

Lack of Judgement

79997... 79998... 79999... 80000...

"God Damn it!" I yelled, kicking the metal chest, hurting my foot. "I knew I should have started in the other damn direction!"

Had I missed the correct digit ages ago? The mere thought of it almost made me feel sick. It has taken over two weeks working several hours a night to get this far. I had purposely gone slow to ensure no mistakes, in fact, several digits were double checked just to be sure. There was no way a missed a digit, but try telling your brain that when panic starts to set in.

I should start by explaining the situation I have got myself into. A year ago I started dating a woman named Diane. It was a typical friend of a friend connection and we hit it off right away. We both had had plenty to drink that day and started to reveal our innermost desires, mine being bondage and chastity while hers was electricity and anal play. It wasn't long before we would see each other almost every day, playing until the wee hours of the morning with metal anal plugs, ropes, dildos, gags, you name it. By morning she would wash my dick in bed and put on the CB-3000 before leaving for work. Sometimes I would see her that night, other times not until the weekend. Life was great.

As months passed, our busy schedules drew us further and further apart. She would often spend a week away on business trips leaving me at home with no release. I enjoyed chastity more as a tease and denial game, not as a lifestyle. It wasn't long before I discovered the weaknesses of the CB-3000 and was able to release myself, at least enough to masturbate. This went on for a couple of weeks until Diane came over unexpectedly from a trip. Rock hard with my balls still caught in the rings, there was no way I could stuff myself back in there. I was caught.

I never expected that she would become so upset. I had to do a reality check, "this is my fetish last I checked?" I asked myself. When the gun barrels started to finally cool from what was our largest fight to date she asked me if I would stop releasing myself. I explained that I couldn't make that promise, hence the need for the CB-3000 in the first place. I did mention that if it would make her feel better, I would be willing to get a piercing to add a second lock to the CB-

3000. Both in agreement, we had some of the best makeup sex I had ever had. I never pressed too hard on why she was that upset, but for those who have ever had a relationship with a woman, it is sometimes best to just let sleeping dogs lie.

Things were great again, except for the discomfort of the piercing. Diane was religious about taking care of it and would tie me to the bed spread eagle each night to remove my CB-3000, clean the area around my prince albert and replace the CB-3000. During this "healing" time, I was to be punished for my actions and was not allowed to use my penis for anything more than urination. Not that I had a choice, I tried to masturbate while she was out (I know, I know), but it was too painful.

After a few weeks, it had healed enough that a padlock could be threaded through the piercing and locked outside of the CB-3000's slit in the front. Initially this caused some discomfort but was easy to get over with some tape and wearing briefs. My escape days were over, or so I thought.

Instead of hiding the keys from me, Diane simply put them on her normal key ring. It wasn't long before temptation got the best of me and I found myself at the local hardware store making duplicates. Was I ashamed of myself? Yes, but it didn't seem to matter. Like an alcoholic, you don't feel sorry for yourself until after the deed is done. I knew I should have just destroyed the keys, but it felt like I won the lottery. The mind plays tricks on you, especially when you have not had an orgasm in three weeks!

The morning after I duped the keys, Diane was leaving for another trip. Sadistically she told me that she would "think" about letting me free. Who did she think she was? My defiance was stronger than ever! It seemed all too obvious to me at the time she was enjoying her power over me a little too much. Little did she know!

Over the coming months she insisted on keeping me locked for longer and longer periods of time. It was such a change in personality that it almost seemed planned. I kept my keys well hidden, so release was not an issue, however masturbation was beginning to get old as well. By our ninth month together I found myself chatting it up with girls at bars and even bedding a few of them. It didn't take long before I found another woman who I started to spend every free moment with.

It was obvious that Diane suspected something, but never said anything. In a way, I was not even bothering to hide it. A few times I had even rejected her advances after I should have been locked for two weeks. What I didn't know was how long she knew about my adulterous activities. It all came out a couple of Saturday's later after one of her trips.

"Tom, I need to see you in the bedroom" she said seductively. "I have been unfair to you and want to make it up to you."

"Be right there" I yelled from the bathroom. I was busily making sure there were no traces of Jessica on me. "If I play my cards right, I might actually get a BJ out of this" I thought. I never knew how wrong I was.

Walking into the bedroom I asked "So what's up? How was your trip?"

"Very productive. I got exactly what I wanted. That's not why I wanted to see you though. As I mentioned, I think I have been unfair to you. I have kept you locked up far too much. You see, I have had many men cheat on me in past relationships. When I met you, and your chastity fetish, it was like a dream come true. My fears and phobias that you would cheat on me vanished when you were locked. That is why I was so upset when I learned that you were able to release yourself month's ago." she said sincerely.

At this point I was starting to feel really bad. True she had neglected me, but I could have just talked to her about it instead of sneaking behind her back.

"When we increased the security of your chastity, I felt even safer. My mistake however was I should have unlocked you more often and given you the sex more often. I assumed that you loved the frustration, but when you started rejecting me, even while locked, I knew something was wrong. I have thought about it long and hard and have decided to change things. Would you lay on the bed and hold out your arms and legs for me?" she asked seductively.

I felt even worse for cheating on her. It was all too obvious now that I should have just asked to be released more often and I could have. My selfish nature couldn't fess up to the truth. As ashamed as I was, it didn't override the desire I was feeling at the thought of being bound and given a BJ.

Diane locked each wrist and ankle to the four corners of the bed with ease. A blindfold was placed over my eyes and she asked for me to wait patiently while she prepared the evening ahead. I could hear her unpacking suitcases and setting items on the bed. If not for the CB-3000 holding me back, I would have been rock hard with excitement.

After about 15 minutes I could feel her body slither onto the bed. I could tell by the fabric she was wearing my favorite outfit, a skintight body stocking covered by a heavy boned leather corset and leather panties. I couldn't tell for sure, but I think she was wearing her 6" black pumps as well.

I moaned under my breath as she slowly released my cock from the CB-3000. Upon meeting the fresh air it sprung to life, ready for action. "Tisk Tisk! We're an eager little beaver aren't we!" she teased.

I felt the cold chill of a cold gel pack envelop my now rock hard member. Diane teased my nipples which would normally excite me more, but the cold icy touch of the cold pack was too much. Within minutes I had the genitals of a 4 year old.

"Before we get started I have a new toy for us to play with. I do hope you like it, it cost me a lot of money!" she remarked. "I can't wait dear!" was all I could come up with for a response.

I felt her lube my cock with a liberal amount of silicon lube. The silky feeling was unmistakable and we have used it dozens of times over the past year, mostly just before anal sex. It was almost a letdown in a way, I was looking forward to my blowjob!

With my cock as slick as an ice rink (and almost as cold as one) I felt movement once again, but this time I could feel something sliding over my cock. It was a pretty tight fit and didn't seem very long. If it was not for the fact that I had sex on my brain, I would have recognized it right away. Instead, I laid back in the bed oblivious to her actions, not that I had much choice anyway.

click

Something had slid through my P/A piercing and was now holding the tube

onto my penis. While still trying to assess the situation, I felt Diane slip something underneath me. If only I had my eyesight, I could see what she was doing. By now however, I knew she was up to no good and started to test my bonds. I am a strong guy, but no match or handcuffs attached to thick wooden posts.

My worst fears were coming true as my penis tube was pushed between my legs and attached to what could only be a metal belt. I started to struggle at this point, but it was too late, it was all too easy for her to finish the job. The final *click* echoed throughout the room, causing me to stop my futile efforts and resign to my fate.

"My my Tom. Why the fight? I figured you would be thrilled with my gift! You do like it don't you?" she sneered.

"I'm sure it is quite nice, but not what I was expecting this evening. It has been weeks since I have had an orgasm, I need to cum!" I pleaded.

"Oh Tom, why must you lie? Do you take me for a fool? I know about your duplicate keys and even the women you have been sleeping with. Don't make it worse by lying." she scolded.

I didn't know what to say at this point. I was caught, stuck in a very vulnerable position and now locked in god knows what kind of belt.

"Enough with that. I don't care anymore... well, I do, but that is not important. Instead, let's have some fun and discuss the features of your new belt. First though, let's remove your blindfold and leg restraints so you can see your new toy." Diane said, almost cheerfully. In a matter of seconds, I found my eyes adjusting to the light in the room. With her help, I was able to sit upright on the bed with my wrists still secured.

The belt was much larger than I had expected they would be. Whenever I looked at images online, they seemed super thin and designed to be hidden under clothing. Aside from a track suit, I doubt I would be able to hide this one very well. A small growing fear started to swell when I realized I would probably have to go to work with this on.

Diane was almost giddy with excitement as she started to speak, "First off, you

should know that this belt cost me a small fortune, so I have taken certain precautions to make sure nothing happens to it. Unlike your current chastity device, this was is 100% escape proof. This includes lock picking, cutting and even duplicating my keys. Are you with me so far.... slave?"

What? Who did she think she was? My mistress? I don't think so. Then again, now was not the time to pick a losing battle. If I was to win the war, I need to get my hands free. Meekly, I responded "Yes, I understand".

"No, No, No. That won't work. Refer to me as Mistress" she quipped.

I starred at her blankly for a good solid minute. Sucking up my pride, I responded "Yes Mistress"

"Good, now that wasn't so hard was it?" she asked rhetorically, pausing momentarily "No matter, it is time for the fun part. Your belt is mostly made of stainless and surgical steel with neoprene padding on the inner lining. You can thank me later for affording you that comfort, slave. The belt is equipped with a dual locking mechanism. The primary lock requires a very special key, one that you would not be able to have duplicated without the help of a talented locksmith. Given how resourceful you can be, I did not leave that to chance. I also couldn't risk you having the lock picked and discarding it, so I had the manufacturer install a second lock. Unlike the first, this one is a simple three digit combination lock. Separate, either is within your realm to defeat the security, but together, they make it impossible. You see, in order for the combination lock to work, the key must be inserted and turned. In the event however that the key is turned without the correct combination being set, the release pins will disengage and the belt will be permanent."

"Permanent?" I sheepishly asked.

"Yes, that is what I said. As a mentioned before. This belt is escape proof." she said with a cold stare. "So let's continue shall we? The second feature I cannot take credit for, but is my favorite. I know what is running through your little head right now... that you can just cut it off right? WRONG! I can't have you destroy my gift to you and all of women kind. Inside the belt itself are a series of thin Lithium-Ion batteries. I am not sure exactly how many there are, but I know there is enough to render you unconscious and severely disfigure your genitals. Inside the belt itself are tracks of ribbon like cables which, when

severed, will release an onslaught of electrical pulses over a period of an hour. Small mercury switches will detect movement, so in the event that you pass out it will save the torment for when you wake again. To put some perspective on it, a stun gun usually runs around 50,000 volts. This can reach 150,000 due to the higher amperage from the Li-on batteries. The batteries themselves have an expected charge of 2-3 years." Diane lectured.

By this point, I thought I was going to puke. It was painfully obvious that I was under the complete control of this woman and there was nothing I could do. Even if I overpowered her and forced her to give me the key, she could always give me the wrong combo number and thus sealing me inside the belt for the rest of my 20s (if not longer!). I was absolutely speechless and just stared at Diane with utter disbelief.

"Cat got your tongue I see. No matter. The last feature you should know about is the auto-recharge. Inside the lining of the belt is small thermal pads that convert body heat into energy. By themselves, they can't do any damage, but they do trickle enough power into the batteries to keep them at full strength until the batteries themselves die out, which as you know could be 5+ years." she said with a matter of fact tone.

"Ok Diane, you have made your point. You are upset that I cheated on you. You really shouldn't have spent all this money on this belt because I don't want to continue our games any further. So just take it off and we can go our separate ways." I told her in a stern tone, but not too aggressive.

Diane simply laughed. I knew her outburst would not mean well for me.

"I'm afraid it is too late for that. Three months ago was the time for you to say that, not after you have broken my heart and become the third man who has cheated on me. No, I am afraid it is time for men like you to get what they deserve and stop hurting every woman you meet. I am not completely cold hearted however, I will give you two choices." she said with mock sympathy.

"Option #1. You become my 24/7 slave. You will be trained to do my job and do it from the confines of MY home. I will do whatever I please with my extra time, even tormenting you. You will service my every need and whim from cleaning the house to my more intimate needs. You will orgasm when I feel you have earned it, not any other time. If you are really good, I might let you

cum once a month. This, I assure you is the better of the two options. The sec...." Diane trailed off abruptly.

"You can shove that option up your ass Diane. I will never be your god damn slave." I screamed.

Calmly, Diane continued "As I was saying... The second option is for me to leave you and your life forever. I of course won't remove the belt before I go, the satisfaction that you won't torment another women for the better part of a decade will be my revenge. I am sure you will learn your lesson and show your next girlfriend some basic respect."

"You have my answer bitch" I scowled.

"Very well, I had hoped you would simply accept your fate and choose a rewarding life as my slave. I am going to pack my things and be back to set you free... well, somewhat." she quipped.

I could hear boxes being loaded and carried out to her car. From the limited view from my bedroom I could see she was taking a lot more items then hers. My watch, DVD Player, even my \$300 professional blender! "That bitch!" I thought. I plotted my revenge and by the time she was finished looting my house, she came back into the room.

"With all the extra items I 'found', I should be able to pay off that nice toy I gave you!" Diane tormented. "I have your release method ready... good ol' ice. You know the deal, when the ice melts you will get your handcuff keys, but not until I am long gone. We wouldn't want you calling the cops on me now would be?" she asked rhetorically.

I simply sunk my head, "No.... mistress"

"Sucking up won't help you now Tom" she sneered. With that my moment of opportunity appeared before me. To secure the ice above me, she stepped up onto the bed. Immediately, I shot my knee towards her legs taking them out from under her. Before she could get her bearings, I raised my other leg as high as I could and slammed it onto her chest knocking the wind out of her. With gasping breaths, I went for my final blow, a swift kick to her head.

With her knocked out cold I laid back and assessed my situation. I wasn't worried about Diane because if she didn't start breathing again I would simply claim self-defense. I would show them the chastity belt and the welts on my wrists and ankles from where she held me against my will. Her car full of my stuff would confirm she was making a run for it. The truth was, I needed her alive if I was going to get out of this belt anytime soon.

Looking around I could see the key tied to a string hanging off the side of the bed. Careful not to knock it over, I retrieved the key with my foot and spent the next 20 minutes trying to get it to my hands. Luckily one of my cuffs was not too tight and I could spin my wrist around to reach the keyhole. With my wrists free, all I wanted to do was sleep, but I knew I had a lot of work ahead of me... starting with Diane!

I quickly got myself dressed and got to work. With a lot of effort and time, I had secured Diane, returned all my things to my house and hidden her car out of plain sight. Now all I had to do was wait. This was not as easy of a task as you would think. My mind couldn't focus on anything but the very heavy cage that now prevented me from any type of stimulation, even anal! Putting me in an impossible belt was bad enough, but to use a fixed metal strip between my legs (with no hole of course) was just cruel. It would only make using the bathroom a living hell. I would have to take a shower every time I shit! I couldn't imagine living the next 5 years or more in that hell.

After a few hours had passed, I could hear Diane stir in her new home. She was obviously confused as to what was going on (in addition to a massive headache), so I began to fill her in. "Knock Knock, you awake in there?" I asked, savoring the moment.

"Mmmph!" was her only reply.

"Good, now listen up. Your fate strictly depends on how well you cooperate with me. Escape, much like my belt, is impossible without help. I think we both are in a position to help each other. The exchange is simple. You tell me how to release my belt and I set you free. If you don't agree to my terms your fate will be less than pleasant." I said smugly.

"Like my belt, there are many features of your new living quarters. It is a 3'x2'x2' chest, a little cramped but I was able to get you in there. I have taken

the liberty of drilling two holes, one for your water tube and the other for your piss to drain from. Don't worry, I have put an oil tray under the chest to catch any waste, it won't fall on the floor. I know how you were always a sticker for a clean house." I quipped.

"The second feature is your binding. Even though the chest has reinforced steel with solid oak panels, what fun would it be if you somehow escaped. I have wrapped your arms behind your back with several layers of duct tape. I assure you not even I could remove it without a knife. Your fingers have been rendered useless and are taped into a fist. Several more layers have been wrapped around your body to keep you in that ever so comfortable kneeling position. I hope you don't mind, I have added those rather nasty nipple clamps you never let me use on you. I told you that you could handle them, you never listen dear!" I said, tormenting her every step of the way.

She spent the next 10 minutes using every ounce of her energy trying to free herself. If I wasn't right next to her, I wouldn't even have known she was in there. Without any freedom to move she couldn't bang on the walls and with the heavy tape gag, couldn't even scream.

When she finished with her temper tantrum, I kicked the side of the chest and said "We will discuss it tomorrow. Tonight you will spend the night, bound, gagged and locked in this chest to prove that I am serious. I part you with one last thought. You will not receive one scrap of food until I am released. That gives you three weeks to make your decision."

I kicked the chest before walking out of the spare bedroom and shutting the door behind me. I could hear her carry on, but it was not even audible outside of the room, let alone the house. With some time to kill I need to prepare my alibi. I started by calling the local police department to file a missing person's report. Within 30 minutes two officers were at my door asking questions. By the end of the interview I was practically in tears begging for them to find her. They seemed to buy it.

I tossed and turned through the night. I couldn't find any position comfortable with the belt. I knew most belts took a couple months to break in, but that didn't help the situation now. By morning, I called in sick, something I never do so I was never questioned. I called the police department looking for an update and was surprised when they transferred me right to a detective.

"Detective Robbins speaking, is this Tom?" he asked.

"Yes sir it is, do know where Diane is?" I sympathetically asked.

"Yes and No. Listen to me son, did you two have a fight or anything recently?" he questioned.

No liking where this was going, I resorted to some old advice an old boss gave me. "When someone asks you the time, don't tell them how to build a clock."

"Not really sir" I replied.

"Care to elaborate?" he pressed.

"Things have not been at their best. Arguments, sure, who doesn't? I wouldn't call any a fight." I responded matter-of-factly.

"Well, we spoke with her parents and they informed us she had recently broke up with her boyfriend. She has taken another job several states away and is driving to her new home as we speak. I'm sorry to break this news to you, but I doubt you will be seeing her again. You honestly didn't see this coming?" he asked, somewhat sympathetically.

"I.. I.. I.. " I stuttered, trying to kick up the waterworks. "I... love her! Why would she leave me? And like this? *sniff* I can't believe this is true. There has to be a mistake!" I demanded.

"There is no mistake. I called her previous employer and even her landlord. Both confirmed that she had left. Both commented that she was heading out west. I'm sorry. I can't help you much more than that." said the detective.

"I... I understand detective. I just hope she is safe. Thank you for your quick response." I whimpered.

"Sorry I didn't have better news. You try and have a good weekend." *click* Was the detective's last words.

With the police out of the way, I could now focus on Diane.

I strolled over to the spare bedroom and kicked the side of the chest. "Rise and shine Diane. I hope you came to a decision." I queried. Dialing the combination into the lock on the chest, I slowly opened it to see her taped into a ball, drenched in sweat. Using some scissors, I cut the tape gag away from her mouth and removed the wadded cloth inside.

"A little warm in there? I guess it wasn't very nice of me to leave the chest under the window beaming sunlight on it all day." I said sarcastically.

"You bastard. I can't wait until the police catch you and you go to jail for this. I am sure the boys upstate will love a sissy boy like you with a chastity belt. That is if they don't fry your dick off trying to cut it off you!" she yelled, albeit in a rather raspy voice.

"Funny story... you will like this. Seems as though when I filed a missing person's report for you your parents told the police you were moving out west. They of course wouldn't give me the address, but I put on the water works for the detective telling them how crushed I was. It didn't help your chances for discovery when they called your work and friends and they also confirmed your departure. Nobody is looking for you slut, at least not for a couple weeks. I can assure you, in that time, you will wish you were dead." I scowled in retort.

"I can't give you the code. I don't have it." she replied.

"What are we in fucking 3rd grade? You expect me to fall for that? No, this is how it is going to work. You will remain in the chest, bound as you are, without food until I am released from the belt. That gives you about three weeks to come up with a better excuse. After that, I take the chest, with you in it and throw it into the landfill. Nobody will find your body. If your revenge worth your life? Are you prepared to go through the agony of starving to death?" I screamed, visibly losing my temper.

About this time, Diane snapped and broke down crying. I thought she was going to suffocate if she didn't calm down soon. For the next 10 minutes she kept muttering that she didn't have the code and she didn't want to die. Finally, when she calmed down enough to talk, I asked her to explain herself.

"The code is in my car, inside a thick metal chest secured with a combination lock. I don't know the combination. It was supposed to be for my protection for all that good it has done me so far. I locked it in that chest and spun the dials. My reasoning was that if I started to feel sorry for you, I would have to break the code first. Since that could take weeks, I expected I would regain my resolve and keep you locked." she whimpered.

"What about the key?" I asked.

"It is on my key ring. You can't miss it." she replied.

I went to her car in search of the metal box and found it under a pile of clothes in the backseat. Bringing it back inside, I set the box next to her chest. She was right when she said it would take a few weeks to crack. It was a solid brass and steel D-style 5 digit combination lock. Smashing the lock or the box wouldn't be an option, both were too rugged and I didn't want to risk damaging whatever may be inside.

"OK Diane. I hope you are not screwing with me, because your life depends on it. I am going to spend the next couple of weeks cracking the code on this lock. During that time you will stay locked in this chest. I am going to cut off the excess tape to give you a little mobility. After I shut the lid, I will insert a water tube. As I said before, there will be no food for you until I am free. For your sake, I hope I get lucky." I said.

"Please Tom. Don't do this to me. I can help you with the lock. You know I am terrified of this chest, please, don't do it." she pleaded.

I cut off all the tape except for her fists and inserted the water tube, taping it in place so she could easily get to it. Before slamming the lid shut and locking it, I grabbed her chin and looked long and hard into her eyes and said "You should have thought of this before you plotted your revenge. Did you ever think that the thought of permanent chastity terrifies me?"

With Diane once again secure, I grabbed the box and sat on the couch to begin cracking the code. Days went by with no luck. I was considering taking Diane up on her offer for help, but decided against it. I couldn't risk her opening the chest and destroying the code out of spite, or worse, using her limited freedom to make her escape.

I couldn't believe that two weeks had passed already. I still had 20,000 digits to try, but even more concerning, Diane wasn't looking too good. After a few days had passed I started lose my willpower and took her out of the box twice a day to stretch and use the bathroom. She has already lot a lot of weight and I feared she would not make it until the end of the week. I was hoping I would get lucky and figure out the combination right away, but it wasn't in the cards.

Even though my eyes were starting to go cross-eyed, I forged on trying to break the code. I doubled my efforts and even took the rest of the week off from work. Call it desperation for release or my guilt getting the best of me. Either way, I had to find out what was in this box before something happened to her.

By the second day, my eyes were shot and I had resorted to counting the digits and going by feel. Half asleep I felt the unit click in my hands. So used to the drone of trying different combinations it didn't even register right away. It wasn't until I noticed the dials had stuck in place that I opened my eyes and could see the lock had sprung open! 99,487! What horrible luck! Even though there was no way to know, I still kicked myself for not going the other direction.

I could barely contain the excitement building inside me. Removing the lock, I opened the ominous box before me. Inside was a neatly folded letter with the work "IMPORTANT" stamped on the outside. There also seemed to be some extra pieces to the chastity belt, but it wasn't obvious what they were for. Disinterested in the parts, I pulled out the letter and started to read it.

Dear Diane,

Thank you for your order! We sincerely hope that you and your sub enjoy your trans-gender chastity belt. We at least know you will! We have taken the liberty of setting the combination to **487** for you, however this can be reset by depressing the pinhole button behind the lock, but only when the lock is not engaged. Pressing the button while engaged will disable the lock rendering the belt permanent.

This belt is a one of a kind so people contact us with feedback on how your sub adjusts to it. Since it is a trans-gender belt, we have included female cover

plates to be used in place of the male tube free of charge. Be sure to use the adjustment screws on the inside of the belt when fitting for another person.

Regards,
John & Marie
UtopiaBelts.com

I couldn't believe I finally had the code! I immediately grabbed the keys from her key ring and set the combination lock to the correct position. My hands were shaking as I turned the key. The audible *click* caused me to jump in place. I tried pulling the front panel off, but no luck, it was still stuck!

"Nooooooooooooo!" I screamed.

I started to frantically pull on the belt in a panic, but no luck. I double checked the combination and verified I had set the correct number. Defeated I sat back on the couch. The keys were still hanging from the front of the belt so I turned the lock back and removed the key. As soon as I did the front panel popped off allowing me to remove the belt! I couldn't believe how foolish I had been.

I disconnected the tube and used another key on her ring to release the piercing. It felt so good to be released I felt like I could cum if a strong breeze came by. I didn't take matters into my own hand however, I knew how I would receive my first orgasm in weeks.

Removing the lock to Diane's chest, I pulled her out and placed her on her knees. From the box of toys in the room, I selected a large ring gag and placed it in her mouth. She was obviously not happy about this, but had no energy to fight me off. With her mouth gagged, I spun her around so she could see me. The look on her face was priceless, but soon turned to excitement, apparently at the prospect of release.

"Well my dear, I have finally released myself. I guess you are starving for food, so for your first meal you get to suck me dry. How does that sound?" I asked her.

After a long pause, the expression on her face turned to one of hope and nodded eagerly. As haggard as she was, the sight of her mouth forced open and her fists still taped into fists had me hard in seconds. She could see my

approval and slowly inched her way over to me. I removed the remainder of my clothes and sat on a nearby chair giving her perfect access to my cock.

To be honest, I was very impressed with her work. Her blowjobs were always phenomenal, but this was a BJ from a very hungry woman, even the thought of semen as a meal drove her into a frenzy. Given my arousal, I was spewing my load in under a minute, shaking from one of the most earth shattering orgasm of my life. She didn't miss a drop, tonguing my dick, searching for any morsel she might have missed.

"That was incredible Diane. With blowjobs like that, I might just have to keep you!" I joked.

Unexpectedly, she didn't react at all. Maybe it was just the exhaustion, but I at least expected some indication that she didn't approve. Thinking nothing of it, I went into the other room to fix her something to eat. I was not really in the mood to cook anything, so I opened a can of Spaghetti O's and poured them into a plastic bowl. I returned to the room and set the bowl on the floor.

"Thank uoo!" she said with gratitude, licking up the contents of the bowl.

While she was eating, I realized I had another dilemma to solve. Given how long I had her captured, I couldn't risk letting her go now. If she went to the police I would certainly go to federal prison for probably the next 25 years or more for kidnapping. I was kicking myself that I didn't think ahead and plan for this situation. The deed was done and while I didn't want to accept it the solutions at hand, something had to be done. I stood in the living room, staring at the chastity belt that had started this whole mess. Then it hit me, I knew what to do.

I returned to Diane's room to find she had licked the bowl clean. I snatched it from the floor and filled it with more food, but this time with three sleeping pills crushed inside. I returned the bowl and watched her devourer every morsel. She was still in the process of licking the bowl clean when sleep finally overtook her. As a precaution, I locked a heavy collar around her neck and secured it to a nearby baseboard heating unit. I left the house in search of materials for my plan.

It had been hours since I first started working on my plan. I sat in my chair watching Diane dream away on the floor. She seemed so peaceful that I almost felt bad for what I was going to do to her. The right thing to do would be to let her go as agreed and accept any fate that might befall me. Maybe she wouldn't say a word for fear of the media making her life too public. Then again, maybe she has plotting my demise for the past couple weeks inside that box. I know I would have. Nevertheless, if I wasn't willing to spend a few years in forced chastity, jail time was not in my future if I could help it.

Another hour passed and Diane started to show signs of consciousness. A bit groggy at first, her eyes finally adjusted to the dim light in the room. Instinctively she went to rub her eyes and noticed her hands were free. Slowly she flexed her fingers open and shut and looked at me with joy in her eyes.

"Don't thank me yet. I can't let you go." I said.

"I don't understand, you said I could go free once you were free!" she said with a raised voice.

"That was when I expected to be free in a day or two. I knew you would just cut your losses and never notify the cops. Given your actions would have been consider assault; you would have been in a lot of trouble if you did. It has been 15 days, with you mostly locked in a small chest. A jury would hang me if they heard that statement come from your lips. I am afraid I am not willing to spend the rest of my life in jail."

"What are you going to do to me? You're not going to KILL ME ARE YOU?" she asked, very spooked.

"I couldn't do that to you. To be honest, I had been slipping nutritional supplements in your water for the past week to be sure you wouldn't die. I would have fed you today even if I didn't get the box open. Sadistic bastard, yes I am. Murderer, no." I spoke somewhat sympathetically. "There really is only one option."

Diane tilted her head a little to the right side and stared at me for a moment. I stared back for a moment and cast my gaze towards her waist. Following suit, she quickly realized she was wearing the belt. Instinct and fear took over and she immediately reached for the waistband and trying pulling it off. After a

few minutes of futile frustration, she glared at me again "Why is this on me? I never cheated on you; I am not the one with infidelity issues!"

"True, but you 'Click your mouse' at least three times a day. I won't have my slave orgasm unless it pleases me." I said with a wry smile. I expected a huge reaction of defiance after that statement, or at least a 'fuck you', but was given no satisfaction. She just sat on the floor, staring at me, almost as if she was sizing me up.

"What makes you think I want to be your slave and won't escape?" she questioned.

"I'm glad you asked. If you reach behind you, you will find a small metal box welded to the back of your belt. Inside the box is the electronics from an electric fence collar used for dogs. I have wired the perimeter of the house already, so if you go close to any wall you will feel a great deal of discomfort. If you take one step outside the door, it will probably be your last. There is a secondary fence inside the house that will only allow you to reside in the basement." I explained.

It was obvious now that I had her full attention. Long gone was the self-assured confident woman that was sitting before me moments ago.

"I have provided you a large cage with bedding at the bottom of the stairs. You will lock yourself inside the cage every night. In the morning I will bring you food and expect a BJ to start my day. I will setup a release mechanism to release you from the cage and allow you freedom roam the basement. Oh yes, I will only say this one. You will start each sentence with Master and end each sentence with Sir. It doesn't matter if it is a one word or 20 word statement. I will not be flexible on this rule. Do you understand?" I sternly asked.

"What if I don't?" she asked, obviously not taking me seriously.

"I had hoped it would not come to this, but I knew a demonstration would happen before the day was over." I said ominously. I reached into my pocket and pulled out a small remote. Without any warning I pressed the button on the left. Diane screamed and jumped into the air before collapsing on the floor into the fetal position. I gave her a few moments to recover as I walked around her body, surveying the damage.

"Are you OK?" I asked.

Sobbing and still shaking, she stuttered her response...

"Mmm..mMM..mMmasster. Ye..Yes. Ssssir."

"I sincerely hope that is the last time I have to use that, but I will if you slip up even once. Continued disobedience will force me to use the other button. You don't want that, trust me." I cautioned.

Diane glanced at me once more, this time with fear in her eyes. A moment later she hung her head in defeat. The battle had been lost.

Diane seemed to accept her fate better than expected. I assumed it would take the better part of a year before she would obey and worship me without question. Her training began with a rocky start; don't get me wrong, this was to be expected. She made a point to defy every command I gave, but was careful to know her limits. She truly feared that belt and the sheer agony it could bring. This was obvious as all I had to do was hold the remote in my hand and she would quickly carry out my order.

A month in, I didn't even have to threaten with the remote; she simply carried out my orders. Since the change was not gradual, there could only be explanation. The reality of her situation must have set it. This continued for a couple more months and as time went on, she only became a better slave. To put the final nail in her coffin so to speak, I strolled down to the basement and as expected, she was waiting for me, locked in her cage, head down with her hands behind her back. I would have never have guessed in the moments ahead, this small, caged woman would have it in her to lay me out flat.

I pulled a nearby chair close to the cage and sat down, enjoying the moment. She twitched uneasily, fearful of looking up without permission but desperately wanting to read the expression on my face. I waited for another 5 minutes before finally speaking to her.

"Why do you obey me?" I asked.

Obviously taken back by the question, she looked up at me as if I would give her the answer as well. "Master, I am not sure. I suppose because I have to sir."

she responded.

"I am not sure I understand, you have free will don't you? You can defy me as you did months ago." I pressed on.

"Master, it is not the same now for me. At first, all I could think of was escape, but now I don't think of such things sir" she said.

"I find that hard to believe. You are here against your will. I want straight answers; I can tell when you are lying." I scolded.

"Master, I am sorry. May I speak freely sir?" she asked.

"Go ahead"

"Thank you Master. I am sorry if I didn't speak clearly before. What I should have said was that I have no choice but to obey you because you give me everything I want. In the year we were together as equals, the sex was good, but that was about it. You never gave me any attention, I never felt special. I felt like an accessory to your life and given my track record with men, I think you can understand. When I left you in the CB-3000 for such a long period of time at the end I was hoping you would talk to me, even pick a fight with me, something to get us talking about our relationship, or lack thereof.

The truth is, even as I was locking this chastity belt on you, I was crying inside. Despite the fact you cheated on me, I still was torn on the inside because of my love for you. All I have ever wanted was someone who made me feel special. You truly want me, and have shown me that now.

Call me crazy, but in my first month as your slave I realized I had everything I ever wanted and didn't realize it. Every night you come home and spend hours with me. We have spent more time together these past months than we did the year before. Though we don't have sex like we used to, I know there is only one mouth that has the pleasure of servicing your cock.

You care for me hand and foot; my life here is worry free. Because of all this, I have no choice but to obey and worship you....sir" Diane lovingly said.

I was truly floored. I tried to retain my composure as if I was in deep thought,

but the truth was I was simply elated. I loved her deeply as well, but never dared express it. Tonight was going to be a special night.

Without a word, I retrieved the key to her belt from my safe and released her from the cage. Like many times before, I grabbed several coils of rope and began binding her tightly. Starting with her arms, I folded them inward pushing her wrists towards her neck. After a few quick coils of rope, I secured them in a very strict reverse prayer. Yoga workouts during the day made the task a simple and painless one.

With her arms secured, I bent her over a padded horse and secured her ankles to each side and walked around front. No sooner did I release my cock from its denim prison when she eagerly took it into her mouth and started to bring it to life. Not that it took much. She sucked my dick with enthusiasm, making it very difficult to pull away. Just before I climaxed, I stepped back. Tilting her head, she looked at me inquisitively.

"I would never hurt you. I hope you know that. I love and care for you deeply. I feel these last few months have brought us much closer together as well. I don't think either one of us would have expected this to turn out as it did, but I am grateful it did." I told her.

She was speechless as her eyes welled up in tears. While she was distracted, I inserted the key to the belt, set the correct combination and unlocked it. Her face immediately turned to one of shock as the cool basement air glided across her nether regions for the first time in months. Her pussy was dripping wet from arousal and my cock easily slid right in. With her bent over the arch, I pounded her for several minutes sending her over the edge multiple times.

I released her ankles and guided her over to the bed. We made love like we never had before. I had nothing to compare it to as I had never felt this good in my entire life. If her screams of passion were any indicator, she was feeling the same, however I would imagine three months of orgasm denial would do that.

When we finally collapsed, I removed her arms from the strenuous tie and I held her in my arms. We both enjoyed the moment as she began to doze off. I closed my eyes and reflected on the evening. Despite everything that happened, there was still one last test.

She was not a stupid girl, this could all be part of a master plan to win me over and take advantage of me in a moment of weakness. What I said earlier was true, I didn't say it just to 'play along', but at the same time I had to look out for myself. I had to know for sure that she wanted to be here and not just looking for a way to escape.

Hours passed as I wrestled with my consciousness to stay awake. Just when I was starting to go under I felt a stir and Diane carefully moved my arm away so she could get up. I remained still, careful not to open my eyes and reveal my plan. If she was planning to escape, now would be the time. She could make a run for it, albeit naked, and hope to find a neighbor before I caught up with her.

My ears strained as I tried to make out what she was doing on the other side of the basement. I could hear metal hitting metal and the jingle of belt buckles. The noise suddenly stopped and curiosity has finally got the best of me. I feigned waking up from a deep slumber and patted the bed next to me looking for Diane. When I didn't find her I sat up and surveyed the room. It took a few moments for my eyes to adjust to the light. Finding Diane, I got up and walked over to her.

"What are you doing?" I questioned.

"Master, I put away all of your toys, including myself sir" she spoke with a matter of fact tone.

Looking around the room, I could see that everything was in its place. Diane was kneeling inside her cage, padlock in place and keys sitting on the stairs. "Well done. Where is the belt?" I asked.

Leaning back in her kneeling position, I could now see the belt was firmly locked in place. "Master, I hope it was ok. I put it on myself. I made sure not to look at the combination, but would understand if you would feel better resetting it. The key is on the stairs sir" she answered.

"Can't live without it now huh?" I quipped.

"Master, I am eager to enjoy a night like tonight again. I hope to be a perfect

slave so you will deem me worthy again sir" she responded.

I smiled, looking into her lovingly eyes. "Good answer slave." I said scooping the keys up with my hand. I made my way to the top of the stairs and flicked off the lights, "Sleep tight".