

# The Perfect Command

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She was in bonds and she didn't want to be. She bucked from the chains uselessly, the metal biting into the soft skin of her flesh. She refused to call out or even make a sound. She wouldn't give them the fucking pleasure.

The bodies around her had long ago given up their resistance. They no longer had fight left in them. Xara would never lose the fight in her. Not against this. She would always fight for her purity and the ability to choose.

The other's sweaty skin pressing against hers made it even hotter. The stale air seemed to suffocate her rather than allow her to breathe.

"Bring him in." It was the cold voice of an unseen woman blocked by the milling mounds of flesh she was surrounded by. Whoever *he* was, the sight must have been terrifying. It caused the once "accepting of their fate" crowd to stir in renewed fight.

Her heart was thumping against her chest. This couldn't be happening to her, she thought, panic rising up in her throat as someone grabbed her roughly by the arm.

Swallowing a scream she twisted against her captor, wrenching from the grip briefly before she was taken hold of again with even more force.

She turned to see who the brute that had her looked like. Her heart slammed against her rib cage. He couldn't be much older than her. His dark face handsome and not at all the cruel mask she'd expected.

"How can you do things like this to us?"

"I- I can because I was told to." His voice held a hint of confusion at her question. He didn't understand why she would ask it. Did she not know what he was?

He pulled her through the imprisoned crowd, everyone shrinking away from them as if trying to hide and not draw attention.

Xara and her guard stood in front of the gate with another bigger, gruffer and older guard blocking the entrance.

"This one needs to be taken out and broken. Valerie thinks she has too much fight." The one who had Xara spoke to his elder.

"Have you been properly trained?"

Xara didn't even look at either of them as she felt him nod his answer. She felt sick. Her stomach was rolling inside of her. Broken. She was to be broken. She knew it would not be easy, she couldn't allow it. She also knew that because of this, it would be ten times worse than it had to be.

The older guard let them pass. The guard assigned to her tightened his grip on her arm.

"Keep your eyes on the ground unless you want to be hit."

"I don't want any of this." She didn't know why she said it and her voice sounded small.

She felt him stutter slightly in his step before recovering. "You didn't agree to come here?" He kept looking straight ahead and his mouth barely moved.

"I don't even know what this place *is*." She followed his lead, kept her head down and moved her lips as little as possible. It was easy since her lip was busted and it hurt to move it.

He almost stopped noticeably this time. "This is a Submission camp. We train submissives."

"What?!" She hissed softly, hoping no one else heard.

"We train submiss--." He started to repeat as they entered a dusty field. The hot sun instantly stinging her exposed skin.

"I heard you."

"Why did you ask then?"

"I don't want to be here."

"It will teach you to be a submissive lover."

"I don't want to be a submissive and I sure as hell don't want to be submissive to my lover."

He stood in front of her. They stood eye to eye. "You aren't supposed to look me in the eye. If I were anyone else you would be

smacked down on the ground right now. Treat me as you would a lover, your master."

"My lover wouldn't be my master and I am treating you as I would were you any lover of mine." She boldly and blatantly kept her eyes on his.

"Make this easier on us both."

"No, let me go."

"I don't have to." He said this calmly and not out of anger but because it was a fact.

"No but do it because you want to."

"I do want to but I do what I am told." He hesitated purposely then added, "once." He was trying to tell her something.

"So let me go."

He shook his head. "I was told not to."

"Tell me how to escape."

"I can't."

She sighed, frustrated and that sigh quickly turned to an agonizing groan as a pain ripped across her back. She stumbled to her knees. The young guard reached out to steady her before she fell and he would have caught her in time.

"Don't you even **think** about it." A voice came from behind her. She started to turn and look but it hurt too much.

"She did not ask to be here. She does not want this or a lover." His voice sounded almost pleading.

"Have you been compromised?"

"No, not yet sir." It was honest.

"Then what does it matter *how* she got here."

"It matters because it's not a rape camp but a submissive one. Rule one of submission; it's not submission unless it is given not taken."

"Shut up."

He did.

Xara noticed.

That was it.

She got it. The clues, the way he responded. He had to do whatever he was told. At least once. The very first time the request was given to him. He said it but she hadn't noticed or maybe she didn't realize it was literal. She had to find a request that was new to him, so he had to do it. He had been trained. They had requested every single request possible to prepare him, she was sure of it.

"Get out of here Kevin; you will be punished accordingly later."

Kevin hesitated but in the end he turned and did what he was told. He had to.

Xara watched him slowly walk away taking her only hope with him. She called out.

"Kevin, save me!" His name on her tongue ripped his heart open.

He couldn't. He slowed briefly but didn't stop.

"Kevin please?"

Kevin mentally begged that she'd say the right thing that would unlock his ability to help her. He winced at the sound of the whip slicing the air and landing heavily against her skin. She didn't make a sound in reaction.

"Kevin just— can you please act like you care for 5 seconds at least!" Her words were jagged as she fought the pain.

He stopped. He *did* care he realized. Suddenly he cared more than he cared about anything in his life. 1-2-3-4-5 seconds went by. 6-7-8-9-10 and he still cared. She had done it. The right demand. He discovered that once you started to and you are allowed to care for someone it was impossible to go back and "uncare", to *not* care.

He turned around slowly and started back for her, weapon in hand.

