hold of your member, it's so small. Even now, when you are hard, I can barely hold you. It feels more like a pea in the palm of my hand.

Even so, I stroke you, making sure you stay nice and aroused. Those sensations are probably pounding through your skin, swirling hotter and faster like a storm of excitement. Too bad for you, I think, chuckling to myself.

I have big plans for you. A lot is going to happen tonight. You just don't know it yet.

Long minutes go by, minutes where you click and slide your tongue between my pussy lips. My excitement drips down, and you swallow it back, grateful for everything I give you. After all, you intuitively understand your place. Maybe you haven't been able to figure it out or put it into words, but you know that I'm better than you. You know that you aren't really worth my time, so every little bit of attention I give you should be met with gratitude.

Like it or not, you must be desperate to win my approval.

As those minutes stream by, I keep you nice and hard. Honestly, it's hard for me not to laugh at you. I want to tease you, to tell you that you look so adorable with that tiny little dick of yours. In fact, it's less of a penis and more of a clit.

While I enjoy your face, I savor every moment, every little bit of delight that you offer me.

"Keep going," I command.

But for some reason, you are slowing down. Even with your face covered by my naughty bits, you can't keep this up. Your endurance waivers and you slow down. You stop moving your head from side to side. Your tongue doesn't swirl around my clitoris the way it should.

Frustrated, I pull away, and then I look down into your eyes.

"Why did you stop?"

"I couldn't do it anymore. I couldn't take anymore," you tell me, sounding insistent, like I would care about your opinion.

With an irritated shake of my head, I sigh. Perhaps I overestimated you. In any case, I look into your eyes once again. "Mikey, keep your arms and legs exactly where they are."

Swallowing, you will. You don't move a muscle as I slide off of the bed and move across the room. I open my drawer, and I move my hand down

beneath the layers of silk panties. Then I pull something out, something plastic.

What I hold it up, you think must be some kind of puzzle. Maybe it is an elaborate piece of modern art.

You are wrong on both counts. This is something very special. I hold it up as I move across the room. There is a tube that is several inches long, set in a downward slope. Next, you see a plastic ring and a small padlock fixed to the top.

"Mikey, Mikey, Mikey," I tell you, letting my voice drift off. "You know, I think it's time that we make a change to our relationship. Things just aren't going the way they should be. So I'm going to put you in a chastity."

"What?" you squeak.

With a sigh of aggravation, I narrow my eyes, and I grab my panties. They are still damp from my excitement as I push them down into your mouth. Just like that, I silence you, taking away your ability just speak. "Don't you even think about taking this out without permission," I tell you, wagging my finger down at you as though you are nothing but a naughty boy.

A shift in my tone, a wag of my finger, this is all it takes to make you feel like less than a man. At this second, you're something else, something weak and puerile—you become a slave, chattel, something to be owned and disciplined.

"Now, as I was saying, I'm going to put this on your little dick. This way, I will always know that you will be loyal. More importantly, I know that you're going to be obedient. Do you know why you're going to be obedient?"

Eyes wide, you shake your head. No, you don't understand. You don't know what this means, just as you don't truly grasp what it will do to you.

"You're going to be obedient because I know that you love pleasure. You can't help yourself. You are a horny boy. And even if you can't really please me, you still enjoy getting off. But guess what? Once this goes on that little shaft of yours, you won't be able to do anything without my say so."

At this point, you could probably try to struggle. You could try to get up, to resist my influence over you, but that hasn't happened. Instead, you stay in place as I pull the chastity device apart. Then, once I'm ready, I slide a horseshoe shaped piece of plastic between your scrotum and the rest of your body. Once that is in place, a set of plastic pieces slide into place. Finally, I pull the tube over your shaft.

Because you are so excited, I have to work at it. But then I look down

at you, my eyes blaze, wilting your erection.

This is one part of our relationship that you have always tried to ignore. You don't want to think about the fact that I can intimidate you, that I can scare you, that I can frighten you into obedience. But that is what's happening now. I pull the chastity tube into place, and then I attach the final piece, a small, square padlock.

Click.

You hear that sound, and it makes you crunch your eyes closed, like you can hide from the reality of your new situation.

"Much better," I say, smiling down at you. "Oh, don't feel so bad," I tell you, stroking your cheek with the back of my hand. And at that moment, you actually feel reassured. That is a mistake on your part.

After several more seconds, I grin, and I tell you to stay put.

You try to say something, to ask me what's going to happen, but I'm already sliding off the bed and leaving the room. Seconds later, I disappear out through the bedroom door, and I'm gone.

At this moment, you are only held in place by my command, yet it is enough. It is more than enough. You wouldn't defy me; you wouldn't dare.

Once you are locked away in the chastity tube, I smile brightly. I show you my teeth, and I move my hands all over your body. I stroke your shins, the arches of your feet, your wrists, and your neck. All the while, I can feel those shudders move through your body.

"How do you feel right now?" I ask, but I am cruel. I am mean. I'm not going to take my panties out of your mouth, and you can't do anything about that bundled wedge of silk between your lips because you can't move your arms.

You murmur out something, but I don't understand. How could I? You're gagged on my panties!

Rolling your eyes back, you tense up with aggravation. You are being humiliated by your girlfriend, teased and played with. And all the while, some part of you must enjoy it. Some part of you must truly understand that you deserve this because you don't have what it takes to please me. I don't like it when you try to look away, so I grab your chin, and I pinch, my fingernails digging down into your cheeks.

"Look at me," I command.

Reluctantly, you obey. You turn your gaze back toward me, and I smile again, taunting you. "There is a good boy. You like being obedient,

don't you? Mikey, you know that this is where you belong. You know that it's going to be best for you if you give up everything for me. You are going to become my little cuckold slave. You're going to be the cuck, which means that I get to do whatever I want. In fact, tonight, I'm going to show you something very special. Yes, I am. But first, you have to earn the privilege. What do you think of that?"

Pathetically, you just shake your head. That's all you can do now. You can move your chin from side to side.

I laugh, and I pat you on the head.

Yes, this is where you belong.

And yet, I still haven't given you permission to move from your spot, so you're stuck here on the bed. To tease you more, I curl up beside you. I cuddle with you, resting my head on your chest.

You murmur out something, probably trying to beg or plead. If nothing else, you probably want me to take those panties out of your mouth. But if I did that, you might get the silly notion that you are allowed to be.

No, I like having you like this, sort of like a helpless teddy bear.

Not only that, I can stroke you still—which is exactly what I do. I maneuver my fingers all over your body. I stroke your inner thighs, and I cup your balls in my hands. I work my fingertips along the underside of your scrotum, making you moan.

That's right. I know how much you love being touched here. This way, you can whimper and struggle against your own obedience, but you don't get any pleasure. Hell, you aren't even allowed an erection anymore. And when you buck your hips, you can hear the clack of the lock on your chastity device.

No matter how hard you get, no matter how aroused you become, you can't achieve an erection. Sorry. The chastity device is going to make sure you remain an obedient boy.

"I'm going to take a little nap," I tell you.

You whimper and you whine, moaning out, but it doesn't do any good.

I close my eyes, still absentmindedly stroking your body.

Maybe you try to relax. Maybe you try to achieve some kind of Zen state where the sensations running through your body don't torment you. If you do make that attempt, you fail. You fail miserably because you can't control yourself. Like it or not, I can lead you around by your pathetic excuse

for a penis.

So I close my eyes and I relax.

I'm really not sure how much time goes by. Maybe it's a few minutes. Maybe it's a few hours. Either way, I enjoy the feel of your body, the heat and tension running along your skin. It's funny. With my head on your chest, I can feel your heart pounding with frustration even though you aren't moving.

It's a rather amusing paradox.

The warmth radiates from your skin, especially in those moments when I touch you. I still know how to arouse you. I can play with your nipples or your scrotum. I can stroke your neck.

And then I decide to be especially mean. Languidly, I get up on my hands, and I slither closer to your ear. I start to whisper, only to tease you. "Just think about how good it would feel if I let you out of that chastity device, Mikey. I could stroke you. I could run my fingers all over your shaft. I could squeeze you then jerk you off. What if you were really a good boy? What if I decide you deserve something special?"

Your eyes widen, and I can tell that you are aroused. As your nostrils flare and your lips pinch down against the panty gag in your mouth, you want this. You want everything I'm telling you to become truth.

Only we both know that it's probably not going to happen. What is a more delicious torment than hope? What is more vicious than the possibility you might get what you truly crave?

"What if it wasn't just a hand job? What if I gave you a blow job? How would that make you feel, Mikey? You can think about standing up, all strong and proud, your back straight while I suck on your shaft. You would be able to reach down and touch me. You could put your hand on the back of my head, setting the pace. Although, wouldn't you feel like a real man then?"

I smile, letting those fantasies run through your head. Like so many other guys, you are so easy to manipulate. I just have to tell you something, and you respond. You can't help yourself. All day, you probably walk around, and you instinctively search out those pretty girls around you. You see them, and you can feel it, that gnawing anxiety because you want to be with them. You want to go to that perfect world where you can have every girl you want.

Right now, I'm the only girl you want. You're lost in those fantasies, picturing yourself getting serviced by me. But you know, it might not even be about the blow job. What if it is just about the possibility that you could be in

control, that you could put your hand on the back of my head and set the pace, or the image of me looking up at you, eagerly hopeful as I service you, like some little slave?

But then, you probably feel the twitch in your shaft. More than anything, you want an erection, but the plastic chastity cage stubbornly keeps your shaft in place. No matter how aroused you become, you aren't going to get an erection. Without an erection, you're definitely not going to get an orgasm.

It must be so hard to be you. Poor boy. Poor boy trapped in chastity with his mean, mean girlfriend who loves teasing him and taunting him.

But I'm not even done with those little verbal taunts.

You should probably be grateful. After all, it's only going to get harder from here.

"Of course, you could get really aggressive and ambitious. You could think of us having sex. Oh, wouldn't you like that? You could slide that little shaft of yours into me. Yeah, I probably wouldn't be able to feel it. You are way too small to ever please me, but that doesn't have to matter. You could be a selfish boy and only think about getting yourself off. Is that what you would like? Would you like to be a selfish boy? Of course, you would. You can't help yourself. That's just what you are. You want to get off, and you don't care how happens."

I lift myself up, and I brace my weight on my elbows. I look down into your eyes, seeing that hopelessness reflected in your irises. "Mikey, Mikey, Mikey," I say, walking my fingertips up your chest. Then I pinch your nose."

For a moment, you can't breathe. With the panties wedged in your mouth, you know that you are helpless. You know that I control every facet of who and what you are.

I release your nose, and I drop back down to your side, my mouth so tauntingly, tantalizingly close to your ear.

From there, I smile again. There is that scythe curve to my lips as I continue. "That's right. Think about how good it would feel to have sex with me. How would you want it? You could have me down on my back, my legs spread. You'd be able look into my eyes and know that you were in charge. You could feel like a real man. Would you like that? Would you like to be the man on top, riding me hard? Because you know that I am a dirty little slut deep down. You could awaken a part of me."

You inhale, your breathing sharp and ragged. Even though you've barely moved, you probably feel like you have already run a marathon. It's not fair, not how I'm teasing you. "Or maybe you want me down on my hands and knees. We could do it doggy style. You would be able to stay up on your knees, looking down at me, my face in the pillow as you fuck me."

"You know, in opposition, you could try for anal sex. Would you like that? Would you like to be one of those big, bad guys who can make his girlfriend do whatever he wants? There's nothing more degrading for girls than getting taken in the ass."

I giggle again, practically squealing with delight. "But the best part is that it's never going to happen. Nope. Not for you. You are just my little cuckold slave."

Cuckold. You're probably trying to figure out what that word means. It's old, like Shakespeare old.

I get back up on my knees, and I look down at your body. I reach down between your legs, and I stroke your scrotum again, making you turn your hips from side to side. You really are struggling as though you have been shackled to the bed. Yes, I like that. I like it a lot. You can fight those mental manacles all you want, but you aren't going to be able to free yourself. No, my power over you is complete and absolute. I own you, Mikey. You are mine.

From there, I reach down, and I pluck the panties from your mouth. "You want an orgasm?"

"Yes!" There is something so desperately animalistic in your voice. You are practically howling. At this moment, you look more like a trained dog than anything else. In fact, if I asked you to rollover or beg, I'm sure you would do it.

"Good," I say. "Then I want you to prove to me that you can be a good boy. Show me that you can be a good boyfriend."

"How, how do I do that?"

I grin again, terribly amused by that stutter in your voice. "You know, women and men are very different. Men use sex to escape stress. Women don't do that. To become truly aroused, we need to be relaxed. We need to know that everything is just the way we want."

"What do you mean?" You sound so timid, so adorably tame.

"I want to see you clean the kitchen naked. I want to watch you as you scrub the floors and wipe down the counters. I want to see you do the dishes

wearing nothing but that little chastity lock."

"No!"

If I could be understanding, I would probably acknowledge that your reaction is instinctive. It is not a conscious decision on your part, so really, you shouldn't be punished for it. And yet, I'm not interested in being fair or just or kind, not to you. I want to train you, so I roll you over on your stomach. I bring my hand down hard.

It must take you at least a second or two to realize what's happening.

Pathetic boy, you are being spanked by your girlfriend!

SMACK!

Feel that? That's my hand on your naked, pert ass. Oh yes, I like this.

I've always enjoyed your ass, but the idea of spanking you never really occurred to me, not until now, not until that moment when you try to contradict me.

Squirming again, you try to get away. You want to just crawl off of the bed, but I put my hand on the back of your neck. I push your face down against the mattress as you struggle as hard as you can.

Don't fight this. You know that you're not going to win. I'm going to spank you harder and harder. I'm going to break your spirit, silly boy. I'm going to make sure that you understand exactly what it means to be mine. You aren't a real man. You never were, so you should just give up.

Surrender.

You know that you aren't going to get away from this.

The harder you fight, the more you're going to be spanked.

That's right. Surrender. Drop down onto your stomach and let it happen. I'm sure the feel of your chastity lock is very uncomfortable while you are in this position, but guess what?

I don't care.

My hand comes down harder, crashing into your buttocks like a comet hitting the planet. When I pause for a moment, I look down at the curves of your ass, and I grin, ecstatic because I can see my hand print right there!

For a second, I'm tempted to drag you back in front of the mirror. I could show you your own ass, with my hand print right there; it marks something special.

Do you know what that means? And do you know what my hand print on your ass signifies?

It means I own you.

That's right. I own you, mind and body. It's okay if you aren't ready to acknowledge that yet.

I smack my hand against your bottom several more times, savoring that cloud of pink that runs over your ass. Again and again, I punish you, making sure it stings. And when I'm done, I roll you over again, and I look down into your eyes. Of course, they are wet. You might try to hide it, but that stung way more than you expected.

"Are you going to be a good boy for me?"

"Yes," you say, your voice little more than a whisper. "Go to the kitchen. Start cleaning. I will tell you when you're done," I command, pointing toward the doorway.

You probably can't believe it, but you are back on your feet, and you can feel the weight of the chastity lock. That cage makes you obedient. By taking away the last vestiges of control you have over your own body, I dominate you.

Head down, you scamper back to the kitchen to do your chores.

For a while, I hang out in the bedroom. I play on my tablet, I send a few text messages on my phone, and I simply relax. Of course, I can hear the sounds of your industriousness coming from the kitchen. Even though this is your house, you probably feel like a servant. You know that your owner is off in the bedroom, and at any moment, I might come out.

So you scrub and you clean. Your kitchen has never been this spotless before.

Really, you should thank me for making sure you do your chores.

Eventually, I slide off of the bed, and I saunter back into the kitchen.

I snap my fingers and point to the spot at my feet. Without being told what to do, you instinctively drop down on your knees.

I move around the kitchen, examining the countertops, the dishes. Everything is immaculate. You've done an incredible job. I look down at you, and I smile. "I have a friend who's coming over. Do you want to have some fun?"

You swallow, and I can see your Adam's apple slide up and down your neck. You're nervous.

More importantly, you're confused. You assume that my friend is going to be a girl. You're thinking that I'm going to enjoy a pillow fight or

maybe we are going to practice kissing in front of you. Wouldn't that be something? Your cock twitches again as you go through one fantasy after another.

"Follow me. Crawl."

This time, you know better than to argue with me. You wouldn't think of it, not at this point. Spending so much time in the kitchen, in chastity, it has leveled you out. Maybe you don't want to think about it, but I'm wearing you down. I'm molding you into what I truly desire, a helpless, subservient boy who will do whatever I desire.

We go back into the bedroom, and I position you in the corner.

"Don't struggle. If you do, I'm not going to let you out of your cock lock," I remind you. Knowing this, you behave yourself. You don't fight as I tie your hands behind your back. You don't struggle as I use a scarf to bind your feet and your thighs together. When I'm done, I stand up, towering over you.

"Go ahead. Struggle. Try to get out of the corner." A smirk dashes my lips as I watch.

At first, you are tentative, probably thinking that if you fight too hard, you might accidentally come free, which would irritate me. After all, if you reveal how I did a shoddy job, then I might decide to punish you anyway.

Within seconds though, you start to realize something. I can see the revelation play out along your face. No matter how hard you fight, you can't get free. Those knots are strong and sturdy. Like it or not, you can't get out of the corner. You can't really move.

Your hands are tied behind your back. Your thighs and ankles are bound together, and I tied all of those knots together. At best, you might be able to fall forward, but then you would just be hogtied.

Yup, you're stuck.

Get used to it.

You continue to struggle, but it doesn't do any good. Then something happens, something you never expected. It catches you completely off guard, just like the spanking, only this is worse because you don't know what it means. You're about to experience something worse than the simple sting of my palm on your backside.

The doorbell rings.

DING DONG.

At first, your head jerks up, and you probably try to tell yourself that

it doesn't matter. Maybe you think this is just a solicitor or something. Maybe someone wants to sell us some kitchen knives.

But then I get up, and I leave the room. You open your mouth, ready to call out after me, but you already know it's going to be a waste of effort. So you shut your mouth, and then I go to the front door. You can hear it open. You hear my voice. You hear another voice, one that sounds a lot like a man's. There is laughter, and then I come back into the room. But I'm not alone.

You are naked, bound in the corner and completely helpless.

"Mikey, I want you to meet James. James here is going to have sex with me, and you're going to get to watch. Aren't you a lucky boy?"

You open your mouth, unable to believe this. Your brain doesn't know how to process this information. There is no way that anything like that would ever happen. "Welcome to the world of cuckoldry," I whisper into your ear even as you try to figure this all out. You open your mouth again, to speak at this time, but I just pick up my discarded panties, and I slide them right back in your mouth, gagging you.

Silenced, you know that you could spit out those panties, but if you did that, what kind of punishment what I have in mind for you?

Besides, you've already spent the day under my thumb. You don't know how to think for yourself, not really. You don't know how to resist me. It's only taken a couple of hours, but I've broken you. Face it. You are my tamed little slave boy. You will clean *my* house. That's right, this house is mine now just like everything else you own.

I lean up on my toes, and I kiss James, letting him explore my mouth.

We make out for several seconds before he nudges me over to the bed. If he cares about you at all, he doesn't show it. As far as she's concerned, you might as well be a piece of furniture.

Still all bundled up, you get to watch. We make out, he touches me, stroking me. I'm supposed to be your girlfriend, but he is the one who gets to enjoy the feel of my body. What you think of that, cuck? That's right. You are going to watch.

After several minutes, I start to moan. I start to purr with genuine arousal. You've never made me make those sounds before. You've never been able to satisfy me. Just as that thought makes its way through your head, James unzips my dress, and I shimmy out of it.

"Suck me off," he commands. He wields absolute authority, and I

don't even hesitate. Within seconds, his cock is out, and I'm eagerly licking and sucking. I move my whole body over every inch of his shaft. And he is definitely much, much bigger than you. For the first time, you're getting a sense of what a real man should be able to do.

But he doesn't come in my mouth. I pull back just as he grins at me. "Should I let my boyfriend out of his cage?" I asked.

The decision belongs to James. You can't believe it, but your pleasure is now dependent on what this man decides.

He shrugs like he doesn't care one way or the other. I get up, I grab the key to your chastity cage, and I let you out. "If you want an orgasm, you're going to have to hump the floor," I tell you.

Then I'm back on the bed. He pushes me down onto my hands and knees, and he comes at me, sliding his huge shaft between my legs. He pushes into me, giving me just a second or two to take him in. But then, I feel his girth, and I cry out. Oh yes, this is what I want. This is what I need.

He starts to pummel me, thrusting harder and faster. The speed and friction of our bodies makes me come within a minute. But James isn't done with me. This man uses me, savoring the feel of my body, my slit, my opening. He rides me hard.

In the meantime, you can only watch. But then you throw yourself forward, and you hit the floor. You start to grind your pathetic little shaft, knowing full well that I'm just a few feet away.

This might be your only chance for an orgasm. What if I decide to put you back in chastity when we're done? What if this is supposed to train you to accept your place? Well, you have no choice. You do. You accept the fact that I'm going to be with another man while you watch. You accept the fact that you have my panties stuffed in your mouth, making it impossible for you to argue or disagree.

And just like that, you come. You could feel the spurting of your shaft.

James finishes with me, and then he gives me a kiss on the mouth. "Thanks, babe," he says. He puts his pants back on, and he's done. He walks by you without any kind of acknowledgment.

For a long time, you are stuck there, hogtied and helpless. You know better than to try to get my attention. Eventually, I pull out a fresh pair of panties, and I get dressed. Then I grab you by the scarves holding your hands together and I pull you back up onto your haunches.

"Back in chastity for you," I say, locking you in that cage once again.
This wasn't a joke. This is going to be your life now. That's why you
look down at the floor, understanding and accepting where you belong.

The End