

My CB Story

My name is Charles and this is my story. My interest of chastity belts started already when I was fourteen years old when I hear some of my fellow schoolmates talking about how the knights in Europe locked in their wife in a contraption called a chastity belt before they went out to war to prevent them have sex.

I thought a lot about how it would feel to be locked up in such device. It started to fascinate me during the following years so much that I even tried to construct a belt of my own. I made it out of leather but it never felt "real". A leather belt you can always cut of with a knife and making one out of steel beyond what I could do. So I let it all to be a fantasy of mine.

Then came Mary, the love of my life. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

I loved her from the first moment I saw her. And further more, she loved me. I was so happy.

We got married when I was 26 years and she was 25. Do I have to tell you that I was the happiest man on this earth?

To make a long story short, we got married and moved to a house of our own in the outskirts of the city were we dreamt of raising a family of our own, having a 2.4 kids, a nice car and so on.

I put the whole idea of chastity belt behind me and was totally devoted to my lovely wife Mary for whom I could do anything.

But as the first years went by and how much we tried, Mary never got pregnant. We went to a specialist and he told us that there was something wrong with Mary's ability to carry a child. I don't remember what it was but the fact remained, we could never have a child of our own. We were very sad about this, but life has to go on. Mary took it quite well and we still had great sex we loved each other dearly.

Phase 1. The beginning.

One day in the spring of 2003 we got an Internet connection installed at home. One of the first nights after the installation I was home alone. I did not really know what to do with this new media that had come into our lives. One of the first things I did were to make a google search of the word chastity belt. I did not really think I would get a single hit, but my surprise; there were thousands of hits. Think of that, there were more people like me who had this fascination of chastity belts. I started to surf the net and found that there were many makers of chastity belts and that it was mostly men who were wearing them. I also found this Altairboy site and I spent the next couple of hours reading story after story, until my wife came home. She had been at the cinema with one of our neighbour's wife. I hastily turned the computer off and we went to bed.

During the next couple months I came back to the stories and read them as often I could. I did not want Mary to find out of these fantasies of mine. I never thought she would be the least interested so I kept it a secret, I thought.

In the middle of the fall, one Saturday evening after a very good meal with red wine and brandy to the coffee Mary suddenly asked me if I really enjoyed the stories that I had been reading on net. First my face went totally white and then red as a tomato. It took me a while to compose myself and say: "Yes". That was all I could say at that moment.

Mary laughed at my reaction to her question and told me that she had followed up the history on the browser to see what I was interested in. And she had also read some of the stories with interest. I did not even know that it was possible to do that.

She calmed me down and started to ask me why I was so interested in those things. I told her the whole story, how it all began in my teens and about my unsuccessful attempt to make one of my own.

She was very polite and listened with interest on my story and came with some questions of her own. Like; was this just a fantasy or would I like to have a chastity belt of my own? The answer was; "yes, I would like very much to have a belt of my own."

Later on the same night we went over to the computer to see if one of the makers had a chastity belt that I liked. The first thing was that it should be a real belt of the type that went around the waist and was made of stainless

steel. Not one of those plastic things that just was locked around the penis. It should have a built in lock, not a padlock. These small padlocks are easy to break, just hit it once or twice with a hammer and it is destroyed.

It all came down to two choices; the Carrara belt and the Tollyboy belt.

The Carrara had the advantage with a large tube so the penis could get almost fully erect inside the tube.

The purpose of the belt was not to inflict pain or discomfort or pain to the wearer, it was just to keep him chaste.

The Tollyboy seemed smaller and more discreet and it totally enclosed the "package". So the choice fell on Tollyboy.

This had taken the better part of the night so we stopped there and went to bed.

We had great sex that night.

It took me a week to decide which one of the Tollyboy belts to choose. Finally I made my choice and was ready to order.

The measurements were made with the assistance of Mary. To be sure that we had done a correct job we did many times and at last, the order was sent.

I usually do not believe some things until I really see it with my own eyes. So it was this time. I could not believe that chastity belt was on its way. I had dreamt of this so many years. I thought that something most go wrong. It would get lost in the mail, it would not fit and so on.

But at last, after a couple of weeks, there it was on my kitchen table. I had promised Mary to wait for her before I opened the box. She usually comes home half an hour or so after me. But today it seemed like a very long half hour. And at last, there she was. Together we opened the box and inspected the belt. It was truly a work of a skilled workman. It was so perfect.

I checked that the key was working the lock, and it was.

We went up to the bedroom and tried it on for the first time. I did in fact fit very well and to hear the click for the lock gave me goose bumps.

Mary told me that I should have the key to begin with. And that was wise. In the stories that I have read the belt often fits so well so it can be worn for a long period of time directly. This is not the case in real life. You have to get used to it by wearing it for a short time to begin with and from there increase the time more and more. That first day I wore the belt for just a few hours and I took it off again before we went to bed.

It took me about a month before I could use it for a whole weekend. And soon after that Mary made me wear the belt for a whole week. From Friday to Friday. I still had control of the key and I was very horny when I took it off. We were very happy that night, for many reasons.

Phase 2. Handing over the key.

The next phase came when Mary had to go and visit her father over the weekend. She insisted that I was to be locked in and that she would take the key to the belt with her.

This was the real thing. For the first time I was not in control of the key. This was what I had been dreaming about. How it would feel to be locked in, in a chastity belt and not being able to get out. I was horny, frustrated and happy all at once.

The whole thing went so well that Mary decided to keep the control of the key in the future. From now the lock up time increased. I was locked up for weeks, just let out for some sex when Mary wanted to and for cleaning once a week. I was very happy with the arrangement. It was no problem being locked up in the belt at my work. I work in an office where we buy and sell stuff.

The only problem was that my boss's secretary Diana had this fling for me. She had for a long time flirted with me as soon as she had a chance. In the corridor, by the water cooler and so on. She often wiggled round on high heels and short skirts. She was a knock out and she knew it and loved when men were looking at her. I guess she thought it was just matter of time before she had me.

One day when I was working late she really came on to me. She was wearing black leather slacks and very high heels. Horny as was after being locked up for weeks without any sex, I almost could not take my eyes from her and concentrate on my work. Finally I could not take it any more. I took out the

emergency key that I had made for well... emergencies, a long time ago. I had it hidden in one of my drawers in my desk. I went to the bathroom and took the belt off.

It did not take long after that before Diana and I were spending some quality time of our own in one of the storerooms.

This was the only time I had ever cheated on my wife. And I had a very bad conscience for a long time. After that I threw that key away.

Phase 3. Long term.

Just a couple of days after that incident Mary and I had a discussion where we were to go in the next phase or "Phase three" as she called it.

After a long discussion we agreed upon that it was to be longer and longer time between "time outs". That meant that I had to learn to keep myself clean without taking the belt off. So I had to use the bathtub more and more. That was not a problem and soon I had been wearing the belt for three months without removing it at all. It had really been a challenge. I was so horny and trying to touch my dick but it was not possible to reach it even with the tip of my finger. All I could feel was hard steel covering my crotch. I tried everything I could think of to relieve myself. But the belt did what it was supposed to do and it was totally impossible.

After three whole months Mary let me out for the weekend. During that weekend we had lots of sex. It was like heaven.

When the belt was locked up in the belt again on Sunday evening Mary said that now it was time to really try to have the belt on for a longer time.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Isn't three months a long time?"

"Well..." she said, "I was thinking more like six months, or perhaps more. This is what you have dreamt about isn't it?"

She was right. We had many times talked about my favourite stories on the Altairboy website where the poor guy had permanently been locked up.

"So you can call this as being "semi permanent" locked up", she said.

I had to agree, so this time I was to be locked up for six whole months.

I asked Mary what she was going to do when she wanted to have sex.

"Well," she said. "I have already thought of that and I have a solution."

She went upstairs to the bedroom and when she came back she held a dildo in her hand.

"What is that for?" I asked and without a word she held it to the front of the belt and screwed it into a hole that I had not seen before.

"I made this hole for that purpose yesterday," she said. "Now I can have that thing inside of me and pretend that it is you. Perhaps it will be even better than your own thing." She said laughing.

And so it came to be that whenever she wanted she just screwed that dildo on and made love to me. After the very first time she did it she looked very pleased and said that it almost as good as fucking my real dick. But in some ways it was even better because this dildo did not get soft after a while. For me it was a feeling of being as horny as anyone could get, and not being able to do anything about it. It was frustrating as hell. But the strangest thing is that I loved that feeling of being trapped. It was the mixed emotions of frustration and horniness and not being able to do anything about it that I loved, the more frustration and horniness, the better.

The months crept by and I was horny and frustrated almost all the time. My dick was trying its best to get hard. Some times all it took was to see a cleavage or some nice legs of a woman; it was especially hard to see Diana dressed up in one of her miniskirts and boots with high heels that she some times was wearing around the office. I even sometimes had a hard time watching the TV.

Mary noticed how I felt and made her best to comfort me. I think that she liked my situation as much as I did. She gave me strength and comfort and told me that is only this long time left until the six months were gone and I was to be let out.

During these six months Mary and I visited her father, we went on vacation by the beach and some other things that normal married people do together. And the belt never for one minute left my body.

Finally the term came to an end. I had done it. Despite of all the frustrations and horniness that some times almost drove me to tears, I didn't even once asked Mary to let me out of the belt. I was so proud of myself.

It was a wonderful moment for me when Mary took hold of the key and unlocked the belt and took it off of my body. As soon as I was free my penis started to get erect. Feeling the fresh air touching the skin of my dick that for so long had been confined inside the tube was amazing. To my surprise it started to hurt. It must have been that it was six months ago since my dick was totally blood-filled. Slowly and gently I managed by taking cold showers help my poor penis back to its former glory and Mary and I made up for all the lovemaking that I had been deprived of in the last six months. We went on like rabbits.

Mary had promised me a two weeks "time out" before the next term. I was happy with that and to my surprise I got the feeling that something was missing on my body, almost like being naked. Then it hit me; I missed having the belt around my waist. I felt unprotected.

I told Mary about this and she smiled at me gave me a kiss on my cheek and said; "Perhaps we will leave it on for a year or more next time."

I did not know what to say. To be locked up for so long was as close to my dream of being permanently lock up as it can possible be. Now I really had no escape, except if Mary would let me out before the term was trough, a most unlikely event.

Phase 4. The final.

After the two weeks "time out" I was now ready for the new term. Mary had not yet told me how long she wanted it to be. "You will find out in due time" was all she said when I asked her at the last day of my freedom. That answer made me feel very nervous.

Later that evening we went into the bedroom. I stripped and we started the procedure of putting the belt back on. Mary assisted me by putting the lock

back on, but to my surprise she did not lock it. I looked at her with a question in my eye but she just told me to lie on my back on the bed. I was confused but I did as I was told.

She told me that she wanted this moment to be special and that she had a surprise for me. In her hand she had four peaces of rope and she started to tie my hands and feet to the bedposts. "Why?" I asked and she answered that she just wanted me to be still and wait for the surprise and that she a fantasy too. I was very puzzled and did not understand what she was doing. We had done this many times before, but never done it this way.

When she was finished tying me up, she undressed so she had only her lovely, sexy black bra and panties on. Then she placed herself on her knees between my legs. I could see that she had something in her hand but I could not see what it was. Then she removed the lock from the chastity belt and dropped it on the floor. Now I was really confused. I saw that it was a new lock she was holding in her hand. She put the lock onto the belt and made it fast, but she did not lock it. The key was still in the lock. She looked me in my eyes and started to speak.

"You have done so very well under these last six months, very well indeed. And tonight I am going to reward you by letting you live up to your fantasies and to all the stories that you have been reading on the net. You know, the ones that end up with the heroes are locked up for good. I call this phase 4."

"What do you mean??" I croaked. "How are you going to do that??"

My mouth felt so dry that I could hardly speak.

She just smiled for a little wile and started to caress my thighs, my belly and even the front of the belt. She even kissed it.

"You see," she said; "I have here a brand new lock for you. This lock is a type that is called "the one time lock, by Tollyboy". That means that when the key is turned and lock is locked, it can never be opened again, not ever, not by any key. So when I turn this key around you will be locked in this chastity belt permanently! Dear husband of mine. You will never have another chance on the female Diana again."

She enjoyed watching how terrified I looked. I said nothing I just stared at her.

She went on; "Yes, I know about her and about that extra key that you used to have in your desk at your work. But don't worry, I am not angry with you any more, I forgave you a long time ago. Anyone can stray from the path once or twice, except for you my love, not after tonight. Just calm down and relax it will be over soon."

After she had said all that she went silent and looked at the key in its keyhole. She reached for it and started to turn it, ever so slowly. She really wanted this moment to last. After turning it a few degrees she let go of the key and started caressing me again. I tried to speak but my mouth was so dry and no words came out. Was she really going to lock me up for good? I was so scared that I did not know what to believe.

I felt scared, (happy??) terrified, excited and many other emotions that I can't express with words. My eyes were wide open and my heart was racing faster than ever before.

After a minute or two she went for the key again started to turn it once more.

I tried to scream, "stop it!!" and "no no no ". But words came over my lips.

After turning the key yet another few degrees, she let go of it again.

I started to breathe again. Perhaps she had changed her mind? It was not too late to go back and change the lock for the old one.

But no, she bends forward and once more she kisses the front of the belt right over my poor throbbing dick, and again she slowly takes hold the key and starts to turn it. Suddenly I heard: "CLICK" from the lock. I thought that my heart would jump out of my chest.

Mary looked up at me with a big smile on her face and said: "Now my darling it is done and can not be undone". She calmly removed the key from the lock and put it back in again. She tried to open the lock but it did not turn. It was not possible to open that lock again.

I was now in fact, really and truly, permanently locked in the chastity belt. All my fantasies from my all the stories that I had read had now become true with me. I just could not believe that she actually had done it.

As soon as my hands were untied I reached down for the key, which was still in the lock, and tried to turn it to unlock. But it was no use; it did not turn no matter how hard I tried.

My wife now lay in the bed beside me and she took the key out of the lock, looked at it and said; "this keys job is now done". Then she throws it away.

I never saw that key again.

We stayed in the bed, hugging and caressing each other for the better part of the night.

I was sooo happy. I had gotten so much help from my wife. I would never have had the guts to do this if it weren't for her help.

During the following years I came to accept my fate. The belt came to be as a part of my body. I could still feel my dick trying to get erect, but it was trying all in vain. I was still horny almost all of the time. My wife still loves to fuck her dildo attached to the front of the belt and I play along as much as I can. Some times it seems like she can go on forever and having multiple orgasms. That never happened when I was fucking her with my own dick.

In fact I am very happy with how it all turned out, even if I some times really miss having my dick in my hand, I prefer it this way.

How did Mary find out about Diana? Well that was embarrassing. I had been talking in my sleep. I did not know that I was doing that. It must have been my bad consciences that made me do it.