

## I'm a Nerds Bitch

I stood in front of my dorm room door dreading the thought of going inside. The place that was supposed to be my sanctuary was now my own personal hell. Ever since the day I moved in, I have hated every moment of being in this room with him. My hand hesitated as it floated above the doorknob. I was so tired, I just wanted to go lay down in my bed. Take a nap. Maybe even watch a movie on my phone. But I knew that was not going to happen. I twisted the doorknob and walked into my room, well his room.

It was a normal sized room for a college dorm with the typical bland wooden furniture that have been at this residence since the building's inception. Both of us had matching furniture on our respective sides of the room; an armoire for our clothes, a twin sized bed, and a desk and chair. A desk which HE was currently sitting at. I quietly entered the room putting my book bag next to my bed and began to take off my shoes.

"*cough cough*," He coughed as I began to sit on my bed. "Are we forgetting something?" He asked, not looking away from his computer. I hovered awkwardly above my mattress, before standing back up and kneeling on the floor. I pulled my shirt over my head revealing my tight toned torso. I had an impressive body for a freshman in college. I had been working out since I was twelve, and it really showed from my plump pectorals and rippled abdominals.

"Keep going," he urged on, knowing that I had not fully removed all of my clothing. I unbuttoned my jeans and slide them over my thick quads and off my legs, revealing a simple pair of plaid boxers. "And the underwear," he reminded. I inhaled deeply knowing the punishment I would endure, I begrudgingly pulled off my boxers. One would expect a huge cock on a body like mine. One that men and women both would CRAVE! But what was hidden under my boxers was a shrunken penis, enclosed in a small metal cage. A cage that was adorned by a large brass lock which hung from the top of the chastity device. I looked down in humiliation, I couldn't believe how far I had fallen since starting college just a few months back. The humiliation was unbearable, but from the hours or reconditioning I had been subjected too. The humiliation turned me on in ways I never knew.

The day I moved and found that I had such a nerd as a roommate I couldn't believe my luck. I had applied to be with another athlete, but didn't apply soon enough so they stuck me with the only bed open. Harry was his name and psychology was his major. He was a complete dork. He was interested in the human mind and how to incept ideas into the brain. Little did I know, that I was going to be his test subject. He offered me music that was supposed to help increase my drive to workout. He told me it was a project that he was working on for one of his psych classes. After the first day of using it I felt so swollen. I had never felt stronger. I saw gains in my body that I never knew I could obtain. Weeks went by and I became addicted to the tapes he was giving me, and that's how he slowly began to take control of me. Underneath the workout suggestions were words of submission. Words that pushed my aggressive personality down. Words that would continue to bury my own wants and needs and replace them with his.

Five months into being in my freshman yessir and I became Harry's bitch. He claimed me by placing a chastity cage on my dick, ensuring that I would no longer be able to touch myself without his consent. I used to jerk off at least twice a day, but now I would be lucky if I get to cum at least once

every few weeks. There I sat, looking at the back of Harry's head wondering what twisted things he had in mind for me today.

- 1) Was he going to fuck me, while he incepted new ideas into my head?
- 2) Force me to go to the gym and humiliate myself in the locker room
- 3) Decide today was the name to get something humiliating tattooed on me
- 4) Other