

LADY JUSTICE: A CRUEL MISTRESS

Chapter One - The Proposal

"Hello sir. Thank you for taking the time to meet with me," Sonya greeted her manager, Simon, warmly. She'd worked with him for years, and they had long established a good rapport. She was excited to present her proposal to him, after having worked on it with her team for the better part of a year.

"Not at all, Sonya. Please," he motioned to the chair at the head of the otherwise empty conference table, "have a seat." Simon was looking forward to her proposal which had been so long in the making, and so secretive up to this point. He had a good feeling about it though, as he'd noticed Sonya had been working on it with impressive dedication. Since she'd been working on this project, she seemed to put in a ridiculous number of hours and have a near boundless amount of energy and enthusiasm. He wasn't sure how she managed it, but he thought it may bode well for her results.

Sonya took a seat and brought a PowerPoint up on the big screen using her laptop. It was titled, rather unimpressively, "Punitive Justice Reform 1032". The decidedly unsexy title did nothing to dampen her enthusiasm.

"Ok, sir. So, I'd like to begin my proposal by pointing out the problems we're trying to solve. I'm aware you probably already know most, if not all, of these figures, but please bear with me," Sonya started the slide presentation.

The first handful of slides showed several figures, many which would be startling to the average citizen. The number of people currently incarcerated and the amount of money spent by the government per inmate on housing, food, guards, facility upkeep, etc. Further slides showed the length of time the average inmate stayed incarcerated, and the frequency of repeat offenders and returns to prison. The last of the intro slides showed some less easily quantified statistics: the impact on families of their family members being behind bars, the impact on society that these people were no longer working and being productive members of society. It was an impressive array of information that was meant to demonstrate the enormous problem that loomed over the government and society at large.

"Yes, yes. As you said, I know these figures. I trust you'll be getting to the point soon?" Simon prompted; his interest piqued but also feeling his patience thinning as the slides continued.

"Yes, sorry sir. This presentation is designed so that we can show it to others who are less informed than yourself as well. So yes, let me continue. We believe that we have found an answer to these problems. We have a solution that will drastically decrease amounts spent on offenders, to the point of no money spent on food or housing, and far

less spent on facilities and manpower. Even potentially eliminating such costs over time," Sonya paused a moment to let that sink in.

Simon raised an eyebrow. It was certainly an ambitious claim, but he felt extremely doubtful that any such solution could exist.

Sonya continued, "It also eliminates time incarcerated entirely, and allows offenders be productive members of society, with jobs and personal lives. As such it also repairs damage to families that have had their loved ones taken away. At the same time, it still keeps them in check, preventing them from causing further harm to society, and indeed prompts them to contribute to it. It is designed to highly motivate them to be as upstanding of citizens as possible. We anticipate the number of repeat offenders would drop to nearly zero. And to those who would argue against us being too lax and not punishing such offenders enough, this solution ensures that they are thoroughly punished and made regretful for their crimes."

Simon sighed. He liked Sonya, and he wanted to give her the benefit of the doubt. But these claims were outlandish. "These are very grand claims, Sonya, but I'm not convinced anything could achieve all of this. What are you proposing?"

Sonya nodded, "I realize it's hard to believe. As you know, we are by law restricted from causing any physical harm or applying actual torture or corporal punishment to offenders. What we've come up with manages to sidestep all of that. We're calling it the Desire Program."

The slide changed again, showing "The Desire Program - Ensuring the safe and productive return of inmates to society by instilling true desire for, among other things, being good citizens and making amends for their crimes."

Sonya then explained how the Program works. Offenders are fitted with a tiny device. She reached into her pocket, and showed Simon an example of a male device, "This fits on the male, right under the scrotum. There are two bands, one going up over the scrotum and one around the base of the penis. Highly advanced sensors in the device are able to detect arousal levels and imminency of orgasm. In the case of an imminent orgasm, the bands are contracted, pulling the scrotum down and putting extreme pressure around the base of the penis. This part of the device," she continued, pointing towards the bottom, "administers a small shock to the scrotum. These different measures, used together, effectively prevent any orgasm from taking place. It also discourages the subject from attempting them. The level of shock and the tightness of the bands is configurable depending on the situation. Lastly, it also contains a vibrator for providing stimulation to the scrotum and penis, in order to maintain arousal. We have a similar device for females... well quite different in form of course, but with similar results."

Simon interjected, "This is very interesting, Sonya, but I don't see how this has anything to do with the issues you presented. Surely you haven't spent nearly a year coming up with some strange... sex toy? Does this even have anything to do with justice reform?"

Sonya seemed to expect Simon's doubts, "Yes sir, I'm getting to that. The proposal is this. We offer an experimental program to whichever inmates we choose, young enough to be sexually active and physically able enough to be productive members of society. It's also preferable that they have committed partners, which can help offset some of the cost and responsibility. If they accept the program, they are fitted with this device, given instructions, and sent on their way. They report to our facility three times a week for monitoring and treatment, the specifics of which will change depending on the case and where they are at in their rehabilitation. But essentially the idea is we keep them in a constant state of arousal, with no means by which to satisfy it. Their only hope of sexual release comes from their visits throughout the week and/or their handler. Release is, by design, kept quite rare to maintain their levels of desire. When (and whether) any release is given is decided, among other factors, based on their time since last release, their crimes to be punished, and their actions now that they are out in society," Sonya paused a moment, seeming suddenly distracted by something. Her face flushed, and she looked as if she was steeling herself against something.

After a few moments, she continued, "Uh... so. From our research, there are few motivators as powerful as sexual desire, especially when it is multiplied much higher than the average person ever experiences. This achieves a nearly irresistible drive for them to please us, and as such to be good citizens. It also provides a constant form of punishment and reminder of what they have done. Finally, with how constantly aware they are of their arousal and need to orgasm they have little space left for plotting crimes or for the boredom that often causes such misbehavior. Their minds are effectively occupied elsewhere."

Simon leaned back in his chair, considering all of this. It was surprisingly convincing. *Such a simple idea, but with such profound possibilities.* "This is very impressive, Sonya. I must ask, and I know the approval committee will as well, how you actually know any of this will work? Is it just theory at this point or do you have any hard data?"

Sonya's face reddened. "We do indeed have... hard data. Since we didn't have approval yet for actual trials, we had to try the devices out somehow... Let's just say I and a few others on my team can personally attest to the power of this program."

Simon was surprised, but also impressed at her dedication. This provided some explanation for her extremely hard work and limitless energy, and that helped prove to him how powerful it was. "Very well," said Simon, "As you know, it's not entirely up to me, but I will be recommending to the committee to begin the first stage of trials. I'm sure you will be able to present this to them shortly."

"Thank you, sir!" exclaimed Sonya, with a smile.

Chapter Two - Release... Without Release

SIX MONTHS LATER

For the first time in three years, Jay stepped out into the daylight without any walls, guards, or shackles restricting him. He looked around. The sun was shining, the sky was blue. It was a beautiful Friday afternoon. He breathed in the fresh air and felt like a new man.

When he'd been sentenced to 20 years for his part in a robbery (a robbery which went as badly as one possibly can), he never thought he'd have his freedom anywhere near this quickly. He knew parole was a possibility, but not until at least 15 years of his sentence.

Like many a freshly released prisoner he had several immediate cravings to satisfy. He walked down the street, enjoying the ability to be able to simply do that. Spotting a local burger bar, he stopped in and treated himself to a gigantic burger with a heaping pile of fries and washed it down with a couple of beers. Such simple pleasures, but so amazing after several years without them. He slipped his wallet back into his pocket, feeling the envelope he'd put there. His joy was interrupted by a little anxiety at the reminder of what was to come, but he did his best to look on the bright side.

Next, he decided to go find his wife. He was still a little surprised she'd stuck with him this long. They'd kept in touch since he'd been in prison, and she visited him frequently. But he knew his being gone was difficult for her, emotionally and financially. He hadn't told her he was getting out, instead imagining her surprise (and hopefully joy and horniness) at seeing him knock on her door.

Thinking about that last part, he looked down at his pants. *I hope she's ok with all this... and I really hope she agrees to participate so I can be done with it all.*

A half hour later, a taxi pulled up to his wife's apartment building and he got out, handing the driver most of the remaining money in his wallet. *I'm going to need to get a job quickly*, he thought, as he approached the front door and hit the buzzer for apartment 342A.

He heard the buzzer sound and waited a little apprehensively. He wasn't sure how she'd react to him suddenly showing up, as much as he hoped and imagined it would be with great enthusiasm.

Finally, he heard the intercom beep, "Yes?" He heard Amy's voice, her tone clear that she was bracing herself for an inevitable conversation with a solicitor.

"Uh," Jay began, clearing his throat, "I have a package here for an Amy Blair."

"Package? I'm not expecting any package. Well, I guess you can bring it up," Amy responded uncertainly.

Jay heard the telltale click of the outer door unlocking, which reminded him a little too much of the doors in prison. He hurried up the stairs to the third floor.

He knocked, and then saw a shadow under the door as she peered through the peephole. Then the door opened, with Amy standing there, astonishment evident on her pretty face. "J-Jay!? What? How?" her words were nearly incoherent as she tried to make sense of her husband with nearly 17 years of prison left suddenly standing at her door. She looked to either side of him, no doubt checking for guards or police.

Jay stood a moment, just staring. He hadn't seen her without bars or glass between them in over three years. She looked amazing, keeping the figure that always easily got him going, now into her thirties. "Hi Ames. It's me. They let me out early... very early," he told her, excited to surprise her with the news.

Amy gaped a moment, then looked angry, "Don't you lie to me, Jay. There's no way they let you out of a 20-year sentence in 3 years. Did you escape somehow? Are they looking for you?" she looked around nervously.

"I swear! I'm not out completely free and clear. I had to agree to participate in an experimental program. But I'm here!" he explained, doing his best to reassure her. "Can... can I come in?"

Amy seemed to process that information for a few moments, no doubt deciding whether to believe him. Then she stepped back from the door, "Of course, come on in."

As the door swung closed, Amy embraced him in a powerful hug. It was the first touch they'd shared since he'd been arrested, so long ago. Then he kissed her, all of his pent-up emotion and arousal pouring into it. It took her breath away. "Mmm, Jay. God, I've missed you."

Her hand traveled down his body to his dick, and she felt that he was already hard. "I think you missed me too," she said huskily, and started fumbling with his pants, "I need you... in my mouth... and my pussy."

It took a lot of willpower for Jay to grab her hand, "Uh, Ames... before we get into any of that... I need to talk to you about something."

Ames stood for a moment, shocked. The last thing she expected was for her husband who hadn't had sex the last 3 years to stop her from initiating it. *And to talk about something? Oh god, he really is a fugitive, isn't he?*

"Let's sit down for a moment," Jay led her by her hand over to the couch and sat her down next to him. He could tell by her expression she was worried he was going to tell her something horrible. He felt his face redden as he started telling her about his situation, "It's nothing that bad, don't worry. But you see... this program that I'm now part of, has some restrictions. I either had to agree to them or stay in prison the rest of the 20 years. Basically... I can't orgasm. They put a device on me... I can do everything

normally, except... cum. It prevents me from orgasming, and if I push it to try to cum, it... shocks me. Down there."

His face was the color of an especially ripe tomato. Amy tried to process all this. "So... you can still have sex? But you can't cum? At all? How... and... why!?"

Jay tried to explain further. "It's supposed to motivate me to stay away from breaking the law and to contribute to society. It's also... to make sure I'm still being punished," he paused a moment at that, then continued, "As far as how, somehow this device handles it." He pulled down his pants and underwear.

Amy half expected some huge contraption covering up his dick, but instead it took her a moment to even notice anything was there. He lifted his dick and pointed at his balls. Looking closer, she saw a band around the base of his dick, and another around his balls. She also saw a little device sitting underneath his balls.

"What the... I've never even heard of anything like that before," Amy responded, "It seems... kind of barbaric." She looked closer at the device, which only added to Jay's discomfort. "Still... it does seem a lot better than being stuck in that hellhole for another 17 years. And away from me," she said, with a genuine smile, and kissed him again.

"There's a bit more to it too..." Jay began, "I have to go in three days a week, kind of like parole. They'll check on the device, and... do some sort of treatments. I'm not entirely sure what it all entails yet, but apparently, they'll try to make me hornier or, if I'm good... and lucky... they might let me cum sometimes. There are some daily requirements too. I'm supposed to get to the edge of orgasm a certain number of times. Ten a day," Jay looked down at the floor, clearly uncomfortable, "That leads to the last thing... if I get a partner to... participate, it could help knock time off of my sentence."

"Participate? How?" Amy asked, very curious where this was going.

"Well... there's a sealed envelope here that explains if you're willing to do it. I don't really know exactly what they want you to do," Jay looked up at her face, "Don't feel like you have to do this, Ames. But... it could decrease my sentence... by years. So, please... consider it." Despite his assurance that she didn't have to do it, she could hear the desperation in his voice that she agrees.

She could tell how badly he wanted any chance to lessen his time in this program. "Of course, baby, let me see the envelope."

She opened it, pulling out the contents. There was a single sheet of paper, and an inner sealed envelope. She unfolded the paper. It read, "Confidential - Male Subject, Female Handler" at the top, followed by bolded letters centered on the sheet. "Attention - The contents of this inner envelope are for the Subject's Handler only. If the Subject is reading this, immediately place the contents back in the envelope. Failure to keep this information secret will result in large extensions to the Subject's sentence, and an increase to the severity of their punishment."

Handler? What the fuck does that mean? Amy wondered. She looked over at Jay, and knew she'd better open this away from him. "I need to go open this in the other room. Don't come in unless I tell you it's ok. Why don't you take a shower and get comfortable in the meantime?"

A shower! A real shower... Jay took no convincing, and quickly went into the bathroom. Amy went to the bedroom and closed and locked the door.

She sat on the bed and then opened the inner envelope. There was just one sheet of paper. It read:

"Hello, Potential Handler. Thank you for your participation, and discretion. You should know that the fact that your Subject has chosen you shows a great deal of respect and trust in you. While they are unaware of many of the details of your role, they are aware that they are putting their comfort and future in your hands.

If you are reading this, you are no doubt aware of the device that has been attached to your Subject. This state-of-the-art technology is experimental but proven to help our subjects regain largely normal lives, contribute to society, and greatly reduces governmental waste. If you participate, you may also find that your own life is improved in some specific ways.

We cannot divulge many of the details of your role until you have officially agreed to participate. This can be done by going to the site at the bottom of this page, creating an account, and verifying your identity. You will then be asked to sign a legal document stating your participation and agreement to follow all the rules of this program. You will also be acknowledging that your participation, if deemed sufficient, will lessen your Subject's time in the program. In contrast, failing to follow the rules and uphold the requirements of your role will increase your Subject's time in the program. After signing up you will be scheduled automatically to appear at our facility at 9:00 a.m. on the next Monday.

While we cannot share everything before you agree, for security purposes, we can tell you a few things. You will oversee a portion of the Subject's treatment. This will include providing sexual stimulation, both physical and otherwise, to the Subject, as well as providing discipline to the Subject. You will be expected to communicate with us candidly about their status and activities and will at times receive instructions from us. You will sometimes be expected to accompany them on their visits to the facility, and you will also need to come to the facility alone for a workweek of visits for initial training (a letter for your employer and compensation will be provided for this week).

We can also tell you that while the transition can be difficult, Handlers tend to find this experience extremely enjoyable and fulfilling, beyond the simple knowledge that you'll be helping to lessen your Subject's sentence. Know, however, that barring extenuating circumstances, failure to perform your duties or quitting this role entirely will result in severe penalties to the Subject. Lastly, we have decided to provide as an incentive a share of the savings the government will enjoy from this program. Successfully completing this program with your Subject will result in compensation for you, the

amount of which will depend on your performance, but no less than \$2,000 a month, paid after the last day of the Subject's time in the program.

If you are interested, please visit..."

A.gov website was provided at the bottom of the page, along with the address of the facility. She recognized the street; it was fairly close to home.

Amy sat back for a moment. She felt a bit overwhelmed by all the information. It seemed like a large commitment, and there were definitely some risks involved. Still, lessening Jay's sentence and receiving at least \$2,000 a month was hard to pass up. *And it said Handlers tend to enjoy it greatly... I wonder why that is?* she thought.

After a few minutes she felt certain of her decision. She opened her laptop and typed in the URL.

Chapter Three - That Escalated Quickly

ONE WEEK LATER

The following Friday afternoon, someone else stepped out of the same facility into the sunshine. This person also felt new, but in very different ways. Amy never imagined spending a week of her life being trained to be a mistress, much less trained specifically in how to torment her own husband. The techniques, attitude, and overall persona they taught her were very different from anything she'd done before. Cruelty wasn't part of her nature. She wondered if she'd be able to apply it all to the man she loved. She reminded herself, *it's all to help him stay out of prison and pay off his debts to society.*

She also couldn't deny that the prospect of being in control filled her with a nervous excitement... and some arousal. She hefted the bag of supplies they had given her on one arm, as she hailed a cab with the other. She looked at the bag and was surprised to find herself eager to try the contents out. *I must be patient, she reminded herself, trust the process.*

She arrived at her apartment, now once again shared by Jay. She walked in, seeing that he was out at his new job at the local auto plant. She was glad he'd found a decent job so soon after being released from prison. She got to work situating some items from her bag, and then changed out of the business-casual clothes she'd worn to the training. She hid the bag under the bed and then headed to the kitchen to start working on some dinner prep.

An hour or so later, Jay finished work. As he walked out the door, he again felt the buzz of vibration from the device between his legs. It reverberated through his balls and into the base of his sensitive dick. It was a near constant reminder of the device's hold on

him, literally by the balls, and his inability to orgasm. He was finding that his desire to cum was affecting everything he did. Always in the back of his mind, if not the forefront.

He had to stop by the facility on the way home for his last visit of the week. He felt a confusing mixture of excitement and dread at going back there.

He thought back to the last two visits. They had been pleasurable... but also extremely frustrating. To his surprise there had been no parole-like meeting. No discussion of his crimes, his level of remorse, his current living or working situation or actions. Instead, they'd immediately stripped him and strapped him down to a table, hooking some sensors up to him. Then they put something that looked like sunglasses on him, which he soon found contained video screens. Earbuds were inserted in his ears, and porn videos began to play. It was a series of clips from various videos, all men being pleased with hands, mouths, and pussies. They all also did what Jay hadn't been able to do in over a week, cum. He was instructed to watch it. He did so eagerly, porn wasn't a luxury he'd had the last few years in prison. However, it was a strange and frustrating experience being unable to jerk off as he watched it.

A nurse, different each day by the sound of their voices... and some of their techniques... had then used their obviously very experienced hands to bring him to the brink of orgasm. It didn't take all that much to get him to the edge. This happened over and over. Jay had no idea how many times they'd edged him, after ten he'd lost count. But both times when he was let out, a couple of hours had gone by. They both seemed quite pleasant and nice, and he felt that while they had each given him grueling sessions, they had perhaps taken it easier on him than they could have. He had at least had some short breaks throughout. Despite how kind they seemed, they of course, did not let him cum. His pleas for relief went ignored. By the end he was a sweaty, horny mess. After a time left to cool down on the table, they released him and gave him back his clothes.

A ding snapped Jay's attention back to the present. He checked his phone and found a text from Amy.

"Good luck with your appointment, dear. Looking forward to seeing you home afterwards for a well-deserved meal!" Another ding later, a picture followed. She was in the kitchen in her apron, obviously during preparing dinner. *I'm so lucky to have her*, Jay thought to himself.

He saw that the cab was pulling up to the building. He got out and walked up the stairs to the entrance. His phone dinged again. "I'm wearing my favorite apron..." Another picture came through, this time of her from the side. He saw no fabric beyond the apron. "...And that's all."

Jay felt even more turned on, imagining her nearly naked in the kitchen. She'd never sent him a dirty text before. *Does she have to do that when she knows I'm stuck in this place for the next couple hours?* he thought.

As he paused to check his phone, someone came out of the door. It was a woman, looking to be in her mid-20's. She looked beautiful in a simple sundress. Her face was red and when their eyes made contact and he saw her desperation, he knew. *She's another... subject here.* He hadn't thought before about women being in the program, but he felt his dick swell at imagining a woman being held to the same level of desperation that he felt.

He walked inside and went up to the reception desk. "Ah, Mr. Holden. Excellent. If you'd follow me," the receptionist, a quite attractive woman in her late twenties, led him down a hall to one of the "exam" rooms. Jay couldn't help but stare at her ass all the way there, which looked lovely in a pair of tight yoga pants. A part of him thought that an odd uniform for a receptionist, but he didn't dwell on it. "You can wait in here. You might as well take those clothes off while you're waiting."

Jay expected her to leave, but she just stood there, waiting. He realized she meant that he should strip in front of her, and then hand her his clothes. *Last time they at least gave me little privacy!* He tried to fight back his embarrassment as he took off all his clothes, the receptionist staring the entire time. When he pulled down his underwear, the evidence of his arousal sprung up conspicuously, adding to his humiliation.

The receptionist made a point of staring at his hard dick, before taking his clothes. "I think you know the drill. You can lie on the table and put your wrists and ankles in the restraints."

Jay climbed up on the table, and as he put his limbs in the bindings they automatically closed. The receptionist slid the glasses over his eyes and inserted the earbuds. Then, as usual, she turned to leave him waiting for the nurse that would be administering his... treatment. "Oh, I almost forgot," he heard her say, and then suddenly the videos started playing. He found it difficult to be forced to watch the videos without any stimulation at all.

Maybe 10 minutes later he became vaguely aware of another presence in the room. A nurse spoke through the earbuds, the sound from the videos temporarily paused. Her voice sounded a little sterner than the others had been. "Hello, Mr... Holden. I'm Rachel. I'll be... taking care of you today. I'm not sure if they told you, but Monday and Wednesday will be with whomever is available. On Fridays you'll be with me. I'll remain with you throughout your time with us."

Jay thought to himself, *figures I'm stuck with the one that doesn't sound very nice.*

Rachel continued speaking through the earbuds, "The treatment on Friday is similar to the others but handled a little differently. We will be disabling the device. You are, however, still not permitted to cum. You are expected to warn us when you are becoming close. Let me assure you, that if you do not warn us in time, you will be made very sorry indeed," her voice had a ring of authority, and he had no doubts that her threats were well founded.

The videos seemed to change to a new track, and this time they had videos of men pleasuring women interspersed. Jay had the best of intentions when the session began, but an hour and a half in (and after countless times begging), he was lost in his desire to cum. His initial feeling that Rachel was less kind than the others proved correct. She seemed to give him no breaks, beyond the few seconds waiting for his edge to subside. Every part of his being seemed to be crying out to cum.

He felt himself getting close again but couldn't bear to tell her. He just couldn't stop short of orgasm. Not again. The strokes continued as he neglected to tell her to stop. Then suddenly, they stopped anyway. He knew he was ridiculously close to cumming. It was probably a matter of a couple of strokes away. He flailed as much as he could, while strapped down on the table, trying to get that last bit of contact that would put him over the edge. It was more frustrating than ever to be so close.

Instead, he heard the nurse speak, "I'm very disappointed in you, Mr. Holden. You should know that we are able to see quite well on our own how close you are to orgasming. Normally you've been telling us when you are between 8 and 9 on a 10-point scale. This time, you did not say anything, and you approached 9.9. At 10, your body would have hit the point of no return. You've shown that you cannot be trusted with any measure of control over your own orgasms. As such, we will be increasing your... dosage, going forward. We will consider whether or not to extend your sentence over it."

Jay felt fear mix with his insatiable desire to cum. The idea that he could be stuck in this program even longer was terrifying. At this point, though, he had no idea how long he was scheduled to be in it. He'd expected to discuss that in his visits, but so far there had been nothing but the... torture.

"PI-please don't extend it! I'm sorry! I just couldn't help myself... I need to cum so badly," Jay pleaded with the nurse.

"If you wanted to cum so badly, you should have obeyed. You were scheduled for an orgasm at the end of this session. That release has now been revoked. Perhaps that will be a lesson to you in how important it is that you learn control, and learn to obey entirely," the nurse said these words with little sympathy.

Jay started crying. He'd given up his chance to cum. *How can I possibly go on like this?* "H-how long will it be until I can cum now?" Jay asked, afraid of what the answer might be.

"I'm afraid I can't divulge that. The timing is based on a great many factors, including your obedience and behavior. Which seem to be rather lacking."

Jay felt more tears running down his cheeks. "Can-can I go now, at least?" he asked, hopefully.

The nurse gave a small chuckle, "Oh, my dear. No, no. You've got quite a while left with us today. You see, the Friday treatments are the longest. You've also earned an extra hour with your disobedience. Now that we can dispense with the illusion of your control

of the situation, I'll be deciding when to stop on each edge. I think you'll find being taken to 9.9 on each edge is quite a bit more frustrating than 8 or 9. Not to mention, being kept there as long as possible each time."

Over four hours after he'd arrived at the facility, Jay stumbled out of it. He felt a seemingly paradoxical mix of complete exhaustion and a boundless reservoir of sexual energy. He felt that he had expended all the tears his body was capable of, and he still had only the one thing on his mind. Ever present, growing worse all the time. On the way home, he felt constantly aroused by anyone remotely attractive that he saw. He was pretty sure his dick was spending more time hard than flaccid. Other than wanting to cum, what he wanted most was just a quiet night on the couch watching TV, trying however unsuccessfully, to take his mind off of his throbbing dick. That was not to be, however, as he soon discovered.

He arrived home, and walked in. He saw his wife sitting on the couch, wearing that apron. He immediately felt painfully erect as he saw the side of her breasts and her long legs bared. He willed himself to look away. Two places were setup at the table. He immediately smelled the meal his wife had cooked and thought regretfully of how long she had waited for him. She stood up and walked over to him. He wanted her so badly he felt like they were just starting to date again, or like he was a horny teenager.

She gave him a knowing smile but didn't attempt to start anything. "Hello babe, how did your last visit of the week go?" she asked, soothingly.

"Um...", Jay considered what to tell her. He didn't want to disappoint her with his poor performance. "It was ok. I'm sorry you waited so long for me. You should have eaten," he said, hoping she'd leave it at that.

"It was, ok? So, nothing remarkable happened? Seems like it was a lot longer than the others," she prompted, waiting for him to explain.

"Well... yeah, I guess Fridays are quite a bit longer. It was fine though. I'm really exhausted from it... can we just eat dinner?" he asked, hoping to avoid any further discussion.

Jay took his place at the table, and Amy brought out the food she had cooked. Roast chicken, roasted veggies, and mashed potatoes. "It might be a bit dry; I've had to leave it on to warm quite a while."

Jay ate the meal, which he recognized was still delicious, especially compared to prison fare. Mostly, though, he had trouble focusing on anything but his near-constant erections and his beautiful wife across the table.

When they'd finished, Jay cleaned up. When he was done with the dishes, he came and found Amy in the living room. He sat down on the couch next to her.

She looked over at him, a hint of a smile crossing her face. "Before you fall asleep on me, babe, there's a few things we need to take care of."

"There is? What's that?" Jay asked, feeling like he didn't have the energy to take care of anything except maybe getting ready for bed.

"Well, you remember how you have to edge every day? From now on I'll be doing them for you. We don't want to forget them, or they'll penalize you for it," she explained, seeming sympathetic.

"Oh shit. I forgot about that. It doesn't seem fair that I have to do those after all the times at the facility." He sighed, "I guess we'd better get them over with."

He followed her into the bedroom. "Why don't you get on the bed, dear?" Amy suggested, kneeling while looking under the bed for something.

Jay did as she asked. A moment later he felt restraints being attached to his wrists. "What... what are you doing Ames?"

"Remember how I had training this week? This is what they said to do," she walked to the foot of the bed and secured his ankles. Then she climbed on the bed and laid down next to him.

She kissed him softly and reassured him it would be over soon. Then her hand found its way to his dick, which was already hard at seeing her in just her apron. She started touching him slowly and gently, so lightly it was driving him crazy. He knew he wouldn't be able to edge with that little of stimulation.

"Babe... you have to do more than that. Faster... or harder... something," Jay explained, gritting his teeth at the frustration.

"Shhh, just let it happen. I told you; I went through training. I know what I'm doing," she responded, not changing her touches at all. She kissed his ear and neck while her hand continued the teasing.

Jay wasn't sure how long this went on, but it felt like hours. He tensed up trying to get more stimulation but couldn't. Finally, she stopped. She climbed on him, straddling his stomach, facing his dick. She peeled the apron off, and he saw her bare back and the top of her ass.

"Let's continue, shall we?" she asked, and he could swear he heard mirth in her tone.

He was afraid she was going to do more of the gentle touches, but then felt her hand wrapped around him. She started stroking downwards, very slowly. It was ridiculously frustrating, but at least it was more contact than before. It took him five minutes before he felt himself finally getting close. "I'm getting close, babe," he warned her, and shortly after she stopped.

She did this again and again, obviously in no hurry, slowly bringing him back to the edge each time. He groaned in frustrating when she once again took her hand away.

"Please babe, I don't think I can take anymore. I need to cum so bad, and this slow torture is driving me crazy."

"Remember the training? I'll know when you can't take anymore. You're nowhere near that, yet" Amy spoke with such confidence, that Jay was taken aback. *Nowhere near there?* he wondered and felt tears coming to his eyes at the thought of the ongoing torture.

She looked back and saw his upset face. "Oh sweetie, don't worry. I'm here. It's going to be ok." She reassured him, pity evident in her eyes. Then he saw something else in them, "It's going to be very, very frustrating. But it's going to be ok."

"Fuck, Ames please. Please... just give me a break," he pleaded with her, still feeling some tears surfacing.

"I'm afraid I can't do that, Jay. If I don't follow my instructions, you'll get time added to your sentence. You don't want that, do you?" she asked, almost sweetly.

"Fuck... no, of course not... but... fuck... it's so frustrating. Do you have... to make it so... painful," he groaned, having to pause at times to deal with all the stimulation.

She looked back at him, and she looked hurt. "I'm just trying to do what's best for you. This isn't something most wives have to do, you know. You think I want to do this? I'd much rather fuck your brains out and make you cum all over me."

Fuck... that sounds so fucking hot, thought Jay, wishing so much they could do just that.

Jay knew the frustration was evident on his face. Amy continued, "It's not all bad, though. They did teach me a... technique... that can help you cope with the frustration."

Jay felt some hope rise in him at these words. *Maybe there's some pressure points or something that relieve arousal?*

"Ok... yes... anything you can do to help... I'm going mad here," Jay begged.

Amy continued speaking as she scooted back, "By concentrating your energy on me, specifically on pleasuring me and making me cum, you're able to offload some of that frustration temporarily and feel some vicarious satisfaction, if only a little. So, I think you'll be doing that... a lot," with that, Amy slid all the way back until her pussy was on his face. Then she leaned forward and went back to edging him.

Jay felt slightly crestfallen at hearing what the "helpful" technique was. He wasn't sure that making her moan and cum would do anything but make his frustration worse. As her pussy came closer, he could see how wet she was. *Maybe she does want to do this?* thought Jay, a little angrily. Then he thought of all she was doing for him and felt bad for his reaction. *If she can find some pleasure in all this, she should.*

Jay quickly began licking, enjoying the taste and smell of her arousal. As he felt her grind against his face in pleasure, he did feel a little better. It gave him an outlet for his

sexual energy and frustration. He found it difficult to concentrate on her at times, especially when he was nearing the edge, but some light slaps on his balls by Amy helped him focus. After several orgasms later for her, and several edges for him, she slid back off his face. "Fuck, Jay. That was amazing. I've never seen you so eager to please before. Maybe we should've done something like this a long time ago."

Jay felt a little glow of pride at hearing how happy she was with his performance. Then he found that his temporarily lessened frustration came back and was worse this time from the excitement of making, hearing, and feeling her cum on his face. He also felt a little worried how this might go if she enjoyed it too much. *She doesn't sound very regretful about torturing me right now*, he thought wryly. Her juices still covered his face, and her smell and residual taste only made him harder.

Amy scooted back down and turned to face him. "I need this dick inside me," she told him, giving him a fierce look of desire.

Jay moaned, knowing how good her pussy would feel, but also how frustrating it would be. She slid him inside her and started moving up and down. She moaned and rubbed her clit as she continued fucking his dick. "God, Jay. I don't know if you've ever been this completely hard before. You feel so good inside my pussy."

Jay felt himself getting close. "A-ames... I'm getting close again," he warned, expecting her to stop. She seemed not to hear him, and if anything, she went faster. He felt himself getting closer and closer. Remembering the shock, he told her more urgently, "Ames stop! I'm getting too close! Ames!"

She continued fucking him, apparently lost in her own world. He saw what might have been a slight smirk on her face, as she moved up and down on him. "Ames-", Jay started, and then suddenly the device went off. He felt it constrict his dick and balls, the latter being somewhat painful. A moment later he felt the shock erupt on the bottom of his balls. It seemed to engulf them in pain for a few seconds before subsiding. He cried out in pain.

Amy was only going faster now, and as he cried out in pain, he heard her moan louder. She came, and then finally stopped, laying down on top of him, his dick still inside her.

After a minute she slid off and lay next to him, cuddling. He looked at her, a look of contentment on her face. "Ames... what was that? I asked you to stop, and you didn't listen. And then... you seemed to get off when I got shocked."

"Sorry, dear," she looked at him, appearing to be sorry. "I'm only doing what I have to, to help you get done with the program... and I'm trying to find a way to cope myself. Do you think I want to do all this? I... if you don't want me to help you anymore, I can see if they can figure something else out." He saw tears starting to fall from her eyes.

Jay immediately felt sorry and ashamed for his rebuke. "I'm sorry baby, I know you're just trying to help me. I appreciate you so much. I'm sorry, I want you to keep helping me. Please."

Amy blinked away the tears. "Thank you for saying that. It helps. Should we finish your edges?"

Jay looked back, feeling confused. "I could swear that was the tenth, but I guess it's hard to keep track."

Amy got back in position, straddling his stomach. "Oh, I think that was the tenth. Didn't they tell you? After your... failure... during today's session, they've increased it to 20 per day. I got a text about it earlier."

Their conversation didn't seem to change anything for Amy, and she gave him the rest of his edges with the same painfully slow technique she'd used earlier. Jay did his best not to protest or beg too loudly, while he fought with incredible amounts of frustration.

When they were finally done, Jay couldn't move. Amy released the restraints, but he just laid in the same position, completely spent. He'd never been as exhausted as he was, but with his throbbing dick he also found it very hard to go to sleep. It didn't help that Amy wanted to spoon, and she seemed to keep rubbing her ass against his dick in her sleep. Eventually, though, he drifted off.

Chapter 4 - That Escalated... Very Quickly

Over the weekend, Jay continued to live in constant frustration. He was so horny. And Amy did anything but help. She'd gave him lingering kisses and caressed his dick at times throughout each day. She wore outfits that drove him crazy. Lowcut shirts, sexy panties, no panties at all. Anytime he complained, she'd tell him she was doing what she'd been instructed. But he was starting to wonder if she had to do everything she was doing. She seemed much more horny than normal. He could smell her wetness throughout the day.

By Sunday afternoon, when he complained for what seemed like the hundredth time, she seemed to snap a little. "Fine. If you're so frustrated, get over here. Use some of that energy and bury your face in my pussy."

Jay thought she must be kidding, until she pulled her skirt up and pulled down her panties. She snapped her fingers and pointed at the floor in front of her. Her expression was not one of humor. It was very serious.

"Babe, come on. I'm just trying to cope with all this. You know it's not easy for me, right?" he asked her, feeling exasperated.

Amy's tone became strict, "I didn't ask. I told you to get over here and lick me. That should help you cope."

Jay laughed nervously, "I... I don't think so, not right now. I'm going to go take a shower." Without looking at her reaction, he turned and went into the bathroom to take a long, cold shower.

When he came out of the bathroom later, he felt a little better. The cold water had helped a little to soften his arousal. When he walked in the living room, he heard her call from the bedroom. "Jay. In here, now."

Jay wasn't sure what was happening; he just wanted to rest. He walked slowly to the bedroom. When he walked in, his jaw hit the proverbial floor.

His wife was standing in front of the bed wearing an extremely sexy lingerie outfit that he'd never seen before. Red stockings led up her legs to a lacy thong, and above that was a matching red corset that pushed her breasts up impressively. He also noticed that in her hands was a belt and the bed had the restraints sitting back on it. Leaning up against the back wall diagonally was also something that looked like a plastic table, but it didn't look like anything Jay recognized. Instead of a completely flat top, there was a padded section extended out in the middle with a hole in it. *Where the hell did that come from?* wondered Jay.

"What-what is all this, Ames?" Jay asked, and Amy could hear some fear in his voice.

"I'm just upholding my part of your treatment. I tried to do this the easy way; I didn't want to have to take it this far. But you haven't left me any choice. I went through a lot of training last week, and now I'm going to put it into action," Amy had taken on a stern tone of voice with which Jay was not accustomed. It did sound strangely familiar to him somehow, though.

He has no idea this was the plan all along. thought Amy slyly. *Become his only comfort, make him trust you, then take on your new role while making it his fault,* Amy replayed the training in her mind.

"While we are in a session like this, you will refer to me as Mistress. You will do exactly what I say. Any refusal, delay, or disobedience on your part will be punished severely by me," Amy explained, "and also by the facility during your visits. You should know that whatever happens here, I still love you very much. In fact, I wouldn't be doing this otherwise. But that love will not stop me from carrying out my duties completely. It's for your own good, after all."

Amy felt her pussy moistening even more when she saw the surprised, uncertain look on Jay's face. *This is going to be so fun.*

Jay looked completely shocked. She could tell he was wondering where his loving, sweet, "wouldn't hurt a fly" wife had gone. This new persona was obviously stirring up quite a bit of fear in him, but at the same time she saw the evidence that it also only

stoked the fire of his arousal. This commanding new side of her was apparently quite erotic for him too.

"First, you will strip. That's expected any time we start a session," Amy stood, wearing an impatient look on her face. Jay quickly took his clothes off, presenting his mostly hard dick to her. He looked up and saw her typing something on her phone. He saw her nod, seeming to resign herself to something.

"Alright. Now we're going to use this piece of furniture they sent over. We're going to deal with your dishonesty first," Amy motioned to the table in the corner. Jay walked over and saw that the hole was just about on level with his dick. Amy saw him looking at it, "Yes, that's for your dick. In you go," Amy helped guide him into position. He slid his dick and balls inside. Amy got down underneath the table. She attached a small harness to his balls and tightened it until it pulled just a little.

She knew he wouldn't have an idea what this thing was. She hoped he felt silly with his ass sticking out and his dick in a hole. *I'm sure he's also wondering about that pressure on his balls.*

"You will stay right there. If you try to move, I think you'll find it... uncomfortable," Amy warned him sternly.

Jay looked back at her, disbelief and fear etched on this face. *Are you wondering if I'm going to use this belt on you, dear?* Amy thought.

Jay stared at his wife, and then looked in fear at the belt. They'd never done anything like that before in their play, though Jay had thought about it before. Usually, he was the one doing the spanking in his thoughts, though.

Jay soon found out for sure what the belt was for. He heard a swish and then felt a pain erupt on his backside as the belt made contact. It hurt more than he thought his small wife would be capable of. Moments later, the next stroke fell. After a few hits, he felt a tear in his eye. He automatically tried to pull away from the table to avoid the next strike, and found that his balls were secured down, preventing him from moving. What's more, any movement or pull away increased the pressure on his balls, until he felt like they were being squeezed. He quickly laid back in position. "Uh, hey honey, don't you think that's enough of that? Why don't you let me make you feel good?"

"I already told you, you are to call me Mistress. And you are not in control here, I am. You're getting five extra for interrupting and for referring to me incorrectly," Amy resumed the spanking.

Jay had real tears down his cheeks by the time she was finished. "I hope you've learned your lesson about doing what you're told and being more appreciative. I don't want hear any more complaining about your poor frustrated dick."

Jay responded through the tears, "Am-Mistress... please, do you have to be so... harsh? I'm still your husband, you know!"

"Harsh? Well, some harshness is necessary. It's part of my role, to help you. If I'm too easy on you, my participation will be considered unsatisfactory. In which case they'll penalize you in your sessions... and add on to your sentence. Besides, this wasn't that bad. They taught me far worse punishments that I could give you, so be grateful this is all you got."

Jay had some trouble taking this all in. *They're forcing my wife to be mean to me. What kind of fucked up program did I get myself into?* When he signed up, he knew the sessions and restrictions would be rough, but he thought being back home with his wife would make up for all that. Now he wasn't so sure.

Amy seemed oblivious to his dilemma, "I think you'll find that you'll be spending quite a lot of time in this device. We'll use it for some other things soon. For now, though, I think we're done with it," she got back underneath and released his balls. "You will now lay down on the bed on your back. Hands above your head."

Jay was happy to be out of that strange device, so he followed her orders without thinking too much more about it. As soon as he was in position, she strapped down his wrists and ankles.

Amy climbed on the bed, and then straddled Jay's stomach, facing his dick. He could smell her pussy from where he was at, and he knew she was turned on by all this. "There are a lot of things I'm not allowed to tell you, but I can tell you a few things. Part of your treatment is that we have these sessions every day. At a minimum, we'll do your 20 edges."

Jay groaned, knowing 20 would be torture on his already desperate dick.

Amy continued, "You'll also be pleasuring me, as long, and as much as I desire. I expect you to get very good at it. The good news that I can tell you is this. You can earn time off your sentence with extra edges. The 20 a day and the ones at the facility don't count, but any others I give you will count towards a reprieve. Only 200 edges will grant you one less week of treatment. Of course, you have no idea how long you're in this for, do you?"

200!? It seemed a staggering number to Jay.

Amy started touching him, and again she used the touches that were incredibly frustrating. "I'll be deciding how many extra I give you each day, of course. The last piece of information I can share is this. They have given me, with some specific requirements, the ability to disable your device temporarily and to give you an orgasm. Before you get too excited, this will not happen often, if ever. Also, every full orgasm you experience, outside of the facility, will add on two weeks to your sentence."

That was enough information for Jay, "Please bab-Mistress, let me cum!" A part of Jay's mind was warning him that two weeks added on was a lot, but the rest of his mind didn't care. It just needed release.

Amy laughed a little, "No, no, no. It's much too soon for that. By their requirements, you must be at a high enough arousal level. You might think you're desperate now, but in more time, you'll learn the true meaning of the word."

Jay felt like sobbing, hearing that he wasn't nearly desperate enough yet. He couldn't imagine wanting to cum more than he already did.

She kept using her hands to torture him, slowly and gently. He couldn't help but beg. "Please... mistress. Please touch me more... I can't take any more of these light touches."

"You have no idea what you can take. I think eventually we'll get to the point where you can get close from just these. I think that sounds like a fun goal, don't you?"

Jay couldn't believe it was his wife saying all of this. His dick throbbed uncontrollably, made even harder by her dominant words.

She must've touched him that way for over a half hour. Finally, she gradually increased the stimulation. Once she did, it didn't take him that long to get to the edge. Then she got him close over and over, each time closer and closer to the real edge.

After a short break she started up again. "The other thing I'm supposed to tell you is about your device. You know, especially from Friday night, that your device will constrict and shock you if you get too close. What they didn't tell you is that there are two thresholds for shocks. One is around 9.7 and the other is at 9.9. The second shock is more... intense. If the device goes off, it will make some temporary adjustments. Each time, it will automatically lower the threshold slightly for each shock and increase the intensity of each shock. This is to discourage you from continually attempting to circumvent the system. In trials I guess "accidents" were extremely rare, but in some very persistent cases they occurred."

Jay felt even more afraid hearing about the more powerful shocks. *Fuck, what did I get myself into? Is this better than 17 years of prison?*

She leaned down and took his dick in her mouth, sucking on it slowly. A few minutes later he was close, and she had to stop. She did it again, this time getting really into it. She ignored when he told her he was close this time and kept going. "Please... I'm getting too close!" Jay warned, and then a few seconds later the first shock happened. "OUCH", Jay let out a little scream. "Why did you keep going!?"

Amy slapped him, somewhat hard, on the balls, "You are to refer to me as Mistress. And you shouldn't question me, anyway," she said, slapping him again. "You didn't like that? You don't want me to suck your dick anymore? No more blow jobs?" she teased.

"Fuck, of course I want blow jobs," hurried Jay, "Mistress. But those shocks really hurt! And I need to cum so badly. It feels good, of course, but it's also torture at the same time. Please will you let me cum? Please, Mistress? I need it so bad."

Amy smiled. She was enjoying hearing him beg much more than she'd imagined. "Oh, poor baby, 'my wife keeps sucking my dick'. Most men would be grateful. No, no cumming for you. But feel free to beg me, it turns me on. Also, I'll get you as close as I want when I want. Be grateful I didn't keep going until the second shock. You haven't even felt one of those yet. I'm told it's... powerful. I did tell you there were crueler punishments I can give you."

Jay quailed at hearing about that being used as a punishment.

"Ok, so how many edges are we at?" Amy asked him, licking up his shaft.

Jay thought for a moment. "Maybe... fifteen?" he asked, finding it hard to distinguish between each in his memory.

"Maybe? You haven't been keeping count?", Amy asked with a sigh of exasperation.

"What? No... I didn't know I was supposed to do that! Mistress!" Jay added the last on quickly, remembering just in time.

Amy sighed, "Of course you're supposed to. Did you expect me to have to do that? Do you think I'm your secretary? Am I here for your every beck and call?" Amy allowed some anger to sound in her voice as she continued, though she had to contrive it. *Lock in the fear. Make him putty in your hands.*

"No... no, of course not!" Jay answered, quickly trying to appease her. "I'm sorry Mistress! I just didn't think about it... I'll do better in the future." Jay felt near tears again, and he looked worried both that he'd actually upset her and that she'd punish him again.

Amy let the façade of her anger drop, unable to contain her sympathy. She really did love Jay, and while she was getting much more into this role than she originally thought she would, she didn't want him to be miserable. She felt pity for him well up inside her. At the same time, a warning voice in the back of her head told her not to give in too much to that, or she'd risk dooming him to a longer sentence.

"Since you forgot how many we've done, we're just going to have to start over to make sure we get them all in," Amy explained, "But I'll be merciful. I know you had some edges, so we'll start the count at 3. Only 17 to go! Although maybe we should try to get in some extra ones too."

Jay slumped back on the bed with a little sob, defeated. He resigned himself to the torture to follow. *I'm in a living hell. A pleasurable, sexy, frustrating, torturous hell. And my wife is the devil. An alluring, seductive, merciless devil.*

"I'm sorry dear," Amy told him, and he heard actual sympathy in her voice, "I know it's frustrating. But remember... that frustration is paying for your crimes and keeping you out of prison. And don't worry, I'll help you to cope..." Amy's voice seemed to lose its sympathy at the end and took on a husky tone of desire.

She backed over his face, planting her pussy firmly on his mouth. Then she grabbed his dick and started again with her painfully slow sucking.

Definitely the devil, he confirmed, as he moaned his frustration into her sopping wet pussy.