

Moments of relaxation were hard to come by. A demanding job came with a great many benefits. An expensive apartment furnished with furniture bought in auctions instead of shops, the ability to buy bottles of wine costing hundreds, designer clothes custom-ordered and beautiful dining experiences at exclusive restaurants. Although it also came with stressors, mistakes that could cost her business millions, having to be available almost constantly and bossing around subordinates that Annabel thought were nothing short of imbeciles. When asked what she did for work, Annabel would simply smirk shark-like, toss her golden hair over her shoulder, click her tongue and say, 'I make millions. '

In the past, sex had been an excellent de-stressor for Annabel. Her doorman would blush and look down as parades of suitors exited her penthouse apartment in a way that seemed endless. Little nods from him, bright blushes and squirming from her victims. Alas, she was looking for something more permanent, something that she had as much control over as she could get. She was willing to pay good money for it, too.

"I found mine on a website," Caroline said over dinner, her smile ever-present. When Caroline spoke, she fiddled with her necklace. Pure gold, of course, custom-made, diamonds embedded. But that wasn't the interesting part of it, dangling at the end a little key that one could easily mistake for a charm.

"Mmm," Annabel had hummed, one leg crossed over the other, musing. She did love having control of people, bossing them around, having them do what she desired, and, *well*, with human resources, she could only go so far...

This was when she met Caleb. When she had advertised she wasn't sure what to expect and had half expected complete weirdos. She had some strange men, of course, but early on, Caleb had appeared.

Caleb had gone to college a little later than most, as he was unsure if he wanted to go at all. But living with his parents had proved painful, and they constantly pestered him about things like *his future* and *where he wanted to be in five years*. The twenty-six-year-old Caleb knew the correct answer wasn't 'I want to still be living in my childhood bedroom playing computer games and trying to make it as a streamer', so instead (and against his sound mind) he had proudly declared 'I am going to go to college to study Computer Science'. The following weeks were full of congratulatory family dinners, actually applying and being accepted, and then moving into dorms. After a few weeks of living alone and watching his bank account slowly descend further and further into his cursed overdraft, he had spun around in circles on his chair and decided, 'I need a quick way to make money.'

That brings us to now, a month on.

Caleb had been taken out of his overdraft in a singular afternoon. After two days, he had an entirely new gaming set-up. After four days, he had a new bed. After a week, he had four new pairs of trainers. The gifts just kept coming and coming, and Caleb would be insane to say he didn't love it. There was something so sweet about sleeping without the weight of financial burden. Suddenly, the name 'Toy' became heard more than his name, and he told himself it was for the money. Not only this, Annabel was drop-dead gorgeous. A sophisticated woman who could destroy you with a purse of the lips. He couldn't complain. He'd sinfully touched himself to many a mature woman on pornhub.

So much had drawn Annabel to Caleb. He was cute, really fucking cute. His huge eyes were the colour of fresh pressed coffee, and the iris pupil were hardly discernible, giving them a constant puppy dog expression. His lips were perfectly plumped, and she had even wondered if he'd had them filled at one point. He wasn't muscly, but he wasn't scrawny either. When Annabel had set eyes on him, the first thing she had thought was 'I'm going to fucking destroy him' and her cock had slowly hardened in her culottes when she allowed herself to imagine his face all red with tears brewing in his eyes.

After finishing work late, Annabel sighed deeply as she made her way into her apartment and closed the door behind her. Thank goodness it was a Friday. Friday night meant that Caleb was at home waiting for her already, that he'd cleaned up a little. She knew he'd be playing his PlayStation for most of the afternoon, waiting for her to get home. Caleb had heard the clack of her heels before she entered (they served as a perfect warning), and he had practically launched his controller across the room, turned it off and scrambled to his feet to greet her at the door, falling to his knees. "Good evening, Mistress," he said quietly.

Annabel smiled instantly. That sight of him down there could light her up unlike anything else. Annabel was the type of person who was almost constantly aroused by her own power, and her cock leaked in her panties; sometimes she'd have to change them more than once a day. "Good evening, Toy," as she said this, she held her foot out, the left one first. Caleb sprang into action and removed the shoe, setting it aside before moving to the right foot and taking that one off, too. Setting her Loubitons to the side, she walked past him, practically kicking him a little on her journey. Sliding off her blazer, she threw it to the ground and undid the top four buttons of her shirt. Underneath the white, she was wearing a red push-up bra that emphasised her cleavage. Then she set herself on the couch and looked over at Caleb, who was still kneeling.

"Pick it up then," Annabel called out, shocked at his laziness. At the bark in her tone, Caleb rushed to his feet and grabbed the blazer, almost stumbling over his own feet and hanging it up before approaching her. When he approached, she raised a hand, and his heart stopped, wondering if he was in trouble. "I had a delivery today. Get the box from the bedroom, if that's where you put it, as instructed." There was little room for debate as Caleb made his way to the bedroom as quickly as possible, grabbed the box and returned with it, setting it down at her feet. He had been curious about this box all day, taking a peek into the bedroom at it each time he passed to go to the bathroom and back again.

"What is it?" It got the better of him, practically bouncing on his feet. Annabel couldn't help but chuckle to herself. He looked adorable bouncing like that. "Well, aren't you so nosy this evening?" A purr as she made movements on opening the box, practically drooling already at the contents. Perfect toys for her Toy. Looking up at him, she clicked her fingers, "strip for me, fold up your clothes nice and neatly," she then turned her attention back to the box and removed the contents. Caleb always found it humiliating how she could have him to tasks like this and barely pay attention - was he not worth paying attention to, or was it simply a power play on her behalf? Either way, he stripped down. Firstly, his t-shirt, followed by his joggers and his boxers. Even after the month when he was naked, he was faced with the overwhelming urge to hide himself, cover his cock with his hands. He was never very big, sitting at around four inches when hard. Even Annabel was bigger than him. Caleb stood awkwardly, cheeks flushed a pink that spread to his chest and neck a little. After a moment, he coughed, and Annabel glanced at him. "Come here, lie down on the couch," she ordered and moved herself to give him room. Moving sluggishly, Caleb lay himself down on the couch, head away from her. In a single swoop, Annabel gripped his calves and pulled him down so fast it made him squeal. "Don't squeal, little pussy," Annabel jested, and Caleb pouted. Now, his legs were over her lap, and his cock was as close to her, in easy reach.

"Well, we both know that your size isn't the reason I chose you, is it?" Annabel was speaking rhetorically, shaking her head and tutting a little. Reaching behind herself, she held two little devices in her hand, something Caleb didn't recognise. "Chastity cages," Annabel clarified in a sultry tone, setting each one on his thighs. One was extremely small, practically sitting flat. The other was larger with more room. Caleb glanced down at them, and fear glistened in his eyes for a moment. "What are they for?" he asked, voice wavering. Caleb wasn't stupid. He knew they were for him. His heart raced in his chest, the sound in his ears.

A little moment of silence, Annabel raised a brow and tutted, as if disgusted by his stupid question. "I've been thinking, and what I've been thinking about is obviously very

correct, as I am so smart.” Slowly, her red-coffin-tipped nails trailed over his calves. Never enough to deeply scratch, but always enough to leave a little line. “It’s time we caged you, your little cock is useless to me anyway, and the thought of you touching yourself makes me very sad. You’re my toy, aren’t you? I don’t want others playing with my toys,” even Caleb. Caleb’s chest rose and fell, and he swallowed thickly. “It’s not that small,” he mumbled, which had Annabel laughing. God, he was so sweet. So beautiful to mould. Like marzipan.

Shuffling a little so her fingers trailed up his thighs, she looked back to the cages. Two. A choice. An option. “I bought two,” she began. “A nice big one, although arguably too big for you,” she wanted to give him the illusion of choice. From the moment she purchased them, she knew which one he was going in. But hope was such a fun thing to break. Not only this, but she wanted to coerce his mind into *wanting* the small one. She wanted to watch the flicker in his eyes and the slight furrow of his brow. “That one is...okay. A bit boring,” Annabel continued, moving her hand to tap the nail on the plastic, the sound hitting Caleb like a bullet. “But this one,” she lifted the flat cage and turned it in her hands.

Looking at the flat cage filled Caleb with a feeling he barely recognised. Lying upon her lap like this, he could feel her cock harden beneath him, pressing against his ass. When she had held the flat cage, Caleb had practically felt her twitch. He knew what one she wanted. But could he really...

“I really want you to impress me,” Annabel continued. Her voice was soft, cooing. “And I know you love all the pretty presents you get. You know, I even have a stunning custom Game Boy I could get, I know you’d love that. But custom Game Boys and increased allowances are only for good Toys that take the smaller cages,” she knew exactly what she was doing; it was tantalising to her. A sharp inhale, and Caleb closed his eyes for a moment. Fuck. Was he really about to sell himself for this? It was all for the money, he told himself. Money. He could save it, buy a house, buy his parents a house, even his grandparents. *Fuck, shit, fuck.*

“Which one will you pick?” the final question oozed from Annabel’s painted lips, and after a moment of intense silence, Caleb spoke. “The flat.” He practically whimpered these words out. “Good boy! Aren’t you so good? Oh, Mistress is so impressed. I’m so happy with you!” Tossing the larger cage across the room with little care of where it went, she moved to him fast. Not all that gently, she took his flaccid cock in hand. “Stay soft for me, love,” she said with kind words as she moved with practised ease. Slipping the ring down, moving his balls so they sat in front of the metal. Caleb closed his eyes, trying hard to focus on remaining soft and accepting what was happening to him.

Looking up at him, she whistled, and he opened his eyes slowly. "Watch. Watch your Mistress turn your cock into a little clit," she demanded, tone leaving no room for challenge. Caleb felt dizzy - watch!? She was going to make him watch himself lose his manhood?

Attaching the rest, she fought against his cock to push it into the confines. Caleb was groaning, whining and regretting his decision, even letting out a hiss when he heard the final click. "Oh, stop whining Toy," a snap, met by a light smack to his thigh. "I don't want to hear protests. You had a choice, didn't you? Mhm. You chose this one. This is all your fault." The absolute grin in her voice was clear. Caleb felt like an idiot. He felt like he had walked straight into a bear trap. With the lock, his fate was sealed.

"Apart from all the whining, you did well," Annabel complimented as she dug further into the box, removing a vibrating magic wand. Instantly, Caleb went to sit up, expecting to be ordered to use it upon his Mistress. "Uh-uh." Annabel scolded, setting a hand on his chest and pushing him back down. Fuck, her cock was straining in her trousers at this entire scenario. However, she was not finished. "Well, you're going to have to get used to cumming like this, so maybe we should practice one time," sitting up straighter, she turned it on. The sound felt like the loudest thing in the world to Caleb right now.

"Wha-What? Cumming? Cu-cumming? Like this?" he couldn't help but stammer in shock. Was that even possible? "Yes. Like this. And I don't think we can call it cumming anymore, really. Hm. Squirting. Yes. Squirting." With this, she gently set the head just under his balls, which sent his legs bucking up instantly. "Stay." Annabel barked, leaning now so her elbows were on his leg, keeping them down. "And hands behind your head," she also demanded, to which he obliged.

It was the strangest feeling that pulsed through him. Pleasure mixed with a slight pain as his cock pushed fruitlessly against the cage. Annabel pressed the vibrator harder on his balls and hummed in content. Annabel adored watching how his smooth balls looked like this, the way they vibrated with the toy. It didn't take long before Caleb began to leak through the cage, precum creating a shine on his already pretty balls. Well, Annabel had been naive to believe they couldn't get any prettier. "Oh, look, you're leaking my love, all over the place, look," she ordered him to look again, and with a deep swallow, he lifted his head, shame filling him as he saw he was indeed leaking. "Does it feel good?" Annabel encouraged, and Caleb felt at a loss for words. "Mmm-mmm-" he responded. With a single flick of the thumb, Annabel turned the machine up, making Caleb buck almost on instinct. "F-Fuck-" squeaking, he closed his eyes again. "Toy, you're not speaking very clearly. I know you're not a stupid toy. Or are you? Are you a mutt instead? Unable to use human words?"

Caleb often found himself wondering what psychological problem he might have to find these words arousing, but it worked. Annabel's degrading only served to arouse him more, to bring him closer towards the edge. His hips writhed violently on her lap. Caleb couldn't decide whether he wanted to lean into the vibrator or lean away. The feeling is all at once pleasurable and overstimulating at the same time. "I'm sorry. I can use human words. I can. I promise." A man's mind is slowly becoming mush at the hands of his Mistress. Clouded.

"You have to tell me before you get close. Before you squirt. You need permission." Those were the rules anyway, but Annabel wanted to reinforce them. "Yes. Yes," he exhaled, speaking in a rush, like even speaking would tear his mind away from the feeling. It didn't feel like a normal orgasm, he felt it build in his abdomen, a pressure, a heat that felt like it was dripping to his thighs, his balls and his squashed tip. "I'm. Please. Please." Caleb cried loudly, head turning to the side.

"Please, what?" In response, Annabel's words were a song of delight. This was better than she had anticipated. Her toy was giving her a show.

"Please, can I cum? Please. Please!"

"Can you what? Sorry? Cum? I don't know what that means."

"I'm so close. Mistress. Please!"

"Close to what? What are you asking for?"

Caleb knew he'd have to give in. Say that dreaded word. Otherwise, he'd spill over the edge without permission.

"CAN I SQUIRT MISTRESS?!" The cry tore through his throat, pushed by desperation.

"Squirt for me, toy." Annabel did not hesitate to push the vibrator down harshly on his balls, adding pressure.

Caleb let out a scream, followed by a growl that tore through the back of his throat, aided by the feeling of cumming in his cage. Cum drooled and leaked out from the cage, down his balls, wetting between his thighs. The sound that came after was almost a wail, the overstimulation almost instant. "No - off - please -" he wondered if his begging

would be met with deaf ears, but luckily it wasn't, and the vibrator ceased, set aside and replaced with gentle stroking on his balls, smearing the cum around.

"That was such a big squirt. Beautiful." A sigh of pleasure, Annabel lifted her thumb to her lips, tasting it before taking some more and smearing it on his lips, almost like lip gloss, purely for her own entertainment. "Cute lip gloss," she teased before reaching a hand up to his face, thumb stroking his cheek, tracing under his chin.

"With the way you came, I think you like this more than you want to admit to yourself. Perhaps we'll go even smaller later." Whether it was a threat or a promise, Caleb couldn't tell. But what he did know as he eased into her gentle hand was that he was going to ask for a fucking GameCube.