

NEW NEIGHBOR

Robert's Comments: I went back and forth about including this story in my collection. It was difficult for me to respect Louise. As just one example, she says she hates lying, but she forces her sub to lie on a regular basis, and worse she lies to him quite often. Her techniques to help him avoid unallowed orgasms, so she can have more for herself, avoid much simpler methods. Her punishments come way too close to 'harm' which she claims she would never do. Her use of the tube chastity is counterproductive, which she herself admits. At several points, she sets up situations that almost certainly ensure her sub will fail. At many points in the story, I was hoping her sub would end the relationship. Still the writing is better than most, and some of the situations are quite novel and creative.

Part 1

I noticed the lorries and trucks going past from my bedroom window. My mum's house was the last on the little lane that we lived in apart from the old farmhouse about half a mile down the track, so I assumed that was where they were headed. It had been empty for a few years, obviously someone had bought it and was renovating it. No one went down there much as there wasn't much to see. Some woods and fields, and a couple of footpaths that were overgrown through lack of use. As the months went by the larger trucks were replaced by smaller vans, contractors I guessed, electricians, plumbers, decorators etc.

I spent a lot of time in my room as most 18-year-old boys did. There was schoolwork, the XBOX and of course the internet. Not much happened in the little village we lived in. I had some school friends, but I was basically waiting to go to university when I hoped life would get a little bit more exciting. I'd kissed a couple of girls and had a little fumble around, but I was still a virgin. My mum told me that someone called Louise had moved into the farmhouse, but she didn't know much about her except she was divorced.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and I was in my room as usual, sort of doing some homework, sort of playing games but mostly looking at porn when I heard a horse coming down the lane. I looked up and there was this woman riding slowly past. I'm not sure why I watched her, but she had something. She obviously knew how to ride by her posture but there was something else. She had a sort of easy

confidence about her. My attention was also drawn to her tight jodhpurs and knee-high shiny boots, she looked great. As I looked at her, she looked up at me. I knew I shouldn't stare but I did, and she just kept looking with a slight smile coming to her full lips and then she was past the house and off down the lane. Wow, I thought. The homework and XBOX were definitely not on my mind now as my cock stiffened. I went to one of my usual places and started watching my usual porn. A tease and denial video. I loved these, a strong woman slowly teasing and stroking a big hard cock, keeping the man on the edge for what seemed like an eternity. I was 18 though so the video was only about 3 minutes in before I came. I wanted to make it last, but I so rarely did.

She came riding by again on Sunday and pretty much the exact thing happened, the sly smile and my immediate reaction to it. I tried to forget about her during the week at school but as the weekend approached, I couldn't help but wonder if she would be back. As luck would have it, I had to mow the lawn on Saturday so I tried to time it so I was in the garden if she rode by again. I had just finished when I saw her. Closer up she was even more attractive than I had imagined, and I had been imagining a lot. Trying to act casual I started loading the grass cuttings into a wheelbarrow but I knew she was looking at me.

I turned towards her, and she casually said. "Hello, beautiful day, isn't it?" I said "Yes... nice horse" and her smile just got a little bigger and she was gone.

Nice horse, great! Good work, top banter I thought to myself as I stood there feeling pretty daft.

I saw her a couple of times over the next few weeks but I kept my distance after my first encounter. It was Friday evening around 6 when I heard my mum chatting to someone downstairs, just a friend I guessed. After a few minutes she called up the stairs.

"Tom, could you come down please?"

I wandered down to see my mum sitting at the kitchen table with Louise.

"Tom, this is Louise. She bought the house up the lane last year."

Compose yourself I thought.

"Hi Louise. "

"Hello Tom, nice to meet you at last" she said and held out her hand. I hesitated for a moment then moved forward and shook her hand. She was staring at me with her big brown eyes, the usual smile playing across her red lips. I'm sure she held my hand for a little longer than necessary and when she let go, she allowed her fingers to slide down my palm to my fingertips.

"I need a little bit of help in the grounds, just general maintenance." she said.

"Eh..oh, I see."

More brilliant conversation Tom I thought, what was wrong with me?

"Just a few hours over the weekend. I don't want to interfere with your studies. Your mother says you've got exams in a few months, and you want to go to university."

Recovering slightly, I told her that I was hoping to go to Bristol university, it was a good university and a great city. Also, it was only about 40 miles away and I wanted to stay close to home as my mum lived alone.

Why did I say that? I'd never even told my mum about my reasons. My mum smiled at me, and Louise chuckled,

"That's so sweet. Looks like he enjoys looking after the women in his life. Good boy."

They were both chuckling now, and I suddenly felt way out of my depth again. What was going on?

"Tomorrow then, Tom, 11 o'clock?" Said Louise, "I will pay you of course."

"That sounds great." I wanted to be somewhere else right now.

Louise stood up and said "Lovely, I'll see you tomorrow then Tom."

Goodbyes were said and I quickly went back to my room.

I was unsure what I was feeling, nervous and excited... definitely. Why had I told her about staying nearby? Why had they both laughed? I was sure my mum had never seen any of the kinky stuff on my computer, the femdom stuff I enjoyed. All I knew was that I wanted Louise to like me, I wanted to please her, I wanted

to....stop it Tom! Jesus, she's a grown-up woman who just wants some cheap labor around the house.

I tried to calm myself down but within a few minutes I was masturbating over a video of Mistress T dominating a helpless slave.

As I walked to her house the next morning, I rationalized the situation. Either She just wanted someone to help, or she wanted to have her way with me. Both were absolutely fine by me. I knew the latter was highly unlikely but there was something about the way she looked at me, through me into my soul.

She was by the stables grooming her horse when I arrived. She looked stunning as always, moving gracefully and elegantly around.

She smiled and said,

"Hello Tom, you're 5 minutes late. Don't let that happen again"

Immediately I was on the back foot again. She didn't sound cross, but I knew instantly that I would never be late again. She led the horse into the stable and we walked around the grounds while she detailed what needed to be done. There was a lot, certainly enough to keep me busy. She explained that if things worked out, she could employ me on an almost full time basis during the summer when my exams were over.

She was very precise about my duties, telling me exactly what was expected and impressing upon me that she expected a very high standard from me.

Substandard work would displease her, good work would be praised. Simple and obvious really, I could make her happy if I worked hard and I realized that I really wanted to make her happy. I wanted that smile; I wanted her to be proud of me.

Every time we stopped walking, she would turn and face me. She stood close to me and never took her eyes off mine. I was probably 4 or 5 inches taller, but I felt small. There was no doubt at all that she was in charge and that was the only way it would ever be.

She was waiting for me by the stables after I had finished mowing the lawn. It was quite warm, and I had broken into a light sweat.

"Mucking out can be, well, a mucky business Tom. Don't get your clothes dirty, I've got these things you can wear instead" and she passed me shorts and a t-shirt. "Put them on... now."

I hesitated; this was not expected. She wanted me to strip off in front of her. But so, what? I kept myself in good shape, running and pushing some weights. I slipped my trainers off and then my top and shorts too. I felt exposed but realized that my cock seemed to like the idea so I quickly slipped the shorts and t-shirt on. Both items were thin and tight, I glanced down and noticed that the shorts didn't leave much to the imagination, particularly as I was now sporting a semi.

"Perfect." She said and sauntered off into the house leaving me standing there feeling aroused yet embarrassed. She had noticed, I knew she had. I was quite proud of my cock, occasional communal showers at the school had led me to believe I was above average, but she had just walked off. Forget it, do your work I thought.

She was right, it was quite dirty work, but I got stuck in and called out to her when I had finished. She inspected my work and made what I hoped was a positive sounding mmm noise before pointing out that all the corners weren't up to scratch.

Handing me a small dustpan and brush she said, "Get on your knees Tom. Get into those corners and get every last bit of dirt and straw out."

She stood in the middle of the stable as I dropped down and started carefully removing every tiny little thing I could see. It was both exciting and a little humiliating. I finished the last corner, turned and was just about to stand up when she said,

"Stop, stay there."

I froze, on my knees as she stood less than a yard away from me.

"Have you finished?"

I couldn't look away from her, I knew my cock was hardening again.

"Yes Louise, I think so."

I stuttered.

She looked slowly around as I knelt in front of her, transfixed, with all sorts of emotions rushing through my teenage head.

"What did you do wrong Tom?" She asked.

"I.. errr... didn't do a good enough job?" I replied.

"What did I tell you about the standards I expect? Why didn't you reach them?"

I could still feel my cock stiffening, but I was holding the dust pan in front of me.

"I'm sorry Louise, I thought I had done a good job but I.."

"Stop, I will tell you why you didn't reach my standards, it was because you didn't try. You just thought that OK was good enough. It isn't, OK is never good enough. Look at my riding boots."

With that she slowly bent her knee and raised her foot towards me.

"Put the pan down and hold my foot, have a close look. Touch the leather, what do you think?"

They were beautiful, polished mahogany perfection. I gently caressed the leather, lost in its inky blackness.

"Well Tom what do you think? Are they just, OK?"

I was shaking now, should I kiss it? No! Just try and keep your cock under control and answer I thought.

"No Louise, they are not just OK, they are perfect."

I wondered how red it was possible for a human face to become, and whether I had broken the record. She withdrew her foot and continued to stare at me and the blatantly obvious outline of my cock. The silence seemed to go on for an eternity, but it was probably only a few seconds.

Then she said, "It's always best to obey me, don't you think Tom? I know what is best and I know that you require a firm hand and some discipline. This would not have been necessary if you had done the job properly in the first place, but I can see that you have got something out of the experience...."

She paused and let a little smile play across her face. "And I think that you have learned a little lesson. Clean yourself up and join me on the patio for some lunch."

With that she walked out, leaving me on my knees, shaking and hard. Oh my God, what was going on?

A few hours ago, I was walking to her house thinking about earning a bit of money and hanging around a beautiful woman. Now I was kneeling on the floor, red faced with an obvious erection. She hadn't forced me, there hadn't been any shouting. She hadn't even raised her voice, yet here I was. Her beauty, her effortless control, it was intoxicating. I stood up and dusted myself down. I slowly put all the equipment back in its place, buying some time to allow my cock to soften and then wandered over to the patio.

She glanced up and said,

"Your clothes are on the chair, slip those dirty ones off and sit down."

I didn't even hesitate and just did as she asked, placing the old clothes neatly on the chair.

Then we chatted, just a normal chat. It was as if the scene, or whatever it was, in the stable had never happened. She asked general questions about me, how school was and about university. What my hobbies were, friends etc. It was lovely and so soon after my hideous embarrassment it felt completely natural and casual.

I wandered home feeling very confused. I was enchanted by this woman, excited by her but also slightly scared. She had dominated me, hadn't she? Or was that just her? No, the stable thing was domination, surely it was.

Anyway, I was going back tomorrow. She told me I was to come back at 11 and I just said yes, of course. On the plus side I had some money in my back pocket so what's the worst that could happen I thought as my mind drifted to the porn I had been watching recently.

I arrived on Sunday morning a few minutes early, obviously. Louise was wearing tight leggings and a figure-hugging t shirt which looked amazing. She greeted me, showed me what I was to do and then said she was off to an aerobics class and would see me later.

I was disappointed but also slightly relieved. I began working away making sure I followed her instructions to the letter. An hour and a half later she returned looking tired but happy.

I asked her if it had been a good class and she replied that it had been great, and that she loved the endorphin rush of hard exercise.

"Let's see what you have been up to."

We walked over to the long hedge that I had been trimming. I thought I had done a great job; it was as neat as you like, straight and square. But the memories of yesterday were still fresh.

"How do you think you did?" Louise said, and summoning a little courage I replied "I think I've done a good job. I've never trimmed a hedge like this before, but I tried my best."

She did that thing again, standing right in front of me and slightly too close. I could see a slight sheen of sweat on her and her eyes were glowing.

"I think you have done an excellent job Tom. You should be proud of that. Thank you very much."

She reached up, smiled, and stroked my cheek, her hand lingering for a second. I was so happy all I could do was grin back at her. She was pleased, I had pleased her. At this moment that was all that mattered.

"Still got some energy left?"

"Yes, loads." I blurted. She laughed and said, "There's a load of boxes that arrived this week, I need them shifting to various rooms. Come on."

There were 10 big boxes stacked in the lounge.

"They are labelled, L stays here in the lounge, B is for bedroom and D is for... well just take them down to the cellar."

She told me to pick up a D and follow. The stairs were pretty steep, but the cellar was massive. Big solid oak beams, what looked like a newly laid floor and some dismantled furniture, or that's what I assumed the many pieces of wood and metal were.

I took 6 sealed boxes down, one of them had come slightly undone but it was quite dark down there. I couldn't quite make out what was inside but there were some sort of leather straps and some things I didn't recognize. Before I could have a better look Louise told me to come back up and get the B's upstairs. By the time I took the last one up, Louise had opened the first and took out a pair of thigh length leather boots with 4 inch stiletto heels. They looked amazing.

"Wow" I said.

"Would you like me to wear them for you Tom? You deserve a treat after your good work today."

Slightly stunned I replied. "Yes please, you look amazing, I mean they look amazing."

She laughed then said, " I can't wear them with my gym kit, and I need a quick shower. Stand in the corner, face to the wall and I'll be back in a few minutes. Don't move."

And that's what I did, without a second thought. I walked straight to the corner of her bedroom and faced the wall. For a second I wondered about what I was doing but Louise had told me to do it, so I did.

I heard the shower in the en-suite running for a few minutes then she came back.

"I'm getting changed now, stay there."

I was next to the laundry basket, and I saw her put the clothes she had been wearing into it. She was naked, right behind me. I could smell the shampoo and soap as she put her hands on my hips.

"You're such a good boy, aren't you Tom? I know how much you want to peek but you stay there like I told you to."

I heard some rustling then after a few minutes she told me to turn around and look straight ahead.

As usual she was too close, only a foot away. She had the boots on, I knew that because when I turned, I was looking her dead in the eyes. She was the same height as me with the boots on. We stood there, I was lost, she was just staring at me. No smile now, just her eyes boring into me.

"Look me in the eyes, nowhere else." This was a command; I hadn't heard this tone before. I did, I wouldn't, I couldn't do anything else. I was a rabbit in the headlights.

I barely realized that my cock was pulsing in my shorts. Then suddenly my brain caught up with my peripheral vision and I knew she was still stark naked except for the boots.

"You really are a good boy, Tom." she quietly said,

"I know how much you want to look down, but I know you won't because you want to please me, don't you?"

"Yes Louise."

"Call me Ma'am."

"Yes Ma'am." I said.

"These boots aren't for you... yet."

"No Ma'am."

That knowing little smile was there again and she said,

"Turn and face the wall."

I turned and heard her move away. A minute or so later she walked out and went downstairs. What should I do? She hadn't told me I could move. My cock was slowly going down, so I just stood there, alone in her bedroom wondering what was happening to me. All I knew was that her happiness meant pretty much everything to me.

Minutes passed until I heard her call out.

"Tom, come down. I've made you a cup of coffee."

I went down and sat in the chair she pointed to.

"Are you available next weekend?"

"Sure. I replied and she just started talking about the things that needed to be done, as if nothing had happened. To say I was confused was an understatement, but I went along and chatted away.

I finished my coffee, and she stood up and gave me my wages and said she expected me next Saturday at the same time. I agreed and walked towards the door.

She touched my arm, stopping me and said, " Keep up the good work. I like you, Tom. I think this could become a long-term arrangement. See you tomorrow."

The walk home was strange to say the least.

Surely, she was just messing with me, just a bored single lady having some fun with an innocent boy. But it certainly didn't feel like that when I was with her. My emotions were all over the place, but one thing was for sure. I felt alive, energized by her attention. I also felt incredibly horny, but I could deal with that when I got home.

The next couple of weekends passed without incident. I arrived and did my work, mainly to the standard required. One job was not up to scratch and she gently but firmly scolded me, reminding me to always do my best. One weekend she was away so all I did was mow the lawn. I felt a mixture of disappointment and relief, but she was still amazing and I was still putting money in my pocket.

It was mid-April now. My mum announced that she was going on a long weekend with a couple of old girlfriends. I was pleased for her and myself. She worked hard and didn't get to go away very often so it would be good for her. Also, I would have the house to myself for a few days.

She left on Wednesday evening, there was a bit of fussing over me, and I assured her I would be absolutely fine and told her to have a great trip. By Friday my excitement about having an empty house had waned. All it really meant was that I could turn up the volume on the stereo and on the computer when I was watching porn. That was exactly what I was doing early Friday evening when I thought I heard a knock on the door. I stopped for a few seconds and didn't hear anything else so I carried on watching as a latex clad Mistress teased and tortured a bound sub. There again... definitely a noise... I quickly slipped my shorts on and just as I got to the door I heard,

"Tom? Tom, are you in?"

I opened the door to see Louise halfway up the stairs.

"Ah, there you are." She said. "You had better come downstairs."

She looked quite serious, what was going on? My attention was also taken by the tight shiny satin skirt and satin blouse. She was also wearing a little more make up than usual with red lipstick accentuating her full gorgeous mouth.

I joined her in the kitchen.

She still looked quite stern, and my stomach was fluttering a little.

"What's this all about?" she said.

I was confused.

"What are you talking about?" I said defensively. I was on the back foot here and probably sounded slightly angry.

There was silence.

"Firstly, it's Ma'am, secondly never ever use that tone of voice with me, boy."

I regretted it immediately and stumbled an apology.

"I'll ask you again, what's this all about?" She gestured around the kitchen. Looking I realized it was a mess. I hadn't washed up since my mum had left, there was food lying around and some dirty clothes too.

For a millisecond I thought about saying that it's my house and it's none of your business, but the look on her face quashed that idea very quickly.

"I'm sorry Ma'am, I was going to clean..."

"Stop there." She said, "Don't try and justify yourself. The place is a mess. Have I taught you nothing boy?"

I hung my head; she was right of course.

"Clean it up, now!"

I got right to it. I tidied up, put the clothes away, did the washing up and dried it, cleaned the surfaces while she sat silently watching me. I felt like I was under a microscope. It took about half an hour before I was finished.

"Stand in the corner."

She inspected my work and seemed happy but then she opened the cupboard under the sink and retrieved a bucket and a small brush. She filled the bucket with hot water and soap and said, "On your knees and scrub the floor, boy."

Our house was quite old, and the kitchen floor was old flagstone. It was swept regularly but I can't remember the last time it was scrubbed. I dropped to my knees and began. It was hard work, and I couldn't believe how much dirt came off the old stones. I had to change the water 3 times but when I had finished there was a noticeable difference. I'll be honest, the kitchen had never looked so good.

"Better?" She said. I nodded and said,

"Yes Ma'am, thank you Ma'am."

She did her standing too close routine, I was mesmerized by her eyes and her beautiful lips.

"Doing your best isn't optional. It's not just for me. It's for you, and in this case for your mother too. It's every day, not just when you feel like it. Now is your bedroom nice and clean boy?"

I gulped, of course it wasn't. I was an 18-year-old boy. It was a pig-sty, OK, maybe not a pig-sty but it was pretty messy.

I said,

"No Ma'am but I will clean it up tonight."

Phew, I thought. She smiled for the first time.

"No boy, you will clean it now under my supervision. You do your best work when I am watching you, don't you? Anyway, I enjoy watching you work for me and trying to please me."

Ahh no. I started up the stairs.

"Stop! Always make sure your lady is above you on the stairs whether you are going up or down. That way you are always where you need to be, underneath your lady."

She was definitely smirking as she said this, but I stopped and up she went into my room.

"Typical teenager, get to work."

With that she sat on the only chair, in front the desk where my computer and XBOX were.

I froze, the screen was dark as it had gone into power save mode, but I knew what was behind that black screen. Five or six tabs of various types of femdom videos. She showed no interest in it, so I carried on. My room wasn't big, so it only took 15 minutes to sort my clothes and file away some books and schoolwork. The embarrassing part was having to crawl on my hands and knees to get some balls of scrunched up tissues under the desk. She didn't move, forcing me to brush against her satin skirt and sheer stockings which caused a slight stir downstairs.

When I had finished, she turned the chair to face the desk.

"How's the new game coming along?"

I had used some of my wages to buy the latest Call of Duty two weeks ago and had been getting stuck into it. I had a monitor to game on so when she picked up the controller, it sprang into life showing the start menu.

"How often do you play?"

"Every now and again." I lied watching as she pressed a few buttons. Playing time, 32 hours 12 minutes. She looked at me,

"You got this game 2 weeks ago and you've played for over 32 hours?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"When do your exams start Tom? In a couple of months?"

"Yes, Ma'am but I always make sure I've done my..."

She held her hand up and I fell silent.

"32 hours... is this doing your best Tom? Do you have the grades you need? Have you started revising yet?"

I hadn't started revising yet, my plan was to smash it for a couple of weeks and hope that was enough. As I explained this to Louise, I realized how stupid it sounded.

"What do you think my next question is Tom?"

I knew and replied, "You would ask me if I was doing my best Ma'am and you are right. It's a bad plan and it's not the best I can do."

"Good boy, at least you know. Now I would never take someone's property without their permission, but I think you would have a much better chance of getting into the university you want without this distraction. Agreed?"

I felt like I didn't have a choice. I did, but it felt like there was only one thing to say.

"Agreed Ma'am."

"Now ask me nicely boy."

I hesitated but I'd spent enough time reading and watching femdom stories and videos.

"Please Ma'am, would you take my XBOX so I can study and revise better?"

She smiled, "Yes, of course I would. Now let's see if you've been doing any schoolwork at all."

With that she turned to the laptop and clicked the mouse. Oh god, oh no I thought as the laptop sprang to life. There she was, Mistress T again, smiling sweetly at the camera with her latex covered hand wrapped around a large, lubricated cock.

"Oh, well, that wasn't at all what I expected." She said in a voice that told me that this was exactly what she had expected to see. I was busy breaking the red faced world record again.

"Err... I.. err. I'm so embarrassed. Sorry Ma'am." was all I could say. Where was that hole in the ground when you needed it?

She looked away from the screen and said, "Why are you embarrassed Tom? You're a teenage boy who masturbates to porn, just like every other teenage boy. There is nothing to be embarrassed about at all. I watch porn too, I think pretty much everyone does."

This wasn't really making me feel much better, but it was nice of her to try.

"Can I just close those and show you my schoolwork Ma'am?" I said as I moved my hand towards the mouse.

"No, you may not." Came the swift reply, as she started to click through the open tabs. Titles like "Mistresses prolonged tease" and "Chastity boy's punishment" popped up.

"Are you embarrassed by the type of porn you're watching Tom?"

"I... err... I guess so Ma'am. "

"Why?"

"I don't know Ma'am, it's not err normal." I stuttered.

"What's normal? Some bloke hammering a girl until he cums? A girl sucking away for a man's benefit? Women generally being used and abused? This is far better, all these women are in control, they are in charge. That is the way it should be, don't you think?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Let's see what else we have here." She opened my browser history. As my mum occasionally needs my computer, I am usually very good at clearing all the nasty stuff away but she had been away for 2 days and I hadn't bothered.

There were hundreds of tabs, all varieties on the same theme. She took her time, there were erotic literature sites with long stories involving FLR's and Dommies, etc, etc.

She opened one of the stories.

"Now look at this, she keeps her man in chastity 24/7. He serves her, not the other way round. How does he feel about his woman? He's devoted to her, he adores her, he lives to please her. That's beautiful. And she adores him too. She is making him a better man, he needs her control, discipline, and love.

When he's good, he gets rewarded. When he misbehaves, he gets punished. Do you like that idea, Tom?"

"I do Ma'am." It was all I could say.

"I know you respect women, Tom, I can tell by the way you act around your mother, and around me. That's the right way to be.

But look at this, in 2 days you've visited all these sites and spent god knows how many hours watching and reading, and no doubt masturbating. Add that to the 32 hours of gaming. It's not good, is it?"

All I could do was agree.

"Do you want to be a better man, Tom? Get good grades and go to a good university? This isn't the way with your exams coming.

Anyway, we'll talk about that later. Stand here, next to me. I want to watch this video with you, T is great. I love her work"

Awkwardly I moved next to her, she wanted me closer and put her arm around me, pulling me to her side. She was seated so her arm went around my upper thighs, and I felt her hand shift up slightly, going just under my shorts. Before she restarted the video she laughed and said "2 minutes and 32 seconds, is that how far you got?"

My redness that had been fading slightly returned in spades.

"Tell me."

"Yes Ma'am." I said. I couldn't lie, anyway what would be the point? She would know.

The video restarted and Mistress T was lying across her slave caressing his cock. She was talking to the camera, telling the viewer what she wanted. I could feel Louise's finger tips gently tracing patterns up and down my upper thigh. I didn't

stand a chance and within seconds my cock was trying hard to break out of my shorts.

After a couple of minutes Louise said,

"That looks uncomfortable Tom, drop your shorts."

As if on autopilot I immediately did as she asked. My cock sprang straight out to its full and fairly impressive length and girth.

"My, look at that. Very nice Tom. Very nice indeed."

Her right arm was around me, her hand on my thigh and she slipped her left hand across and held the inside of my left thigh, high up but not high enough to touch my balls. The video continued and she continued to let the fingertips of both hands to move gently across my thighs. I reckoned that steel girders have less flexibility than my cock at this point. The veins were throbbing to my heartbeat. It was right there, touch it please, please, please, I screamed inside my head but the video just played on for another 10 minutes or so.

"Did you enjoy that, Tom? She's great, isn't she?" She said as it finished.

I could barely speak.

"Yes Ma'am, I like her too."

"Let's watch another." She quickly found the next video and started it. It was like the first one although it began with Mistress T prowling around a sub who was in chastity and bound to some sort of bondage table.

Still Louise's fingers played slowly across my thighs, the left hand so close. This video was 30 minutes long, was I going to go insane before the end? It certainly felt that way.

"Do you listen to her when you watch these?" Said Louise.

"Yes, I do. They turn me on even more." I replied.

"What's she saying now?"

"She's telling him not to cum, she's telling him that he must wait so he can please her and that no one likes a premature ejaculator Ma'am."

She chuckled, "What was it? 2 and a half minutes? That's not very good is it, Tom?" Is that the best you can do?"

"I could last longer Ma'am, but I just get carried away."

"I understand. How do you feel after you cum Tom?"

I really wasn't sure how to answer.

"I don't know Ma'am. Nothing really, just sort of empty I suppose."

"That's the difference between men and women. When I orgasm, I come alive, I feel electric, energized. When a man comes all his energy just drains away. He becomes listless and apathetic, useless really.

Also, a woman can cum again and again very quickly. What's the use of a man that cums in a flash? They can't please their woman, well except with their tongue but that's a different story. Why does T keep her man in chastity Tom?"

I think I was starting to get it now. "To stop him from masturbating Ma'am?"

"Yes, but why?" She said.

"So he is always ready? Ready to please her. So he has energy and desire?"

My cock didn't know what to do, it would soften very slightly then erupt back into hardness. This was humiliating in parts but also very arousing. The video had only been playing for 10 minutes, another 20 to go.

"Any other reasons?" She asked.

"Err, to control him? To discipline him? To make him understand that she is in charge?"

She smiled and said, "So why do you watch all of these videos Tom? Is that what you want too?"

Her left hand was moving closer now, further up my inner thigh.

Oh god...it was, wasn't it?

"I guess so Ma'am" was my only answer.

"I think you do too. I think you want to please me in any way you can Tom. Do you think you could last more than 2 and a half minutes for me?"

" Yes Ma'am." I replied and taking that as an invitation I moved my hand towards my aching cock.

"Stop! Did I tell you to do that boy?"

My hand instantly fell back to my side

"No Ma'am. Sorry Ma'am."

That was stupid, what was I thinking?

"I can make you last longer boy, would you like that?" Before I could reply she gently started rubbing one finger slowly up and down the underside of my shaft. I jerked at the touch.

"Calm down" she said and slowly carried on. There was very little pressure, but it felt like a live wire being dragged across my whole body.

My breathing became ragged, and my heart was thumping in my chest.

"Relax, slow your breathing down boy. Don't worry, I'm in charge now."

She gently used a second finger to slowly pull my foreskin back. There was a pearl of translucent precum glistening on the tip. Her finger moved across it and down to my frenum. She made small, slow slippery circles. I tried to slow my breathing and calm myself, but I knew it was hopeless. My breathing accelerated and suddenly she stopped.

I told you I am in charge now Tom. What were you trying to do?"

"Ahhh sorry Ma'am I couldn't help myself. Sorry, sorry." I blurted out.

Before I could say anymore the little circles started again

"Breathe" she said, " Control yourself. You don't want to cum, you just think you do. But you should be thinking of me. You should only be thinking of me and my pleasure."

It was agony and ecstasy. I closed my eyes and tried to think, please her. That's what you want, please her. Nothing else, please her.

"Well done, Tom" she whispered, "you're doing very well. Good boy."

My heart sang, I was holding together, just. I had no idea how, but I just kept repeating the mantra. Please Ma'am, that's all, please Ma'am.

Her finger sped up and she put a little more pressure on then suddenly it stopped. It took me a few seconds to realize I was standing there gently pushing my hips forward and backwards. I groaned and opened my eyes.

She was smiling at me, "That's enough for now, I think. You did very well, 5 minutes."

I couldn't believe she had just stopped. No, it was so good. Wasn't she going to let me cum? My cock was on fire, it had never felt like this. I had never felt like this.

"Please Ma'am, please." I said.

"Please what?" She replied. I was stuck, we both knew what I wanted.

"Well? Please what boy?"

I was broken and I just blurted it out

"Please let me cum Ma'am, please! I was so close. I need it, please."

She licked her lips and moved her mouth so it was inches from my trembling cock.

Looking up at my desperate face she said "I told you that is enough. Are you trying to disappoint me so soon after doing so well?"

My face crumpled "I'm so sorry Ma'am. OK, OK I'm OK now. Sorry, please forgive me Ma'am."

"I will let you have a little leeway this time boy, but don't let that happen again. Who is in charge?"

"You are Ma'am" I replied, "you are. Thank you, Ma'am."

"Good boy. How are you feeling?"

"Honestly, I don't really know but I know I'm alive, that's for sure. I'm tingling all over Ma'am."

She smiled again, "Good, you could have had a fleeting moment of fun, but you would be standing there now with a flaccid cock and an empty mind. It's much better this way, isn't it?"

I wasn't entirely sure I agreed but I did see her point. I was starting to feel good. My body felt great, and I had pleased her too.

"Yes Ma'am. You're right, it is. I'm not sure I quite understand how I'm feeling but it's good... I think."

"That was pretty intense for an inexperienced young boy. You will feel a bit confused for a while, but you need to trust me. You should be proud of holding it together... just... and I'm proud of you for trying your best. That's all I will ever ask of you, to try your best."

She turned back to the computer. My heart was bursting with joy. I didn't understand it, but I just knew that she was right, about everything.

"Back to this then, obviously you need your computer, but you can't be wasting so much time on porn. Would you be comfortable letting me run a program that allows me to see what you are doing on here? I don't want to take over or anything but if I could see what you were doing, I would be able to guide and teach you better. What do you think?"

I hesitated, what the hell, in for a penny, in for a pound.

"Yes Ma'am, that would be fine. Thank you for helping me Ma'am."

I hadn't really noticed but I was still standing naked in front of her. Weirdly it didn't seem to bother me. It was just the way it should be. My cock had slowly dropped to half-mast. She stood up putting herself just too close as always and said "I have to go now. I'll be in touch in an hour or so and we'll sort the computer out."

She grasped my cock firmly and slowly began pumping her fist up and down, "Do you want to cum Tom?"

My cock was instantly hard.

I replied, "I do Ma'am, I really do. I know that's the wrong thing to say but it's the truth."

She stroked my cheek with her other hand and said, "The truth is never the wrong thing to say. Remember that. If you had said anything else, I would have called you a liar. Wanting to cum and acting on it are two different things though."

"I don't want you to cum Tom. Can you do that for me? Resist the temptation? For me?"

Her hand was still pumping very slowly away, I was like a rock again.

"Yes Ma'am, I can I promise you."

She gave me a big beaming smile and kissed me full on the lips. Before I could react, she let go of my cock and was at the door, taking the XBOX with her.

"I'll be in touch later. By the way, you have a fantastic cock, I'm going to have so much fun with it."

And with that she was off down the stairs and out of the house. I just stood there staring at the door for I don't know how long. What was it, a month ago when I first saw a lovely looking woman ride past my house? And here I was standing naked and needy in my room with my brain spinning like a top.

Eventually I came round and pulled my shorts back up. I was still sporting a semi, but I just tucked it away without a second thought. Stopping for a second I wondered why I wasn't desperately jerking off right now, but I already knew the answer. I had promised her I wouldn't and that was it, nothing else mattered.

I realized I was hungry and got some food. I washed up straight away without even thinking about it and went back to my room. Soon my phone rang, it was Louise.

"Hello baby, how are you?"

I could hear the smile in her voice, " You've got mail. Just open the link and follow the instructions."

"Yes Ma'am." I did what I was told and soon something was downloaded onto my computer. I'd heard of people temporarily handing over their computer to an admin so that some deep technical issue could be fixed but this seemed different. Anyway, soon enough my cursor started moving around of its own accord.

"Nearly there, I just need to adjust a few things."

My computer went into restart mode then came back to life.

"All yours Tom. I can now see a log of everything you access, how long you're there, when you switch on and off, etc. Are you sure you are OK with this?"

"Sure" I replied, " I trust you and it's not like I've got a million in the bank you could steal. Overall, it's definitely for the best Ma'am."

"Good boy. Now how much time do you think you should spend on homework and revising?"

I pondered then said, "well I usually get home from school at about 4.30 and spend a few hours in my room before dinner. After that I sometimes watch some TV with mum or just go to my room, Ma'am."

She laughed, "But we know what you do in your room don't we? Keep your usual routine but now it will be 3 hours of proper work, won't it Tom?"

"Yes Ma'am. 3 hours of studying."

"I don't mind what you do later" she said, social media stuff, YouTube or whatever you kids are into these days, but you will do 3 hours a day, agreed?"

"Yes Ma'am, that sounds great and I'm sure it will help me immensely."

I wasn't lying, I'm sure my schoolwork could do with a boost, but I wasn't exactly sure how I was going to fill the rest of my time without porn or gaming. As if she had read my mind she said " so about the porn Tom. I understand you're a teenage boy and you have desires. How often do you usually cum?"

Arrggh... what sort of a question was that? She could make me go bright red even over the phone. Tell the truth, there is no other way.

"2 or 3 times a day Ma'am." I said, almost proudly. She laughed, I felt silly again.

"OK, I'm going to let you have 15 minutes of porn every night Tom. Does that sound reasonable?"

I hadn't been expecting that, I thought a total ban was coming. Excitedly I said

"Yes Ma'am, that is very kind of you. Thank you. "

"You can access porn from 10 until 10.15. However, you will text me at 9.45 and ask me for permission to touch yourself. Do you understand Tom?"

"Yes Ma'am, of course, Ma'am" I replied. I should have known it wasn't going to be that easy.

Then she said, " If you don't hear from me, you will not touch yourself. When you do hear from me, I will either give you permission to cum, or I will not. Is that clear Tom?"

Damn it..."Yes Ma'am, very clear."

This was not going the way I had hoped. I laughed to myself, of course it wasn't, why did I even think it would? So now I couldn't even have an orgasm without asking for permission. Great, so why was my cock now so hard again? Because I loved being dominated? Yup, that was it. All the videos and stories over the last couple of years and only now did it really dawn on me. I was submissive. I wanted this, and I really wanted her. God, I wanted her.

"Are you hard Tom?"

Mind reader..... well not really.

"Yes Ma'am " I replied immediately. I noticed it was just before 10. She had timed it beautifully.

"It's 10 o'clock Tom, porn time. However, you don't have permission to cum tonight. Sleep well baby and I will see you tomorrow at 11."

With that she just hung up. I sat there for a few seconds until I realized that she was probably expecting me to watch something kinky. She was watching... what should I look at? Slightly concerned I put on a fairly standard tease and denial video and just sat there watching it. My cock was throbbing, I dropped my shorts and starting slowly stroking. Instead of my usual slightly frantic pumping I found

myself just softly running my hand up and down, absorbing the images but all I could think of was that she was there with me, watching, judging with that playful little smile. Before I knew it the 15 minutes were up, and I quickly closed the site. My cock felt hot and heavy in my hand. I took a deep breath and let go, then quickly stuffed it back in my shorts. Did I want to cum? Yes. I wanted it a lot, but I sat there and patiently waited for my hard on to go down before going downstairs and turning on the TV.

My alarm went off at 9 rousing me from a deep sleep. I was sure that I'd had some weird dreams, but they were fading fast. While I had slept like a log, the emotion of the previous evening had clearly taken a toll on me. Thinking back to last night I was confused, and worried. Was this right? I was way out of my depth. Her control over me had happened so quickly and so easily.

Louise...Ma'am... I was due there in a couple of hours. What fresh hell was waiting for me? What incredibly exciting things were waiting for me? Which was it? Both I guess but I knew I would be there, a couple of minutes early of course.

I got some breakfast and browsed around on the computer for a bit. My phone pinged, it was Louise, Ma'am. She was just Ma'am now. I read the message, she said she had sent me a photo and said that I was to download it onto my computer. It wasn't rude, just a face photo but she was fully made up, those big brown eyes and full red mouth...oh she was stunning.

Plug your phone into the computer now, download it and I'll do the rest. I'll explain later it said. I downloaded it and watched as the photo sprang up in the corner of my screen. Odd I thought. But when I opened a sports page to have a look at what was going on it was still there. Frowning, I opened another couple of tabs. It was still there, her beautiful face, in the corner. Big enough to see but not obtrusive. I smiled. I got it. Whatever I did she would always be there. A constant.... Homework, porn, browsing, anything I did, she would be there. But what about my mum's rare usage of my computer? I would have to ask Ma'am. I couldn't have a little photo of my neighbor sitting there all the time.

Anyway, it was time to go. I arrived early and Ma'am greeted me with a big hug.

"Hi Tom, how are you?" she said with a big smile.

"I'm fine... I think. I'm still processing last night Ma'am. This is amazing but scary. I don't really understand what is happening to me."

She gave me another big hug.

"You are doing great. What's the problem? If you want, we can go our separate ways. I'll delete the program on your computer and it's over. But I know that's not what you want, and it's not what I want either. Trust me, you are beginning to recognize what you are. It will be difficult. Everything you've seen all your life has told you that men are in charge. Men should be strong and the masters of their destiny. But that just isn't true for most men, and it is definitely not true for you. I knew it the moment I met you in your kitchen. There is incredible strength to be found in letting go, in willingly allowing someone to be everything to you. I know it's a lot to take in Tom. I do know what is best for you. I will make you a man you never thought you could be."

I stood there silently for a few moments. She was right, I wasn't being forced into anything and what had actually happened? I couldn't watch much porn or masturbate as often as I would like. What was probably true was that I was much more likely to get my grades and go to university by following Ma'am's lead.

On top of that I was besotted with her and incredibly excited by where this was going.

I trust you Ma'am, completely. I want to please you and do my best, not only for you but for myself too."

She gave me another big hug and said, "Great! Come on, you've got work to do."

I was at the far end of the grounds clearing some overgrown bushes and scrub when it started raining,

"Tom! Come inside." I heard her call. I picked up the tools and jogged back to the house.

"You can't work out there in this. There are things to do inside, come down to the cellar with me."

She headed for the stairs,

"Excuse me Ma'am," I said, "can I go first please?"

She turned and smiled saying, "good boy, you remembered." She gave me a playful slap on the ass as I walked past her to the stairs.

Clearly an electrician had been here since my last visit. There was some recessed lighting and a few spotlights along with some sockets for electrical equipment. She pointed to a few lengths of wood that were secured in bubble wrap and a canvas bag.

"Start with that," she said. "Build it and then secure it on that far wall, right in the middle. There's some tools and a drill to use. There are some instructions too. Give me a shout if you get stuck." She went back up the stairs and I got busy.

There were only 4 pieces of wood, 2 long, 2 short, with various holes drilled in them. What could you make with this I pondered? I stripped the bubble wrap, the wood was beautifully finished, oak at a guess and varnished perfectly. I moved everything closer to where I was going to secure it and looked at the instructions.

My heart skipped a beat. The 2 long pieces formed a X shape, with the 2 smaller pieces acting as braces at the top and bottom. I had watched enough femdom porn to know exactly what this was, a St. Andrew's cross. I looked back at all the other stuff in the cellar. What had she said a few weeks ago? The boxes labelled D go in the.... cellar? No, I knew what D stood for now.

D is for dungeon. I broke out in a light sweat as all the pieces fell into place. I had been so confused and besotted with her I was amazed I hadn't realized before. The correct word was Domme, she was a Domme or Mistress or Dominatrix. My subconscious must have known.

This wasn't just being a bit bossy or being a control freak, this was another level entirely. Yet again I felt scared and excited at the same time. I could feel my cock growing. My cock knows I thought, it knows what I want and what I need just as Ma'am does.

I started building, it wasn't tricky. Large coach bolts slipped easily into pre-drilled and recessed holes. I tightened them all up then opened the canvas bag. Ahhh.... lots and lots of thick leather straps and some more fixings. There was a labeling system. Clearly the longest belt went in the middle and the 8 other belts went on the 4 spars.

There it was in all its glory. Before my imagination could run away with me, I set about fixing it to the wall. I drilled holes in the brickwork, carefully shifted it into position and there it was. I stepped back, partly to check my work and partly to take a good look at it.

It was a high-quality piece but then I wouldn't have expected anything different from Ma'am.

Only one thing left to do now, "Ma'am, I've finished" I called up the stairs.

She came down the stairs and admired my handiwork. Going back to the door she turned one of the spotlights on that shone directly onto the cross. She dimmed it a little walked back to me and said, "Lovely. It looks perfect there. What do you think Tom?"

It was a thing of beauty but menacing too. The light reflected off the highly polished wood and glinted off the silver buckles on the straps.

"It's great Ma'am, " and laughed quietly, "I think I know what the D means on the boxes now Ma'am.

She laughed too. "Clever boy!" She smacked my bum. "Do you want to try it out?"

She turned, too close as always. Her eyes were boring into me. It wasn't a question really. I mean it was, but we both knew what my answer would be.

Quietly I said, "Yes Ma'am."

"Ask me nicely boy."

"Please Ma'am, will you secure me to the St. Andrew's cross?"

That came out far too easily, she smiled.

"Of course, I'd love to."

I walked towards it, unsure of which way round she wanted me.

"There's a slight problem boy."

I paused,

"What's that Ma'am?"

"You are still fully clothed. Get them off, now."

There was that tone again, not harsh, or loud but unmistakable. I immediately complied, realizing as I got to my boxers that I was semi erect. She's seen it before I thought as I slipped them off.

"Oh look." she said and laughed, "back to the cross, legs spread and arms up boy."

My heart was beating hard, cock stiffening. This was like all the stuff I had devoured on the net. This was real though; I was really doing this. I turned and stood. She was right next to me; I could smell a slight whiff of perfume as she attached the belt across my waist. Next came the legs, thighs then ankles. Arms last, upper arm then wrists.

"Don't speak." She breathed, "I just want to admire the view. It's been a while."

As she just looked, my heart was pounding along with my cock. I did notice a slight flush in her cheeks though. Moving towards me she said, "Just a couple of minor adjustments" and she methodically went round every strap and tightened them another notch or two.

"Try to move" she said. I couldn't obviously, but the act of trying reinforced my predicament. I couldn't move a muscle. Excitement coursed through me. I was helpless, utterly immobilized. I was totally at her mercy.

"Relax boy, breathe slowly and deeply. Do you trust me?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Do you want me to let you go?"

"No Ma'am."

"Excellent, thank you boy. Stay there... back in a tick."

She disappeared up the stairs leaving me slightly stunned. All those years of watching and reading, and here I was, living the dream, so to speak.

Scared and aroused, I had spent a lot of time like that recently. I was learning to enjoy it. The endorphins, the adrenaline, through the fear, maybe even because of the fear I was buzzing.

I saw the boots first as she came down the stairs. The boots I first saw in her room. They were stunning but the view kept getting better as she descended. A tight leather skirt was complimented by a leather halter top held together by a crisscross of leather twine. It was tight enough to slightly compress her breasts forming a lovely cleavage.

She had done her make up just like the photo she had sent me. The eyes accentuated and her full sensual lips a beautiful deep red.

I still don't know how women walk in those heels, but some do it better than others. She did it perfectly. No hesitation, just a purposeful hip swaying walk right up to me. With my legs spread 3 feet apart and her heels she was now a fraction taller than me.

My mouth opened, then closed. She had told me not to speak. She slowly traced a line with a fingertip up and down my arm, then onto my chest. Then she made some small soft circles around my hard nipples and said, "Did you cum last night boy?"

"No Ma'am, I didn't." I replied. She continued staring into my eyes and caressing my nipples.

"No, you didn't did you? Good boy. I bet you wanted to though."

Remembering how she had emphasized the truth I said, "Yes Ma'am I did. But not as much as I thought I would. You had told me not to and it was far more important to me to not disappoint you."

"Good boy, well done."

I loved getting praise from her. When it happened, it seemed like the best thing in the world.

"There seems to be something coming between us," she said with a smirk as she stepped back a little. I was still rock hard.

"Well, someone seems very happy to be bound, vulnerable and totally at my mercy."

"Do you want me to touch it?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Ask nicely."

"Please Ma'am, please touch my cock Ma'am. I beg you."

"Begging, that's nice. Seeing as you begged."

Just like last night she started rubbing one finger up and down the underside, not much pressure. Slowly up and down, up and down. I wanted so much more and tried to thrust my hips forward and obviously got nowhere. She smiled and said "Easy tiger. Remember who is in charge here. I decide exactly what happens to your cock and how it happens. Just relax. That is the way things should be, isn't it?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Yes what?"

I hesitated for just a moment

"Yes Ma'am. You control everything that happens to my cock Ma'am.... please Ma'am?"

That last bit just slipped out,

"Please what boy?"

We both knew what I meant, please please make me cum! But I knew I couldn't say that.

"Please Ma'am, take control of my cock. It's yours Ma'am, I beg you Ma'am."

Again, this was going in a direction I hadn't hoped for. I was begging her to control my cock.

"And what about your orgasms boy?"

No no no....

"Please Ma'am, I beg you, please control my orgasms too, Ma'am."

She chuckled throatily,

"Are you sure boy?"

"Yes Ma'am, please Ma'am."

"Well as you asked so nicely I will."

With that she stopped her gentle rubbing. For the second time my mouth opened then quickly closed. My cock was aching with need, throbbing with a deep lust I had never felt before. What was she doing to me?

"I'm going to let you calm down a little bit." She said and sauntered back up the stairs. I stood there, cock dancing away to its own little tune but after a few minutes it slowly started to soften a bit and I regained a tiny bit of my composure.

When she returned I caught a faint hint of coffee. While I was tied here, desperate and horny, had she just been casually having a drink and reading the paper? The difference between us couldn't have been more stark. Totally calm and in control against desperate and totally out of control.

"Much as I am enjoying this boy, and trust me I am, so far this has all been about you."

I hadn't really thought about it, I was so caught up in what she was doing to me. But she was right. It had been all about her paying me attention. Obviously, there wasn't much I could do at the moment, so I waited for her to carry on.

"Have you ever made love to a woman? Have you ever used your tongue to pleasure a woman boy?"

I hadn't, a few kisses and a couple of drunken fumbles was the limit of my experience. I told her this.

"A virgin then?" I reddened slightly, " Nice, some experience would be good but having a blank canvas to play with will be even better. Do you want to learn boy? Do you want to know how to make a woman scream in ecstasy?"

"Yes Ma'am" I eagerly replied. I wanted so much to do that for her. The discussion had quickly brought me back to full attention.

She walked over, pushed my cock down slightly and straddled me while lifting her skirt slightly. She pushed her body against mine. I could feel the heat of her pussy on the top of my cock. She gave me a deep passionate kiss. I response frantically.

She pulled her mouth away,

"Slowly boy, calm down."

Again, she kissed me, it was better this time. Our tongues softly intertwined, exploring each other.

"Better. Good boy." She said as she broke away.

I felt her hand slide down between us and she firmly grasped the base of my cock. She slowly drew her body away and I could feel the wet heat as my cock slid along her lips. I waited for her to plunge my cock deep inside herself, but she didn't. She kept sliding back until just the tip of my cock was in contact with her.

She shifted slightly and said "Can you feel that? It's my clit. Sexually it is the most important part of a woman's body."

I felt it's heat on the tip of my cock. Using her body and her firm grip on me she started moving my tip around on her clit. I could hear her breathing now, slightly faster, a little ragged. So smooth and slick, her little nub moved across my knob. She gently started shaking my cock, almost making it into slow vibrator. I was in heaven, I was....

"Don't," she said, "think about me, think about my pleasure. Only about me."

I closed my eyes, I listened to her breathing getting quicker and quicker. Her grip on my cock was getting tighter and tighter. Please her, don't let her down, let her cum. I ran these through my head trying to block out the feelings in my cock.

Suddenly she exhaled and let out a long moan of ecstasy. Her whole body was shaking. She fell away from me, letting go of me literally seconds before I would of cum. She put her hands on my shoulders and head against my chest to steady herself as the powerful orgasm slowly ebbed through her. She stood like that for about a minute as she slowly recovered.

She brought her head up. She looked slightly frazzled, but she was glowing and still looked magnificent.

"That was quick, it's been too long since I had someone to play with. Mmm, thank you Tom. That was just lovely."

I smiled broadly and said "You're very welcome Ma'am. That was... I dunno... amazing."

"How close were you?"

"Very close Ma'am, but I'm trying to learn. I just kept thinking about you and giving you what you deserve and not about my own needs."

"You did very well. I'm surprised you managed. I must be a good teacher."

She winked and stood up properly.

"God, I haven't been that wet in quite a while. Solo fun is all well and good, but things get so much more interesting when there is someone else involved."

"I will have to take your word for that, Ma'am."

"Right, I'm going to release you now and turn you round."

She unbuckled the straps and made me face the wall after a few seconds to shake my arms out. Quickly I was strapped down again with my ass facing her. She couldn't resist giving it a quick slap.

"Can you look down Tom? What can you see?"

I craned my neck a little and looked. On the floor was all the dust and debris from the holes I had drilled.

"Oh, sorry Ma'am. I must have missed that bit."

"You didn't miss it boy. The brush hasn't even been used, you didn't even try to clean up. That's one thing, you were careless. But more seriously you just lied to me didn't you boy?"

She was right, almost unconsciously I had tried to bluff my way out with a lie, and I had been caught.

"Well, what do you have to say for yourself boy?"

I had messed up and I knew it.

"I'm so sorry Ma'am. That was stupid of me. I apologize Ma'am. Please forgive me."

There was silence for a second.

"You know how I feel about lying don't you? Yet you did it so casually. I am very disappointed, especially after you had done so well. I had thought about allowing you an orgasm but that is certainly not going to happen now. What do you think I should do with you now boy?"

I was pretty sure what the answer to that question was, especially given my current position.

"I should be taught a lesson Ma'am. I'm so sorry to have let you down."

"Correct, you need to be taught that bad behavior will not be tolerated and that there will be consequences."

I heard her move away and then the sound of a box or 2 being opened. I was feeling very apprehensive now. Some pain was going to come my way, but I knew I deserved it. My cock wasn't sure how to react though. It had gone down a little but was slowly springing back to life. What the hell? I guess it was all the memories of videos I had watched involving dungeons while jerking off. This was real though, and my cock had decided it liked the idea.

She was behind me now,

"That's interesting boy, why is your cock still hard?"

I didn't really know what to say and stumbled a response about my memories.

"Don't worry. We will have plenty of opportunities to explore that in the future. I do have sadistic tendencies that need to be sated."

My cock stayed hard while my mind raced, flicking through all the nastier videos.

My thought process was interrupted by four nails slowly dragging their way down my back. The pain was sharp but very short lived.

"Such a pert white little bottom. It will look lovely with some red on it."

I felt something being drawn slowly across each cheek then a light tapping. Without warning 'thwack' against my ass. I grunted as a sharp pain radiated across both cheeks. This pain didn't fade as quickly. I exhaled and felt it slowly fade until 'thwack' another strike just above the first. This time I inhaled quickly through gritted teeth. That hurt, it really stung. She wasn't playing, or at least I hoped she wasn't as I'd hate to experience anything much worse than this.

'Thwack,' a 3rd stroke, this time just below the 1st one. Again, a grunt escaped me, 3 more blows hit my ass each about 10 seconds apart and perfectly spaced about an inch or so apart. My shoulders and back were tensed up and my hands were in tight fists. My cock had gone down a little but was still quite hard. She pressed herself against me and ran her hands down my sides.

"Are you alright?" She whispered in my ear.

Her hands went up to my shoulders and pushed gently down on them until I relaxed a bit.

"Yes Ma'am. Thank you, Ma'am" I said exhaling slowly. My ass was stinging, the pain seemed to radiate through it.

"It's good to know that you have decent pain threshold. I don't like screamers. Well done boy."

I felt stupidly proud again, despite the fact I was only being punished because I had lied and messed up.

She was kissing the back of my neck and massaging the tense muscles in my shoulders when she whispered,

"6 of the best, a traditional punishment. Those were because you didn't clean up. Now we come to the lies."

No amount of massage was going to relieve the sudden tension that hit me. The lying was the biggest sin, God, what would she do to me?

"You know you deserve to be punished, don't you?"

I gulped "Yes Ma'am."

"Beg me for your punishment."

"Please Ma'am, please punish me. I deserve it, I lied and that is unacceptable Ma'am. I need to learn, please Ma'am. Please hurt me..."

I was babbling.

"Shhh... quiet boy." I fell silent, shaking.

"I'm just messing with you, this time. You've never been in this situation before but understand that your innocence and naivety won't make any difference in the future. I'm just going to give you one more stroke, OK?"

"Yes, Ma'am thank you Ma'am."

There was the cane again sliding across my cheeks and suddenly 'thwack' as the last blow landed squarely on top of the first. The pain flew through me, and a long high pitch groan escaped. Every muscle was jumping as my body shook. I had never felt anything like that before. I was dazed and slightly shocked.

"It's over now baby, just relax and breathe."

She undid my arm straps first and held my arms as I lowered them down then came the legs and finally the waist strap.

She turned me round and gave me another big hug. The last blow had seen off my erection. My body had been unable to process anything other than that pain.

"Come with me." She said and gently led me out of the dungeon and up to her bedroom.

She had a quick look at my ass.

"You'll live." She joked and told me to lie on the bed. I gingerly climbed on and lay down. The stinging returned but it was manageable and was slowly fading.

She had gone into the en-suite and returned wearing a long silk dressing gown.

She got on the bed and folded herself around me, her head on my shoulder, an arm over my chest and one leg between mine.

"Don't say anything Tom, just calm your mind and body down."

We lay there breathing slowly, her hand moving occasionally against my chest.

After a few minutes she asked me how I was feeling. I didn't know how to explain, it felt like I was coming down from some sort of high. I was calm but sort of alert. I could feel my body... it didn't make sense. She said that it was fine. Not only had I just experienced what for me had been a long-term fantasy made real but that I had experienced pain in a way I never had before. My brain would process it and she would be there for me. After care was a very important between 2 people in this situation she explained.

I could feel some sense of reality or normality returning as Ma'am snuggled against me. I also started to feel a bit of interest down below.

She noticed and moved her hand down just beside it but not touching it.

"What about this beauty then? You've got quite a specimen there, Tom."

Unsurprisingly this talk caused it to harden.

"Your penis is going to give me so much pleasure Tom. It has been a while since I had sex and a long time since I found one like this.

I do quite a lot of pelvic floor exercises so I'm very tight. Luckily you make me very wet."

It was like a steel girder again, her hand was so close. I tried to shift and turn a little but a little pressure on my thigh told me to stay still.

"Good boy."

I lay there not quite believing how I could feel this happy while feeling this horny. I had the distinct impression that sexual frustration was going to be a constant companion and I remembered what she had said about men and their orgasms.

Frustration, did it matter? It did but it meant nothing when compared to my other feelings.

Is this love I wondered? Infatuation? It was a moot point. All I wanted to do was grab her and hold her, kiss her, and thank her. I was hers. I was as happy as I had ever been.

"What are you thinking?" She asked and I told her I was thinking about what she had told me about men's and women's orgasms.

Then I said, "Can I do anything for you Ma'am? Can I give you another orgasm?"

I wouldn't have thought of saying those words to a woman a few weeks ago for sure.

"Thanks baby" she purred, "you can. Scoot down the bed a little."

I shifted down and was rudely reminded of the welts on my ass.

"Ow." I said smiling. She laughed,

"Aww my poor baby. Put your arms by your sides."

With that she deftly straddled me, and I looked down to see her dressing gown fall open. Perfect, just perfect.

"Nice view? She asked.

"Beautiful." I replied.

She did a little hopping motion and suddenly my cock was stuck between our stomachs. She thrust her groin towards me, and I felt her slick pussy slide up my cock again. She slid slowly up and down as we both became more aroused. Then she moved a little further up me and I felt my knob press against her clit. I was in heaven as she made tiny little movements, her most sensitive spot rubbing against mine.

I tried to breathe and relax, she saw that and smiled as her own arousal grew.

"Are you ready baby? God I'm looking forward to this."

"Yes ,Ma'am please, Ma'am."

I couldn't last too much longer, whatever I did.

"It's time." I felt her shift a little, oh yes, "It's time for you to start learning how to properly please a woman" and with that she knelt up out of reach.

"This is your first lesson in how to lick pussy Tom."

My face must have been a picture as she couldn't suppress a giggle.

"Something wrong baby?"

No! So close again.

Recovering I quickly said

"No Ma'am, please teach me how to lick your pussy."

She giggled again and said,

"I'll let that lie go this time. Good recovery!"

She moved up until her pussy was resting on my upper chest and my arms were pinned by my sides.

"Listen carefully" and she explained about a woman's body, in particular a woman's pussy. I had seen and read plenty about it, but she explained that most of that was from the male perspective. She told me very occasionally she would want, a quickly, but this wasn't one of those times. This was going to be slow and gentle. I was to take my time and listen. Not only to her instructions but to her body. It would tell me what to do once I learned how to interpret it. All women are different, but the key was a desire to give her what she needed.

She moved up and placed her pussy over my mouth. She didn't sit heavily but let me have space to move and explore. I didn't know how she would smell or taste. I'd heard some of the cruder descriptions and they were all wrong. She was perfect, I don't know how to describe it, but it was pure, the essence of a female. The embodiment of sexuality.

I was tentative at first, exploring and trying to learn. Ma'am gave me little tips as a went. I avoided her clit for a while. She said she liked to feel it slowly engorge before it was touched.

I felt her begin to rock to and from and I matched her rhythm.

"Clit." she said, and I moved my tongue up and found it easily. I moved carefully around it, slowly feeling my way. I could feel her body moving, the muscles in her legs and pussy contracting and relaxing, her breathing slowly accelerating. Some low moans told me I was doing well, and I started lapping at her clit.

"No, gentle."

So, I made my touch softer, more delicate.

"Mmm yeah, yeah."

I was encouraged to go ever so slowly then started to apply a bit more pressure. I could feel the tension in her now, building as her rhythmical movements got quicker. She pushed herself down on me a bit harder and I kept the pressure on, little circles, up and down and across.

" Oh yes, oh oh."

I had never made a woman orgasm before, but I knew it was coming. Lost in her pussy, I carried on letting her decide how much force to use by how she moved her hips. Everything seemed to stop just for a millisecond, as her whole body tensed.

"Ah." She was shaking, her whole body spasming over me. Her pussy almost felt like it was vibrating on my mouth. I felt her fall forward as more moans of pleasure filled my ears.

Before we had started, she had told me that when she came, I should stop and not move, as her clit became super sensitive, but to follow her lead afterwards. Her breath was coming in short sharp gasps as the aftershocks bit her. I realized she was regaining her composure and she moaned "Again, be careful."

I hardly dared move my tongue. I made tiny motions on her clit and felt her jump and gasp at each one. Slowly, very slowly I was able to move a little more as her sensitivity decreased and before long, I was back in the groove, and she was on her way again. I changed track slightly and very delicately began massaging her clit with the very tip of my tongue. The response was almost instant. Her breathing shortened and within a minute she shuddered into another loud and deep orgasm.

"Oh god, stop stop." She panted and she shakily climbed off me. She slumped beside me, occasional tremors still running through her sweat covered body. I didn't know what to do, aftercare? I turned towards her, and her arm just pushed me back down.

"Gimme a minute." She said.

My face was covered in her sweet juices, I looked down to see my erect cock bobbing up and down. I hadn't even thought about it while as I had been utterly engrossed in her pleasure.

After a couple more minutes she said,

"Wow." and propped herself up. She was smiling broadly and looked radiant.

"You lied to me."

"What? Ma'am? Sorry, I don't understand"

She laughed, "You liar, you must have done that before Tom. That was bloody amazing! Don't go getting too cocky baby, but I think you're a natural."

She leaned over me and gave me a big sloppy kiss. I was genuinely in heaven.

"Thank you, Ma'am. I'm so happy, really so happy."

Her head flopped into my chest, and she made a couple of contented sighs.

"Maybe I'm getting a little carried away as it's been a while but that was a fine job." she mumbled into my chest. Her hand slid down to my cock and she said "I'm glad to see he enjoys my pleasure too."

Once more she stopped short of touching it, instead tracing little lines with her finger up and down my thigh. My frustration was growing but it was overshadowed by my joy at what I had given her. It was as if her pleasure, her orgasms were all that mattered now. My cock was just something she could use to stimulate more joy for her.

Suddenly she jumped up, "Come on, we need a shower."

She took me to the en-suite by the hand and we had a long hot shower together. I gently soaped her entire body, taking in every curve and marveling at her beauty. She ignored my rock-hard cock and just smiled at my occasional groan as it touched her and slipped across her skin. We dried each other off and sat on the bed.

"I have news" she said, " I'm going away for work, and a little fun tomorrow. I have some loose ends to tidy up at my old job then I'm spending a couple of days with a couple of my old girlfriends. I won't be back until late next Sunday."

I wouldn't see her tomorrow, or the weekend after either. I was devastated and it showed.

"Sorry Tom, I probably shouldn't have gone as far as I did this weekend, but I couldn't wait 2 more weeks before getting down to it with you."

I recovered a bit, "It's no problem Ma'am. I have some mock exams the week after next. I've been working harder since you told me to. My grades have improved but a week and a weekend devoted to study would do me good."

I was trying to hide how much I was going to miss her, unsuccessfully. She knew.

I will miss you too," she smiled, "but your training can wait a couple of weeks. But every day is now a lesson for you. A lesson in obedience. You must prove that you don't need me standing over you to do the right thing. I will be watching remember."

How could I forget? I saw her beautiful face every moment I was using my computer.

Man-up Tom I thought, "I will work extra hard until my mocks Ma'am, I will make you proud."

I thought for a second, "And I will be proud of myself too Ma'am. I need to heed your lessons. I will try to be the best I can be."

"Good boy, make us both proud. By the way you are banned from any porn while I'm away. I want today to be your last sexual activity until I get back."

She let that sink in...

"So, no orgasms for 2 weeks Ma'am?"

"You're assuming you will have one when I get back boy."

The stern tone was back.

"Sorry Ma'am."

"I want all your energy focused on those exams. I want you to pass all of them, with flying colors. You know my rules, always do your best. Will you do that for me Tom?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Say it."

"I promise not to orgasm and to work hard and do my best Ma'am. Thank you. Ma'am."

I had said it, and I had meant it too. 2 weeks of hard work and no orgasms. I could do that.... for her. The work would be my only distraction as porn and gaming was no longer an option.

"Stay for dinner Tom." She quickly said.

The rest of the evening was completely normal. I struggled to flip between being totally dominated by her and then being in an apparently normal 'dinner and chat' situation. She had done this sort of thing before, gone from one person to another in the blink of an eye, I hadn't.

It wasn't entirely normal though, as I was naked the whole time. Bizarrely though it seemed to not bother me at all. She was clothed, I was naked. End of story.

Dinner was lovely, I helped where I could, setting the table and doing the dishes.

We shared a bottle of wine. It was a really nice evening.

"It's late Tom, I have to up pretty early tomorrow."

She gave me a big hug, "This is good Tom. I've pushed you and you haven't let me down."

She touched my face, "I will see you soon and I'll text you to see how you are getting on."

"Ma'am, I'm so glad I have pleased you. Thank you, thank you for everything."

We hugged again and I opened the door to leave. She burst out laughing. I stopped, confused. She was still laughing, even harder now.

"This is great, not only are you a natural with your tongue but you're a natural submissive. Why do you think I'm laughing so hard Tom?"

I froze, fucking hell! I was still stark naked! I burst into laughter too.

"Oh, this is priceless!" She was in fits of laughter, so was I.

"I should make you go home naked!"

We laughed some more, to my great relief and after some mock begging I got dressed and went home.

Part 2

I wandered home on cloud 9. Ma'am was amazing, Ma'am was incredible, Ma'am was beautiful. I was going to miss her though, and with no porn or gaming to do it was going to be a long 2 weeks. I guess I could spend more time watching TV or with my mum... or I could immerse myself in my studies. Yep, that was it. Study. That's what she wanted; she wanted me to better myself so that is what I would do. Like most teenagers the future wasn't really that important. I knew I wanted to go to university but more for the experience than the education, but it was dawning on me that my education was important. She knew it was and I was realizing it too.

At home I was a bit aimless, I did a bit of cleaning and watched a little TV. I went to my room and sat in front of the computer. I was suddenly aware that everything I did here was now being logged. Usually, I would be straight to some porn on a Saturday evening but instead I just did some social media stuff, threw out a few "lols" at some posts my friends had posted.

A couple of people were asking me about my birthday as it was 3 weeks away. I replied, no big deal, maybe go into town. Somebody had spotted that a half decent band were playing. Maybe do that, have a few drinks... I was going to be 19 after all. The thing was I'd rather be with her. I had some good mates but at this moment they didn't seem as important to me.

Christ, I was tired. All the excitement was wearing off. I went downstairs, got a beer, and watched TV for a while then went to bed. One welt was quite sore but otherwise my ass was OK.

I slept like a baby and as usual woke up with a stiffie. It felt like it might have been there all night and I slipped my hand down and started to stroke.

I sat bolt upright. Hang on, hands off Tom. That's not allowed. I briefly felt annoyed but told myself to stay strong.

Day 1 and I'm struggling. Get a grip. I had some breakfast. It had been agreed by some of my mates that the band and a night out would do. It was a Friday so I would still be able to see Ma'am that weekend.

I turned on the computer and looked at her face. Beautiful yet demanding. I started studying and kept at it until lunchtime. I tried to carry on in the afternoon, but I had too much nervous energy to concentrate properly so I decided to go for a run. That would help, burn off some energy and keep fit. When I got home my mum was back. She had had a brilliant time with her friends, and I was really pleased for her. She even commented on how clean the house was and I blushed, little did she know!

Later that evening I was back in my room, doing a bit of studying but I was mainly looking at Ma'am in the corner off my screen.

My cock twitched a little and I wished I could access some porn. I wanted to see bound men and latex clad Dommies.

Hang on a second, my phone! Why hadn't that occurred to me? I couldn't put it through my computer to watch on a bigger screen but so what? A small Domme was better than no Domme at all.

I went immediately to my favorite site and found something suitable. It started playing and I began to stiffen. The sub was tied spreadeagled to a bed and the Domme was teasing his nipples and his cock which was in a chastity cage. I could see his flesh bulging through the bars as his cock tried to escape. It looked a bit painful, but I found it very erotic. After a minute or so she unlocked him and somehow pulled the cage off him. His cock flopped on to his stomach and quickly hardened. Mine was already very hard. I watched as the Domme slowly ran one finger up and down his cock. It was exactly like what Ma'am had done to me.

What Ma'am had done to me.

Ma'am.

My promise, my hand stopped moving. I had promised, I remembered the pride I felt as I said it and the smile she had given me. I hadn't lasted a day, pathetic.

OK, I had stopped. I hadn't cum. I logged out of the site and took a deep breath. This was good, well maybe not good as I had watched some porn but I had realized my mistake. It wasn't a 'good boy' moment but I was learning. She was definitely in my head, the chances that I would ever have stopped in that situation a few weeks ago were zero, but now I had. Rome wasn't built in a day, so I gave myself a small internal 'good boy' tucked my cock away and went downstairs feeling pretty good.

I woke up hard again on Monday morning, but I ignored it and went off to school. They were ramping up the workload a bit now, so I had no problem when I got home in finding things to occupy my time. I even did an hour or so extra. No doubt that the mini Ma'am in the screen corner helped.

Tuesday became Wednesday, I was still keeping busy. I had exchanged a couple of texts and emails with Ma'am but I figured she probably didn't want as much attention as I wanted to give her. She did something in finance, it sounded quite serious, so I just replied to whatever she sent and left it there.

I finished earlier than usual on Wednesday. I pottered around online for a bit. Bored, I stretched in my chair and noticed that I could still feel that big welt. Taking my clothes off I had a look in the mirror. All the other marks had gone but the double hit welt was still visible. A slightly raised horizontal red line across both cheeks. I remembered being bound to the cross and Ma'am teasing me.

"Forget it" I thought and went back to the chair. I propped my phone up against the laptop screen, found what I needed and got down to it. I tried to go slow but all too soon I came. Big load too I thought but then it had been 5 days. I felt a twinge of guilt but not too much. I was an 18-year-old boy, you can't expect miracles. After clearing up I aimlessly browsed some more porn on my phone then went to bed.

I got in the habit of masturbating once a day, just once. I rationalized this by firstly saying she would never know and by each day attempting to make it last a bit longer. By next Wednesday I was feeling quite proud, I had managed to last nearly 15 minutes. Hopefully this would pay off when I next saw Ma'am.

Birthday on Friday, Ma'am on Saturday. It was going to be a very good weekend.

I woke on Friday with lots of messages from family and friends, and one from Ma'am. Along with a very cheesy e birthday card she said that she would be back on Saturday. She thought operating power tools with a hangover in the morning probably wasn't a good idea, but would I be able to come over in the evening, around 7 o'clock. She wanted to wish me happy birthday and give me a special present. There was a devil emoji and a wink after this.

Wild horses couldn't have stopped me, I told her I would love to come round. I couldn't stop smiling... a special present. My heart raced.

Friday night was great, most of my best mates were there. The band rocked and we all got pretty drunk. I stumbled home at about 1am, got a glass of water and fell into bed.

I woke up at about 10 feeling groggy. Ma'am was right, I would have been useless at hers. But being 18, I mean 19, I recovered quickly and was feeling fine by the afternoon. I couldn't wait to see her. Time seemed to crawl, I did some revision but I'm not sure it was worth it. I told my mum I was popping into the village with some friends, and headed off with a big smile on my face.

I knocked on the door,

"Hey birthday boy! Come in."

She gave me a big hug and a big sloppy kiss.

She was wearing skintight black leggings and a tight black top, accentuating every curve. We chatted about last night and I asked how her trip went. It was all good, very good. I couldn't take my eyes off her, she was glowing.

"Right then, time for your present I think."

She gave me a deep passionate kiss, laughed, and led me by the hand into the dungeon. I was pretty sure my cock was going to rip straight through my jeans.

"Clothes off, and back to the cross baby."

My clothes came off in record time and she deftly secured me.

"He's seems very happy," she purred and gave it a quick squeeze.

She then unfolded a little table and put it in front of me and placed what looked like a cool box next to it. This seemed odd but what did I know I thought.

"Back in a tick." She went up the stairs and came back very quickly with a laptop which she placed on the table. Moving close to me she held my cock very gently and moved it slowly up and down, just an inch or two. It felt so good.

"So, I've been watching you boy. You've been doing lots of work these last couple of weeks haven't you?"

"Yes Ma'am, I've received 2 'A's this week."

"I know boy, well done. You never asked me specifically what I do for a living. I'm co-owner of a small financial company that specializes in finding fraudulent activities. Not big corporations, just individuals that are ripping their employers off."

Her hand still felt amazing, but I wasn't really sure why she was telling me this now. Was my mum secretly a high-level fraudster? That seemed incredibly unlikely. Was this some kind of blackmail scam? I couldn't see that either. We didn't have enough money to go to all this trouble.

"That bit of spyware I installed in your computer is state of the art. The analytics it sends back are mind blowing. It can do other things too."

She opened the laptop, pressed a few buttons and in front of me were exact details of everything I had done since it had been installed. It was as if my computer was in the room. I still had no idea where this was going but I couldn't see where my special present was coming from.

"That's very impressive Ma'am" was all I could say, and to be fair it was.

She came back to me, smiled, and resumed her gentle ministrations.

"As I said it can do other things. Remember that photo I sent you to download? There was a reason for that. When you plugged your phone in to the computer it immediately downloaded a program into that too."

Ah, I thought, I can see a problem here.

She smiled again,

" I think the penny has dropped... I have been able to see everything that you have been doing on your phone too."

I opened my mouth, I'm not sure what I was going to say but she stopped me.

"Don't bother boy. Phones are quite well encrypted these days so I couldn't get access to your camera or microphone. However, I do have access to them on your computer. Your laptop webcam has basically been on 24/7 for the last couple of weeks."

She went back to her laptop, clicked a few more buttons and stepped back.

"It really was good of you to rest your phone on the laptop."

I watched in horror as short video clips showed me masturbating away, day after day. I watched myself cum and clean it up. I even watched myself scoop some of it up and eat it.

I stood there, bound, shocked as clip after clip played. Oh shit. This was bad, this was so bad. I was genuinely scared now, sweating and breathing hard.

"Words can't really describe how disappointed I am boy. But I expected it really. I knew it was too much to ask but I had hoped that maybe, just maybe, you were going to surprise me."

My cock had shrunk back to its flaccid state with the fear, but Ma'am's words hit me like a hammer. I had been given this amazing opportunity to be with a truly incredible woman and I had totally and utterly fucked it up. I could feel tears welling up. What an idiot, what an absolute moron I was.

She shut the laptop and stood in front of me and just stared.

I broke and started babbling out nonsense, anything that would maybe help. I was sorry, I could change, give me another chance and god knows what else.

She just watched impassively until my ramble came to an incoherent finish.

"What am I to do with you boy? I am tempted to just be done with you and never see you again. I am also tempted to damage you so badly that I'll have to call an ambulance to get you out of here."

She left that one hanging in the air. My fear returned in spades. She could do anything she wanted to me right now and there wasn't a damn thing I could do to stop her.

"However, I have seen a noticeable improvement in you in a lot of ways. I can also see a lot of potential, both in you and in us."

OK I thought, maybe I will get out of this alive. Maybe I'll even get out of this and still have some kind of relationship.

"Stop shaking boy, I'm not going to hurt you, well not much anyway and I do want to keep seeing you but there have to be some major changes from you."

"Yes Ma'am, thank you Ma'am. I'm so grateful and so sorry Ma'am.

"I know you are boy. I know how much this means to you. Do you want your present?"

I was hardly able to say no but this was a surprise change of direction again.

"Err yes. Yes, thank you Ma'am"

She collected a small black box from upstairs and put it on the table. There was a pause,

"Guess I will have to open it for you. Any ideas?"

I haven't got a clue Ma'am." I honestly replied.

She picked the box up and opened the lid. Inside was a black velvet bag.

Jewelry I thought? Surely not.

She gently teased the cord holding the bag closed, put her hand inside...

"Ready?" She said.

"Yes Ma'am," and from inside the bag she brought out a beautiful, polished metal chastity device. She placed it on her palm and lifted it up for me to see better.

"Beautiful, isn't it? Hand made by a specialist."

It was indeed beautiful. I had seen chastity devices before, even browsed Ebay a few times wondering about them but in comparison to this they were cheap and nasty looking things. It almost seemed to glow under the spotlight. The base ring was thicker than most I had seen, probably three quarters of an inch deep with a slight curve to it. The cage was a series of bars with cross bars for strength. It had an integrated lock too, that again looked slightly bigger than previous ones I'd looked at.

"It is a work of art Ma'am"

My cock had ironically sprung back to life despite my realization that I was almost certainly soon to wearing something that was designed to stop exactly that.

"Now that is exactly the reaction I had hoped for boy. I had noted that quite a few of your videos featured chaste men. Obviously in those videos the men get released and usually have an orgasm. But as I've said before most porn is made from the male perspective."

She let that sink in while holding the device in front of me. It was both sexy and scary. I had read about chastity, but I knew that actually experiencing it would be a completely different story.

"Let me tell you about this cage," she said,

"It's made from a steel chromium alloy, one of the strongest metals in existence. An angle grinder wouldn't even touch it, assuming you were daft enough to try. The bars are connected seamlessly so there are no little burrs or sharp edges. You might have noticed that the integrated lock is a bit bigger than usual. The lock and the casing, which completely covers the lock are both made from the same alloy. When locked no part of the mechanism is exposed and there is a small screw in plug with rubber flanges that forms an air and watertight seal so the lock will stay in pristine condition. The lock is custom made by one of the world's top manufacturers. There are probably fewer than 10 people in the world who could pick it.

I've been in discussion with the manufacturer and showed him photos of you. There is a camera in here too by the way, and he is sure that this will fit perfectly. He always errs on the side of too small just to be on the safe side."

This talk wasn't softening my cock at all, quite the opposite if anything. Ma'am was clearly very pleased by that.

"Good boy, well your cock had made a clear choice. He wants it a lot. But how about you boy? Before you decide let me say a few things. Firstly, you have clearly proven over the last 2 weeks that you cannot be trusted to control your urges. Don't worry, few men can. But your urges and desires have made you lie and cheat. That is unacceptable. Secondly, you clearly have a big chastity fantasy. It's in your psyche to want to be controlled and nothing is more powerful than wanting your manhood, the very essence of what makes you a man, to be taken from you. Thirdly, this is pretty much a deal breaker. If you don't want to try, then I will let you go right now and you walk away. No hard feelings either way but we both know that there is a lot of potential here. Lastly, I must warn you. This isn't a 10-minute video. This will be very real. It doesn't come off every day for an orgasm. I will unlock it when I want, I will lock it when I want, and what happens when it's unlocked is entirely up to me. I want total and unlimited control over your cock and your orgasms."

In my psyche? She was right. My cock was still at full erection. I would agree to anything right now.

"I'm going upstairs for 10 minutes. You will give me your decision when I get back."

I was left there, strapped immobile to the cross, cock helplessly bobbing away looking at the beautiful device on the table.

I took a moment; she always told me to relax and breathe so I did. This was serious. I had put myself in this predicament by my own hand, literally as it turned out. I had lied and cheated just for a few cheap thrills. I trusted her. She knew I was submissive; I had always suspected but had never really had to confront it until now. It occurred to me that chastity was always probably going to have been part of our relationship in the future, but that I had forced her hand. Had I done it deliberately, or through my subconscious? That was way too deep for me to consider. Maybe I would bring it up with her at some time in the future. The future kept coming into my mind. I wanted it to have her in it. I needed her in my life for so many reasons.

Decision made. I relaxed a little and waited.

Down she came. She stood directly in front of me and put her hand on my chest.

"Have you made your choice Tom?"

"Yes Ma'am, I have."

I knew what was expected.

"Ma'am. Please lock me in chastity. I want you to have complete control over my cock and my orgasms. I willingly give you my cock Ma'am."

She kept her hand on my chest. I knew she could feel my heart thumping away.

"Are you certain?"

"I am Ma'am. I trust you completely. I beg you to take my manhood."

She smiled and took a breath.

"I will my boy. Thank you, thank you so much. This isn't a very dominant thing to say but I demand honesty from you, and I will give you honesty in return. I was climbing the walls up there. I was worried I had gone too far, worried you would be too scared and run. But I trusted my instincts and I was right to.

"Right then, let's sort this big boy out."

Her hand slid down my chest and gripped my rigid member. She massaged it gently at first, right down at the base. Watching carefully, she modulated her speed, feeling the pulses in my shaft. Moving to my head she deftly slid my foreskin down and let her fingertips graze across my sensitive knob. She licked her fingers, wrapped them around me and pumped slowly back and forth. I was in heaven. All my thoughts were centered on the amazing sensations she was creating. I closed my eyes and let the feelings engulf me. It was building, it was coming. I was moaning softly, and barely registered a little noise in the background. Oh yeah, oh yeah...

Suddenly my cock was gripped by something freezing cold. I cried out, what was happening? My eyes flew open, and I saw that with her other hand she had reached down, opened the cool box I had seen earlier and had wrapped my cock up tightly in a freezing cold towel.

"Ahhh nooo!" I cried out, "Ma'am, please no."

She just smiled, a different smile, a wicked smile. It was the physical equivalent of that tone of voice I had heard a few times. This was her as a Domme.

"Ah Ma'am, please Ma'am"

She laughed and said, "Have I punished you for lying to me and cheating yet?"

"No. Oh Ma'am please. No, you haven't." The towel was chilling my cock to the core, it rapidly began to shrink.

"If you hadn't cheated I would have given you a birthday orgasm you would have never forgotten, boy. But you did, and now they are mine."

My cock hurt from the cold, really hurt yet she kept the pressure on. She moved the towel around to make sure the coldest parts remained pressed against my withering cock.

"You know that bad behavior gets you punished boy. There's no orgasm for you tonight. It's time we tried your special present out."

Ah damn it. It was my own fault, I knew that, but I had been convinced that she was going to give me a different present.

She kept the towel on my cock for much longer than necessary, enjoying my discomfort. Eventually the towel came off and I looked down. My cock looked like I had been skinny dipping in the Arctic Ocean.

"Oh look," she said, "you're quite proud of your cock aren't you boy? It doesn't look so big now does it?"

I groaned.

"No Ma'am, it doesn't."

"Looks like the cold has tightened those balls up a bit too."

With that she put her thumb and forefinger around them and began squeezing and pulling. I grunted a little, but she wasn't trying to hurt me, she was just extending and loosening me up a bit. She let go and picked up the base ring. Holding it close to my balls she started pulling some loose skin through. She slid

my first ball through easily, the second was a slightly tighter fit but with a bit of pressure it popped through the ring.

Quickly she got the end of my cock and unceremoniously stuffed it through the ring. She pulled all the skin around until she was satisfied everything was in order. Smiling she picked up the cage.

"You sure?"

I gulped. "Yes Ma'am. Please lock me in chastity."

My cock was starting to stir again so she deftly slid the cage down and got it in position, making sure there was no pinched skin anywhere. She had the locking mechanism with the key inserted in her hand. She held it up for me to see.

"Thank you boy."

The lock slid home perfectly, and she slowly turned the key and removed it.

Locked. My cock was locked away. She had the key.

She looked at me holding the key in the palm of her hand. Slowly she closed her hand and made a tight fist.

"I will keep this very safe; don't you worry. The other key is in a high security safety deposit box."

My cock was only just starting to expand yet the tip was already against the end of the cage and pressed against the bars running down the side. She leaned into me and gave me a long passionate kiss. It kept hardening but there was nowhere to go. As the pressure built so did my excitement. As the blood continued to flow the base ring felt smaller and smaller and it began to throb. She backed off, put her hand under my balls and lifted the device up for me to see. My engorged flesh was tight against the bars, trying to push through. The ring had moved a little away from my body but there was no give at all. Trapped, confined, and constricted I throbbed in her hand. It felt incredible. It kept trying to get harder and harder, pressing into the unforgiving steel. I groaned and fruitlessly pushed my hips forward. Nothing happened, absolutely nothing. There was nowhere for it to go. She bounced it up and down a few times.

"Your cock always looked good, but this is beautiful, just perfect."

It did look amazing, I had to agree.

"Isn't it a bit tight Ma'am?" I asked hopefully.

She laughed, "No boy, it's just right I think. As the manufacturer said it's best to err slightly on the small side. Feeling horny baby?"

"God Yes Ma'am."

"Good, me too."

She set about freeing me and we almost ran up the stairs. She threw herself on to the sofa and had her leggings off in record time. She scooted up to the end of the sofa, threw one leg across the back, and just said, "Tongue, now!"

Instantly I was buried between her thighs.

"Remember everything I taught you? Forget it, just make me cum!"

She was soaking, it didn't take long. She pulled my head into her crotch as she came. She recovered, let my head go and pulled me up on top of her. She kissed me deeply, savoring her taste on my tongue and lips.

"Lovely, lovely, lovely. It's your birthday but I've been given the best present. Thank you."

"No, thank you Ma'am. Thank you for...everything."

She shifted slightly and I could feel the heat of her pussy pressing against my caged cock. She rocked her hips, and I could feel her sliding across the curve of the cage. Almost without thinking I joined her movements. Bodies tight, we moved together. I could feel her where my engorged flesh was trying to break through the bars. It was lovely but I knew there would never be enough stimulation for me to cum.

I didn't care at all. All I cared about was this moment, her amazing body moving with mine.

She was starting to heat up again, her movement getting quicker. I tried to match her increasing the friction between my cage and her pussy.

"Oh baby, yeah... good, good. Keep going."

Her nails were digging into my back now. I kept the rhythm, as one, we sped up until she came again. Groaning she dragged her nails up my back and held my head tight as she spasmed over the cage. We lay motionless for a while as she composed herself then she put her hands on my shoulders and I leaned back away from her a little. Softly kissing me she said "Wow baby, I've never cum like that before. Oh wow."

She moved onto her side, and I slid in next to her.

"Chemistry, attraction, whatever you call it. You can't measure it or quantify it. It just is. I knew I fancied you when you first came round to work, despite the fact I'm nearly twice your age. It must have been instinct combined with your... I don't know... eager willingness. I took a gamble when I gave you those clothes to wear in the stable. I knew you were embarrassed but you put them on. I took another gamble when I told you to get on your knees and do the corners properly. By the way you did a great job first time. The corners were fine."

She laughed, I giggled and said "I remember thinking is she serious? There's nothing there. But I did it anyway. I didn't know why then but it was just right. Obeying you was just right."

She narrowed her eyes and slipped her hand down to my balls. She squeezed them gently, "Obeying me is always right boy."

She was smiling, just playing with me but I knew there was a hard truth in her words. My cock twitches involuntarily.

"See? You love it. And when you knelt there, hard in the shorts I knew I could make you my little submissive."

I kissed her gently and said, "I'm so glad you trusted your instincts Ma'am."

"I know you trust me Tom, but I just want to tell you that I will always look after you. Owning a sub is responsibility I take very seriously. I will keep you safe. I will hurt you, I like hurting subs, but I will never harm you. Do you understand?"

"I think so Ma'am. I do trust you, completely."

Her hand was playing with my balls, caressing, and squeezing them. My cock was still pressing insistently against the cage.

"Mmmm. I'm hungry boy."

She jumped up and slipped her clothes back on and beckoned me to follow her to the kitchen.

"Want a beer?"

I laughed, "Sure, thanks Ma'am."

She got a few bits and bobs out of the fridge, and we ate with a beer.

"I love the way you are so casual about being naked." She said.

"Yeah, that's new " I replied, "I've no idea where that came from. I know I'm not a bad looking boy but usually I'm quite shy around women."

"Must be your instincts, a sub naturally wants to place themselves below a Domme, wants to be vulnerable and show their submissiveness.

Like a pack of wolves, all the others know to lower their head and eyes to the pack leader."

True I thought. I naturally wanted to follow and obey her. She was the leader. She didn't have to make a big show of it, she just was. That small but vital difference between confidence and arrogance.

I cleaned up when we had finished our snacks.

"Time to go home my little chastity boy."

That sounded good. She paused, "This all seems like a lot of fun at the moment but at some point reality is going to kick in, maybe tonight, maybe next week. You are going to realize that this is for real now. It's not a video, the cage isn't just going to vanish. It's locked on and you have no choice about that."

"Yes Ma'am. I'm sure you are right. I don't really know how I'm going to react, but I will try to stay positive and think about how much my chastity means to you. Every day in chastity makes you happy, I will keep repeating that to myself."

"Good boy. I'll email you some links and advice about chastity care. They should be helpful."

We kissed and hugged, I remembered to put my clothes on, and off I went into the night.

I was still semi hard in the cage, but it felt good. It held me tight; I could feel it with every step which made me swell a little more. It was going to be there as a reminder every waking moment. I loved it but I also knew that there were going to be difficult days ahead, very difficult days.

Ma'am had already sent over the info when I got home. I got another beer and started reading. It ranged from the basic, if your balls go numb then remove the cage immediately, kind of thing to much more useful advice about moisturizing my skin, particularly around the base ring and how to cope with nocturnal erections. I had already been hard in the cage. It felt great but I had noticed as my cock forced the ring away from my body a low-level dull ache in my balls. If that was as bad as it got, then I couldn't see a problem.

One recommendation was to wear tight underwear to keep the cage in place so if I became erect there would not be too much pulling on my balls. Good call, I would try that.

My phone pinged, it was Ma'am wishing her chastity boy a good night's sleep and sweet dreams. I replied in kind and slipped into bed.

I thought about what had happened and ran my fingers over the outline of the cage. I remembered the cross and making my beautiful Domme cum. My cock began to swell as I continued stroking the steel bars, it felt amazing. I stretched and flexed my body. Oh nice. It got harder, my mind wandered to various kinky scenarios still stroking. It felt so good, I wanted to cum. I wanted to grab my hard cock and have a great big orgasm.

But I couldn't. All I could do was stroke the bars and feel my flesh through them. I moved my hand away, but the throbbing carried on. Ma'am please, I thought. She was right. This was real. There was no orgasm to relieve me. All there was my cock pressing into steel. I couldn't stop it and I couldn't stop thinking of her and her touch. The cane, the cross, her pussy, her orgasms on my mouth.

I don't know how long I lay there. She could control it by putting it behind bars, but my mind was free and it was not going to let me sleep.

Eventually sleep came, sweet dreams? I don't know but I woke with what would usually have been morning wood. I could feel that ache, but it was more painful now. I wondered how long I had been trying to get hard. Hours probably. OK, this wasn't great, but it wasn't that bad either. Have a pee, they said that would help. It did, my cock slowly softened, and the ache went away. I was due over at Ma'am's house at 11 as usual. I had some breakfast. I had put my usual jeans on. The cage was tight in them and formed what I thought was a noticeable bulge. In one sense I liked the look but practically it might seem a bit odd. Maybe a trip to the shops was for some slightly bigger trousers.

Ma'am was in the stables when I arrived. This was how I had first seen her. Knee length boots and tight jodhpurs. It was a good look on her, I loved it.

She smiled, came over and hugged me.

"Hi, how are you? How was your first night?"

I explained what had happened.

"But you feel alright though?"

"I do Ma'am. I'm a bit tired but there weren't any sharp pains or numbness or anything that would make me need to take it off."

She beamed at me,

"That's great news. Some people just can't wear a device. It doesn't matter what they do, what sort they wear. Some people just get pain they can't deal with, even issues that might need medical attention. I'm so happy that you are OK."

She winked and said,

"There will probably be times when you wish you were one of those people but too late now my chastity boy."

I laughed nervously. I could only imagine.

She noticed my jeans and I told her of my plan. She approved, saying that this was just for us. She had no desire to expose me or humiliate me in public. This was a private thing and would always remain so. She did mention that she had a couple of good friends who were "in the scene" so to speak and asked me if I would be

worried about meeting them as a sub. I asked exactly what she meant, and she said if they came over, or we went to their houses would I be OK with playing with them, being her sub with them. I was honest about being slightly worried about the idea, but I trusted her so if she trusted them, I was sure it would be fine. She assured me that they were good people, and it wouldn't happen anytime soon.

"Work time boy. I'll get your work clothes."

The tight shorts were even tighter now. The cage was clearly visible through the thin cloth. She thought it looked great, I wasn't quite so sure and told me that I could disappear if anyone showed up until she could get my normal clothes to me. I was just a handyman as far as the rest of the world was concerned.

As I went about my chores, the shorts didn't help. Every movement made me very aware of the cage. My cock swelled, then shrank many times. This was a bizarre roller coaster I thought.

Work done and inspected she told me to take my clothes off and join her in the shower.

It was amazing to be naked with her again. Getting clean wasn't really the point of the shower I realized. Our bodies moved easily against each other. My cock was raging hard in the cage as she soaped it up and made a meal of cleaning me.

She guided my hand between her legs. "Use your fingers baby. I'll teach you."

She turned so her ass was pressing down on my cage, trapping it between her cheeks. I had one hand on her breasts, playing softly with her nipples the other moving and exploring between her slippery folds. With her soft words she guided me as her passion increased. Grinding her ass into the cage she breathed, " My clit... quicker... nipples... pinch them... harder, it's OK."

She came hard, I felt her body bucking against me and held her by the waist as I felt her legs trembling beneath her. She pulled my hand away and I held her tight as she recovered. My cock was still pulsing in the cage desperate to be released, desperate to be allowed to get fully erect, desperate for her touch. She turned and held it with both hands, moving them across the cage, caressing my balls. I didn't even notice that I was moaning softly. I was lost in the moment, consumed by lust.

"Easy tiger, come on."

She put on a silk dressing gown, and I followed her down to the kitchen. I was still pretty hard in the cage. Laughing she said "Look at the state of you, it's only been a day."

I had to ask, "Please Ma'am, when can I cum?"

She smiled but that edge was there. The Domme in her was never far from the surface I realized. She hid it well, but it was integral to her personality. "I'm not going to answer that question boy. Firstly, it is no longer your concern. I am in charge of your orgasms as well you know."

"Secondly, I don't actually know. That might sound odd but it's true. I know you have read stories where there are regular releases, or orgasm schedules. That is too formal for me. I want to learn about you. I will watch you, spot the signals you give me. Some will be obvious, but a lot of them will be unconscious. I'm going to know you in ways you don't even know yourself."

"Thirdly, don't imagine that I have forgotten for one second about the unauthorized orgasms you had last week. There were at least 5 that I have proof of, maybe there were more. But that has not been forgotten boy."

That wasn't going to be a question I asked her again any time soon. I hung my head. "Sorry Ma'am."

Her smile sweetened, "Don't worry. I set you up to fail really. I would have been amazing if you had managed it, not this soon into our relationship and with so little training."

True, but I was still sorry.

She opened her robe and pressed her body against me. She got on to her tip toes and pushed my cage down between her legs. "Feeling horny baby?"

She made little thrusting motions with her hips.

"Does your big strong dick want out of the cage? Shall I unlock you? What would you do right now if you were free? You could pick my legs up and thrust your cock deep inside my tight wet pussy. Imagine that... push me against the wall and fuck me, fuck me hard. Go balls deep again and again as I cry out in ecstasy. Fuck me

like a wild animal until you came deep in my pussy. Oh, baby that sounds good, doesn't it?"

She kissed me hard; we were both panting. She was driving me crazy.

"Ma'am god Ma'am." I croaked and in a flash, she stepped away smiling.

"Nope, not today big boy."

My cock was almost quivering with need. I groaned with lust.

"You've got revision and I've got some prep for next week. Get your clothes on baby. Home time."

I tried to clear my head. She laughed as she watched me try and stuff my very full cage into my jeans. "It'll probably go down in a few days" she said still laughing.

I had calmed down a little by the time I got home but my cock was still far from flaccid. I chatted to my mum while trying to pretend that I wasn't a half-crazed lust filled madman. I did some revision, deliberately getting stuck in and trying to lose myself in it. It was fairly successful surprisingly. Keeping busy was good, it was the down time that was tricky. My thoughts inevitably turned kinky, my cock would stir, and I would get in a viscous circle of lust and desire. So, busy I tried to stay. This would also make Ma'am happy, as she was determined that I should do well. Do my best, that was the mantra.

Bed was a different matter though. I lay there in that viscous circle again. She was going to drive me mad I thought. I mean literally mad.

One weekend and my whole life had changed, and while I had a suspicion that it had changed for the better. The feelings I had weren't going to just go away. They were far too intense.

I hoped that the nights after I had been with her would be the worst and that school nights would be easier.

I did sleep, eventually and went off to school. I was drawing some praise from my teachers for my new work ethic, that was good. I told Ma'am that night and she texted back that she was pleased, and that hard work always pays off. I also asked her if Saturday and Sunday were the only days, I could see her. She said she had a lot on, and reminded me that I did too. However, she was sure we could sort

some weekend evenings out to go with the days when I was supposed to be working for her.

The week was uneventful and the hoped-for easier sleeping during school days appeared. I had started going to bed earlier in anticipation of not being able to drop off quickly. I had a couple of rough nights, but also had a couple where I slept for over 9 hours. I needed it I figured. My attempts at morning wood were still painful but just so long as I slept, I could deal with those.

My excitement grew as Thursday moved into Friday. I made sure to keep working hard, it was easier that way. This was the longest I had ever gone without an orgasm, but I wasn't holding it too much hope for this weekend. Ma'am had showed her inner Domme when talking about my unauthorized orgasms. I suspected I was a long way from paying the full price for those.

It was pouring down on Saturday. I hoped she wouldn't cancel, although the work aspect of my presence there seemed secondary these days.

She texted, "Come over chastity boy. Lots of work to be done in the dungeon!"

I was off like a shot. We hugged and caught up. We had both been busy. She led me down to the dungeon. I had a better idea of what all the 'furniture' was now but still didn't know what I would be building.

"Start with the chair" she said, "it's no ordinary chair though."

It wasn't. It was a sort of cross between a dentist's chair, something a woman would give birth on, and a throne. It was pretty complicated, but the instructions were clear and I had it done in an hour. It could tilt and move, there were parts that extended out to secure legs to I assumed, and there were pads that could be moved around for comfort.

"Lovely work boy. We are both going to spend lots of time here. My time here will be considerably more pleasant than yours though."

I realized it could be a very comfy place for her to sit or recline with me between her legs, or a sort of torture chair for me to be strapped to and played with.

"You first I think, strip and sit."

I did just that with the usual reaction inside the cage.

"I've found some of my toys," she said, "you've watched plenty of dungeon scenes, have you seen anything that you would view as a hard limit? For the record I'm not into blood or cutting, no poo, and certainly nothing that would be permanent. Just good old fashioned BDSM stuff."

We had never really discussed limits or likes and dislikes but she had seen my search history and seen me through her spy cam.

"I don't think so Ma'am. I think you know lots more about me than I know about you, but I trust you."

She set about strapping me down. As with the cross, there was no shortage of straps and fixing points. She was nothing if not thorough.

I pointed this out, she grinned her evil grin and said "I've never had a sub escape yet, and you are no different. Sometimes a sub has to be kept very still for their own safety."

She let me digest that as she disappeared upstairs, returning few minutes later in an amazing tight black latex dress which seemed to be like a second skin. I responded accordingly down below and gushed about how gorgeous she looked. She had a bowl, a few things wrapped in a cloth and the dreaded cool box.

I shuddered remembering the ice-cold towel on my cock but it occurred to me that it probably meant I would be unlocked. She put the stuff by my side out of sight. Out of one of the boxes she came a ball gag with long straps.

"Open wide baby, any last words?"

I smiled and accepted the large ball into my mouth. The long strap allowed her to secure it around the headrest. She made sure it was nice and tight. Now my head was immobilized along with my whole body. I felt very vulnerable but very turned on too.

She bent down and picked up something out of the cloth. With a dramatic flourish she opened up a straight razor. Jesus! My eyes bulged wider than the than the ball gag as she waved it in front of me.

"Time to shave your genitals boy!"

I was frozen watching the blade dance before me.

She kept a straight face for about 2 seconds before bursting out laughing. "Your face is a picture!"

She carefully closed the blade and showed me a Bic safety razor. She winked and said, "How about this instead?"

I made some sort of growling moaning sound and did what I hoped was a comedy eye roll.

She laughed again. "Oh that was funny baby."

The shock had taken my erection away, so she quickly unscrewed the little cap and removed the lock. Carefully she slid the cage off me.

"There he is." She gave it a little pat and it instantly started to swell again. It felt so good to finally get a proper erection, unencumbered by the tight cage.

"That's lovely baby but I need to get the ring off. I'm not shaving everything off, just your bits and bobs and the skin around where the ring sits. It will look much better and feel better too.

I knew what was coming but the freezing towel was still a massive shock. I gasped and as before she kept it squeezed tightly round me longer than necessary. She threw the towel away and carefully got my parts out of the cage.

I had never shaved down there before; it was an odd feeling. I was slightly nervous as the razor slid across my balls. She was very careful as she touched me, moving my cock and balls around I quickly regained my erection.

"Done," she announced, "that looks much better."

I couldn't see with my head against the rest, so I gave what I hoped was a positive sounding grunt. She ran her hands across my balls then up and down my shaft. It did feel better, smooth, and soft. I reveled in her touch as her gentle hands caressed me. It was heavenly.

She held my balls, quite tightly and started pulling them down, away from my shaft while squeezing gently. I felt an ache in them. It wasn't painful, not really, but as the pressure increased so did the ache. She relaxed a little then tightened a

little, each time gripping and pulling a little more. My cock remained hard as she continued. The pain was building now, and I let out a low moan. Strapped down as I was, with my legs held wide apart I became very aware of how vulnerable she had made me.

My groaning alternated with the whistling of my breath going through gritted teeth. My body squirmed in its bounds, and I let out a loud moan.

She froze, looked up at me.

"Ok boy?" I nodded, "would you like me to stop or carry on?"

I grunted.

"Was that carry on?"

She looked up, This hurt but I knew what she wanted. I nodded.

"Good boy."

She carried on but didn't push any further. The pain was radiating out through my balls into my groin. This went on for a few minutes, a light sweat covered my chest as I hissed and moaned until suddenly, she stopped.

"Nice," she said and grabbed what looked like a long boot lace, "sometimes simple things are just as effective as the flashy expensive stuff you can buy online."

She skillfully wrapped the string around me, 4 or 5 turns, then began a figure of eight separating my balls. It was tight but not painfully so. My balls were now held an inch or so from my body and half an inch from each other. She tapped them gently and made some small adjustments making sure there was no pinched skin between the loops. My cock was still hard, and she smiled.

She made pretend writing motions with her hand. "Subject loves chastity, tick. Subject enjoys cbt, tick.

She went off to the boxes and came back with more implements. One looked a bit like a small cat o' nine tails, the other a thin round plastic rod.

"This is a soft cat," she swooshed it around, "soft suede and not much weight. No good for asses, but very useful for genitals."

She showed me the rod, It was about a foot long. She held it at one end and bent it to about 90 degrees. Letting go it whipped straight.

"I like this," she smiled, I wasn't so sure. I knew where that was going to be used.

With another dramatic flourish she bent over and picked up a latex glove which she slipped on to her left hand. She wriggled her fingers around.

"One for pleasure," showing me her other hand, "one for pain. Your self-control will dictate how often I use each one."

Disappearing between my legs I felt liquid trickling down my shaft, it was lube. Briskly she covered my shaft and glans. I felt her lightly grip my cock and slowly move from the base right up to the tip and down again. Slowly and gently, she continued, it was a lovely feeling. She added a little twist on my glans every now and again. It wasn't long before I felt my orgasm growing. I began to tense. Almost before I had realized that she had stopped there was a crack and my left testicle erupted in pain. I gasped and then my right testicle did the same. Another gasp, the pain was sharp and intense. I took a few short sharp breaths. The pain faded fairly quickly.

"Remember those videos boy? No one likes premature ejaculation."

The massage began again, slowly up and down. The pain was fading into pleasure, the little twists over my head were delicious and soon I was building back up again, getting closer. I wanted to cum, to cum now. This time I noticed she had stopped but the pain was still a shock. Right testicle first this time, then the left. A second searing pain, right then left. I was gasping as the pain radiated into my groin.

"You're never going to cum without permission boy, so stop trying to. Just enjoy it."

Her hand started again. I tried to concentrate on her words. I wasn't going to cum so just let the amazing sensations wash over me. It worked briefly, I think. But all too soon I felt that familiar rise. I tried to stop it, but her hand was relentless until as one I heard the crack and felt the pain, 3 times on each sore testicle this time.

As with the cane she didn't rush. She let the pain sink in and start to fade before the next hit, enough time for me to think and anticipate the pain. I was writhing in the chair, sweating. The cycle repeated 3 more times. She moved the target area, hitting the sides and the underside of my testicles.

I was in pieces now. I couldn't think, I couldn't remember her words of advice. She realized this and took a break.

She mopped my brow and picked up the cat. She started striking my genitals. The cat went all over my cock, the shaft, and the glans. My testicles didn't escape. The cat stung, not badly but as she continued the stinging increased, especially on my exposed and very sensitive glans. With one last hard swat on my shaft, she stopped.

There were more words of advice and encouragement I felt more lube dribble down my cock. Compose yourself Tom, come on I thought. Her hand slowly got to work again. It was beautiful as she slipped her hand over me. I realized I wasn't thinking about my orgasm, I was just there, in the moment, loving every sensation.

I vaguely heard a 'good boy' or two. My cock was alive, twitching and throbbing but eventually I lost it. My moaning took on a desperate tone as the inevitable approached. So close, yes yes...

No! My world erupted in pain again. This time she struck the underside of both testicles, harder than any of the others. I exhaled with a big 'ooph' noise then started keening in pain. Every muscle was tensed as I shook in agony.

She stood and watched me as I bit down hard on the gag, sweat pouring off me as the shock ran through me.

I saw her and started making unintelligible noises through the gag. She put her hand on my chest.

"Hush baby, it's over for now."

She stayed like that, her hand like a sort of anchor, centering me, calming me.

She got the cloth and carefully removed the gag, clearing my drool as she went. I coughed and cleared my throat.

"Ma'am, Ma'am thank you sorry, sorry, Ma'am"

She leaned in and kissed my lips, stopping my random words.

She began to release me. That last blow had knocked the wind out of my cock too. The intensity had overwhelmed everything.

"Can you stand?"

Carefully I stood, my legs were weak and shaky. She took me in her arms, her head on my shoulder and we stood there for a couple of minutes. I could still feel the pain radiating through me, but it was slowly leaving me. The shaking slowly abated too, and I regained my senses.

She told me to sit back down, and she took the opportunity to quickly lock me back up just before my cock began to come back to life.

She told me to shower, which I did, carefully around my sore balls.

I came out and she was standing by the bed, latex swapped for her dressing gown.

"Sit."

She sat next to me and give me a quick cuddle.

"Ok?"

"I think so Ma'am. The intensity was... it was a lot... I'm... I'm OK."

She reached down and very gently caressed my sore jewels.

"Re these OK?"

"They ache Ma'am. Everywhere down there aches but it is fading."

"They will be slightly tender for a day, but you will be fine. They can take a surprising amount. As long as they don't get pierced or crushed there is very little chance of damage."

I was slightly reassured but words like piercing and crushing didn't really help.

She smiled, "Squashing is different from crushing. You'll find out."

I wasn't in a hurry after what I had just been through.

"You did very well baby. I was watching you very carefully. There's no hiding from pain, no faking. It's a brutally honest experience. Your true self is revealed. I saw a boy who enjoys pain and who enjoys suffering for his woman. I love that."

I couldn't answer. My cock had betrayed my desires as she hurt me. To suffer, to hurt, to need, to please. All for her. I wanted all those things.

"I've not done this before, but you are young, and I feel I have rushed you so it's necessary."

She put the chastity key in my hand. "You won't have this chance again Tom."

There was no further explanation, but I knew what it meant. I could stop here or choose to carry on. I looked at the key. It held so much power. But I knew it wasn't mine, it was hers.

Realizing that this was an important moment I slowly dropped to my knees.

I looked up at her and key in my open palm I said, "I am yours Ma'am, for as long as you want me. This is your key, I am your boy, your sub. My trust in you is absolute and I give myself to you completely."

Looking deep into my eyes she took the key.

"Thank you, Tom. I will care you for, cherish you, teach you and guide you. You are my boy and my sub."

We embraced, holding each other tight.

"I'm so excited," she said, "this could be great, really really great. Oh, the things I'm going to do with you. You have no idea."

He legs scissored quickly up round my waist and she literally dragged me up the bed, opening her gown as she went.

"Worship my pussy boy."

Excitedly I got moved my head between her legs. She grabbed my hair and pulled my head up,

"Worship it boy. I want this to go on for a long time. Remember, listen to my voice and body."

She let go and I began. Ma'am had begun my pussy licking lessons but there was so much more for me to learn. She encouraged me, scolded me when necessary. She had her knees up and my arms were wrapped around her legs. My hands could stroke her thighs and her stomach. She encouraged me to use them to learn, I could feel her muscles, when they tensed and twitched and when they relaxed. Consciously and probably unconsciously too, I was putting this information away, making connections between her reactions and my movements. I was desperate to please Ma'am in every way, but this was clearly close to the top of the list.

As always, my cock, now recovered, was hard in the cage.

It was probably about 20 minutes before I made her cum. It was deep and came from her core. I loved it. That I could give her such a profound pleasure, it made my heart sing.

She pulled me up and we lay there happily intertwined. She usually looked perfect, but I loved the way after I had made her cum. She looked slightly flushed and disheveled.

"We need to talk about your cock boy."

She was lightly caressing the cage, my cock was stiffening in response.

"I want you in me, I want you deep inside me. I want that lovely big cock to stretch me open and fuck me. I want to ride you and feel you. But you wouldn't last, would you? It would be over very quickly."

I felt embarrassed.

"Yes Ma'am, sorry Ma'am."

She playfully slapped the cage.

"There's no need to apologize. I don't think there is a 19 year old boy, let alone an 19 year old with no experience anywhere in the world, who could last very long. You will be able to, but it will take training. I know that my pleasure means everything to you, so I know you want to learn. I've seen proof of that already. I've noticed that you have already started to try and keep your orgasms back. During the hand job you held off well at the end. I will use the carrot and the stick..."

She giggled, "You've already experienced the stick."

I made a low groan.

"I will guide you and encourage you and as you know I will punish you too. I will gain control of your cock and your mind.

"Don't you mean 'your' cock Ma'am?" I said.

"Ha! No, I don't mean 'my' cock. It's not my cock, it's yours. I hate that possessive nonsense. it might give the sub a cheap thrill to say it, but I think subconsciously it gives him an excuse as well. If 'my' cock misbehaves then who is to blame? Me, not him. It's bullshit. It's your cock. I can lock it up and control it that way but when it's free it's you who are in control. It is attached to your body and controlled by your feelings and your mind. A sub must take responsibility for it, not the Domme."

Ok, if I grabbed your cock and went up and down like a jack hammer of course you are going to cum. But 'accidents' are usually the sub's fault. It was the sub who let himself cum, it was the sub who gave up and gave in. It is your cock boy. I will use all the tools at my disposal. I will give you agony and ecstasy, I will encourage and discourage. I will reinforce good ideas, I will use all my skills but ultimately it is your responsibility and your choice."

I took this on board. She was right, my cock so my responsibility. It all tied together with her wanting me to be the best me. In all ways she wanted me to be make the right decisions, make the right choices, and do my best. No feeble excuses, be responsible for your own actions.

"I understand Ma'am. I am ultimately accountable for my own actions and behavior. You can only lead me so far; the rest is up to me."

"Good boy. She pushed my shoulders down, "You know what to do."

It was another marathon session. By the end my jaw was aching, and it felt like I could barely move my tongue. She was lying there, totally satisfied. She ruffled my hair, "Baby, you've got some talent in that tongue."

"Thanks Ma'am. I was grinning broadly. Her compliments meant everything to me.

"Anyway, back to your cock. As I said you have showed some promise. You must stop worrying about the destination and just enjoy the journey. It doesn't matter if your brain is screaming 'cum' or 'don't cum.' If you are thinking about your orgasm, you are in trouble. What have you used your cock for since you were able to orgasm? Pleasure. Your pleasure. It's hardwired into all men. My cock gives me pleasure. I get erect and I have an orgasm. That is its sole purpose. We must break those links. Your cock is for my pleasure now. It will give you pleasure too but it's main purpose is pleasing me. I know you want to learn, but we need to get the message down there. Down to your cock and down into your subconscious. My stroking felt great, didn't it?"

"It was amazing Ma'am."

"What would have happened if you had cum? Two things, firstly, you would displease me and secondly all those lovely sensations stop because of a few seconds of fun. I know it feels like hell when you're so close, but it isn't. It's a beautiful place to be, you feel alive. Energy is flowing through you. Learn to enjoy it and don't chase an ultimately unrewarding moment. Some day you will be fucking me, and you will realize that you haven't even thought about orgasming. You will be lost in me, in us and all you will want is for the moment to carry on.

I will let you cum obviously, that's part of the carrot. But you will truly be a sub when you give up your own pleasure and put all your faith, trust, desire, and longing in me.

She smiled at me. "I know this all sounds a bit deep and philosophical. There's no rush. It will be a fun journey. It may in some ways be easier because you are young. Your mind is more flexible and there are fewer barriers to break down. There will be dark days, days where you fail, and I will have to hurt you to punish you. Every time I break you down, I will build you up and you will be a step closer.

She smiled again. "Pussy, now."

After spending more time in my favorite place we showered and went downstairs.

"It's late Tom, nearly 7 o'clock."

She was right, I usually got home around 5.

"You should go. I wouldn't want your mother to think I was taking advantage of you!"

We laughed and I said, "But I don't want to leave Ma'am, can I stay please? I'll phone my mum and tell her I had some food here and I'm going to the pub with friends?"

She looked thoughtful, "I really have to do some work. I was supposed to do it this afternoon, but your damn tongue kept distracting me. However, since you asked nicely, I think we can sort something out. You may be left to your own devices for a while though. I do have to do some things."

"As you wish Ma'am. I promise I won't bother you."

'Indeed, you won't...'

That sounded menacing but there was no way I could back out.

"Wait there, I need to do some rummaging around." There was silence for a few minutes then.

"Get down here and take this box to the bedroom." I collected the box, and we went upstairs.

"Time for some bondage boy. Like ropes?"

"I have no idea Ma'am but if you do then I do too."

Smiling she said. "Right answer."

Out of the box came rope, lots of rope.

"A yoke to start."

She started wrapping the rope around my chest. She then took the rope over one shoulder, looped it under the rope across my back and came back over my other shoulder. She went round my body and over my shoulders a couple of times and tied the rope off. She tested it, pulling hard at the ropes. They didn't shift at all.

"Oh look!" She said glancing down, "bondage, tick."

My cock was filling the cage again.

"Is there anything that doesn't make you hard?"

"Not if you're with me Ma'am." I replied.

"Smooth talk will get you nowhere." She said and gave a comedy evil laugh.
"Arms behind your back."

She pulled my arms behind me and placed my forearms next to each other horizontally. Rope was wrapped around my wrists and lower forearms quite loosely. There was some pulling and tugging and I felt the bindings slowly tighten.

"Can you move?"

I flexed my arms, there was no give at all. I was surprised as they didn't feel that tight.

"Always use lots of rope, the more times you go round and the more loops you make, the more the load is spread. That way it doesn't need to be as tight to be secure and there is far less chance of cutting of the blood to a hand or foot. That's a big no no. Bondage 101, first book I ever read when I was 4 years old...true story."

We both laughed. She then went about securing my elbows by tying across from just under each bicep.

Well, I thought, my arms are going nowhere.

"Feet about six inches apart." I shifted slightly and the rope went round my ankles, plenty of loops again I looked and thought that I could easily wriggle my feet out but then she started wrapping rope around the loops she had created and a saw the one large loop around my ankles disappear until each ankle was

held securely with what looked like a thick spiral of rope between them. She tied it off and slid a finger between the rope and each ankle.

"If you can't do that, they are too tight."

This was like my own private lesson in rope bondage I thought. She then did the same just below my knees. Now my legs were going nowhere too, it felt good, and my cock was still responding in kind.

"Shuffle to the foot of the bed."

Taking tiny steps, I moved inch by inch until I was there.

"Trust me?"

I was just about to reply when she nudged me in the back I fell on to the bed, bouncing as I landed.

"There you go!" She laughed.

She then used more rope between my ankles and the yoke around my chest and shoulders and pulled my ankles up until they were touching my ass. I knew this position; she had hog tied me. My head was the only thing left with any movement at all. With a little help I wriggled a little further up the bed, so my knees were on it. I felt more ropes being secured behind my back but didn't know what they were for.

"Time to see how strong I am." She said. I felt the yoke tighten and slowly my torso was lifted. My knees remained on the bed as I pivoted up. She took me to about 45 degrees and stopped. Jumping on to the bed she said.

"Something for your nipples now."

I wasn't sure what I was looking at, it seemed to be cocktail sticks with bits of string attached to them.

"You can pay silly money for all sorts of fancy clamps, but I've never found anything as effective as this. So simple but adjustable and very painful."

It was indeed just 2 cocktail sticks with string tied tightly at either end. She pulled at the middle and the sticks came apart, the thin wood bending as the string held

the ends tight. She slipped the first one over a nipple, let go and the sticks closed on my nipple. She repeated the process on my other nipple. It hurt but not much. I had tried clothes pegs by myself and they hurt more.

"That's OK isn't it, baby? Let me adjust them."

With that she slowly moved the string towards my nipple, first from one side and then the other. This forced the sticks together. The closer the string got to the middle the more painful it became. She had moved them about halfway in when I let out a small noise.

"Enough?"

Through gritted teeth I told her I trusted her judgement. She slid them closer. It was excruciating. I grimaced and made more pained sounds. She stopped. It was like little daggers stabbing my nipples. She flicked the sticks and pain got worse. I couldn't believe something so simple could be so agonizing.

"Great aren't they boy?"

"Yes Ma'am." I hissed.

She stroked my balls watching me carefully. My cock was still hard, and she smiled.

"These are going to be on for a while, so I'm going to be kind to you."

With that she slid the string out a little and the pain lessened but my nipples were throbbing.

"Are you claustrophobic? Any worries with a leather hood?"

"No, that's fine Ma'am."

It was more than fine, I had watched lots of videos where subs had been confined in leather and latex, they always turned me on as I imagined being in their position. This mask, like all her stuff was beautiful, top of the range. It had laces down the back and lots of adjustable buckles. She slid it over my head, and I realized there were no eye holes and a padded blindfold inside. Everything went black. There were small nose holes and slit over my mouth. She checked the nose and mouth holes were in the right place and began to methodically tighten the

laces. The leather surrounding my head got tighter and tighter, pressing down on my skin. It felt incredibly erotic, and my cock was now rock hard in my cage. She gave it a quick fondle and tightened the buckles up making the mask even tighter. It had a thick collar, but she didn't tighten this one much. A ball gag appeared and was secured deep in my mouth.

"You're done baby."

She left the bed and a second later i felt myself being lowered back down. As my chest touched the bed the wooden clamps bit a little harder but not as badly as before. She placed a thick towel under my face for the drool and asked me if I was alright. I nodded, I was more than alright. I was in bondage heaven.

"I've got work to do. I will do it up here. I will be in the room all the time baby, OK?"

I nodded again and she was gone. I heard some noises but then silence. I was in my own world, totally immobile, no sight, nothing to hear except my own breathing, a faint heartbeat in my ears and drool slowly dripping from my gagged mouth.

It could have been scary, but it was just very erotic. I flexed gently a few times and there was no give at all but I knew Ma'am was with me, so everything was fine, absolutely everything was fine. My cock was still pulsing in the cage, and my nipples hurt but I loved it. I have no idea how long I lay there but suddenly there was movement on the bed.

"Hey baby, how's it going?"

I nodded and made what I hoped was a long pleasurable 'mmmmm' sound.

"That good, eh? Fantastic."

I felt her fiddling around with my hood and then my ankles. My head began to slowly lift and crank back, not too far, just a few inches so there was no strain on my neck. Now I understood why the collar around my neck was loose.

There was a creak, and the bed bounced a little and I felt skin on my shoulders.

"Open wide."

She removed the gag, there was a bit of shuffling, and I smelled a now familiar smell.

"I'm about halfway through my work and decided I need a break. Worship me."

Another little shuffle, I opened my mouth and found her pussy pressed up against the hood. I pushed my tongue out into her soft wet center. The only feeling I had was from my tongue although I could feel the heat of her thighs against the side of the hood.

"You've got 10 minutes boy. I still have work to do."

The time wasn't a threat. I knew I could make her cum much quicker than that. She was merely telling me when she wanted to cum so I could decide how quickly to arouse her to the point of no return.

Obviously, I had no clock so I did my best. A little preamble then down to business. It was odd having no senses other than my tongue.

I could barely hear her breathing, so I concentrated on her clit. I felt her orgasm through the bed as it moved beneath my bound body. A minute of stillness then she patted me on the head and said, "Good boy. Too fast though, only 8 minutes. I'll punish you later."

With that she was gone, but not before replacing my gag. As it slipped in I noticed she had coated it in her juices. I gave an appreciative 'mmm' and savored them.

She released my head, and it flopped down on to the bed again. I moved from side to side a few times and then lay there waiting with my cock throbbing between my bound legs.

Time had little meaning. I couldn't move, I didn't want to move. I was where she wanted me to be, nothing else mattered.

Eventually I was starting to feel uncomfortable. My jaw was aching from the gag and my nipples were sending dull waves of pain across my chest. Suddenly I felt my head being lifted again and my aches and pains became irrelevant as my tongue found her pussy again. I was told 15 minutes this time, so I gently worked my magic until she had another big orgasm.

My head was lowered, and the gag replaced. She was on the bed by my side and after a few seconds she held my ankles and told me to slowly straighten my legs. Ah, that was nice. I flexed them a few times and shook them out as best I could. Ma'am told me to wriggle down the bed until my knees were just off the edge. I was told not to worry and that the yoke would hold me. She began to lift my torso again, this time past 45 degrees to near vertical. I felt my feet on the ground and then her hands on me.

"Lean back a bit. Let's get you standing."

With her holding and a bit of leaning I was up.

"I'm not letting go, with no sight and no way to move your feet there's a fair chance you could fall. Start moving back, I'll guide."

A minute later I felt by arms bump into something behind me. I stopped and she went behind me.

"Yoke secured, you can't fall now." Then she tightened the thick collar of the hood.

"Good. Lovely orgasms boy but you were 2 minutes too quick first time and 3 minutes too slow the second time. You know I demand perfection."

She did, but I realized she just wanted an excuse to punish me. She held my balls; I was nervous now.

"I think I will leave these alone for now. They've probably had enough for today. These though could do with some more attention. With that I felt the string on the clamps sliding towards the center of the sticks again. Pain shot through my nipples, and I grunted. This was very painful. She then spent some time twisting and pulling the sticks sending wave after wave of pain through my chest. I was taking short sharp breaths.

"Lovely." She said. The strings were moved out again to my relief. The sticks moved and suddenly the pressure was gone, and my nipples were free. The pain came streaming back but began to fade quickly. Her fingers gently began to massage my sore nipples. This hurt too but felt good. Gradually though the massage changed, and she started squeezing and pinching. Her nails dug into my

sensitive flesh I was on tip toes, bouncing up and down with the pain. With one last hard pinch she stopped.

"That was for the first error. Now for the second. You missed your target by more the second time round. Let's change the angle."

I moaned through the gag. I didn't know what she was going to do but I knew it was going to hurt and hurt a lot. The cocktail sticks had been horizontal before. This time she applied them vertically. Pain tore into me again and then unbelievably got worse as she brought the strings together. I was whining quietly trying to deal with the horrible sensations going through my nipples.

Completely out of the blue I suddenly felt her pulling the cage off my still hard cock. It sprang free and her hand gripped it hard. She started masturbating me, slowly but firmly. I didn't know what was going on. The agony on my nipples was overwhelming but the feeling in my cock as it became rock hard in her hand was amazing.

"Pain is pleasure baby," she whispered, "pain makes you hard, doesn't it? You love the rush. I'm going to enjoy reinforcing that. Pain is pleasure, pain will always make you hard. Your pain makes me so wet, mmm yeah. I didn't know but her hand was between her legs rubbing her sensitive spot. Her hand briefly left my cock and her nails dug into the ends of my nipples poking out from the sticks. I let out a strangled cry and her hand was back on my cock. She didn't move it, but her grip was like a vice and then I felt her body against mine, shaking as she came. She let go and held the yoke for support, her hot breath on my neck. I stood there in agony yet somehow full of pride that my pain had helped bring her to orgasm. Pain is pleasure. It was. It was my pleasure, and it was hers too.

Recovering she stood up, "Oh baby, what are you doing to me?"

She sighed deeply and held my rock-hard cock again.

"This is going to be interesting..."

I felt the sticks loosen and then they were off. Interesting wasn't the word I would of used. Somehow, I kept quiet as I reached a new level of agony but it faded quickly. My nipples were still on fire, but it was slowly going out.

She freed my legs, released the rope holding me to the wall and slowly freed my arms.

Holding my upper arms, she gently let them fall to my side.

"Move around."

I began flexing my arms and legs loosening them up after their confinement. I loved being bound but freedom felt good after over 2 hours. She led me to the bed and sat me down. Moving behind me she got the towel and undid my gag which came out with a plop and lots of drool. The straps and buckles were undone, and she loosen the strings.

"Close your eyes."

She slid the hood up and off and hugged me from behind. I opened my eyes, blinking and getting used to the light.

Her chin was on my shoulder as she held me tight.

"I'm going to have to punish you for getting me so damn hot all the time baby," She giggled, "Oh damn, punishing you gets me hot too!"

We both laughed.

"I can't apologize enough for getting you so worked up Ma'am. I promise it won't happen again."

More laughter, her hand slid down and held my cock. It wasn't quite at full mast but quickly reacted. She gave it a few quick pumps then said. "Back in the cage for you boy."

Weirdly I didn't feel disappointed. It belonged there.

"Yes Ma'am." I said.

"You've got 10 minutes to lose that erection or it's cold towel time. Stand up, legs apart and hands above your head."

Turns out it's actually quite hard work to hold your hands up over your head. Gradually as my attention turned to my arms my erection faded.

Ma'am had wisely turned me around so I couldn't watch her as she picked up the ropes and gear. Suddenly I felt the cage being squeezed over my cock. I hadn't gone completely limp so she had to work quickly before it hardened again but she managed it and again I was locked.

We had some food and a glass of wine downstairs.

"I'm meeting a business associate tomorrow. I'll be here when you arrive and hopefully back before you leave." She said. "That's why I had to do that work. Anyway, I've played with your balls and your nipples now, and had a lot of fun too. Have you done much anal?"

As direct as ever I thought. I explained that I had a vibrator, just a standard one that was about 6 inches long and just over an inch wide. Nothing special. I had used it on occasion. I'd tried fucking myself with it, I had sat on it and masturbated a few times which felt good. The feelings of being penetrated and violated were better though.

She nodded and told me that we would definitely be exploring that.

"Just imagine if I could make you cum just by fucking you with a big thick strap on, I would never have to go to the trouble of unlocking you ever again."

She grinned, "Your cock is nice but if you used the strap on to fuck me senseless first not only would I have no use for it but the strap on would be ready lubed for action."

I bowed my head and said, "Yes Ma'am. Whatever you desire Ma'am."

"Careful, some of those stories you read are pretty much true. Slaves with evil Mistresses etc. I used to go to fetish clubs years ago, met some lovely and very interesting people. There was this one couple, they must have been in their forties, who lived 24/7 as Mistress and slave. He was only allowed out of the house when she took him to the club. He spent every moment in some form of bondage. Every day he had ankle shackles on connected by a six-inch chain. His wrists were chained to a waist belt. He dressed as a latex maid, full costume, locking high heels, posture collar, full make up... the works. And that was just his standard gear. When I met them his chastity device had not been removed for over 2 years. Imagine that baby?"

Her hand had dropped to my locked cock which was very hard.

"Oh look, he likes that idea, doesn't he? Interesting, eh?"

I gulped and looked nervous.

"Let's make that happen baby. It would be wonderful..."

As usual she couldn't keep a straight face.

Laughing she said. "No, sounds like way to much hard work and who needs that sort of responsibility anyway."

"I agree wholeheartedly Ma'am!"

She laughed again.

"I bet you do! Anyway, I'm going to have far too much fun with your cock to lock it away permanently. A strap on is all well and good but nothing beats a well-trained tongue and a well-trained cock. I crave the dominance, the control. Having a man fuck me while knowing that he is willingly and deliberately withholding his orgasm, stopping himself from cumming just to give me more pleasure is such a turn on.

You'll get there boy I promise. I won't ever stop, won't ever relent. I will mold you. You will be my perfect chastity slave, my fucktoy, my painlut and anything else I want. Trust me."

She was still fondling me, and I was like a rock, skin and veins bulging against the bars.

"Oh, Ma'am yes. Please Ma'am."

I wasn't even sure what I was asking for I was so horny. My nipples were sore as hell and the power of my attempted erection was making my balls ache again.

"You love this, don't you boy?"

"Ma'am it's incredible. I feel so horny yet so good at the same time. Thank you, Ma'am."

"You're most welcome boy but all that is for the future. You should go home, it's late."

We said our goodbyes. My cock stayed hard most of the way home and my nipples rubbed on my top as I moved. I was a very happy sub.

Later as I lay in bed failing to convince my cock to calm down, I realized it had been 2 weeks since my last orgasm. I was so horny, unbelievably horny but somehow it didn't seem to matter. I was supposed to feel like this. It was right that I felt like this. In some bizarre submissive way, I didn't really care about when my next orgasm would be. It had nothing to do with me now, it was entirely up to her. I fell asleep still quite hard. Two weeks ago, I would have been beside myself trying to sleep like this but in some way I think I had accepted the situation and made peace with it.

Part 3

I arrived early at Ma'am's house, and she asked me how I had slept and I explained my feelings to her. She was very pleased. "You are a natural subby Tom. Chastity is supposed to be difficult, torture almost, but it isn't supposed to stop you functioning as a human being. You have a life; you have school and hopefully university too. A constant lack of sleep would jeopardize that and it is bad for your health too.

Thank you for being so honest too. Some people would bitch and moan about it, try and guilt their Domme into giving them an orgasm or releasing them from chastity. Not you though, well done."

She hugged me and I felt that familiar swell of pride.

"To the basement with you boy!"

Apprehensively I followed her down, I had thought she was out most of the day. There was a big pile of rope, but I also noticed some decorating equipment.

"I want some painting done today.'

She outlined the job, most of the walls but leave the ceiling as she possibly had some plans. She had provided everything I needed. Paint, brushes, dust sheets, sandpaper to smooth over any lumps. Shouldn't be too hard I thought.

Then she turned and picked up the ropes and said "As we were talking about that Mistress and slave couple last night I thought I'd take a leaf out of their book. Strip boy."

She got to work, beginning with the yoke around my shoulders. There seemed to be lots of spare rope hanging from my chest when she stopped. Reaching into a box she brought out a pair of leather cuffs and some chain.

"I need a new handyman," she said, "I seem to spend far too much time making you squirm and not enough making you actually work."

She tightened the cuffs but left the chain for now.

"Legs apart."

I complied and from the box appeared some lube and a decent sized butt plug.

"As promised, it's time to have some fun with your ass boy. I take it you've never had one of these inside you before?"

"No Ma'am I haven't."

It was about the same length as my viby but made of flexible rubber. Unlike my viby it was coned shaped, getting wider as it neared the base. I noticed a D ring embedded in the base too.

"Bend over and relax."

Nervously I bent and grabbed my ankles. Inserting something fairly narrow yourself was one thing but this was a lot wider than my viby. She lubed it up and I felt the cold tip on my asshole. Gently but insistently she began to slide it home. Involuntarily I tensed a bit as it went deeper and got wider. She withdrew it slightly and then pushed again getting a little further. This was repeated a few times until the final push. I hadn't been stretched like this before, it hurt, and I briefly wondered if she was going to tear anything down there. All of a sudden, my ass seemed to suck it in and the pain stopped. I felt stuffed, it wasn't an unpleasant feeling, but it definitely felt weird.

"How's that boy? Does it hurt?"

"No Ma'am. It hurt going in but it's fine now." I replied.

She began some more rope work, coming down from my chest she tied a tight loop around my hips and then went between my legs. The ropes went either side of the cage and she fed them through the D ring and up my back. She pulled, hard. The plug jolted up my ass and the base was held firmly against me. The ropes went up my back around my waist and yoke then back down between my legs. Another sharp tug and she tied them off on the yoke.

She stepped back to admire her work.

"Nice, move around boy."

I walked around a little. The plug seemed to shift with every movement.

"Bend over."

I bent forward and the ropes through my crotch tightened and forced the plug deeper inside. I could feel my cock responding. It didn't hurt, actually it felt pretty good.

"That feels...err... good Ma'am, I think."

"Yes, your cock seems to like it too."

It did, it was swelling nicely.

"I'd love to do something with your arms too, but I actually want you to do some work."

She bent down and used the padlocks to secure the short chain between my ankles.

"That looks good but there's no latex, I need to do something about that.

From a different box she showed me a latex mask. It was anatomically correct, I could see the outline of the ears on the side and the nose. The mouth looked odd though. She turned it inside out to reveal a large mouthpiece or guard.

"This fits over your teeth and inside your mouth. In the middle there is a hollow... that your tongue can slide into. I'm told it fills you up nicely but is quite comfy. As for nose, these tubes go inside your nostrils. Once the hood is secure, they can't come out."

It looked imposing but quite sexy. The nose tubes weren't very long so I figured they would fit well but the mouth guard looked quite filling. Carefully she slid the mask down.

"I'll need your help to locate the tubes."

With a few adjustments she slowly pushed the tubes in. They felt weird but there was no difficulty in breathing at all, in fact they almost seemed to widen my nostrils. I opened my mouth, and the guard went in. I had to move my jaw around a bit, but it settled in and my tongue found it's rubber home. My mouth was full, but my tongue was free to move, and it felt quite exciting having it encased in its own flexible rubber prison. All in all, it was very comfy and very sexy as my cock reminded me by flexing in its cage.

She tidied my hair away and the rear zip came down, tightening the whole hood as it went. It felt great.

"One last thing," and she put a thick leather posture collar around my neck, tightened it and locked it with another padlock. I realized my head movements were quite well restricted. This would make what I had thought of as simple job much more difficult.

To confirm my thoughts, she said. "The collar means that you will have to move a lot to see what you are doing. You will have to often bend over in order to get to the bottom of the wall. However, I would never leave a sub alone like this without precautions.

Upstairs in a sealed envelope are the keys to those padlocks so you can easily free yourself in an emergency. You should be able to remove the ropes too, although some of the knots behind you will be difficult to reach. The rules are that you do not leave this room expect for brief visits to the toilet if you need it and possibly to the sink for some water or a sponge if you need those for the painting. In the corner you will notice that you are being watched. Enjoy your day boy."

I hadn't noticed the laptop in the corner, a small red light indicating that the camera was in operation. She thought of everything. No slacking, no mask removal and no rope loosening for me then. She kissed my latex mouth and disappeared.

I stood there enjoying the latex, the ropes, and the plug deep inside me then got to work.

It should have been a very easy job but as Ma'am had pointed out, the collar was there for a reason. I had to move a lot and every movement caused the plug to move. One way, another way, deeper when I bent over. The feeling of my full mouth and my tongue in its rubber sheath was turning me on too. Naturally my cock was merciless in its attempts to break out. It was hours of erotic torture. My head was hot in the hood, I could feel the sweat as it squeezed its way down the mask and out under the collar. I found myself pushing the rubber sheath in and out with my tongue, trying to fuck it in a way.

I knew I had to concentrate hard on the job though. Ma'am wouldn't tolerate anything other than perfection. I toiled away, horny as hell. I did have to pop upstairs to get some things from under the sink, but I hurried back down while noticing the envelope on the kitchen work surface. Freedom was in it, so close, but it didn't even cross my mind. Obey her, always obey her.

I had finished and was carefully inspecting my work, looking for any tiny flaws to touch up when I heard her voice on the stairs.

"My, you look a picture!"

I turned, bowed, and did a little pirouette.

She laughed. "Very sexy baby."

She was dressed smartly in a casual business suit with her hair tied back. Professional but sexy. "Let's have a look then."

She inspected my work with great interest making various hmm noises.

"Well, you know how picky I am, and you also know that I would love to find fault so that I could punish you... not that I need an excuse of course... but that looks like an excellent job boy. Well done."

She smacked me on the ass, and I bowed my head a little to acknowledge the compliment.

"I need to slip into something more comfortable, be a dear and clear this stuff up."

I took everything upstairs and started washing out the brushes. I left the paint and dust sheets by the backdoor as I figured she wouldn't want me going outside in my current state. I was washing the sink out when she came back, just in her silk dressing gown.

"Like you I'm happiest when I'm naked."

She opened her robe and pressed herself against me, pinning me against the sink. I could feel the heat of her body against me, the cage was pressed tight between us.

"I should reward you for your good work baby."

We went back down to the basement.

"Get your sexy ass on that cross."

I eagerly complied, a reward! Some part of my brain was trying to tell me that my reward might not be what I was hoping for but the rest of it was only thinking of one thing.

In quick time I was secured. Last time I was naked. This time I was plugged, ropes all over me and a lovely tight latex hood pressing against me. I couldn't be happier.

She stood back and just stared at me. I felt like I was her prey. My cock was still very happy, bouncing around in the cage. Pain or pleasure. Relief or frustration. She could give me all of those or none of them, it didn't matter if she got what she wanted.

The key appeared from a pocket in her dressing gown, and she opened the lock. The cage sprang away from the ring, and she carefully squeezed and cajoled my member out of the cage. She deftly slipped a blindfold over the latex mask and stepped away. I tried to calm myself as my breath whistled through the nose holes in the mask. I felt the lube going down my cock and her hand spread it around, coating me. Nothing happened for a minute then her body pressed up against mine. With a deft movement she pushed my cock down and it slipped between her legs. Briefly I thought she was going to guide it into her pussy, but she pushed her hips forward and it slid past her pussy and nestled between her upper thighs and her cheeks. She began to thrust slowly backwards and forwards.

Her pussy was near the base of my cock, the rest of it was sliding easily across her smooth skin. She brought her legs together and my cock was engulfed but when she pushed her pubic mound into me, I realized that my glans was almost exposed behind her thighs and cheeks.

She reached behind her and gently scratched my knob. "Oh, it's so big it can't feel anything."

She said in a gentle mocking tone. She was right, my shaft was trapped but the business end was left almost entirely free of the friction it needed. She thrust her hips at me, only moving an inch or so. My shaft felt the movement, but my glans felt almost nothing. She carried on for a minute, our bodies pressed together. I tried to respond but my bindings were too tight, all I felt was a slight movement of the plug as I clenched my muscles.

She continued with the infuriating little thrusts, my shaft could feel her, but my sensitive end got almost no friction at all. I kept trying to flex back and forth to get some more stimulation but all I succeeded in doing was to move the plug around deep in my body. Her hot breath on my neck was quickening as were her movements. I stopped worrying about my own orgasm and enjoyed her build up. I felt a hand snake between us and seconds later she was there, trembling and shaking. My cock shook with her, but the friction had ceased, again I was left impossibly hard and needy. She calmed herself and made a few longer thrusts and my glans slid beautifully through her thighs. She stopped.

"Mmm, nice. She breathed. "Time for your reward baby."

There was a slight loosening of the binding around my waist, not much though.

I felt her hands up by my arms grabbing 2 of the straps. Then I felt a knee up by my side and a foot against my thigh. The same thing happened on the other side. She was off the floor, feet pressing into my thighs and arms taking the rest of her weight through the arm straps. I knew where her pussy must be. There was a soft hot wetness around the end of my cock. She was rubbing gently against the end of my cock.

"Put it in me, baby. I want you so much."

I could move my hips now but barely. The straps around my upper thighs made sure of that. Her feet were also using the straps for purchase making them even

tighter. I thrust my hips as far as I could, but she remained maddeningly out of reach. All I achieved was another jolt in my ass as the plug moved.

She was moving slightly, helping in a really unhelpful way. I thrust again and my tip slid into her, just an inch or so. I was straining my hips forward as far as I could. The plug was jammed into me. I was straining every muscle for more, just a little more. I couldn't hold the position. My head was coated in sweat under the latex. I moved and slid out.

"Aww baby, come on. I need you in me."

It was impossible, I pushed forward as hard as I could, straps biting into me and again I got an inch or so inside her. The wet heat felt amazing, but it wasn't enough. I needed more. Sweat was rolling off my whole body now. I was at the end of my tether in more ways than one. My ass was sore from the plug and the ropes and straps were digging in all over me as I strained. Then suddenly she relaxed, and I felt my cock slowly slide into her. It was as if every nerve ending in my cock was on fire. Heat, slick wetness enveloped me. She was fucking me, only she wasn't. Our groins bumped together and she stopped.

"Oh fuck," I heard her say, "fuck, your cock baby. Oh yeah."

I could feel her muscles shivering around my shaft. My cock was burning with desire. She was shaking all over. She stayed like that making minuscule movements.

I realized that it must be hard work for her holding herself like that. She slowly slid off me, moaning quietly and was gone. My cock twitched helplessly in midair. She was by my side, mouth by my ear.

"Sorry baby. Not today. I just had to feel that beauty in me. It will happen but I want it to be perfect when it does, perfect for both of us."

I groaned but understood. I was all over the place. She began to release me. I stepped gingerly off the cross and she started removing the ropes, struggling briefly with a couple of the knots that had tightened and become wet with my sweat. She carefully led me to the bathroom. She bent me over the sink removed the collar and pulled the mask off. Sweat came pouring out into the sink. I moved my jaw and lips. She got me a glass of water and I drank greedily, thanking her. She pushed me over again and her fingers gripped the D ring and pulled. I was too

tired to tense up and the plug slipped easily out. We jumped in the shower and cleaned each other. Her hands caressed me, easing the tension and aches.

"It just never goes down, does it?" She was fondling my hard cock.

"That bodes well for the future."

She grinned.

We flopped on the bed snuggling into each other.

"That was the wrong time. You were exhausted and I was beginning to feel the strain of holding on to you."

She was touching me, lightly stroking me in an almost absent-minded way. It was as if she had a new toy and wanted to play with it. She wasn't deliberately trying to tease me, but the effect was the same. As always, she asked me how I was, what hurt and what didn't. I responded then asked how she was but answer was unexpected.

"I feel slightly out of control," she said, "it has been a long time between drinks. The sort of things I like, we like, don't really lend themselves to one-night stands. I was with a guy about a year ago. We were both super busy working and tired all the time. Playtime needs time and energy. And he fought me every step of the way with the kinky stuff. He said he was sub and at the start he was but turned out that he wanted to top from the bottom all the time. That's not being a sub. That's just someone who uses their partner as a kink delivery system. Since then, no one, until you came along. I guess I was on a sort of extended break. I wasn't looking for anyone, I was just drifting along. Then you came into my life. I was just messing around at the start but I quickly realized that you might be," she paused, "interesting. I knew soon after we met that you weren't shy, you were submissive. I was concerned about your age, but I thought this would be a little diversion for me. Not so as it turns out. Everything seemed to click, my inner dominatrix was awakened along with my libido, as you may have noticed."

She laughed quietly.

"This feels great, but we've gone very fast, possibly too fast. I'm not sure, that's the problem. I don't like uncertainty or doubt. It doesn't sit easily with me. That's why I feel slightly out of control.

Also, you are very young. This is intense for me; it must be even more so for you. I don't want to hurt you, you're a good man and don't deserve that."

I pondered for a second. "I love that you are so concerned about me, it makes me feel safe. Everything about this is new to me and it is a lot to take in. I know I'm young, but I've always been pretty certain about my feelings. This feels right somehow, weird, scary, intense but right. All I know is that I don't want it to end. I'll do whatever you want, not in a kinky way, in a relationship way. I'm not sure what I'm saying. I'm saying I trust you implicitly and I will follow your lead. I will also be totally honest with you. I might not be able to properly express my feelings, but I will be open with you and do my best."

She held me a little tighter. "Thanks baby."

She sighed and said. "Life is good, let's not overthink it. At the moment it feels like neither of us have any desire other than to carry on and enjoy the ride."

Her hand had fallen still during this discussion but suddenly she grabbed me hard.

"Somebody mentioned my libido."

She was on top of me in a trice, pushing me down as she wriggled up. I welcomed her pussy to my eager mouth and tongue. There were fewer instructions this time as I slowly drew another intense orgasm out of her willing body.

It had gotten late again and I had to go. Unfortunately, Ma'am had to use the cold towel again before she could lock me up but I had the feeling she enjoyed it.

As I left, she passed me some money for my work. I protested saying that I hadn't really been doing much work recently, but she insisted. It was for appearances sake. To the outside world, and more precisely to my mum, I was here to work, and we should try to keep things outwardly normal.

I was late for dinner and apologized to my mum. I said time had just sort of gotten away from me. Her look suggested that she wasn't entirely convinced by my explanation. I held up the money and said she is paying me, and the cash would be great for university. I also pointed out that my grades were only going one way. That seemed to placate her.

I had been studying well. I wanted to and Ma'am gave me little choice. She had removed her little picture, but I knew she was still keeping tabs on me. A few times a week I would get an email from her either praising me for how many hours I was putting in or scolding me for spending too much time staring aimlessly out of the window. It even went as far as telling me off for spending 17 minutes looking at a page that didn't have much info on it. I knew she couldn't be watching me all the time, so I wondered exactly how good the program she was running was. Very good was my guess. My first exam was only 3 weeks away. I felt good about it, I felt prepared and ready which was a first. Usually, I relied on last minute desperation and the fact I was pretty smart.

This Saturday when I arrived Ma'am was in front of her computer looking very serious. There was a cold cup of coffee on the desk and papers everywhere. She smiled when she saw me but said she was right in the middle of something and basically told me to do something with the end of the garden.

Not much to go on but there was plenty of old bushes and brambles that needed sorting out, so I got to it. She owned a couple of fields beyond the garden that she hoped to turn into a wildflower meadow but that hadn't been started yet. I kept myself busy for a few hours. It was rare that she didn't pay me some attention but clearly something was holding her to the desk.

I went back for some water and a bit of lunch. She was tidying the desk. Looking up she said. "Sorry Tom. Work is calling. We've just got a big job, really big. Some clients who have used us before have been in touch. They have a serious issue and want us on the job. They are big international players. They are also very big payers. We can't really refuse. I hadn't really been looking for too much work, but this is a great opportunity for us."

"Well, it sounds good Ma'am. Big payers sounds very good."

She nodded. "If we can sort this out for them it'll be the sort of money that would mean I wouldn't have to work for years if I didn't want to. I had hoped to semi-retire from the company but they specifically asked for me. I could refuse but I owe a couple of the people in the company. They took a risk on me a few years back. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for them."

This time I nodded. "You have to then I guess. It'll be worth it in many ways, and I know how seriously you take your work, and your sense of responsibility and duty won't let you say no."

I paused and put on a comedy sad face. "Please don't leave me Ma'am! I'm lost without you!"

She laughed. "In some ways it has happened at a good time for us. Much as I want to have you locked away in my dungeon 24/7 to use and abuse you, it's an important time for you."

She ran over to me and threw herself at me and wailed, "I'll miss you too baby!" Before pretending to cry on my shoulder.

"Seriously though I'm going to be in London a lot, at least a month probably. There are naughty people who need punishing but first we have to catch the bastards."

I smiled. "They don't stand a chance Ma'am."

"We will see," she said, "I've got a feeling that they are pretty good at what they are doing. We must be better. I need a release, dungeon boy."

When we got down there, she stopped for a second, looking thoughtfully at the chair.

"Yes." She said almost to herself.

"I'm going to let you do something for me, to me actually, that I've only done a couple of times before. I feel in the right mood to relinquish control for a while. My head is fried at the moment. Don't for one second think that means you have any real control though boy. You will still be doing my bidding."

I was slightly confused but said, "Whatever plan you have I will always do my best to please you Ma'am. You know that, and I am in zero doubt as to where the power lies in this relationship."

She touched my face. "Good boy. Right, I want you to tie me up."

This was an unexpected twist. "Err... yes Ma'am." I really hadn't seen that coming.

She explained in great detail what was going to happen. She was going to get in the chair, and I was going to strap her down, exactly as she had done to me. I was gobsmacked, this was a complete about face to our usual dynamic. I really wasn't sure about this. She told me she wanted to be in the chair for an hour. There were some toys she may or may not want me to use but she would let me know. She wanted me to lick her but not to allow her to orgasm for 40 minutes. She knew how powerful tease and denial was, and once in a blue moon she loved having it done to her.

She would tell me what to do after that.

Then she said. "Most importantly, do not stop. You know how you get when I've had you at the edge. The moaning and thrashing around, I am more passionate and intense sexually than you, you've made me cum enough times to know how deeply it effects me. Do this right and I will be a mess. I will make noise, I will fight. Do not stop. That will be the biggest mistake. I'm putting my trust in you in a way that I very rarely do. Be strong and don't let me down boy."

"I promise Ma'am. Once I have begun, I will not stop for 40 minutes. You have my word."

I was getting very excited by this, but I was also feeling very happy, very proud that she thought enough of me to make herself vulnerable in this way. It was natural for me but for her it was a big thing. There were a few more instructions, she pushed my hand between my legs, she was wet.

"Make me scream boy."

She sat down and I began strapping her in. She said tighter so I tightened. She looked beautiful even like this.

I held up the gag and she nodded. I inserted it, and tightened it up behind the headrest.

"Tighter?"

She nodded again. I stood in front of her. She seemed calm but there was a nervous energy in her. I kissed her on her forehead, knelt down and began.

As ordered, and as usual, I started slowly. No contact on her clit for a while. I moved across her lips, between her lips, occasionally gently probing inside her with my tongue. She had taught me about feeling her body, reading her movements, almost reading her mind. I tried to think about all these things then realized that I knew what to do and when to do it. I briefly remembered a conversation from earlier where she had said don't over think it, so I didn't. I did what felt right. Softly then more firmly, slow then faster. I was concentrating on her clit now. I could almost feel her heartbeat through it as her arousal grew. She was building slowly. She had been silent up until now, but the first low moan escaped from behind the gag. I sneaked a peak at the clock over her shoulder, 20 minutes gone. It was time to take her to the edge. I saw her arms flexing against the bonds and the flush in her face and across her chest. Her eyes were closed. I didn't increase my pace, but I put slightly more pressure into my touches. My tongue swirled slowly but purposefully across her clit. Occasionally just the tip making tiny little circles.

She was close. The signals were obvious, my hands on her inner thighs felt the changing tension in her muscles, my tongue felt her hips pushing looking for more. I let it come closer, closer. As her orgasm neared, I slowly eased the pressure, becoming more delicate. Her moans became more insistent. I wanted to make her cum right now, but I knew that was not what she wanted. I wanted to cum, my cock was like iron in the cage, but I hadn't even noticed. My world was her.

Her need, her desire.

She was still getting closer but slowly, oh so slowly. Nearly there, nearly. Her breathing changed coming in little gasps. My tongue moved fractionally away from her clit, denying her that last little sensation she needed. The moans changed from pure lust to frustration. The chair shook slightly as she bucked towards my tongue. But she could barely move. With the very tip of my tongue, I touched the end of her clit, a higher pitched moan now. That was the spot she wanted, if I gave her a little bit more, she would cum. I didn't, my touch was like a butterfly. An even higher pitched moan. She was taking short sharp breaths, desperate for release. I moved and thrust my tongue as deep as I could into her pussy. She growled. Almost immediately I was back to her clit, my tongue flat against it but still. She felt it there and growled again. Any movement would do but there was none. The growl turned into a moan again. She let go a little, I felt

her relax slightly and take some deep breaths. Still with my tongue flat against her I started moving it again. Just slightly as I tried to let her settle down a bit. Quickly I flicked my tongue hard across her a couple of times then stopped. She jerked in the chair. The friction was exactly what she needed but it was over too fast. There was a loud angry mmmm noise. I did it again. She jerked again; I noticed her hands clenched into tight balls out of the corner of my eye. I went back to little circles around the outside of her clit, and she groaned, a deep low sound. I carried on, feeling her need. The circles became smaller, slowly bringing more sensations to her sweet spot. She was climbing again towards the peak. I felt it coming and made my circles slightly bigger, keeping her just where I wanted her. She bucked, her whole body desperately seeking release. She almost shouted through the gag, but I wouldn't, I couldn't give her what she needed. Her whole body was singing with erotic tension. I quick glance told me it was nearly time. My circles became quicker, more insistent. Then I changed, up and down. Change again, side to side. She was lost in primal lust, her face contorted and sweaty.

Then I let it happen, swirling my tongue around her she came. A long drawn out roar, her whole body shook. Wave after wave of orgasmic joy flew through her body into her clit. She moaned and cried out as it ran through her. I remained still, tongue planted firmly on her clit. My cock was raging in its cage. I didn't care. I was entirely focused on the release I had given her. The power of her orgasm was amazing. It seemed to carry on forever until some high-pitched whines that slowly faded let me know that she was coming down from the high. I stayed still as her breathing slowed. I looked up at her. She opened her eyes, focus slowly returned. I think she tried to smile around the gag, but she definitely nodded. This was my cue, Quickly I stood up and picked up the nipple clamps. I held them in front of her and she nodded again. She was all or nothing I thought to myself, and I positioned the first clamp and let it bite down hard. She moaned but before she had time to recover, I had the other one on. She was in pain, her lips pulled back around the gag in a grimace. I tugged on the connecting chain causing another shock through her. I immediately dropped down between her legs again. I pursed my lips and sucked on her engorged clit.

She was still very sensitive so with the most delicate of touches I continued. She jumped at the first touch but settled down briefly. Her passion grew quickly though as I sucked her into me. Her clit was exposed, and I used light touches, varying me speed to bring her close than leave her waiting before bringing her to the edge again.

She was a hot mess. Everything was quivering, all sorts of noises escaping. It was obvious why she had ordered me not to stop. Some of the sounds from behind the gag sounded angry, some like she was in pain. Without that specific order I would have stopped which would have ruined the scene. It was all about her briefly giving the power to me.

She must be exhausted I thought. It seemed like every muscle in her body was twitching and spasming. There was sweat running down her chest. I had her in the palm of my hand, or the tip of my tongue to be precise. I kept her so close, taking her so that just another second of contact would do it then stopping and restarting almost immediately. A glance up told me it was time. She was so lost in passion she didn't notice my hand reaching up and grabbing chain between the clamps. The pads on these clamps were smooth and slightly rounded, she had told me they could be pulled off without doing any damage. It would hurt like hell but that's what I was to do. Not quite yet though.

I had taken her so close so many times that it was like an electric shock when she realized I had gone too far and she was going to cum. Every muscle froze, just as I felt her orgasm hit, I firmly pulled the clamps off. I had timed it beautifully, just as she reached her most sensitive moment the clamps were ripped off. A huge jolt of pain shot through her combining with the explosion in her clit. She was on fire, a guttural roar came forth as she twisted in her bonds, shaking furiously. It must have been over 30 seconds before her subconscious reminded her of the need for oxygen. She took massive lungs full of air, moaning as she exhaled. Slowly she came down from her peak. Drool and sweat covered her chest.

As instructed, I did nothing to interfere or break the spell. Eventually her eyes flickered open, unfocused at first but as she came back to earth, I saw her look at me. Again, she attempted smile around the gag and she nodded at me. I gently removed the gag, wiped her face, and offered her a glass of water with a straw. She sucked greedily.

"Oh fuck, kiss me."

We enjoyed a slow passionate kiss, she smiled and said. "Get me out of this damn chair Tom."

Quickly I freed her. I had to help her up, her legs were like jelly. We embraced as she recovered, her strength slowly returning. She kissed me on the lips and said. "I think I need a shower baby. That was... perfect. Thank you."

She kissed me again and we headed for the shower. It was a slow one. I held her, softly washing the sweat from her body. An occasional small tremor ran through her, an aftershock she called them. I was so happy. I had given her exactly what she wanted and needed. We flopped onto the bed and just lay there in silence. No words were needed.

After about 5 minutes she said. "I'm starving baby."

"Allow me Ma'am."

I brought some bits and pieces up from the kitchen and she devoured them. She lay back, totally relaxed.

"Don't expect that to happen again any time soon, incredible though it was baby. I have to be in exactly the right place to do that." She smiled at me, "and with the right person of course."

My heart sang.

"It was amazing Ma'am. You've no idea how happy I am. I'm honored that you wanted me to do that, that you trusted me and had enough faith in me. Now I know why you emphasized the not stopping part. I would have quite a few times if you hadn't, especially the second time."

She laughed. "Pretty intense huh? Only women can cum like that, from their core with their whole body. I've never met a man could anyway. How long has it been? 4 weeks hasn't it?"

It had been 4 weeks, I could hardly believe it. If someone had told me that I wouldn't cum for 4 weeks I would of assumed that I must have been in a coma. 4 weeks!

"It will be good baby, really good. Maybe I'll let you have one before your exams so that it's not on your mind."

She was stroking the cage now, just brief touches of skin on skin through the bars.

"Or maybe an end of exam treat. That would be nice, wouldn't it?"

"Yes Ma'am," I said uncertainly, "that's another 7 weeks." 7 weeks! Nooo!

"As long as that? Oh dear."

I could hear the amused tone in her voice. My cock was stiffening quickly.

"Of course, we won't know how well you've done until you get your results."

"Nooo, no Ma'am, we won't."

I failed to sound composed and casual. My cock was throbbing at the implications.

"There seems to be a slight difference of opinion between your mind and your cock baby. He seems very keen on the idea."

I groaned; she was right. My cock was betraying me again. It was tight in the cage. Why did I get so turned on by the idea of more denial and more delay?

"You've been such a good boy. You've lost it a couple of times but generally you haven't bitched or moaned. That's very tiresome, endless whining. Maybe if you had been more desperate, I would have let you cum by now."

I chuckled quietly. "I thought you hated lies Ma'am."

She laughed too. "Got me baby. But it's true, you've reacted brilliantly to chastity. I couldn't have wished for more from you. I'll know when you are ready, and it will be special. I don't like this ruined orgasm thing. When a boy is kept in chastity there are a couple of things to bear in mind. He is in some ways allowing it, to please his Domme. He knows how much his Domme loves teasing and tormenting him, so his own denial and lust brings him pleasure through her pleasure. That should be the way he feels anyway, and I know it's the way you feel which is beautiful."

I smiled. "I do Ma'am. Through my lust I can see your eyes dancing when you tease me, you come alive, it's like you are feeding off my need and lust."

"Good description baby. Your desire energizes me. I love it. The other thing about chastity is that I believe there should be an end point, an orgasm. What's the point in permanent chastity? The sub has nothing to look forward to and the

Domme loses some of her control. Some people see it differently, but you are probably glad to hear I don't."

"You've no idea Ma'am."

We laughed.

"When orgasms are rationed, they should be something special, a joyous release for the sub. A reward worth waiting for. Then it becomes a virtuous circle. He wants it again. It reinforces the desire to please. You will never know when I'm going to allow you an orgasm. Sometimes it will be daily, sometimes not for many months. Can you make it for months for my baby?"

I groaned as my cock twitched.

"Yes Ma'am. My cock is yours. My orgasms are yours. My body is yours. Take it all, use it and abuse it Ma'am. Do whatever you want to me for your pleasure."

"I will baby, don't you worry. I'm hot again. Please me."

Again, I was between her thighs giving her the joy she wanted and deserved. Carefully I coaxed another orgasm out of her tired body. This wasn't explosive like the earlier ones, it just washed over her. Her body moved in a languid way while soft sighs of pleasure filled the room. It was beautiful.

We spent a little more time in bed, then went down to the kitchen. Goodbyes were said. She thought she would probably be around next weekend as the sort of job they were doing was usually a slow burner to begin with. It involved clever mathematics and geeks with algorithms. Only when the numbers had been crunched could they start putting the pieces together and start to interpret what they meant. She told me that that was where the fun started. They would probably have to do a sting operation to catch to catch the bad guys.

I asked her if it would end up with dozens of cops storming the building shouting and screaming. She thought it was highly unlikely. She might have to go to court as an expert witness though. Then she told me about one job where there had indeed been cops storming the building. She said it was all for show, a public demonstration to let potential fraudsters know that the law was there and prepared. She had been arrested and handcuffed, again all for show. Her and

John, who she worked with, had been working undercover so was also arrested to keep up appearances.

"That reminds me actually," she said, "there was a very sexy woman who worked there. She was nothing to do with the fraud, but she ended up handcuffed with me in the back of a police car. When I asked her how she was she looked at me, rattled her cuffs and told me that she was just fine."

She smiled.

"We went out for lunch soon afterwards but I was in the middle of that trouble with the man a told you about, so I wasn't really in the mood. There was something there though... I wonder if she's still in London... I might call her. Would you like a sexy slave girl to play with? I could keep you both here in chastity and watch you drive each other crazy. She was definitely sexy, she couldn't be a catwalk model or anything but she just oozed sexuality."

I smiled. "Whatever pleases you Ma'am."

Laughing she kissed me and off I went.

During the week we exchanged a few emails. Things were going as predicted and she would be home on Friday evening. She was being put up in an expensive hotel in London.

On Thursday evening she sent me a selfie. It was her and Sarah, the woman she had spoken about, cheek to cheek smiling at the camera. So, she had got in touch, and Sarah was indeed very sexy. Soon afterwards I got another photo, Ma'am was looking at the camera and Sarah was kissing her cheek. All the message said was sweet dreams. I smiled and wondered what they were up to. I then tried to stop thinking about what they were up to as I had to go to sleep soon. A 3rd message which said just so I know where the land lies are you OK with this. I replied that of course I was and told her that she had my permission to have a great night. I put a wink and a big kissy face at the end of the message too, just to be on the safe side. We hadn't discussed whether our relationship was going to be monogamous. It didn't really seem relevant early on, but we were quite serious now. The cliché would be that she's in charge and she can do what she damn well pleases but she wasn't like that. I figured that as long as I was her main focus, I was happy.

She called me from her car on Friday afternoon and said she was on her way home. Good news, I thought. Work had gone fine, but she was a bit tired.

I said in what I hoped was a light tone "I'm sure you've been working very hard Ma'am." I emphasized the very, she laughed,

"Work hard, play hard. That's my motto."

There was a pause.

"I'm not sure I have to ask but you're definitely OK with me having a bit of fun last night?"

"Of course, I am Ma'am. Don't worry." I said.

She replied. "This feels odd. I felt a little guilty last night. I wondered if I had hurt your feelings. Maybe we should have a chat about things, yeah?"

"Sure Ma'am, but honestly I've got no problem at all about last night. She's a babe!"

She laughed. "She is, and I was right about that little handcuff moment in the police car."

She chuckled, "anyway, you've been studying hard this week I noticed. Pop over tomorrow."

"Absolutely Ma'am, see you tomorrow."

I was sure my mum would be fine about me going over. She had seen how hard I had been working and how my grades had gone up.

I did some work on Saturday before going round to her place in the afternoon. She was at the computer again but greeted me cheerfully, giving me a big hug and kiss. We chatted but I had to ask about Thursday night.

"Oh, interested I see... it was great. I was right about the handcuffs, and I was right about the spark. She is a sexy little subby. She's clearly spent a lot of time between a woman's legs before, she was great baby."

Don't ask questions that you might not like the answers to I thought.

She giggled. "Don't worry. I like a bit of fun with a woman, but men are my thing, especially chastity bitches with big thick cocks. I might see her again; she could provide some stress relief while I'm in London. But more specifically you have nothing to worry about, with other men or women. I'm a one-man woman and you are definitely my man."

She kissed me.

"I had sort of figured that out," I said, "but thank you Ma'am. And for the record I won't be fucking anyone while your away."

She laughed. "That's a weight off my mind!"

She grabbed my crotch. "It's good know that you can keep it in your pants for me."

She took me down to the dungeon and told me to get in the chair.

"It's your turn boy."

She strapped me down very tightly and fitted the latex mask and posture collar that she'd used on me before. Was it going to be pleasure or pain this time? Both if, my previous experiences had taught me anything. Before I could get too hard in the cage she removed it. I became instantly hard.

"Sorry baby but I want the ring off too."

She wasn't sorry and I knew what was coming. I waited for a minute and then the towel was all over my cock. It never failed to shock me, and it never failed to kill my erection. As always, she left it on for longer than necessary, just to be sure she told me. The ring came off and I felt something going around my balls.

"Just a little leather ball stretcher. I may need them exposed."

This sounded ominous but my cock didn't care and rapidly hardened. I felt her hand gently stroking my erection. It was exquisite. I had realized since my incarceration that having it locked away magnified the sensations when it was free.

The stroking stopped and she squeezed my balls, not too hard but enough to get my attention.

"It is time for you to experience your first blow job baby, enjoy it."

Suddenly I felt a wet heat envelope me. There was no movement until I felt her tongue moving slowly across the underside of my glans. It was like velvet, soft and pliable. Electricity flew through me from my cock. She moved her mouth deeper and her tongue slid down my shaft, then slowly back up. Again, she stooped and gently moved her tongue around. It felt too good, she went up and down a couple more times and I felt it coming. I was going to cum after 4 weeks of tortuous abstinence and teasing. Her mouth slid off me and my balls exploded in pain as she slapped them hard with her palm. Air flew out through my nose holes and I let out a loud groan.

"What was that?" She said.

My balls exploded again.

"Were you trying to cum? You didn't even try to stop."

She was right. I had got completely carried away. With the guard in my mouth I couldn't reply so I just had to nod my head and try to say sorry. It was unintelligible but I hoped she got the message.

"Is it worth my while to carry on boy?"

I nodded furiously and made more apologetic noises.

"Very well. Last chance boy. Remember what I've taught you or your balls will be getting a lot more attention."

She began again, the same pattern as before. Think Tom, concentrate. Control yourself. My brain was as tense as my body as her tongue worked me over. Don't cum, don't cum. It was building again, and I couldn't stop it. Another explosion of pain, nothing for a few seconds and another explosion. I was sweating inside the hood already.

"Don't over think it. Relax, there is no destination. There's just the journey."

She started again, it felt so good. Then I realized, don't over think it. Don't over think it. The things that she had told me in the preceding weeks filtered through my head. Her mouth was slowly working, tongue moving across my head. It was beautiful, just beautiful. I didn't want her to stop. I didn't want these feelings to

end. An orgasm would end them. An orgasm would disappoint her. Enjoy it, be in the moment. As my mind relaxed so did my body. As my body relaxed in some strange way my cock relaxed too. It was still as solid as a rock, but it wasn't straining and searching for that moment, that brief moment of ecstasy. My soft moans echoed through the dungeon. Her mouth briefly left me, and I heard her say,

"That's good baby."

One hand was on my balls squeezing gently, massaging them, and pulling them. Her other hand was on my shaft slowly going up and down. She started flicking her tongue across the underside of my glans, just for a few seconds. Then it swirled around the swollen ridge a few times. It was so good. Her movement became quicker, more insistent. Her hand on my shaft gripped me tighter and moved faster. I didn't want to cum, I really didn't but I couldn't resist. So be it I thought to myself. Surely, she knew I had tried. It was building deep inside as she slowed and then stopped. Nothing happened. Then she went for it, mouth and hand in harmony up and down driving me to orgasm. She stopped; my body was tingling. She started again then stopped. This happened again and again and each time I thought it would be the time it wasn't. All her words had gone out of my head now. I was in pieces and with one loud slurping noise she stopped.

I felt the collar and mask coming off and she straddled me looking deep into my eyes. I didn't know what to say.

"Thank you, Ma'am."

It seemed appropriate. She smiled and said,

"Well baby, that didn't start off very well, but I think you're beginning to get it. I have to say I'm quite impressed. What changed?"

I was naked, both physically and mentally. I tried to explain about her words and advice, about how they had come to me. I don't know how much sense I made. The feelings and emotions were raw. I was an open book to her, baring my soul. She took it all in, reveling in my honesty. I couldn't hide from her; I didn't want to hide from her. I was all hers, totally hers.

She kissed me, slowly, gently, and deeply.

"You're a special boy baby. Don't forget that. You have a passion and a will that's rare. You want this deeply. I want it too. We are going to have such an amazing journey together."

She kissed me tenderly on the lips holding my sweaty and happy face.

She got off me and said, "I think we should continue your training, but somewhere more comfortable."

After freeing me she led me by the cock up to the bedroom. She secured my arms to the bedstead and spread my legs wide. She threw a couple of cushions between my legs and got comfortable between my legs. She showed me a big bottle of lube and said,

"Just like the videos you used to enjoy so much isn't it?"

"It is Ma'am."

"Whatever you did in the dungeon, do it again. Enjoy."

She poured lots of lube on me and got to work with her hands. She used long soft strokes up and down the whole length of my shaft. Occasionally she would run a finger or a thumb around my sensitive head which created a brief burst of intense feeling. It was amazing, maybe my head was still in the space it had been in briefly in the dungeon, but I didn't want it to stop, I only wanted the sensations to carry on. Combining that with my desire to please Ma'am meant that I was in hand job tease heaven. Ma'am started to up the ante though. Her touch became firmer, and she spent more time on my tip. I tried to keep my cool, but I was struggling. My breathing got shallower, and I began to gently moan.

Her hand stopped and she slapped my balls again. It was painful but nowhere near as bad as before.

"Come on, you're doing well. Stay with it."

The message was that the better I did the more pleasure I got and the less pain. I cleared my head and recovered my poise. Ma'am continued but with more purpose than before. I resisted her touch letting the glorious feelings wash over me. My brain and body were learning. Ma'am had spoken about breaking the links between erections and orgasms. Pleasure was its own reward. But she began

concentrating on my head, fingers curling around it, rubbing my tender frenum. It was too much, and I received another short sharp and painful reminder of my duties.

She stopped and looked at me.

"Good work boy. I'm quite impressed."

I thanked her and told her that it was her patient teaching that had got me this far.

She replied, "you're welcome baby. Remember this is for my benefit too. I want to enjoy fucking you. I want to enjoy it on my terms and for as long as I want. Time to start again but with a difference. It's time baby, I'm going to let you have the orgasm you've been craving for. I'm telling you so you don't panic when you feel it coming. It's happening because I want it too. All your orgasms will be controlled by me, they are a reward for good behavior. Don't go looking for them. Don't expect them. They aren't as important as you think they are. In fact, their importance is already ebbing away. I can tell. A month ago, you would have been begging and pleading but now you want different things. You want my approval, and you want to please.

Right, get back in your head space. You're not cumming anytime soon."

She was right and kept me hard and aching for another long slow build up. I loved every second of it as her skilled hands coaxed me gently towards my orgasm. I heard her whisper,

"Well done baby, I'm so proud of you."

One hand was massaging my balls while the other was going up and down my head with a twisting motion. The crescendo was upon me, I moaned and bucked with the intensity. It was like nothing I had ever experienced. I came like never before, jetting all over my chest. It kept coming and she kept stroking. Every muscle was alive, and my cock was a twitching bundle of nerves. Hypersensitive, I started to jerk at her touch and she slowed, releasing the pressure. Her hand slid away from my glans and just massaged my shaft, drawing the last of my cum out. I was in a dream like reverie, lost in post orgasmic bliss. All I could do was stare at her and smile.

"Now that was an orgasm baby."

"Ma'am, thank you," the words wouldn't come, "thank you so much."

She scooped up some of the copious semen on my chest and said,

"Time to clean up."

She held her fingers to my mouth, and I licked and sucked them clean. She carried on until most of it was gone.

"I'd give you a hug but maybe a shower is in order first."

""Agreed Ma'am." My chest was still sticky.

Water flowing, she washed the cum off me and then the lube away from my cock. My cock quickly stiffened at her touch. She massaged it gently up and down in the soapy water rapidly bringing it to attention.

"Well, that's nice to see. He's just as keen as ever." She purred. I smiled and responded, "I have just had the best orgasm ever. It's hardly surprising that he wants more of that. I want more of that. It was incredible Ma'am."

I paused and thought about what I had just said.

"I know that is probably the wrong thing to say Ma'am but with those feelings still so fresh in my mind it's true. I know the reason that it was so amazing was that I had to wait for it. I also know that I will have to wait for my next one."

She smiled and said, "you'll probably have to wait. I could make you cum now if I wanted to. It will always be my choice and you know that. That orgasm was part of your training. You had progressed and begun to learn so I felt it was the right time to reward you. Now you know what an incredible reward it can be too. It was a reward for wanting to please me. It wasn't because you needed to cum, it was because you were trying so hard to not need it. There is a huge difference between trying not to cum and trying to not want to cum. The first is doomed to fail as I think you discovered at the start of the blowjob I gave you. I used pain and words to try and steer you away and you responded. I am rewiring your mind. Hopefully you will one day reach a point where you accept that orgasms are just one small part of the big picture and not the ultimate goal. They will be

overshadowed by all the pleasure you can get from denial and desire, and all the pleasure you get from being the best sub you can be for me."

I think I understood.

She was watching me carefully. She was inside my head, and she knew it. She had been stroking me for a while now and I was just enjoying it. Despite how incredible the orgasm that I just had been, I didn't want another. I told her that. Again, she smiled.

"You are a good boy. There are going to be bumps in the road. You are going to scream and cry and beg but all I need from you is to carry on trying to obey me, please me and learn. You can do that, I know that. You wouldn't be here if I didn't."

She spread her legs. "Make me cum."

She was still holding my cock, stroking gently so I reached down with my hand and began gently massaging her clit with my middle finger. She was clearly very turned on and it didn't take long. I put my other arm around her as she came, legs shaking in passion. After embracing we dried off and went downstairs.

She needed to use the towel again but soon I was back in the cage. She told me that the aftermath of my orgasm might affect me. I might feel a bit desperate for another for a while. I might even feel a bit down as the high wore off. She told me to stay busy and work hard. The distraction would do me good. She was going back to London on Sunday and there was a chance she wouldn't be back next weekend. I was sad about that. I just wanted more, more of everything. More of her. But my exams were 2 weeks away so working hard would be a good thing. We hugged, I felt quite emotional but suspected this was due to the intensity of the previous few hours. I walked home slowly as I tried to put everything in focus.

Part 4

I wasn't at all surprised that she was right about my feelings. Sunday evening was fine. I was still on a high from the afternoon. I had a couple of beers and slept like a log. The next few days were weird though. I felt slightly divorced from the world and my mind was wondering to places I knew it shouldn't. I wanted that rush again, why would she deny me that? What right did she have? I looked at my

chastity cage and resented it for the first time. I tried briefly to remove it; but it was hopeless and that made me angry. Ma'am sent a couple of emails, and I gave monosyllabic replies. I thought it through logically and our relationship made sense. The chastity, the pain and bondage, they were all things that I wanted. Was I becoming one of those top-from-the-bottom types? I hoped not. I sent her a text on Tuesday evening just saying I needed to talk.

My phone rang 10 seconds later.

"Hey baby, what's happening? How are you?"

I could hear the worry in her voice and felt a little ashamed. I tried to explain but couldn't really. Then I started to apologize for being needy and stupid.

"Hey hey. Take a second baby. Everything is OK. There's a term for this, you're suffering from a form of sub drop."

She explained that there was quite often a low feeling after a high. It happens to Dommies too. It happened in different ways to all sorts of people. Sports people were a good example. After they had achieved something amazing, won the Olympics or the world cup they often felt empty after the euphoria. She told me that I probably wasn't feeling down, I just wasn't up. I had to find my equilibrium again.

"It will come back baby, don't worry. You are young and you don't have much experience of dealing with strong emotions. I wish I could be there to give you a hug, I really do."

Her words had calmed me down. I was struggling with my own emotions, but the sports analogy made sense and I could understand that. I apologized again. She said,

"Don't worry about that. You know I'm here for you, don't you? This is just a little blip. You've been amazing, you've been on such a steep learning curve and handled it brilliantly. I'm so proud of you baby."

I was feeling better now. She understood what I was going through. She cared and wanted to help me. She told me that normality was important. Do normal things and keep to a routine. Keep busy. I thanked her profusely and she told me to let her know how I was doing.

I was back, I woke up on Wednesday feeling good. A combination of her kindness, her training and ultimately my submissive nature brought me back to where I needed to be. Refreshed I threw myself into my studies. Ma'am told me she was very happy that I was doing well.

Ma'am said she could make it back this weekend but that our time together would be strictly limited. She was going to make certain that my time and energy was spent on revising and not on her. She told me to pop around just for a few hours on Saturday afternoon.

It was great to see her again. We kissed and cuddled, and I assured her that I was fine. She knew I had been studying hard, of course.

She smiled and said, "I have got a friend staying over for the weekend."

There was a wicked glint in her eye, and I realized she must mean Sarah.

"Oh, I see. Lovely." Looking around I couldn't see her.

"Come downstairs to the dungeon, she's down there."

I walked in and saw what I assumed was Sarah, but it was hard to tell as she was covered head to toe in tight black latex. It was a stunning sight, I took it all in. She was wearing a latex catsuit that clearly fitted like a glove. Her thigh boots were laced tight and had impossibly high heels, not ballet boots but not far off. There was a tight latex hood over her head with a ponytail of hair protruding from the top. A metal posture collar kept her chin high and facing forward. Her waist was constricted by a very tight corset giving her an amazing hourglass figure. Skin was visible in 3 places. Her lips were contorted around a very large ball gag and there was drool running down her chin onto her chest. Her breasts were clearly held by the shape of the latex into a semicircular shape. There was a metal ring, probably about an inch in diameter through which her large and swollen looking nipples protruded. A crotch rope was tied very tightly between her legs, which were held about a foot apart by more rope.

"Turns out she has a huge fetish for heavy duty bondage along with sensory deprivation. I was more than happy to help her indulge. Quite the view, isn't it? Go and have a closer look, she doesn't know we are here. She's got ear plugs in. I walked over and saw the other embellishments that Ma'am had added. She was standing against the cross but not strapped to it directly, arms bound behind her

with her wrists pointing up in a reverse prayer position. Her ponytail had rope intertwined with it and was held taught by the cross beam. Ropes also ran from the top of her corset and from the ropes around her waist to the cross. She could move but very little. If she bent her legs, her head would be pulled back and the crotch rope would bite in even harder. A closer look at that revealed three ropes, 2 were on the outside of her exposed pussy, the other ran right through the middle. The effect was to crush her lips between them. They looked swollen although that might have been from arousal as much as the pressure. There was a large knot in the middle rope that was clearly pressed hard on her clit. Attached to the rope was what looked like a vibrator with a small control box hanging from her corset. Her breathing was shallow, and she was rocking from side to side, trying to flex her legs to relieve the strain of standing on such high heels.

Ma'am was beside me and said, "She's been like that for 2 hours now. It must be hell. I've been popping down every 20 minutes or so to have some fun. I've been pumping her nipples which is why they look so swollen. They look ready for some torture now. Turn the viby on, low setting."

The effect was profound. She jumped and squealed through the gag causing more drool to run down her chin. She was gasping, taking quick little breaths and making a high-pitched whine each time she exhaled. Ma'am explained that as the rope was hard against her exposed clit, the vibrations were super intense to the point of pain. She could basically be forced to have a painful orgasm if the viby was left on. It would be later, but not yet. I was stunned. Later? She had already been there for 2 hours! I felt some sympathy for my fellow sub, but I was also quite turned on. Ma'am noticed and told me to squeeze her nipples. She was getting more distressed due to the viby, so I gave them a quick squeeze.

"Not like that." Ma'am reached over and pinched hard down. There was a scream of pain as was did one then the other.

"Try again." I tried harder this time and there was more screaming but not with quite the same intensity.

"Better boy, but you're probably not cut out to be a sadist."

She turned the viby off and Sarah slowly calmed down.

"She's got another 2 hours or so before I release her. She's going to be broken. She told me to do my worst. I warned her but what else could I do?"

She laughed, I gulped. "You will beg me for this sort of treatment won't you boy?"

She had hold of my balls and was squeezing fairly hard. My cock was hard.

"Yes Ma'am, I will."

A harder squeeze and I moaned.

"Ask me nicely boy."

"Please Ma'am torture me like you are torturing her. Keep me in bondage and hurt me please Ma'am."

She smiled. "Not today baby. Maybe later." She had an evil grin, but I could see the humor behind it. "I need to cum."

She walked to the chair. It was set up for comfort. The back was slightly reclined, and the legs were raised and wide apart. Then she remembered something.

"Before you start put the pumps on her nipples. 3 squeezes."

She pointed to 2 plastic cones with rubber bulbs attached. I had seen these before so knew how they worked. They fitted nicely over the metal rings and formed a tight seal with the latex suit. I pumped as instructed and watched as her nipples were sucked out even further by the vacuum. This brought a low moan from Sarah.

Ma'am told me to take my time and I complied. This was my place, my position in life. I felt utterly content as I pleased her to the best of my ability. She loved it, her eyes were closed. Little smiles followed by quiet passionate moans. Her body began arching and her head moved from side to side. I saw her nails digging into the padded arms as I brought her to a huge climax. After a minute or so she smiled down at me and said, "You are just the best at that baby. It's beautiful."

Her head fell back, and she just sighed and smiled. Nothing in the world meant more to me than bringing her this sort of satisfaction. I was so happy. She slowly got up and gave me a long hug, her head buried in my neck.

"You know my pussy so well baby. It's like you've got inbuilt knowledge of what I want and when I want it. I might have to employ you as my handyman full time this summer. I can't imagine how many orgasms I'm going to have."

I grinned. "Well, I don't think I've got much on Ma'am, I'll give it some thought."

She grinned back and looked at Sarah. "Right then, let's give her something to think about."

She walked over and gave the pumps a couple more squeezes and then got some things out of a box. I saw the bendy plastic rod that she had used on my balls and shuddered. She released the pressure from the pumps and let them fall off. Sarah's nipples had swelled further and looked very inviting. Sarah felt the pumps being removed and was making little grunts from behind the gag.

Ma'am bent the rod and took careful aim. She released in and it hit Sarah square on the end of her swollen nipple. There was a scream as she thrashed in her bonds. The same happened as the other nipple got identical treatment. Ma'am leaned in and gently licked them, and Sarah moaned softly. Then the rod hit home again. Another scream. She was shaking and then Ma'am turned the viby on. The high-pitched whine returned as she moved her body desperately trying to stop the torment.

But Ma'am wasn't going to stop. She hit her nipples again. Drool went flying as she shook her head, as much as she could. Ma'am started rolling her nipples around between her thumb and forefinger. I couldn't tell whether it was pleasure or pain and I realized Sarah probably didn't know either. They were almost the same thing. She was shaking and her breathing was fast, trying to take in oxygen as the corset constricted her. Then the vibrations got too much for her and she came, whether she wanted to or not.

I was mesmerized as she twitched and thrashed in her bonds. Her legs collapsed from under her. The crotch rope dug even more deeply into her tortured pussy and her head was bent back. She only dropped a few inches in her bonds but through her painful orgasm she felt the extra pain. Her breathing was further impeded by her head being pulled back. It seemed like she was panicking as her legs kicked out. I was worried but Ma'am just stood there watching carefully.

Sarah somehow got her legs working and eased the strain slightly. As soon as she did this Ma'am turned the viby up. Another scream as the pleasure pain combo increased. Drool flew from her mouth as her head shook from side to side. Surely, she couldn't take any more but Ma'am was impassive watching it unfold. Sarah became even more frantic as another orgasm was forced from her. I could see her

muscles almost vibrating through the suit. It was agony and ecstasy for her. Ma'am relented and turned the viby off. It took a few minutes for Sarah to come back to normality. She was moaning quietly, and occasional tremors ran through her.

Ma'am gently removed her gag and put a straw in her mouth. Greedily she took water in, coughing and clearing her throat as she did. Ma'am put her hand on her chest, and this seemed to calm Sarah a little. She tapped her twice on the chest. This was obviously a code they had worked out before they started. Sarah nodded. Ma'am tapped her twice again. There was a pause and then Sarah made a low groan and nodded. With that Ma'am replaced the gag. Another groan from Sarah and Ma'am walked away. We went upstairs.

"What did you think of that?"

I was slightly stunned by what I had seen. I was imagining myself in a similar situation. It was making me hard in the cage and that worried me. I was also worried by the sadistic side of Ma'am that I had seen.

"I don't know Ma'am. All I can really say is that I am very turned on right now. That was scary, really full on. I was worried for her. Was the tapping her agreeing to go on?"

"It was," she said, "a prearranged code. She wanted more so she's going to get it. She's impressive, I thought she would quit. You look worried. I would never do something that extreme to a newbie like you. She's done similar things before. She showed me some videos of stuff she had done. This isn't her first rodeo baby. I am probably going to take her further than she's gone before but it is all consensual. We talked about everything beforehand. The most unusual part of this isn't what is happening down there, it's that she trusted me to do it. It's a scene that usually only happens with people who know each other very well. We don't know each other that well but I think instinct played a big part. I trust mine and she trusts hers."

I was still a bit shocked, but Ma'am seemed calm and unconcerned. Sarah has asked for it, and she had asked for more. It wasn't one of those loaded questions where there is only one answer. She truly wanted more.

"It's time for you to go baby. I know you've not been here long, could you pop back briefly tomorrow? I'd like you to meet her properly."

I knew my mum was out most of the day so there wouldn't be any issue. We agreed that I would come round in the morning.

I went home wondering about Sarah and thinking about what she was going through in that dungeon. Ma'am had said she wouldn't do anything like that to a newbie, but I wouldn't be a newbie forever. My cock was still throbbing when I got home. I was excited by that, but I began to wonder how far I would end up going with her. All I knew was that interesting times lay ahead.

I went round to Ma'am's house as planned in the morning, but no one was in the kitchen. I called out and Ma'am responded from upstairs.

"Come on up Tom, lock the door."

I removed my clothes as I always did in her house and went to the bedroom. Ma'am was standing naked at the end of the bed holding a thin bamboo cane with a broad smile on her face.

"Hey baby! How's it going?"

"Fine Ma'am. I'd ask how things are here, but I can see they are going just fine."

Sarah was on the bed. Her arms were bound to her side. Plenty of rope was securing her ankles tightly to her thighs and her legs were being held painfully wide by ropes attached to the sides of the bed.

"Say hello to Sarah, feel free to remove the ball gag, it's done its job for now."

I looked at Sarah and understood why the ball gag had been necessary. Her breasts had been bound with ropes and were a few shades darker than her pale skin. The welts all over them were plain to see though. The bamboo cane had clearly been thoroughly used. Her ass and inner thighs had taken a good beating too. As last night her pussy looked red and puffy but again, I was unsure whether it was arousal or the cane that was the cause. I removed the gag.

"Hello Sarah, how are you?"

She smiled and said, "Never felt better Tom. Louise is quite a bitch, huh?"

I laughed, "I couldn't possibly say Sarah."

Ma'am laughed and said, "Answer her boy."

I looked at Ma'am. "Sarah, she's a beautiful, sexy, smart, loving and caring bitch."

Ma'am walked over to me, "Baby, you say the sweetest things."

She gave me a long passionate kiss. I had been aroused by the sight of Sarah and Ma'am, this got me pulsing in the cage. Sarah looked down and said, "Oh Louise, I see what you mean. Nice! How long has it been on Tom?"

I thought for a second "Too long and not long enough."

Ma'am laughed, "Good answer baby. Right, I feel like I've been doing all the work here. I deserve a reward."

I liked the sound of that, but Ma'am had a slightly different idea. She gave me a hug, which was an excuse to whisper in my ear and tell me not to make Sarah cum. Then she said,

"I'm at this end, you're down there. Is that, OK?"

Sweet of her to ask, but I was absolutely fine with the idea. Ma'am jumped on Sarah's face, and I positioned myself in front of her pussy.

"You're going to love this, he has a magic tongue."

I heard a muffled noise from Sarah which sounded excited. She was already busy, so I joined in. On closer inspection it was clear that Sarah's pussy hadn't been left out of the caning. I shuddered at the thought so started gently. She responded immediately and I slowly made my way to her clit. Ma'am was making some soft moaning sounds and soon I could hear two female moans filling the room. Sarah was ready and before long I felt her tensing, so I eased up a little, touching her slowly and gently.

Ma'am was smiling down at me, but she wasn't really concentrating as Sarah licked away. She raised herself briefly away and told Sarah sharply to slow down. This was accompanied by a viscous twist of her already abused nipples. She let out a pained yelp and Ma'am sat back down. I settled into a rhythm, bringing her close, then easing her away from her orgasm. This was only the second pussy I had licked so I was being very careful not to make her cum. However, her reactions seemed similar to Ma'am's so I began to push her a little further, a little

nearer to her orgasm. It definitely worked, she starting to shake each time I took her close and it was taking longer for her to calm down. I heard a couple of desperate sounding moans too. I glanced up and Ma'am was in a world of her own, clearly approaching her own high. I would rather have been the one giving her such pleasure, but this was pretty amazing. I was having a threesome, probably not what most people would call a threesome, but I wasn't complaining.

Soon I heard Ma'am cumming. I had made her cum many times but had never been in a position to watch it. It was beautiful. I watched her body arching, her chest swelling with each breath she took. Her head fell back as she groaned in pleasure, it was such a turn on. I realized my hips were pumping back and forth as my cock instinctively followed her movements. Slightly embarrassed I looked down and concentrate on my job. Sarah was moaning constantly now, I'm not even sure she was aware that Ma'am had cum. I took another quick glance up as Ma'am got up while giving Sarah's nipples another twist. She sat next to me and caressed my balls.

"You're quite excited aren't you baby? Do you like tormenting tied up subbies?"

I wasn't sure about that but the whole scene was a big turn on. Ma'am was stroking my cock through the cage now. I was moaning, Sarah was moaning. It was amazing. Then Ma'am told me to let her cum, and she told me not to stop when I did. Less than a minute later I took her to the edge and beyond.

Sarah came hard, bucking and grunting, fighting against her bonds. Her clit became even more sensitive, and her bucking became more intense. The grunts were louder and slightly higher in pitch. She was realizing that I wasn't stopping.

"No no no, stop stop."

She tried to roll away, so I grabbed the ropes around her thighs and held tight. Her pleasure was turning into pain now and she started throwing her upper body around. Ma'am calmly stuffed the gag back in her mouth and sat down firmly on her face again. Her movements were almost completely restricted now. Ma'am was pulling hard on her nipples. She was nearly screaming now. Her hypersensitive clit couldn't escape my tongue as it worked hard over her sensitive spot. Her nipples were in agony as Ma'am pulled and pinched. This went on for a good 5 minutes before I noticed a change in the tone of the screams. They were becoming lower and turning into groans. Her chest was heaving, partly in because

of her exertions and partly to try and escape Ma'am's viscous attacks. A huge shudder went through her as she came again. She was beside herself in pleasure and pain. I looked at Ma'am and she was giving me a slowdown signal, I slowed my tongue and just gently caressed Sarah's clit. Ma'am had stopped torturing her nipples and then she gestured for me to stop.

Sarah didn't know where she was, she just lay there moaning softly covered in sweat and drool. Ma'am gave her a minute and untied her. She groaned as she straightened her legs and flexed her arms.

"Oh, oh God. Oh, that was intense. Jesus. Thanks Louise, thanks Tom. Oh fuck."

Ma'am lay down on one side of her and gestured for me to lie on the other side. Sarah put her arms around both of us and let out a huge sigh.

"Louise, I was right. You are a bitch! Tom was right too though, you're lovely too. You were right about Tom's tongue as well. You're not a bitch, you're a lucky bitch!"

We cuddled together. Ma'am was gently touching Sarah, calming her. I wasn't sure what to do but Sarah noticed my full cage pressing against her. She moved her arm and grabbed it.

"This looks very interesting Louise. Seems to be a lot of cock in there. Can I have a go?"

Ma'am laughed, "no, you may not. You subs are so greedy! Anyway, Tom has to go, don't you baby?"

"Yes Ma'am, those exams won't pass themselves."

Ma'am smiled and said. "Maybe when I've got him fully trained I'll whore him out. I could make a fortune."

Sarah laughed and said, "Lovely to meet you Tom, hopefully see you again some time."

We said out goodbyes and I sauntered home smiling at another new and exciting experience. I didn't think I had much desire to hurt anyone, but I had really enjoyed teasing and denying her. I wondered if I would get the chance again.

The next month was a slog. My exams started and I worked very hard. I saw Ma'am a few times, but they were only brief visits. Booty calls really, I made her cum and was sent on my way. I wasn't complaining but she didn't even let me out of the cage on most of the visits. By the time my exams ended I had been continuously locked up for over 3 weeks and gone even longer without an orgasm.

Ma'am had almost finished down in London. Catching the bad guys had been a little easier than she had anticipated hence my brief weekend visits.

My last exam was on a Thursday. A bunch of went into town and had a big celebration. A couple of people were sick, and one guy even got punched although from what I saw he deserved it. It was a fun night! I staggered home at about 3am and woke up with a massive hangover. I ate toast and drank tea most of the day and had a quick afternoon nap.

I texted Ma'am, she sent back lots of laughs and no sympathy, she said if you can't do the time, don't do the crime. Fair enough I thought. Ma'am was staying in London until Sunday. They were having a celebration too after their success, but she told me there was something for me in the shed. I was intrigued so went straight over. There was a cardboard box, I opened it and there was my XBOX. Then I noticed an envelope with the word key written on it. Surely not I thought, but my heart skipped a beat. Half a second later the envelope was open. There was no key, just a one-word message.

"Never. X"

Oh, very funny, I thought and texted Ma'am to say thank you for the XBOX and for my heart attack. She just replied with a winking face.

Back home I immediately did a bit of gaming, but my heart wasn't really in it. I wanted to be with her. I realized that I had nothing to do. All I could do now was wait for my results. I had filled in all the university forms, and I was at a loose end for the next few months. I felt my cage. The exams and all the work leading up to them had been very important for my future, but it had also been a very good distraction from my situation. Locked up and horny. I went back to the message, never. My cock was getting hard now.

Never.

She had the key to my freedom, and I was never getting it back. That thought turned me on so much it was scary. The note was in my pocket. I decided to always keep it with me.

Never.

I had nothing to occupy my mind until I went to university except Ma'am and my locked-up cock.

Never.

Every erection and every orgasm were hers to control now, and there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. My cock was raging in my cage. I was so horny. She said an angle grinder wouldn't work but if I had one, I would have tried. I decided to send her a selfie. I slid the tip of the note under the ring and took a photo of my raging cock with the 'never' note clearly visible.

She texted back quickly.

"I see my note has had the desired effect. I'm almost as turned on as you now, but I can do something about it! I want you to send me a photo like that every morning from now on.

Forever. X"

She had just managed to make me feel even hornier, how was that even possible? Oh god. This woman, this bewitching devil of a woman was going to drive me crazy I just knew it. But the thing was I didn't care. I felt alive in ways I didn't understand. Roll on forever and never.

I didn't sleep well that night, my cock had a mind of its own. But I had nothing to do so being a bit tired wasn't a problem. I went over to a friend's house, and we gamed and chatted. He was in the same boat as me, not completely obviously. He was looking for a job, I said I was probably sorted with Louise for most of the summer. He had seen her in the village and gave me a provocative wink. I laughed it off and told him that I would never be that lucky.

I wandered home thinking about one more sleep before I could see Ma'am again. I couldn't wait. The evening was dull, but I watched some TV with my mum and we just chatted about stuff. I told her that Louise wanted me almost full time over

the summer. My mum had dropped the odd comment about her over the last month but now she quizzed me.

"What exactly do you do over there? There's nothing going on is there?"

I assured her it was just work. I told her I liked her and that she had helped me get my act together about school and working hard. She seemed to accept that.

"She's a good-looking woman Tom, very good-looking. Just be careful, I don't want her to take advantage of you."

I kept a straight face somehow.

"I'm fine mum, don't worry."

"Good," she said, "I don't want you getting hurt."

I decided if I wanted a new career, I should become a poker player. If only she knew, I thought. I excused myself before she said anything else and went upstairs. I did the usual young man stuff for a while, with one notable exception of course, and got a good night's sleep.

Sunday!

Ma'am was back soon, and I was very excited. The morning dragged on until she texted me. She said she would be back just after lunchtime and wanted me waiting for her. I told her I would be there. I was sitting on the patio wall when she arrived. I jumped up and opened the door for her. She beamed at me and gave me a big hug. I took her luggage in, and we chatted about what we had been doing. Her company had done a great job and were going to be handsomely rewarded for it. She would have to pop back a couple of times but essentially, she was going to be around most of the time. She had also excused herself from doing any work for a while unless there was an emergency.

"Hopefully I'm yours for the summer baby."

I told her that was the best news I had got in ages. She smiled and quietly said, "Be careful what you wish for boy."

This was probably true but at this moment I really didn't care. It was going to be a very interesting summer I reckoned.

"You will actually have to do some work, you realize? There will be some tradesmen here, you might be able to learn a thing or two."

She had made a good point. I wanted to study engineering at university so working with builders wouldn't be a bad idea. She was having a security gate put in so people couldn't just drive in, a carport and possibly an outbuilding or two.

She stood up and moved towards the door.

"First things first though. There is still a lot of work to do in the dungeon. More furniture to build and lots of shelves and stuff. I want it sorted out. I've had lots of gear in storage for too long. It needs to be used, and used on you."

There was that familiar feeling of nervous anticipation again.

We went down and she pointed to some of the larger items that were wrapped up. They looked to be almost the same height as the ceiling. I began to unwrap them and got a bit of a shock. They were very heavy. I looked and realized that I was looking at a deconstructed cell. Basically, each piece was a section of metal bars that when bolted together would make a prison cell. I looked at Ma'am. She smiled and said, "Perfect for sleep overs, don't you think?"

"Yes Ma'am." I replied nervously. She had my cock already locked up, with this she could have my whole body locked up. I began construction. It was tricky and difficult work as each section was very heavy. These were heavy duty bars, as usual Ma'am had gone for the highest quality. Thinner bars would undoubtedly have been a lot cheaper, but this had a very intimidating feel. It was to go in the corner so two sides would be the walls and the other two sides would be bars. The hardest part was making sure the sections attached to the walls were vertical and in the right place. After that it fitted together fairly easily. Large, recessed bolts which needed specialist tools to remove, were tightened. The door was fitted and there it was, a prison cell. It was about 8 feet square, plenty of room for a bed or mattress assuming either would be used. This time I made sure to clean up after myself.

Ma'am inspected with her usual keen eye. "Good work boy. Now all I need is a slave. Maybe you could just pretend to go to university and spend 3 years in here instead. Would you like that boy?"

I hesitated but knew she was joking.

"The idea has a certain appeal Ma'am," I said, "but I think I need to get to know you a little better first. Maybe Sarah would like it down here."

Ma'am laughed, "She probably would, but she's not the settling down type. She's way to busy having fun. Get in there boy."

I went in and she slammed the door shut and locked it.

"How does that feel?"

It was quite scary. I felt intimidated and made a mental note not to end up in jail. Ma'am turned on her heel and walked out. I was left standing there, locked in a cell. I waited for a few minutes, but she didn't come back. I was starting to feel a little unsettled now. There was silence. The atmosphere suddenly felt quite oppressive. Time seemed to crawl. When she returned, she told me that she left me down there for half an hour but it had felt like a lot longer. Ma'am was watching me carefully during this exchange which was also unsettling.

We went back to the kitchen and chatted for a while. She told me she would be in London 3 days that week so would only need me for the other 2. Then she dismissed me. I went home feeling slightly disappointed. It was great to see her, but we hadn't had any fun. She didn't even order me to make her cum. The 2 days I spent there during the week were uninteresting too. All I did was work, mostly in the grounds. She was always pleased to see me and on the surface, everything was normal but again there was no sex and nothing kinky.

Back in my bedroom in Friday evening I was feeling a little down. I wasn't sure what was going on. My joy at the idea of a summer with her was waning. Was she going off me? I was confused and worried. I hadn't been unlocked for 4 weeks now, but at this moment I really didn't feel very horny.

I went over on Saturday as usual, and Ma'am put me to work. She called me in for lunch. It was a quiet affair, none of the usual chat. I cleared the lunch things away and she told me to sit down. I had a bad feeling.

"Firstly, I want to apologize to you Tom. I've been sort of distant this last week. I've been thinking a lot. I've been thinking about us and about you. It's been strange, we have so much fun together but it feels deeper. I feel a real connection to you, and I've been wondering if I should. To coin a massive cliché, it's me, not you. Should I be doing this with someone so young? You have precious little

experience with women and our sort of relationship, a Domme and sub relationship is even more intense. I have had subs before, and as I have said before, it is something I take very seriously. The problem I have is that I can't really ask you how you feel. I know how you feel but I can't be sure if I can trust your opinion due to your lack of experience. I'm really really sorry if that sounds condescending but I don't know how else to put it. Tell me as honestly as you can how you feel about me and us."

I was taken aback by this. She had always seemed so confident and assured. I thought for a minute. I understood where she was coming from. I had wondered from time to time what was going on, but I was being swept away by the excitement and novelty of it all.

It felt right to use her name.

"Louise, these last few months have without any doubt been the most incredible and exciting few months of my life. You have given me so many new and amazing experiences. You are the only woman I've been in any way intimate with. It has been incredibly intense. You have exposed my deepest desires and needs. Like you, I have wondered about what the hell was going on, but I was just loving every minute of it and ignoring any doubts. I have no idea where this will end up. You weren't being condescending, it was fair comment to worry about what I might say. But I'm not completely naive. I believe that my trust in you is one hundred percent justified. All through our relationship you have done nothing except encourage me to be the best person I can be. You have made me work hard. Assuming I pass my exams, that will be almost entirely down to you. I might have done alright without you but probably not. I believe you have my best interests at heart. You want me to succeed. I want you. I want you in my life because I firmly believe that my life, in all ways, is better with you in it."

She sat back then leaned forward and took my hand.

"My instincts were right. You are a special man, Tom. I don't know where we will end up either, but you have put my mind at rest. I feel ridiculously relieved. I've been working myself up wondering if this was right. Now I know it is."

She stood up and we hugged.

No words needed to be said. We just held each other.

Eventually she pulled away and cleared her throat. "Damn it, now I really want to keep you locked in my dungeon!"

I laughed. "It felt weird down there, Ma'am but I can't think of anywhere else I would rather be. Give me a minute please."

I called my mum and told her I was going into town and that I would be staying over with a friend. She said that was fine and told me to have fun. I assured her I would.

Ma'am was smiling at me. We kissed passionately then she pointed out that I was badly overdressed.

I had my clothes off very quickly. This was right, she was clothed, and I was naked, well almost. She ran the hands slowly over my body giving my nipples a little tweak. The response was predictable. She put her hands under my balls and pretended to weigh them.

"They definitely feel bigger baby. It's been a while since you last came, hasn't it?"

"My definition of a while and yours are probably a bit different Ma'am, but yes, it's been a while."

She smiled, "feeling horny?"

"You know I am Ma'am. I'm always horny when I'm with you."

"You are, aren't you? I like that. Every woman wants to be desired, and you definitely do that."

My cock was hard. It was always hard when I was with her. I loved that feeling, the constant arousal and desire I felt when I was with her.

"Let's go upstairs."

We were quickly on the bed. She was on top obviously as we kissed deeply. I was running my hands across her perfect body. Every time I was naked with her, I felt like the luckiest man in the world. Sometimes the chastity device seemed to weigh a ton, both physically and mentally. But more and more it was becoming a natural part of my life. It belonged on me, and I wanted it on me. It was a symbol of my submission to her.

She was pressing her pussy into the cage, trying to ride it. "Stay there boy."

As if I was going to go anywhere. She returned with the dreaded towel. I hated the shock of it, but it did mean I was going to be unlocked after 4 long weeks. She could usually get the cage off without calming me down, but it was quicker this way, and I suspected she liked doing it.

My cock quickly returned to its full hardness. It was so nice after such a long time confined. However, she ignored it and maneuvered herself over my face.

"Just get me close boy. Not right to the edge, but close."

I knew her well by now and set to work. Her hands were on my hips but not touching me where I desperately wanted her to. I loved feeling her body move on me. I could feel her passion, I could recognize her desire through her movements, how she positioned herself on my tongue, whether she was pressing down on me, if she was sliding her pussy up and down. I took it all in and responded accordingly.

She was getting very worked up now, so I eased up a little, gently, and slowly caressing her clit, moving away occasionally to push my tongue into her. She was loving it. I heard her telling me that this was just right, this was exactly what she needed. My face was covered in her juices as I lapped away.

I felt her move. She turned around and kissed me again, savoring herself on my mouth and tongue. I could feel her wetness on my cock. She sat up slightly and I felt myself slowly slide inside her.

Heaven was a place in earth. I had been briefly inside her on the cross, but this was different. This was me and her together, joined as one. She slowly guided herself down my shaft, taking me fully in. She sighed and smiled played across her face.

"I've waited long enough for this. Remember my words, remember what I have taught you."

She slowly raised herself up a few inches then relaxed back down. Again, the same movement, and again. She felt wonderful, deliciously soft yet somehow firm at the same time. She kept moving slowly in and out and I could see her passion growing. She was lifting slowly up then sitting down hard on me now, pushing me

as far into her as she could. Each time her little sighs and moans became a little louder. It was glorious to watch and be part of. My cock was like iron, I could feel every part of her sliding across me. Her training had clearly had an effect. Somewhere in the back of my mind I wondered why I hadn't cum from the amazing sensations I was feeling but it was a fleeting thought. I was lost in the moment just as she had told me to be. I was focused on her pleasure, just as she wanted me to be.

She was moaning now, moving faster but still only going up and down a few inches. I was thrusting up to meet her now, heightening her pleasure. She growled from somewhere inside and came. Shaking, she collapsed onto to me, breath ragged. I could feel her pussy pulsating around my cock. I held her tight as her orgasm slowly faded.

Recovering she stared deep into my eyes.

"You didn't cum baby. Amazing, why not?"

"Because of you Ma'am. I wanted you to cum so much more than I wanted to cum. That was the most beautiful thing I have ever experienced."

"Oh baby."

She held my face and kissed me deeply. I felt her moving on me again. This time she lifted herself almost completely off me before slowly taking me inside. Each time she gave a satisfied moan. Her little movements had been very sexy, but this was incredible. It was going to be too much soon.

"Ma'am," I breathed, " Ma'am!" I repeated with more urgency. She smiled through her growing passion.

"It's OK baby."

Up and down, up and down. She said it was OK, it was amazing. Up and down. Up and off.

She slid herself gently off my aching cock still smiling. I was still arching my hips but now it was into thin air.

"I need your tongue again."

She flipped round and buried herself against my face. I couldn't believe it; I was so close. After I had done so well. That thought instantly slipped away. This was my place. My tongue on her pussy giving her pleasure. My duty was her pleasure. Mine was irrelevant. My pleasure was hers to give if, and when, she decided to. My denial and desperation gave her pleasure.

My tongue was busy again and soon she came, bucking and writhing. She slowly recovered turning around and kissing me. Once more she slid my cock deep inside. I didn't know what to do. The joy I was giving her was mixing with the glorious feelings in my cock and the ache of my denial. She was moving again slowly, deep long strokes. I watched her. I saw her tongue run across her lips. I saw her body arching in passion. I saw everything that mattered to me lost in a world of primal joy and passion that I had helped create. It was like an out of body experience.

She slowed and stopped with me buried deep inside her.

"Do you want to cum?"

"No."

It came out without any hesitation. I wasn't saying it because I thought it was what she wanted to hear.

It was the truth.

She slowly raised herself off me and slumped by my side. Pulling my head to one side so she could look me straight in the eyes she said, "That was amazing. And what you just said, that was the icing on the cake."

All I could do was look at her and soak in her beauty.

She smiled. "By the way, no Ma'am were the words you were looking for. I will have to punish you for that later."

Now I smiled too. "You can do anything you want to me Ma'am, if it gives you pleasure."

She sighed and her hand found its way to my rock hard cock. It was slick with her juices. She played with it a little, rubbing her thumb around my frenum giving me small shocks of pleasure.

"You tried to cum, didn't you?"

"I didn't try Ma'am. I was doing everything in my power not to, but I failed."

We were both smiling, we both knew how wonderful it had been.

"Much more training and practice for you then baby. Think you can handle it?"

"I will do my best Ma'am."

She pulled me close, and we stayed like that, together as one.

She roused herself after a while and we showered. She made a fuss over making sure I was very clean slowly running her soap covered hands over my very hard cock. I had resisted so well for so long, but my will power was slipping. She knew and deliberately kept me close but not right at the edge. It was delicious, physically I could handle it but mentally I was cracking. It felt so good my mind was reeling. I stood there incredibly horny praying she would relent. I tried to touch her hoping that if I could make her horny, she might weaken but she didn't. After what seemed an eternity was slowly her hands and stood back.

"I think I've pushed you far enough today baby. Neither of us want any accidents do we?"

I just sighed and we left the shower. I couldn't help but want that last little push over the edge.

"Do we boy?" The edge was there again.

"No Ma'am." I replied quietly.

"Do you want to be locked back up boy?"

"Yes Ma'am." I wasn't sure about either of my last two answers, not sure at all. I was just so turned on and had been for hours. She noticed as she always did.

"Ask me nicely boy." The edge was still in her voice. I composed myself a little.

"Please Ma'am, please lock me in chastity again."

"Come on, you can do better than that boy."

She had started stroking me again, very slowly but firmly. She always told me to tell the truth.

"Ma'am I'm sorry. I'm trying, I'm trying so hard but I'm desperate to cum. I can't find it in me to resist, 4 weeks locked up and now this. It's too much."

She kept her slow firm strokes going up and down.

"I told you that I won't ever relent didn't I boy? I will keep pushing and pushing. You will resist sometimes; I know that and it turns me on. Making you feel like this is such a rush for me.

Your whole being is screaming to cum. All you need to do is take my hand, I won't stop you. Take my hand and make yourself cum. You just need to move it a little faster, squeeze a little harder. Well, boy, do you want to cum?"

I reached down and took her hand. Holding it gently I removed it from my aching, needy cock. I don't know where I summoned the courage from, but I looked her in the eyes and said, "Please Ma'am. My cock and my orgasms belong to you. Please lock me in chastity Ma'am."

We stood there for a few seconds, and I let her hand go.

"Good boy, very good. I will lock you back up, but it will be when I choose to, understand?"

"Yes Ma'am."

She started stroking me again. I was beginning to realize what she meant by never relenting. I was in pieces as her hand moved across me. This was a form of torture unlike any other, I thought. Give me pain and suffering any day. It would be easier to live through than this. She was torturing me with my own need and lust.

Mercifully after about another 2 or 3 minutes she stopped.

"Hands on your head."

She moved to the bedside table and got a pair of handcuffs out. She kept handcuffs in her bedside table... of course she did. One wrist then the other and my hands were behind my back and cuffed. She disappeared and came back as I anticipated, with the cold towel. It was shocking as ever but at least my torment was over. As she waited for me to shrink, she said, "You wouldn't have touched yourself when I was out of the room would you boy?"

"No Ma'am, of course not."

It was a totally honest answer, I wouldn't have dreamed of it.

Smiling her evil smile she said, "I believe you boy. I know you wouldn't."

She had slipped the base ring on.

"The handcuffs were just to let you know that you will never have the chance to cum without me. Never. It all belongs to me."

My cock was beginning to stiffen again so she quickly got the cage on.

"It's mine baby, all mine."

I was straining again.

"Tell me baby."

"It's yours Ma'am. My cock belongs to you. I will never cum without you giving me permission."

Why did this get me so hard? I still didn't really understand but giving her this power excited me like nothing else.

"I know it baby," she held my balls, "I love the way it never stops trying to escape. How long do you think I would have to lock it away before it finally gave up? Another month? Maybe another 6 months? That will be a fun experiment for the future won't it baby? How about this for a bit of fun instead. If you can stay soft for 5 minutes while I massage your balls, I will let you out. If not, you stay locked."

I was groaning now. The combination of my enraged cock and her words firing my imagination were driving me mad. She laughed and finally left my tortured

genitals alone. She put on her tight leggings and tee shirt, and we went downstairs. We had a beer and I briefly relaxed.

She said, "That was a lovely afternoon baby. Let's do it again soon. In fact, you won't even have to do any work tomorrow, so we'll have even more time together. Is that OK with you baby? Lots more of the same tomorrow? More orgasms for me and much more denial for you?"

I couldn't take that again. I just couldn't.

"Yes Ma'am."

"Beg for it boy."

She just kept forcing me and pushing me.

"Please Ma'am, can you tease and deny me even more tomorrow? Please can I give you even more orgasms?"

She came over to me and put her hands around my neck pulling me in for a long passionate kiss. Her eyes were sparkling with life.

"Only if you are sure baby. Do you really want me to tease you like I did today? It's fine if you don't, I will understand."

She was pressing her body against me,

"If you think it would be too much for you, I can always keep you locked up for a few more weeks until you are ready."

There was no choice. There was never a choice. She had me in the palm of her hand and she was loving every second of it.

"Ma'am, please tease me for as long as you want. Tease me then let me give you an orgasm. Tease me again and again. Let me make you cum again and again. Please Ma'am, all I want is to please you."

She kissed me again. "Thanks baby, I might take you up on that offer." She sighed and smiled.

"OK. Seriously that's enough. I'm getting myself all worked up again. You're such a naughty boy Tom."

She gave me a quick hug and we sat on the sofa together.

"Could you call your mother and say I'm cooking dinner and that you're staying over for a bit? Would that be OK? I can't send you home like this, you're a wreck."

I was definitely a wreck, she was right. I phoned home and said Louise had some food and wanted to congratulate me on finishing my exams. She was fine with it. Ma'am whipped up a lovely pasta dish, teaching me how to do it as she went. She winked and said that the girls at university would be impressed by a boy who could cook.

I had been wondering about university and the social side of things. Inevitably there would be a girl or two who fancied me, even if it was a drunken party type of thing. I wasn't being cocky, but I knew I was a decent looking guy and Ma'am had given me lots of confidence in myself. I asked her about it. Her simple response was that if anyone got too amorous, I could just say I had a girlfriend back home and that it was a serious thing. She hoped that any reasonable girl would respect that and if they didn't they didn't deserve me anyway. It sounded like a good plan.

"Do you want to go to university like this, Tom?"

She pointed at the chastity device.

"The social side is almost as important as the educational side."

I didn't hesitate.

"It's fine Ma'am. I think my social education is coming on in leaps and bounds. I will very happily tell anyone that I've got someone back home that I'm serious about because it's true. What about you though? Are you feeling OK about me going away? Probably going away... I would stay if you wanted me to."

She furrowed her brows.

"You are going, young man. That's an order. You will go to university and get a good degree, end of discussion."

She laughed, "you've got a woman with expensive tastes to look after now. Those prison cells aren't cheap."

"Yes Ma'am!"

"I'm sure I will miss you a bit though. But you're not going far. Bristol is only an hour away so you can come back, or I can visit. I'm sure the new friends you will make would love to meet me."

She had a wicked look on her face. I laughed nervously. "Don't worry, I'll do my best not to embarrass you."

I put a very solemn face on and said, "You could never embarrass me Ma'am. Whatever you told me to do I would do without hesitation, whatever the circumstances."

She laughed, "Careful baby. I might hold you to that. Luckily for you I am aware that with great power comes great responsibility."

We chatted away for an hour or so. I was still as horny as hell, but she deliberately didn't talk about anything kinky and I was feeling as normal as I could under the circumstances when I left.

I still couldn't quite believe what I had stumbled into. This summer was going to be one to remember though, that was for sure. Quite what she had planned was a mystery but one I was looking forward to discovering.

I arrived at Ma'am's house early of course. It was a grey, miserable day so she put me to work in the dungeon. I assembled a large metal grid which I fixed to the wall. It had dozens of hooks on it for storing toys and goodies. Then I set about what she called a spanking or fucking bench. I could see why. There was a padded bench that was at waist height with side pads for the victim's lower legs and forearms to be secured to. The leg end had a v shape cut out, I realized that this would allow easy access to the genitals. There was even a retractable head rest for comfort and as usual no shortage of fixing points.

Ma'am was pleased with my work. "You have probably noticed that I like to test what you have built for me, today is no different. Hop on!"

I got up and settled down on the bench. Ma'am got me in the right spot then set about tightening all the straps, 3 across my body, 2 around each leg and arm and one over the back of my neck.

"Move." She said. As always, this command was met with almost no movement at all. She was nothing if not thorough.

"Perfect. Time for some of my toys to come out to play. But first you need to be unlocked."

As usual my cock had decided that I liked being immobile and vulnerable, so the towel came out and as usual she took great pleasure in freezing my erection away. She slipped the cage off then wriggled the ring off too.

"These balls are going to get lots of attention. I want them looser so that I can have more fun with them."

With that she started to pull them away from my body. Gently at first, pull then relax. But soon the pressure increased as she tried to elongate my ball sac. Pulling and twisting, she gradually upped the ante. The initial pleasure was beginning to be replaced by pain, not a sharp pain but an ever growing ache deep inside. Each time she stretched my balls away from me she held them there a little longer. Each time the ache grew. I was groaning, I tried to move, to do something to ease the slowly mounting agony but I got absolutely nowhere. Holding them with one hand she gave them a firm pat with her other hand and said, "that will do for now. Let's add some weight."

I felt something going around my testicles, it felt solid and cool. She moved some skin around and was done. She gave my balls a push and they swung slowly underneath me. She had attached a heavy metal ball stretcher between my cock and balls. It was just under 2 inches long and weighed over half a pound. She gave it a push and I could feel them swinging from side to side. It felt quite sexy, my balls felt heavier and bigger. Then she started flicking my balls from side to side and I realized how vulnerable they were. Each flick sent a little pulse of pain through them. Predictably my cock enjoyed the sensations and stiffened. She held the weight and pulled it backwards forcing my cock to point vertically down. This was beginning to hurt; she then ran her nails up and down my hard cock while occasionally stopping and digging them into the flesh. I jerked as each nail dug painfully in. Suddenly she let go and my balls swung freely under me.

"Enough of that for now boy. I have a very inviting ass that needs some attention."

She walked over to the rack which was now festooned with various implements.

"The leather flogger first I think, to warm you up a little."

A heard a few swishing sounds then I felt the tails of the flogger drag down my back and between my cheeks. She started swatting my ass, gently to begin with, one cheek then the other. A few across my upper thighs and back for good measure. It stung but it wasn't a sharp pain. She began to gather speed hitting me more frequently and the impacts became harder too. All over me, I never knew which place she would hit next. The stings were sharper now and more intense but still not very painful. She slowed then gave one last swat up between my legs which hit my exposed balls and cock. I jerked in my bonds and exhaled. That did hurt but only briefly.

She stroked my skin gently and said, "That's good, a little change of color. Time for a step up."

This time she returned with a paddle. It was about eighteen inches long and about three inches wide and made from thick but still slightly flexible leather. Again, she stroked my ass with it and then gave my balls a light tap with it. The impact when it came was sharp and loud. There was a crack and pain radiating through my cheek. Another crack and the same on my other cheek. A pause then two more cracks. This stung a lot more. She continued, moving the strikes, covering my cheeks with long red patches of pain. She moved the point of attack and hit my upper thighs and then my inner thighs. Everything was stinging now; I could almost feel the heat coming off my skin.

More sharp strikes followed, it was getting intense now and I was breathing hard doing my best not to flinch. She must have carried on for at least 10 minutes. She concentrated most of the blows on my exposed cheeks, but my thighs didn't escape. She stopped and traced the end of the paddle across my red skin. Then I felt the flat of the paddle stroking my balls. She patted them firmly. Each strike was soft but as they accumulated the ache grew. She began alternating, sometimes patting them from side to side and then coming up from underneath hitting them both square on.

I was starting to sweat a bit now. Each strike was creating a sharp pain and while it faded into a dull ache, the ache was deeper each time. I was moaning now, each blow raising the intensity of my suffering. My muscles were tensing as I moved against the bonds. Thankfully she stopped and I felt her hand caress my cock. It was still hard, and she masturbated me slowly.

"He loves the pain doesn't he boy?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Doesn't he?" The edge in her voice was back.

"Yes, Ma'am he does. The pain makes him hard Ma'am."

She pulled my balls sharply backwards again. And struck the shaft of my cock. Pain shot through it. Again, another blow, and another. My balls were aching badly, and my cock was stinging, she ran the paddle over my the tip of my cock. We both knew it was throbbing with lust through the pain. She struck the tip hard and my cock erupted in pain. I let out a loud but strangled cry.

"Hush now boy. I'm only warming up. You want me to hurt you, don't you? We both love it."

"Yes Ma'am, please hurt me."

"Ass or balls, you decide boy."

There was no decision to be made at this point.

"Ass please Ma'am."

She was happy to oblige and retrieved a thin and flexible bamboo cane. Tapping it lightly on my ass she said,

"Let me know when you want me to stop and pay your balls some more attention boy."

The cane was thin and light, but it hit with great speed. There was a sudden thin streak of fire across my left cheek then the right. Air flew from my lungs as I spasmed in my bonds. It was as if someone had drawn a knife across my skin. She paused; I knew more were coming. Pain shot across my cheeks again, about an inch under the last strike, then quickly another. I was taking short sharp breaths, flinching with every hit. She worked her way down to about halfway down my thighs. A slight pause then a line of fire on both inner thighs. Each strike was so sharp and precise it took my breath away. A felt the tip of the cane trace across my ass. This time both cheeks felt the force, 6 quick vicious strikes. The pain flew through me.

"Please, Ma'am please stop!" I gasped.

"Please what boy?"

I groaned, "please hurt my balls Ma'am."

The tip of the cane slowly traced its way over my balls.

"This might be a bit too extreme for now."

She got the small rod that she had used before. It cracked into both my balls and more pain shot through me. Another groan was forced out of me. My balls had recovered slightly as she attacked my ass, but the pain flooded through them again. Another sharp smack, a pause and then another. Then on the sides again and again. I was crying out with each hit. She stopped and massaged them, squeezing gently and rolling them around. I couldn't really tell at this point if she was trying to hurt me or soothe me but at least the agony had briefly stopped. My cock had gone down a little during this beating, so she now started using the rod on my shaft. Thin streaks of pain ran across it as the rod struck. It seemed that it enjoyed any sort of attention, and it grew back to full hardness.

"Oh baby, look at that!" She exclaimed.

"You know how much I adore making you hard, looks like I've found another way."

My shaft took many blows then she did the same to my swollen glans. Pain erupted across the sensitive skin. Two more blows and I was writhing in pain again. Quickly she turned back to my balls. The rod hit length ways across each testicle, I shouted in agony.

"No Ma'am, no please Ma'am."

"No what boy?"

I couldn't answer, my balls were hurting so badly now. They were throbbing in pain.

She chuckled. "Nothing to say, I'll carry on then."

My balls erupted again, and I cried out.

"No! My ass Ma'am please. Hurt my ass instead."

Almost before I had stopped speaking the bamboo crashed into my cheeks. Another thin river of fire snaked across me. Then another on each thigh. She went back to my ass and fire spread through me. I was shaking, every muscle taunt.

"Ma'am nooo!" I cried out.

She stopped. There was silence except for my hoarse breathing. I barely knew where I was. All I knew was that she had stopped creating more agony. I felt my balls being massaged again before she pulled them back, holding them and stretching them. She started slowly stroking my cock, bringing it back to full hardness. As my cock got harder her grip on my balls got tighter.

"Look at how hard he is. Pain and pleasure. You need both don't you boy? Don't you?"

"Yes Ma'am, I want both of them."

"I love giving you both of them. You want to please me don't you boy?"

I would say anything right now. My cock was throbbing, my tortured balls were screaming.

"Yes Ma'am. I want to please you Ma'am."

Her hand left my cock and she said,

"That's enough pleasure for now. Time for some more pain. Ass or balls boy?"

I broke, I was almost crying.

"Please Ma'am. Please don't. I'm sorry Ma'am. I can't, I just can't."

Her hand tightened on my balls, and I screamed. She let go and my balls just swayed beneath me pain arcing through them. She touched my ass and I flinched.

"It's OK baby, it's over for now. Try and relax while I set you free. There was some movement around my balls and the weight was removed. She held them softly and moved them around in her fingers.

"They are just fine baby. Sore but fine.

She undid the straps and helped me to my feet. I just stood there dazed. Pain was running through me in waves.

She took me by the hand and slowly we went upstairs. She told me to lie on the bed and very gingerly I lay down. It hurt like mad but obviously not as badly as the caning. She got me some water and lay carefully next to me.

"I'm amazed baby. I've seen experienced pain sluts break way before you did. Well done, I'm so proud, and really turned on. There's nothing wrong with your tongue is there?"

I managed a weak smile.

"My tongue is fine Ma'am, would you like to sit on my face? I'm not sure I can move."

She smiled and said, "of course baby. You stay there."

Her lovely, sweet pussy was soon pressed into my mouth. She was very turned on and it didn't take long to bring her to a long loud orgasm. She didn't move away but stayed there. She told me to go again slowly, I was coming back to life now and I patiently brought her back to another orgasm, this one was longer and deeper and seemed to run through her to her core. Sighing she got off my and laughing down beside me again.

"Thanks baby, that was absolutely gorgeous. Your tongue just hits the spot every time."

Her compliments never failed to make me happy. Despite the pain still washing through me I felt good. I was feeling very good actually. I turned my head, kissed her, and smiled.

"Thank you Ma'am. I'm not sure what I'm thanking you for though. I'm hurting but happy."

She kissed me back.

"It's the endorphins. You will come back down soon. You'll probably hurt more then, your body is protecting you. One thing is for sure you won't be sitting comfortably for a few days."

I laughed, "you're not wrong about that Ma'am."

Her hand slid down and held my cock which responded to her grasp. She pumped it slowly a few times.

"Nothing wrong with him then."

Gently she brought me to full hardness. She kept up her soft strokes for a few minutes. The feelings were amplified by being so utterly different to the pain I had recently endured. I lay there savoring every touch, her soft fingers running over my shaft. She carefully moved down the bed and took me into her willing mouth. She kept her hand on my shaft and used her lips and tongue to move around my sensitive head.

It was bliss, her slow pumping of my shaft and her tongue sliding sensuality over my head. I moaned in joy as the feelings slowly grew. The heat of her mouth washed over my cock as her tongue made circles around me. She used the tip to massage the most sensitive spots coaxing me towards my orgasm. Despite my soreness I was making little thrusts with my hips. She didn't let me get too much friction though, slowing her tongue. Her hand gripped me a bit tighter, and she sucked me in, going up and down. I could feel it coming, the aches and pains fading as the pleasure overtook anything else. I was moaning as my orgasm approached, eyes closed as the inevitable surge built.

She pulled her head away leaving me right on the edge. My eyes opened to see her beautiful face looking up at me.

Smiling she said, "are you trying to cum baby? That's very naughty, I should punish you for that."

Please god no I thought. "Sorry Ma'am, I'm a bit all over the place."

"I understand baby but that's no excuse. As I said when we first met, doing your best isn't optional. Denying you turns me on. Do better."

Her mouth was on my cock again, her tongue making beautiful little patterns on my sensitive head. Her words were clear in my mind. It felt so good to have the pleasure after the pain. Her tongue was so smooth yet insistent, I needed an orgasm. Surely, I deserved it.

Stop. Stop thinking like that. Enjoy it, enjoy the beautiful sensations and be in the moment. Her pleasure was my pleasure. I'm not sure if this was a conscious or unconscious monologue in my mind but it brought me back to the present. It was so good. My breathing deepened and relaxed as I rode the waves of pleasure she was giving me. It was heaven.

She began to quicken her pace, gripping my cock more firmly and pumping with more urgency. The feelings intensified and my calm began to slip. It was too good, too much. I tensed trying to hold off, but it was no use. My orgasm was coming. Suddenly her mouth and hand were gone, and she moved back up to me. My cock was left helplessly bouncing in the air searching for something, anything to take it over the edge.

"Trying to cum again? You are still thinking about yourself. You have to stop that. However, you did well after my little pep talk. Given what you have been through today that was quite impressive. There will always be a point where it becomes impossible to resist but together, we are moving that point further and further away. It's work in progress baby and it always will be."

She was right, it would always be a work in progress. I would always be trying to better myself, always trying harder to please her. She would see to that. She wouldn't ever let up. There was no room for second best, never any chance of slacking off. Anything but my best would have serious consequences. I was sure there would be times when I would resent her for that but deep down, I knew I loved her for it.

I would be the best I could be.

But what about the pain? Why did my cock betray me and enjoy it so much? Sure, she loved inflicting pain so by suffering I pleased her but there was more to it. What was the old cliché? We feel most alive when we are closest to death? Hopefully it wouldn't come to that, but I definitely felt a huge rush when she hurt me. Everything went into overdrive; all my senses were heightened.

"Come on, time for a shower. This will sting a bit baby."

It did, it stung a lot, but the hot water slowly soothed my abused ass and thighs. There were hot red welts everywhere. She showed me in the mirror when we got out. She was smiling, I wore them with pride. I was proud of what I had suffered for her.

Part 5

Ma'am had told me that she would be in London until Thursday but gave me a detailed list of things to be done. I kept busy and worked hard, making sure I did everything as well as I could. The welts on my ass and legs slowly faded although my first couple of nights were uncomfortable. My balls had also recovered. They ached for a while after Ma'am had put the ring and cage back on, but it faded fairly quickly.

Ma'am was waiting for me on Thursday morning and gave me a big hug. We talked about the last few days, when Sarah joined us appearing from the dungeon. Ma'am hadn't mentioned that she was around. She gave me a hug and we all chatted away for a bit.

Ma'am looked at Sarah. "Show him then, I know you want to."

Sarah stood up and pulled her dress over her head. She was naked, well almost. All she had on was a chastity belt. It was a sleek, shiny and expensive looking thing. Sarah did a little twirl. It was very tight around her waist, it was tight everywhere. She invited me to take a closer look. The shield over her pussy was impenetrable, I tried but I could barely even get a fingernail underneath it. Here was a grill to allow urine to escape and a metal ring to allow other body functions.

"How long have you had it on? Can you keep it on long term?" I asked.

Sarah explained that she had owned it for a while but had never had the courage to give the keys to anyone. Then she asked Ma'am if she would hold the keys. Ma'am couldn't be an in person key holder because of the distance. However, Ma'am had friends in kinky places. She had put out some feelers and soon found a couple very near Sarah who were happy to help. They had been in the scene for decades and were in their sixties now. Whilst they weren't active anymore, they had agreed to hold one key. Whenever Sarah needed to remove the belt for hygiene reasons, she could go to them and they would supervise. Basically, the belt was only removed when Sarah was tied up. The couple were free to have a bit of fun during this process if they wanted to, but so far all that had been asked of Sarah was a blow job for the man of the house. So far, the belt had been on for just under 2 weeks.

It seemed like a perfect arrangement. Ma'am didn't have to put any effort in, and in return Sarah was kept in chastity and Ma'am had a horny little female sub ready whenever she wanted.

I asked her how horny she was feeling.

"Very Tom, very horny indeed. I usually have a wank every day. The denial seems to be amplified by wearing the belt, as I am sure you know."

I nodded, the constant reminder of why you were feeling so horny definitely made it worse. There was no escaping it, all day and every day.

"So now I've got 2 desperate subs to look after," Ma'am sighed comically, "I'm going to teach you how to look after her Tom and I think you are going to be spending a lot of your time with your tongue buried in one pussy or the other. Obviously, Sarah loves heavy bondage so once she's secured, we can leave her to her own predicament. That will let us go about our own fun. Speaking of which I have to go back to London today, but I'll be back on Friday evening.

I will fill you in on my plans for her until I get back, after we get her secured.

We went down to the dungeon, Sarah's belt was removed and she was secured tightly to the chair. Back upstairs Ma'am had typed out detailed instructions. We went through them until she was sure I understood my duties. She was in for a tough 36 hours. I suspected it wouldn't get any easier when Ma'am returned either, as Sarah was staying until Sunday.

Ma'am gave me a hug. "I trust you Tom, and so does Sarah. You have a big responsibility here, are you sure you can handle it?"

"Yes Ma'am. I'm sure I can, and I can call you if I have any questions or if something comes up."

She stood up and headed for the door. "You will be being watched obviously. Have fun, my temporary Dom. See you Friday."

So, there I was, locked away in my own device yet with a sexy woman of my own to play with. Admittedly I had very little leeway concerning what I could do, but I was feeling horny and excited by the prospect.

I went downstairs and stood in front of Sarah who smiled at me.

"Hello sexy. Am I going to get that cock inside me?"

I laughed. "I wish but Ma'am has other plans for you and I'm going to follow them to the letter."

She laughed now. "Didn't think I would get that lucky. By the way I asked for this so don't feel sorry for me and do what you have been told to. If you don't we will both, be in trouble, Ma'am made that clear to me."

"She made that pretty clear to me too. I find it's best to stay on her good side, very much for the best in fact. Right, shall we begin?"

I held up a big gag that was attached to a head harness. She took a breath and nodded. I slipped the gag into her mouth and buckled the harness up. There were leather straps that went across her forehead and under her chin. A V shaped strap ran either side of her nose forming one piece that joined the head strap between her eyes. I tightened it up behind her head. I then fixed her head to the headrest via the harness. She wasn't going anywhere.

I considered our differing chastity devices. Mine allowed some contact through the bars. I could feel the skin and I could hold my testicles. On the other hand, her pussy had felt absolutely nothing for two weeks now. Her erogenous zone hadn't been touched in any way. I wasn't sure which was worse as I could actually be teased through my cage.

I had some toys to use and went to get them. There were 2 thick rubber rings that had to be squeezed over her large breasts. I wasn't an expert, but they had to be D cups. Ma'am had said that this would be tricky, and it was. After much wriggling and a bit of what sounded like laughing from behind the gag they were in position round the base of her breasts.

I got the leather flogger that had been used on me. This was where I felt a little uncertain. I was very happy with the idea of teasing and denying her but causing her pain was a different matter. Still, my orders were clear, and we would both suffer if I didn't follow them. I began on her breasts covering them with soft blows to begin with then hitting harder and more frequently. Sarah had her eyes closed and seemed to be enjoying it. Without warning I started on her inner thighs which slowly began to change color like her tits. Then I moved to her pussy. Again, I started slowly but before long the leather strands were biting into her soft sensitive folds. She wasn't laughing now. She jerked and moaned with each strike.

I could see her pussy getting redder but it wasn't just the leather, it was arousal too.

This was my cue. I stopped flogging and dropped between her legs. She was sopping wet, so I went right to business. She flinched slightly as I applied pressure to her sore lips. I went straight to her clit and before long she was getting close. Her breathing accelerated and she moaned. I stopped her right on the edge of cumming. She made a frustrated noise as she probably expected a orgasm potentially followed by some forced orgasms. Not this time though.

I let her settle down and took her to the edge again. There were more moans and frustrated groans. I repeated the edging process again and again, at least ten times. She tried to thrust her pussy at me but didn't stand a chance. I was loving every second. I had a warm wet pussy to play with and nothing beat that as far as I was concerned.

Finally, I stopped and stood up. She made another frustrated noise and tried to push herself at me, she winked and made some sort of optimistic moan. Her eyes flicked down to my trapped but hard cock and she winked again. I smiled, can't fault a horny girl for trying I thought.

I walked behind her and put a padded blindfold over her eyes. It was time to give her tits some real pain. The flogger had stung them, but the thin cane would properly hurt. Her breasts were held slightly proud by the rings around them, and they made an inviting target.

The first hit was hard, just under her nipples. It took her by surprise, and she squealed through the gag. The next hit just above them drew another squeal of pain. Using different angles, I covered her breasts with thin red lines. She was moaning constantly, and each strike intensified the sound. The last hit was hard and straight across her nipples. She screamed and gasped for breath. I picked up a pair of viscous nipple clamps. Unlike the ones I had used on Ma'am these had tiny spikes all over their surface. Her nipples were still in pain when I applied them. No screaming this time but a long drawn out moan.

Quickly I was between her legs and my tongue was on her clit. She jumped in surprise; through the pain her arousal quickly grew but I repeated the same pattern of taking her close but never over the edge. Her moans were getting frantic as I took her so close time after time. Drool was dripping on to her heaving

chest. Reaching up I pulled sharply on the connecting chain between the clamps, and she groaned loudly.

I stopped after edging her for a good 25 minutes. She was in pieces, sweating and needy. Next, I got the paddle. I stood by her side to get the right angle and swung it firmly down on her exposed pussy. It made a sharp slapping sound on the wet swollen flesh. No scream this time, all the air was forced from her lungs by the shock. Her body shook then a long loud cry of pain escaped from her. I waited, as Ma'am waited with me and hit her again. There were agonized groans and she tried in vain to shake her head. She was taking short sharp breaths and I hit her again. Her cries were frantic now, desperate for the pain to stop. It did as I disappeared between her legs once more. Even my tongue seemed to hurt this time but soon heard the cries of pain turn into ones of lust.

I had thought that hurting a woman would be a turn off, but it wasn't. I realized I was quite excited by what I had done to her. Not as turned on as when it happened to me, but the scene made me quite horny.

My tongue worked its magic, lust and desire soon replaced the pain as I edged her multiple times. I could sense her flagging though and knew it was time to stop. I simply stood up and walked out, leaving her desperate and in pain as the clamps continued to bite.

Upstairs I took a deep breath. I wasn't too worried about Sarah; I had seen what she could take before. But I needed to get myself straight. I had done what I had been ordered to do but the scene had been intense. I had been aroused but I knew that putting someone through that sort of pain wasn't my thing. I composed myself as I had plenty to do yet. Her suffering and arousal had only just begun.

Back down on the dungeon Sarah had calmed down and was breathing normally. That was about to change. She knew I was there but had no idea what was going to happen. I stood beside her and took a deep breath. My orders were clear and using the paddle I hit her hard between the legs again. She exploded in pain, bucking against her bonds. It took her a while to recover. I could feel the tension in her. Now she knew that I had it in me to cause her serious agony.

I went back to her clit again. She looked sore but I was gentle and soon my tongue had her close once again. After yet more edges I stopped. I wasn't looking forward to my next task, but I didn't really have a choice.

I got 2 more nipple clamps which I attached these to her tender pussy lips. Using the chain attached to each one I stretched them apart and used a leg strap to secure them. She was wide open now; her most sensitive areas and her clit were easily accessible. I hadn't done anything yet, but she was trying to shake her head. She didn't know but had correctly assumed that a lot of pain was coming her way.

Using just the tip of my tongue on her exposed clit, I slowly brought her close again. I had edged her so many times now that her moans were desperate. I left her hanging once again and picked up the Ma'am's favorite thin plastic rod. I remembered how much it had hurt me and shuddered to think of what it was going to do to Sarah. Carefully I bent it to 90 degrees, aimed and let it smack square on to her exposed clit. It was like she had been hit by a taser. Her whole body froze and all the air in her body was forced out. She was shaking, toes curled and fingers digging into the armrest. She started taking short hoarse breaths, clearly, she was in agony.

Then I was back between her legs and using my tongue on her abused clit. She jerked trying to get away, but she couldn't. It took a while but eventually the tender touch began to overtake the pain. She was moaning again but there was a painful desperation in it now. I felt sorry for her despite what I had seen her go through before because I knew the cycle was going to be repeated twice more.

After two more rounds of sheer agony and pained pleasure, I stopped. She was a mess, incoherent noises mixed with random spasms through her body. I let her slowly calm down and began to undo the straps. I took the clamps off her lips and there were more cries as the blood rushed back to the squashed sensitive skin.

She could barely stand, so I had to half carry her to the St Andrew's cross. She wasn't staying there, so I just used the waist strap to secure her. I locked thick leather ankles cuffs to her and brought her hands behind her back. Then I slipped a leather arm binder up her arms up to her shoulders. This was a tapered sleeve that covered her arms and hands completely. Using the laces, I slowly tightened it until there was no possible movement in her arms. Straps crossed around her chest which I secured behind her. Next came plenty of rope bound tightly around her waist. At this point I thought it best to secure her ankles to the cross as this next part was going to be painful. She had recovered enough now to be aware of what was going on. She gave an annoyed grunt as she flexed her arms and got nowhere.

I grabbed some more rope. Attaching it to her waist I fed two lengths between her legs and pulled up. I carefully positioned them, so they ran either side of her sore pussy then pulled them hard. She hissed through the gag. But it wasn't over yet, I looped the rope around and went back between her legs but this time I positioned the ropes inside her lips and running either side of her clit. When I pulled hard on them now, she gasped and cried out. The ropes were now squeezing her puffy, sore lips and pressing hard down by the side of her clit. After all the abuse she had suffered down there, the ropes must have felt like razor wire. She tried moving her legs around but quickly became still. I started to unbuckle the head harness and carefully took the gag out. She coughed and cleared her throat.

'Water?'

She nodded and I gave her a glass with a straw that she gratefully drank. I was worried about her, but I couldn't ask if she was alright. My orders were to continue no matter what. She had to know that I was going to carry on regardless.

I led her over to the cell. It was time for the hood. It was leather with laces and buckles for tightening. I slipped it on and told her to open wide. Inside the hood there was a 3-inch-long penis gag which had an air hole in the center. With a little maneuvering I inserted it into her open mouth. There were also two small air holes for her nose. I began pulling the laces as tight as I could then did up the straps and buckles. It was like a second skin. I asked her if she could breathe and she nodded. Now I had to take the nipple clamps off which I did together. Pain rushed through her abused flesh, and I heard her breath whistle through the penis gag.

"Kneel."

She carefully lowered herself and I took hold of her shoulders and gently pushed her forwards and guided her so she was lying on the cold polished concrete floor. She let out a little gasp, both because of the cold floor and her breasts being squashed under her. Taking some rope, I pulled her feet up by the ankle cuffs and secured them to the arm binder. She was done, hog tied and hooded on the floor.

I gave her ass a playful slap on the ass and moved the computer, so it was by the cell and gave a clear view of her.

Off upstairs I went. I had to leave in about 3 hours and that was where she was staying until then. I texted Ma'am, she replied saying well done. She had seen some of the action and thought I had done well and reckoned I might be a closet Dom. I replied saying that I loved the tease and denial part but really wasn't that keen on dishing out serious pain.

Ma'am said she knew that, so she was proud that I had followed her orders to the letter.

Ma'am had given me a couple of codes for the laptop in the dungeon, so I logged in on my phone and watched. Sarah obviously couldn't do much. I saw her struggle briefly and roll on to her side. She stayed there for a couple of minutes before rolling and flopping back on to her front. She was stuck there until I released her. Blind with a penis gag lodged in her mouth, arms held tightly together behind her back with ropes digging painfully into her abused pussy. Fair play to her, I thought, she really didn't mess about, and she hadn't had an orgasm for two weeks. I wondered what was going through her mind right now.

It was a little risky leaving her like that, but Ma'am was confident she would be fine. Nonetheless I checked my phone very regularly while doing a couple of jobs around the house for Ma'am.

Soon it was time. I had to go home for a couple of hours then I was going to tell my mum that I was going to the pub when I was actually coming back here to torture Sarah for a few more hours.

I went down to the basement. She was just lying there in a world of her own, wriggling occasionally with a small pool of drool under her face which had come out of the tube.

She couldn't be left unattended like this; it was potentially dangerous. I coughed quietly and she groaned realizing I was there.

I unlocked her feet and helped her up, removing the hood and penis gag. After offering her some water I put a large ball gag in her mouth and led her to the spanking bench. I secured her legs wide apart and used the arm binder to tie the rest of her body down. I could see her lower lips were still swollen due to the ropes cutting into her.

I began with the paddle, leaving broad red marks across her ass and thighs. She seemed to be almost thrusting her ass at me and she seemed to be enjoying the attention. Time to change that, I thought to myself, and picked up a cane. This wasn't the thin bamboo cane but a thicker heavier one, the sort favored by old fashioned headmistresses. Without warning it crashed into her backside. I could see the ripples as it impacted, and Sarah squealed. I paused and then continued giving her hard strikes.

I wasn't as accurate as Ma'am but soon she was covered in angry red welts. Each time the cane struck where a previous blow had landed there was a extra loud scream of pain and a exhalation of breath. Soon I could sense that Sarah was reaching her limit, so I put the cane down and picked up the cat.

This wasn't as painful as the cane but coming on top of the assault she had just suffered it still hurt. Then without warning I brought the cat up hard between her legs. The thin leather strands hit her sore lips and went between the ropes to impact on her exposed clit. She screamed properly this time as the breath was forced from her body. She carried on moaning for a good twenty seconds. I then slid my finger in between her sore but still wet folds and found her abused clit.

She jerked against my touch but soon the arousal overcame the pain and her moans changed to pleasurable ones. She was really beginning to enjoy my touch now, but as always just as she began to lose herself in pleasure and get close, I stopped. A frustrated noise came out of her gagged mouth but before she could recover, I hit her between the legs with the cat again. There was another roar of pain, and my finger began its caressing of her clit again.

It took longer for the pleasure to take hold this time but she couldn't resist. I had no idea how many times I had taken her to the edge, but her body was desperate for an orgasm despite the pain it was in. I repeated this cycle a few times until it became clear that her clit had had enough. She was sweating and unconsciously moaning and sighing.

I had to go home for the evening, so it was time to secure her for the night. I obviously couldn't do anything too extreme as she was going to be unattended, but Ma'am's friends had promised to keep an eye on her overnight via the cam.

Sarah had brought a leather sleep sack with her, and that was going to be where she spent the night. I got her off the bench and held her for a moment as she

recovered. I gently removed the armbinder and she groaned quietly as she moved her shoulders and arms for the first time in many hours. She flexed and rolled her shoulders gradually getting them working again. Then I undid the crotch ropes. She groaned again as they came loose from her tortured pussy. I could see the raw red lines left behind. She moved her hands towards her pussy.

"No. No touching Sarah."

She sighed but stopped. It took a while to get her into the sleep sack but soon enough she was covered from the neck down in tight black leather, her arms by her sides in individual sleeves. I lowered her to the floor and tightened the numerous straps until she could barely move an inch. I removed the gag but left the hood that effectively blindfolded her. She was set for the night.

"Good night Sarah, sleep well."

I went upstairs and checked that she was being watched as promised, then went home. Lying in bed I thought about the day. I hadn't enjoyed hurting her, but I very much enjoyed the teasing part. Clearly, I wasn't a sadist unless tease torture counted. Sleep came easily, mentally I was exhausted.

I woke early feeling refreshed. I was due back at about 8 o'clock and Ma'am was coming home around 4, I had some breakfast and went to see Sarah. Ma'am hadn't left any instructions other than to lock Sarah back into her chastity belt.

Sarah raised her head as I came down the stairs

"Morning Tom."

"Morning Sarah, did you sleep well?" I asked.

"Not really. You did a very good job on my bottom Tom. Thank you."

I wasn't sure how to react to someone thanking me for hurting them.

"You're welcome, Sarah. It's time to get you out of there."

A few minutes later she was free, but I quickly handcuffed her wrists behind her back and put the lovely shiny chastity belt back on.

"No Tom, do you have to? I really need an orgasm, you got me so close. Please baby?"

I laughed, "you know the answer, Sarah. If it was down to me, I would give you a massive orgasm. I'd get you right to the edge and keep you there until you were going mad with lust."

Her eyes were glazing over, and her tongue was running across her lips.

"You would love that right now, wouldn't you? My tongue slipping and sliding across your throbbing clit. Teasing it until you couldn't take any more."

We were both turned on now.

"Ah god Tom, please stop. Jesus."

"But you wouldn't want me to stop, would you? You would beg for it wouldn't you? Beg and plead for that little extra touch that would drive you over the edge. If you beg for it, really beg maybe I could convince Ma'am to let me give you what you want Sarah."

"Ah Tom, baby. You know I would, but I know Louise and I know what the answer would be."

She smiled. "I'll get you for that."

We laughed and went upstairs.

"What can I get you Sarah? Coffee?"

"Yes please, and lots of it. Is there any breakfast? I'm starving."

Sarah went for a quick shower while I cooked some bacon and eggs for her. She wolfed them down and had another cup of coffee.

"How are you feeling?" I asked.

"Good," she replied, "sore but good. You know I love that sort of thing Tom. You did really well. I knew that you meant it and weren't going to go easy or let me out. That's an important part of it for me."

"You're welcome. I don't think I could have done that stuff to you if it had just been down to me. In fact, I know I couldn't but I had too, Ma'am made it very clear that there were to be no half measures. I'm glad you had a good time."

Sarah got her phone and started looking at her messages.

"Oh, now this is very interesting."

She had a little smile on her face.

"Have a look at this Tom.'

She had received mail from Ma'am. I read it with growing concern and a degree of excitement. Sarah was now in charge, and would remain so until Ma'am returned this afternoon. It also said that she would receive further instructions when I was secured to the cross.

"Well, well my little partner in kink. It looks like the worm has turned. You had better strip and get that sexy little body down those stairs."

I smiled, "Yes Sarah."

I was naked quickly and Sarah didn't take long securing me firmly to the St. Andrew's cross. She disappeared upstairs for a few minutes, when she returned, she told me that she had her instructions from Louise. She dangled the thick rubber hood with integrated mouthpiece in front of me.

"You're not going to be seeing much for the foreseeable future baby."

She slipped it on and zipped it up after positioning the nose holes. A stiff metal collar then went around my neck which almost completely stopped any head movement.

I was excited but nervous also. I was now helpless in front of someone I had just inflicted serious tortures upon. However, I knew she would obey Ma'am's instructions to the letter just as I had so I was sure nothing too extreme would go on.

Sometimes the waiting felt like the worst part. Nothing happened for a few minutes. All I could hear was my heartbeat and the air whistling in and out of the nose tubes. No doubt Sarah was collecting what she needed for whatever she and

Ma'am had in store for me. My cock was restless, not rock hard by any means but definitely excited.

I heard something then Sarah spoke. "Well unfortunately I don't have the key to that cage Tom, so I'm going to have to find out how strong it really is."

Surely, she's not going to try and break it, I thought. Not only would that be virtually impossible, but it would probably do me a lot of damage in the process. Then I felt some liquid dribbling across the top of the cage and soon after a pair of latex clad hands were gently rubbing the lube all over the cage and my balls.

'I'm going to find out just how hard you can get in there, big boy.'

She laughed and began massaging my metal covered genitals along with my abdomen and inner thighs. The results were immediate. Blood rushed to my cock, and it almost instantly filled the cage and began to press hard against the metal. She kept one hand on my balls, gently massaging them, sometimes pulling gently and sometimes squeezing and letting them slip through her fingers. The other hand was caressing the distended skin of my cock as it tried to bulge through the gaps in the bars. Occasionally her little finger would press into the opening at the end of the cage and press against my slit, teasing and probing.

My cock was like iron, throbbing with each heartbeat.

She started talking to me. "How does that feel baby? Good? You want to cum don't you. You would love to be free of that cage and rock hard with my hand sliding up and down your shaft."

I was trying fruitlessly to move my hips in time with her hands.

"Imagine my fingers running across your swollen glands, rubbing against your frenum and around your ridge. Can you feel it? Can you feel it building inside you?"

I was so horny, one hand was squeezing my balls harder now, pulling and twisting while the other was running up and down the shaft of the cage. It was never going to be enough, but it felt so good. I was tensing in my bones and moaning through my rubber mouth guard.

My balls were aching. A combination of being pulled away from my body by my needy cock, her increasingly firm grip and just plain old arousal. Time seemed to stand still as I lost myself in a fog of lust.

Eventually she stopped, I was breathing hard, and it took me a few moments to realize she was no longer teasing me.

"Wow. That was fun. I'm pretty turned on, but I think some pain will turn me on more."

I had figured that she would probably want to hurt me after what I had done to her.

She loosened by bonds and told me to get on my knees. I complied and felt her wiping the lube off my still hard cock and cage. She pulled my balls backwards between my legs and there was some something placed between them and the cage. I felt them squeezed and something being tightened around them. I realized what was happening, she was putting me in a humbler. The two curved pieces of wood were tightened behind my balls and their curved ends pressed against the lower part of my cheeks. Once secured any attempt to stand would stretch my sack to an intolerable degree. I was stuck on my knees with my balls sitting proudly behind my cheeks. She grabbed them, they were already held very tightly but she gave them a good squeeze anyway. Pain shot through me.

"Perfect, and so vulnerable too." Sarah exclaimed. I felt her put ankle cuffs on and attach a short chain between them. Then came wrist cuffs. She ran a chain from one cuff, through the D ring in my metal collar then down to my other wrist cuffs. The chain was just too short for me to straighten my arms.

"Almost time for walkies but not quite. Your nipples need some attention."

She got 2 clover clamps. Each one had a very short chain with a hook on the end. Clover clamps were lovely little things, the more you pulled on them the more they tightened on your nipples. They weren't too painful at first, but then she hung a weight off each one. They immediately not only started to pull my nipples but to bite in harder too.

The thin cane struck horizontally across both my vulnerable balls. It wasn't a hard hit, but it didn't have to be with them being held so tightly. I jumped at the sudden pain.

"Both balls means walk." Sarah said so I started to move on my hands and knees. The humbler shifted from side to side and the weights on my nipples started swinging, it was a very uncomfortable position. I had probably gone 3 or 4 yards when the cane struck the side of my left testicle. I groaned at the sharp agony.

"Left ball means left."

I turned and kept crawling forwards. I didn't need telling when a few seconds later the cane impacted on my right ball. I was already sweating under the rubber hood. My balls were stretched, the skin taut and red. Sarah was making me do laps of the dungeon. My balls were aching, a dull deep pain inside and my nipples felt like they were slowly being pulled off my body. I couldn't even straighten my arms which were feeling the strain too.

"Stop, sit up."

I sat up which at least gave them a little rest bit. I felt her hands running across the tight rubber of my hood.

"It looks like quite hard work baby. Don't worry, Louise will be back in a few hours."

I groaned, I'd only been going for about 30 minutes, there was no way I could carry on for that long.

She laughed, "you didn't show me any sympathy, don't expect any in return."

She pushed me back down onto my hands and the cane struck both balls again, agony flashed through me as I walked on again.

"A bit faster Tom."

The cane struck again to encourage me.

I speeded up a little. My nipples and balls were on fire, my arms were shaking. This was bad, but there was nothing I could do. Round and round the dungeon I went, weights swinging and the cane regularly striking my sore red balls. I was moaning regularly now, I hesitated just for a fraction of a second and she hit my balls hard. I screamed, the pain streamed through me.

"Stop! What was that? I didn't give you the order to stop."

The cane struck home on top of my balls this time.

"You've done 18 circuits of the dungeon. I was going to stop at 20 but that hesitation will cost you some more."

Another hit from the cane and I moaned again but walked on. The next half an hour was pure agony but eventually the call to stop came. I was in pieces.

I felt her fiddling around behind me and the humbler was removed. It hurt like mad as she took it off. My balls were red, raw and slightly swollen but Sarah gently massaged them for a minute and the pain slowly started to fade. She then plucked both clamps off without warning and yet more pain coursed through them.

Sarah told me to stand up, I struggled to my feet because of my aching knees but it was a relief to be able to stretch aching muscles a little.

"I think that is enough pain for now Tom. Back on to the cross for you."

I was soon secured again, wondering what was next.

She left me there for about 10 minutes. I felt the pain in various parts of me slowly begin to ebb and I was able to compose myself a little. That had been a hard painful couple of hours. Sarah had a bit of sadism in her along with a very healthy dose of masochism. I wondered if Ma'am had plans for the two of us. She could certainly use our desires and needs against us as we were both in what seemed to be fairly similar positions of long-term chastity.

Sarah returned and I felt a trickle of something across my cage. Her hands were on me again.

"Let's see if you still feel horny after all that pain."

The answer was obvious very quickly as her hands caressed me through the cage. My cock sprung into life pushing hard against the steel. She was gentle with my sore balls, only lightly squeezing. As before it felt amazing, and my cock was as solid as it could get in its confinement. The ache in my abdomen returned as my cock pushed the base ring away from my body but I didn't really care as her hands slid all over me.

Sarah played with my sore nipples, caressing and softly pinching them as her other hand slid around my cage slowly masturbating me.

" I can't believe how turned on you are Tom. You clearly love the mix of pain and pleasure. I'm feeling really hot too. I'm soaking wet under my belt. I bet you would love to bury your cock deep inside me, wouldn't you? I'd love it too, I'd love to feel you stretch me wide and fill me up with that big cock. Baby, that would feel so good."

We stood there, both as horny as hell. I could feel her hot breath on my neck. This was probably exactly what Ma'am wanted. Both her chastity subs turning each other on despite knowing that they couldn't cum. Building the desire in each other without any effort on her part.

Sarah stopped, "Christ Tom, she's got us right where she wants us. I'm going to calm down for a bit."

She disappeared leaving me on the cross with my cock throbbing uselessly in its prison. It took a while for my cock to start to go down. Each pulse of my flesh against the metal bars seemed to encourage it to stay full of blood. I was hurting and horny. I was hot and sweaty under the hood, and had barely noticed that my tongue had been moving constantly in its rubber sheath trying to lick the pussy that it so desired.

I thought I heard something, was that two people coming down the stairs?

I felt a hand on my chest.

"Hello baby, how are you?"

Ma'am was here, I smiled under the hood and made what I hoped were some appreciative noises and my cock immediately began to harden again.

"Oh, look at that," she said, "that's a nice welcome home baby, thank you."

She held my balls and had a good look at them.

"I see Sarah didn't mess around baby. They look very sore."

She squeezed them, first one testicle then the other. I groaned as the pressure increased. She grabbed both of them, pulling and crushing. There were more

groans as she just stood there, it felt like they were going to pop. Pain coursed through them, and my groaning became frantic. I was making pleading noises from under the hood, but she didn't relent.

"Your cock is still hard baby. No matter how much I hurt you it always shows me how much you enjoy pain."

She was right, I was still hard. I couldn't believe it. My balls were on agony, but my cock was still trying to break through the steel bars.

She released me and I took a couple of deep relieved breaths. I felt her loosening the straps and then unzipping the hood. She slid it off me and a combination of sweat and drool came with it.

She smiled, "I would love to give you a big kiss but it's probably best if you have a shower first."

I did just that and when I came down the ladies were chatting in the kitchen.

"Sarah is just giving me a report on what's been going on. It sounds like you did very well, Tom."

"Thank you, Ma'am. I'll be honest with you; I did struggle with inflicting pain on Sarah but I loved the tease and denial aspect."

It didn't seem at all odd that I was standing naked in front of two women, probably because Sarah was naked too except for her belt.

Ma'am came over to me and gave me a long passionate kiss.

"I know you're not a fan of hurting her. Don't worry, I will usually take care of that side of things, and you can do the teasing as I do know how much that turns you on."

The kiss had turned me on and now I had the thought of teasing Sarah in my head as well.

Ma'am clapped her hands.

"Right, come on you two. I need to get Sarah secured so that I can spend some quality time your tongue baby. You have to go back home in a couple of hours."

We went down to the dungeon and Ma'am told me to loosely secure Sarah to the cross by her wrists, ankles, and waist. I did this while Ma'am found some gear. She blindfolded Sarah and put a large ball gag in her mouth and secured it tightly. She got a metal pole, positioned it between Sarah's legs and secured it to the floor. The pole seemed to be threaded in places, but I wasn't sure what it was for. Ma'am then screwed a very large dildo into the top of the pole. Now I realized what it was for. She covered the dildo in lube and using the threaded section of the pole the dildo slowly moved upwards. It was about 9 inches long and over 2 inches across. Ma'am told me to keep screwing as she positioned the tip below Sarah's anus. As I worked away the dildo penetrated Sarah and kept going up into her. She let out a small gasp as it entered but then made a purring sound as it traveled deeper inside. Up it went, deeper and deeper, Sarah made a less appreciative noise now.

Ma'am spoke, "up on top toes, as far as you can."

Sarah did as she was told, and I kept screwing the huge dildo into her. Ma'am told me to stop when just over 6 inches were inside her. She tightened the bonds holding Sarah a little, she had some movement but not much. Importantly she had enough leeway to stand normally when she couldn't stay on her toes.

Obviously when that happened the dildo would be forced even deeper into her. Ma'am got some nipple clamps and put them on. Then she attached the chain between them to the ceiling. She adjusted the tension so Sarah's nipples were pulled up and her large breasts were slightly elevated Sarah moaned with the pain and pleasure. When she was forced to relieve her calves and stand normally the clamps would be pulled further up.

"That will do for now." Ma'am said. "I'll be back later to see how you are doing Sarah. I'm off upstairs with my boy to have some lovely orgasms."

Sarah grunted, I could see her trying to flex her calves already, it wouldn't be long before they gave out on her and the dildo and clamps moved in opposite directions, one up and one down.

We went to the bedroom and our clothes came off very quickly. Ma'am lay on the bed and slowly spread her legs.

"See anything you like?"

I was there in a second and buried my face in her beautiful pussy. She was already wet but as usual she told me to take my time, so I calmed myself down and went to work. Glancing up I saw Ma'am with her eyes closed and a smile playing across her lips. She looked so beautiful and so happy. She wasn't alone, I was incredibly happy to, this was where I belonged, between her legs giving her enormous amounts of pleasure. As always, I was hard in my cage. The more turned on she became the more aroused my cock got.

I licked and nuzzled using everything I had learned about her body. It was instinctive now. I just knew how to use my tongue and lips on her hot wet pussy. The taste, the smell, and the feel of her skin on mine drove me wild. In some way I almost didn't want to make her cum because this would stop. However, after about 15 minutes I knew the time was right and I slowly drew a massive orgasm out of her. I remained still as her bucking and moaning subsided then she pulled me up to lie beside her.

"Magical as always baby, thank you."

Smiling I replied, "my pleasure Ma'am. I could spend days down there pleasuring you."

She laughed and stroked my sore balls.

"Much as I love your enthusiasm, I can't spend my whole life having orgasms. There has to be some time to tease and hurt you too."

"Bringing you to orgasm is a massive tease, Ma'am. I'm always like a rock when I'm between your legs. I find it incredibly sexy."

She snuggled in closer and began to lightly massage my balls and my cock responded.

"I could unlock you and let you cum if I wanted to. Wrap my lips around your big hard cock and give you what you are so desperate for. Would you like that baby?"

I sensed a trick but replied honestly.

"Oh Ma'am, you know how horny I am, how horny you make me, but my orgasms are yours to control. So is my cock. Every moment I'm with you makes my body

sing with desire. It's an amazing feeling. Keeping me chaste just adds fuel to that fire. It's a wild combination."

She started squeezing a little harder now, and a dull but pleasurable ache slowly spread through my balls.

"So, you wouldn't desire me as much if I let you have lots of orgasms? Interesting."

She was squeezing hard now, and the ache was becoming painful. It hadn't done anything to my cock which was still hard.

"Ma'am, that's not what I meant," I could get myself in trouble here if I wasn't careful, "I want you whatever. You are the most beautiful and amazing woman. Nothing will change that or my desire to make you happy. Chastity just adds something in me that I need. You keeping me chaste makes me happy, it makes both of us happy... there's some sort of symmetry to it."

I wasn't sure if that made sense, but clarity of thought was tricky when my balls were in pain and my cock was throbbing with desire. She gave me one last squeeze.

"Don't worry baby, I'm just messing with you. I probably have a better idea of what I'm doing to you than you do. It's almost certainly true that if I gave you an orgasm every day your desire to please would start to ebb. That's completely natural for a man. But it's irrelevant as orgasms for you will be very few and far between."

She was stroking my swollen cock through the cage now, feeling the tight skin between the bars.

"As I've said before, I will know when to reward you, but you are going to be a victim of your own desires. You love being in chastity so much, you love the need and longing, so I plan on keeping you that way pretty much all the time."

My cock was bouncing and twitching in her hands. Physically and mentally she just kept pushing my buttons.

"Look at how he reacts to being told he's going to be locked up. You are never going to be free of that lovely cage baby. Apart from the very brief moments

when I unlock you either to tease or torture you, it will never ever come off. You haven't touched your own cock since I locked you, have you?"

I was breathing hard, I couldn't believe how aroused I was.

"No Ma'am, I haven't."

"And you never will, not while we are together. You will never feel your own cock hot and hard in your hand. You will never make yourself cum again."

I was in pieces, almost hyperventilating with lust. I didn't even realize I was thrusting my caged cock into Ma'am's hand. She moved to my balls and gripped them and eased her thighs apart.

"Touch me, tell me how much you want chastity. Give me pleasure boy."

My hand snaked between her legs and found her warm inviting pussy. I started sliding my index finger slowly up and down.

"I love it Ma'am. I love the constant relentless feel of the steel. It makes me whole; I can't imagine ever being without it's cruel but loving embrace again. Keep me locked Ma'am, keep me chaste and horny I beg you. All I want is to please you. All I want is to worship you and make you happy. I want for nothing when I'm with you. You make me more aroused with a few words than I ever thought possible Ma'am."

She was breathing hard now, closing in on her orgasm. My cock was still trying to burst out of the cruel cage.

"Use me for your pleasure Ma'am. Do anything you want with me. Tease me, hurt me, deny me. Whatever you want and whenever you want it. Make me your toy, make me your plaything. Make me the most aroused and obedient boy on this earth. I will do anything for you Ma'am."

She came, writhing on my finger, gasping in ecstasy. I loved making her cum, to me it was the most beautiful and intense thing in the world.

She recovered for a few minutes, lying there totally relaxed. Her hand moved gently over my cage and balls. I was still as hard as ever but it seemed that as the sexual tension drained from her it lessened in intensity for me.

"Shower time baby, you need to go soon."

She looked at me and sighed. "I want more of you, more time with you. I don't like the fact that we are lying to your mother. I'm not going to force this issue in any way, but how do you think she would react if she knew we were an item?"

I thought for a second, "I honestly don't know. I've never had a girlfriend before and obviously you wouldn't be what she would expect as my first. She seems perfectly happy with the amount of time I spend with you. She actually quizzed me about what I was doing over here and whether there was anything going on a while ago."

Ma'am furrowed her brows. "Really? You didn't say anything, what did she say?"

I repeated the conversation that I had with her.

Ma'am said, "I'm just guessing here, but my female intuition tells me that she might already have an idea. You probably think that you have been casual and offhand about me and your time here but your behavior at home will have changed in ways that you haven't even noticed."

I thought about that, she was probably right. She might have noticed something, she might even have seen how flustered I was when Louise had come round before all this started.

"How do you want to handle this Ma'am?"

"Maybe I will invite her around for lunch this weekend. A 'getting to know you' sort of thing. I'll see how things pan out when she's here. Would that be alright with you?"

She smiled, "now there's a sentence I won't say to you very often!"

I laughed, "that would be fine Ma'am. I trust you to do the right thing and I'm sure my mum won't freak out. She might be a bit worried, but I am sure we can reassure her."

Ma'am got off the bed, I couldn't help but admire her as she stood naked in front of me. She was so lithe and athletic, just perfect. She smiled and said, "time's up boy. Off you go. I'm not one to let the grass grow under my feet. You ask her over here for lunch tomorrow. I'll make sure Sarah stays out of the way."

"Yes Ma'am, I will. I'll let you know what she says."

We kissed, I got dressed and went home wondering what nasty things Ma'am was going to do to Sarah that night. I asked my mum if she wanted to have lunch with Louise and me and she said that she would be delighted to. I didn't sense anything untoward in her reply so I texted Ma'am and said that we would be over around 1 o'clock.

It was a lovely sunny day; Ma'am was watering some plants on the patio when we arrived.

"Hi Louise, this is my mum, Judy."

They said hello and sat down while I went inside and got the drinks. We all chatted away happily enough for a while. My mum was interested in the plans Ma'am had for the house and grounds. Ma'am showed her around and was keen to mention what a good worker I was and that I would probably learn a lot from the various professionals and trades men that would be working this summer. It seemed to me that they were getting on very well. Ma'am had got a smorgasbord of lovely delicatessen stuff for lunch. My mum even had a glass of wine which was unusual for her during the day.

There was a lull in the conversation, Ma'am looked at my mum and said, "Do you know why I asked you over this afternoon, Judy?"

My mum looked at me, then back to Ma'am. "I've got a pretty good idea Louise. Are you corrupting my beautiful innocent little boy?"

She was smiling when she said it, Ma'am smiled too and replied. "I figured that you would have worked it out. We are seeing each other. I really like Tom, he's a great guy and very mature for his age. We just hit it off straight away."

My mum was nodding.

"It's OK Louise. I've been fairly sure something was going on for a while and I don't have a problem with it. You seem like a good woman. I know that instinctively, and from how Tom talks about you. I did have some doubts, but I noticed a definite change in him. He was working harder and doing very well at school, so I reckoned that you were a good influence on him. As for the other side

of things, everybody falls for someone, it either works out or it doesn't. It's just part of life and part of growing up."

Any tension had gone, and Ma'am smiled.

"Thanks Judy. I didn't think you would go berserk but I'm glad you are happy about us. I knew Tom wasn't exactly lying to you but I'm a lot happier now that everything is out in the open."

My mum looked at me and said, "you could have told me. I thought we didn't hide much from each other."

"I'm sorry mum. It just felt a bit weird. I know I should have mentioned it. I just didn't know where it was going and then almost before I knew it, a couple of months had passed. I didn't want to tell you while I was revising and doing my exams in case you got worried. Sorry."

She leaned over and ruffled my hair.

"Mum!"

We were all laughing now.

"If you're happy Tom, then I'm happy."

The rest of the lunch was a very casual and natural affair. I was very relieved that it had gone without a hitch.

My mum and Ma'am hugged when she left and then Ma'am gave me a big hug.

"Looks like I've got a lot more time with my little chastity boy now. You may regret letting me tell your mum about us."

She had an evil looking grin on her face. Suddenly I felt nervous but my cock started to harden regardless.

"As I said yesterday, Ma'am, I want nothing other than to make you happy. I'm yours to do with as you please."

Ma'am grabbed my cage through my shorts.

"Well then, let's start as we mean to go on with a nice big orgasm for me and more denial for you."

We went down to the basement. There was no sign of Sarah. Ma'am explained that she had decided that it would be best if she went home as she wanted me all to herself if things went well and if they hadn't, then she wouldn't have been in the right mood to play.

She also said that this summer wasn't going to be a nonstop sex and kink fest. She would still have to go to work, and I would have a lot to do, especially when the guys turned up for the various projects that she had planned.

"Also, you're not going to live with me. You will probably stay the night some weekends, but I don't think that's going to happen often during the week. I have a life and I'm going to carry on living it."

This seemed completely reasonable to me.

"I'm happy if you're happy Ma'am. Shall we just see how it goes?"

She turned and looked at me.

"No, you will stay and go when I tell you to. When I say jump, you will say how high. Don't go getting too many ideas about your place in the pecking order. I'm first and that's that. Understand?"

That tone was in her voice, the dominant tone.

I looked down, unable to meet her steely gaze.

"Yes Ma'am, sorry Ma'am. I was getting ahead of myself."

She softened and took my hand.

"No problem, Tom. Just make sure you understand the ground rules. You are here to serve me, please me and work for me."

"Yes Ma'am. I understand."

She took my hand and in a very matter of fact way said, "you will stay over tonight but you won't be in my bed, you will be bound in the dungeon. That will be how

you spend every night when you are here. I hate having my sleep disturbed by a horny sub next to me."

Her words came as a bit of a shock, but I was rapidly hardening in my cage. She knew, she always knew.

"You like that idea don't you boy? You like the thought of just being an object that I use and abuse for my pleasure before tossing you into the cell until I need you again."

I did, or at least my cock did. My head wasn't quite so sure but at a base level the idea excited me.

"Please Ma'am. I am yours to do with as you desire." I replied.

She grinned at me. "I know, great, isn't it? Anyway, I've been busy buying a few things for you. It's almost as if I knew this day would come."

I raised my eyebrows, had she planned all this? Was she just pretending to have everything all mapped out? I realized I didn't know, and I didn't really care. I was just happy to be here. She really could do whatever she wanted, I trusted her completely.

We went up to the bedroom and I took off my clothes as usual. Ma'am appeared with a box, opened it, and held up a latex catsuit. It looked glorious. Black, shiny, and slightly menacing. I knew I would be spending quite a lot of time in its embrace.

"I'm pretty sure it will fit; I've been surreptitiously measuring you when you have been bound and hooded. Let's get you in it. Sit down."

I sat on the bed and began to slip the legs up me. Ma'am explained that it had detachable feet and gloves, and that she had bought a few other accessories to go with it.

It felt amazing as it slid up, legs done I stood up and wriggled up over my waist. There was a rear zip that went from the small of my back to the neck. There was a heavily reinforced hole for my cage to squeeze through and another that would allow access to my back passage. A couple of minutes later it was on, and Ma'am

zipped me up. She pulled at a few places to make sure it fitted, and I was done. It fitted like a glove, tight over my whole body.

I could feel it softly gripping every inch of my body. Ma'am moved behind me and gave the bottom of the zip a tug and the latex slipped up between my cheeks, framing them perfectly.

"That's just lovely. Now for the hood, feet and gloves."

The hood fitted beautifully too, it had holes for my eyes, nose, and mouth. It also had a reinforced zip which met the suit's zip at the bottom of my neck. Ma'am produced a small padlock and locked the zips together. The feet slipped on and then she produced odd looking gloves. The interior had sleeves for my fingers and thumbs, but the outside was just one solid rounded cone of rubber. There was a thick rubber belt around the cuff of each glove with two metal eye holes. Ma'am produced a couple more little padlocks and locked them on. I tried to move my fingers but there was almost no give. My hands were useless, and I realized there was no way I could get the hood or suit off by myself. I was locked in it until Ma'am decided to let me out.

"How do you feel?" She asked.

"Amazing Ma'am. It's like a sexy second skin, it's all over me. I can feel it everywhere, and obviously with the gloves, I'm in it until you decide otherwise. Thank you, Ma'am, it must have cost a fortune. You shouldn't spend..."

She held her hand up.

"I will spend my money how I please, thank you. I love latex too, and I love having a rubber gimp to play with so it's money very well spent. Get used to it as I plan on getting value for money out of it."

I hadn't noticed but my cock was hard in my cage, as usual any sort of confinement or vulnerability had excited it.

Ma'am looked at me approvingly.

"You look great I have to say. Right then, it's Saturday and I need to relax a little. Do you want to watch some TV?"

I stood there, covered head to toe in latex, wondering what she was talking about. I didn't want to watch TV, I wanted to be unlocked and bury my cock into her hot pussy. But obviously what I said was, "yes Ma'am, that would be nice."

She had this habit of taking me completely off guard with these sudden gear changes. "Last room on the left, I'll be there in a second."

I went down the hallway realizing that I had never actually been in any of the other rooms upstairs. I got to the door but couldn't actually open it with my latex covered hands, so I just stood there and waited. Ma'am arrived and laughed, "I forgot about that, in you go."

She opened the door and I walked into a sort of hi-tech den. There was a very big screen at one end and a huge comfortable looking L shaped sofa at the far end. The side of the room opposite the window had a couple of very expensive looking computers, a bank of monitors and some other tech I didn't recognize.

Ma'am had a small bag with her along with the dreaded freezing cold towel.

"Sit on the sofa and spread your legs baby."

She knelt and applied the towel. It never failed to shock, but it also never failed to shrink my cock. She left it on for longer than usual making thoroughly sure that I pretty much numb. She deftly removed the cage and ring, then got a big roll of black tape out of the bag. I didn't know what it was, so she explained that it was bondage tape. It would stick it itself but not to skin and hair. She started by wrapping it around my balls, stretching them away from my body. Then she continued around behind my cock and balls. My cock was beginning to stir and thicken, so she started wrapping my cock in it too. Round and round she went, covering my entire cock up to my head. The tape was quite tight and as my cock hardened the blood was forced into my glans making it swell. She carried on wrapping around until she was satisfied. I looked down, all that was visible now was my hard swollen head and my balls sticking out a good couple of inches. The whole wrapped bundle stood out rigidly from my body, she pulled my cock down and let it go, it sprang back to attention. It wasn't going anywhere.

She told me to get comfortable at the far end of the sofa. I clumsily pushed a couple of cushions around and lay back.

"I've been watching Game of Thrones recently, have you seen it?"

"Yes Ma'am." I replied.

"You don't need to see it again then."

With that she got a blindfold out and tightened it around my head. She told me to open wide, filled my mouth with a large penis gag and tightened that too. I felt a few more cushions being placed around me and then she lay down so that she was propped up by my chest.

"Perfect." She said and I heard the theme tune begin. My cock and balls were throbbing a little, but I was fairly comfortable. I felt a trickle of something on my exposed head, I should have known that there was more to come. It was lube. I felt a finger tracing its way around my swollen glans, just one finger, a very light touch but it was quite erotic. Blood tried to surge into my shaft, but it had nowhere to go except into my head. She squeezed my shaft which was like an iron bar and then began her slow movements across my taut and full head. I don't know if it was because it was stretched full of blood or if it was because it was the only exposed flesh apart from my balls, but it felt incredibly sensitive. My cock jerked but there was almost no movement. All I could feel was the slow, deliberate caress of her finger tip running across me. It was heavenly, she ran her finger around my swollen ridge then gently up and down my even more sensitive frenum.

"Don't move a muscle baby. Just let me watch the TV and do my thing to your lovely cock."

I just lay there, with these beautiful little caresses running across me. I was beginning to breath more deeply but as the minutes rolled by, I realized that this infuriating tease wasn't going to stop. The feather touches were never going to be enough to make me cum, not that she would have allowed that anyway, but they were continuous. A nonstop maddeningly erotic build up with no ending. The heaven I thought I was in was slowly becoming a hell of arousal and desire. Her finger never stopped; she probably wasn't even thinking about what she was doing. She could feel my breathing and heartbeat so she knew there was no chance of her touches going to too far and taking me over the edge.

I don't know how much time had passed but at some point, I shifted slightly and let out an almost involuntary low moan of frustration. Her finger stopped and I felt her hand grip my balls and begin to squeeze.

"I told you not to move boy."

She was squeezing them hard now, pain coursed through my balls. I moaned again, this time in pain.

"I can do this all night, would you rather I crushed your balls or teased your cock?"

I made some frantic grunting noises, she carried on crushing my exposed testicles. I was taking short sharp breaths, I wasn't bound, I could have thrown her off me, but I knew I had no choice but to lie there and take it. The pain was becoming unbearable then suddenly she stopped.

"I will assume those noises were you begging me to tease you again."

I made what I hoped were high-pitched positive grunts.

"Relax baby. You know the drill by now. Enjoy the sensations. They are all you are going to get, so learn to take them all in. Pleasure doesn't lead to an orgasm, not for you. Accept it for what it is and know that your lust and desire feeds my own."

She went back to work, light touches and gentle caresses. I tried to relax and let it happen, but I was so turned on. It was worse being unbound I thought. At least when I was tied up, I could flex and strain to relieve some of the tension in my body. But like this I just had to lie there, my whole being wanted to cum, my body wanted to move to do anything to stop the agonizing but beautiful sensations she was creating in my cock head.

Eventually I heard the end credits rolling. Ma'am's finger stopped, she sat up and told me to move down a little. Some cushions were moved, and I felt the penis gag being removed. Half a second later Ma'am placed her pussy on my mouth.

"I told you that teasing gets me going."

I was just a rubber gimp, she had my cock head to tease, my balls to hurt and my tongue for her pleasure. The rest of my body was totally covered in latex. I began pleasing her, softly and gently.

"Nice boy, take your time. We've got all night now."

As ordered, I took my time. At least when I was doing this she couldn't tease or torture me. She was moving slightly, her pussy going up and down my mouth. I

chased her clit with my tongue, moving across and around it, feather touches and little flicks. I could feel her growing arousal. My face was coated in her juices as her hot pussy smothered me. Her movements began to get slightly faster and more insistent. I took this as a hint to increase my pace and before long she reached a huge crescendo. Just as she reached her orgasm, she clamped her thighs hard around my head and pulled it into her. I could feel her bucking and writhing. It was beautiful to be part of. I forgot about my own need and reveled in her joy. My needs became irrelevant. This was all I wanted. Her pleasure was everything. The fact that my need and desire excited her so made it all worth it. I wanted to suffer for her pleasure.

Eventually she climbed off me. The penis gag that she had kindly covered in her juices was replaced.

I felt her slide in beside me and heard the next episode start. She used her index finger and thumb this time. Her thumb running around my hard swollen ridge and her thumb on my sensitive frenum. It was just as slow and gentle as before, but the sensation was amplified by her using two fingers instead of one. I wasn't sure if I could stand this. She was going to drive me mad. I took a deep breath.

"Relax boy. Everything is about me. Remember all your words, remember how you said that my pleasure is everything. I want your lust, I want your desperation. It drives me crazy. Resist my touch as well as you can. I'm going to take you to the edge, but I expect you to make me work to get you there. Think about what we are trying to achieve."

I felt her fingers moving across me, maddeningly light but constant and insistent. I tried to find the right head space. This wasn't for me; it was for her. My job was simply to enable her pleasure. I was just a latex tool for her to excite herself with. I found a place within me, a place that was just for her. I controlled my breathing and tried to control my cock, not in a conscious way but by just absorbing the feelings and riding the wave of lust.

It worked for quite a while but when her fingers increased their pressure and pace I knew it wouldn't be long. I tried to hold out, to stay lost in the lovely feelings. It was inevitable though, I felt it slowly building and my breathing quickened but she felt this and slowed her pace ever so slightly. She was giving me a chance. She felt me take a long deep breath.

"Good boy."

Her fingers continued their tortuous teasing as she slowly increased the intensity again. Every touch was ecstasy but every one was torture too. I was building again, I couldn't stop it whatever I did. I tensed as it got closer. I knew it was coming but Ma'am did too. A second before I would have reached an epic orgasm her fingers disappeared from my cock.

I let out a long frustrated moan. Her hands closed on my balls and began squeezing hard.

My moan turned to pain.

"I will not show you any mercy. You did well but you can always do better. Pain is the price of failure boy. Your pain excites me almost as much as your lust. Every time your cock tries to defy me, I will cause you pain."

She released me, but only to slap my balls, hard three times in quick succession. I let out a loud groan as pain radiated out from my abused testicles. It continued to roll through my body as I felt her fingers back on my head rubbing softly up and down now. My head felt as big and as hard as a golf ball and the skin was super sensitive. My brain was fried as she teased me knowing that torture would be next. I didn't want to feel that pain again and I didn't want to lessen Ma'am's enjoyment of my desperate need so somehow, I held off. Ma'am's finger was moving across the back of my cock, up and down and then side to side over the most sensitive area. Neither of us were paying any attention to what was on the TV. I felt her head next to mine.

"I want to fuck you baby. I want your long thick cock deep inside me, pounding me. Do you want that, balls deep making me scream in pleasure? Fucking me until I cum all over your cock?"

I wanted that so much, I wanted to cum, to make her cum as I filled her with my hot cock.

Her words took me to the edge. She stopped again.

"But you wouldn't last, would you? You couldn't stop yourself from cumming could you? You would put your fun before my own. I will never let that happen."

Her finger started moving again.

"Only me, think only of me. It will take a lot of training, but I will make you think only of my pleasure. Never think about yourself. Day after day, week after week, month after month your desire will grow. I will deny you until you learn."

It felt like the tiny touches on my cock were running through my whole body. I barely knew where I was. She was breaking me down, turning me from a horny young man to a lust filled object that would exist only for her to use.

She made her hand into a fist, lightly holding my cock.

"Fuck my hand, take control of your feelings and of your cock."

I started thrusting into her fist. Slowly I felt each finger slide up and down my head. It felt amazing but I was in control, I could go slightly faster if I wanted so I did. Not for long though, I quickly slowed as the sensations got too much.

Sometimes slowly, sometimes a little quicker I carried on thrusting gaining a small measure of control. I tried a few longer pushes by withdrawing my cock right to the bottom of her hand and pushing right past the top of her fist.

"That's it, good boy." She purred in my ear.

"You're doing great. Keep fucking my fist."

"My pussy is so much nicer than this, so tight and wet. Do you want it baby?"

I had to stop, her words drove me nuts and she laughed.

"Maybe not today baby."

She removed her fist from my trembling member. I realized how much my balls were aching now, not only had they had taken Ma'am's punishment but they had been stretched away from my body for a long time. Ma'am got up but returned shortly. I felt the gag being removed. I thought I was going to have the joy of licking her again, but the gag went back in. I noticed it seemed different, it was a new gag.

"This is my favorite double ended dildo gag. You get the little end and I get the big end."

I felt her move on top of me and there was some pressure on my gag as she slid her long end home. She exhaled and began to ride the dildo, to essentially, fuck my face. I just lay there, I could smell her and hear her arousal growing but nothing else. It didn't take long, she helped herself over the edge with a finger on her clit and shuddered into another orgasm.

She took her time climbing off me and undid the gag and the blindfold. She smiled down at me and gave me a long deep kiss.

"That was lovely, absolutely lovely baby."

I smiled up at her, "thank you Ma'am. I'm glad you enjoyed it. What else can I do for you?"

"I'm worn out for now baby. I would ask you to make me a cup of coffee, but I think you would make a bit of a mess with your hands like that. I had better unwrap your genitals."

I stood up and she began taking the tape off. It was a big relief when the pressure was off my cock but particularly off my balls. My cock was still hard but without the constant pressure of the tape it slowly softened a little.

"Time to lock him back up don't you think?"

"Yes Ma'am." I replied.

"You do want him locked up again, don't you? Imprisoned again in that lovely steel cage."

Predictably my cock got rock hard again.

"Oh baby, look at him. He loves it doesn't he? He is begging for the steel bars, begging to be controlled... isn't he boy?"

I groaned, suddenly feeling incredibly turned on again.

"Yes Ma'am. Please lock my cock up. It's where he belongs Ma'am, locked and under your strict control."

It was standing proud again, throbbing away. She never stopped pushing my buttons. I followed her downstairs, and she retrieved another freezing towel, numbed me down to size and quickly replaced the cage.

We were both starving so Ma'am rustled up a quick bowl of pasta.

"You're going to struggle like that baby, let me help."

She delved into a cupboard and got a dog bowl out. She unceremoniously dumped my food into it and put it on the floor, under her feet.

"Eat up." She smirked so I got down on all fours and tried my best to get the food into my mouth. It wasn't easy and I made a bit of a mess. Ma'am tutted and told me I would pay for that later as she cleaned up after me. She might have been joking but somehow, I doubted it. We chatted away for most of the evening, it felt completely natural that I was dressed head to toe in latex just like it felt normal to be naked with her.

We went back to the den and watched some more Game of Thrones. She snuggled up to me and made sure her hand was always on either my caged cock or my balls. She didn't do much, but my cock was hard most of the time. Each time it softened a little she would turn to me and kiss me passionately prompting it back to hardness.

Ma'am stretched against me.

"Time for bed soon. I need to get you settled in for the night."

I remembered that she had said I would always stay in the cell down in the dungeon. I didn't doubt that she meant it.

We went down and she told me to go into the cell. She had brought the blindfold with her and put it on. I felt something tighten around my waist. It was a thick sturdy leather belt, at least 3 inches deep. She locked it on and moved my hands by my sides. My wrists were securely fastened into equally thick wrist cuffs. My ankles were then cuffed together as well. There was a thin mattress in the cell but nothing else.

She helped me lie down and kissed me.

"Sleep well boy, see you in the morning. I heard a solid metal thump as the door closed and the rattle of the key locking the door. Her footsteps retreated up the stairs and I was alone. There was utter silence and darkness. I lay there feeling very isolated. I had no way of judging time, not much movement and a fertile imagination. Despite my trepidation at my position I was soon throbbing away as I thought of being Ma'am's gimp, locked up and only ever being allowed out to be used and abused. It was scary and thrilling in equal measure. I have no idea how long I lay there, not sleeping and just imagining everything that was to come.

Part 6

I had nothing but my thoughts and they were difficult to calm. When I wasn't imagining being a 24/7 latex gimp, all I could think of was the edging session earlier in the day. Every time I moved, I was aware of my latex second skin and my bondage. My cock just wouldn't let me rest.

I slept eventually and fitfully. I woke many times during the night with no idea of how long I had been asleep and no idea what time it was. Each time it seemed to take an age to drift off again. The fifth or sixth time I got a little bit worried. Where was she? Was she coming back? How could I get out? I wrestled briefly in my bonds before trying to calm myself. She would be back, I knew that, but the tiny seed of doubt had been planted. I couldn't get back to sleep. I lay there in the inky blackness and deafening silence praying for her return. My life was literally in her hands. I was utterly dependent on her. It occurred to me that it went deeper than my current predicament. I was committed to her, totally committed. She was my world in so many ways.

Time crept slowly by, and I waited, listening for the slightest noise that might indicate Ma'am's return. Eventually I heard something, then I heard footsteps followed by the unmistakable rattle of a key in a lock. I felt Ma'am's hand on my chest and instantly everything was right in the world.

"Hey baby, how are you?"

"I'm fine thank you Ma'am. How are you?"

"Great thanks, I slept like a log."

Her hand disappeared and I heard the cell being locked and her going back upstairs. What was going on? Silence returned, how long was she going to leave me here? Time ticked by. I wanted out now, I wanted her. I would beg when she next came down, beg for release or for some sort of contact.

I have no idea how long she left me this time but eventually she returned. Again, I felt her hand on my chest. I spoke before she did.

"Please Ma'am, please release me Ma'am."

There was silence for a second and then her hand left me and off she went again. No! I had had enough, I needed to get out of here now. I was getting angry and frustrated. Wait, stop it! Think about what just happened. I had begged for release and expected her to obey me. It was no different to begging for an orgasm and expecting to get one. What a stupid thing to say, and now I was going to pay the price.

I had another long wait, if I had to guess I would say at least another hour. I heard her coming downstairs again. She placed her hand on my chest. There was silence so I decided to speak.

"Ma'am, I apologize for my lack of discipline earlier. It is your decision as to how long to keep me here and my begging was wrong. I am sorry Ma'am."

This time her hand stayed where it was.

"Good boy, realizing your mistakes and admitting them is important. Time to get you up off the floor."

She released my ankles and helped me to my feet then told me to close my eyes as she removed the blindfold. It was not too bright, so my eyes adjusted fairly quickly and we went upstairs. She showed no signs of wanting to set my arms free or of taking any of the latex off me, but I obviously wasn't going to say a word.

"How was your night?"

It was hard to describe so I ran through the events, telling Ma'am how horny I was and then about the worry. I even told her about my anger and frustration when she left me. As always, she thanked me for my honesty.

"You had better get used to it boy. It's the only place you will ever spend the night when you're here."

I replied, "yes Ma'am, I understand."

I could feel my cock hardening slightly. I couldn't believe it, Ma'am noticed and laughed.

"I'm glad you always tell me the truth, but you actually don't have to. Your cock tells me everything I need to know. Hungry?"

"Starving Ma'am."

She made me some porridge and just like last time put it on the floor in a bowl. I made slightly less of a mess this time. I was so hungry because it was nearly 11 o'clock. I must have been in the dungeon for nearly 12 hours.

"How is the catsuit baby? It looks great on you."

"Thank you Ma'am. It feels amazing, can I wear it all the time please?"

Ma'am laughed, "I'm not sure the outside world is ready for that quite yet. It's a pretty strong look when combined with your chastity cage."

She came over to me and kissed me deeply.

"You shouldn't tempt me; I have always fantasized about having a rubber gimp at my beck and call. Maybe you shouldn't go to university, take a year out and spend it locked in my dungeon. A year of slavery, wearing latex, no contact with the outside world. Just me using you, torturing you and denying you. That sounds really hot."

She was still holding me as she spoke, and we both knew what was happening to my cock. It was as solid as a rock. She pressed herself into me and slid two fingers into my mouth, I sucked them as she moved them in and out.

"You would like that wouldn't you boy? Totally at my mercy, no freedom and abused and used every day."

I nodded my head, besides myself with desire. Ma'am removed her fingers and kissed me again.

"Come with me."

We hurried into the dungeon, she stripped off and relaxed in her throne. She didn't need to ask, and I was between her legs instantly. There was no subtlety this time, she held my head to her pussy, and I made her cum within a couple of minutes. What she had told me in the kitchen had clearly got her just as aroused as me. She recovered and crossed her legs, pointing one foot at me.

"Massage boy."

I didn't have a clue what to do but I held her foot and did my best. She gave instructions and slowly I got the hang of it. After about ten minutes she crossed her legs the other way and I went to work on her other foot. I was getting the hang of it now and fewer instructions were needed. It was quite erotic being on my knees massaging her feet, the submissive dynamic was not lost on me.

"Thank you, baby, that was very relaxing. I bet there are some massage courses at university that you can enroll in. Look into it for me."

"Yes Ma'am, I will."

"Good boy. I bet they don't have any pussy licking courses though, but you are already an expert." She uncrossed her legs and got more comfortable. "You know what to do, and take your time baby."

I was back where I belonged, pleasing her, arousing her, using my skill and knowledge.

She was lying back, utterly relaxed as her desire slowly built. Only when I felt her unconsciously pushing her wet pussy towards my mouth did I begin to get her close. My tongue massaged her clit, giving it no peace and slowly her orgasm came, rocking her to the very core. I glanced up, taking in her shivering stomach and hard nipples. Her face was a picture of satisfaction. My cock was rock hard and desperate. It felt absolutely perfect to me. There was nowhere else I should be, and nowhere else I wanted to be.

She slowly came out of her reverie and smiled down at me.

"Now that's what a Sunday morning should be like. Unfortunately, I have a few things to do his morning, so I need to keep you busy for a bit. All you did was lie around all night so it's time put you under a bit of pressure."

She led me over to the cross and secured my wrists, ankles, and waist loosely to it. I was still wearing the latex hood, but Ma'am decided to apply another one, thick and heavy with a long breathing tube but no other holes. Soon my head was encased again, with no idea what was going on around me. She shocked me with the cold towel and removed the chastity device. I felt something leather being tightened around my testicles; she moved the skin around so there was no pinching and pulled down. She had put a parachute stretcher on me, it separated my balls from my body and had a chain to attach weights or whatever she wanted to it.

"There you go boy, now for some anal fun. This is the same sort of device I used on Sarah."

I felt the tip of a large dildo slide through the hole in my suit and push into me. I hadn't had much experience, but I knew it was best to relax and let it enter me. It felt massive and stretched me wide open. I hoped it has a thin neck to relieve the pain, but Ma'am stopped with only about 3 inches buried in me.

As if reading my mind Ma'am said, "this is a dildo, not a butt plug so it is lovely and big all the way. It's about 8 inches long and has a tee piece at its end. That means you can sit on it without any more of it going inside you. Have a go boy, see how much you can take."

The dildo was well lubed and as I bent my legs it slid easily if slightly uncomfortably inside me. Down I went as it began to fill me up. It was huge. I had seen videos of people taking things much bigger than this, but I had very little experience and to me it felt enormous. It was hurting now; I didn't think I could take any more, but I could feel some pressure as the tee piece reached my body. I slid down another inch and realized I was sitting on it, but it was agony, I thought my insides were going to burst so I quickly moved up a couple of inches. I hadn't realized how tense I had been and took a few deep breaths through the tube.

I felt Ma'am pulling on my stretcher and she attached it to the floor via a thick, strong but elastic rubber band. She began tightening and I felt the pressure building on my balls as they were forced down away from my body. She kept

going and as the pain grew, I had no choice but to bend my legs which forced the huge intruder deeper into me. I guessed about 5 or 6 inches were inside me.

"Stand up straight boy."

I slowly straightened my legs and pain grew sharply in my balls. The pressure was intense, the stretcher seemed to crush them as well as pull them.

Pain arced through my lower body as I managed to straighten my legs. I couldn't hold myself like this, so I bent my legs a little to ease the pain.

"That's perfect!" Ma'am said, clearly very pleased.

"I'll leave you to it, back in a bit."

I was left there and suddenly realized my predicament. My bent legs were already beginning to feel the strain. I could straighten them to ease my muscles but that was agony. The other choice was to slide down the dildo until I was essentially sitting on it and ease them that way but that too was incredibly painful.

I was already breathing hard; it was difficult to get a proper lung full of fresh air through the long tube attached to my mask. I tried sliding down a little and the monster filled me up, stretching my insides. I quickly straightened up a bit and the harsh pull on my balls returned. I was panting now feeling a little panicky. I couldn't stand still, my thighs were killing me, so I tried moving slowly up and down sharing the pain between my ass and balls. Keeping my legs moving seemed to help them a bit but they were not going to last very long, they were already beginning to shake.

I tried to take the strain on one leg to relieve the other. Without being able to move my ankles I moved my weight from one leg to the other as best I could. Again, there was a modicum of relief but it was clear that I would have to either stand or sit at some point quite soon. I was sweating now; I could feel it between my skin and the tight latex. Taking a mental deep breath to match the physical ones I slowly sat down on the massive dildo. I had never been filled like that before, it hurt a lot. My ring was stretched to its limit. My legs were on fire, I hadn't yet fully rested on the dildo, but I knew I had to. Finally, I relaxed my muscles, I was completely impaled, it was agony. I couldn't stand it. Moaning through the latex I pulled myself up off it and gasped in relief. I gritted my teeth

and stood up straight. Now my balls were in agony. More or less than my ass? I really couldn't tell, so I bent slightly making sure that at least briefly, neither were in agony.

I was in trouble, nothing I did seemed to help. My legs were shaking again. How long was Ma'am going to leave me? It had probably only been 15 to 20 minutes. I was shaking and sweating and breathing like I was running a marathon.

Suddenly I felt Ma'am's hand on my cock, massaging it to life. No matter what I was going through I could never resist her touch. Quickly I was rock hard, and she held my cock upright.

"Fuck my hand boy, nice long strokes."

I complied, I always complied and flexed my legs, dropping down on the dildo before straightening, thrusting my cock into her still hand. I was a mess, it felt amazing but was mixed with the alternating pain in my ass and balls.

"Longer strokes boy, all the way up and down. Do it!" She commanded.

I flexed my legs further as the agony and ecstasy grew. I was moaning almost continuously now. Pain and pleasure flooding through me I felt my orgasm approaching. My whole body was soaked with sweat, and I was shaking like a leaf. Suddenly her hand was gone.

"Were you trying to cum boy? You know that's not allowed without permission. Naughty boy. You had better control yourself next time."

She was gone, leaving me with just my agony.

I let out a cry of desperation. Fucking her hand had left my legs completely fatigued. I had no choice but to sit down, the dildo brutally filled me, and I groaned loudly. With my weight off my legs I tried to shake them a little to help my muscles. Sweat was pouring down my whole body now, my head was incredibly hot under the two layers of latex. The only relief was the cool air I was gasping in via the tube.

After a minute I had to take the pressure off my insides, so I shakily stood up and locked my legs as pain fired up from my balls. Again, I could only last a minute or

so but I had some kind of plan now, even if it was just moving the intense pain from one abused area to another.

I don't know how many times I alternated from sitting to standing but each time I wasn't able to spend as long in either position.

Ma'am's hand gripped my cock again.

"Fuck it boy, do it properly this time."

I understood what she wanted this time, so I slowly straightened my legs, feeling my cock slide through her palm. Then back down until I felt myself sitting on the tee bar. It was agony combined with a little ecstasy. The sensations in my cock felt wonderful but they were easily outweighed by the pain coursing through me.

"That's good boy, but you can go faster."

I tried, but my legs were struggling badly. If I moved quickly, I felt out of control, as if I would either yank my balls off or push yet more of the massive dildo up me. For five long minutes I humped Ma'am's hand as fast as I could. I was groaning with every movement, sweat pouring off me until mercifully I heard her command me to stop. I was shaking like a leaf, but I felt the pull on my balls relax and Ma'am told me to stand up straight. At last, I could relax a little. I locked my legs in an attempt to stop them shaking. Ma'am started to massage my hard cock, without all the painful distractions it felt gorgeous. Her hand was moving lightly but quickly up and down, and I felt my orgasm building. I knew somewhere inside me that I should try and stop my impending orgasm, but I was broken, I had nothing more to give.

Her hand stopped abruptly.

"It looks like you haven't learned anything boy. That is disappointing. I expected more from you."

I tried to articulate some sort of apology, but Ma'am just told me to be quiet.

"I'm going to free your legs now. Move them around, get some life back in them."

I felt the straps fall away and carefully flexed and lifted each leg. All my muscles felt weak and stiff but with each movement I felt life returning to them.

"Now your arms, I'm going to hold them as you let them drop to your sides."

My arms came down and again I moved them around. They were a little stiff but basically fine. Next Ma'am released the waist strap and told me to step forward. She pulled my arms behind my back and secured them behind me.

"Your cock isn't locked, so your hands must be bound so you know there is no way of touching yourself, even by accident."

I hadn't even thought about that, I was just so relieved to not be in agony any more. She held my upper arm and guided me across the room.

"On your knees boy."

I carefully knelt and she ordered me to shuffle forward a little. She told me to keep my eyes closed and I felt the hood being unzipped. She pulled it off whilst holding a towel to catch all the sweat that poured out of it. She rubbed my head which was still in the original hood dry and told me to slowly open my eyes. I blinked, getting used to the light. Ma'am was in front of me sitting in her throne looking absolutely magnificent. She was wearing a skin tight black latex catsuit and the beautiful boots that I had seen before. She was a vision of beauty and dominance. Her legs were crossed so one foot was in front of me at chest height. She simply pointed at it and said, "show your gratitude boy."

I shuffled forward and began to kiss her boot. I was unsure of what to do so I started at the very tip just kept kissing. I move around the boot covering it until Ma'am lifted it a little and presented the stiletto heel.

"Suck it."

I took it into my mouth and slowly moved it in and out. This went on for a couple of minutes until Ma'am ordered me to stand. With difficulty I got to my feet.

'Spread your legs boy. Tell me how you feel.'

I really wasn't sure. I had been left in a cell all night then been tortured. I enjoyed pain, but only when Ma'am was there with me. My time on the cross had just been pure torture, apart from the brief moments when she had played with my cock. My whole body ached, my ass and balls were feeling incredibly tender, and I was exhausted. However, I knew Ma'am had her sadistic side, so I assumed that

she had got something from it, and it had fulfilled a need in her. I tried to explain this to her. She had been staring at me while I talked, it always felt like she was staring into my soul.

"I did enjoy it boy, I get great satisfaction from torturing people, from watching them hurt and struggle to please me. It's almost primal, sexual in a way, but also psychological. It feeds my desire for power and control. I was in the dungeon all the time. I was watching you struggle and strain. There were a couple of times where I found myself breathing almost as hard as you were. I nearly stopped it on a couple of occasions as I could see how much you were hurting but I wanted to push you, and myself to extent. I wanted to see how it affected me, and it affected me deeply. I love seeing how far you will go for me, and it seems you will go a long way. I love every second of your pain and suffering, remember that. When you think it's getting too much, those are the times that give me the most pleasure."

Her eyes had dropped down to my cock which was showing signs of life as she spoke of her pleasure. "You want to please me, don't you boy?"

A sly little smile played around her lips. "Every minute you were up on that cross made me wetter and wetter."

My cock was coming to life, rapidly hardening.

"You will willingly put yourself through anything to please me, won't you boy?"

Mentally and physically, I was still shaken by what she had put me through but as always my cock knew what to do and became rock hard. Her pleasure, that was all that mattered. Everything she did just reinforced that. She moved her foot and started moving my balls gently around with the tip of her boot.

"You want me to hurt these for my own pleasure, don't you?"

It was a question as well as a statement. "Yes Ma'am, please hurt my balls for your pleasure."

She tapped them slightly more forcefully. "You don't sound too sure boy."

I had been in such pain so recently that I dreaded the idea of more, but I knew what she wanted and my cock knew too.

"I want to please you Ma'am. I don't care how I do it. Use me in any way you wish Ma'am. I will do whatever I can to satisfy you, physically and mentally."

My cock was still rock hard. Ma'am was smiling now, her foot moved from my balls to my cock and started tapping it from side to side then using the sole she pushed it up against my stomach and slowly rolled it from side to side.

"How long has it been since your last orgasm baby?"

I couldn't really think straight at the moment. "I'm not sure Ma'am, 4 weeks or so maybe?"

She continued rolling my cock around with her boot. "Has it been so long that you can't remember or are you not that bothered about orgasms now?"

I wasn't sure what to say, I knew there was probably a trap approaching but I just tried to tell the truth as that always seemed to be the best thing to do with her.

"I think that I'm beginning to realize that my orgasms aren't as important as they used to be Ma'am. I miss them a lot but it's sort of becoming normal to not have them regularly. There are so many other amazing feelings and emotions going through me. I don't know whether I want to cum or not most of the time. Sometimes it feels like I would do anything for an orgasm, sometimes like I would do anything not to."

Ma'am smiled as she felt my cock twitching under her boot.

"Fortunately, you don't have to make those decisions anymore although I do value your input. Would you like to cum now baby?"

Her foot was still moving, pressing harder into my rigid cock.

"Ma'am, I honestly don't know. Yes, yes, I would. I'd like nothing more than to cover your boot with my spunk. But I also don't want to. I'm becoming addicted to the need and the tension my lust creates. I just don't know."

Her foot dropped away leaving my cock pointing straight out, bobbing helplessly.

She spread her legs and beckoned me closer.

"On your knees."

She reached down and slowly unzipped her catsuit, freeing her wet pussy from the tight latex. She ran a finger up and down between her most lips.

"I have been so turned on since that little torture session baby, come closer. Put your head inside me."

I shuffled carefully forward and with difficulty I got my cock in the right position and slowly inserted the tip, as ordered. It was hot and tight and felt beautiful. She smiled and started slowly caressing her clit.

"Look me in the eyes boy."

I looked up into her amazing and hypnotic eyes. She was a gorgeous woman from head to toe but every time when our gaze locked, I was completely lost, this time was no different. It was like she absorbed me into her. It felt like she knew everything about me, like she was exploring my mind.

Her finger was still exploring her clit, I could see the color slowly rising in her face, her nipples getting even harder and an increase in her breathing. I didn't notice my aching thighs and calves, or my sore knees. I wasn't even aware of my abused ass or the ache in my balls. All I could focus on was her eyes and the growing arousal in her.

"Put it in, all the way baby."

I clumsily shuffled a little further forward and gently slid my hard cock deep into her feeling her velvet softness encompass me. She gasped but held my eyes.

"Oh fuck baby, that feels so good."

She continued massaging her clit, breathing slightly more quickly and deeply.

She stopped, put her hands on the arm rest and said, "make me cum boy. Give me a lovely orgasm."

I started to shuffle back and bend over.

"No. With your cock, fuck me until I cum boy. Do not let me down. Please me."

Her eyes were sparkling with passion, but I could see the hard edge in them. This was my first chance to have any sort of control, up until now during the rare

occasions that I had been inside her, she had been on top and very much in charge. I really wasn't sure what to do and I was very aware of how horny I was. I knew what was required and I knew that failure would certainly have dire consequences for me.

I pulled slowly back a few inches and eased back into her making sure I buried myself deep in her hot pussy. She felt so good, I was like a rock. In and out, slowly and carefully. She let out a soft moan and I increased my pace a little, noticing as her tongue licked her lips and a small smile appeared. She shifted position slightly which changed the angle.

"Oh yeah. That's good."

I pulled myself further out each with each thrust, almost taking my whole length out before plunging back into her. The sensation was incredible, she was so hot and wet. I noticed her eyes close, and she began biting her bottom lip. She looked and felt so sexy. Every nerve in my cock felt super sensitive and I realized my orgasm was building and that she wasn't going to cum before me. I had to slow myself down and I also stopped pulling out as far. I kept most of my cock inside her, just thrusting gently again.

I saw her smile, her eyes opened and bored into me.

"That was so good baby, couldn't you tell I was getting close? Don't you want me to cum?"

We both knew exactly what was going on. "Ma'am, I was getting too close. I'm sorry."

"I know. Forget your pleasure and focus on mine. Always my pleasure. All you want is to make me happy. You know that. Look at me, concentrate on me and me alone. All these beautiful feelings stop for both of us if you cum, so don't. Don't think about it, think of my pleasure."

I recovered my poise slightly and tried to lose myself in her eyes again. My need for an orgasm had abated so I lengthened my stroke again and pushed myself as deeply as I could into her. Each stroke created a small moan and out of the corner of my eye I could see her nails digging into the armrest. She was whispering, almost to herself.

" Yes, yes, oh yeah. Come on, fuck me baby."

I was plunging hard into her now, pausing for a fraction of a second as I pulled out before sliding powerfully into her. It was so good but by focusing entirely on her growing arousal I was somehow able to ignore my own and keep it at a level I could cope with.

She was building, getting close now. Her head rocked from side to side, and I felt her thighs raise up and grip me. I upped the pace a little, as much as I dared. It had the desired effect. She let out a long drawn-out groan and came, deeply and strongly. Her legs suddenly scissored around me and held me deep in her. I could feel her pussy pulsating on my rock-hard cock as she spasmed through her orgasm. After a minute her eyes opened, she grabbed my arms and levered herself up and held me tight with my cock still buried inside her. She kissed me, gently and passionately. I felt so good. My cock was on fire feeling every spasm of her muscles. I had completely forgotten about the different pains in my ass and balls. All that mattered was her pleasure engulfing me.

"That was fantastic baby, don't stop. Take me for as long as you can, take yourself to the edge."

She moved the back of the throne into a much more upright position and kept her legs wrapped around me. I was buried deep inside her, so I arched my hips away and began slowly sliding in and out. She was smiling at me, and her hands were running over my latex covered body. She dug her nails into my nipples through the suit causing sharp stabs of pain in them.

She was whispering encouragement to me, telling me to enjoy all the lovely feelings, telling me to make them last as long as I could. She wanted me to lose myself in the moment and relish it. I pulled out nearly all the way and slowly, deliciously slid all the way back in. She groaned and her eye lids flickered in pleasure. Slowly in and slowly out, each time I filled her she groaned and jammed her legs into the small of my back. I was lost in the beauty of the moment. This could go on forever as far as I was concerned. I didn't overthink it, somewhere in the back of my mind I wondered why I hadn't had a massive orgasm yet, but it really didn't matter. It wasn't important at this moment.

Suddenly she slid two fingers into my mouth and started moving them in and out to the rhythm of my thrusts. I sucked eagerly on them and ran my tongue around them. I realized she was close.

"A bit more baby, come on."

I accelerated slightly and pushed hard into her at the end of each stroke. Her eyes were closed, her breathing was sharp and ragged.

She was close, every stroke bringing her nearer, but I was close too. Her fingers in my mouth had provided an extra level of eroticism that was difficult to deal with. Fortunately, she won the race and came hard, shuddering against me and allowing me to stop for a minute.

"More baby, give me more."

I started again with slow full strokes, but I couldn't stop the feelings overwhelming me and had to stop as my orgasm approached. I didn't even consider going too far, it never even crossed my mind. Despite my desperation stopping was the only option. I stood there frozen knowing another movement would be too much.

She had recovered her senses and knew exactly what was going on.

"Aw baby, are you close? Try again, I'm not finished with your lovely cock yet."

I tried shorter strokes this time, but it was as if the spell had been broken and my hyper sensitive cock just couldn't handle it any more. I quickly felt myself getting closer and closer again. I stopped and Ma'am pinched my nipples hard making me wince

"I need another beautiful orgasm boy. You seem to be putting your needs before mine. I don't care how much you want to cum. You want to please me, don't you? Well, don't you?"

"Yes Ma'am, I want to please you but I'm so close, I can't stop myself. I'm sorry Ma'am."

She wasn't smiling now and I realized that she had suddenly become very serious.

"This is exactly why it will be a long time before I allow you to orgasm boy. You still have that inner selfishness, that male desire to cum. I will cure you of that eventually. It doesn't matter to me how long it takes; it might be months, it might be years."

I was motionless throbbing inside her with a mixture of fear and arousal. She knew how much her words were turning me on.

Years? My mind briefly ran wild, could she keep me like this for years? My need was too great, I couldn't stay like this for years, could I? But how amazing had these last few months been? They were without doubt the most exciting and exhilarating months of my life. She had made me come alive and I was addicted to it, I was addicted to her. If she thought, I needed to be denied for years then so be it.

I tried to clear my head and think of her. I had to stop thinking of what might happen and concentrate on now. She wanted another orgasm, that was the only thing that was important. I withdrew my cock and rammed it home, hard. She gasped and I did it again. Make her cum, make her cum, nothing else, just make her cum. I thrust into her again and again. I didn't really know what was happening, all I knew was that she was groaning with pleasure. I was totally absorbed in her joy just as I was when I was licking her. I was pushing my cock into her faster and faster. It was animalistic and primal. She was moaning, groaning, growling, shaking with pleasure. Before I knew it, she came again, crying out in ecstasy as I pounded into her. I heard her telling me to slow down and I felt her hand on my sweaty latex chest. As always this brought me back to reality, back to her. I stopped and looked. She was covered in sweat too, breathing hard and quietly moaning with every breath. Her legs fell away from me, and she just about had enough strength to lift them back into the leg rests. Her whole body was randomly shaking as the power of her orgasm slowly waned. I wanted to hug her and kiss her. I wanted to hold her tight and feel her body as it relaxed against mine, but I couldn't. I just had to stand there, exhausted, and desperately horny while she recovered.

She was in a sexual haze but slowly she came to her senses.

"Fucking hell, baby. That was something else. I'm going to need a minute."

She laughed, mostly to herself and moistened dry lips.

"That was one of the best fucks I have ever had, baby. That was...christ, I don't know. Just beautiful. Get that amazing cock out of me before I go insane."

I slowly pulled out, I was feeling pretty dazed myself.

I had lost myself during her last orgasm. I hadn't thought about myself, or my aching desire at all. I had just wanted to make her cum, make her happy and my needs had just disappeared completely.

She stood up, briefly using me for support. She fell into me and hugged me, squeezing my still enraged cock between our hot bodies. She moved away and grabbed my cock. Looking at me she said, "this is a thing of beauty. Any bigger and it would be too much, but it is perfect, just perfect for me. When you eventually learn how to use it properly, I think it is going to drive me insane. Oh, and when I eventually train it properly, it will probably drive you insane too baby."

She was stroking it gently using her own juices to smooth her movements.

Through my exhaustion and arousal, I managed a smile. "I'm looking forward to all of it Ma'am. I am yours to command and train, to use and abuse."

She laughed and gave me one of her dominant stares.

Quietly she said, "I know you are boy, and I'm going to love every minute of it. Right then, you tried to cum a couple of times. That is very naughty. You know by now that you should never try and put your own desires ahead of mine."

She led me by my cock into the cell. Internally I groaned. I had been in the suit for ages now, my hands useless, my head and body covered in sweat. She padlocked the metal posture collar around my neck and using a short length of chain secured me to the wall. The chain ran from the back of my neck, so I had to face out. I quickly noticed that it was fixed to the wall at about chest height and was too short to allow me to stand up straight, so I was forced to crouch in an uncomfortable position. She tightened a large ball gag in my mouth as well.

"I need to have a shower and sort myself out boy."

With that she squeezed my cock, locked the cell, and left. I was stunned, I had done my best yet here I was bound uncomfortably again. Trapped in latex and

bondage for yet more time. I pulled against the chain, obviously there was no give, so I just did my best to find an easy way of standing. After the excitement I noticed how tired I was. My legs were aching badly, my ass and balls were still really sore. In fact, pretty much everything hurt in some way.

She came back down the stairs after only about half an hour. She was wearing her silk dressing down, loosely tied allowing me glimpses of her naked body underneath. I don't think I had ever been happier to see someone but then it occurred to me that she might not be coming to release me. Nothing ever seemed to go quite how I thought it would with her. She stood outside the cell staring at me. She had a cup of coffee in one hand and a bacon sandwich in the other which she was eating with relish. Suddenly I was starving hungry, it smelled heavenly. Another form of torture I thought. She just stood there slowly eating and looking at my struggling bound body. My cock which had been like a rock seemingly forever had gone down in her absence began to harden again. I saw her smile as she finished off her sandwich.

"That's a lovely thing to see baby. It's good to know that I have that affect, on you whatever the circumstances."

I groaned, I don't know what the groan meant but some sort of response seemed appropriate. She laughed and began tidying the dungeon up. I watched her and she completely ignored me, seemingly oblivious to my presence. After finishing she walked towards the stairs, blew me a kiss and elegantly, with a deliberate sway of her hips, disappeared upstairs again.

I sighed to myself. I knew she was capable of being very sadistic and this was just another example. Being ignored was difficult. Being actively hurt and tortured was on some ways better because she was present, taking part in it and loving it. I waited and tried fruitlessly to find some comfort amid all the aches and pains. Fortunately, she came back quite soon carrying my chastity device and the cold towel. She applied it as vigorously as always despite the fact that I had long since lost my erection. She was careful squeezing my sore balls through the base ring before locking me away again.

"That's better," she said, "I think that is the longest he has been unlocked since it's been on. It's much better to be locked isn't it, baby?"

She was stroking my balls and I reacted immediately and hardened in the cage.

"See? He loves it in there, doesn't he?"

She glanced up smiling at me, I nodded.

"I'm glad you agree baby. You don't have a choice in the matter, but it is good that we are on the same page."

She was running her fingers down the cage now, blood was flowing into my shaft and soon my cock was throbbing against the steel. I moaned softly.

"Feels great to be locked and straining. Thank me for going to the trouble of keeping you like this."

She took the ball gag out and I swallowed to clear my throat.

"Ma'am, thank you Ma'am. Thank you for keeping me locked. It is the kindest thing you could do for me. I need your control and I need my cock to be kept safe behind these steel bars. It belongs there, I know that now."

She carried on stroking me and gave a low purr of appreciation at my words.

"Good, now tell me how long you want to be locked away baby?"

I don't know why I always reacted so strongly to this sort of talk, but it never failed to get me going.

"Ma'am, for as long as you want me locked. Keep me locked and denied, please Ma'am. I need it so much, almost as much as I want to please you. My constant sense of arousal is so much better than a brief and pointless orgasm Ma'am."

My skin was bulging through the bars as Ma'am caressed the cage, and my sore balls were aching again.

"As long as I want? That sounds like a very good idea boy. I wonder how many orgasms I will let you have. Of course, your behavior has to be perfect to even have a chance but if you do achieve perfection it will probably only be because you are desperately hoping for an orgasm. There would be a high probability that after cumming your level of performance would drop. I've seen it happen before. I don't know if I want to be disappointed like that again. It's a dilemma isn't it baby? Sometimes I wonder if a complete ban on your orgasms would be the best thing for both of us. What do you think?"

I was breathing hard again. I was struggling in the awkward position she had me in, whilst also being incredibly aroused.

"Whatever you wish Ma'am." That was all I could come up with. She held my balls and gave them a good squeeze.

"Come on boy, I think you can do better than that."

'It would be your choice Ma'am. Your experience and knowledge of men will guide you. I hope that my desire to please would remain. I would be so happy and grateful that you had allowed me an orgasm that I hope I would continue to behave to the best of my ability. That would be what you expected of me, and it is the way you are training me. Orgasm or no orgasm I promise to give my best Ma'am."

She went back to stroking my cage, driving me crazy once again.

"I will think about it. Generally, I believe in using the carrot and the stick to train a boy. But as you say, you should always be doing your best for my whatever the circumstances. You have got me all wet again boy."

Mercifully she released the chain holding me and I was soon on my knees between her legs. Nothing mattered now. I was where I always wanted to be, worshipping Ma'am's wet and demanding pussy. She came powerfully under my skilled tongue, shaking and arching her perfect body.

"As amazing as ever my little tongue wizard. I think it is about time I got you out of that latex, come on."

We went upstairs to the bathroom, and she put me in the shower. She unlocked my hands and gently eased the gloves off. I started gingerly moving my arms around and flexing my fingers. My shoulders were very stiff as were my hands, but I slowly got some life back in them. Ma'am removed the hood and my head felt fresh air for the first time in a day, it was wonderful. She unzipped the suit and began peeling it off me, I had to sit on the shower floor and hold my legs up to completely remove it. Plenty of sweat came with it. I hadn't realized how nice fresh air could feel on my skin.

The hot water hit me, and I relished it. Ma'am shrugged off her robe and joined me. We kissed and she helped me wash all the sweat off my tired body. As usual she paid special attention to the cage, getting it soapy and slippery. She slid round behind me, pressed herself against me and used both hands to massage my balls and metal covered cock.

I immediately hardened as her fingers worked their magic. Her hot body moved against me, and I wondered how many times I had been erect and straining since my last orgasm. Hundreds probably and it seemed odds on that there would be hundreds more before I was allowed that privilege again. I knew I was learning but it seemed to be such a slow process.

A few months ago, I would have been crying on the floor if I had felt this turned on. Now it seemed almost normal. She was reprogramming me, taking me apart piece by piece. I was unbelievably horny but on a different level I didn't want an orgasm anymore. I did, I really did, but part of me had accepted that orgasms were beyond my control now. All I could do was please Ma'am and learn that these amazing and arousing feelings were my life now.

I realized that I was gently moving my hips to and fro, helping Ma'am slide her hand across the cage. I moaned and she laughed. Slapping my ass she got out of the shower and told me to join her downstairs when I was ready.

I padded naked down the stairs and found Ma'am preparing some food. God, I was ravenous, it was the middle of the afternoon and I had been physically and mentally pushed for hours. I devoured the food, thanked Ma'am and cleaned up after her.

She beckoned me over to her laptop and showed me some plans.

"You've got some proper work to do for the next couple of weeks. I'm having a small summer house built. The patio is fine, but it is in the shade in the evenings. The summer house is going to be on the east side of the field, behind the garden. They are going to put a large pond in too. I've decided to make that field a wildflower meadow. It should be lovely next year. You are going to help the guys out. I told them I had a very hard worker they could use. There will be deliveries tomorrow from about 8 o'clock."

She explained in greater detail what was going to happen. It did indeed sound like I was going to be busy, that was fine with me. I would probably learn some things, especially when I helped with the construction of the wooden house.

We spent most of the afternoon in the garden, just chatting about her plans for the house, and just generally shooting the breeze. I enjoyed her company immensely. We didn't have to be doing anything sexual, I just wanted to be with her. Sitting on the patio in the early evening sun I had to pinch myself as I looked at her, I felt like the luckiest boy on the planet.

I had to be home that evening as my aunt and uncle were coming round for dinner. We said our farewells, Ma'am gave me a long passionate kiss with predictable results, and I walked slowly back home. My cock still semi-erect from the kiss, and most of my body was gently aching but I really couldn't of been any happier.

The next day, I was at Ma'am's house twenty minutes before the first of the deliveries were due. Ma'am had my clothes out, the tight shorts and tee shirt that left nothing to the imagination. Surely, she wouldn't make me work looking like this? I slipped the clothes on and looked at her in a worried way. She couldn't hold it together and burst out laughing. "Oh baby, your face is a picture. Get your old clothes back on."

I laughed; I was very relieved but I did remember that she had said that the kinky side of our relationship would remain private. She reminded me that she was Louise and not Ma'am when there was company. We had a cup of coffee, and a low rumble indicated the arrival of the first lorry. It was a very busy week and I tried to make myself as useful as possible. The two builders who were erecting the oak summer house were glad of an extra pair of hands. I explained that I was going to study engineering at university, and they were happy to answer my questions about the construction.

I enjoyed the work but pleased when Friday came around. Louise asked the builders if they fancied a beer and they accepted. We had a couple of cold ones, and they told Louise that I was a good hard worker. Louise agreed with them, and I found myself blushing.

After they left Ma'am went off to inspect their work, I cleaned up then joined her. She was pleased, especially at the praise they had given me. I didn't feel like I had

done anything particularly useful but any praise from Ma'am made me feel ridiculously proud.

We went back to the house, and I had a shower. When I came out Ma'am was lying naked on the bed. "I take it the week's work hasn't sapped all your energy? Come here."

I casually sauntered over to the bed and said, "Well seeing as you asked nicely."

She laughed and I leapt onto the bed. She wrapped her long legs around my waist, and we kissed while our hands explored each other's bodies. I moved my head down slightly and licked and nibbled at her stiffening nipples. They weren't the only things getting hard and I felt the now familiar strain of cock against steel cage. I felt her hands pushing down on the top of my head and knew where to go, nirvana.

"Nice and slow baby, nice and slow."

I was between her legs for a long time, savoring her taste and her smell. I held her upper thighs tightly, listening to her body and her low satisfied moans. My expert tongue had her just where she needed to be now, close but not quite at the edge. I knew she loved that; it was incredibly erotic without quite getting to the point where she just had to cum. I kept her there for a while as she slowly writhed and moved against me. Almost imperceptibly her movements became a little more urgent and I took this as the moment to make my movements equal hers. My tongue became firmer and its licks and swirls more insistent. Her orgasm built from deep inside rocking her body from head to toe.

I felt her hand on my head and slowly moved up to see her blushed, beautiful face looking serene and totally relaxed. She kissed me deeply, enjoying her own juice on my lips and tongue. We lay there for a bit as she regained her composure. The cage was still completely full, and we could both feel it resting against her wet pussy. She moved her hips slightly, pushing into it.

"Baby, you're hard for me. That's lovely, isn't it?"

"Ma'am, I feel like I'm hard all the time for you. When I'm with you, when I think of you, it gets hard, and I think of you all the time."

She began rotating her hips against the cage and pushed me up to a kneeling position. "Does that feel good baby?"

It felt fantastic, I could feel the heat along the top of my cock as it slid across her wet pussy. I started sliding the cage up and down her slit. She moaned quietly.

"Yes baby, that's nice. Your cock feels like it's as hard as the steel."

I thought it was too. I took a deep breath, how could being so horny but denied feel so good?

"Keep it going baby, feel me through that cruel nasty cage."

She laughed playfully, "You have no idea how much I love keeping you denied. Every time your lovely cock gets hard in there, I get so turned on. I've enjoyed keeping men chaste before, but it's different with you. For most men it was a chore and that got boring after a while. You love it though, you really do. I can see it in your reactions and behavior. Chastity is going to help, rather than hinder us."

Ma'am was right, I couldn't understand it, but she was right. Chastity and denial drove me crazy with lust and desire but all I wanted was more. I wanted denial more than I wanted an orgasm. How the hell had that happened? Most boys my age were having multiple orgasms every day. Before I had met Ma'am I was too, but I was now having less than one a month and loving it.

I was rubbing my rock-hard cock against her pussy, turning us both on so much, knowing that there was zero chance that it would end in an orgasm for me. But I loved it, and Ma'am knew that too.

"You want to fuck me so badly don't you baby? You want me to get the key, release your cock and let you plunge it into me. I'm so wet right now, imagine how good it would feel. Imagine your cock sliding into me, how my pussy would grip your sensitive skin."

We were both breathing hard now.

"Hold the cage and rub the end against my clit baby. I want your locked and denied cock to make me cum."

I held the base ring and started sliding the end of the cage against her. I was so swollen I could feel her clit on my slit as it moved across her. She was moaning now, urging me on. "Yes baby, that feels so good. I want to cum, please me baby."

My cock and balls were aching, from the force of my erection against the steel and from pure need. I was shaking the cage, vibrating it on her clit. She gasped and came like a train pushing me away from her sensitive clit. I watched her as the orgasm ran its course. Through my need I loved that I had created that much joy in her. It was beautiful.

It took a while for her to calm down. I just knelt there my raging cock twitching uselessly.

She wriggled across the bed keeping me between her legs and reached into the bedside table. She smiled and showed me the key to the chastity cage.

"Here it is, your freedom in the palm of my hand."

She reached towards me and gently traced the key up and down the cage. She poked the swollen skin that was trying to bulge through the bars.

"I bet you would love me to put this key in the lock and give it a little twist wouldn't you baby? It would feel great to be free, your cock fully erect, wouldn't it? If you shuffled forward a little I could take it into my mouth and give you a fantastic blow job. I'd grip your shaft and go to town on your sensitive head. My tongue licking you all over, my head bobbing up and down. An orgasm would blow your mind right now. I'm not sure if this is the right time though. Do you think you have learned enough yet? Do you think you have had enough training? Well baby, do you?"

My cock was twitching almost uncontrollably. I watched her slowly lick her lips. I knew what she wanted me to say.

"No Ma'am, I don't think I'm ready yet. I think if you gave me a blowjob, I wouldn't be able to stop myself from cumming. You've done an amazing job training and teaching me, but I still have so much to learn."

She put the key down and motioned for me to lie with her. She placed one leg across me and fondled my balls. Despite the cage my cock was pointing almost vertically upwards.

"You are correct, there is so much yet to learn about yourself and your submissive nature. So many improvements too. One day you will never even consider having an orgasm without permission. The idea won't even cross your mind. No matter what we are doing all you will care about is my pleasure. Imagine fucking, me as hard as you can, making me scream with pleasure and not wanting to cum. You might even reach a point where you find it physically impossible to have an orgasm without getting my permission."

I couldn't imagine that; I could see myself being trained to a point where I could take a lot more before reaching the point of no return, but never cumming without permission?

She smiled and squeezed my balls.

"That's just a fantasy I have. I don't actually think I would want that. I want you struggling on the edge, I want you fighting your urges. I want your need to grow until you break."

I was in pieces again. My cock was almost shaking with desire.

"Ma'am, you make me so horny. Oh God Ma'am."

My voice was trembling, she left my balls alone and began stroking the cage. Each time I thought I couldn't get any harder in it she proved me wrong.

"I know I do, and I absolutely love it baby. Let's have dinner."

With that she leapt off the bed, slipped her dressing gown on and headed for the door. She looked at me and giggled.

"Come on baby, up you get! You've got work to do in the kitchen."

With that she was off, leaving me incredibly hard, frustrated and confused. She had done this sort of about face before and it always stunned me. I got up and looked down at my hard and red cock poking horizontally out from my body. Sometimes I wondered that one day it just wouldn't go down and would remain hard forever.

Downstairs we made dinner together and just chatted like completely normal people. Every time Ma'am noticed my cock going soft, she would fondle and squeeze my balls until my erection returned, it never took very long.

We had dinner together and she asked me if I could stay over, and I said I would check with my mum. The conversation ended up with everyone agreeing that I could stay all weekend which was very exciting for me. Then Ma'am reminded me of the sleeping arrangements when I stayed over.

"There's no backing out now boy. You're spending the next two nights down in the dungeon. Don't worry, no matter how bad things get you will have Sunday night to recover before work on Monday."

She gave me one of her hard and dominant looks.

"You will need it."

I wasn't feeling quite as pleased with myself now and I had the feeling that Ma'am had already made plans for me. But my job was to give her pleasure and I already knew she got a lot from my suffering. I also knew that I did too which I still found slightly confusing.

I cleaned up while Ma'am busied herself in the bedroom.

I went up and found Ma'am with a large hold-all. She passed me a thin latex hood, and a pair of wireless earplugs. I popped them in and slipped the hood on. It had padding around the eyes and only a mouth hole. She positioned me with my back to the bed. There was some rustling around, then I felt her move me, so I was about a foot in front of the bed.

"Time for you to wrapped up baby."

I felt something cool touch my back, there was an odd squeaking sound, and she began wrapping. I had seen this in some videos, it was cling film [saran wrap] and she began to wind it round and round my body. She started on my torso, with my arms and hands by my sides. She worked up to my shoulders and back down to my upper thighs. Each time she went over my cage she made a hole in it and pulled the cage through. Clearly this was going to remain exposed. There was a ripping sound and she patted down what she had already done. She got another roll, went a few times around my shoulders again before moving up to my neck and head. She was careful not to make it tight around my neck.

She told me to trust her, take a deep breath and hold my mouth open a little. The wrap then quickly went four or five times around my head, and she used

something to puncture the wrap across my mouth. Her fingers opened the gap, she told me to open a bit wider and I felt something made of firm rubber being pushed into my mouth. It was an oblong tube with a series of flanges. One went inside my mouth, the next between my teeth and gums, and the final one rested against the outside of my mouth. The hole in it was about an inch across and half an inch high, easily big enough to breath easily and fairly comfortable. She carried on wrapping my head until it was totally covered with many layers.

"Right." She said, "while you still have some movement in your legs shuffle back a little and jump back as far as you can onto the bed. I launched myself and landed on the mattress. I could feel that I had travelled far enough that my feet were up on the end of the bed.

"Perfect, now hold your legs up and keep them together."

I obeyed and felt her grab my ankles and rest them on her shoulder. The wrap started going around my legs now. It probably took five minutes to finish the job before I felt her edge away and drop my legs back onto the bed.

"Move."

I tried to but not much happened. I could flex a little at the waist but that was pretty much it. I had been thoroughly mummified.

My cock had begun to harden with my bondage, so Ma'am went to town with the freezing towel. Soon enough I had shrunk to the point where the cage was easy to remove. I felt Ma'am attaching a small but quite tight metal ring to my testicles and she gave them a little pat.

"Back soon boy, I have to get the laptop and a few other bits and pieces."

I lay there completely covered from head to toe with only my genitals open and exposed. My cock hardened a little as I lay there feeling so exposed. It had taken Ma'am quite a long time to mummify me, that meant I would be like this for a long time.

I heard her return and a few moments later I heard her say, "can you hear me?"

I could, her voice had come clearly through the earplugs in perfect stereo. It sounded like her voice was in my head. I knew the power her words could have

on me and realized that she was almost literally going to be inside my head with this arrangement.

There was a pause then I heard her again. "Testing testing."

We went through a volume test where I nodded or shook my head as best I could to her questions. She was as thorough as ever.

"You are going to get a lot of tease and denial this evening boy. You know my rules, enjoy it, enjoy the pleasure I'm going to give you."

The hard edge returned for a second; "Try your best not to get carried away, boy."

As she said this, she gave my balls a sharp slap with her hand. I jumped in surprise; the ring held my balls out in a very vulnerable position.

A cool liquid began covering my cock and balls as Ma'am put plenty of lube on me. I was already pretty hard as I felt her hand, covered in a thin surgical glove, begin to very gently slide up and down me. It was smooth, soft and slow. I quickly became hard, it felt very good, but it was only enough to arouse, not to bring me too close. I felt Ma'am moving around as she positioned some pillows and got comfortable. She continued to move slowly across me for quite a while. There was no stress or pressure. I felt completely relaxed as I absorbed her delicate strokes, it was heavenly. I heard her soft voice in my head.

"Feels good doesn't it boy? Just ride it and enjoy it. Savor these moments and remember how nice these feelings are. This is where you always want to be. Feeling this hard and aroused but never wanting to go further. Bank this, put it in your mind, in your memory as the place you want to be."

I lay there loving every touch, every second was exquisite. She was right, she was always right. This was perfect, I was gloriously aroused but I had no desire to orgasm. This was my place, where I should always be.

After what was probably fifteen minutes or so she shifted position and sat on my chest, close to my wrap covered face. There was nothing I could do, but that wasn't why she was there. Both her hands were on me now and she began massaging my cock and balls. There was no specific up and down movement. Her fingers just went wherever she wanted, around the shaft and head, onto my balls with an occasional light squeeze. The light touches slowly began to focus on my

head. Her palm slid across it; a curled finger ran across my sensitive ridge. She would hit a sensitive spot and then before I knew it her hand was somewhere else. This was also exciting yet relaxing. However, she soon changed things up, before long, one hand had positioned itself around my testicles, and the other was on my ever more sensitive glans.

There was slow but constant friction on it now. She used her palm to rub across it and then her fingers to play gently along my ridge and frenum. My rock-hard cock began to twitch randomly as extra sensitive spots were touched both more regularly and with a little more force. I was not feeling quite as relaxed now. The erotic sensations were growing, and my heart rate was increasing. She sensed this and her ball massage become more of a squeeze. One then the other were squeezed hard for a few seconds. The pain took the edge off a little and allowed me to recover my senses.

There is no destination, just a wonderful erotic journey, I said to myself. The pressure on my exposed testicles reminded me that the journey could be far from pleasant if I got carried away. I took a breath and tried to remember her words, both earlier and throughout our relationship. One thing for sure, there was no point in searching for an orgasm. They belonged to her and had done from the moment the chastity cage had gone on me.

That was step one, forget my deep aching need to cum. It just wasn't going to happen. What was the feeling as her finger traced across my frenum? It was amazing, nerve jangling and incredibly arousing. Stay with that feeling, that was what I wanted. An orgasm stopped that feeling not to mention that any attempt to reach that point would meet with agonizing failure. Better, I thought to myself, just roll with the punches. My fantasies, and my masturbation, had always ended in orgasm but this was so much more in every way.

Her hand stopped playing around my head and began a more normal motion, moving up and down my length and occasionally adding a small twist at the top. She was pushing me now, but I held myself together, loving every second of it. Then her voice soft and sultry, came into my head through the earplugs.

"Your cock feels so good in my hand baby. It's so big and hard. I want it deep inside me, pounding into me. That would feel so good, wouldn't it?"

Oh God, it would feel amazing. Her hand sliding across me seemed to turn into her wet tight pussy. Involuntarily my hips began to thrust up towards her hand as they tried to give my cock more friction.

"Baby that's so good. Fuck me, fuck me harder. Come on baby."

My heart was thumping and my cock was starting to twitch. I had lost it I realized. I stopped moving my hips, but Ma'am kept her hand going. I moaned, I could feel it coming, I couldn't stop it.

Ma'am could though, and she did. The paddle appeared from somewhere and suddenly my balls erupted in searing pain as she smacked them hard.

I tried to double up from the shock and the pain, but I could only bend a little. Before I could even partly recover, she smacked them again. Agony shot through me and then a third hit. I thought I was going to be sick; the pain was so severe. I barely heard her say how disappointed she was before she left the room.

I lay there feeling the waves of pain move through my body. It took a couple of minutes before I could process what had happened. Basically, I had let her down badly. It wasn't that I had reached the point of orgasm, it was how I had got there. I had lost control. I had got completely carried away and I had actively tried to cum without permission. I didn't know how she would react to my behavior but I expected that it was going to be quite bad for me. She was always going to push me, that was a given. It was also certain that I would fail some tests and make mistakes. But I knew that all she really wanted was for me to try my hardest and do the best I could. It was big mistake, a very big mistake.

If I could have escaped my tight mummified prison, I would have rushed to her and fallen to my knees but I could barely move a muscle. I couldn't even talk, well not in an intelligible way with the breathing tube in my mouth.

It must have been over fifteen minutes before she came back. She marched in, sat on the edge of the bed, and put her hand on my chest. This meant many things but in this situation it just told me to be calm.

"I've given you a bit of time to think and I imagine you have worked out why I had to punish you."

I nodded.

"I was deciding what to do with you while I was downstairs. My immediate reaction was to cause you more pain, a lot more pain. But I probably went a bit too hard with those initial swats. I want to carry on the teasing and that isn't as effective if your balls are in agony. I need your mind clear for the teasing because you do not want a repeat of what just happened. Trust me, you really don't."

I nodded slowly, it sounded like she wasn't going to inflict any more pain right now but I had heeded her warning. Another stupid mistake would be met with actions I really didn't want to think about.

"So, let's get back to business boy."

My erection had died off after the vicious assault, but it began to show signs of life again now. She got on my chest again in a 69 position. I felt her wiping my cock with a towel.

"Just getting the lube off, it doesn't taste very good."

With that, I felt her mouth envelope my hardening member. One hand held my balls, quite gently and the other wrapped itself around my shaft. She took me in and out a few times, quickly bringing me to full hardness and then slowed everything down. She popped my cock out of her mouth and began using just her tongue. She swirled it around my now solid glans. Her touch varied, sometimes sliding around my swollen ridge, then almost licking it like a lollipop. She was gripping my shaft fairly tightly and her hand was moving slowly up and down. It was a heavenly combination of hand manipulation and soft touches of her tongue.

I was in ecstasy but for now at least, I was also in control. My previous error was still very fresh in my mind. I let the delicious sensations wash over me, but now there was a little part of me sort of keeping check, making sure I wasn't going to lose it as I had before. Soon she took my head back into her mouth and began moving up and down, using her tongue and her lips. The friction was constant and more intense but still slow. I focused as best I could.

It was an exquisite slow blowjob much like the ones I used to watch. It was imprinted on my mind now that this was so much more pleasurable than a quick orgasm. There was so much more joy to be had from endless denial than from fleeting, if intense pleasure. Ma'am was varying her speed, suction and grip now. Sometimes really going for it and then relaxing back to a slow gentle rhythm. At

the slow pace I knew I could last forever. At the faster one I wasn't sure but each time she sped up she stayed at that pace for a little longer.

She broke off and gave me a light tap on my balls.

"Better boy, much better."

I immediately felt a swell of pride. Her compliments meant the world to me, she didn't give them out easily, so they were always well earned.

Down she went again and now she was giving me the full treatment. She took me deep inside her, moving her hand up and down my shaft in unison with her mouth. On each upstroke her tongue would run around my ridge and frenum before she plunged back down again. I held on as best I could, but I knew it was only a matter of time.

She broke off again, "last longer each time boy."

Down she went, she was getting me used to the feelings in short sharp bursts and making sure that she didn't drive me too close. It was a beautiful experience, I wanted more and more. There was a war in my mind. The longing for an orgasm was still very strong but fighting against it was the desire to keep these amazing sensations going. Along with that, of course was my need to please Ma'am and avoid more pain.

On it went, I was in heaven. I just gave myself over to her. At some point I noticed my hips moving to the rhythm and just relaxed them. Ma'am made an appreciative mumble around my cock.

After some time, I really couldn't be any more specific than that as it might have been ten minutes or an hour for all I knew, she stopped and positioned herself by my side.

"See, you can do it baby. You have it in you to be the man I need you to be. All it takes is will power from both of us. I have plenty, and I will not stop as you know. The rest is up to you. There is still the matter of your punishment for trying to cum but that will come tomorrow. It's getting quite late, so I want to end the evening with some edge play. Don't be scared of thinking that you are going to have an orgasm, I won't let that happen."

I heard a latex glove being pulled on and then the trickle of lube on my solid member. She began stroking relatively slowly but taking in the whole length of me. I was completely relaxed. Everything was quite literally in her hands. I knew that I still had to resist the urge to cum too quickly. That was probably hard wired into my brain by now. Her grip increased and I felt my need growing, I held off but her long and slippery strokes made it inevitable. My pulse quickened along with my breath. I knew she was going to stop but it seemed for all the world that I was going to cum when suddenly her hand left me. My cock twitched uncontrollably for a few seconds, and I took a deep breath.

"Get used to this feeling baby. Try and relax and let it happen. Don't try and force yourself to either stop it or make it happen. Trust that I understand you and your cock."

Her hand started the long full strokes again and I let out a low moan. It didn't take long for the feeling to return so I tried to turn my mind off just go with it. Again, she stopped a second before it would have been too late leaving my cock bouncing in the air.

This cycle was repeated several times, each one was met with a mixture of intense arousal and longing. Before long though I realized that I really wanted to cum. Not that sort of casual thought about how having an orgasm would be lovely, but a much deeper need. I wanted one in my very core. Pretty much everything else was irrelevant.

Suddenly her voice was in my head again, soft and persuasive.

"You're so hard baby, it's like an iron bar in my hand. I bet every nerve is on fire now ,isn't it? You want it so bad, don't you? Just one little touch extra, half a second more and you would explode wouldn't you?"

God ,I wanted to cum, my hips began to move in time with her hand.

"That's it, baby, let it all go. Feel every bit of your cock burning up."

I was moaning quietly, my hips matching her hand as my length slipped through her fingers and palm. Here it comes I thought, it's right there and her hand disappeared again. A louder moan, then I felt her hand back again. She stopped caressing my whole cock and concentrated on the sensitive glans now, rubbing around and across it. She made a loop with her thumb and forefinger and twisted

it to and fro across my ridge. Moving with my little thrusts she kept this twisting motion against my most delicate skin going, driving me slowly upwards. Then moments before orgasm she stopped and just held my head. I could feel her on me but there was no movement or friction. I willed her to do something, anything to give me the tiny push I needed but she didn't.

I took another deep breath, but I was consumed with one thought, orgasm. The twisting started again with more pressure than before. It couldn't have been more than twenty seconds before I was on the edge again. My head was one huge hypersensitive nerve ending. I could feel my heartbeat through it. More twists and yet more quick rushes towards orgasm. She was going to break my grip on sanity soon.

There was another change of position. Now she was holding my shaft quite tightly and her thumb was on the underside of my cock resting against my frenum. She pushed it slowly up to my slit and slowly dragged it down again. I couldn't believe how sensitive I was, the slightest movement had my cock jumping and jerking. She quickly rubbed up and down three times. I was going to cum, but before I even finished the thought, the movement stopped. I groaned loudly, every muscle in my body tense but the moment had passed. Again, three quick rubs and again I was sure I would cum, but the movement was too swift. It was over almost before I could register it. Now my heaven had become hell. I had to have an orgasm, I really did. Surely it was impossible to be this close, this often, and not cum. Three more rubs, my whole body shook with the intensity of one thumb touching less than a square inch of skin. This was insane, I didn't even know that I was moaning almost constantly now.

She kept still for a bit, letting me come down. Then she vibrated her thumb from side to side, just for a second and I was instantly back on the edge, both of orgasm and sanity. Again, and again the edge came and went, and then I felt her hand on my chest. I hadn't even noticed that it had left my cock.

"That's enough for now boy. We'll pick this up again in the morning when you have had some rest."

She disappeared from the bed leaving me shocked. My cock was bobbing around in the air as solid as it had ever been. I felt like I had a red-hot poker between my legs.

I was reeling, every nerve was firing, and my mind was racing. We were going to pick this up tomorrow? I didn't think I could go through that again. It had begun so beautifully but ended with every nerve and muscle screaming.

When Ma'am returned about five minutes later, I had calmed down a little bit but my cock was still pretty hard. I jumped as the freezing towel was wrapped around it, shrinking and numbing it. She put the cage back on and asked me if I needed to pee. I hadn't realized but I did, so with my help she got me on my side and I relieved myself into a bottle.

She spent a few minutes in the bathroom and then joined me on the bed.

"You are sleeping with me tonight baby, isn't that a treat for you?"

I realized I was going to spend the night tightly wrapped. It didn't sound like too much of a treat, but the other option was undoubtedly the dungeon.

Her voice appeared through the earplugs in my head again. It was quiet but crystal clear. "I would advise you not to wriggle around and wake me up."

There was a pause then I heard her voice again. "You belong to me. Your cock belongs to me. Your orgasms belong to me. You will never cum without permission. You will always be hard and ready to please me. Your cock is for my pleasure only. My pleasure means everything to you. My pleasure is your only goal. My desires always come first. You will obey me always."

She began to repeat these simple phrases, exactly as she had said them the first time and I realized it was a recording. I was going to listen to her soft velvety voice repeating this all night.

She placed a pillow under my head and put a thin duvet over me.

Briefly speaking over the recording, she said, "night night, baby, sweet dreams. See you in the morning."

I heard a click as the lights were turned off and felt her moving around and getting comfortable. I lay very still, my mind was still moving fast but I forced myself to calm down. Her words were echoing quietly through my mind. My cock was throbbing and tingling, it decided that it had not had enough of being rock hard and slowly sprang to life. I couldn't help remembering the scene and all the

fantastic arousing things that had happened. I was in that viscous circle again, my cock and thoughts acting together to reinforce my arousal. The mantra playing in my head wasn't helping. I have no idea how long I lay there throbbing against the cage. Eventually I slept but it was fitful and broken. I was woken by Ma'am stroking my balls. It was hardly surprising that I had morning wood.

"That's a lovely sight for a woman to wake up to. A nice big cock straining in a chastity cage."

All I could do was groan. She massaged my balls for a while then announced that she had to go to the toilet. She returned after a minute with the bottle, and I used it. She gave me a drink and disappeared.

When she returned, I could smell coffee and toast. My stomach rumbled but I knew I wouldn't be getting any food for a while. My cock had gone down a little and she took the opportunity to wriggle the cage off. She also turned the earplugs off. "Now, where were we baby? Oh yes, I was teasing you to the edge of insanity, wasn't I?"

I felt her lean over me and without warning her mouth took my cock into its warm embrace. I was immediately hard relishing her touch. It felt beautiful as she gently bobbed her head up and down on me. She briefly broke off and told me to control myself. This sharpened my thoughts, I had only just woken from a bad night's sleep but now I had to focus. Along with her words that were now buried in my subconscious I ran through a sort of internal checklist. No to orgasm, no to getting carried away, yes to staying in the moment and definitely yes to enjoying it. I did wonder if she was going to go as far as she had last night. I wasn't sure I was prepared for that right now.

Her mouth worked its magic, teasing and tormenting my solid member. She was going at it quite hard but I was in control for now, loving every touch, every velvet lick.

With a big slurp she removed her mouth and just used her hand, giving me long slow but firm strokes.

Speaking loud enough for me to hear through the earplugs she said, "well done boy, seems like you might have learned something during the night. The effects will probably wear off a bit over time, but you will always have those words in your mind to fall back on."

She was working my cock quite hard, gripping it tight. She shifted around and knelt over my thighs. One hand went up and down my shaft and she used her fingers of the other to run around on my head. Every minute or so she dipped down and gave my glans a quick tongue bath, lapping at it and flicking at it. My cock was twitching a little now, and was as hard as iron. Never cum, always hard. Never cum, always hard. Ma'am first, always Ma'am first. Her words were still echoing through my mind.

Ma'am was leaning over me now, her hands gripping me while her tongue and mouth concentrated on my head. She was sucking and flicking at my frenum, then using her lips to ride up over my increasingly sensitive ridge. It was bliss, total bliss. But as the sensitivity grew, I realized that my orgasm was building, even though it was building slowly. I repeated her words and tried to concentrate only on them.

Ma'am was in a rhythm now and I knew I couldn't resist it forever, but the buildup was definitely slower than I would have expected. Slowly, surely the inevitable happened. My breathing quickened and I let out an involuntary moan as my peak approached. I knew I wasn't going to cum and that she would stop at just the right moment so I tried to stay calm and let the edge hit me. I exhaled deeply, moaning softly as she stopped, and my cock trembled in her hand. I wanted this moment on the edge, I knew I could have probably dozens of these moments. Each one was agonizingly gorgeous and now I enjoyed the fact that each one made Ma'am happy.

After a few moments of stillness, she began again and the slow rise to the edge started. The cycle repeated again and again. Despite my best efforts and the conditioning of her words the peak came quicker each time, and my internal coolness began to crumble. She didn't push as far as the night before however, and she stopped while my mind was still relatively lucid.

Jumping off me she put her hand on my chest.

"Good boy. You showed a definite improvement. Well done baby."

I felt insanely proud as I always did when she praised me.

"Stay still."

This was a command, and I felt her fiddling with the wrap. Very carefully with a pair of surgical scissors she removed the wrap from my head. Fresh cool air flooded over my head. She gently removed the tube from my mouth and gave me some water.

"Some me-time is needed baby. Make it good."

She positioned her pussy over my mouth and the familiar smell of her arousal filled my nose. After so long in my wrapped-up plastic prison it was a joy to have her on my face again. I took it all in as my tongue worked away. Her smell and taste, her movements, her muscles flexing, slowly at first when with more urgency as I carefully took her towards a mighty orgasm. As it approached, she told me to ease up so I kept her close listening to her quiet moans.

Soon, she grabbed my hair and pulled my head closer, it was time. I kept my tongue firmly on her clit, vibrating across it and then flicking across it. She let out a loud groan as her whole body shook with the power of her orgasm. She didn't move so after letting her settle down for a minute I began again. Slowly and carefully to start with, I coaxed her willing body to another powerful climax. I lay there covered in her juices feeling her slowly relax.

"Thank you baby, you have the tongue of an angel."

She climbed off and after getting a cold towel and replacing my cage she carefully cut away the wrap holding me. We cuddled briefly and then showered. Unusually she didn't try to wind me up while we were there, but to be fair she didn't really have to. My cock was hard anyway.

Downstairs I greedily devoured breakfast while we chatted. There was still no mention of my punishment for trying to cum which was slightly disconcerting. Ma'am put me to work clearing up the inevitable mess created during a building project. At some point after lunch a courier van arrived, and Ma'am took a small parcel from him. Was it to do with my mistake? I was dying to know, but knew I just had to wait.

My day's work was pretty much done so Ma'am came out for a quick inspection and then we relaxed on the patio. I was going to be busy next week as more tradesmen were arriving to fit out the newly built summer house.

Ma'am stood up and gave me an evil grin.

"I've got a present for you boy. Go to the dungeon."

I had butterflies now. I had no idea what to expect but I knew it wasn't going to be good.

Ma'am joined me after a minute or so. She had the cold towel and the box that had arrived. She secured me tightly to the cross and after cooling me down she removed the cage, but not the base ring. She held my shaft and gently manipulated me to full hardness. The ring became very tight when I was free of the cage and fully erect. It trapped the blood, my veins were bulging against the taut skin. She was softly sliding her hand up and down me being careful to go nowhere near my head and keep my foreskin in place, covering it up.

"Well, boy, you made a big mistake yesterday as you know. There are worse things you can do, like actually having an orgasm without permission or touching yourself but trying to cum is a pretty big one. You lost control which is unacceptable. You tried to take matters into your own hands, so now you must pay the price. Your attempts to create more friction and sensations in your cock are going to lead to the exact opposite happening."

She flicked my cock a few times and it bounced around, sticking straight out from my body. Turning away she opened the box and took out a small velvet bag. I recognized it as being the same as the one my chastity cage had been in. Out of the bag came another chastity cage, only it wasn't a cage, it was a tube. It was curved but completely solid with a mesh covered hole at the end. It also looked smaller, I gulped.

"Nice isn't it. Fortunately, my man had it in stock, he said it was a little bit smaller than your current cage but I said that was absolutely fine. In fact, it is perfect."

She looked down at my rigid and red cock.

Turning to go upstairs she said, "this is going to take more than a cold towel."

She came back holding a bag of frozen peas and a thin tea towel. Wrapping the peas in the towel she planted it square on my cock. It was shocking, like ice cubes were being crushed into me. I let out a small shout of pain. Gradually it subsided as my cock was thoroughly numbed. She took great pleasure in making sure the ice cold bag was pressed firmly against me. For no reason other than pure sadism she applied it to my balls too which shrank quickly and painfully away.

"You are probably wondering what your punishment is going to be. Basically, you are going to suffer almost complete deprivation of sensation in your eager cock. It seems appropriate as your crime was to attempt to get more sensation than I wanted."

She put some lube on around the inside of the tube and slid it over my still shrunken and numbed cock.

She locked it on and smiled.

"This new cage, or tube is going to stay on for four weeks. Well, four weeks and a day. The sentence starts for real tomorrow. Your exam results are out next Friday, you would have had an orgasm if you get the grades, you need but that has gone out of the window. It will be removed once a week for a thorough clean and for a tease session. This will happen tomorrow and for the next four weeks. Your cock will feel nothing in between."

I wasn't sure how to take this news. I had no frame of reference so no way of knowing what it would do to me. At least I was going to get a tease session every week. I would just have to find out as time went by.

"Now there is one very important distraction out of the way, we will have a lot more time to spend on my pussy, won't we boy?"

I had absolutely no issue with this news though.

"Yes Ma'am. Every moment I spend with your pussy is an absolute joy. Any time I am pleasing you is time very well spent."

Ma'am started stroking my balls as I spoke. My cock responded immediately, as blood flowed into it, or tried to flow into it. Nothing happened. My flaccid cock already filled the tube. Some extra blood increased the pressure, but I felt nothing. I had learned to enjoy the flesh squeezing through the bars, Ma'am could touch me through them. But now I felt absolutely nothing, and I didn't particularly like it. I only had myself to blame though, I needed to remember that. If I hadn't lost control I wouldn't be in this tube, although part of me wondered whether everything that happened to me was part of Ma'am's master plan and that nothing was an accident.

She closed in on me and pressed her body against mine. Pushing the tube between her legs, she began sliding her pussy against it.

"That feels nice doesn't it baby? Your smooth tube rubbing along my hot pussy."

She kissed me deeply, blood tried to pump into the tube, but it had nowhere to go. All that happened was that my erection pulled the tube and ring away from my body making my balls ache.

She pulled away, looked down at the tube sticking out in front of my body. She grabbed hold of the tube and pulled it around.

"Nothing to see here, time to go upstairs and relax for a while."

She set me free, and we spent the rest of the evening cuddled up on the sofa together. She spent most of the time casually playing with my balls. My cock didn't know what to do. It kept trying to get hard, but the total lack of feeling caused my erection to die away quite quickly. It was infuriating and this was only the first evening.

As promised, I spent the night in the dungeon but Ma'am wasn't too cruel. She cuffed my hands together and then my feet but that was it. I was pretty exhausted so slept fairly well.

I had plenty of work to do on Sunday, nothing too strenuous but enough to keep me busy. It was late afternoon when Ma'am called me in.

"It's time to establish your Sunday routine boy. Get up to the bedroom."

I eagerly complied, Ma'am had said something about a tease session, and I was already keen to get this new tube off. She took me into the shower and cuffed my hands high above my head on a hook I hadn't noticed before. She took the shower head off the rail, switched it on and blasted my groin area with icy cold water. It was shocking and I danced around under the blast. She slipped the tube off, deftly pulled my foreskin back and roughly cleaned my head with a soapy flannel. Holding my cock in one hand she blasted my exposed glans with more ice-cold water. Each little jet was like a little freezing needle digging into me. Fortunately, it only lasted for a few seconds, but I was mightily relieved when it stopped. She pushed my foreskin back up my head, dried me and led me to the bed.

I was swiftly tied in a spread-eagle position.

"Now for your tease session. Ready baby?"

I was definitely ready. Ma'am got herself comfortable and began gently stroking my shaft. I reacted immediately, even after such a short time locked in my new tube her touch felt amazing and much needed. She stroked away, gradually increasing the speed and strength of her grip. I was rock hard and wanting more as her pumping continued. She stopped and put her thumb and forefinger on my head. Carefully she drew my foreskin slowly back but just as it was about to slip off the ridge of my cock she stopped and pushed it back up. It felt great and she continued, speeding up the process a little bit. My head was throbbing under her fingers as she deftly manipulated me. I could feel myself building but it was a slow process. I wanted her to pull my foreskin back and give me some of those exquisite touches around my ridge and frenum, but she didn't. She just kept rolling my foreskin up and down, and occasionally moving round instead.

She left my head, took a strong hold of my shaft and briskly pumped up and down for thirty seconds or so then went back to her foreskin manipulation. I could feel my orgasm slowly approaching, but it was so slow. It must have taken over half an hour of frustration before the moment came. I was just about there when she slowed down. It was then I realized what she could do. Because the buildup was so slow and controlled, by slowing down just before the crucial moment she could keep me right at the ragged edge for longer. I was right there when she dropped my cock. It was twitching wildly,

"Oh look!"

A small pearl of precum dropped slowly out of my slit. She held my head again and painfully slowly pulled my foreskin down and up as a second drop appeared. She pressed my foreskin into the precum and used it as lubricant. Now my foreskin began to slide across my swollen glans but there was still no direct touch on it. It all came together as I realized what she was doing. This was all part of the reduction of sensation. I desperately wanted to feel more but she was going to deny me that as well as an orgasm. Agonizingly slowly she moved my foreskin around. She kept me so close, then literally a quarter of a second before I was going to erupt she removed her fingers and left my cock dancing in the air. Time and again she drew me to a fraction of a second from orgasm and stopped. Each time my cock danced and twitched in frustration. This was hell, a slow-motion

hell. I was moaning and my stomach was knotting with the tension. She had told me that the session would last an hour and it did. Half of it was build up and the other half was spent right on the very edge but there was no time to relax, no time where I wasn't very very close to an orgasm.

"Time is up boy, back in the tube for you."

She got the bag of frozen peas and shocked my cock into submission, shrinking it down until she slipped the lubed up tube back on. That was it, nothing more for my cock for a week and then all I had to look forward to was another hour of incredible frustration. Only now did the full implications of this new regime hit home. My sensitive glans that gave me so much pleasure would feel nothing for a month. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. It was going to be a very long and very frustrating month.

Part 7

Back home in my bedroom I looked down at my new chastity arrangement. I held the tube, and then gave it a tap with my knuckles. Nothing, my cock was in there filling the tube completely, but it couldn't feel a thing.

Maybe I would get used to it? I felt like I didn't want to get used to it. Perhaps the next month would be easy? I suspected that I wouldn't feel as turned on as I usually did. My cock was not going to get any outside stimulus so maybe it would calm down? Probably not, just looking at the tube and thinking about it was making it stir. I could feel the blood trying to pump into it, and I could see the cage jerk slightly with my heartbeat as it extended away from my body. The blood couldn't get into the tube, so it just kept trying to push the tube and the ring away instead.

I went to bed and my mind turned to the earlier tease session, that had been very intense. After a week with no stimulus, next week's would probably be even worse. Thinking about it was turning me on and the cage was sticking straight out from my body. I grabbed the tube; my aching cock was right under my hand but all I could feel was smooth warm metal. I held myself below the ring and I could feel my shaft throbbing away. No, this month wasn't going to be easy, why would she try and make my life easier when I was being punished?

I needed to pee when I woke up, my balls were aching from my nocturnal erection, but I had to sit and wait for it to calm down before I could go. Another little inconvenience that I hadn't anticipated.

I went to Ma'am's house at the usual time, some tradesmen were arriving a little later to fit out the summer house. We had a coffee and she asked me how the new tube was. I told her it was too soon to tell, but that I didn't think I was going to enjoy it very much. Unsurprisingly I got no sympathy at all from Ma'am, in fact she seemed very pleased by the news. Then she asked me about the tease session. I told her how intense it had been, but how it had also somehow been unsatisfying. She smiled, "well that's all you are going to get for the next few weeks boy. Imagine how you will feel on Sunday when I let you out for the first time. Of course, if you don't want me to tease you then I would be more than happy to keep it locked up for the entire month."

She had moved her hand onto my thigh and was moving it towards the device. Blood surged into the tube, and it began to tent away from my body.

"Maybe I will leave this tube on for good boy. That's an idea isn't it? Keep him in there forever and only get him out for a clean when he's so cold that he's numb."

My cock was desperately trying to get hard now, my balls were stretched a good three inches from my body and aching badly. Ma'am grabbed them and squeezed them for good measure.

"Wow baby, you really love that idea, don't you? Don't you?"

I groaned. "Yes, Ma'am I do. Please keep me locked in this tube forever."

Blood was thumping through my veins. I couldn't believe what my cock was doing to me. Ma'am laughed out loud. "Oh baby, that's amazing. One thing is for sure, you are spending the rest of your life in chastity, your cock isn't lying. Luckily for you it's a lovely cock so I might unlock it every now and again, but I'm just kind like that."

A van pulled up before I got myself in any more trouble. Ma'am smiled.

"I will prove my kindness again by not making you go out until you have calmed down. Come out when you can."

She giggled and went out to greet the guys. Another inconvenience of this new chastity arrangement seemed to be that once I got excited, it took a long time to soften and relax. The problems were already starting to mount up, I thought to myself.

It took nearly five minutes before I was able to join everyone by the summer house. Ma'am said it was nice of me to join them with a little half smile. These guys were going to wire and plumb the house. I helped where I could and learned a few things as the days passed. On Thursday evening I reminded Ma'am that my exam results were in tomorrow and asked if I could have the day off. They might arrive by post, but they would be certainly be available at school. She said that would be fine and that I should go and have some beers with my old classmates. She also told me to let her know how I had done.

I bumped into one of my best friends at the school gates on Friday morning, we collected the envelopes with our results in together and wished each other good luck. I needed two A grades and a B to go to Bristol. We were both feeling nervous as we opened the envelope.

Yes! I had done it! Three A grades, I looked up and my friend was grinning from ear to ear. We gave each other a big hug and arranged to meet for some drinks in the evening. I was so happy. My mum would be happy, and Ma'am would be very happy and proud of me too. I decided to go back home, tell my mum in person then go to see Ma'am.

My mum was very happy when I told her. She still believed that A grades were handed out like confetti these days, but she was proud of the work that I had done. She then told me to head to Louise's as she was expecting me. This seemed slightly strange, but I was going there anyway.

Ma'am was at her computer when I arrived, but she jumped up and gave me a huge hug and kiss. She showered me with praise, and I told her what a huge help she had been.

"I've been chatting with your mother Tom, and we have something for you."

I was confused, what could they have been planning?

"Come with me."

We walked round to the back of the house and in front of me was a car. I was still confused.

"Congratulations baby, this is for you."

I was stunned, they had bought me a car! It was a Volkswagen Golf, not new but only 5 years old. I couldn't believe it.

"That's amazing, thank you so much Ma'am. You shouldn't have done that, it's too much."

Ma'am smiled.

"It's from your mother too. There is an ulterior motive, it means you can come back here more often, and remember when we first met you said you wanted to stay close to your mum? Well, you can now."

I was a very happy boy, my own car!

"Can I take you out for a spin Ma'am?"

She laughed, "Well that would be just lovely darling. Your mum has put you on her insurance, so you are road legal."

We went out for a quick drive, the car was great. Quite fast and it had a decent stereo too. This was a very good day, and what Ma'am said next made it even better.

"Come with me, I have another present for you, I'm going to let you fuck me, any way you like."

I couldn't believe my luck, although there was something at the back of my mind telling me that things were never quite what they seemed with Ma'am. We went up to the bedroom and started to kiss, it was deep and passionate. I was as horny as hell, the tube was as full as it could possibly be and pulling away from me. We flopped onto the bed and Ma'am pushed my head between her legs. I was on her pussy in a flash, my aching balls forgotten.

"Don't make me cum baby, you can do that later."

My tongue had its usual profound effect on her, as I drove her towards an orgasm. As instructed, I slowed my pace and kept her in her favorite place, not on the edge but close. I could feel her gently writhing around my head and hear her soft moans of passion. It drove me crazy, and I became very aware of the strain that the tube and ring were putting on my balls.

Ma'am pushed me away and reached behind her to the bedside table and opened the draw. I was hoping to see the key appear, but I wasn't in the least bit surprised when she brought something else out, a strap on.

She secured the waist strap and fed two straps between my legs and attached them behind me. My erection hadn't gone down in the slightest, but Ma'am had anticipated this and got a length of rope. She wound this quite tightly around my aching balls, then took the ends of the rope between my legs and pulled. This had the desired result of pulling my balls sharply down between my legs, and with them the tube allowing the strap on to sit in a more natural position. I had the distinct feeling that this session was going to be much more fun for her than it was for me. My balls were under quite a bit of pressure and my attempted erection was now forcefully bent downwards.

"That fake cock isn't as big as yours, I want your cock to be the biggest and best thing that goes inside me. So, you are going to have to work hard to please me boy."

So, I wasn't going to get what I wanted, but that was nothing new. However, I had the chance to please Ma'am and that was all that really mattered. We embraced and I felt her reach down and position the strap on. I slid it gently home; this was going to take some getting used to as obviously I had no feeling in the fake cock. I buried it deep inside her and she let out a small moan, wrapping her legs around me. I began slowly pumping it in and out, gently at first but building up. I was a little nervous about withdrawing too far in case it fell out, but I slowly got the hang of it. Each time I arched my hips forwards the rope around my balls tightened and pulled on them. It was painful but nothing I couldn't handle. Ma'am had been very turned on before I started and she had her eyes closed now, as her passion grew.

Every now and again she would move a little or move me to change the angles, and she whispered advice to help me out. I was very inexperienced, so I tried my best to listen and learn. Soon I had hit a rhythm that was working, and Ma'am

began to moan and breathe more deeply. I increased the tempo slightly and slid one arm under her, lifting her towards me. Suddenly her moans turned to one long groan as she reached her peak. She shuddered and her nails dug sharply into my back as she spasmed around the fake cock.

Slowly relaxing she let go of me and held my face.

"Pretty good boy, a bit of fine tuning needed but you will get there. With enough practice I probably won't need to use your cock at all."

She gave me a wicked smile knowing that her words were turning me on. I was still throbbing away in the tube and my balls were really aching badly. She undid all the straps, and my tube sprang up from between my legs. She massaged my sore balls, none too gently and told me to lie on my back next to her.

She curled herself around me.

"Only a couple of days and you can get out for a tease session, that will be nice for you, won't it baby?"

I couldn't wait although I knew it was going to be intense after a week with no stimulus.

"Yes Ma'am, I'm dying to get this tube off and have you do that thing again. How did you work out that technique? I don't think I've seen any videos like that."

She kept massaging my balls, keeping me straining.

"Actually, I learned it from someone I met at a fetish club. I chatted to her quite a lot. She had her man with her, or her toy as she called him. It was the only way she ever touched him. She had made him incredibly obedient over the years. They didn't need chastity; he just wouldn't ever touch himself. She actually gave me a hands-on lesson once. We went off to a back room, she showed me how it was done, and I had a little practice on him. I was impressed with the effect it had. It's a classic case of less is more. He hadn't had a real orgasm for over a year, she would allow him a ruined one every month or two and that was it. She was quite mysterious though. She was European but with excellent English, she never told me where she was from or her real name. She just called herself Princess."

My balls were hurting a lot now, the idea of never having a proper orgasm, just ruined ones and of never having my most sensitive area touched was scarily erotic. I still didn't understand why my cock reacted this way when Ma'am talked about long term denial, and it scared me because I knew she noticed absolutely everything.

Ma'am instructed me to give her another orgasm with my tongue and then it was time to go home and then go out for some drinks.

I thanked her again for the car, and gave my mum a big hug when I got home.

I had a good night out, nearly everyone was in good spirits although there were a couple of people who hadn't got the grades they needed. I felt a hint of melancholy though. I knew I would see my best friends again but there were a lot of people who I had known for years who I realized I might never see again.

I woke up feeling a bit hazy, but my mum cooked me a full English breakfast and I perked up quickly. Ma'am was out that night, so I was at loose ends. I drove into town in my new car with my mum, and we did some shopping. I surprised her by saying that I would cook that night. She was impressed, it was one of the dishes that Ma'am had cooked for me. It was a quiet night, but when I went to bed I couldn't help thinking about tomorrow when Ma'am was going to let me out and tease me again. It took a long time for my cock to go down and let me sleep.

When I woke there was a message from Ma'am. She wasn't going to be back until late afternoon as she was with Sarah. The thought of those two together didn't help my self-control much. The idea that a lack of stimulus would lead to fewer attempted erections had proved to be wholly inaccurate this week and I still had three more weeks in this infernal tube.

I was doing some tidying up around the summer house when Ma'am arrived. She looked very happy and told me all about meeting Sarah earlier. She had met Sarah's new man. He was dominant obviously and it had been decided that he would take control of Sarah's chastity so Ma'am wouldn't have that to worry about that any more. Not that it had been a problem, she hadn't seen her in weeks, but it had been playing on her mind. They were going to visit Ma'am next week. She had a sly smile on her face when she told me this, which made me nervous. A dominant man? I had no idea what she had in mind, but I had the distinct feeling that some new experiences would be coming my way.

She took my hand and led me to the house.

"It's time for your weekly tease boy, excited?"

I was very excited; the last week had been quite difficult. She got me cuffed in the shower and blasted me with freezing cold water. Leaving the shower running at my tube, she briefly disappeared and returned with a bag of frozen peas. She turned the shower off and applied them to the tube.

"I want to make thoroughly sure that you don't feel a thing when I clean you. This will take a few minutes."

She was right, slowly I felt the icy cold of the peas coming through the metal tube. Eventually Ma'am removed the peas, then quickly removed the tube. She didn't waste any time in peeling my foreskin back and roughly cleaned me with a flannel. I barely felt a thing my cock was so cold.

"I want you properly secured this time, down to the basement I think."

My cock was free, so my hands were secured, and she carefully led me downstairs. She sat me in the throne and made sure I couldn't move a millimeter. My arms were locked into the armrests and my legs locked wide apart giving her easy access. My cock was still freezing cold and flaccid.

"I will give you a few minutes to get ready boy." With that she went up the stairs leaving me alone.

I wasn't entirely sure what I could do to get ready. I flexed against my bonds; I knew I couldn't move but I found physically testing them to reinforce my helplessness to be quite erotic. I felt my cock stirring a little as it warmed up. I was imagining what was to come and combined with my bondage that was enough raise my excitement levels. By the time Ma'am returned I was sporting a semi. I noticed that she had some lube with her which I wasn't expecting.

She settled down in front of me on a low stool and produced a heavy metal ball stretcher which she fitted around them.

"I'm putting that on to drag your cock down a little bit, it will make my job easier. Oh, and I might have to hurt you a bit too obviously."

As always, her words had a profound effect on me and I was soon fully erect. She took my cock in the palm of her hand and just gently moved it up and down, there wasn't much movement, but it was enough to get my blood pumping after so little stimulation. She wrapped her fingers around my shaft and gripping it tightly moved up and down an inch or two. We could both feel how hard I was and the blood pumping through her fingers into my shaft.

"I could move my hand more, or I could move it faster, but I'm not going to. You would reach the point of orgasm far too fast if I did. That part will come soon enough. These four weeks of reduced sensation will probably set your training back quite a long time. I'm not going to let you have another orgasm until you can resist as well as you had been previously. It will probably take months, but I have plenty of patience. That seems fair, doesn't it boy?"

It seemed grossly unfair. I had tried so hard to learn Ma'am's lessons and I had done really well, I thought. The problem was that my cock was throbbing like never before, and my heart rate, which Ma'am could clearly feel through my engorged shaft had nearly doubled from what she just said. I knew it, and more importantly, she knew it. Whenever she spoke about my chastity and denial, I just went crazy with lust. It was a truth that was clear to both of us.

"Ma'am, it's not only fair but it's necessary. I want to become the perfect chastity slave for you, I want the control that you can teach me. I need it. Please Ma'am, please mold me into the sub you deserve. Whatever it takes, however long it takes, I am yours Ma'am."

She had increased the strength of her grip as I spoke. My cock was like a bar of iron in her hand as blood poured into it.

She let go and it stood straight out, bouncing with my heartbeat. I was breathing hard, but through the fog of my arousal I noticed that she was very turned on too.

"Good boy." She breathed quietly. Her hand started stroking my balls, then she patted them a few times, not hard but I was reminded how vulnerable they were.

"I'm going to play with your head and foreskin the way Princess showed me. Don't make me stop and pay your balls some attention."

I knew a threat when I heard one, and steeled myself against what was coming. She got the lube and just put a small drop on the end of her finger. Delicately, she traced her finger around my glans leaving a little trail behind.

"Just to smooth things along," she said this with a cold smile.

Leaning forward she carefully, with her index fingers, held the sides of my cock just where the ridge of my head was. She slowly moved the skin back and my foreskin gently slid backwards. Before it got to my swollen ridge, she stopped and moved back up my cock, so the skin slid back up. The whole motion took two or three seconds. Because it was so slow and deliberate, I could feel every millimeter of movement as my foreskin moved slowly across my swollen and sensitive glans.

My foreskin travelled painfully slowly up and down, again and again as Ma'am deftly manipulated it. I was desperate for something to happen, for more movement, more sensation, more of anything. I tried to focus on her lessons and stay in the moment. She moved her fingers from the side of my head to the top and bottom. This created a little more pressure across my frenum which in turn gave me a slight increase in feeling. This must have gone on for around fifteen minutes before I felt her raise the tempo slightly. I realized that this would be enough, eventually, to get me to the edge. My cock began to twitch in her fingers as my foreskin went down. It was incredibly slow progress but I could feel it building.

My heartbeat was slowly speeding up along with my breathing so Ma'am slowed her pace fractionally. I felt like crying out in frustration. I knew she wasn't going to let me cum, but I wanted the excitement of that moment. I wanted to feel myself trembling on the edge. But she expertly held me back for what seemed like an eternity. It had to happen though, despite the pitifully small amount of stimulation Ma'am was allowing me, that familiar feeling grew. I was getting close now, the gentle pull of her fingers as they slid my foreskin across my glans was too much. I was so close; my orgasm was ready as I teetered on the edge. Just a couple more little movements, then she stopped. I knew it would happen, but it was still a shock as my cock bounced around. I felt a drop of precum being pushed out of me by the tension in my cock and realized my fingers were digging into the armrest. Seconds later she moved her fingers again, the moment had passed but it didn't take long to return. She let go at just the right time again. I made a high pitch moan and jerked in my bonds, searching for that tiny extra touch I needed. I heard Ma'am make a tutting sound and she slapped my balls hard.

"Relax boy, this is going to happen. You can make it very painful if you want, but I wouldn't recommend it."

She put all her fingertips equally spaced around my hot rigid shaft and traced them up and down leaving eight light lines of pleasure across it. Sometimes her touch was firm enough to move my foreskin, sometimes not. My orgasm was approaching but before I got to the brink, she stopped the firmer touches and kept them very delicate. I wanted to thrash around and scream, but I knew better. My cock felt as taut as a guitar string as her fingers moved along it. One firm touch was all it needed to get on the edge again and that's what she gave me, one tiny pull of my foreskin then back to the feather touches. I was going to have to run a marathon after this to get rid of the pent-up energy flowing through me. Again and again, she took me to paradise, only to deny me at the gates. Every muscle was tense, my eyes were squeezed tightly shut. Then nothing, she stopped for about thirty seconds. I opened my eyes, looking at her, searching for mercy. I saw none. Using two fingers again, she quickly but lightly pushed and pulled at my foreskin. I moaned, so so, close. This time surely? No. I was denied again. She repeated the swift but brief touches again and again and each time I was left agonizingly close.

"That's the hour finished boy. Did you enjoy yourself?"

I couldn't answer, my mind was empty of anything other than animal desire to orgasm. My cock was literally trembling as it stood to attention.

"I honestly can't describe it Ma'am. Enjoyment isn't the word, but I have no idea what is. It's like I go into some sort of trance where all that matters in the world is my cock and its desperate need to cum."

I paused, trying to gather myself.

"Did you enjoy it Ma'am? That is all that matters in the end."

She smiled, there was real warmth in it this time.

"I did baby, I really love it. There's nothing better than slowly breaking a boy down like that. Well, there is something better and you're going to do that for me after I get this bad boy back where he belongs."

She collected the frozen peas and crushed them into me. It was agony as ever but it didn't last too long as the numbness kicked in fairly quickly. Before long I was back in the tube again. I had to compose myself as I looked down at my small metal cock. Ma'am had robbed me of all sensation for another week. Another week of painful and futile attempted erections.

Then all I had to look forward to was another incredibly frustrating hour of teasing. At least next week would mark the halfway point of my punishment, unless Ma'am decided to extend it.

Ma'am interrupted my thoughts. "Would you like to give me an orgasm boy?"

I've never been asked a simpler question. "Of course, Ma'am, nothing makes me happier than giving you as many orgasms as you want."

"And would you sacrifice your orgasms for me, boy? Would you agree to never have another orgasm to make me happy?"

This wasn't a question I wanted to answer though. Would she really want me to give up my orgasms forever? There was silence, Ma'am just stared at me, and I made my choice.

"Yes Ma'am, I would. If that would make you truly happy then I would."

She looked down and smiled. I could feel it and she could see it. My chastity tube was slowly extending away from my body as my cock tried to get erect.

She looked back up at me.

"I believe you would do that for me baby, but you won't have to, not yet anyway. I believe in rewarding good behavior and progress."

She was stroking my full balls making my erection was as hard as it could get.

Ma'am freed me from the chair and took me upstairs. I expected to have my face buried between her legs and that is what happened but not in the usual way. Ma'am had me lie on the bed and then she produced a penis gag with a dildo attached to the other side. She strapped it tightly around my head, the much shorter penis deep in my mouth, the longer and pointing straight up in the air.

She positioned a few cushions and backed into position with her knees by the side of my head.

"Slide your arms through between my calves and my thighs boy. You should be able to reach round to my pussy. I'm not planning on doing much work for my orgasm."

I did as ordered, as she gently sat down on the dildo.

"Thumb me boy, take it slow."

I reached round and was easily able to get to her clit. Her pussy was stretched around the dildo, so it was easy to start slowly massaging her with the pad of my thumb. It was an odd angle, and it took me a moment or two to get my bearings but soon enough I was making little circles around her clit. Looking up I could see her beautiful body above me, her pert nipples were standing to attention as the dildo and my thumb worked away at her. She began to shift slightly, moving the dildo slowly in and out a couple of inches. I had to follow her motion with my thumb while trying to keep a constant pressure. I could see the muscles on her stomach tensing and the rise and fall of her breasts as she breathed deeply. My nostrils were full of her scent. She was moving more quickly now so I followed suit. Soon a low groan signified her orgasm. It was beautiful to watch, and I was always stunned by how it seemed to rip through her whole body. Despite my deep longing and aching balls, I was a very happy sub, lying there, breathing her in and watching her slowly come back to reality.

She gently climbed off and undid the gag. "I have a bit of bad news for you, I'm away next weekend visiting Sarah and her new dom, Steven. So, your tube is staying on for 2 weeks at least. I will give you a freeze clean on Friday, however. Then they are probably coming over the weekend after for a sort of official handing over ceremony. Steven hasn't actually had access to Sarah yet, they've just been playing lots of hard-core bondage games. You know how much Sarah loves bondage."

I did indeed, it would be nice to see her again although I wasn't sure about meeting a male dom. I did have the occasional forced bi fantasy but I was basically heterosexual. Hopefully Steven would have no interest in me, but I suspected that Ma'am would enjoy winding me up either way.

Ma'am set me free, and we spent a bit of time chatting before I went home.

I didn't see much of Ma'am during the week. She was in London most of the time. As promised, she iced me down for a sensation free clean on Friday and I gave her a couple of wonderful orgasms. I spent most of the weekend wondering what she was up to with Sarah and Steven, but my thoughts certainly didn't help with keeping my cock under control.

The next few days passed without incident although my cock seemed to have a life of its own. For no apparent reason it would start to try and swell but because it couldn't, I would get this pulsing feeling that would keep blood pumping into the tube. I would get into a viscous circle of arousal and denial. One night I lay in bed for an hour failing to control myself. I guessed it was my cock fruitlessly searching for some kind of sensation. I wanted this tube off more than anything, more than I wanted an orgasm. The disconnect between how turned on I was feeling, and the complete absence of sensation was really bizarre.

I didn't see Ma'am during the day on Friday, but she told me to be at her house at five o'clock to meet Sarah and Steven, or Sir as I was to call him.

Ma'am gave me a big hug when I arrived, we hadn't spent much time together recently but now we had the whole weekend together, albeit with Sarah and Steven.

"You will be appropriately dressed when they arrive boy. Latex all the way."

She slapped my ass as I went upstairs, and I quickly got into my latex catsuit. Ma'am fussed over me, getting a few wrinkles out and shinning up a couple of dull spots. I slipped on a pair of latex feet and gloves and then Ma'am put my hood on to complete my outfit. Just the simple act of putting the latex on caused my cock to bulge out.

Ma'am was wearing an ultra-thin latex dress which somehow seemed to float around her body yet cling to it in all the right places. She looked absolutely magnificent.

Half an hour later a large estate car arrived. Ma'am said Steven would be driving and would need my help. He parked at the back of the house, so I wasn't too concerned going out in my latex. I watched a huge man get out of the car. He must have been six and a half feet tall and was clearly very muscular.

"Good evening, Sir, may I be of assistance?"

He came up to me and looked me up and down for at least ten seconds. I felt uncomfortable under his gaze. He was wearing a latex suit which fitted very well. It must have cost a fortune. I was intimidated by him, it wasn't just his size, like Ma'am he had that naturally dominant air about him. He didn't have to try; it was just part of him.

"Hello boy, follow me."

We went to the back of the car, the tail came up and inside was a large wooden box, held down by a multitude of straps. Half a second after I noticed that there were quite a few round holes in the box I realized that I couldn't see Sarah anywhere. She was in the box!

He loosened the straps and slid the box forward until it was balanced.

"Get the trolley."

I turned round and saw it leaning against the wall. I wheeled it over to him. Together we tipped the box until it was upright, shifted it slightly and gently lowered it. He strapped the box to the trolley and directed me to one end while he stood the other end. We carefully wheeled it to the back door and got it into the kitchen.

"Are you strong enough to lift that end boy? It is a bit lighter than this end?"

"Yes Sir, I'm sure I can."

We picked it up, carefully carried it into the lounge and placed it on the floor.

Ma'am greeted Steven with a big hug, and they exchanged pleasantries.

Ma'am confirmed what I already knew.

"How long has she been in there Steven?"

"Since about eleven o'clock this morning, but she's been immobile since last night. The only part of her that has been exposed is her mouth."

He said this with a smile, and I suspected that he had probably been keeping that part of her busy. Ma'am looked impressed. Sarah was a huge fan of long-term bondage and imprisonment but twenty-four hours was a long time. Ma'am had

got the key for the chastity belt from the couple who had been looking after Sarah. She was going to give it to Steven this weekend but keep the spare for a while. From what Ma'am had told me Sarah was clearly besotted by Steven, and Ma'am's contacts in the BDSM scene had all confirmed that he was an excellent dom and all-round good guy. Ma'am's instincts, and what she had learned from their meetings tallied with this so Sarah was going to have a new owner this weekend. It seemed like she had gone even longer without an orgasm than me. I smiled to myself, we had probably both thought about the phrase "be careful what you wish for" a few times.

Steven looked at me. "So how are things going with the boy then, Louise? He's still being punished I see."

Ma'am smiled at me and said, "indeed he is, but generally things are going very well. His new cage has been a bit of a shock to him. He hates having his lovely cock isolated like that, but it should help him in the long run. Punishment can be a long drawn-out affair as well as a short and painful experience."

Steven laughed. "They have to learn. We show them respect by treating them like human beings and friends, but sometimes they forget their place. Then a reminder is needed."

I groaned internally as I felt my tube begin to fill as they spoke about me. It didn't go unnoticed.

Steven laughed, "does that always happen? May I?"

Ma'am laughed too. "Yes it does and yes you may."

Steven walked over to me. He was physically so imposing, I felt like a small child next to him.

"Legs shoulder width apart, hands behind your back boy."

I complied immediately. He reached down and held my balls. I thought they were quite big, they were certainly bigger than usual at the moment but his hand engulfed them with ease. He squeezed gently but firmly and began to lift them up. Quickly I was right up on my tip toes as he put them under a great deal of pressure.

"Look at me boy." I looked up into two icy blue eyes.

"Do you think my grip or your legs will weaken first?"

He gave them a little extra squeeze, I grimaced.

"My legs Sir." "That could spell trouble for you couldn't it?"

I was struggling to balance on my tip toes which was putting more strain on my balls. "Yes Sir, definitely Sir."

He held my balls and my eyes for another minute in silence before giving them one last squeeze and letting go. It was great relief that I relaxed down to my heels.

"You've done a good job there Louise. He didn't look at you once, or even look like he was going to complain."

Ma'am smiled, "thanks Steven. To be honest all I'm doing is polishing a rough diamond. The raw ingredients are all there. I knew almost instantly what he was, but I didn't realize how far he would go, or how far we would go."

She came over and gave me a big kiss. "He's a good boy, mostly, and when he isn't he takes his punishment well. I can tell that he is really struggling in that tube but he's going to tough it out like a man. I might even keep him in it for longer, much longer. Would you like that boy?"

No, I really wouldn't but what came out of my mouth instantly was, "yes Ma'am. If it pleases you and you think it is the right thing for me then I will stay in it for as long as you want."

Predictably I began to get hard again. They both laughed.

"Glutton for punishment, I love it!" said Steven, "well he's found the perfect Mistress."

Ma'am pretended to blush. "Oh, Sir Steven, you flatter a lady."

They both had a little laugh; Ma'am took Steven down to the dungeon and I went to his car to bring a couple of large cases in.

I was waiting when they came back up the stairs. They had decided that between the three of us we should be able to get Sarah down the stairs safely. Looking at Steven I thought he could just put the box on his shoulder and carry her down without breaking sweat. Using the trolley and a couple of ropes we gently got her down to the dungeon. Steven said it was probably time for her to come out, so we lifted the box to an upright position against the cell bars and secured it so that it could fall forward. He unlocked it and removed the lid. There she was, using what looked like some sort of expandable foam Steven had created a Sarah shaped hole for her to lie in. She was covered head to toe in a tight leather sleep sack with around six sturdy straps around her. Her face was completely obscured by a thick anatomical latex mask with a rigid looking breathing tube. He held her by two of the straps and with his help she edged out of the box.

He worked away at the face mask and gently removed it. She had another latex mask on underneath but this one had eye, nose and mouth holes. She blinked cautiously, coughed a little and smiled.

"Thank you ,Sir. Hello Ma'am, hello Tom. Nice to see you both again."

Ma'am smiled. "Evening Sarah, I don't think I have ever heard you sound so polite and formal before."

Ma'am was right, Sarah had usually seemed to treat all the bondage and torture she got as a game.

"Yes Ma'am, I have been taught some very important lessons recently. Firstly, about protocol, but more importantly I have realized what I really am with Sir's help. I know now that I really need this, it's more than just a game to me. I used my flippancy and jokey nature to cover up my true feelings because, basically I was scared of getting in too deep. But Sir has given me the confidence and strength to submit and submit completely."

Ma'am looked very happy; she gave Steven a quick hug.

"Courage and the right man."

Steven took her by the shoulders and lowered her to the ground. He carefully loosened the sleep sack and got Sarah out. She was wrapped tightly from neck to toe in bondage tape. She never did bondage by halves, and it looked like Steven was cut from similar cloth. He levered her upright again and I held her steady

while he unwrapped her. It took about ten minutes, but she emerged, naked except for her chastity belt.

After some water and being allowed to move and stretch a little Steven turned to Ma'am. "Would you mind if I borrowed your cross Louise? I believe she has been there before.

"My dungeon is your dungeon Steven, help yourself to anything you like. My boy knows where most of the stuff is."

"Thanks, I have some gear in my bag, get it for me boy."

I hurried upstairs and returned with a heavy bag, I wondered what nasty things were inside.

Steven quickly secured Sarah to the cross. She was smiling and thanked him for binding her.

"We should start with some breast bondage, I think. Pass me the surgical tubing, boy."

Swiftly and skillfully, he wrapped the tubing around her body then quite tightly around each breast three times before tying it off. Her breasts were squeezed tightly at the base and stood proudly. He stood back and admired his work, before going into the bag and getting an odd-looking pair of pliers. I had not seen anything like them before, but Ma'am explained that they were for fitting tight thin rubber rings around Sarah's nipples.

Steven went ahead and put a thin rubber ring around the base of each nipple. Her breasts had already started to change color, going slightly red.

"I've been working her nipples recently, making them bigger and more sensitive. I will do the same to her clit, when I get the chance."

He turned to Ma'am. She was smiling and in her hand was the key to Sarah's chastity device. She looked at Sarah.

"Do you want me to give this to Sir Steven?"

Sarah had a big smile on her face.

"Yes Ma'am, more than anything. Thank you so much for holding it for me, but the time has come for me to give myself to Sir."

Ma'am turned to Steven and said, "I am very happy to pass this to you Steven, I think the two of you are a match made in heaven and are going to have a lot of fun together."

Steven took the key with a slight bow of his head.

"Thank you very much Louise. You are right, this is going to be lots of fun."

He turned to Sarah and held the key in front of her.

"Would you like to be unlocked darling?"

"You know how much I want that Sir, but it entirely up to you now. I am yours to do with as you wish."

Seeing Sarah bound and listening to her, and Steven had predictably made me hard in my tube, equally predictably Ma'am had noticed and started to fondle my balls just to help me along.

Steven saw this and laughed. "Look at what we've got ourselves Louise, two sex starved and desperately horny little subbies, lovely. I wonder which one will have an orgasm first. The chances are that neither will have one any time soon, don't you think?"

Sarah and I were both clearly very turned on now.

Ma'am laughed, "my boy is off to university in a few weeks. I think I will keep him orgasm free so that he can fully enjoy all the gorgeous young girls there. I'm sure you would love that, wouldn't you boy?"

I hadn't thought that Ma'am might keep me denied that long but my cock was trying it's best to break out of the tube.

"That would be great Ma'am. I'm sure all the women at university would only add to my already massive levels of arousal."

It just came so naturally now, the instant and positive response to more denial.

Steven smiled and ran the key over her breasts, leaving a thin red line over them.

"It's time, don't you think?"

"Please Sir, please unlock me and do whatever you wish to me."

The key went in, and Steven slid the front plate away and then removed the waist belt. Sarah was wet and swollen already, she was breathing hard with the excitement. "Freshly shaved I see? Perfect."

"Yes Sir, Ma'am's friends have kept me shaved since the belt was put on, but that is the only way they have touched me."

Steven made an appreciative sound.

"So, your pussy and clit haven't been touched in over two months? I'm going to have so much fun teasing you."

He gently ran his hands down her abdomen and on to her inner thighs. Then he very lightly let one finger run across her swollen lips picking up some of her arousal as he went. He put that finger in his mouth and sucked the moisture off. Sarah was shivering with excitement; I was feeling very turned on too. I looked at Ma'am, she was flushed which only added to my aroused state. She saw me looking at her.

"We will let this play out for a while then leave Steven alone. You are going to give me a lovely orgasm boy."

I bowed my head slightly.

"Nothing would give me more pleasure Ma'am."

Steven went to his bag of toys and showed Sarah three suction cups, two large ones and one smaller.

"You know where the big ones are going, guess where the little one goes?"

"On my clit Sir?"

Steven nodded, licked the rim of the bigger ones and placed them over Sarah's areola. He then began pumping the air out and I saw Sarah's areola and nipples being pulled out by the vacuum around them. He then dropped to his knees and very gently separated Sarah's pussy lips to expose her aroused clit. He very

carefully placed the smaller cup over it and again pumped the air out. Now Sarah's clit was pulled out too.

"I will leave these on for a while to work their magic."

We went upstairs after Steven secured a large gag in her mouth. Ma'am whispered in my ear, and I went to the kitchen and came back with a bottle of champagne and a couple of glasses. Ma'am gave Steven a glass and toasted him, wishing him and Sarah the best of luck in their new relationship.

"So, Steven, I was wondering if you would like to teach my boy a little lesson. There is something that he has never done before, as he has only played with women up to now."

I kept a straight face, but I had a pretty good idea where this was going.

Steven smiled and stood in front of me.

"I'd be delighted to Louise. On your knees boy. Would you like to secure his wrists Louise?"

Ma'am quickly cuffed my hands behind my back and Steven dropped his trousers. My cock wasn't sure how to react to this situation, we hadn't spoken about any bisexual play but I knew that this day would probably happen. Steven had a fine cock, it wasn't completely hard yet but it was clearly very thick, thicker than mine but possibly a fraction shorter.

"Take it boy."

Note: The rest of the story is posted without editing. But the writing is pretty good as is, so if you enjoyed the story so far, you are likely to continue enjoying it.

I took a deep breath, opened wide and took him into my mouth. I felt him harden, and the instructions began. Obviously I had seen lots of women sucking cocks so I had a reasonable idea but I received orders on how to use my tongue and lips. He was rock hard now, I could barely open my mouth wide enough to accommodate his girth. I was sucking hard and using my tongue on his swollen glans. He told me not to rush as he didn't want to cum because he wanted to save himself for Sarah. He placed his large hands on either side of my latex covered head and began

gently fucking my mouth. I felt my own cock harden and suddenly realised that my hips were swaying in time to his thrusts. He started to go deeper and I felt my gag reflex start. I coughed a little and was ordered to control myself. Suddenly I felt Ma'am's hand snake between my legs and grab my balls.

"Take it like the sub you are boy. She whispered and squeezed my balls hard, pulling them back and forth to Steven's rhythm. Steven pulled back and told me to just suck his head so I used my tongue and lips around his huge head. I was like rock in the cage now, the whole scene was very erotic. It seemed like any sort of control turned me on. Steven used his hands to slide my mouth up and down him again, faster now and deeper. He stopped just short of making me gag but it was right on the edge. Saliva was dripping from my mouth as I slurped away as best I could and my cock was throbbing.

Suddenly he pulled his cock out and I was left on my knees, breathing hard with spit rolling down my chin. He laughed.

"Not bad for a first time boy. Louise, I think you might have a secret cock whore on your hands."

He held his cock in front of my mouth.

"Would you like some more boy?"

"Yes Sir, please can I suck your lovely cock Sir?"

Ma'am spoke up now.

"Are you sure boy? Do you really want to suck Steven's cock?"

"Yes Ma'am, I want his cock deep in my mouth, I want him to fill me up and cum in me Ma'am."

They both laughed, I felt humiliated but very horny. I wasn't sure that I really wanted to suck cock, but I did want to please Ma'am and Steven. He was a dominant, so it was completely right for me to try and please him.

Steven tucked himself away and moved towards the dungeon.

"I would like a few hours alone with my sub Louise, if that's okay with you?"

"Absolutely Steven, I will allow my little cock whore to give me an orgasm and then we will go to a nice gastro pub a few miles away. We'll be back around midnight. There is a bed made up for you so make yourself at home. Enjoy!"

Twenty minutes later Ma'am and I left, I could already hear Sarah's whimpers from the dungeon.

We had an enjoyable evening out, Ma'am spent most of the evening deliberately talking dirty, telling me about what she imagined Sarah was going through and my cock spent the whole night in a state of extreme arousal, cramped by both the tube and my jeans.

When we returned Steven was relaxing on the sofa with a beer and a sandwich.

"Hello you two, nice evening?"

Ma'am smiled, "very nice thank you but probably not as exciting as yours."

"Indeed not Louise, I have to say I am not disappointed. She is everything you said she was, and so much more. I am going to have so much fun with her."

I shivered internally thinking about what this huge dominant man was going to do with her.

"She's settled down for the night, I've put her back in the box. Oh, and she still hasn't had an orgasm. I want to save that until we are at home and I can really take my time."

Ma'am nodded her agreement.

"Good decision, would you mind if my boy joins her down there for the night. He always stays down there when he's here overnight."

Obviously Steven had no objections and soon I was in the cell with my ankles cuffed and my hands cuffed by my sides. I was relieved, I could see Sarah's box and knew that I had got off lightly. It had been a very arousing and interesting evening, I lay awake for a while bit sleep came fairly easily.

I woke to the sound of two sets of footsteps coming down the stairs.

Ma'am unlocked me and told me to tidy the kitchen up and make some tea and coffee.

All three of them came up from the dungeon about five minutes later. Sarah looked dazed and bedraggled but happy, and she couldn't take her eyes off Steven. She asked permission to use the bathroom and disappeared upstairs. She returned and gave me a slap on the ass as she went back to Steven.

I rubbed my bottom and pretended to be hurt.

"Ouch! Someone needs to teach that girl some manners."

Steven grinned at me, "don't you worry boy, she will be much better behaved next time you see her, which will probably be next week."

I glanced at Ma'am.

"Steven and I have a business possibility, it's not set in stone yet but we might be in London next weekend. Seeing as you two get on so well we thought we might leave you to have some fun while we did all the hard work."

I had enjoyed playing with Sarah, it had sparked a little bit of dominance in me that I didn't know I had. It did occur to me that I was supposed to get out of this infernal tube next weekend but then things had a habit of going places I didn't expect with Ma'am.

Later that afternoon Steven and Sarah said their goodbyes. Ma'am sent me on my way as she had some work to do. I returned on Sunday for another devilish tease session. They seemed to get more intense each time. She began my tying my balls quite tightly, separating them from my body, and each other. After half an hour of very gentle masturbation and foreskin manipulation which drove me slowly insane, Ma'am came up with a new form of tease torture. She went into the bathroom and returned with a make up brush. It was a couple of inches wide and very soft. She began stroking me with it, gently up and down. It was like hundreds of tiny light feathers being touched against my sensitive skin. This was possibly worse than her ever so slow hand jobs. She twirled it around my head a few times, where only the tip of my glans was exposed. But she mainly concentrated on running it up and down the underside of my cock and down to my balls. The tightly tied skin was now very sensitive too. Ma'am had secured me to the cross

this time so my cock was sticking out horizontally. I could feel my orgasm very slowly building and as it did my cock began to twitch.

"Control yourself boy, each time your cock jerks up like that I'm going to move the brush to your balls. If you can maintain control I will let you cum."

I tried to relax, I really did. I tried to stay in the moment and let the lovely soft brush bring me towards my orgasm but just as I was getting close my cock would jump and twitch and Ma'am would move to my balls and caress them. My cock would calm down and then she would go back the stroking the underside again. I groaned in frustration, almost praying to myself to stop the uncontrollable jerking and twitching. Four or five times I got right to the edge but it seemed like an inevitable consequence of getting that close that my cock would tense and jump up. I couldn't stop it, I just couldn't. I was panting and my face was contorted as time after time my own cock denied me.

It would happen this time, surely? Please let it happen, please. I was so close.

"Times up baby. You were so close too. I think another half an hour or so and you would have got there. Maybe I will extend the session next week and see. Would you like that baby?"

I was in pieces, I had never wanted to cum so much. I had thought that before though, maybe it was going to feel like this every time.

"Yes Ma'am," I stuttered, "that would be amazing. I want to cum so much I can't stand it. Sorry Ma'am, I know I'm not supposed to say that but it's true."

She stood up and put her hand on my chest.

"I always respect the truth baby, and I'm not surprised you feel that way. It's been a while now. Maybe it would be for the best of I let you calm down for a few weeks and let you gain some perspective. No matter how bad things seem, they can always be made worse."

I groaned again.

"Yes Ma'am, sorry Ma'am. My orgasms are yours and yours alone. You decide when, or even if I have one and it has nothing to do with how much I think I need one."

She smiled at me, reached down and squeezed my tied balls hard.

"Well said boy, I will let you get away with that one. At least you didn't physically try to achieve an orgasm which as you know can have serious consequences."

I got four weeks in this tube last time I lost control physically. It hadn't occurred to me that I didn't move during the tease, maybe that lesson had sunk in.

Ma'am iced me down and I was back in the tube again.

The rest of the week was fairly uneventful, Ma'am seemed busy and I went to my new university for a couple of open days. Saturday rolled round fairly quickly, it was mid morning when Sarah and Steven arrived. Ma'am and Steven were going to London and staying overnight so I had a decent length of time with Sarah. Ma'am had given me a thorough briefing on what was expected of me, and I assumed Sarah had been given her instructions too. One thing was certain, we were going to be watched virtually at all times.

Steven took Sarah down to the dungeon, along with a huge amount of rope. Ma'am explained that he was an expert in Shibari rope bondage. I had seen people doing Shibari online and it looked amazing. Ma'am got me into my latex suit, complete with the hood and locked it on. Clearly this wouldn't be coming off until she returned tomorrow, I immediately began to strain in my tube at the thought of over twenty four hours in latex. Ma'am laughed and gave my balls a squeeze.

"I trust you to do your job boy. You are playing with someone else's partner this time so you will be letting both of us down if it goes wrong. So unless you want to be punished by both of us I strongly suggest you do your best."

Those words definitely focused my mind, the idea of being punished by Steven really didn't appeal. I went downstairs and saw what Steven had done to Sarah. Before I could take it all in Steven beckoned me to him.

"Louise trusts you, that is good enough for me. I know she will have given you a talking to so I won't add to that. Do your best boy."

He put his hand out and I shook it.

"I will do my very best for all three of you Sir, I promise."

Steven finished crushing my hand in his and led me to Sarah. I took in all the various ropes and Steven explained what was what, and how to easily get her in and out of her current predicament. It was beautiful work. She was suspended against the cross, her body was at normal standing height but her legs were pinned to the side of her body. Her ankles were tied tightly to her upper thighs and then held tight to her sides. Her breasts had been thoroughly tied so they stood very proud, although not so tightly tied that they couldn't be left as they were for a long time. Her arms were bound to the side of her body. She could wriggle her fingers and toes and move her head. Then on closer inspection I realised Steven had inserted an anal hook deep inside her. The curved metal hook went up to the small of her back where it was attached to a rope which ran to the back of the skin tight leather hood she had on. Any movement of her head would cause the hook to shift in her, and any downward motion of her head would pull it deeper inside her, that explained why her head was tilted slightly backwards, to relieve the pressure of what I assumed to be a very large intruder. As I had seen before she had suction cups on her nipples and clit. I could see how wet she was already, as she anticipated what was to come.

I looked at the toys at my disposal, then sat on a small stool in front of her. My face was at the perfect height.

I ran my hands gently over her body feeling her tense beneath me. I assumed she had no idea what was going to happen, no idea whether pain or pleasure was next. I let the air out of the suction cups that covered her areola. There was a bright red ring and her nipples were standing large and proud. They looked very inviting so my tongue got to work, licking and flicking. I sucked on them, drawing them into my mouth and very gently nibbled them with my teeth eliciting a quiet moan. I moved my hands up and took each swollen nipple between my thumb and forefinger. I started rolling them around and pulling gently, the aim at the moment was arousal and it seemed to be working. It was time to concentrate on Sarah's clit now. I carefully removed the little cylinder from her pussy. Her clit was swollen, red and very inviting. I moved in closer and got comfortable, I was going to be there for a while. She was soaking wet already. Steven had given her many orgasms after they left last week but her pussy hadn't been touched since. I began carefully licking at her moist slit, running my tongue slowly along it, gently separating her lips further. She had what Ma'am called a wide on, the female version of a hard on. Sarah was making happy sounds from behind her hood. Using my fingers I spread her open a little further and traced around the edge of

her clit very delicately with my tongue. Behind the hood the moans became slightly more insistent. Sarah probably realised that her master wasn't going to allow her to cum but just like me, she lived in hope and in lust.

I carried on like this for a while then placed the tip of my tongue on the end of her clit. She responded with a low quiet groan to even this lightest of touches. I made my tongue quiver, it was the tiniest of movements but her over sensitive clit felt everything. It was an amazing transfer of energy through such a small point of contact and I was aware just how careful I was going to have to be. She shifted in her bondage as the frustration built. There was absolutely no rush from me though. Her muscles tensed as she tried to use her stomach muscles to push her pussy towards my tongue but Steven had done a very professional job and there was barely any movement and I was easily able to maintain a steady, if incredibly slight pressure. She took a breath and sighed as I applied more pressure. I could feel the heat coming off her as the tension grew. I had learned from Ma'am how incredibly arousing yet frustrating this sort of slow incremental build up could be and I was determined to give Sarah the same experience. I wanted to take her straight to the edge of orgasm but I resisted. She would get there but it was going to take a long time.

The tortuous build up carried on and her moaning had turned to what sounded like begging, she was getting close but I knew her well enough now and only a few seconds before she was going to reach a massive orgasm I withdrew my tongue. Her moans got more frantic and I quickly touched the tip of her clit again but I went back to the lightest of touches. I had her right where I wanted her, or more correctly right where Steven wanted me to have her. I had great sympathy for her but I was here to do exactly this. Out of the corner of my eye I could see her toes were curled tightly as the unfulfilled tension ran through her.

My tongue had returned quicker than she expected and she gave a little grunt at the surprise. She started building again, just as slowly as before. Her whole body was quivering and now I could only touch her for a matter of seconds before she reached the point of no return. It was time to stop and replace the suction cups. Her muffled cries of despair were real so I gave her some time, both for the suction cups to work and for her to calm down a little.

A surveyed the choice of nipple clamps at my disposal. She wasn't going to enjoy any of them on her swollen and sensitive nubs. They were Steven's, and not having had them applied to me before I wasn't sure which to use. So I thought to

myself what would Ma'am or Steven do, and picked the nastiest looking ones. They had pads with lots of hard but rounded off points on them, they were adjustable so could be made as tight as required.

I looked down at my steel tube, Sarah's torment had turned me on, as often seemed to be the case recently it was pushed away from my body as my cock desperately tried to get hard. Why did it keep doing that when I knew there was no chance of an orgasm? Why wouldn't it give me any peace? I must be addicted to the thrill of denial, addicted to the rush of endorphins that flowed through me. Anything sexual just set off a chain reaction of chemicals and lust that I couldn't stop, and if I was honest, I didn't want to stop.

I looked up at Sarah's bound body hanging exposed in front of me. That just excited me more because I knew I could give her the same feelings I craved. I removed the cups again and noticed that her nipples were definitely slightly enlarged. These clamps were going to hurt but I knew she loved it. I fixed them on and slowly started to tighten them up. I saw them biting in, and watched Sarah tense against the pain.

I kept tightening until I saw Sarah shift her body uncomfortably. I gave them a quick tug and Sarah helped in pain. It was time to pay her clit more attention. I followed the same pattern as last time. Again it was a long time before she reached the edge of orgasm. With the most delicate of touches I kept her balanced as close as I dared. She was moaning and pleading from behind her hood and gag. She had started nodding her head trying to use the hook in her ass to get that little extra she needed. I reached up and began pulling and twisting the clamps. Her body was tensing and shaking, and she was covered in sweat. The slightest touch on her clit was making her jump with excitement. She was so close but I wouldn't let it happen.

I stopped, she couldn't take much more. Slowly her breathing calmed and the constant moans faded away. I put my hand on her chest and waited until she had come down a bit further. The clamps had to come off though, there was no easy way so I just did it as quickly as I could. There were more moans, I knew myself that the most painful part of having your nipples clamped was when they came off but the pain would fade fairly quickly.

I had to untie her now, I didn't really want to as I had a strong feeling that it was going to be my turn next. Steven's rope bondage was very clever, he had pointed out four knots that had to be undone to release her. I held her legs and gently

lowered them to the floor and let her stretch them out. Once she had got some strength back in them I released her and she stood up. I removed the hood and gag, then carefully removed the anal hook. She looked slightly shocked and was still slightly unsteady on her feet. I got some water and sat her down in the throne. She came to her senses fairly quickly.

"Thank you Tom, that was intense, really intense. My legs are still shaking."

My cock was still bouncing around inside the tube.

"You're welcome Sarah, just following orders as you know. My tum now I guess. But first I have to put your belt back on."

She smiled, "indeed it is your turn. I believe I'm sitting in your chair."

I put her belt back on and locked it. Obviously I had the key but she could unlock herself when I was tied down, it was purely a symbolic gesture to remind her that she would always be in the belt unless she was being used. Ma'am used the same tactic with me. I would never dream of touching myself but I was always bound when my cock was free.

After relocking her I sat down and Sarah made sure I was very tightly secured with my legs held wide apart. I felt very exposed, which only increased my arousal. Sarah collected the frozen peas and took great delight in using them on me. She waited longer than necessary to unlock my device. While she waited she put a latex hood over my head followed by a leather one ensuring total sensory deprivation. I was lost in a dark silent world waiting for whatever Ma'am and Sarah had planned for me.

I wasn't surprised when I felt the nipple clamps go on, tighten, and then tighten some more. Pain coursed through them. Then Sarah took my cage off. I heard her laugh and point out that I didn't look quite as big as usual. The cold slowly wore off and life returned as my cock stirred. She was handling my balls now, giving them a slight downward tug and fitting what seemed to be a metal weight to them. There was some more fiddling around then I felt what seemed to be a metal plate pressing up into my balls. It wasn't just a weight, it was a crusher too. The plate was attached to the weight by four threaded bolts, by tightening up the nuts Sarah could squeeze the plate up on my balls. I had a strong feeling that this wasn't going to be much fun.

My cock was getting hard without being touched, partly just because it was free and partly in anticipation both of pleasure and pain.

I vaguely heard the scrape of the stool being moved as Sarah settled down in front of me. Her nails dragged down my inner thighs making me jump slightly and my cock stood to attention.

"It's such a shame that your cock gets used as infrequently as it does Tom but that's the life you have chosen. Louise told me that things are not going to get any easier for you."

My cock was rock hard now as I took in what Sarah was saying.

I felt her fingers slowly trace their way up and down my shaft. It was joyous to feel something after another week of nothing. Her fingers made delicate patterns across my skin but she didn't do anything else. Suddenly I realised that she was going to use the same form of teasing that Ma'am had been using for the last few weeks. All I was going to get was very gentle touches and small manipulations. Mentally I groaned, this was going to be hell, especially as there were probably going to be hours of it.

The light touches continued, it felt great but I needed so much more. I wanted her to grab my cock and hold it tight. I wanted her to expose my glans and feel her fingers or tongue on it but all I got was the infernal feather touches. With the help of a small amount of lube Sarah began the slow foreskin manipulation. Ever so slowly it slid up and down, all with the minimal possible pressure from her fingers. Ma'am had obviously given her some coaching.

"Don't get to the edge Tom."

It was inevitable that I would but it was a tortuously slow journey. I felt it coming and so did Sarah. I was breathing hard through my hoods, my muscles tensing. I couldn't stop it.

Sarah stopped and said, "I told you not to Tom."

I felt her start to screw the plate tighter and the pressure grew on my balls. Gradually they were squashed and crushed and a dull but deep ache grew in my abdomen. She stopped before it got too bad though which surprised me slightly.

"Every time you try and cum I will turn these little screws some more."

I knew I was in trouble now. I was so horny and needy that almost anything would take me to the edge. Sarah had clearly borrowed Ma'am's make up brush, I felt it being dragged across my shaft and up to my head. Just like Ma'am she concentrated on the underside of my cock, sometimes flicking it from side to side, but mainly working up and down. In my current state of extreme arousal it was like hundreds of tiny electric shocks running up and down me. Sooner than I would have liked I was on the point of orgasm again. The brush stopped and Sarah tightened the screws again. The pain increased and the brush started again, coaxing and teasing me towards the orgasm I knew I wasn't going to get. She was learning, and she took me even closer this time. My cock started bouncing uncontrollably as the pain increased once again. It was agony, I was sweating now and breathing in short sharp gasps. The pain slowed my rise to orgasm. It seemed to take forever, pain and pleasure combined, and I was desperate, but I didn't know what for. The pain to stop? An orgasm?

She took me to the edge again, right to the edge. I couldn't take any more but fortunately Sarah knew and slowly started to release the pressure on my balls. It was a huge relief as the pain slowly began to fade. I hadn't realised how tense I had become, my muscles relaxed as the plate separated and I was able to breathe normally again. She took the crushing part of the device off but left the ball weight. Slowly and delicately she brought me achingly close to the edge a few more times. My cock was a bouncing twitching mess by the time she finished. Only a few seconds after my last edge she slammed the frozen peas into my cock. I cried out in shock as I jerked in my bonds.

She left the bag on for a lot longer than necessary, rubbing it all over my groin. Eventually she replaced the tube and locked my frozen cock away again.

She freed me from the chair, I stood up and we embraced. We held each other close for nearly a minute. There was empathy from both sides, we had both been through similar experiences and we knew how exciting and powerful, yet draining it was.

It was late in the evening now, and we were both starving. Sarah went upstairs and returned with food, drink and a laptop.

"I think we have received further instructions Tom."

We looked at each other with a mixture of fear and trepidation as Sarah opened the mail.

I think we both felt some relief as we weren't going to have to give each other any more pain, but we were going to have an interesting night. Sarah was going to have to put her latex catsuit and hood on to match me, then we were going to be attached to each other via two sturdy waist belts. Our arms and legs would be free but we would be held closely, face to face, and body to body. The mail ended with an instruction, it simply told us to enjoy each other.

We finished off the food and we both went to the toilet. It took a while to get Sarah into her catsuit and hood. The only difference between our suits was that Sarah's had holes for her nipples to poke through.

Ma'am had very generously allowed us to spend the night in the guest bedroom. I put the apparent kindness of our overnight arrangement down to Steven, he had only recently had full access to Sarah and was probably feeling very protective towards her.

We went upstairs and locked the thick leather waist belts on. The keys to the padlocks we were using were in a sealed envelope with "Open in case of emergency!" written on it. I used the last two padlocks to lock our hips together and we stood there uncertainly.

Sarah giggled, "well I guess we should go to bed darling."

I laughed and we clambered awkwardly into the bed on our sides. Sarah's face was only inches from mine. I looked into her eyes and said,

"We had instructions to enjoy each other, I'm not entirely sure what that means."

Sarah smiled, "I have the feeling that they want us to turn each other on and given how horny we both are, that probably won't be difficult."

Sarah put an arm around my neck and started to kiss me, tentatively at first, but I responded quickly and we shared a deep passionate kiss.

We pulled apart, I was suddenly very aware of our latex covered bodies and the heat passing between them and of Sarah's nipples against my chest. She wriggled around a little and pulled my leg between hers, before wrapping her leg over

mine. My tube was now pressed against her and my cock was quick to try and force it's way out. My thigh was against her belt and I felt her push her hips against me. We kissed again, exploring with our tongues. I put my arm around her and ran my hand over her pert backside. I was quite excited now, and I could tell from Sarah's breathing that she was feeling it too. Our hands were all over each other now, feeling the hot flesh through the latex. I grabbed Sarah and rolled her on top of me. She moved her legs so that she was astride me and ground herself into me. My blood filled tube was bouncing against her ass as our latex bodies squashed against each other. We continued kissing passionately and frantically, I slid a hand in between us and pinched her nipples hard. She moaned and whispered to me to do it harder, so I squeezed and pinched making her gasp in pain and pleasure.

This was a new type of tease to both of us, take two incredibly horny subs locked in chastity, bind them together and let them torture each other. As I squeezed her nipples, Sarah thrust her arm down and grabbed my balls. I squealed into her mouth as she gave them a savage pull. This broke the spell as she realised she had got a little carried away. We broke off the kiss and she said sorry.

We lay there panting and desperately aroused for a few minutes until Sarah said, "is your cock ever going to go down Tom?"

I groaned.

"Probably not for a long time yet Sarah, sorry."

She moved off me and we lay on our sides again.

"It's going to be really distracting feeling all that steel covered cock twitching away between my thighs."

I gently caressed her hard nipples.

"These aren't helping either."

We kissed again, more gently this time but still passionately and our breathing quickened again. Our bodies were moving slowly against each other without either of us being consciously aware, hot latex sliding and rubbing.

"Oh Jesus." Said Sarah, "I'm on fire Tom, I'm just so damn horny."

We carried on moving and kissing, we couldn't stop ourselves. We both knew all we were doing was turning ourselves on even more but we couldn't help it. This was probably exactly what Ma'am and Steven had in mind when they devised this bondage. It was simple but incredibly effective.

This cycle of arousal continued for a long time. I think we both just ran out of energy, we had both spent so much time feeling highly sexually charged that despite not getting what we so yearned for, eventually we just couldn't carry on.

We both slept fitfully and even had another kissing session at some point in the middle of the night. It was daylight when I woke up, Sarah was staring straight at me.

"At last, I've been wide awake for around an hour I reckon and I am desperate to go for a pee."

This was going to be tricky, there was a small zip in the appropriate place so we struggled to our feet. We both ended up sort of squatting over the toilet and we both used the facilities.

We had been told to stay like this until our betters returned so we went back to bed and chatted. We bonded over what had happened to us, and what we thought our futures held.

I was telling Sarah about one of my scenes with Ma'am when I realised that she was getting turned on by what I was saying. This in turn got me going and we carried on where we had left off the night before. We both had so much pent up lust in us it was probably inevitable.

I heard a polite cough and realised with horror that Ma'am and Steven were in the room watching us. They were trying desperately hard to suppress their laughter but as soon as we realised they were there, they just burst out laughing.

Ma'am recovered first.

"Well, that was pretty much what we thought would happen Steven. Are you happy about my sub kissing your girl?"

Steven tried to put a serious face on, but couldn't manage it.

"I think I'll let it go just this once Louise."

After a little more joking about they released us and we went downstairs and had a slap up breakfast. Ma'am and Steven's meeting had gone fairly well but they were pretty tight lipped about the details.

It was mid afternoon when Steven and Sarah left, Ma'am took me straight to bed to satisfy her which I did with great enthusiasm. Afterwards we lay together with Ma'am stroking my balls.

"How has your time in the tube been baby?"

I grimaced, I had hated it. The lack of feeling had been awful, yet for some reason it seemed like my cock had tried to be erect even more. I didn't understand it. I tried to explain my feelings to her and she stroked my face gently.

"Today is the day you get out of it and back into your original one. This has been difficult for me too. I've had barely any access to your cock either. You could have been fucking me for the last four weeks if you hadn't messed up."

This hadn't really occurred to me, I had been so wrapped up in my own torment that I had forgotten that Ma'am had been missing out to. I apologised for my mistake again but Ma'am didn't seem to be bothered. She jumped out of bed.

"I need to take you down to the dungeon boy. Let's go."

It wasn't long before I was helpless in the throne again, my tube bobbing and twitching in anticipation. I knew I was going to still be in chastity but at least I wouldn't be in the damn tube anymore. Ma'am disappeared upstairs but when she came back she not only had my usual chastity device with her, but a bottle of lube and a latex glove. Maybe I was going to get more than just my foreskin slid around this time. It didn't seem like that to start with. She gave me the same treatment, the lightest of touches, the gentle manipulation, until slowly but inevitably I got close. Suddenly she stopped, and with a smile put the latex glove on and slowly slid my foreskin all the way down over my glans. She put some lube on her thumb, gripped my cock with her fingers and began to slowly slide her thumb across my incredibly sensitive frenum. The first touch was like an electric shock, I would have jumped up had I not been bound. I groaned in pleasure. It was a very light touch but after a month of nothing it was amazing.

"I bet that feels good doesn't it baby? After all this time you are going to struggle to hold off aren't you? That's okay, in fact it's entirely predictable. Don't worry

about it, I promised you four weeks and that's what you got. Now it's time for an orgasm you will never forget."

I was ready, I was so ready. I could feel that it wasn't too far away as Ma'am's delicate but irresistible touches continued.

"Your balls need to be emptied before you go to university in a couple of weeks because I've decided that you won't cum again until after the first term has finished."

I was so excited that I barely registered this news. The term was twelve weeks long but my sole focus was my impending orgasm.

"Of course the one thing we haven't touched on yet is that you were completely unaware of the sacrifice I made by locking you in that tube. You talk about doing anything to please me but the reality is that you will do anything I tell you and assume that I am happy. All you thought about this last month was the tube, and how horrible it was for you."

Ma'am's words were ringing some major alarm bells. She was right, I had been obsessed with my problems. A self obsessed sub is not a good sub. A good sub thinks of his or her dominant at all times. Ma'am had seemed happy but I wouldn't have known if she wasn't because I hadn't been looking out for her, I had been thinking about myself.

I started to speak but she just held up one finger, I stopped.

"Concentrate on your coming orgasm boy. Don't worry, I'm just going to keep doing this. I'm not going to hurt you, just let yourself cum."

I was close, I closed my eyes and let it slowly build. The tension was rising every second. Her thumb continued it's relentless little circles across my frenum and my whole body began to shake. Here it comes, after so long and so much teasing I was going to cum.

Ma'am let go of my cock. It took half a second for me to realise but I was going to cum anyway. I felt the rush, both physically as my jism flew up my cock, and mentally as the blessed release eventually happened but it was only for a fraction of a second. My sperm jetted out but my joyous moan was strangled as I felt nothing. She had ruined my orgasm. All that was happening was an involuntary

contraction of muscles with none of the beautiful sensations that should come with it. I realised she was massaging my balls and kneading underneath them, forcing all my seed out but it was hollow, devoid of the intensity that should be present. I was shocked, my muscles were tense, my cock was spasming uncontrollably but my hyper sensitive cock remained untouched.

Ma'am was staring intently at me. My cock just jerked pointlessly in the air as my ruined orgasm slowly finished. There was silence.

Ma'am spoke.

"I assume you will take a bit of time in future to think about me boy. Your obsession with your orgasms and your cock has cost you, and it will undoubtedly cost you in the future unless you learn what being my sub really means."

I was still in shock, but her words were slowly filtering in.

"I was on the wrong path Ma'am, completely the wrong path. I see that now, I was viewing our relationship through my own eyes, through my feelings. I allowed my own lust and needs to blind me. My focus was totally wrong. I will try my best to make sure I never behave like that again. Not because it will cost me my orgasms, but because it is utterly the wrong thing to do. Everything I do should be focused on you, even when I am teased to insanity I should be thinking of you, not me."

Ma'am smiled and stroked my face.

"I have heard words like that before boy, time will tell if you can match them with your actions. I'm still going to put you back in your original chastity device, I'm nice like that. Then we can go upstairs and talk about my expectations of you when you are away at university."

I made coffee and we sat down. I was nervous about university, obviously because it was a big change in my life, but also because I would be away from Ma'am and wearing a chastity device as well. I was excited too as it was an amazing opportunity.

"So, you've got a new life just around the corner baby. You must be having a variety of emotions. Let me make one thing very clear, I expect your very best. You are going to get a first class degree, nothing else will do. I will be keeping

close tabs on your work and I will not be happy with anything other than perfection. What I can't measure however, is your social life which is an important part of university life. I want you to enjoy that too, a degree from the university of life is pretty important too."

I had expected that she would demand a high standard from my studies, but I was glad to hear that I would be allowed to have fun too.

"I will study hard Ma'am, I promise, but I'm worried about the social side of things. I guess I'm just going to have to avoid any sort of contact with girls."

"Not at all baby." Ma'am smiled at me, "I want you to have as much fun as you can, and do whatever you want. What you do about your chastity device is up to you. If you want to tell people you can, but I fully understand that you probably don't. Here's how I see it, there will probably be a few girls who like you. You're a good looking lad and you're a good person too. My advice would be that if they go too far you simply tell them that you have someone important to you back home. Any decent girl should respect that, if they don't, then they are not worth your time anyway. Or, if there is a girl you like, and trust, then tell them. Tell them about me and your chastity and see how it goes. Maybe point out to them that you have the tongue of an angel that will give them more pleasure than they have ever had before."

I pondered this advice, it seemed sound. I wasn't sure about telling anyone but the part about having someone important at home was both true and should discourage any amorous advances.

"Thank you Ma'am, that makes a lot of sense. I will have a good think about things. By the way I have got a few days to spend at uni next week, and I'm due in my halls of residence on Wednesday the week after."

When I said that I realised how close it actually was, only a week and a half now. I looked at Ma'am, she was so beautiful it took my breath away.

"How often can I see you Ma'am? I have my car, I can come back every weekend if you want me too."

She shook her head.

"No, take every week as it comes baby. There are going to be times when you have deadlines and have to work and there are going to be weekends when you

just want to party. I know I have just told you to think of me at all times but I am not asking you to ruin the opportunity of a lifetime just to please me."

I appreciated her honesty, it was going to be really difficult to be away from her but I had to take this chance head on. I would work hard and play hard, as hard as I could with a chastity device wrapped around my cock.

The next week seemed to go by very quickly. The orientation days at university were busy but fun and I met a few people who were doing the same course as me. I still felt incredibly horny. My ruined orgasm had emptied my balls but it hadn't done anything to quell my desire.

Before I knew it, it was Tuesday afternoon and I was saying goodbye to Ma'am. I had promised to spend the evening with my mother. Ma'am gave me an old laptop of hers. She had consulted an architect friend of hers and loaded some very useful software and she had also loaded what she called 'Ma'amware' to keep tabs on me. I imagined she would know everything I did on my computer and phone. There was one thing she wanted me to see, so I opened the laptop up. Immediately there was a full screen photo of her, followed a few seconds later by another, five in all. None of them were kinky to someone who didn't know her or us, but they were all significant. The first one was of her in her riding gear. Her beautiful shiny boots, tight jodhpurs and silk blouse. Somehow she had a selfie of her standing in front of my bedroom door wearing the satin skirt and blouse that she had worn when she had first touched me, when she pretty much blew my mind. Another was of her walking up the stairs from the dungeon in her skin tight leggings. Her ass looked incredible and she was looking over her shoulder with the little playful smile I loved so much. The fourth was in the dungeon in a leather mini skirt looking stunning. None of the equipment was visible but I knew where she was. The last one was her sitting on the bed in her silk dressing gown, legs crossed but with plenty of thigh showing. She looked absolutely stunning in all of them. She explained that these photos would appear every time I opened the laptop up, and would pop back up whenever I wasn't actively doing something as a constant reminder of my responsibilities. We hugged, there was nothing else to say. I was very sad, and somehow suddenly very unsure of myself and my place in the world. She was everything to me, my Mistress, my teacher and my rock. It was going to be very strange without her.

My mum burst into tears when I left, I nearly did too but I was on my way.

Freshers week was a whirlwind of lectures and parties, mainly parties though. I had already made some friends and I realised that I was far from being the only person who was feeling a bit out of place. After the first week I made a conscious effort not to worry about FOMO, the fear of missing out. Everyone seemed desperate to be involved with everything. We were all going to be here for a while so there was no rush. What I had noticed was that there were a lot of great looking girls around. I had already had to use the line about having someone important back home at a big campus party. It was the second week when I first noticed Alexis. She was with a group of girls at the bar, and I was with a couple of friends sitting at a table. I saw her looking at me, then I noticed her looking again. John noticed too.

"In you go Tom, she's fit mate."

John was right, if slightly sexist in his description. She had long brown hair and a very beautiful face. Tight jeans and long sleeved top that didn't leave much to the imagination. But what drew my eye wasn't so much her looks but the way she held herself. She was clearly having fun with her friends, but I thought she was somehow not fully engaged with them. They all stopped talking when she spoke, she wasn't talking loudly but she just had their attention. Then she got up and left, she had to walk past our table and as she approached with a sexy sway of her hips I suddenly felt a little nervous. Just as she got to our table she looked at me with her emerald green eyes and gave me a little smile.

"Tom. Tom! Are you with us mate?"

John was grinning at me.

"Have you ever seen a girl before?"

There was something about her that had got to me. I laughed and changed the subject to football. Later on as I went back to my room John said bye, then stopped.

"I think she likes you Tom. A mate of mine tried to chat her up yesterday and got nowhere. I think she put him properly in his place by all accounts. See you tomorrow."

I could imagine her not taking any prisoners, and I realised my cage seemed rather full all of a sudden. Steady on Tom, I thought to myself and tried to do

some work before I turned in for the night but my thoughts had turned to prisoners and I was remembering the dungeon and Ma'am. For the first time since I arrived I really wished I was free to bring myself to an orgasm. Actually, I really wished I was back with Ma'am being teased out of my mind, and then bringing her to a massive orgasm.

That was pretty much exactly what happened that weekend, I went home and had an amazing, frustrating and deeply sexual couple of days with her.

I was in the library a few days later using the online resources, and an actual book. I felt someone sit down opposite me but paid them no attention. I glanced up after a minute or so and over the top of the screen I found myself looking into a pair of beautiful green eyes. I just stared until she smiled brightly.

"Hey Tom, how's tricks? Good weekend?"

She knew. Don't be daft, of course she didn't, but there was something knowing in her voice.

"Hi Alexis, tricks are good, how about you?"

"Oh, you know my name. That's sweet."

I tried to shrug casually and replied.

"It's a small world Alexis."

Without missing a beat she fired back.

"No, it isn't."

She didn't say anything else, she just kept staring at me. This conversation had a familiar ring, I was feeling decidedly uncomfortable in front a woman I didn't know again. I didn't know how to reply but I wanted to say something.

"I asked someone."

"Why?"

Damn it! I decided on the truth, as Ma'am would surely have recommended.

"Because I wanted to know."

"Why?"

Was that a fire alarm? The smoke alarm maybe? No, nothing. In for a penny, in for a pound I thought to myself.

"You are different. Don't ask me why because I don't know. But my instincts tell me you are."

Her smile returned so I smiled too.

"Good answer Tom."

She looked away and began getting some stuff out of her rucksack, then she switched her monitor on and began working. I furrowed my brows, was that it? I felt like I had passed some sort of test but I had no idea what it was. I did feel like I had been dismissed though. I slowly packed my stuff away and stood up.

"See you around sometime Alexis."

She grunted, so I walked off feeling a little hard done by.

"Maths!"

I turned round.

"See you in maths tomorrow morning Tom. Back row!"

She gave me cheesy wink and went back to her studies. I laughed and left. That had been a slightly odd chat. It felt like she had got exactly what she wanted from it and I had got nothing.

Obviously I was in the lecture hall five minutes early and in the back row. It was probably the oldest room in the university, basically row after row of long bench seats with a long table in front, getting passed someone already seated was tricky. Some guy sat down a few metres away from me and got his laptop out. Alexis arrived a minute later, I caught her eye and smiled. She gave me a little wave then looked at the other guy. He noticed her and she just held her hand up and gave him a little flick of her finger. It was like a jedi mind trick, he just picked up his stuff and moved to a different bench. She gave him a smile and touched his shoulder while saying thanks. From the look on his face it looked like she had just made his day, maybe even his week. She was wearing her second skin jeans again,

she filled them wonderfully well. I took her in, she was tall, maybe five feet seven. She had a great figure, she wasn't as slender as Ma'am, she had a slightly bigger build, but she had hips, shoulders, a narrow waist and lovely tits. A perfect hour glass basically. But those eyes, they were piercing and they were looking right at me. She sat down next to me.

"Hey Tom, ready to be very bored?"

I laughed, Dr. Harris knew what he was talking about but his style was badly lacking. He had an uncanny ability to make the interesting seem incredibly dull, and maths wasn't that interesting to start with.

She looked around, placed her elbow on the table and curled out her forefinger, pointing it at somebody a few rows in front. She had painted her nails bright red, they looked very sexy.

"I hope you're not bisexual Tom, because if he ever starts to try and chat you up just run. Don't hesitate, just run."

I laughed out loud, and thought briefly about Steven.

"Thanks for the heads up, but he's not my type."

We chatted away happily for a few minutes until the lecture started, then we were both all business. I couldn't help noticing her hands as she typed though, her red nails were hypnotic as they danced over the keyboard. There was a dance going on in my trousers too. Alexis was a very sexy girl but I did my best to concentrate on the lecture.

After the lecture she asked me if I fancied some lunch in the cafeteria. We got some fairly average food and got to know each other a little. She was studying biochemistry which is why she was in the maths lecture but it was the only class we shared. We talked about home and how we were finding university. I told her my theory about everyone being a bit over keen and desperate and she wholeheartedly agreed. She was wise beyond her years but I felt she definitely had a wicked side. There was an irresistible glint in her lovely green eyes.

She had an afternoon lecture so we went our separate ways, but not before she leaned in and gave me a peck on the cheek.

"See you soon Tom, it's been lovely spending some time with you."

"You too Alexis, back row next week?"

She laughed, "before then I hope. Later Tom."

I watched her rather lovely ass sway away from me and wandered back to my room. I felt a little down. She was lovely but even if she wanted it to, it couldn't go anywhere. I was Ma'am's, and I was hers. I didn't want that to change but it occurred to me that I wouldn't be getting the full university experience. But then again plenty of people were already in relationships when they went to university, I shook my head, get over yourself Tom and remember how incredibly lucky you are I thought to myself.

I didn't see Alexis again until Friday, and that was only a fleeting glimpse. I was in the university bar with some friends after lectures and I saw her leaving. She had been with a big group of people who were clearly intent on having a big night. I smiled at her, she noticed and waved back with a big smile but didn't come over. My mates had a laugh, telling me how I had just been blown out but I could tell they were a little jealous. She had a certain something and everyone knew it.

I stayed for a couple of drinks but I had work to finish and there was a good band playing on Saturday so that was probably going to be my big night out.

As I left I heard someone calling out after me. I turned and saw one of the girls Alexis had been with running up to me.

"Tom, you know Alexis, right? I was supposed to give her these but completely forgot. Do live anywhere near the Brunel buildings?"

It wasn't my accommodation block but it was only five minutes out of my way. She had a folder in her hand.

"I do, I can drop them into her, what number is she?"

She gave me the number, thanked me and said she would text to let her know I was coming. I walked off towards her building, it would be good to see her again.

I found her room without any problems and knocked on the door.

'Who's there?' was the response.

"Parcel for Alexis, I need a signature."

I heard a laugh.

"Come in Tom, it's open."

I walked in and said in a serious voice, "I'm going to have to see some ID please Miss."

She flipped her finger at me.

"Will that do?"

I grinned and handed her the folder. She had obviously just got out of the shower. She looked great, damp hair tied back and wearing thin tight leggings and a very thin tee shirt that her nipples were clearly visible through. I felt a familiar tightening in my cage.

"Thanks Tom. You're a star."

I glanced at her laptop and had a quick double take. There was a photo of a model in a latex catsuit. Alexis noticed me looking and didn't miss a beat.

"What do you think Tom? I'm thinking of buying one, what would you recommend?"

She tapped her mouse and flipped through a variety of different styles.

I was looking at the photos but my mind was quickly putting the pieces together. Her behaviour, the way her girlfriends deferred to her, the way that guy had immediately stood up at her brief hand gesture. Like Ma'am, she had a naturally dominant personality. It was effortless, not forced. It was just part of her.

She jumped up, "I've got a nice pair of boots to go with the catsuit."

She rummaged around at the back of a cupboard and showed me a pair of thigh length boots. They were not of the same quality as Ma'am's but they still looked great. She slipped them on and struck a pose. She looked fantastic. I smiled and nodded my approval.

"I haven't seen you wearing them at the bar Alexis, I wonder why not?"

She laughed and sat back down.

"I think I would get a bit too much attention Tom, it would be a nightmare. Anyway, which suit?"

She flicked through some more, I was having trouble concentrating as my cock throbbed away in my cage.

"How about that one?"

It was a fairly standard catsuit but it had a symmetrical key shaped hole cut in the front which showed off the model's cleavage.

"I think you would look stunning in that and the boots. Maybe a corset too."

She laughed, I was standing to the side of her, slightly behind her swivel chair.

"Cheeky!"

Without looking she swung her hand back intending to playfully slap my thigh. She missed, in fact she missed both my thighs and caught me square in the groin. There was a dull thunk as she connected with my chastity cage. I took a step back, she had to have noticed that.

She swung round in her chair and stared at me.

"Either you are incredibly pleased to see me Tom, or there's something you need to tell me."

I didn't know what to say, I wasn't ready for my secret to be revealed yet.

"Don't be shy Tom, I'm pretty sure I know what it is."

She made a downward gesture with her finger.

"Drop them."

She wasn't asking, it was said in the same matter of fact tone that Ma'am used. I felt like I had no choice. I undid my belt and pulled my jeans and underwear down. My cock had softened slightly but was still fairly hard.

I saw her eyes widen.

"Oh my! Tom, that looks amazing. Oh my God."

She sat there looking for a few seconds and reached out.

"Do you mind if I touch it?"

My secret was well and truly out now so it was a bit late to play coy.

"Sure."

She edged her chair a little closer and touched the cage, moving it from side to side. My cock started to harden a bit.

She sat back, "the cage isn't the only impressive thing Tom."

I was bright red but I noticed her cheeks were blushing too.

"Can I pull my trousers up now please?"

She looked up and fixed me with a stare, she said nothing for a few seconds.

"Go on. Sit down, we need to talk."

Part 8

I pulled my trousers up and sat down on the bed. I had recovered now, and I was feeling fairly comfortable. The secret was out, she hadn't burst into hysterical laughter or given any impression that she anything other than interested and possibly excited by the developments.

She shifted her chair so she was sitting in front of me and held out her hands, it was a gesture of kindness and reassurance. I took them in mine.

"You know the phrase a gentleman never tells? Well this lady never tells either. Your secret is completely safe with me Tom. I will never mention this to anyone without your consent, ok?"

I definitely felt completely comfortable now.

"Thank you Alexis, that means a lot to me."

She leaned back, "do you want to talk? You can walk out of here right now and we can pretend that this never happened, and as I said no one will hear a word from me."

She glanced down at her boots.

"But as you can tell I have more than a passing interest in some of the kinkier things in life, and I really like you. I don't believe all that everything happens for a reason nonsense but I was drawn to you by something, and maybe you to me too. Now I know what."

I really liked her too, and as she had said, maybe our subconscious minds had realised something that our conscious minds hadn't.

"Sure Alexis, I like you too, and I trust you. What do you want to know?"

She stood up, "let's do this with a glass of wine. She grabbed a bottle of red out of a cupboard and filled the two glasses up.

"Firstly I take it that someone else is involved in this, with you?"

"Yes Alexis, there is someone back home, her name is Louise. She's a bit older than me, I started working for her part time about six months ago. She is dominant, obviously, and recognised me as a sub. Our relationship got very intense pretty quickly. She put me in this cage about a month in and I haven't been out of it since."

Alexis looked surprised.

"That cage hasn't come off in nearly six months? Seriously?"

I smiled and clarified.

"Sorry, what I mean is that it has been on all the time apart from when she decides to take it off for, well, for whatever she wants."

"Oh right, that makes more sense. So you're her boyfriend? Her sub? What's the relationship like? Sorry, is that too personal Tom?"

"It's fine Alexis, I've got nothing to hide. I am proud to be her sub. We have something pretty special going on."

Alexis looked thoughtful.

"That's a bit of a shame, for me at least. I was wondering whether we could have got something going but you're clearly spoken for. I don't mess around with another woman's man, " she laughed, "not that I could get up to too much!"

I laughed too.

"Yeah, the cage definitely takes one option out of the equation. But there's more than one way to skin a cat Alexis."

She narrowed her eyes but there was a hint of amusement in her face.

"Whatever do you mean Tom."

"Louise loves oral, and I've had a lot of practice."

I couldn't believe I had just said that, but it was out there now.

"Oh, me too Tom, but it's very difficult to find boys our age who have any interest in doing anything other than satisfying themselves. I guess you have no choice in the matter. Can I ask a very personal question?"

I nodded. I was pretty sure what the next question would be.

"Is that cage just to stop you cumming when you're not with her, or does she stop you from orgasms entirely?"

I wasn't going to tell her the full story.

"Let's just say I don't get to cum nearly as often as I would like."

Alexis leaned forward, clearly interested.

"What's that like? Do you enjoy that? Does she tease you?"

She paused, "sorry Tom, I'm asking way to many questions. I'm just fascinated, and quite excited too. I've spent a lot of time online looking at things and reading

sexy stories but I didn't think I would meet someone like you, not at university anyway."

I noticed her eyes were alive and she still had that flush in her cheeks. She really was sexy.

I finished my wine and took a breath.

"Louise told me that she wanted me to have the full university experience, or as full as it can be with a chastity cage on. I have got free reign to do whatever I like, because she has the keys to my cage and that isn't going to change. I need to tell her about today, and see how she reacts. I'm sure she will be fine about it, when she says things, she means them. If I get her approval then I will tell you everything and if you want to, we could maybe see where things go. I haven't asked you any questions yet and I have quite a few."

"Fair enough Tom. This is an odd situation obviously. You clearly care for Louise and I don't want to step on anyone's toes, even supposing I could."

we

We said our goodbyes and I went straight back to my room and phoned Ma'am. I told her the situation, how she found out and that she seemed like a good person. I also told Ma'am that I liked her. Ma'am was happy, I think she was genuinely happy too. She would be more than capable of hiding her emotions from me if she chose to but I was fairly sure she wasn't. It shouldn't have come as a surprise that she was a woman of her word, but I was still slightly puzzled that she would be so nonchalant about another woman being with her man. Maybe she was just confident in us and of the power she had over me. She was right to be.

I sent Alexis a text on Saturday after I had finished my work and asked if she fancied going out to dinner. She replied immediately and said she would love to. We arranged to meet in town around seven. I asked her to wear her boots, she sent me a rude finger and a tongue emoji back.

I showered and shaved, put a nice shirt on and went to meet her. I recognised her as she walked towards me, that sounds odd, but it was just her. She had the same air about her as Ma'am. She just oozed self confidence. I noticed quite a few heads turning to watch her, and I knew that she knew they were watching and just didn't care. She was focused solely on me and that excited me a lot. She was

wearing a tight, short black skirt with a wide belt, calf length black boots and a fitted top that wasn't skin tight but somehow seemed to cling in all the right places. Her lips matched her red nails. She was stunning.

We kissed on both cheeks and headed to a cocktail bar for a quick drink before dinner. We talked about normal stuff and just enjoyed each other's company. Dinner was good and we went to a quiet bar for some more refreshment. There was an elephant in the room, we both knew it.

"So..." Alexis left it hanging, I smiled.

"So...I spoke to Louise and as I suspected she is a woman of her word. I'm my own man, or at least most of me is. One fairly important part is hers."

Alexis grinned, "well that's good and bad news rolled into one I guess. I didn't really think she would give up that rather impressive looking thing just like that."

We were sitting in an alcove with a semi circular seat around the table, she moved around so she was sitting next to me. She took a sip of her drink and her other hand moved onto my upper thigh.

"It's a shame for you too Tom."

She had a wicked grin on her face.

"I guess it's been a while now, you must be very horny."

She wasn't wrong, my cock was pulsing in it's steel embrace.

"You said you would tell me everything, how long has it been?"

I decided to omit the fact that my last orgasm was actually ruined.

"It's been about four weeks Alexis."

"Wow, four weeks! I sometimes have four a day."

She winked at me, letting me know that she was probably exaggerating.

"Does she tease you in the cage or let you out?"

"Both, she's always teasing me. It drives me crazy."

Alexis' hand was curling round to my inner thigh now, I spread my legs slightly.

"It must be difficult getting really hard in the cage Tom. Does it hurt?"

"Sort of Alexis, it puts a strain on my balls when my erection tries to pull the cage and ring away from my body."

I realised that she was getting pretty turned on now and decided to try and turn the tables.

"It turns her on so much when I'm desperate and horny."

I took her hand off my thigh and placed it on hers. I kept mine on top and moved my fingers across the top of hers.

"Sometimes she can't help herself, she gets so aroused. She just has to please herself in front of me."

My middle finger started to move up and down between her middle and third finger, as if it was running up and down between her pussy lips. I pushed it far enough between that she could feel it on her thigh.

"She watches my cock throbbing in her cage and strokes her pussy, taunting me, letting me know that she can have a massive orgasm any time she wants and I can't, because she controls my cock."

Alexis was flushed now, and I saw her lick her lips. I was as horny as hell.

"She doesn't usually cum like that though. She uses my tongue instead. I've been very well trained Alexis, I can make her cum in under a minute or I can make it last for an hour. She loves the long build ups, how about you? Do you like a long slow build up to a huge orgasm?"

I had been slowly moving her hand and mine up her thigh while still moving my forefinger. She was flushed and her eyes had a slightly dazed look in them.

"Fucking hell Tom."

No one could see what was going on under the table. We just looked like a couple of kids holding hands.

I slid my hand off hers and moved it further up her thigh and I felt her legs part.

"Can you imagine my tongue slowly parting your pussy and finding your clit Alexis? I love licking pussy, I absolutely love it."

She was breathing raggedy now.

"That sounds amazing Tom. Damn it! Stop! Jesus Tom, I'm so hot. Fuck."

I moved my hand slowly away and leaned back a little. We sat there in silence for a moment.

She gave me a confused little smile.

"Bloody hell Tom. That was, I don't know. Damn it Tom, you've got me a little flustered."

She was regaining her composure. She gave my thigh a playful slap and took a big gulp of her drink.

She looked at me, staring hard at me.

"I don't know how you do it. You've just teased me for a few minutes and I nearly lost it. You get that for months. Amazing."

She shook her head, as if to clear it, and stood up.

"You are coming back to mine tonight."

It was a statement of fact.

"Yes Alexis."

It was a brisk walk back, we were both in a hurry. We got to her room and I moved in to kiss her. She put her hand on my chest to stop me. I was immediately still, she looked impressed that I obeyed so readily, but she didn't know the significance that a hand on the chest had for me.

"Strip."

I complied immediately, being naked in front of a clothed woman was nothing new to me. My cage was very full, Alexis couldn't take her eyes of it.

She found a long boot lace in a draw.

"I want to tie your hands behind your back. I know this isn't the right sort of rope but it's all I have."

"Yes Alexis."

I turned around and put my hands behind me. She didn't do a particularly professional job, but my wrists were definitely secure. She turned me back round, being bound had the usual effect on my cock and it was hard in the cage.

"I need to have a closer look at this."

She knelt down in front of me and began to examine me and the device. She lifted it up and moved it around, I felt her hands cupping my full balls and then stroking me through the bars. My cock was rock hard and twitching occasionally. She stood up, still holding my balls in one hand and kissed me passionately. Her tongue was deep in my mouth, exploring and playing with mine. She broke away and pulled her top and bra off. She had quite large but very perky tits and her nipples were like bullets. She pushed down on my shoulder, I took the hint, crouched a little and started to kiss and lick her beautiful breasts. I moved to her nipples, gently sucking and licking. I gave each one a very careful nip with my teeth and she gasped. I moved in a controlled way. I wanted to show her that I was not some fumbling inexperienced boy and that I knew how to turn a woman on. Obviously the only woman I knew how to turn on was Louise but it seemed like I was doing the right things from Alexis' reaction. Her hands were behind my head, holding it as I worked. She gripped my hair and pulled my mouth back to hers. I could feel her nipples sticking into my chest. She dragged me towards the bed, she sat down, slipped her panties down and pulled her skirt up. She kept her boots on which I liked. Spreading her legs slightly she said, "see anything you like Tom?"

I dropped to my knees. I could see her lips glistening with arousal.

"I see something I love Alexis. Please can I lick your pussy Alexis?"

"Oh Tom, I thought you would never ask."

She scooted back a little and my head slid in between her soft thighs.

I noticed that she was completely clean shaven as I moved in. Her soft lips were glistening with her arousal. I gently parted her folds with my tongue and she let

out a small gasp. I was in quite an awkward position with my hands behind my back but it didn't matter at all. I began slowly, avoiding her clit for a while. I slid my tongue up and down and gently penetrated her. I savoured her smell and taste. She was already very wet and I eagerly lapped up her juices. I could feel her wriggling around above me.

"Oh Tom, that's nice. Oh yeah."

I moved up to her clit and danced my tongue around it, teasing it with little touches and glances before moving away again.

"Oh God yeah. Come on babe, come on."

I assumed this was encouragement to move things along so I went to work on her most sensitive spot. It was glorious to feel her body jump and twitch at my touch. She was already breathing hard and getting close so I slowed up a little as I wanted it to be good. She wasn't having that, she wanted it sooner, not later.

"Come on Tom, lick it good."

My tongue became firmer and more precise in it's motion and her orgasm wasn't long in coming. She went completely still for a fraction of a second before her whole body started to tense and tremble. She exhaled a long high moan which became low and guttural as she spasmed all over me. Her hands pushed my head away as the orgasm ran through her and her clit became too sensitive. She raised her legs up and clamped them together as she took short sharp breaths. She was lost in her orgasm, totally lost. Gradually she came back down, moved her legs and looked at me. My face was covered in juices and I was smiling a very contented smile.

"Come here."

I struggled to my feet.

"Oh, yeah," she giggled, "turn around."

She struggled to untie me as the knot had tightened but she got it loose and I flopped onto the bed next to her. She just held me for a few moments, hugging me tightly. Then she whispered in my ear, "that was the strongest orgasm I have

ever had. My God, I didn't know where I was for a minute there. Thank you Tom, thank you so much."

"You are very very welcome Alexis. I am honoured to give you so much pleasure."

She looked at me in a quizzical way.

"It's true. I have just given you an amazing orgasm. That makes me so happy, it gives me so much more than a quick spurt would. I can't think of anything I would rather do for someone."

"That's beautiful Tom, thank you. I had never really thought of it in those terms before. Sex with the boys I have had always seems to be like a race to get what you want first. But you just want to please me. Wow. I guess that is what being a proper sub means."

She cuddled into me, I could still feel a little tremor running through her.

"That was so intense. Sorry I pushed you away, I just couldn't take any more."

"No worries," I said, "it's a learning curve. Every time I'm down there I will be learning how to please you, what you like, what you don't. When to go fast, when to go slow. It will get better and better Alexis."

She pulled away a little with a little smile.

"You sound so matter of fact, so open. It's great I think. Most boys really don't care. I'm feeling slightly apprehensive Tom, I'm supposed to be the dominant one here but you have so much more experience and knowledge than me. I feel a bit out of my depth, it's not a feeling I'm used to. I mean, that knot was rubbish, wasn't it?"

We both laughed.

"Err, yeah it was to be honest. Look Alexis, you have no idea how lost and confused I was when Louise started dominating me. I had ideas that I had picked up from the web, but the reality was just a massive head fuck. I guess it's trickier for you, all I had to do was follow. You are supposed to lead, yet I'm the one who knows more. Possibly the most important thing Louise taught me was to be honest, be honest about your feelings, be honest about what you want. Just be open and honest and the rest will follow. You are naturally dominant and I am

naturally submissive. Assuming we get on well and move forward, those roles will be self evident and we will naturally gravitate to them. Louise has had years of real life experience, you don't, but there's only one way to get it."

She kissed me and smiled.

"Thanks Tom, well put. I can do that, I feel completely at ease with you so I think I can tell you anything which is a start. I will probably have a lot of questions too."

"I'm an open book Alexis, fire away."

Smiling she said, "first question, why aren't you between my legs?"

I kissed her and began slowly moving down her body, using my tongue and fingers as I went. As I got between her legs I looked up and said, "how do I improve on last time Alexis?"

She laughed, "I'm going to need a lot more data before I can do an accurate analysis Tom. A lot more."

I smiled and my head disappeared between her thighs. As always I took my time. I glanced up after a few minutes at her gently writhing body. Her fingers were playing with her nipples and her eyes were closed. She had a little smile playing across her face and looked incredibly aroused and very happy. My cock was bouncing around in it's cage continuing it's useless struggle against the steel and my tongue was playing with her clit. I was very happy too. She didn't urge me to make her cum this time so I tried to steadily build her arousal. I thought about edging her a few times but decided that could wait. She was moaning gently, her hips moving against my tongue and I felt her thighs closing around my head. It was the right time so I started to flick her clit, just the tip, quickly with the end of my tongue. Her moans became more intense as her orgasm approached and I slowed my tongue just a fraction to draw it out a little longer. There was a low animalistic growl as she came. I knew how sensitive her clit became now so I stopped moving it and tried to just balance the end of my tongue on it with just the tiniest of movements. She came like a train, I held her thighs tightly to my head as her body twisted and shook. She didn't push me away this time and after a minute I felt her muscles start to relax, so I gently moved my head away. She looked down at me, her eyes were wide open and dancing with light. She beckoned me up and I lay gently on top of her as she softly kissed my face. Her head flopped back, she took in a big lung full of air and slowly exhaled.

"Tom, I'm going to have to find some serious inner strength, otherwise I'm not going to get a degree, I probably won't even see daylight again because I'm going to be lying here with you between my legs every waking moment."

I laughed, "daylight is over rated Alexis. Give in to the dark side and spend your life making me give you orgasm after orgasm."

She laughed too.

"Seriously, don't tempt me. I don't want you getting all big headed but that was amazing, both times were amazing."

"I won't ever get big headed. I want to learn everything about how to turn you on and please you. The happier you are, the happier I am."

I had noticed the rest of the wine that had been opened yesterday and got up and poured her a glass.

"Thank you darling."

She paused for a second.

"Now go and stand in the corner facing the wall. I need a shower."

I immediately did as she asked and heard her moving around then the sound of running water. I was still there when she got out. Nothing happened for a while.

"How long would you stand there Tom?"

"Until you told me to move Alexis."

"Hours? Days?"

I pondered for a moment.

"With great power comes great responsibility Alexis. I don't really know what you are into or where this will lead but there may come a time when you quite literally have my life in your hands."

There was silence for a moment or two.

"Come here Tom."

She was wearing a big fluffy dressing gown but still looked amazing. She gave me a kiss.

"I don't really know what I'm into yet. I know what I like looking at and reading about, and I know what I fantasise about but reality will be a whole lot different I expect. But I promise not to accidentally kill you, ok?"

We both laughed, "that'll do for now Alexis, we can work the details out as we go."

It was getting pretty late, Alexis told me to stay the night and I was more than happy to. In bed I put my arm around her and she cuddled into me. Her hand found the cage and she just ran her fingers across it, and touched the taut skin bulging against the bars. I was hard and horny, she took great delight in playing with her new toy. I started to try and touch her but she told me to stop. I just had to lie there as she fondled my cage and then just ran her hand up and down my body.

She whispered in my ear.

"This is great, I've got this lovely boy with a truly amazing tongue. He will do what I want, when I want it and never ask for anything in return. He will never pressure me for sex or a blow job. All he wants to do is please me. I could get used to this."

She fell asleep with her hand cupped around my balls as I lay there willing my cock to go down. It did eventually and I slept fairly well.

I woke up because Alexis was squeezing my balls.

"Hello sleepy head, I need an orgasm. When you're done you can get me a coffee and some breakfast."

"Yes Alexis, tongue or fingers?"

"Oh, good question. I guess I should find out if your fingers are as talented as your tongue."

I rolled us over so she was on her back, and I was on my side with my leg between hers. I tenderly kissed her and slid my hand onto her inner thigh. We carried on kissing, gently but with passion as my hand made it to her pussy. I cupped her pussy with my hand and applied a little pressure while moving it up and down. I

waited for a while before moving my index finger against her slit. I still didn't go too far and ran it up and down, feeling the wetness across the pad of my finger. Slowly I pushed and felt her lips part. Spreading my index and third fingers apart so they were either side of her lips I massaged her with the tip of my middle finger, travelling deeper through her folds. I could feel her heart thumping in her chest and craned my head down to her lovely breasts so I could gently suck and nibble her hard nipples. She responded on this with satisfying moan. I realised that she was trying to move her arm in between us so I wriggled a bit to give her room and her hand grabbed my cage and pulled it, then eased off and pulled again as if she was trying to masturbate me with it. It felt really good, I was rock hard. I moved my hand up a little and curled my index finger so it started to rub her clit. She was moaning now, soaking wet and moving her hips to my rhythm. I left her nipples and rested my head by hers. I nibbled her ear lobe. Quietly I whispered to her, "a toy who will do what you want, when you want. All I want to do is please you Alexis. I'm going to make you so wet and horny. I'm going to give you orgasm after amazing orgasm. Whenever you want it, however you want it. Your pussy is so beautiful, I want to touch it all the time, I want it all over my mouth and my tongue."

She came hard, grunting and bucking. I took the pressure off her clit but kept my fingers moving on her slit and lips until exhausted she put her other hand on mine to stop it. We lay there, breathing hard. My cock was twitching in her hand through the steel.

"Oh boy, oh my. Tom, my toy. I guess I should have known that you would have some talent in your fingers too. That was bloody lovely."

She pulled my hand from her, lifted it to her mouth and sensually licked her juices from my finger, it was my turn to moan quietly now.

She smiled round my finger when she heard this and sucked hard so it made a popping sound as she pulled it out. We lay there contentedly, gently touching each other for a while before she spoke.

"You are neglecting your duties my toy."

I sprang to me feet and stood to attention. She laughed, my cock was trying it's best to stand to attention too.

"How do you like your coffee Alexis, and what can I get you for breakfast?"

"Flat white my toy, and a bacon and egg sandwich. Oh, something for you too if you have to."

She made a dismissive gesture with her hand, but she was grinning from ear to ear.

"I could really get used to this."

I slipped my clothes on, gave her a big sloppy kiss and wandered off to a nearby cafe. It was full of hungover students, and a few who were probably still drunk. The slightly frazzled looking lady behind the counter took my order and said it would be about fifteen minutes. I went back outside to get away from the heat and noise. A couple of doors down I noticed a man opening the shutters of a shop called Smith and sons. As the shutters went up I realised it was an old fashioned hardware store and I had an idea.

Fifteen minutes later I knocked on Alexis' door and her her say who's there.

"Delivery for Alexis."

I heard her laugh.

"Idiot. Get in here!"

I sauntered in, she was still in bed, but had slipped a long tee shirt on and was sitting up against a pile of pillows and cushions.

'About time toy, I'm starving."

I got our food and drinks out of the bag and she noticed the other bag.

'What's that?"

"I've brought you a little present. You can open it after breakfast."

She raised an eyebrow but we carried on eating, after all nothing should get in the way of a good sarnie from a cafe after a good night.

"So, what's in the bag, mystery man?"

I handed it to her and apologised for not wrapping it up for her. She grinned and told me that I could apologise properly later. She opened it, peered inside and looked up with a big smile on her face.

"Oh darling, you shouldn't have. That's so sweet!"

She reached inside and took out a large bundle of rope.

"Most men would have gone for a big diamond, or a Ferrari but this is so much better."

We were both laughing hard.

"I know we haven't known each other long Alexis, but I took a stab in the dark and got you rope instead. I'm so relieved you like it."

There was more laughter. She put on a mock serious face.

"So what your saying is that my boot lace isn't good enough for you precious wrists. You will be punished for that."

"Severely I hope Alexis. I have disrespected your boot lace, that's totally unacceptable!"

She jumped up and gave me a big hug.

"Good call Tom. Now for the honest and open bit, I'm going to need a bit of help."

I bowed my head, "I will be more than happy to pass on the knowledge I have. Prepare for a fairly amateur bondage lesson. I have picked up a few tricks recently but I am a million miles away from being any sort of expert."

I was pleased, I thought the rope was a good idea, but I was very pleased that she had asked for my help. She was the dominant half but she hadn't allowed her ego to get in the way. It was great that she was prepared to learn. I didn't have that much I could teach her, but what I did have had come from experienced people like Ma'am and Steven.

I had bought a lot of rope, she had some scissors so I cut it into the lengths I thought would be useful.

"Can I tie you up Alexis? It is probably the easiest way to learn and Ma'am, that's how I refer to Louise when we are alone, Ma'am says that it helps to know the effect that the bondage you are putting someone into has."

Alexis looked at me, I could see some concern in her face. She hesitated for a second but said,

"Ok, that sounds like a reasonable argument. Go for it."

It didn't take long to show her what I knew, the wrist and ankle ties, the yoke that went around the chest and shoulders. I explained about using lots of rope to spread the load. There were a few other bits and pieces that I had picked up. I had tied her wrists in front of her.

I took a bit of a chance.

"Can I tie your wrists behind your back Alexis? I want you to feel how vulnerable you are, it's a bit scary but it is definitely a rush."

"Ok, no one has ever done that to me before, but why not?"

I hesitated but decided to ask anyway.

"One more thing, I would like, with your permission, to tie you up for as long as I want, not for as long as you want. I want you to feel what it's like to be bound and helpless at someone else's mercy. I know this is a total reversal of our roles but Ma'am, sorry Louise, said that she learned more in about power exchange and trust in one brief session when she was tied up than she did in months of tying other people up. If it's too soon, or you just don't want to that is absolutely fine. What do you think Alexis?"

She thought for a moment.

"Tie me up Tom, for as long as you want. I'm trusting you, and I'm trusting the knowledge of someone I've never met but it makes perfect sense. So you won't let me go if I tell you to?"

"No, you have to place your trust in me, trust that I will know when to stop and when you have had enough."

She simply turned around and offered me her wrists behind her back.

I moved behind her, held her shoulders and kissed her cheek.

"Thank you Alexis. Palms together when your hands are in front, and palms apart when your hands are behind your back. It's easier on the shoulders."

She moved her hands and I began winding the rope around her wrists. I went round eight times and then began the tightening process between her wrists.

"Done, try to escape."

She turned around, she looked great, with her arms pulled behind, her breasts stuck out wonderfully and her nipples were proud points against the thin fabric of her tee shirt.

"Right then," she said and started to wriggle her arms and shoulders around. After about fifteen seconds her smile began to fade. She wrestled a little bit more forcefully, stopped and said, "Oh. I see. I thought with a little bit of moving around I would easily be able to get out, but I can't. I really can't. Interesting."

I stood directly in front of her and just stared at her. She instantly knew what I was doing and just stared back. Her eyes had a fire in them, even though she was the one tied up, I knew right then that she was going to be in charge, and that she truly was dominant. I folded after about thirty seconds and just bowed my head. She smiled, "do you worst, big boy."

I ran my hands across her tits and squeezed them, before pinching her nipples fairly hard. She gasped but didn't flinch and I could tell her eyes were still locked on mine. It was actually quite disconcerting, physically I was stronger, and she had her hands tied but I still felt like she was in charge. I gave them another hard tweak and she gasped again. I had to move and get away from her stare. I moved behind her and pressed my hardening cock into her ass cheeks. I ran my hands up inside her tee shirt to get better access to her gorgeous breasts. She leaned into me and sighed. I moved her over to the bed and sat down, pulling her with me so that she was sitting on my lap. Using my feet and knees I spread her legs wide and held them there with mine. I had one hand firmly around her waist and I snaked my other down to her pussy. I ran my index finger up and down her slit, she was already soaking. I probed a little and found her clit.

I played with her nipples while softly but quickly rubbing my finger across it. She reacted quickly and was soon building towards an orgasm. I had no intention of

letting her cum straight away though and as she approached her orgasm I slowed my finger. It took her a second to realise, then she turned her head towards me.

"What are you doing? I'm horny, make me cum."

"There is no rush Alexis, and there is nothing you can do about it. I'm just giving you a brief snapshot of my world."

I saw a brief flash of anger cross her face then she relaxed.

"Ok, just this once Tom. I'm up for a new experience."

I kept my finger moving nice and slow. I felt her body relax into mine and she spread her legs a little wider. I started tweaking and pinching her nipples a little harder. She arched her body.

"Yeah babe, make me cum, come on."

She was close now and moving her body against my finger. Her movements became more and more frantic.

"Oh yeah, oh yeah."

I stopped.

"No! Tom, you bastard!"

I went back to what I was doing, but slightly slower. She was squirming around, I found a nipple and pinched it hard making her moan. I could feel her arms flexing as she tried to free her wrists but there was no chance. I soon had her on the edge again and slowed my massage of her clit. She was breathing hard now, I decided to let her cum this time as I didn't want to push my luck. I delicately took her over the edge. She bucked in my lap, her legs spread wide were fighting against mine. Slowly she came down

I eased her forward slightly and untied her, she slid round in my lap and straddled me staring straight into my eyes.

"Ok, that was definitely interesting Tom. There were a couple of moments there where I wanted out and suddenly realised that I couldn't get out without you. I'm going to have to let that sink in for a bit. Thank you."

I was glad she wasn't angry or upset with me. Some people just hate the idea of being helpless. I was pretty sure that she wouldn't be volunteering again any time soon but I thought that she had probably learned something from the experience.

"No, thank you for letting me do that, and I understand. It sometimes took me quite a while to get my head around some of the things that Ma'am did."

She kissed me passionately and smiled, "so does this all get reported back to Louise then?"

"Well not all of it, I won't be giving out any intimate details but she will want to know how things are going for sure."

Alexis slipped her hand down and started fondling my cage and balls, I was already quite hard and the attention got me throbbing.

"I'm going to have to be careful with you Tom. This has been great fun, I want more of it but I have to remind myself that you are taken. You're not a free man, either physically or emotionally. It's odd."

I gave her a hug.

"We both know the score Alexis. Let's just see where it goes. If I hadn't met Louise I am almost certain that we wouldn't be here together right now."

She got off me and suggested that we have a shower and get some lunch. She took great delight in teasing me as the hot water flowed over us and it took a good ten minutes for my cock to soften enough for us to leave.

Walking through campus we bumped into one of Alexis' friends. We had a quick chat but it was clear that her friend was desperate to know from Alexis what was going on but Alexis put her off.

"I take it the kinky side of our relationship will remain between the two of us Tom, with the exception of Louise?"

"Of course, all of our relationship will remain between us, no one is going to get any details out of me."

We had a nice lunch and chatted about normal every day stuff. We both had some work to do so we went our separate ways without making any firm arrangements about our next meeting.

I phoned Ma'am later and gave her the low down on what had happened. She was quite surprised that Alexis had allowed me to tie her up, but thought it was good that she was prepared to learn and gain experience. She asked me how serious it was and I told her that I really didn't have a clue but that we both liked each other and that we clearly had a kinky connection.

I got a text from Alexis at about nine o'clock, that simply read, "tongue, now."

I was round to hers in a flash, my cock hardening in it's cage. She didn't say anything when I went in, she simply took me to the bed, pushed me onto it, raised her skirt and sat on my face. It didn't take long, I figured she wanted an orgasm, and she wanted it quickly. I was more than happy to oblige. After she recovered she thanked me and told me that I was dismissed. I was about to speak but she just put her finger to her lips and pointed at the door. I simply lowered my head in acknowledgement and left. I could still taste her when I got back to my room. I should have done a bit more study but my cock was distracting me. I liked the idea of just pleasuring Alexis as I had just done. She had used me and dismissed me.

I got a text.

"When is your first lecture tomorrow toy?"

I replied that it was at half past nine.

"Be waiting outside my door at half past eight."

Obviously I was there at eight twenty five. I just stood there waiting, there were five other rooms on the corridor but no one went in or out. I stood there for ten minutes before I heard her call my name. I walked in to find her stark naked on the bed.

"Take your clothes off, stand at the side of the bed and close your eyes."

I quickly undressed and stood in position with a rapidly stiffening cock. With one hand she held my balls and began to massage them, none to gently. Her other

hand was between her legs. I could hear the bed sheets moving and after a few minutes I heard her breathing hard. She was still squeezing and rolling my balls around but suddenly her hand stopped moving and she just gripped them tightly. I heard a few short sharp moans as she brought herself to a climax. I was as solid as ever in my cage, skin bulging against the bars. It was a relief when her hand dropped away and I heard the sheets moving again.

"Leave toy."

I opened my eyes and she was under the duvet looking very satisfied, her beautiful eyes watching my every move. I did as I had been told, I got dressed and left.

I didn't hear from her all day, but I wanted some contact with her so I texted her in the evening to ask how she was, I didn't get any reply. Interesting, I thought and wondered what was going on. My phone pinged at about one in the morning, I had been fast asleep but I groggily picked it up, it was a message from Alexis saying that she needed some help going to sleep. In most relationships a reply about how I was sorry to hear that would have been the most that would be expected but this was not a normal relationship. Alexis lived about five minutes from me, I was there in around eight. I quietly knocked on the door.

"Come in."

She was in bed. She flung the duvet to one side, opened her legs slightly and said, "strip, tongue, then leave, my toy."

I was between her legs thirty seconds later gently coaxing her to a beautiful orgasm. I held her thighs tightly as she arched and trembled her way through it. I let her recover for a minute, stood up and put my clothes on. Just as I reached the door I heard her say, "you took too long getting here, faster next time toy."

"Yes Alexis."

I gently closed the door and took my full twitching cock home. Ironically it took me a while to go to sleep, thoughts of Alexis' sweet wet pussy kept my cock hard and twitchy.

It was Tuesday and I was in the back row of the maths lecture reflecting that a lot had happened in the last week.

"Morning gorgeous!"

Alexis was suddenly right next to me, I had been miles away.

'Hello Alexis, long time no see."

She laughed, "I know, it's been ages, how are you? Did you sleep well?"

I hadn't but I wasn't going to tell her.

"Yeah, fine thanks. I had a bit of trouble dropping off but then I slept like a log, how about you?"

"Like a baby." She said, with a little smirk.

She spent the next two hours with some part of her leg or foot touching my leg, either nudging or rubbing against me. I spent the next two hours with a partial or complete erection. I was probably going to have to borrow her notes later. We went to the campus cafe afterwards and bumped into a few people, including my friend John, subtly was never his strong suit.

"So are you two an item then, or what? We need to know. Neither of you are giving anything away."

I looked at Alexis, then at John.

"It's only right that you are the first to know after our parents John, but I asked Alexis to be my wife last night, and she accepted."

"Fuck off Tom, what's the story?"

Alexis chipped in, "yeah, fuck off Tom, I said no."

We laughed but John was still staring at us.

Alexis sighed, "not that it's anyone's business but we are kind of hanging out a little bit, in each others rooms, sometimes late at night, you know."

John looked triumphant.

"Ha! I knew it! Loves young dream, you make a gorgeous couple.

"Fuck off John!"

He laughed, "Good on you, I knew there was something between you two."

He jumped up, grabbed my head and gave me a big pretend sloppy kiss on the forehead. He moved towards Alexis.

"Fuck off John!"

He laughed again and sauntered off.

"Later guys."

I looked at Alexis, "well the old jungle drums have been busy I guess."

She shrugged, "well unlike most people, I'm not ashamed to be seen with a horrible nasty pervert like you. I think of it as charity work."

I nodded, "care in the community is an admirable thing to do Alexis."

She put her hand on my thigh

"Busy later my toy?"

"I hope so." I replied.

"Come round about seven, someone gave me a load of rope and it's just sitting around doing nothing at the moment."

I shook my head, "what a terrible waste. That's shameful."

"Isn't it? Catch you later big boy."

She gave me a quick kiss on the lips and sauntered off in her confident and sexy way. I'm sure she added a little extra hip action into her walk knowing that I would be watching.

I was standing outside her door a couple of minutes early. Just before I knocked she opened the door.

"You will never be late, will you?"

"Not if I can help it Alexis."

We went inside and she pressed her lovely body against me. We kissed deeply. She was wearing her thin leggings and tee shirt combination again. I just wanted to touch every inch of her.

"How's it going? Are you alright with everything?"

I guessed she was referring to her use of me, particularly the late night call.

"Everything is absolutely great Alexis, perfect."

I had to remember that she had never been in this situation before. Watching kinky porn was no preparation for a kinky real life relationship.

The underlying question and answer was really her asking me if what she was doing was acceptable and me saying it was.

"Why are your clothes still on toy?"

"Sorry Alexis, I don't know what I'm thinking."

I noticed that she had moved her bed slightly so the side was no longer against the wall. I also noticed the rope lying on it.

She saw my look and grinned.

"On the bed, arms and legs spread."

I complied immediately, I had showed her how to do a single wrist tie and she did it perfectly, pretty quickly my arms and legs were secured to each corner of the bed.

She sat next to me and ran her hands over my naked body, my cock started doing it's little dance of denial. She knelt between my legs and softly massaged my balls, and ran her hands over the cage. My skin was bulging against the bars and she traced her finger tips across the tight skin. She used the tip of her little finger to rub exposed slit of my cock. It was very erotic and I was rock hard and throbbing very quickly.

"Does it hurt?"

"No, my balls ache a little bit from being pulled up by the ring but physically it's not really that painful. She dragged her bright red nails across the skin of my balls,

admiring the thin red lines they left behind. She dug them in a bit and I grunted at the sudden sharp pain.

"How do you know that I'm not going to hurt you? I mean badly hurt you?"

"I don't really. If you hurt me badly, as in damaged me on purpose, then we would never see each other again. If something happened by accident then we would have a serious talk but accidents can happen. Hopefully we won't get to that."

She smiled and dug her nails in again.

'Hopefully not my toy.'

I was still as hard as ever, she alternated between soft, gentle caresses of my balls and cock, and using her nails to cause quite sharp pain. I was sweating slightly and pulling at my bindings. She had a look of intense concentration on her face, and I could see she was getting very turned on.

She changed position and hopped up so she was sitting on me, she reached between her thighs and positioned the end of the cage on her soaking wet pussy. Rocking her hips slightly she rubbed gently up and down.

"How much do you want to fuck me Tom?"

I flexed my own hips increasing the friction a little.

"You have no idea Alexis. I can't imagine how good your pussy would feel all over my cock. I can feel the heat and dampness. I want to feel it slide down my shaft until I was balls deep. It would be so so good."

Alexis was flushed now, her nipples hard. She shifted slightly so that the end of the cage was against her clit and moved quicker. I did my bit to help with my hips. She came hard, supporting herself with her hands on my chest. It was a beautiful sight. She looked at me and laughed uncertainly. She looked slightly embarrassed.

"Oops, I think I got a little carried away."

"Not at all. I take it that was very enjoyable. You've just had an orgasm, that's a good thing, a very good thing."

She smiled, "it was lovely, would you be saying that if your cock was not locked away?"

"Absolutely Alexis. Locked or unlocked, my job is to give you as much pleasure as I can. You always come first Alexis, always. You have no idea how much I enjoyed your orgasm. Helping a woman reach her peak is a beautiful thing to do. I love it."

She fell forward and lay next to me.

She fondled my erect cock.

"No one has ever watched me have an orgasm like that before. I felt a little self conscious."

"Sorry Alexis, that was never my intention. I just find a woman's orgasm to be a thing of beauty and wonder. It seems to happen deep inside her, in her soul almost. You've no idea how satisfying it is to see."

She nuzzled into me.

"Thank you Tom, I feel so comfortable with you, so safe. Oh, and incredibly horny too. Really really horny. Having this lovely toy who will just give me orgasm after orgasm and ask for nothing in return is amazing."

We lay there for a while before she announced that she required my tongue again. She jumped up and sat firmly on my face and told me to do a good job. Soon her juices were all over my mouth and face. She was rocking and moaning as my tongue slid skillfully around her clit. She had another big orgasm.

"Oh god Tom, you are just going to blow my mind one day. Absolutely amazing."

She slumped down next to me, she turned my head so we were face to face and gently licked her juices of my face and mouth. She ordered my not to move as her tongue danced around my lips. My cock was bouncing around by the time she finished.

She untied me, then said that she had found a great website for latex and she wanted to show me. I grabbed my laptop, we sat on the bed and without thinking I opened it up. There was Ma'am in her riding gear, I quickly stabbed a button to get rid of the photo but Alexis had seen it.

"Who was that Tom?"

I think she instinctively knew.

"That was Louise."

I left it there, Alexis didn't.

"Do you mind Tom? I'd like to see the woman who has trained that tongue so well."

I clicked onto the five photos that Ma'am had downloaded. Alexis looked intently at them for a few minutes.

"She's cute, don't worry about the website. I should go."

This didn't feel right.

"What's wrong Alexis?"

She stood up and began to get dressed.

"Alexis?"

She looked at me, took a deep breath and sat down.

"OK Tom. Seeing Louise has brought something home to me, something that has been playing on my mind. You have two women in your life, and I feel like a third wheel. No one enjoys feeling that they are sort of sharing someone with somebody else. This is going to sound terrible but I thought I could probably have you all to myself. You said Louise was an older woman. In my head I had picture of someone, I don't know, someone old like my mum, someone middle aged. But she is beautiful, absolutely gorgeous. This is the awful part, I know she has the experience and knowledge, but I thought I could use my youth and looks to have you to myself. That's a horrible thing to say, that I thought I could take another woman's man. I hate myself for even thinking it, but it's true. But now I've seen her I know that I have no chance, that you are going to be hers and that I will always be the other woman."

In the back of my head I knew this day would come, but I had been deliberately ignoring it. I was surprised it had happened this quickly though. We had only

known each other a couple of weeks but we both had strong feelings for each other already. I really didn't know what to say.

"I'm sorry Alexis, I really am. I have been taken by surprise by you, and by how much I like you. I guess this we were always going to come to this point. I agree with everything you just said. This is unfair on you, totally unfair. But I don't know what to do. I've got two people I care about and there's no way round that."

We sat there, both feeling pretty miserable.

"I need to go Tom. Bye."

She got up and left, I was very gutted but I couldn't see a way forward. Ma'am meant the world to me, but Alexis was clearly very upset too. I hated the fact that Alexis was hurting. She knew about Louise pretty much from the start but I should have realised that by allowing our relationship to grow so fast I had played a significant part in where we were now. There was a finality in the way Alexis had left, and I wondered if it was all over so soon after it had begun.

The next couple of days were pretty stressful. My contact with Alexis consisted to a couple of short text messages. I didn't know if it was the right thing to do but I drove home to see Ma'am. I had let her know I was coming but hadn't said why. She greeted me with a big hug but she knew something was wrong. I explained as best I could about what had happened. She asked me how I felt about Alexis, I told her that I cared for her and how surprised I was by how close we had become. It felt very strange to be describing how I felt about another woman to her but Ma'am was sympathetic and calm.

She came to the conclusion that she needed to meet Alexis. I was very unsure about this plan but she thought that if we all met then we could find a way forward. Something would come of the meeting, either Alexis would decide to end the relationship or not, but either way it would be progress.

I had lectures in the morning so I drove home that night. I was confused by how calm Ma'am had been about my obvious distress regarding another woman but I couldn't fault her logic. There was an impasse and something needed to happen to break it.

I texted Alexis on Thursday and asked if we could meet. She agreed and met in a nearby bar that night. We gave each other a big hug when we met which was nice, we had both missed each other.

"So Tom, what's going on with you? Have you spoken to Louise? What did she think you should do?"

There was a slightly sarcastic tone in her voice.

This wasn't great start, but Ma'am always said that honesty was the only way forward.

"I drove home to see her and we had a talk about things. I told her how much I like you and about what you had said."

Alexis seemed slightly taken aback that I had gone all the way home to try and do something.

"You mean a lot to me Alexis, I know it's really quick, and that we hardly know each other but I'm fairly sure you feel the same way too."

She nodded.

"Would you like to come home with me this weekend and meet Louise, spend some time with her? I know that might sound a bit weird but it could help."

She didn't hesitate.

"Yes, that would be a good idea. What's the worst that could happen? We split up, which is pretty much where we are now as far as I'm concerned."

We decided that I would pick her up on Saturday and we would get to Ma'am's late afternoon.

It was a strange journey, I don't think either of us really knew what to say. I was incredibly nervous, I didn't want anyone to get hurt but I had no idea how things would play out. Ma'am was sitting on the patio waiting for us when we arrived. It was a warm day, she was wearing a pretty summer dress, but no make up. I thought it was a deliberately low key and relaxed look. I gave Alexis' hand a squeeze and we got out of the car. Ma'am gave me a big hug, then turned to Alexis. She smiled broadly and gave her a big hug too.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Alexis, welcome to my home. Tom, get her bag. Please, come in. Can I get you anything, something to drink?"

Alexis smiled back at Ma'am.

"Thanks, I could kill a coffee Louise. Lovely place you've got here."

"Yes, thanks, I've had quite a lot of work done, and I had a very eager helper over the summer. Tom, sort the coffees out. I'll show Alexis around."

Ma'am had immediately taken control, I was in my place and Alexis was getting the full charm offensive. As I went into the kitchen I heard Ma'am complimenting Alexis on her hair. I decided to keep my distance. I got the coffee ready and took it out onto the patio. There was a cake in the kitchen with three plates next to it so I took that out too. Ma'am and Alexis were wandering back from the summer house, chatting away like old friends. Ma'am seemed to have effortlessly turned what could have been an extremely awkward situation into a seemingly very comfortable and friendly one.

They sat down and we chatted amiably enough about university, Ma'am said she had bumped into my mum and had a nice chat with her.

It was beginning to get a little chilly so we went inside, Ma'am told me to get a bottle of champagne. I charged our glasses and Ma'am made a toast, "to new friends, and to girl power."

Alexis laughed at that, and we clicked glasses.

"This is a rare treat for Tom, "she was addressing Alexis now, "I can't remember the last time he was allowed to wear clothes in my house."

Alexis raised an eyebrow, "really? I don't see any reason to change that rule."

Ma'am just sort of waved in my direction. Alexis took the hint.

"Take your clothes off Tom."

I immediately removed my clothing and stood there, naked in front of them. I felt my cock start to swell. Despite my nervousness, any sort of domination always got me going.

They both laughed.

"That reaction tells you everything you need to know about him. Would you like to see the dungeon Alexis?"

"Oh, yes please Louise."

We went downstairs, I led the way and I could hear Ma'am explaining about why I was going down the stairs first.

"This is fantastic." Alexis exclaimed. She looked around, taking everything in.

"I could have a lot of fun in here Louise."

Ma'am smiled, "Tom loves spending time in here, don't you?"

I had noticed that she was calling me Tom, not boy or baby. She was making sure that she didn't do anything to emphasise her position, her power over me. But we were in the dungeon now and she had asked me a direct question.

"Yes Ma'am, I always enjoy being teased and tortured here."

Alexis noticed the change in tone and wandered over to the cross.

"This is a lovely bit of kit. I bet he would look great tied to this."

Ma'am grinned, "my cross is your cross Alexis. Make yourself at home, completely at home. I need to prepare dinner, come up when you're ready."

Ma'am went upstairs, Alexis looked at me.

"Well don't just stand there toy."

I hurried over to the cross and Alexis, after assessing the various straps, had me immobilised in no time. My cock was rapidly getting hard, Alexis held my cage and gently pulled it, feeling the skin as it began to tighten against the bars. She looked around again, and wandered over to the rack that had various implements hanging off it. She took a tawse off the rack and swished around a couple of times before putting it back.

"This is amazing. Louise is amazing"

She came up to me and began running her hands over my exposed body. I was rock hard.

"I had no idea what to expect from this weekend Tom but I already know that I like Louise a lot. I wanted to be jealous, I almost wanted to hate her but she is great." She kissed me, thrusting her tongue deep in my mouth. Her body was pressed hard against the cage and I felt her move against it. She broke away and gave my nipples a quick but firm twist.

"I'm going to be a good guest and see if Louise needs any help with dinner. See you soon Tom"

I was as horny as hell but I was also very relieved. Ma'am had played it brilliantly, I should never of doubted her. Alexis seemed so much happier than she had been for the last few days. I just hoped that they would carry on hitting it off.

I was alone on the cross for about an hour before I heard them laughing as they descended into the dungeon. They seemed very happy about something, I was excited but a little apprehensive. They stood in front of me and just watched me. My cock started to harden in it's cage almost immediately.

Alexis laughed.

"Looks like I owe you a pound Louise, I didn't think it would react that quickly."

It was Ma'am's turn to laugh.

"Trust me Alexis, he will get hard and stay hard with almost no attention being paid to him. Use that against him, the hornier he is, the more he will worship you."

They approached me and began running their hands over my body. One finger would have been enough, four hands drove me wild. They didn't touch my cock or balls but they didn't have too.

Ma'am spoke, "tell you what baby, if you can lose that erection in the next twenty minutes, we will let you out and give you an orgasm."

"Thank you Ma'am, thank you Alexis."

There wasn't anybody in that room who thought I had any chance. Twenty minutes later, with their hands still roaming over me, I was like a rock and throbbing like crazy.

"Aw, you were so close baby." Alexis giggled, "better luck next time."

It was time for dinner, so I was released, we ate and chatted happily enough.

I was taken back to the cross afterwards and tightly secured. Ma'am inserted a couple of earplugs, and Alexis zipped me into a tight thick latex mask with no eye holes. A large gag was eased home, followed by another thick hood, leather this time. I was completely blind and deaf, I wondered what they had planned. It was a shock when I felt the freezing towel on my cage but at least that meant my cock was going to be released. After the usual overkill, the towel was removed and I felt the the cage and ring being removed. Despite the cold treatment my cock immediately began to fill, it had been a while after all. Someone was handling my balls, I had no idea who but soon I felt some string around them. Round and round it went, pulling them away from my body until there was a tight two inch cylinder. Fingers caressed the taut skin then began to squeeze, first both together and then each one separately. Surprisingly before it got too intense I felt the string loosen, and some of it being unwound. The purpose became clear as the string was reapplied, but this time my testicles were tied apart from each other. Again I felt the probing and squeezing fingers. It was more intense this time, and a moan of pain was forced from me.

There was a brief pause, until I felt a sharp intense pain run through first one then the other. It felt like Ma'am's thin but flexible plastic cane. It fell on my balls randomly and from all sides. My cock remained untouched but very hard. The pain was pretty intense now, I was tensing and bucking slightly in my bonds.

I was mighty relieved when the beating stopped, but slightly surprised when the string was loosened and removed. I felt fingers around my balls, then the smooth and chilly embrace of a heavy metal stretcher. Suddenly I cottoned on, string and now the stretcher, it was a lesson. Ma'am was teaching Alexis some CBT techniques. I felt the insistent pull of the weighty metal cylinder pulling on me, making my balls feel even more vulnerable.

"Can you hear me boy?"

It was Ma'am, speaking loudly enough for me to hear through the plugs and hoods. I nodded.

"Alexis and I have been chatting, amongst other things I was telling her about chastity and your orgasms, or lack of them. Do you remember the last time you had an orgasm boy?"

I certainly did, Ma'am ruined it. I nodded again.

"Alexis asked me about it, she wanted to know how much you enjoyed it, how intense it was. She was rather surprised when I mentioned that I ruined it."

I had a sudden sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, I knew where this was going.

I heard Alexis' voice.

"You didn't tell me the truth, did you Tom?"

I shook my head, I was in trouble.

"Louise has been telling me how much she values the truth, and how important openness is. Do these ideas not apply to us Tom?"

I didn't know what to do. Shaking my head seemed like the wrong thing so I nodded.

"So they do apply to us, but only when you decide they do?"

I shook my head.

"We have agreed that you didn't actually lie to me Tom, but you certainly didn't give me the whole truth either, did you?"

I shook my head again.

"We think you need to be reminded of what being a sub means, and of your responsibilities. Do you agree?"

I instantly nodded my head. I was feeling very nervous.

The paddle hit me flat and square on the underside of both testicles. There was an instant explosion of pain, I jerked in my bonds and let out a strangled groan. Pain radiated through my groin and abdomen. I started taking short sharp breaths. She hit me again, I jumped and writhed against my bonds and bit down hard on the gag. Another strike, and another. I would have given anything to be able to curl into a ball right now, anything to protect my abused balls. But I couldn't, I stood there, stretched out on the cross and horribly vulnerable. A fifth strike, I was in agony sweating heavily under my hoods. I barely knew that I was moaning loudly and thrashing in my bonds. A sixth hit, pain was everywhere. I was desperate, I couldn't take any more. Then I felt a hand on my chest. It took me a minute to regain any sort of composure. The pain was still pouring through me.

"Six of the best seems like a good number Tom, although I am tempted to give you a few more. Would you like that Tom?"

Surely Alexis wouldn't, would she?

I knew that there was only one response, so I nodded my head.

"You would like some more? That's great but I think you have had enough for now. Maybe later. Louise and I are going to leave you to think about your future behaviour."

I stood there feeling the sweat slowly drip down the inside of my latex hood. Unsurprisingly my cock had gone completely limp. The pain was fading, but very slowly. A dull ache filled my body. It would have helped if they had removed the weight but obviously they hadn't. I had no idea how long they left me but at some point I was vaguely aware of some movement near me.

I jumped in my bonds as the paddle touched my balls, but it was only the lightest of taps. I heard them both laugh and I heard Ma'am.

"Don't worry boy, they have had enough for now."

I don't think I have ever been more relieved. Fingers started brushing against my cock, it wasn't long before I was standing to attention.

Ma'am was speaking to me.

"I hope you had a nice rest while we were upstairs. We were both feeling rather turned on but we solved that problem quite easily. Alexis has such a lickable pussy and her nipples are wonderfully sensitive, aren't they?"

I nodded, moaning softly. The pain was forgotten as my cock turned into an iron bar. Ma'am and Alexis in bed together, my mind was spinning.

My cock got the delicate treatment for a while, the painfully slow and gentle manipulation that was so erotic but exasperating at the same time. After what seemed like forever I felt myself getting close but the manipulation slowed before I got too close. Occasionally I felt a hand or a finger touching me, my lower abdomen, inner thighs, my chest. I worked out what was happening. Ma'am was showing Alexis how my body reacted as I neared orgasm. Some things can be hidden, but for me at least, there were some obvious signs of my impending explosion if you knew where to look. Ma'am did, and now Alexis did too.

There was a brief pause in my tease torture until I felt the familiar cool trickle of lube going over my cock. A latex covered hand grasped my shaft and began pumping fairly briskly. It stopped almost immediately then started again at a much slower pace. I sensed Ma'am's instructions were being heeded by Alexis. Beautiful sensations flooded through me as her hand and fingers slid gracefully up and down my shaft. Ma'am put Alexis, and by association me, through her paces. My shaft, my glans, my frenum, they all received plenty of attention. Time and again I was taken to the edge. I was moaning regularly, flexing my muscles to try and relieve some of the pent up energy. Alexis was relentless, and it seemed to me that she was a natural too. Eventually she stopped and I was left hanging again. My glistening cock bobbed and twitched, desperately searching for more attention. I was left for quite a while again, my mind was on fire with images of the two of them. I knew what was going on upstairs. Teasing me made Ma'am very horny, it probably had the same effect on Alexis too. My cock still hadn't softened much when they came back. The first thing I knew about their return was the cold towel being pressed into my cock. It was cooled and cleaned and returned to its steel prison. I felt my bonds being loosened and my hoods and gag were removed. Ma'am and Alexis were both wearing silk dressing gowns and were both clearly naked beneath them.

"You know where you sleep when you are here boy," Ma'am was pointing at the cell.

I was trussed up in my leather sleep sack and watched enviously as two beautiful women walked up the stairs away from me. Ma'am gave Alexis a playful slap on the ass before turning towards me. Just before she switched the light off she blew me a kiss.

"Have a good night baby, we sure as hell are."

The door shut and I wrestled briefly in my bondage, not to try and escape but purely in erotic frustration. My cock was hard again, pressed down against my legs by the unforgiving leather and I had the feeling that it wasn't going down for a while.

I woke up a few times during the night, and each time my cock was throbbing in my cage.

Eventually the door opened and Alexis bounded down the stairs. She jumped on top of me and gave me a big kiss. She was slightly flushed and smelled of sex.

"Morning baby. How are you? I've just had a wonderful night."

She wriggled on my groin.

"Cocks aren't the only thing that Louise knows her way around. Oh babe, you're going to have to up your game or I won't have any use for your cock anymore."

I couldn't decide if my life had just got better or worse with Ma'am and Alexis hitting it off so well. One thing was certain, I was going to be spending a lot of time rock hard in my cage and a lot of time eating pussy.

Alexis got me out of the sleep sack and I went upstairs with her. Ma'am was busy getting a fry up started.

"Hey baby, get your cute little ass over here. This breakfast isn't going to cook itself."

I busied myself in the kitchen. Ma'am walked over to Alexis, loosened her dressing gown and slid her hands inside. They kissed passionately. Ma'am pushed Alexis back against the table and pulled her dressing gown wide open. Still kissing, her hand slipped between Alexis' legs. She began panting immediately as Ma'am worked her magic. It was one of the most erotic things I had ever seen. Alexis arched her back and supported herself by putting her arms behind her on the

table. I heard her moans as she quickly reached her crescendo. Alexis had her eyes closed as she recovered and Ma'am looked over to me with a very satisfied smile on her face.

"You will be in a lot of trouble if you burn those eggs boy."

I quickly went back to what I was supposed to be doing while Alexis composed herself. She sauntered over to me and cuddled me from behind, one hand going straight to my cock that was sticking horizontally out from my body.

"You could hang a towel on that."

Laughing she grabbed a tea towel and did exactly that. I looked pretty ridiculous but it was very funny.

We ate a hearty breakfast and went out to the patio to enjoy the sun after I put my clothes on. Ma'am and Alexis looked very happy, which in turn made me very happy too.

Ma'am told me to get us all another coffee, when I came back they were both looking at me.

"Right then, my little chastity boy. Obviously Alexis and I have been chatting, in between a lot of fantastic sex. She had some very understandable doubts and worries about how all three of us could carry on. I shared those worries, I had realised that when you went to university you were bound to meet someone you liked. As it happens you have met someone dominant, which isn't something I had anticipated. By the way, I approve Tom. I approve wholeheartedly. The force is strong in this one, she reminds me of me when I was her age."

Ma'am smiled at Alexis, they had clearly bonded. I wanted to say something.

"You've no idea how happy, and relieved I am. I hated the idea of either of you getting hurt and it being my fault."

"There's no blame on anyone Tom, it took courage to suggest that Alexis should meet me, and it took courage for her to accept. Anyway, Alexis now has a mentor, a guide to help her find her way. I needed a lot of help and advice when I was younger, I made mistakes and did stupid things. Hell, everyone does but hopefully I can help her avoid some of the dumb things I did. We're not entirely sure how

things will pan out but for now a Tom share will work. I'm not prepared to give up the keys to your chastity belt yet but I'm fairly sure that at some point in the future we will both have a key to that lovely cage and that lovely cock."

There was a pause.

"Funny, this is the second time I've asked you this, but is everything I've just said alright with you Tom?"

I stood up, gave Ma'am a big kiss, and then did the same to Alexis.

"It's a simple thing to say, but if you are both happy, then I'm happy. I will do everything I can to please both of you."

Ma'am smiled and turned to Alexis.

"Happy Alexis?"

She nodded slowly, "I am Louise, very happy. We have a way forward now, I have a fabulous domme to teach me and we both have a lovely boy to tease and torment. By the way Tom, Louise has told me all about the standards she expects from you, regarding your behaviour with me and your studies. I will demand nothing but your best."

I bowed my head, "and you shall have it Alexis."

"We are coming back in two weeks, and I will have a detailed report for Louise, understand?"

"Perfectly Alexis."

We chatted happily away until mid afternoon. It was time to go, goodbyes were said and hugs exchanged. I noticed that Alexis had a bag with her that she didn't bring.

"Louise has been kind enough to allow me to borrow a few things Tom, after all, practice makes perfect."

I smiled, there were some interesting and no doubt incredibly frustrating times ahead. Ma'am had said that I wouldn't get another orgasm until the end of term. Despite Alexis' presence in our lives I didn't think that was going to change.

The drive home was a very happy one, we had the stereo on full blast and Alexis kept her hand on my thigh for pretty much the whole journey. A parked outside her accommodation block.

"My room, now!"

We dumped our stuff on the floor and were naked in bed within seconds.

We just rolled around for a bit, kissing and exploring each others bodies. It didn't matter a bit that I was rock hard in the cage, I was just so happy that we had a future together. She pushed my shoulder and rolled me over, quickly jumping on top of me. She pinned my shoulders down with her hands. She sat on me, her pussy pressing down on the cage and just stared at me. Her emerald eyes were alive with joy and passion. Slowly she rocked her hips against the cage.

"Well that was an interesting weekend. I've learned a lot, most importantly about myself. Louise is a special person and I think she is going to be an important person in my life. She has taught me so much already, and if I only take one thing from her, one lesson, it is to be myself. I can't be anyone else and it's pointless to try and deny or block out what excites me. This excites me, the control I have, the power I have. It's intoxicating. It turns me on so much, and not just physically. It runs deeper than that, I can't explain it properly but I am sure I was born for this."

I was in heaven, my cock was trying to burst through the steel bars. This achingly beautiful woman was on top of me telling me how much she wanted to control and dominate me.

'Please Alexis, please let me pleasure you. Let me make you happy. Tell me how to make you happy. That's all I want.'

She leaned forwards and tenderly kissed me.

'My pussy needs you. My pussy needs to be worshipped, now.'

She let me roll her over and my head disappeared between her legs. Her smell, her taste, her skin, it was beautiful. I could feel everything, every little twitch of her body. Her clit was like nectar.

I was in my element, I belonged between her legs giving her enormous pleasure. She gave a me some instructions as I worked away. She hadn't done that before.

It didn't take long for her to reach a deep orgasm. I moved and lay next to her. Her face was a picture of satisfaction.

"Thank you for letting me know what you want and how to give you more pleasure Alexis."

She fondled my cage, her fingers tracing across the bars and the skin that was pressed hard against them.

"A certain someone emphasised that it was all about my pleasure, she said that you might have a very talented tongue, and great instincts but that you're not a mind reader or some kind of clit whisperer. If I don't tell you, how are you supposed to know."

I was laughing, "clit whisperer! That's brilliant, I'm going to become one so I can put it down as my occupation on my passport."

Alexis was laughing too.

"Imagine the look on the customs officer face if she was a woman. I think you would get taken to a little room to prove it to her."

We relaxed together for a while and chatted about the weekend.

"You know what Tom, I have discovered something that turns me on, it turns me on great deal in fact."

I raised an eyebrow, "do tell."

"I found teasing you an incredible turn on. I've watched a fair few videos and read a lot of erotic fiction but I had no idea that having your cock in my hand, feeling it pulsing and straining would be so arousing. It was a real eye opener."

I made a mock groaning sound and laughed.

"Out of the frying pan, into the fire."

"Yeah baby, you're in so much trouble. I'm going to drive you insane. I got such a rush from having all that power literally in my hand, in my finger tips."

Predictably I was straining hard in my cage, Alexis gently stroked her fingers up and down it.

"It's a shame I couldn't look you in the eyes when I was teasing you, but Louise wanted you blind and deaf so she could let me in on few trade secrets. And before you ask, no, I'm not going to tell you anything because if I did I would have to kill you, and then I wouldn't be able to tease you to insanity."

We both had some work to catch up on and I told Alexis that I had a deadline to meet on Wednesday morning. She agreed that we wouldn't meet up, other than during the maths lecture until after I had sent my essay in, although she did say that if she felt horny she would still expect me to do my duty.

Back in my room, I sent Ma'am a mail singing her praises and generally telling her how wonderful she was before getting down to my essay. I did see Alexis on Monday, I got a text at just past midnight.

"Need some stress relief."

I was between her legs in seven minutes and back in my room with a full cage twenty minutes later.

We sat together at the lecture and had a quick coffee afterwards but I had to get back to finish my essay. It was around seven o'clock by the time I finished. I needed to read through it a final time before I sent it off but I had had enough by then. I knew John and a few other people were in the bar so I decided to pop down and have a pint or two to relax. I ended up having four pints before heading back, and sending the essay off.

Alexis texted on Wednesday.

"Mine at four this afternoon. Bring your tongue."

I felt the usual stirring in my jeans and I arrived five minutes early.

"Hey babe, how's it going? Get your essay finished OK?"

"Indeed I did, it's the first important piece I've done. I hope it gets a good mark."

"Well I hope for your sake it is good, Louise and I are completely in the same page as far as your studies are concerned. Anyway, is there a good reason why you are not naked and tied to my bed yet toy?"

It didn't take long to remedy the situation and I saw Alexis delve into the bag she had brought back from Ma'am's. She had a thick latex hood, a blindfold and a large ball gag. She slipped the hood on and zipped it up, then applied the blindfold.

"I will use the gag later, after I have availed myself of your tongue."

Her warm wet pussy settled over my mouth. I remembered her instructions, and she added a few more as I went along. She wanted a slow build up, so I moved gently, relishing every minute of her growing passion. She started rocking her hips back and forth, she wanted me to work against her rhythm rather than with it, so as she moved up my face, I moved my tongue down. I was delicate to begin with but slowly I tensed my tongue creating more and more friction and intensity on her sensitive spot. Eventually she shuddered her way to a powerful climax with my tongue darting as deep inside her as I could get it. It could feel her muscles shaking and tensing on it. I longed to be inside her, buried in that hot pulsing tunnel.

She flopped down next to me and sighed contentedly.

"Mmm, you are really quite good at that. By the way, when did you finish your essay?"

That was an odd question, I sensed potentially danger.

"I sent it in at about nine o'clock."

"I see, after you had been in the pub for nearly two hours."

Someone must have seen me and then told her.

"Yes, I had finished it but I'd had enough and had a pint or two. I went back, gave it a last read through and sent it."

"A pint or two? Or three, or four? It doesn't take two hours to have one pint, does it toy?"

"No Alexis, I had four pints."

"So you thought it was a good idea to read through your first big essay after four pints and then send it off?"

I knew I had done a good job, the last read through was just me being extra careful but that didn't matter now. I knew there was no point in arguing.

"No Alexis, it wasn't a good idea. I apologise."

"You understand that there are consequences my toy. You have let both me and Louise down. I believe you will get the results back just before we go back to hers. You had better hope that it gets a very, very good mark."

She jumped up and slipped the gag into my mouth. She secured it very tightly indeed and I felt her move between my legs. My testicle were pulled roughly away from me and I felt her wrapping string around them. There was a lot of string and again it was very tight. She started massaging them with both hands. It wasn't long before the massage turned into squeezing and crushing. Sometimes it was both, other times she concentrated on just one testicle. I was squirming and sweating under my hood, she wasn't messing about. She dug her nails in hard. I let out an agonised moan.

"You deserve to be punished don't you?"

I nodded.

"Six of the best again?"

I nodded, knowing how much this was going to hurt. She gripped the tight roll of string tightly.

"Louise says a ruler is very effective."

The crack of the impact and the pain were simultaneous. The breath left my body in a big whoosh. I instinctively tried to double up but I was securely bound. She waited for a good thirty seconds, then tapped my balls lightly. I flinched, not knowing that it wasn't a proper hit. The next one was though, and it was just as hard as the first. The next one came quickly afterwards and pain exploded through me. I made a high pitched moan, I was in agony. Nothing happened. I was fighting my bonds, this was bad. I felt her hand on my chest.

"Something Louise was very clear about was that a dominant has an important duty of care to their sub. I think that just the three will do for now."

I was incredibly relieved. Alexis had really gone for it. The string was removed quite quickly and I felt the pain slowly ebbing away. She removed the good and gag, she looked concerned.

"I know that you will tell the truth, was that too much?"

I was still breathing hard feeling the pain running through me.

"I think so Alexis, I don't know if six would have damaged me but I would have screamed and I would have been scared."

She quickly untied me and hugged me tightly.

"Sorry Tom, this is all new to me, I was trying to emulate what happened in the dungeon but clearly I didn't. I'm so sorry."

I gave her an extra squeeze.

"It's ok, I'm fine. You stopped, you realised it was going to be too much and stopped. You didn't try to complete the six just because you are the domme and you are always right. It's ok."

"Lesson learned, we move on."

Alexis had a good look at my balls. They were red, and very sore but otherwise fine. Neither of us were feeling very horny now so we called it a night.

Part 9

Alexis checked in early the next day and I was happy to report that my balls were fine. She had spoken to Ma'am who had explained what she had done wrong. Basically because the ruler wasn't flexible and she had been holding it quite tightly, the weight and momentum of her arm had hit my balls, not just the weight of the ruler. Ma'am only used flexible implements on testicles as they bounced and created a sharp but short shock. She pointed out that the sort of welt created by a stiff cane would cause permanent damage to a testicle. However she agreed with the reason why Alexis had decided to punish me.

Alexis had a deadline on Friday so we didn't spend too much time together but there was a party going on in the common room of her accommodation block on Friday night.

I went round to hers early, a couple of her friends were already there, and they had already finished a bottle of wine. It looked like it was going to be a big night. Introductions were made, I vaguely knew Jane, she was the woman who had asked me to take the folder to Alexis.

"Hey Jane, I never thanked you for forgetting to give Alexis that folder."

Jane was trying to keep a straight face, I glanced at Alexis, she had a big grin on her face.

"I knew it!" I put on a mock innocent voice, "oh Tom I forgot this."

All the girls were laughing.

"You girls, you're a devious bunch aren't you?"

Alexis leaned over and gave me a big kiss.

"It's a good job we are isn't it? Were you going to ask me out Tom? Were you even going to talk to me?"

She had a glint in her eyes. That was a loaded question given what was locked between my legs.

"Thank you Alexis, for being an evil genius, and thanks Jane for being a willing accomplice."

We could hear music, and after a bit more chat we joined the party.

It turned into a bit of a wild one, but we didn't really care. We only had eyes for each other, we never left each others side. Alexis never stopped touching me, as if she wanted to have her hands on her possession all the time. We left the party at just after 1am, quite drunk but not legless by any stretch of the imagination.

We tumbled into her room, hands and mouths all over each other. I wanted to touch and caress every inch of her beautiful skin. Kneeling down in front of her, I carefully removed her shoes, kissing each foot as I went. I stood up behind her,

moved her hair to one side and kissed her neck and shoulders, pulling the thin straps of her little black dress to one side. My hands ran up and down her body before settling briefly on her full breasts and hard nipples. She moaned quietly and she arched her body forwards into my hands. I moved one hand to the zip down the back of her dress and slowly pulled it down, kissing the exposed skin as I went. As the zip got to the small of her back it slowly started to slip down. I eased it over her hips, dropping back to my knees as it fell. I kissed her beautiful round cheeks and ran my hands down her thighs. I felt her shiver as her arousal grew.

She shifted her legs slightly further apart and whispered, "touch me."

I stood up, held her tightly around the waist and slipped my hand down the front of her skimpy knickers. She gasped as my finger moved easily down her soaking wet slit. Her head fell back onto my shoulder as I found her clit and manipulated it with my finger tip. Her hands went up to her nipples and I watched her pull and twist them as her passion grew. My cage felt like it was going to rip a hole in the front of my jeans. Alexis was breathing hard now, my touches were firmer and more insistent. She started to shake against me as her orgasm hit.

"Oh god, oh yes, oh yes!"

I held her tight as her legs shook and her body writhed against me.

"Oh baby, you make me so turned on. It's amazing."

I kept my grip on her waist and moved around in front of her. I bent slightly and carefully picked her up. Her hands went round my neck and I took her to the bed and layed her down softly on it. My hands never left her as I kissed and caressed her body. Her eyes were closed and she sighed contentedly.

"This is so lovely Tom. I feel incredible, you make me feel incredible. I feel like a Princess."

I was so turned on but it didn't matter, it didn't matter at all. My world was Alexis, at this point the only thing that mattered was this sexy and beautiful woman. My hands and my tongue moved in a trance across her as I did everything in my power to please her. I slipped my clothes off while keeping my tongue and mouth on her at all times. I was kneeling by her side and I moved my head down her body, her legs parted willingly and I kissed and nibbled at her inner thighs. Her scent was intoxicating. I nuzzled and kissed her glorious pussy before getting to

work with my tongue. I held her thighs tightly around my head, all my senses were full of her. Her smell, her taste, her smooth pussy on my tongue, her thighs around my head and her soft moans in my ears. She was already incredibly turned on so even though I was very gentle it didn't take long. This orgasm was more relaxed than the first. It went through her in waves, rocking her body.

"Don't stop baby."

I felt her hand snake between my legs and grab my balls. She pulled back against my erection and relaxed in a rhythm, I tried to match it with my tongue as I gently caressed her sensitive clit. I could feel random shivers running through her that were matched by little moans of pleasure. Her grip tightened a bit and I found myself moving my hips to pull against her. Each time I swayed my hips forward she responded by tightening her grip a little. Each time my cock was pulled back it sprang back up. My balls were aching a little bit but the feeling was very erotic, almost as if she was masturbating me by my testicles. Her rhythm faltered as her climax approached. Her little shivers became more regular and more intense until a big tremor shot through her as she reached yet another orgasm. Her thighs were trying to crush my head as seemingly every muscle went into spasm. Her breaths were short and ragged, she let go of my balls and pulled at my thigh, dragging my mouth off her pussy. She was done, I turned around and saw her lying there totally spent. There was a light sheen of sweat covering her, and her eyes were still closed. She let out a tiny groan as a little tremor, an aftershock, hit her. I lay down beside her and put an arm across her stomach as she slowly came down.

A small smile played on her lips.

"Oh my god Tom, oh my. I don't think I have ever felt this good. I feel satisfied in ways I can't even describe. Thank you baby."

My heart was singing, I truly felt that giving her all those orgasms and the feelings she had now were more important to me than my own needs and desires.

We lay together, just gently touching each other. We didn't need to speak, it was pure bliss.

Eventually Alexis stirred.

"Damn it. I really need to pee but I don't want to move. Actually I'm not even sure if I can stand.

I jumped up and got my arms underneath her. I clumsily lifted her up and carried her to the toilet. Trying to put her down on was even more clumsy, it wasn't made easier by our laughter. I respected her privacy and closed the door behind me. She came out still smiling.

"Good effort Tom, but it's probably safer if I walk back to the bed. I had a pee too, and we fell asleep in each others arms.

Neither of us were feeling particularly sharp the next morning, Alexis suggested that a proper coffee wouldn't go amiss so I wandered off to the nearby cafe. I brought her a coffee and also a bag of chocolate croissants that really hit the spot.

Alexis stretched seductively and ran a finger down my body to the cage, it quickly filled up.

"I love the way it does that Tom, you have so much lust pent up inside you, yet you willingly allow me and Louise to deny you."

I leaned over and kissed her, deeply and passionately.

"Alexis, I couldn't have been any happier last night, if I had been allowed to cum it would have felt like the tiniest cherry on the best cake in the world. What I was able to do for you was better than a thousand orgasms. It was beautiful."

"Oh baby, that's so good to know. But you know what I really want right now. I want you to fuck me."

Her hand was on the cage, her nails gently probing my tight flesh through the bars. She got up and went to the bag Louise had given her.

"I've got a surprise for you baby."

I watched intently as she reached inside. Part of me knew that she didn't have the key but I couldn't stop myself hoping. She brought her hand out and was holding a strap on.

"Tom," she laughed, "you didn't think it was the key did you? I would really love that wonderful cock inside me, but that will have to wait until later. Louise says

you need a lot of training and a lot more denial before you are ready. I agree completely."

I was throbbing madly in the cage.

"We both know how much you love being denied, why would we want to do anything else to you? Well?"

Talking about my denial always had such a profound effect on me, it was frightening.

"Yes Alexis, nothing excites me more than the prospect of more denial, and of endless teasing. My cock belongs locked away, it makes all of us very happy."

"Yes it does Tom, I'm glad you see it the same way as we do."

She ordered me to stand up and she attached the strap on around my waist. Then she got busy with the other ropes, pulling my balls back sharply so my cock and balls were down between my legs.

"Lie down, I want to ride your big fake cock."

I did as I was instructed, my balls were squashed between my legs, and against the mattress as well. She got astride me and made sure the fake cock was at the right angle. She leaned forward, kissed me and allowed her breasts to drag along my chest. Sitting up she slowly slid onto the strap on and buried it deep inside her.

"That's good, oh yes."

She put her hands on my hips and began moving up and down

"That feels good Tom, a nice big cock deep inside me."

I just watched, her boobs were hypnotic as they moved up and down with her. I reached up towards her nipples. She batted my hand away.

"I'll ask if I need any help."

My hands fell back and rested on her thighs. She shifted position, leaning forward now and spreading her legs further apart.

"Use your hips toy, fuck me."

I moved my hands to the side of her hips and began flexing mine, pushing the fake cock into her. She had found the right angle, and I could see her arousal growing. Each time I flexed and pushed my hips forward, it put more pressure on my squashed balls but it moved her closer to an orgasm. Her tits were rubbing against my chest and her lips were parted in passion. I saw her bite her bottom lip and she started to pushing back hard against my thrusts.

"Yes, yes, yes, fuck!"

She let out a loud groan and collapsed forward onto me. I pulled her legs forward a little giving myself a bit more room to keep moving. I slowed up but kept a gentle thrust deep into her as her orgasm rushed through her body until a heard her tell me to stop. She arched away from me, and gave me a big smile.

"Ah baby, I needed that. I love your tongue more than anything but sometimes a girl just needs a good fuck. You understand right? I bet you would like a good fuck right now wouldn't you Tom?"

She laughed, I smiled and said, "you have no idea, but my pleasure is irrelevant. Yours is all that matters."

"I'll make you beg for an orgasm one day baby."

I was pretty close right now but there was no way I was going to admit it.

"Give it your best shot girl!"

She laughed again, "oh, check out Mr. Big Bollocks. It will happen, and who knows, I might even have mercy on you when you do."

She had a wicked grin on her face, I didn't believe her for a second but she had planted the seed.

"That's cruel Alexis."

Her grin got even wider, "is it baby? I'm so sorry. I really didn't mean to be a cruel and nasty cock tease."

I grabbed her and rolled her over.

"You're a beautiful sexy evil bitch, and I love it!"

"Oh darling, you say the sweetest things."

We uncoupled and she undid the strap on which released my balls, it was quite a relief.

There was a quiet knock on the door, Alexis got rid of the strap on, and asked, "who's there?"

"Jane, let me in girlfriend."

Alexis found a big towel and opened the door before hopping back into bed with me. Jane came in, she was clearly hungover.

"Big night babe?"

Jane held her head.

"You could say that."

She wrinkled her nose, "open a window guys, it stinks of sex in here."

Alexis laughed, "blame Tom, he's an animal, I just couldn't couldn't keep him off me!"

"Yeah, right!" Jane raised an amused eyebrow at Alexis before spotting the last croissant.

"Do you mind?"

It was in her mouth before Alexis could reply.

"What are you guys up to? We're going into town for lunch in a bit, fancy it?"

Alexis glanced at me.

"I think we will just chill today, but thanks for asking. Neither of us are feeling quite with it yet."

That suited me just fine, the more time alone with her the better.

I got some lunch and we just chilled until mid afternoon.

"I've got a few bits of work that I need to finish up, you can stay but you will have to stay out of my way. In fact I think I should make sure that you stay out of my way, and quiet too."

"Sounds good to me Alexis, it's probably best that you make thoroughly sure I don't disturb you."

"I knew you would agree, my chastity toy. Clothes off, I will lock the door and not answer it if someone knocks."

There were definite advantages to having a private dungeon but at least we would be visiting one next weekend.

Alexis had the rope in her hand, all of it by the looks of it. She started with a yoke around my shoulders and chest, I suspected that I was going to be hog tied but I actually ended up being frog tied. Alexis was a fast learner. She had my hands tightly secured behind my back very quickly and started work on my ankles. I frog tie is basically the same as a hog tie, but the victims ankles are crossed so that his, or her, legs are held wide apart giving some access between the legs. Soon I was face down on the bed with my ankles pressed against my backside, she added some more rope for extra if completely unnecessary security. My genitals were pushed down between my legs, and my cock was already hard in the cage. She hooded, gagged and blindfolded me and got on with her work. I lay there enjoying my bondage, she had done a great job. I was tightly bound with absolutely no chance of escape, but none of the ropes were too tight or cutting in anywhere.

I must have been lying there for nearly an hour before she payed me any attention. My cock was on a roller coaster, sometimes getting hard, sometimes softening.

Eventually she came over and began running her nails down my inner thighs leaving long thin red streaks down them.

"I expect your tongue is a bored behind that gag toy. Fortunately I have something important for it to do."

She jumped on the bed and I felt her thighs against my shoulders. The gag was removed and my mouth sought out her pussy.

"Ah yes. That's just what I need. I've been failing miserably to concentrate on my work toy. I hold you entirely responsible for that."

I managed a small nod of my head but I didn't break my stride.

"Slow down toy, I want you to edge me a couple of times before I cum."

I responded immediately, feeling the heat growing inside her. I didn't have many cues to work with but I could feel her thighs and hear her breathing as it quickened. Her hips started moving, rocking gently towards my willing mouth. I felt her thighs tremble and her breathing became ragged so I slowed my tongue, barely touching her.

"Oh god. Oh yeah."

I kept my touches delicate for a couple of minutes until I thought I could bring her back. It didn't take long, I thought I had overdone it and stopped touching her entirely.

"Aaah baby, jesus, come on, I'm so close."

But I had my instructions and went back to the most delicate of touches. She made a slightly desperate moaning sound but I carried on. She was panting as I held her right on the brink.

I decided not to push my luck and increased the speed of my little licks and flicks. Alexis came like a train, gasping and moaning as her whole body was engulfed in orgasmic energy. She lay there for a few minutes, I could feel her muscles occasionally twitch as she relaxed. She could feel my hot breath on her soaking pussy.

"Damn it toy, I've still got some work to do and now I'm just a mess."

"Apologies Alexis, I will do a bad job next time."

"Sure, I'm assuming you would like at least one orgasm this decade?"

I smiled, "let me rephrase that. If specifically instructed I will do a bad job, otherwise I will do everything in my power to give you magnificent orgasm after magnificent orgasm."

"Better answer, my toy."

She pushed herself off me and put the gag back in. I was left bound and gagged again. It was fine, it was more than fine. I had just given her an amazing orgasm and I was happy to lie here and wait for my next opportunity. My crushed and cramped cock between my legs was a gentle reminder of my place.

At some point later I heard Alexis sigh.

"This is pointless, all I'm doing now is looking at bondage gear and thinking about how much fun I could have with it. Do you think another orgasm will allow me to concentrate better toy?"

I nodded my head vigorously.

She laughed, "well, if you're sure babe."

She settled down and placed her pussy over my mouth.

"No edging but a nice slow build up please babe."

Around twenty minutes later I was gagged again. Alexis lay down next to me with a very contented sigh.

"That was beautiful babe. The way you touch me does things to me that I never thought possible." Her hand had moved between my legs and she was caressing my balls, occasionally squeezing them and rolling them around. Despite it's awkward downward position my cock was throbbing away.

"You know Louise said that you definitely weren't going to cum before the end of term? It might be fun to not even let you out of the cage before then. Does that sound like a good idea babe?"

She was holding the cage, feeling the blood pulsing through it. I couldn't hide my arousal, I never could. I nodded.

"Betrayed again babe. Your cock never lies, does it?"

I shook my head this time. My cock knew what I loved.

"Have a think about when you might actually get an orgasm babe. Louise and I have big plans for you. I'm going to have a nap now, don't move or disturb me."

She left her arm across the small of my back and after a few minutes I heard her breathing become deep and regular. My cock was like steel, my mind was racing. She was probably just messing with my head, but I just never knew with either of them. Maybe I wouldn't even get to cum at the end of term? My cock was trying to tear a hole in the mattress but I just lay motionless, waiting for my beautiful temptress to wake up.

Alexis just needed a power nap and was awake after probably about half an hour. Her hand went straight back to my cock, it was still pretty hard as I hadn't been able to stop thinking about the denial I was suffering.

She sighed peacefully, "oh that's nice babe. I see you have been busy thinking, lovely. Feels to me that you really don't want to cum any time soon, true?"

I nodded and hardened again. This woman was going to drive me mad with lust. She had the same desire as Ma'am, she would just keep pushing and pushing. She was young but she instinctively knew how to push my buttons, and pushing my buttons turned her on as well. She moved, "again my toy."

The gag came out and my mouth was yet again full of her smooth, slick pussy. I adored everything about it, the smell, the taste, but what I loved more than anything was the amount of pleasure I was able to give her. The ecstasy I could give her meant the world to me. It meant more to me than my own pleasure, so much more. I could live with long term denial, but I couldn't live without this. Making Alexis cum, and making Ma'am cum gave me a profound sense of satisfaction deep in my soul. I simply couldn't go without it, I was addicted to their happiness and pleasure, it was that simple.

My heart was singing as Alexis came on my tongue again, she writhed and moaned, holding my head down between her thighs.

She slowly got up and I felt the ropes being loosened. Before long I was free and I sat on the bed stretching my sore shoulders and knees. Alexis watched me and asked if I was ok, I told her I was more than ok, and I told her about how I felt when she came. She gave me the most beautiful smile and a big hug.

"It's so good you feel that way babe. I'm planning on making you very happy, many times a day. Have a look at some of the gear I've been looking at."

I sat on the chair and she sat on my lap. She opened her thighs slightly and pulled my cage up between them so that it was pressed up against her hot pussy. We

slowly browsed through images of latex catsuits for her, various masks and hoods for me. Nearly all of them deprived me of my sight and hearing. We looked at devices to hold and crush my balls, different types of strap ons for me to fuck her with. All the time she was wriggling in my lap, I could feel her wet pussy against me, sliding across the top on the cage and she could feel it twitching against her. We started looking at nipple clamps so I reached up and played with hers. They were already hard so I just rolled them around between my thumb and forefinger, occasionally pulling and squeezing. She was getting more and more aroused. Opening her legs wider she held my cage and pressed it into her. With the thick bars it was too wide and uncomfortable to try and insert but she had it pressed hard against her opening and rocked against it. Her other hand slipped down to her clit.

"Do you want to fuck me babe? Think about pushing your hard cock deep inside. Think about how tight and wet I would feel."

She had a rhythm building, her hips moving with her fingers. My balls were aching as my erection pulled them away from my body, it felt like I had been hard all day.

"Close your eyes babe. You're inside me, pumping away. It feels amazing, you want to cum so much but you can't. I haven't given you permission, I may never give you permission."

She could feel me moving beneath her, tensing as I pushed my cage up and down as if I was actually inside her. I moaned quietly.

"Yes babe, fuck me babe, come on. It feels so good babe. Oh fuck yes!"

She shuddered to a powerful orgasm. My cock was covered in her juices as she bounced up and down. I was moaning constantly, I wanted to be in her so much, it almost felt primal. She climbed off me and ordered me to stand up.

My cock stood straight out, glistening with her juices. She dropped to her knees and began to slowly and suggestively lick me clean. Her tongue was like velvet. My whole body seemed to be trembling with passion. She held my balls tight and looked up smiling.

"Still sure that my pleasure is the most important thing to you babe? Would you like an orgasm or more denial?"

I groaned, "more denial Alexis, more denial for me and more pleasure for you. Always."

As I spoke she went back for more juices. Her tongue was flicking across my taut bulging skin, now it was running up and down my slit. I couldn't believe how aroused I was, I couldn't stop moaning. I broke and started to beg.

"Please stop Alexis. Please, I can't stand it. I'm so horny. Stop please, please."

She looked up briefly, "just a little bit more toy. I haven't got all my juices yet, and they taste so good, don't they? You wouldn't want to deny me that pleasure, would you?"

She squeezed my balls, very hard. I groaned loudly, it was all I could do to remain standing and not double up to protect myself. But it had the effect of taking my mind off the overpowering urge to cum. Her tongue continued on it's journey over my distended cock. Her grip slackened off a little but she carried on licking for another minute. Eventually the teasing stopped and she stood up.

"Ah god Alexis, that was intense."

I had a sheen of sweat covering me, she ran a finger down my chest.

"It was, wasn't it babe?"

She pointed down with her finger. I dropped to my knees with my head bowed.

"Look at me toy."

She took a step back. It was a magnificent sight. She had her hands on her hips and her legs were a shoulder width apart. I took in her glistening pussy, her full perfect breasts before locking eyes with her, those beautiful emerald green eyes.

"Your cock belongs locked, doesn't it toy?"

"Yes Alexis."

Does it ever need to be unlocked toy?"

"No Alexis, never."

"Why not?"

"Because my pleasure is unimportant Alexis. I get everything I need from pleasing you and my denial pleases you. The only thing that matters is you. Everything I do should be about you Alexis."

"Yes, it should. Do you need an orgasm, my toy? Or do you just want one?"

"I just want one Alexis. My balls do need to be emptied occasionally but I don't need an orgasm."

"Do you think you deserve an orgasm?"

"That is for you to decide Alexis."

My cock was bobbing up and down with lust. Nothing seemed to turn it on more than talk of denying it. It was a paradox that I didn't fully understand. Some philosopher once said that the pursuit of happiness makes you unhappy. At that moment, nothing would have made me happier than an orgasm, but ultimately an orgasm would make me unhappy. The intensity of feelings that my denial gave me were so much deeper and long lasting than an orgasm. I knelt in front of Alexis, lost in her eyes, helpless before her beauty and control.

She moved to me and dropped to her knees, still staring into my eyes.

"This is beautiful Tom. You are just perfect. I'm going to tease you and hurt you. I'm going to cherish you and care for you. We are going to have an amazing time together, exploring our deepest darkest desires. Are you with me?"

"I am Alexis, I'm with you all the way."

We hugged for a long time.

Alexis pulled away.

"Wow, that was a moment."

We both laughed, slightly nervously maybe.

"Let's go to the bar and have a beer or two. We can't stay in my room forever."

I frowned.

"No! Say it isn't true Alexis. We can stay here, naked forever. We can!"

She laughed heartily.

"You need a cold shower toy. Get a grip!"

I reached for her tits.

"No! Not that sort of grip!"

We were both giggling, and got to our feet. Alexis was right, I definitely needed a cold shower otherwise I would not be able to get into my jeans.

Twenty minutes later we had both showered and on our way to the bar. Alexis was right about going to the bar too, we both needed to unwind a little.

There were a few people in the bar, we chatted away but we were in a world of our own really. Someone even referred to us as a pair of lovebirds. We had been there for just over an hour when Alexis whispered in my ear, "I'm as horny as hell babe. My pussy is throbbing with lust."

Now I was as horny as hell too. My cock hadn't exactly been behaving itself but now it was rock hard yet again.

"You've done something to me babe, all I can think about is your tongue and teasing you. I go to bed wet, I wake up wet. I spend all day thinking about your cock stuck in that cage, desperate for release and relief that it's never going to get."

I was going crazy with desire, I reached for her and she pushed my hand away.

"You look flustered babe, what's wrong? Was it something I said?"

"God Alexis, I want you so much, I want to fuck you, lick you, kiss you, touch every inch of you. I want you burning up with desire like I am. Then I want to make you cum like you've never cum before. Please let me give an orgasm Alexis. Let me use the strap on and fuck you like a wild animal."

"Come on!"

Alexis stood up and dragged me out of my chair. There was a fairly obvious bulge in my trousers but I didn't care. We got to her room and were instantly all over each other. We were naked in seconds and the strap on was in place seconds

after that. She quickly and roughly tied my balls back, and jumped onto the bed, on her knees.

"Fuck me hard, now!"

I got on the bed and inserted the fake cock. I was careful with the first few strokes but then I began to thrust with much more vigour. She was already letting out little grunts and moans as I slammed it into her. She reached out and gripped the edge of the mattress. I had hold of her hips and I was pulling her towards me.

"Oh god, oh god. Come on babe, that's so good."

She had let her shoulders fall onto the bed, her back was arched, her ass high in the air. There was a slap of flesh each time I went deep inside her. I was really going for it now. Alexis was moaning, louder and louder. She came in a rush, shaking and squealing. I slowed down, unsure if she wanted me to keep going at it so hard.

"Easy babe, gently."

I slowed until I was gently gliding the strap on in and out. She was still gasping, quieter but longer moaning sounds each time I slid home.

"Change position, mind your head."

Somehow she managed to roll onto her back and flip her leg round so we were in the standard missionary position while keeping the fake cock inside her.

"You've fucked me, now make love to me."

Her legs wrapped around me and I moved my hips sliding the strap deep inside her, and then pulling it as far out as I dared. It wasn't easy as obviously I couldn't feel how far out I had gone. We kissed as our bodies joined and I saw her passion growing. I managed to get one arm under the small of her back and used it to control her a little, pushing with my hips and raising her up a bit with my arm. She was digging her nails into my back and gripping me tightly with her thighs. I speeded up, driving the cock into her with more force. The heat between us was growing and her movements were getting more pronounced. She put one arm around my neck and dragged me head down beside hers. I got my other arm

around her, my hand on her shoulder. My whole body was moving against her now as I used my arms to pull her body into me. She was getting there.

We were moving as one, our bodies writhing together as I pushed into her. The ropes were digging into my balls and my cock was screaming for release but we were one, as if her pleasure and need was the yin, and my pain and denial was the yang. I kept driving into her and she came, bucking and scratching with her nails. I barely realised and carried on pounding into her pussy. She had to literally push me away.

"Baby, baby, stop. Enough."

I looked at her with slightly dazed eyes and she smiled.

"Wow, you were in the zone there Tom. That was intense, really wild."

I was sweating and breathing quite hard.

"Sorry Alexis, was that too much? I don't know what happened. I just couldn't stop. Our bodies like that, our skin, I just wanted it so much."

She put her hand on my chest.

"Calm down babe, it's all good, it's really good. You just lost it a bit there. You are usually so good at reading me, sensing what to do but you just went for it there."

"I'm sorry Alexis, I let myself get carried away and lost my self control."

She began getting me out of the various ropes and straps.

"I don't know Tom, it was amazing in a way, you just went feral. To be honest I liked it, I had turned you into a wild animal, just like I said I wanted in the bar. Losing your self control isn't good obviously, but it was a wild ride. Let's see what Louise has to say next week."

I didn't know what she would think. There were two sides, I had not been thinking purely of Alexis but pure lust and desire had taken over which would surely be something that Ma'am would approve of in some way. No thought other than sex and pleasure.

Alexis massaged my balls, in a nice way. In her hurry to get them trussed up she had tied them a little too severely. Ma'am had told me that BDSM and alcohol or drugs weren't a good mix, she was right as always.

We talked for a while then fell asleep. Sunday was a fairly slow day. I left in the afternoon, both of us had work to do, and we both needed to be on top of things as we were spending the next weekend at Ma'am's.

We deliberately didn't see too much of each other during the week and worked hard. Alexis had me come round to pleasure her a couple of times but I wasn't allowed to stay. I enjoyed being used like that, I really was her toy. A tongue to use for her pleasure, not a human being.

We set off early Friday evening, we were both looking forward to the weekend. Obviously I was going to be teased and tortured but I really wanted to see Ma'am. Alexis wanted to see her for other reasons, to learn as much as she could and she also told me that she had really enjoyed the sex she had with Ma'am. Smiling she told me that there was no danger of her going off men, but Ma'am had definitely ignited her bisexual side in a big way. I had the feeling that part of the reason she told me was that she knew it turned me on massively. I had a fantasy that one day I would be in bed, unlocked with both of them. I knew the part about being unlocked was unlikely but the thought had got into my head and wasn't going to go away.

Before we arrived, Alexis received a message from Ma'am. I was to go straight to the dungeon and follow the instructions that would be waiting for me.

"Oh, I wonder what she has planned babe."

Her hand slid onto my inner thigh.

"Don't get distracted babe, concentrate on your driving."

She laughed but my mind was already racing and my cock was already hardening.

I parked the car in front of the house, carried our bags in and went straight downstairs as instructed. There weren't any written instructions, but there was a pair of leather wrist cuffs hanging by a short length of chain from the ceiling complete with two small padlocks. There was also a blindfold with the cuffs. It was fairly self explanatory so I stripped off, put the blindfold on, tightened the

cuffs and locked them. I was standing naked in the middle of the dungeon with my arms held high above my head. As always when my senses were removed time crawled by and my imagination got the better of me. When I eventually heard some noise on the stairs my cock had gone through several imagination filled cycles of hardening and softening. It happened to be fairly hard when they came downstairs which was met by predictable comments about my love of bondage.

I felt hands begin to caress me all over my body. Any doubt my cock had about how hard it should be were swiftly removed.

The hands disappeared and I the blindfold was removed. Alexis was standing in front of me, she and Ma'am had been shopping. She was wearing the latex catsuit that we had looked at together in her room. It had the keyhole cut out which framed her cleavage beautifully. It was skin tight and glossy, combined with a pair of thigh high boots she looked absolutely stunning. All her curves were accentuated, she looked every inch like a dominatrix.

She smiled but I sensed danger.

"We're going to have some fun with you toy."

Behind me Ma'am slipped a pair of ear plugs in my ears and then the two latex hoods went on. Just like the previous session with the pair of them I was blind and deaf. I assumed that Ma'am was about to give Alexis another lesson and didn't want me to hear or see. Hands were on my body again but not in an arousing way. It was as if Ma'am was touching areas and pointing things out around my body. It was peculiar, I felt like I was being measured or prepared for something. Then I felt someone pulling my legs apart, ankle cuffs were locked on and a spreader bar put in between them. My legs were now held about three feet apart. I found out what I was being prepared for shortly as a fairly soft cat o' nine tails hit my ass. It felt like suede or very soft leather. There was brief sting but nothing severe at all. After a few hits on my ass it traveled across my body. My back, my legs, my chest, pretty much my whole body was covered. As the number of strikes increased my body started feeling warm as it was covered by hundreds of soft lines. The light beating stopped and then there was a loud crack as a flexible leather paddle crashed into my cheeks. Again the blows moved around, but as the impact was quite hard they were only on fleshy parts, like my ass and my thighs. Various implements were used, canes and firm tools only on fleshy bits, lighter

toys, such as cats were deployed over my whole body. I assumed that Alexis was doing most of it, learning from Ma'am about where to strike and which implements to use where. Nothing was used to excess but then Alexis settled on a light, sharp cat. She seemed to be enjoying her work, fine lines of fire began to criss cross my body. This was turning into a serious session. My ass got the worst of it but my back, thighs and chest were also covered. The pain was getting pretty intense, I couldn't help but twist my body as the blows rained down on me but as I had no idea where they were coming from it had little effect. Alexis gave me one last hard swipe across the ass and the beating stopped.

My hands were lowered down to head height and I heard the sound of stiletto heels going up the stairs. I stood there feeling the hundreds of tiny stings from the cat slowly fade.

I waited for their return, the stings of the cat faded and I noticed the ache in my shoulders. My arms had been suspended for a while now but I had a fair idea about what was going on upstairs. They would both have been turned on by what just happened and were certainly enjoying themselves as I stood, alone and in pain. As always my cock began to harden as I imagined their latex clad bodies intertwined.

My thoughts were interrupted by the click of heels. Hands stroked my body again, inspecting and occasionally lightly scratching. Finally my hands were released and I was allowed a few moments to ease my sore shoulders. The hoods and ear plugs were removed and I was greeted by the sight Ma'am and Alexis in their latex gear. Ma'am was glowing but Alexis looked slightly flustered and red faced, I wondered what had gone on while they were upstairs. Ma'am came up to me and gave me a long passionate kiss.

"Go upstairs and wait for me boy."

"Yes Ma'am."

I waited outside her bedroom for probably over fifteen minutes before she came up, Alexis was not with her. She looked like a predator as she swayed down the hall towards me, a vision of menace wrapped in tight black latex.

"Get on that bed boy, it's been too long."

She pushed me back and I fell onto the bed, Ma'am immediately mounted me and put her hands on my shoulders. She just stared at me for a moment or two, then slowly started grinding her groin into the cage.

"Have you missed me baby?"

My head had been full of Alexis but being back with Ma'am just seemed right. I was where I should be.

"I have Ma'am, more than I realised. It's so good to be with you again."

She understood and smiled, "it is good to see you too. My pussy has missed your tongue. I've been soaking wet all day in anticipation."

She was still gyrating her hips over the cage. I was as solid as a rock and my balls were aching under the strain. Only one thing could make me happier, Ma'am obliged, and reached down between her legs, unzipped the crotch of her catsuit and wriggled up until her pussy was over my face.

That was it, heaven is a place on earth. Aching with need and with Ma'am's pussy on my face was just perfection. It was everything I wanted, everything I needed. Giving a woman an orgasm, giving her that high, that huge release of sexual tension was the single most important thing to me. All my needs disappeared, my own desire for an orgasm seemed to amplify the joy I got from someone else's pleasure.

She was right about how wet she was, my face was slick with her juices immediately. I savoured the taste and the aroma as my tongue found her clit and began working it's magic. She was already sensitive and I felt her hands gripping my head, pulling me into her. It was no time for measured build up. My tongue sped over her bud and her passion grew quickly. Her muscles began to shake and she let out a loud moan as the orgasm ripped through her body. After a few moments she pushed herself back so she was sitting on my chest. She looked down, flushed and sweaty.

"I'd almost forgotten how good you are at that baby. Lovely, just lovely."

I smiled back at her.

"I wouldn't say the pleasure is all mine Ma'am, but there's nothing I love more than making you cum. Please may I have the honour again Ma'am?"

She grinned and changed position. After putting a pillow under my head she swapped around so we were in the sixty nine position. I wrapped my arms around her waist and held her pussy to my mouth. I heard a soft sigh as my tongue very gently brushed her clit. This would be a much longer build up, it was my favourite way to bring her to orgasm. I felt incredibly calm and at peace like this. I could feel every muscle twitch, her hot breath on my cage. I knew her so well that I could almost anticipate everything she wanted me to do before she knew it herself. Her hands were gently stroking my engorged cock through the bars and then softly squeezing my aching balls. I was as hard as I have ever been but all I was thinking about was bringing her to the best orgasm I could. I used feather light touches moving up and down, and from side to side. Sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly but with a little more force. I could feel her building. Her thighs trembled occasionally and her body moved on mine. As the feelings grew more intense her hands stopped and she lay her head on my stomach, giving herself completely to the beautiful storm that was blooming in her. She was closing in but I wasn't going to make her cum too soon. I eased off a little, I would know when the time was right. Her hands were on my thighs, I could feel her nails start to dig into my flesh. She was breathing hard and the tremors and spasms in her muscles were becoming more frequent. I kept my tongue moving relatively slowly but centered it's movements directly on her clit. She was going to cum, I knew that, but it would take another minute. She knew it too. Her breathing accelerated and her nails were digging ever more forcefully into my flesh. It was nearly upon her, I gripped her waist even tighter pushing my mouth slightly harder against her hot flesh. Her orgasm was intense, she was hyperventilating and her whole body was shaking. Deep, long moans of ecstasy filled the room. I held her tight as she writhed in orgasmic pleasure. It seemed to go on for ever, aftershocks rippled through her as the tension slowly eased and her moans turned into sighs. It took a few minutes for her to recover, then she moved slowly around and we lay in each others arms as she gently kissed my face.

"Oh baby, baby. That was beautiful, so beautiful."

She giggled quietly, "I'm so proud of myself for teaching you so well."

I laughed, "you have done a marvellous job Ma'am, well done you!"

She was grinning now.

"As I said to Stephen, you are a natural baby. All I had to do was give you a little helping hand once in a while. Keeping you locked has obviously helped. Knowing that your pleasure

is totally dependent on me is vital. It changes your thinking entirely doesn't it?"

"Indeed it does Ma'am. My world used to revolve around my cock and my orgasms. By removing them I have discovered how much pleasure I get from pleasing others. My desire to give you everything and anything you want is far greater than my desire to cum. It's pretty much the only thing that matters to me. I get such a profound sense of satisfaction from making you cum and from making you happy."

She kissed me passionately moving her latex body against me. Her hand found its way down to the cage that was still full to bursting point.

"This thing still seems pretty keen on getting out baby. Are you sure you want to give me an orgasm more than you want one for yourself?"

"Ma'am, I would love an orgasm. It would be amazing but I have given them to you. They are yours, you will allow me to have one when you think the time is right. I have a deep yearning, a lust inside me that is almost overwhelming sometimes but I am trying not just to live with it, I'm trying to embrace it.

I love the thrill of being so horny all the time. Every time I get hard in my cage I get such a rush, I get adrenaline or endorphins flowing through me. I do really want to cum but it would mean losing all those amazing feelings for one brief high. I'm beginning to understand that life is better like this and that I am a better person like this."

Ma'am stared at me, her eyes boring into me.

"That's quite a speech baby. I know you well enough to know you're not lying. I think you are in a good place. When this began I talked about breaking the links between arousal and orgasms. You have been turned on so much in the last few months without having an orgasm that your mind has found ways to compensate. You want the thrill of sexual excitement and arousal more than you want those feelings sated. That's good, really good. There will be difficult times ahead but you are going in the right direction. I will keep pushing, you know that, but you are definitely on the right path."

She gave me a quick kiss.

"You haven't mentioned Alexis, how are things going?"

I hadn't mentioned her, I was still unsure how the three of us would work together. Ma'am and Alexis got on brilliantly but I couldn't help thinking about the old saying that three is a crowd. To some extent that wasn't my problem, my job was to make whoever I was with happy. Keep it simple and let the ladies relationship evolve. I just hoped that I would never have to make a choice.

"Things are really good Ma'am, she's great. She teases me relentlessly and I get plenty of opportunities to please her, and you know how much I enjoy that Ma'am."

She laughed, "indeed I do baby. I've been chatting to her quite a lot over the last few weeks. Remember when you tied her up and made her cum? She didn't tell you, but that really excited her. I knew where our conversations were leading as soon as she said that. She's currently in the dungeon in tight bondage, this weekend is a little experiment between the two of us. She is totally committed to her domination of you, but she wants to explore her sub side with me."

I must have looked surprised, I had only ever seen her as completely dominant. Obviously that was just my sub tinted glasses.

"Don't worry baby, I've known plenty of people over the years who go both ways. It's actually relatively common for a woman to be one hundred percent dominant to men, but also want to be dominated by a woman, especially by a woman like me."

She gave me an evil looking smile.

"You know what I'm like boy. I always get what I want. Put it this way, I am an alpha, Alexis is a beta, you are an omega. You will never dominate her, but I can. There is a chain of command, I am at the top and you are at the bottom. Alexis is just below me, I don't yet know how far she wants to go but this weekend will be a good way to find out."

Ma'am's words made sense but I was still slightly surprised. But hell, what did I know. Remember, keep it simple and please the people who matter. Ma'am and Alexis.

"Anyway, enough talking boy. You know what to do."

"Yes Ma'am."

I gently moved her onto her back and moved my hands and tongue slowly down her body until I reached my goal, her heavenly pussy. All thoughts of Alexis in bondage disappeared and my world narrowed down to one thing and one thing alone. Give Ma'am as much pleasure as I could. The simplicity struck me, please them. That was all I needed to do, everything else would take care of itself. My pleasure, my pain, my needs, none of it was mine to address anymore. I had one job and I was going to do it to the best of my ability.

I gave Ma'am another massive orgasm and after she had composed herself we went down to the dungeon to see how Alexis was doing. She was still in her latex gear, but she was in a very strict hog tie. Her forearms were flush against the small of her back, and the heels of her boots were held tightly against her ass. She was gagged and blindfolded but not hooded, Ma'am said that Alexis hadn't felt comfortable about that level of head coverage. There was a pool of drool under the gag.

"How's my newest sub doing down there?"

There was a muffled and unintelligible response from behind the gag.

"Oh OK," said Ma'am, "we'll be back in an hour or so then."

The next muffled response clearly indicated that Alexis wasn't happy about that. Ma'am winked at me and knelt down in front of Alexis.

"What was that darling? I didn't quite catch what you said."

Alexis wriggled as best she could and made more anxious sounding noises from behind her gag.

"I see, you want out. Well there's a problem with that isn't there Alexis. It's not up to you is it? Is it?"

After a short delay she shook her head.

"If I want to leave you here I can, can't I?"

Another pause then a nod.

"You don't seem very sure of that. If I want to leave you here for another hour, then that is what you want too isn't it?"

Alexis knew what she had to do but it took a good five seconds for her to nod her head.

Ma'am put on her cold dominant voice.

"I enjoy keeping you bound, it gives me more time with my boy. You want to make me happy don't you?"

Alexis nodded immediately.

"So you want to stay bound on the floor for as long as I want, don't you?"

There was a pause and then Alexis nodded.

"I don't think you're quite getting it yet, if you had agreed immediately I would be untying you now. But you seem to be thinking of yourself and not me. Maybe another hour will help you understand."

Ma'am stood up and walked away, her finger directing me to follow her. I saw Alexis twist her neck in our direction but she didn't try to protest. A lesson had been learned, a lesson I had learned more than a few times. We went back up to the kitchen and I made us both coffee.

"Feel sorry for her boy?"

"Yes and no Ma'am. She's never been in this situation before but she has to learn that topping from the bottom isn't acceptable."

"Correct, I have no tolerance for that whatsoever. But as you say, she is new so I'll go and see if she has learned anything in about half an hour. I'm just so kind and caring, aren't I?"

I smiled, "you know exactly when to be kind and when to be cruel Ma'am. The carrot is always within reach but you always have the stick in your hand too."

Ma'am grinned and took a sip of her coffee.

"Good answer! I had forgotten how smart you are baby."

I laughed, "I'm not smart Ma'am, just well trained."

She laughed, I loved chatting with her. Despite the power differential between us it always felt so natural. I knew I sometimes skated on thin ice with my answers but we both enjoyed the banter.

We went back to see Alexis when the thirty minutes were up. There was no hesitation this time. Alexis nodded and shook her head immediately when appropriate. Ma'am instructed me to release her and I gave her a drink after the gag came out.

"How do you feel Alexis?"

"I'm not sure Louise, sorry, Ma'am. Being so out of control excited me but then I wanted out. I apologise for not answering properly earlier. I realise my mistake, I'm not in charge, you are. That might take some getting used to."

Ma'am nodded, "no worries Alexis, there are two ways this can go. My way, which will be quite hard, or the very, very hard way. You had better learn quickly. I'm sure my boy has told you that I will not be denied."

"Yes Ma'am, I will do my best to obey you, and to please you."

I found it strange to see Alexis like this, subservient and submissive. I mentally shook my head, it was important for me to remember that she was still my domme. Just because Ma'am was controlling her, my position was unchanged.

"Good girl, now it's time for you to get reacquainted with Tom's tongue."

Alexis smiled but I knew that Ma'am would have something up her sleeve. Alexis was told to get on to the throne where Ma'am quickly strapped her down and ensured that her legs were held wide apart. The gag went back in, I noticed a slight hesitation as Ma'am approached with it, and I had no doubt she noticed too.

"You are going to experience a long tease session. Your toy is going to take you to the edge of an orgasm and leave you there, again and again. It doesn't matter how much you try and beg or thrash around, he has his orders and will stick to

them. Try not to think about an orgasm, just enjoy the journey. Oh, and he will be in some difficulty while he teases you, if that makes you feel any better."

Ma'am carefully lowered the crotch zip on Alexis' catsuit to reveal an already wet pussy.

"Well look at that baby, looks like she did enjoy the bondage after all."

Alexis looked slightly embarrassed but Ma'am just laughed.

"Get in position boy."

I dropped to my knees between Alexis' legs and moved towards her.

"Hang on, I'm not finished with you yet. Arms behind your back."

Ma'am began roping my forearms and wrists together until they were fused together with my fingers nearly touching the opposite elbow. She put ankle cuffs on me and attached them to a stretcher bar so they were about two feet apart. Then she efficiently tied my balls, wrapping them together, but not overly tightly. Attaching a long piece of rope to the remaining ball rope she walked over to the cell, and put the rope over the highest horizontal bar of the cell. She made a loop and delved into a box, coming up with some heavy looking weights. She began hanging them from the loop which immediately made the rope tense and pull on my balls. She didn't add too much weight yet and told me to get in position. I shuffled forwards slightly and felt the tension increase. The friction of the rope over the bar meant that I would have to pull quite hard to move the weights but I still felt fairly comfortable. Then Ma'am pulled another couple of inches of rope across the bar. Now it was uncomfortable and I had a feeling I was going to be between Alexis' thighs for quite a while.

"You may begin boy."

Alexis had been watching carefully, her pussy was sopping wet, a combination of both of our predicaments and the anticipation of my tongue.

Ma'am moved behind Alexis, I looked up and I saw her mouth the words one hour to me. My balls were going to be aching badly by that time but I was more concerned about Alexis. She didn't have any idea what she was about to go through. Ma'am had ordered me to do this to her once and it had been incredibly

intense. Using that experience as a template I decided to not take Alexis to the edge until about half an hour had passed. In fact I wasn't even going to touch her clit for at least ten minutes. I slowly ran my tongue up and down her lips, tasting the sweet nectar. I gently pushed my tongue deeper into her folds, occasionally penetrating her as far as I could.

I pulled back and delicately ran my tongue around her lips. She was getting aroused, but slightly impatient. I wasn't giving her what she expected. My tongue travelled up but still I didn't touch her clit, I circled around it, infuriatingly close. She tried to shift in her bonds at get more feeling but Ma'am had done far to good a job and she barely moved. It was time to start very gently massaging her clit. I kept circling around it but I made the circles smaller so she got the slightest of touches. I heard a little intake of breath as my tongue grazed her now highly sensitive nub. As my tongue reached the bottom of one circle I suddenly pushed it straight up over her clit. She jumped and gasped but I then went back to the circles. She let out an angry noise from behind the gag. Be careful what you wish for I thought to myself, you will probably be trying to stop me touching you in a while.

I stopped circling and carefully placed the tip of my tongue on her, I started making tiny quick little movements, almost like a tongue vibrator. That got her attention and she made a sort of low purring sound. I heard the creak of leather as she tried to stretch her tense muscle, and I put a little more pressure on while maintaining the smallest of movements. She took a deep breath and sighed as she exhaled. She was really feeling it now, I glanced up and her eyes were closed. She seemed unaware of the drool running down her chin from the gag, not that she could have done anything about it. Trapped in latex, all her body heat seemed to be trying to escape from her pussy. I applied yet more pressure and she started to breath more heavily. This wasn't going to be enough to take her to the edge, it was just another step.

I changed tack and went back to little circles but this time I made sure my tongue maintained contact with her clit all the way round. The build up had started now, there was more creaking leather as she involuntarily flexed her muscles as the tension grew. She was trying to talk through her gag, it sounded like she was trying to encourage me but I was not going to change path. Her build up to the edge of orgasm was going to be longer than she wanted. I wondered if she thought that I was going to make her cum, although my experience of this sort of

thing was that clear thinking was pretty tricky. The desire to cum could overwhelm everything else.

My circles got smaller and faster, she was on the way now. Each exhalation had a quiet moan in it as she approached the point of no return. I didn't allow her to get there too fast and I began to change speed, slowing down each time she got close and allowing her to fall back away from her peak then accelerating again to drive her back towards it. An angry moan signified that she understood what I was doing. With each cycle I let her get slightly closer until I suddenly stopped circling and went straight at her clit, rapidly flicking up and down. It was coming, she knew it and her moans were reaching a fever pitch. My tongue stopped dead, just the tip touching her. There was a loud groan followed by garbled cries of no. I waited for about ten seconds then started flicking at her clit again, this time from side to side. She bucked in her bonds, her desperately needed orgasm was within reach. All she needed was another second but I stopped again. She cried out in frustration and drool flew from around her gag. A five second wait and I started again. I randomised my movements, both the direction and the intensity. Now she didn't even know if I was going to take her to the edge or not. She was crying out and hyperventilating so I eased off and became calmer, allowing her a little rest. Her moans were still fairly constant because my tongue never left her clit. I decided to slowly bring her to the edge this time. Her moans became growls as the intensity and passion grew. Maybe this time I would make her cum? Of course not, it took a couple of minutes but I had learned from Ma'am's dreadful foreskin manipulation technique that a slow rise towards orgasm allowed the teaser to take their victim even closer which was exactly what I did.

She slowly neared a desperately needed orgasm, she was so close. I knew the feeling, it had to happen, surely it was going to happen, it's right there. I stopped and she cried out in frustration, fighting her bonds. Again and again I built her up excruciatingly slowly only to stop right on the brink. Sweat was pouring off her and drool was running down her chest and into the keyhole gap in her suit. She didn't know or care. She was consumed by lust, a primal need for an orgasm.

I was lost in my work but I suddenly became aware of Ma'am standing behind Alexis. I looked at her and she gave me a slow down hand signal and then pointed down. I understood and moved my tongue from Alexis' tortured and sensitive clit, but I kept moving around the rest of her soaking pussy. Alexis slowly regained a

little composure as Ma'am stood by her side. She opened her eyes and made a desperate high-pitched moan.

Ma'am gently stroked her face and moved some hair away that was stuck in the sweat.

"That was so damn hot. I've been watching you for the last twenty minutes or so, and I'm feeling so turned on. There is nothing like watching a sub right on the edge of an orgasm being denied again and again. I love it."

Ma'am's hand was between her legs, when her fingers appeared they were glistening with juices. She put two fingers in her mouth and sensually sucked them dry.

Alexis moaned, so did I. My cock had been fairly hard throughout the scene, but watching Ma'am made it spring up to full hardness. I also became aware of my sore aching balls as the rope pulled relentlessly on them. Ma'am looked at me and laughed.

"Calm down boy. You'll get yours later, how are your balls?"

I shrugged while keeping my mouth and tongue working away. Ma'am had a quick look.

"I think they're done for now. Back to her clit boy, nice and easy."

Ma'am walked behind me and removed the weights before unwrapping my strained balls. She gave them a quick squeeze and massage.

"They have gone a lovely deep red baby. Nice."

They felt pretty red but with the rope removed the ache began to fade. Alexis had dropped away from her previous high but my gentle ministrations quickly had her closing in on what she wanted most in the world, a massive orgasm. Ma'am walked behind her and ran her hands down to her nipples. Despite being covered behind a layer of tight latex, they were still poking out a fair way. Ma'am started caressing them then quickly began squeezing them firmly between thumb and forefinger. Each squeeze drew a moan from Alexis. Ma'am's fingers combined with my tongue were driving her relentlessly to her peak so Ma'am signaled me to slow down again.

"You have got to be so hot right now Alexis. So hot, so wet, so damn desperate."

She leaned forward so she was whispering in her ear.

"I just have to say one word to my boy and you will have an earth shattering orgasm. One little word. That is the power I have over you right now. I can give you everything you want, all I have to do is say the word."

Alexis was in pieces, sweating, drooling and moaning. She was trying to look at Ma'am with imploring eyes. I think I knew where Ma'am was going with her speech, I just hoped Alexis had retained a glimmer of sanity. There was a question coming soon.

Ma'am continued, repeating herself.

"But I love a desperate sub, a needy sub, a denied sub. It gives me such a thrill."

Here it comes I thought to myself. Twice now she has said how much she loves a horny and denied sub.

Ma'am gave Alexis' nipples an extra hard tweak and she groaned in pain and pleasure.

"Would you like an to have an orgasm Alexis?"

Alexis immediately and frantically nodded that she would.

"A massive, earth shattering orgasm?"

Alexis was nodding furiously. Inwardly I groaned, that was the wrong answer.

"Of course you do."

Ma'am stood back up behind Alexis and made an upward motion with her hand but slowly and firmly shook her head. I nodded, I understood. Up meant that I had to take her to the edge again but the head shake meant no orgasm. Alexis had made the classic mistake, twice Ma'am had told her what she wanted but Alexis had been thinking only of her own need for an orgasm and not about making Ma'am happy. She had made the same mistake when she was tied up too. This was probably going to be a very uncomfortable and unfulfilling night for her.

Ma'am stood and watched behind Alexis as she writhed and moaned. I ever so slowly manipulated her towards an orgasm before easing her away. I did this five times before Ma'am gave me the signal to back off a bit.

"So horny and desperate. So close to an orgasm, that's just where I want you Alexis. Right on the ragged edge."

Ma'am was twisting her nipples through the latex again and Alexis' cries and moans filled the room.

"Want an orgasm?"

Alexis nodded again in desperation. Ma'am looked at me, shrugged, and gave a cut throat signal with her hand. I stopped and moved back a little. Ma'am took my place between Alexis' legs.

Alexis calmed down a little and focused on Ma'am kneeling in front of her.

"The role of a sub is to please her Mistress, yes?"

A nod.

"Do you want to please me and make me happy?"

Another nod.

"I told you many times that a desperate and denied sub makes me incredible aroused, didn't I?"

Alexis tensed and her eyes widened. The penny had dropped. She started burbling through the gag, an apology I assumed. Ma'am just held her finger up to the gag then dropped it down between Alexis' legs. She jumped and then moaned as Ma'am slid two fingers inside her and used her thumb to carefully massage Alexis' sensitive clit.

"Have you ever felt this horny before?"

A shake of the head.

"An orgasm right now would be incredible wouldn't it?"

A nod.

"Would you like to cum Alexis?"

An immediate shake of the head.

"Are you sure? It would feel amazing."

Another quick shake.

"No orgasm for you then Alexis. Thank you, that makes me feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

In fact, get down here boy."

I was positioned on my back between Alexis' legs and Ma'am sat on my face. I got to work on her as she buried her face in Alexis' soaking pussy. Soon the dungeon was full of the moans of two women. I would have been moaning too if my mouth had been less busy. I was incredibly aroused by the situation and my cock was throbbing like crazy. Ma'am leaned back a little as her orgasm hit her, gripping Alexis' legs for support. Alexis was still moaning despite the fact that her pussy wasn't receiving any attention. There was one satisfied domme and two desperately horny subs in the room.

Ma'am recovered, stood up and released Alexis. She gently removed her gag and they kissed passionately. Alexis was in a daze, her whole body was crackling with sexual energy. With my help, Ma'am stripped her catsuit off and towed her down. We led her to the cross and Ma'am told me to secure her, but only by her wrists and ankles.

Ma'am nipped upstairs and returned with a parcel. She unwrapped it in front of Alexis, it was a female chastity device, sleek stainless steel married with black padding for comfort.

Alexis' eyes were wide open now.

"I think this would look absolutely gorgeous on you, what do you think?"

The look on Alexis' face told me that this was moving in a direction that she hadn't expected.

Ma'am closed in and started sliding her middle finger up and down Alexis' swollen pussy.

"You know how I like my subs. Imagine feeling this horny and alive all the time. Wouldn't that be amazing?"

Ma'am had driven her close to her peak again, Alexis' eyes were closed and her mouth was open as she breathed heavily.

"You do want to please me don't you? Tell me how much my pleasure means to you?"

I had been through this many, many times. It was scary but incredibly erotic. Ma'am was irresistible, she was a force of nature that could not be denied.

"Please Ma'am," Alexis whispered, "I want to please you. I want to make you happy. Oh god Ma'am."

She was right on the edge and her legs were shaking.

"Always horny and denied Alexis, always."

She groaned.

"Please keep me horny and denied Ma'am. Please Ma'am, please lock me in chastity. I want to please you."

Ma'am's fingers left her pussy and she went to work on Alexis' rock hard nipples. She rolled them around between two fingers and kissed her, forcing her tongue deep into Alexis' willing mouth. She moved her thigh between Alexis' legs and pressed it into her pussy. She was twisting and pulling at her victim's nipples, eliciting deep throaty moans. Alexis was flexing her thighs, frantically humping Ma'am's thigh. She was shaking and moaning, so close to an orgasm when Ma'am simply stood back.

"Nooo!" Alexis cried out in desperate need. Her hips were still moving, trying for some kind of friction on her soaking pussy but there was none to be had.

Ma'am calmly began to fit the chastity device. It wasn't made to measure but it was adjustable. The waist strap was tightened, so Ma'am wiped down Alexis' soaking pussy and attached the front plate and pulled it through between Alexis' legs. She carefully checked that everything was correctly aligned and inserted the key. There was an ominous click. Alexis was breathing hard, chest heaving but looked upset.

"Whats happening?" She was dazed and confused.

"I don't know if I can do this Ma'am. I'm not ready, I don't know what I'm doing."

Ma'am put her hand on her chest.

"Relax Alexis, calm down. Everything is fine, everything is going to be OK. I'm in charge now. Your pleasure and orgasms belong to me. I know what's best for you, and for Tom. You will learn to love your new role as my chastity bitch. Let's go boy."

With that Ma'am turned and we left the dungeon.

I was a little stunned, Ma'am had reduced Alexis to a chastised sub in the space of one day. Ma'am could see the odd look on my face.

"What's up Tom? You look worried."

"I don't know Ma'am, I know this isn't my place but isn't this all a bit quick? In my mind Alexis is nothing but dominant and now she's a sub? I don't think she wants this."

Ma'am smiled at me, she could see how troubled I was and there was real warmth in her smile.

"Firstly, well done for speaking up Tom. I've deliberately thrown her right in at the deep end. I'm ninety nine percent certain that she doesn't really want this. She might surprise me but I very much doubt it. She is so like a young me it's scary. I let myself be coerced into a sub role when I was young. He wasn't a good man, he was manipulative and nasty, and not in a good way if you know what I mean. It took me a while to work it out. I'm accelerating Alexis' learning curve. This day, this weekend, will stick in her mind for many reasons. She will end up knowing for certain that she isn't really any kind of sub. But the most important lesson she will learn is the power that a dominant can wield over their sub. I totally took control of her down there. I abused my power, it's easy for someone like me. I have so many tools in my armoury to bend people to my will. It's a cliché, but with great power comes great responsibility. I think she has it within her to be like me so she needs to learn about what that power can do. Don't worry, I will have a long chat with her and explain all this, and more. She will probably still want me to

dominate her occasionally but that's more about learning than it is about her actually being submissive."

I was relieved, I didn't want Alexis to be a sub. I wanted her to dominate me and I wanted to please her. Ma'am had really gone to town on Alexis, it was yet another example of her dominance, as if I needed it.

"Tell me honestly Tom, do you feel in any way abused by me? Are you happy? Honestly happy?"

"Ma'am, I am very happy. You, us, our relationship makes me incredibly happy, and proud. Sexually it is a wild amazing ride. I can't explain how it feels but I love it, I absolutely love it. On another level I feel like you have helped me be a better person, I'm far more likely to fulfill my potential now than I was before I met you."

Ma'am gave me a big hug, holding me tight.

"I'm glad to hear that Tom. I try and constantly assess my subs but you've been away so it's not easy. I thought you were alright but its good to have it confirmed."

We carried on chatting for a while, and had some food. Ma'am decided it was time to go down and see how Alexis was doing.

She tried to look defiant but I wasn't convinced, I sensed some fear and desperation in her. Ma'am ignored her and strapped me into the chair. She gagged and hooded me before going to Alexis. I heard her say that they needed to have a talk and then they went upstairs, I was left to my own devices.

I was down there a long time, probably a couple of hours. I wasn't uncomfortable at all but it was rather boring. But then being a sub wasn't all about having fun!

I heard them coming downstairs, they were chatting away very happily which was great. Obviously Ma'am had sorted Alexis out, and I assumed things were back to normal. Someone gave me a few light slaps under my balls.

"Hello big boy." It was Alexis. "Revenge is a dish best served cold, so they say."

I wasn't hard in the cage but the icy towel was suddenly pressed against my groin, I jumped.

"I need to exact some revenge for that tease session that you put me through toy. An hour, I believe."

The cage and ring were removed and despite the cold I felt blood surge into my cock. It had been two weeks since it had been free and it was going to take full advantage.

"Oh look, how lovely. I bet you would just love me to slide my soaking wet pussy onto your hard cock wouldn't you, my toy?"

She laughed, "so would I but Louise has decided that I should keep this chastity belt on, just for the weekend. It's partly to learn about chastity and the effect it has, and partly to teach me a lesson. Be careful what you wish for, but I guess you have thought that on quite a few occasions recently."

I most certainly had, Alexis had been absent mindedly fondling my cock as she spoke and I was rock hard.

"Now then my toy, time to get down to business. Do not try to cum, do not rush to the edge. I will let you know when I want you close. Don't disappoint me."

It felt like ages since Ma'am had begun training me to not get to the edge, or to try not to cum. I hoped her lessons had stayed with me. Alexis attached a small metal ring around my balls to separate them from my cock and gave them a few playful slaps. I was fairly sure that any time my cock got out of control my balls would know about it.

She put one hand around my balls and pulled gently down so my cock was horizontal, and the other went around the base of my shaft. Suddenly my head and the first few inches of my shaft were enveloped in her hot wet mouth. It was about the best feeling I had ever had. She slid her mouth slowly up and down a few times, sucking her lips tightly around my swollen ridge. It was ecstasy and blood surged into my cock making it throb with pleasure. But then she stopped moving with just my head in her mouth. Her tongue gently brushed across my frenum, sliding up to my slit and then back down again. It was a light touch but it was my most sensitive spot and it felt great. She needed her hand around my shaft to hold me steady as my cock was already twitching. She changed direction and using just the tip of her tongue traced a hot wet line around the underside of my glans. Slowly and gently, side to side, it was perfectly judged and soon my cock felt as taut as a guitar string. Out of the blue she quickly sucked me into her

mouth a few times then went back to the frenum teasing. I had fallen into the zone where Ma'am had taught me to go. It had happened easily and I was surprised. I was loving every second but not desperate for more. I was just enjoying the journey. Clearly Ma'am's training along with long periods locked and denied were working. I didn't even think of an orgasm. The sensations were amazing and after receiving so little for so long, they were more than enough.

After some time she broke off and gave me long strokes with her hand while pulling a little harder on my balls.

"Does that feel good babe? I'm rather enjoying sucking your cock, and knowing what it's doing to you. This could become a regular tease for you."

Her strokes became more gentle and I found myself trying to thrust into her hand.

"No no my toy. Don't be naughty."

She pulled and squeezed hard on my balls until I groaned in pain. She held me like that for a good ten seconds before easing up.

"Control yourself, you know that you are not going to have an orgasm so don't go looking for it."

She released her grip and went to work on my head with just her tongue. She licked and flicked, slowly and gently at first but then with growing vigour. However as my arousal increased she slowed her pace. She was learning how to read my cock, and learning fast it seemed to me. She started swirling her tongue around the circumference of my head, keeping contact with my ridge at all times. I thought I could handle this, delicious as it was but then Alexis slowly started pumping her hand up and down my shaft. I took a deep breath, my orgasm was building and I didn't think I could stop it. She could feel the blood surging in my cock through her fingers and slowed her tongue a little. But it was still too much and my cock began to twitch. She leaned back, away from my head but she kept her slow pumping. It was too late, I was on the edge. She stopped.

"That wasn't supposed to happen was it toy?"

She picked up a small penis whip. It was like a cat but much smaller and with quite soft strands. She brought it up hard under my balls. It caused a sharp but short sting, she gave me a few strokes, each slightly harder than the last. They

came in quick succession creating a hot throb in my balls. She was just testing the waters, after my balls she brought it down on the top of my cock. Thin ribbons of pain shot through it but nothing extreme. Unlike when she had gone overboard with the ruler she was taking it slowly, gauging each strike and how I reacted. Things got a whole lot worse though. After a few strokes on my shaft she held my cock up and started whipping my exposed head. The pain was sharp, very sharp and caused me to grunt with each stroke. The hits came quickly, covering my head. I was jumping in my bonds and my grunts became louder. It didn't last long though. She stopped after about ten seconds. I took a deep breath, it had been short but intense.

"OK babe?"

I nodded, "it will be worse next time. Don't make me do that again toy, I prefer giving you pleasure to pain but I'm not averse to hurting you."

Once again my head was engulfed by her hot wet mouth. She didn't move much this time. She kept her lips sucked tight around my shaft and her tongue on my sensitive frenum and just moved slowly an inch or so in and out.

Her lips slipped across my head and over my ridge. It was beautiful but infuriating. She stopped for a fraction of a second just before she moved in, and before she moved out so the friction was brief and interrupted. She had complete control so I tried to relax and enjoy it. I let the feelings wash over me. The slight pauses allowed me to calm myself, and give me a moment to anticipate the next up or down motion. This continued for a while before she briefly stopped.

"Come to the edge my toy, but don't rush."

She went straight back to what she had been doing but she was moving twice as far with each in and out. The pause was still there so despite the increased movement I still had that moment to reset. I was fine for a while but then I noticed some extra friction from her tongue on the underside of my cock. She had increased the pressure and it was going to be too much for me. I tried to relax, I tried to stay in the moment and just enjoy it but I could feel the inevitable build up. My frenum was just too sensitive. My breathing got ragged and my cock started to twitch uncontrollably. I was nearly there, so close, and she stopped moving. My cock throbbed in her mouth but she kept her grip on my shaft firm enough to stop any accidental movement that would set me off. My head was still

encompassed by her hot mouth. She waited and I waited too. Anything would work for me, any movement at all, I was that close. Then I suddenly realised that I didn't want to cum. Even in that moment where I was so incredibly close, I still didn't want to cum. There wasn't much time to ponder about this development though as her mouth began to move slowly and sensually up and down my shaft again. It didn't take long to come back to the edge and once more we were frozen on place with my cock almost vibrating with lust in her mouth. But still my mind was clear, I still didn't want to reach an orgasm. Again and again she left me tantalisingly close, and inevitably my mental resolve broke. I became desperate, the sensations were too intense. I was so close, and had been for so long that I couldn't take it. I barely registered that all my muscles were tensing or that I was moaning almost constantly. In fact it took me a few seconds to realise that she had stopped. It felt like a phantom tongue was still working on me. Gradually I came to my senses and I heard Alexis speaking.

"Oh wow, I don't know what that was like for you, but that was such a turn on for me babe. If I wasn't locked I would be cumming like a train right now."

She gave me one last hearty suck and laughed.

I felt my bonds being released and my hoods removed. I was dazed but I had just enough sanity to thank her for teasing and training me.

She left my wrists bound and went to get another freezing cold towel. Nothing happened for about ten minutes and it was actually Ma'am who came back down the stairs.

"Alexis was starving so she's having some food. Let me take care of this for you darling."

The towel was as savage as ever and despite my arousal I was soon locked away again.

"How was it boy? Enjoy yourself?"

I told Ma'am that it had been an excellent tease session and that Alexis was learning quickly. I also mentioned my moments of not wanting to cum. Ma'am nodded and smiled.

"That's good boy, really good. Well done."

We went up to the kitchen where Alexis had just finished eating and was sipping a large glass of red. They looked at each other furtively, something was up.

Ma'am was grinning and said, "Go on then Alexis."

She came over and gave me a big kiss.

"I've got a surprise for you my toy. In fact Louise had a bit of a surprise for me."

She held out her hand, in it was the key to my chastity cage.

"Louise has decided that it's time."

I raised my eyebrows, she paused and laughed.

"No, not for an orgasm. She has decided that I can have a key to your chastity cage. That will be fun, won't it babe? Don't worry, you still don't get to cum, but I can start teasing you properly from now on. I can really have some fun with you. Now you really are my toy."

Part 10

This was very exciting news. I realised that the level of teasing I was getting would increase a lot but I would probably get out of the cage more often which was definitely a good thing. More important than that though, was that Ma'am clearly trusted Alexis enough to give her full access to me. It wouldn't make any difference to how many orgasms I got but she was now an equal partner in my domination.

"That's great news Alexis. I'm very pleased."

I looked at Ma'am.

"Thank you Ma'am, thank you for trusting both of us with something so important."

"You're welcome. Alexis has proved herself worthy. I knew she would as soon as I met her. Now you don't get an orgasm unless both of us are one hundred percent happy with your attitude and performance. I think Alexis is even more focused on

teasing you than I am. From what she has said to me, she just loves keeping you chaste and horny."

Alexis started to caress my cage and my cock responded immediately.

"It's true babe. It's like we have some sort of symbiotic relationship. The hornier you get, the hornier I get. Teasing you never fails to turn me on, it drives me wild."

She was still caressing my cage and her other hand was running over my body. I was filling the cage to bursting point again.

"Holding your rock hard cock in it's cage feeds my pussy babe. All your pent up lust and desire just flows straight into me, it's beautiful."

My eyes were slightly glazed and my heart was pumping. These two women were going to drive me mad. Ma'am decided to join in.

"She's right boy. My pussy gets so wet every time I see you like this. I'm soaking wet right now and that needs addressing. Upstairs now."

We went into her bedroom and she wasted no time in securing me. The ladies were on the bed together.

"This is a very rare situation, don't get your hopes up boy, but I'm going to take Alexis' belt off earlier than I said I would. This is a special occasion and it needs to be celebrated properly, with lots of orgasms for the girls."

Alexis clapped her hands with glee.

"Thank you Louise, you are too kind."

"People often say that Alexis. Sometimes a wonder if I'm being taken advantage of. I need to toughen up."

We all laughed at that. The ladies were naked on the bed, I was bound and horny, cock pumping away in it's cage. To me it was an absolutely perfect situation.

Their bodies intertwined as they kissed passionately, hands all over each other. It was quite a sight. Their legs combined as they started grinding together. Soft moans filled the room until Ma'am moved away.

"Let's put on a show for our chastity slave Alexis."

Ma'am sat down on the edge of the bed and Alexis sat on her lap. Ma'am held Alexis' legs wide open with her own. Speaking to me she said, "kneel down in front of us."

To Alexis, "touch yourself baby, make yourself cum."

Ma'am's hands were moving up and down Alexis' inner thighs as Alexis reached down with one hand and slid her finger between her moist lips. Her finger slipped easily up and down.

"That's good isn't it? Our sub is kneeling, hard in his cage and you're going to have an orgasm. The thing he craves most, the thing we deny him."

Alexis moved her finger onto her clit and let out a little moan. Ma'am's hands moved up to her breasts and caressed them, gently at first but then more forcefully. She found her nipples and began to roll them between her fingers. Alexis was getting very turned on now, she was flushed and breathing quite quickly.

"Easy baby, there's no rush. Look how turned on he is, look at his throbbing denied cock."

Alexis smiled and slowed down a little. She had two fingers now circling around her clit, her movements were slow but firm. My cock was straining against the bars as blood pumped relentlessly into it and my hips were moving slowly to and fro. Alexis covered a couple of fingers of her other hand in her juices and held them out to me. I eagerly took them into my mouth and sucked them.

I gently fucked her fingers with my mouth, my tongue flicking at the tips of them. Ma'am was rhythmically twisting and pulling Alexis' nipples so I matched her. Alexis was moaning through my fingers and moving her own faster and faster.

"Show our sub what a real orgasm looks like Alexis. Show him why women should cum all the time and why boys don't. Let him see our power."

I looked up, Alexis was staring straight at me. I locked eyes with her, I could feel her sexual energy radiating out and I was moaning with her as her orgasm hit. She let out a loud groan and her whole body shook. Ma'am held her tight as her body

was wracked by spasm after spasm of raw sexual desire. My legs were shaking and my cock was trembling in it's prison. Alexis groaned loudly a few times before closing her eyes and throwing her head back onto Ma'am's shoulder.

Ma'am kissed her neck, "Oh god, that was beautiful Alexis. So beautiful."

Alexis was still lost in the aftermath of her orgasm.

"That is why you are locked up boy. I'm going to give Alexis another orgasm in a few minutes, then she will give me one, or two. We will both cum so many times tonight and we will be alive with sexual energy. Tomorrow we will be just as horny as today, if not more so. If we allowed you to orgasm, you would be useless. All your energy would be gone, all those beautiful endorphins flowing through you now would be gone, wasted in one spurt. So we're doing the right thing really, aren't we boy?"

Alexis had recovered somewhat and Ma'am slipped both her hands down her stomach and onto her pussy.

"Absolutely Ma'am. I'm so incredibly horny right now but it's the way I need to be, it's the way I want to be."

Ma'am's fingers were carefully massaging Alexis' pussy and she was quickly getting very aroused again.

"Oh Louise, that feels so nice. Keep going, make me cum again. Come here boy."

I moved another foot or so forward into her waiting arms and we kissed as Ma'am brought Alexis closer to another orgasm. Alexis had her hands on my cage, feeling my bulging skin through the bars

"Imagine fucking me right now, my toy. I'm so wet, soaking wet. Think about your rock hard cock sliding easily in and out, driving me wild with lust."

It was far from the first time I had thought this, but I had never been harder in my cage.

I would have given anything to be inside her right then, buried deep inside her. My hands were bound so I couldn't even touch her. I just knelt there, trembling with lust as Ma'am slowly brought her to yet another huge orgasm. She shook with pleasure as it rolled through her, holding my cage tight. In some strange way

I almost felt like I had cum with her. As the tension drained from her I was able to collect myself too. It was like the whole room had been full of sexual tension and as hers dissipated, I could relax a little.

I realised Ma'am had been watching me carefully. I always felt slightly unnerved when she did this. She seemed to be able to read my mind, and my body. I couldn't hide anything from her, but then I didn't want to hide anything. I was hers to play with and the more she learned about me, the better it was for both of us.

Ma'am gently moved Alexis off her lap and let her flop onto the bed.

"Don't get too comfy down there, you owe me a couple!"

Alexis giggled.

"I'm here for you Louise. You can have as many as you like. Give me your gorgeous pussy."

Ma'am laughed, "give me a minute. I need to secure this horny little thing for the night. Under the bed?"

It was Alexis' turn to laugh.

"Perfect, he can listen to all of our orgasms all night. That will be such a treat for him. Would you like that my toy?"

Inwardly I groaned. My cock had been like steel for god knows how long already and it didn't sound like it was going to get much rest.

"That sounds great Alexis. Listening to my two favourite women cumming all night will be another way to emphasise my submission."

Ma'am popped down to the dungeon and got my sleep sack. Before long I was safely trussed up and the two of them managed to get me in position.

It was a very long night, the two of them were insatiable. My cock felt like it was hard all night despite being bent down by the strict leather sack. I guess they settled down at some point in the small hours but it took me a while to drift off as my mind raced and my cock throbbed uselessly against the metal and leather.

I was fast asleep until I felt a foot gently prodding my side, it was Alexis.

"Wakey wakey sleepy head. We need a coffee."

I was dragged out from under the bed and freed from the sack. They jumped back into bed and I went down to the kitchen. I returned a few minutes later and passed them their drinks.

"Stand at the end of the bed and get your cock nice and hard for us boy."

They giggled as I stood to attention, in more ways than one. I didn't even have to touch myself, all it took was the order and I immediately swelled in the cage.

"I bet it won't go down if we order it to Louise."

Ma'am laughed, "not a chance baby. Once he's hard there's no going back. It will be like that for a while now."

I went red but they were right. Words always had an effect on me. Mental stimulation seemed to arouse me as much as physical contact.

"If we ignore him, how long do you think he will stay hard Alexis?"

"Oh, I reckon, let's think, twenty five minutes."

Ma'am rubbed her chin in a mock, deep thinking motion.

"Good guess Alexis, I'm going to say thirty five."

Ma'am grabbed her phone and set the stopwatch, "the winner gets the next orgasm."

Despite the humiliation, I was very hard in the cage. My money was on Alexis, Ma'am's guess seemed like a long time. They chatted about stuff, how university was going, movies, anything really but absolutely nothing kinky.

I didn't know how much time had passed but I felt a slight softening downstairs. They continued talking until Alexis said, "I'm calling it, that's soft now!"

"No way. It's still bulging against the bars."

"But the cage isn't raised up at all."

There was a predictable result to this talk and my cock hardened again. Ma'am looked at her phone.

"Ha! Thirty two minutes, I win!"

She raised her hands in the air.

"Come on Alexis, don't be a sore loser. It's not like we didn't cum enough last night. Did you enjoy listening under the bed boy? Did we keep you hard all night?"

"You did Ma'am, my imagination was running wild. I don't think I have been hard for that long before, it must have been hours."

"Excellent, and it will be hard again very soon I suspect. Lie down with your head near the bed boy. Alexis, I assume you won't have a problem sitting on his face?"

Alexis smiled, "well if I have to I guess that's OK."

Ma'am shuffled down to the end of the bed. Alexis got into position by kneeling, she was on my face, and Ma'am's pussy was in her face.

"I'd like a nice slow licking please Alexis, and remember boy, this is my victory orgasm so don't get carried away down there."

Her pussy was over my mouth, but clearly she wasn't going to cum before Ma'am so I took my time. Alexis was also going to take her time on Ma'am, so my job was clearly to get her very horny but not too horny. There was a little bit of shifting around from the ladies, I moved a bit to get in position and began smoothly running my tongue along Alexis' lovely pussy. I had no idea what was going on above me but I knew Ma'am well enough to know that there was no hurry. I built Alexis up nice and slow. I could feel her heat and her juices increase as time went by. I heard Ma'am moan so I paid closer attention to Alexis' clit, taking her close but not to the edge as she needed to focus on Ma'am. The tension was building in all three of us. Ma'am had correctly predicted that my cock would be hard again. Ma'am was moaning more often so I took Alexis as close as I dared, I could feel her thighs tensing and she pushed her pussy hard into my mouth. She wanted an orgasm but I had to make her wait. Ma'am's moans suddenly became much more intense as her orgasm hit. I wasn't sure if I was supposed to make Alexis cum so I just made sure she was right on the edge.

"Ah, come on toy. Make me cum."

Ma'am echoed those words.

"Make it as good as mine boy."

I moved more urgently against her clit and after a minute the inevitable happened and I felt Alexis bucking on my face. I held her to me as she rode out the orgasmic waves flowing through her, gently licking away at her sensitive pussy. Slowly she lifted herself off me.

"Nice, my toy. Very nice."

They flopped onto the bed and hugged.

Ma'am glanced at me as I stood up.

"How's that breakfast coming along boy?"

"I will get straight to it Ma'am."

I hurried downstairs and inspected the contents of the fridge.

Ma'am and Alexis wandered down after about fifteen minutes, freshly showered, and we had breakfast.

"I have a bit of a surprise for you two today. As you know, I have been working with Steven a bit recently but I didn't tell you what. It's the opening night of Steven's fetish club tonight. I have been helping with security. A major drawback in this day and age for a lot of kinky club goers is the problem of being filmed or photographed. We think we have solved that, and hopefully we can offer a totally safe environment for kinksters to express themselves. I won't bore you with the details but tonight is his big night and I'm one of the honoured guests. You two are invited but it is entirely up to you, I'm not going to force either of you to come if you don't want to."

Alexis answered immediately, "that sounds really exciting Louise, I definitely want to come."

"Tom?"

"I'd love to come too Ma'am. Obviously I've never been to a fetish club before, I'm sure it will be great fun."

"Excellent, it's kinky dress only. Alexis, you'll have to wear your catsuit as I assume you don't own anything else suitable. Tom, you will start in your catsuit, what you end up wearing is up to me. It might be an interesting evening for you."

Ma'am had her evil smile on and I felt a little uncomfortable.

"Don't panic, you can be masked or hooded whenever you want. I wouldn't call this a public engagement but I will totally respect either of your wishes regarding privacy. If at any point you want to leave, or just get out of the way, tell me and you can go to a private room behind the scenes."

Ma'am had been to many clubs before but this was reassuring as it was the first time for Alexis and me.

"Steven has laid on a limo for us, it will be arriving at seven so we should probably take it easy for the rest of the day."

We lazed around as Ma'am suggested although I had to make sure both mine and Alexis' clothing was in pristine condition.

The limo arrived on time and we took the two hour trip to the venue in London. Once inside we began dressing up.

((Dress up bit))

There was a knock on the door and Ma'am cheerfully answered.

"Do we have a large gentleman caller?"

There was a deep laugh, "indeed you do."

"Enter!"

Steven walked in, I had forgotten how huge he was. He was wearing a latex dinner jacket that was cut to perfection, he looked every inch both charming and dominant.

"Wow!" Alexis looked up admiringly at him.

"Right back at you, young lady. You must be Alexis, it's a pleasure to meet you."

He took her hand and bowing slightly, kissed it.

"It's lovely to meet you too Steven, how is the preparation going for tonight?"

Steven shrugged, "I think we have everything under control but you never really know until the guests arrive. Speaking of prep, can I borrow you for a little while Louise? I just want to double check some of the security precautions with you before we open. Oh Tom, Sarah is around somewhere, go and say hello."

I nodded and Ma'am went off with Steven.

"Jesus Tom, you could have mentioned that Steven is a bloody giant, and drop dead gorgeous too!"

I laughed, "sorry Alexis, but nothing I said would have prepared you. He's like Ma'am isn't he? He has that effortless aura of dominance. You have it too, but it's not as obvious as it is with them."

Alexis smiled, "thank you my toy. I'm learning I guess. Learning about myself. I don't feel dominant sometimes, especially around Louise, but I hope that in time I will have some of what Louise and Steven have."

"I'm sure Ma'am is rubbing off on you, so to speak!"

We laughed and had a final check to make sure we looked our best.

I opened the door for Alexis, she thanked me and paused before giving me a deep and passionate kiss. There were two main rooms, the first was for general entertaining, the second was kinkier. There were a couple of small stages with plenty of gear on them that people could use if they wished. There were also plenty of smaller rooms for the guests if they wanted some privacy. I spotted Sarah looking busy at the bar and we wandered over.

"Tom! How are you? And you must be Alexis, come here!"

She gave us both an enormous hug. Sarah looked amazing, she was wearing a very tight, long latex dress that was basically see-through. Her chastity belt was clearly visible as were her breasts. However her full breasts were being held high and proud, not only by the cut of the dress but by an intricate lattice of thin black

wires running around and over them. The wires were cutting into her flesh, but not severely. I noticed that there was a small tight ring at the base of each nipple that forced them to stand out against the thin latex. The bottom of the dress was tight, like a hobble skirt meaning she could only just put one foot in front of the other.

"That's a stunning look Sarah." Alexis was inspecting her. Sarah held her arms out, "you can touch as well as look."

Alexis ran her hands over the dress and across Sarah's tits. She gave her nipples a little squeeze. I was sure they looked bigger than when I last saw them.

"Sir loves a large sensitive nipple, which is good because I love having them touched. Go ahead please Sarah. Play with them. You and Louise have his permission to do as you wish with me tonight."

Alexis began squeezing harder, and I saw Sarah's nipples respond. They definitely hardened but they seemed to grow a little too. Sarah's eyes were closed and she was biting her bottom lip.

Alexis noticed it too and was clearly intrigued. She started pulling as well as squeezing, Sarah seemed lost in her own little world, her hips thrusting gently as Alexis worked away. She gave them one last hard pinch and Sarah gasped.

"Thank you Alexis, that was lovely. I've always had sensitive nipples but Sir has been working hard on them. They are stretched and put in vacuum cups everyday to increase their size and sensitivity. It's almost like I have three clits now, any stimulation of them just drives me crazy. Nearly all of my bras are custom made with holes for my nipples that have rubber rings inserted so they poke through and are slightly compressed at the base. It doesn't matter what I'm wearing, every time I move the fabric rubs against them."

She sighed, "I'm horny all the time, really horny. I absolutely love it."

She glanced down at the obvious tent in my rubber pouch and laughed.

"You would know all about that though, wouldn't you Tom?"

"God yes Sarah. Ma'am and Alexis keep me in a haze of arousal all the time. As soon as it goes down I think about something and off it goes again. It's non stop."

Alexis kissed me and pressed her body against me.

"I'm horny pretty much all the time too, but I can cum whenever I want, and as often as I want. It's joyous."

I noticed Ma'am and Steven walking towards us with the staff behind them. We were introduced as their guests so we could go where we pleased. The staff went off to their various posts and Steven clapped his hands.

"It's show time people, let's get those doors open."

Ma'am and Steven went to greet the guests and we all stayed at the bar. A bottle of champagne appeared so we raised our glasses towards Steven and toasted his success.

There was a steady stream of people coming in and it was quite a sight. They were a few very smartly dressed, but essentially normal looking people. However the majority were proudly showing off their kinky passions. Sarah had been clubbing a few times with Steven but for Alexis and I, it was a real eye opener. We tried our best not to stare but some of the more intense outfits had to be seen to be believed. We were both transfixed by a rubber doll. It was impossible to tell if there was a man or a woman inside, but it's owner was a stunning blonde lady who was almost as tall as Steven in her heels. She was wearing a white latex ball gown that flowed around her as she moved. She oozed control. The doll was stunning, it had impossibly high stilettos on, not ballet boots but not far off and its ankles were chained together meaning it's maximum stride was about six inches. The only skin visible was a hint of upper thigh in between it's stockings and a very short dress. It had huge circular breasts, but it was impossible to tell if they were fake or were full of real, if silicon enhanced breast. It's arms were held by thick metal wristcuffs to it's side which were attached to a tight metal belt around it's waist. It had a full latex mask on, there were clear lenses over the eyes so it could see and a long mane of blonde hair tumbled out of a hole at the top of it's head. It was breathing through a very small tube. A tight metal collar around it's neck completed the look, and it's owner held the end of a short chain attached to it.

They moved slowly towards us. Ma'am had said that I was to be on my best behaviour but that I didn't have to obey any orders given to me by a dominant if I didn't want to, if neither her or Alexis were around. She thought it was unlikely that anyone would overstep the mark but she made it clear that her and Alexis were in charge.

The tall blonde ordered a glass of wine and turned to Alexis.

"Good evening young lady, I believe you are Alexis, Louise's protege. I'm Roxy, how are you?"

They shook hands, "Lovely to meet you Roxy, I'm very well thank you. So I take it you know Louise then. I wasn't aware that I was being spoken about as her protege."

Roxy smiled, "it's a fairly small world Alexis, Louise and Steven are fairly well connected so word has got round. You must be Tom."

She eyed me up and down, I felt like a rabbit in the headlights.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Roxy."

I shut up, I wasn't really sure what to say. Should I try and have a conversation or just be a sub and only speak when spoken to. She continued staring at me and I felt myself turn red. I noticed Alexis smirking at me.

"Are you OK my toy? You seem slightly flustered. Maybe you are a little overwhelmed by Roxy, or maybe it's her doll that has got your attention. They are both stunning, aren't they? Would you secretly like to be a doll too?"

I had gone even redder. Before I could speak Roxy laughed, "I think you have your answer Alexis. Come and sit with me, we could chat about transforming your toy."

We went over to a couple of sofas. The ladies sat down and started chatting. I was still quite red, but I was aroused too. The doll looked incredible. I couldn't imagine being like that but the idea excited me nonetheless. Roxy moved her hand towards my pouch.

"Would you mind Alexis?"

"Please Roxy, be my guest."

Roxy untied the string and my full cage sprang out.

"Oh lovely. I've heard of the cage manufacturer but I've never seen one in the flesh, or full of flesh. It's a quality piece isn't it?"

She ran her hands up and down causing me to get even harder. She looked impressed.

"I can certainly see why Louise wants to train that to be obedient. Very nice indeed. How are things going?"

"It's a work in progress Roxy. He still thinks about himself sometimes, but we will get there. He hasn't had an orgasm in nearly two months now and won't have one for a while yet."

My cock was straining hard now.

"As you can see, he really loves chastity. Tell Roxy how much toy."

They were both smiling wickedly at me.

"It's part of me Roxy. I don't ever want my cock to be free again. It's the most thrilling thing that has ever happened to me."

Roxy gave my balls a squeeze.

'Good boy, from what I hear neither of your ladies has any intention of giving your cock much freedom. Little dolly here is my slave so I have been able to go a bit further with him. Take a look.'

She pulled his little skirt out of the way and fiddled around behind his legs. His balls had been tied between his legs because otherwise they would have been visible hanging under his skirt. He had to bend his legs slightly to allow his very large testicles to squeeze between them. They were massive, nearly the size of a tennis ball and the skin was stretched taut by three heavy ball weights which meant they hung nearly six inches down. I had worn one ball stretcher before but I couldn't imagine what three would feel like. He also had three metal rings around his genitals, one behind his cock and balls, one around just his balls, and one around the base of his cock. They were joined to each other forming a very tight triangle. There was also some tight metal work on the head of his penis. He had another metal ring that was shaped to fit tightly around his glans. A Prince Albert piercing protruded from his slit.

"Take a closer look at his glans ring."

Alexis and I moved closer, it had sharp looking spikes all over it, all sticking into his most sensitive flesh. There must have been at least thirty of them.

Roxy looked very proud.

"Interesting eh? None of those rings will probably ever come off. The prince Albert was specially designed along with the ring, they fit perfectly and were carefully glued together using an epoxy resin usually used on jet fighters, all the rings around the base have been glued the same way. The glans ring is quite comfortable when he is soft but watch."

Roxy started massaging his cock, there was a high pitched whine from behind the latex. Roxy laughed and we watched as his cock began to grow. She was forceful, one hand was on his shaft and the other was under his balls helping to push blood into it. There was another whine as we watched, transfixed as he got harder and harder. The spikes were digging viciously into his tender glans as it became taut and shiny with the pressure.

"Because of the rings, once he gets hard, it takes a long time for him to soften and every minute is exquisitely painful. Your chastity device is beautiful Tom, but we don't need one with this arrangement. My little dolly can have an orgasm any time he wants, all he has to do is beg for one. When was the last one dolly? Nearly a year ago I think. The problem he has is that it took me over an hour to slowly coax it out of him. Can you imagine what that was like Tom?"

Alexis had a tight grip on my cage and I was throbbing like crazy.

"I can see you like the idea, maybe Louise and Alexis will choose this life for you."

Air was whistling in and out of dolly's little breathing tube and his legs were shaking. Roxy ran her fingers gently over his purple, shiny head then down to his large red testicles. She squeezed them casually.

"Do you love my tortures dolly?"

He nodded.

"What about you Tom? Your cock really is very hard."

I didn't know what to say, I was shocked but very turned on.

Alexis gave my balls a tug.

"Answer her toy."

"I'm mesmerised Roxy, it looks incredible, agony and ecstasy. It looks like hell but I'm very aroused. I don't know what to say."

Alexis laughed, "don't worry baby, I'll have a chat with Louise, she will know what to do. Roxy, I assume you know how to do this to my toy too? I'm so turned on by it."

Roxy smiled at Alexis.

"Just say the word darling, I'll arrange everything."

Alexis stood up, "please excuse us Roxy, I needed to take him to a private room. I hope to see you later."

Roxy laughed, "see you later darling. Enjoy."

Alexis took my hand and led me quickly to an empty room.

Alexis grabbed me and kissed me hard, forcing her tongue deep into my mouth.

"That was really hot my toy. Sort me out, now!"

She sat down on a circular bench and spread her legs. I was on her in a flash, unzipping her suit and burying my face in her soaking pussy. There were no pleasantries, I got straight down to business and she came within a few minutes.

"Thank you baby. Stand in front of me."

I obeyed and she started stroking my balls. My cock was filling the cage to bursting point.

"Would you like us to do that to your genitals toy?"

She started pulling down on my balls.

"Those stretched balls looked great didn't they? All that weight dragging them down, relentlessly. They would be so easy to hurt and punish like that too, wouldn't they? Well?"

I couldn't lie, I wouldn't lie. She was pulling them quite hard now. I did enjoy having my balls separated from my body, they felt so vulnerable.

"Yes Alexis, it would be lovely. If you want to punish my balls then it should be as easy as possible for you. The thought of having them weighted down and swinging low between my legs is a big turn on."

Alexis turned her attention to my rigid cock, slowly running a finger across the bulging skin.

"Imagine being in agony every time you get hard babe, wouldn't that be fun? We would have such fun with you. I wonder how long it would take before your cock began to learn. How much pain do you think dolly experiences when he cums? More than enough to stop you thinking about your orgasms all the time. Maybe if we can't cure you of your desire to please yourself then we will have to take more drastic measures."

My cock felt like it was shaking in the cage with lust. Alexis ran her finger up and down my exposed slit.

"Would you like to cum now babe?"

"No Alexis, please may I pleasure you instead? Please Alexis."

The last words were as much a plea to her to stop teasing me as much as they were a plea to give her an orgasm.

"OK, no orgasm for you then toy. I can wait until later, let's go and join the party."

I was mighty relieved as Alexis pushed my throbbing cock down and tied me tightly back in the pouch. We had both been turned on by Roxy and her doll, but the whole room was full of interesting, exotic and arousing sights. We spotted Ma'am sitting with a group of people and went over.

"Hey you two, enjoying yourselves?"

She was chatting to four leather clad people who waved hello.

"Get yourselves into the other room. A shibari expert is about to put on a show and Sarah is his subject."

The show had already started when we arrived. Sarah was naked except for a latex thong. I huge hand landed on my shoulder, it was Steven.

"Hi guys, how are you?"

Alexis answered.

"Very well thanks. This is amazing, the whole thing is such an eye opener. Is it going OK as far as you are concerned?"

He nodded, "everyone we invited has shown up, with quite a few guests too and everyone seems to be enjoying themselves. How it goes forward is the key, how many people will turn up next month, and still be coming next year. We shall see, but so far, so good."

Sarah was already trussed up in various ways. Multi coloured ropes crisscrossed her body and her breasts were compressed in an intricate web. He was working too fast to follow but it looked amazing. Before long she was being winched slowly into the air. Her arms were held together and pointing straight out behind, her legs were held wide apart and a spiders web of rope attached them to various points on her arms. Rope had need intertwined into her hair to hold her head back too. She was horribly exposed, but she seemed to be loving it, and winked at Steven. He blew her a kiss. The man responsible for the bondage gave Sarah a little push and she span slowly around in mid air. He bowed and there was a round of applause, people moved in to have a closer look at Sarah and to chat to him.

We went back to the bar and got a drink. I noticed Ma'am waving at us. She was sitting with a couple, but had her feet up on a kneeling, presumably submissive man. The shibari man was there too.

"Boy, it's bondage time for you, follow me. Alexis, this is Mistress Claire, she holds regular lectures and seminars called the art of domination. She was a great help to me when I was younger, and I think she could assist your growth greatly. I think the two of you should chat."

"I'd love to Louise, I'm hear to learn. I'll see what you've done to our boy later."

Alexis sat down next to Mistress Claire and I followed Ma'am and the shibari man, who it turned out was called Derek. For some reason that tickled me, he was an artist in an ancient Japanese tradition but he had such a mundane name.

We went to a short corridor between the two main rooms. It turned out that Derek had an assistant and it didn't take too long for them to have me thoroughly immobilised. I was basically held in a sitting position. My body was vertical, my thighs were horizontal, and my calves were vertical and my legs were held wide apart. My arms mirrored my legs, basically I looked like a chair. As more ropes were added I was lifted into the air by a few feet. Then I saw the large dildo, so it was going to be more than just bondage I thought. Derek had some thick rubber bands and began exchanging the ropes for them and I soon realised that I could bounce if someone pulled me down. At this point I began to worry about the dildo as I had an idea what was going to happen. It turned out I was only partly right. Ma'am applied liberal amounts of lube to the dildo and inserted it into me, but only about five inches deep. She then secured it to the floor via a pole. It was a similar position to how she had held me on her cross, but this time my legs couldn't control anything, only the rubber bands held me. Derek began working on something above my head, I looked to my left and saw a lever at about chest high that was attached to something above my head. He pulled the lever down and I was raised around three inches. As the lever was pulled completely down, there was a click, and I felt myself suddenly drop. Gravity took its toll and I helplessly dropped onto the dildo. I gritted my teeth and hissed through them. It had gone very deep, deep enough to feel the flange on it press against my ass. Then the rubber bands did their job and I bounced up, the dildo sliding out of me. Up and down, but each time slightly less vertical movement until after seven or eight cycles I stopped moving. Ma'am and Derek seemed satisfied so Ma'am knelt in front of me and began tying my balls. The spare rope was attached to another rubber band which in turn was secured to the floor. The pull on my balls wasn't intense but I realised what was happening. When I went down the dildo would be thrust deep inside and when I went back up, the band would stretch my balls.

Ma'am produced a hand written sign. Please do not touch the sub. Pull the lever to give him a fun ride. Louise X.

She then placed another latex mask over my head, there were no holes apart from a breathing tube that extended into my mouth. She zipped it tight and completed my outfit with a thick metal Posture collar that she locked on.

"Enjoy your evening baby."

I was left hanging, other than the bar this was probably the busiest part of the club as people moved between the two main rooms. It couldn't have been more than ten seconds before I felt myself being raised up, then the sudden fall, straight onto the large dildo. I was completely and painfully filled, but only for a fraction of a second, then I bounced back up and my balls were firmly yanked by the rope and band combination. Pain shot through them, but again only for a very brief moment. Each subsequent bounce was less intense but I was effectively being fucked by the dildo as my balls were being sharply pulled. There was no shock absorber, I just had to wait for the energy to slowly dissipate as I went up and down. As soon as I settled I felt myself going up again, the little click and the drop. Again the dildo flew into me, and then my balls were severely stretched. I heard some laughter, and a few gasps. Whoever was there was clearly enjoying my torture. There was a pause in activities for a minute or so until I was raised up again but nothing happened for about ten seconds. When was I going to fall? Click, and down I went. The anticipation had made it worse and I let out an involuntary groan as I was impaled. There was more laughter and I heard a female voice say, "poor boy. That has to hurt. Louise is such a cow."

There was a roar of laughter and I was immediately put through the cycle again. I had no idea how long I was going to be left on display but my balls were already aching and I really wasn't looking forward to the next time I got impaled. Even just being held still meant the large dildo was four or five inches deep inside me. There was a lull in proceedings for a while but then I heard a round of applause and my heart sank. Obviously another show had just finished, that meant a lot of people moving from one room to the other via my corridor. Almost immediately I heard voices and unsurprisingly I felt myself going up before the inevitable and painful drop. I heard someone laugh and say, "form a orderly queue guys, he's not going anywhere."

For the next five minutes in was constant. Almost before I stopped bouncing I heard the dreaded click and the cycle continued. I was sweating under the good now. My balls felt like they were being pulled off and my ass was on fire. Suddenly the motion stopped and I felt a hand on my chest, relief flooded through me and I moaned.

"Hi baby, how's it going?"

All I could do was groan.

I felt Ma'am's fingers on my balls.

"I think you have probably had bouncing for now. Derek?"

I could feel something going on but I had no idea what. Slowly I was lowered a little so most of the dildo was buried inside me, and then Ma'am tightened the band holding my balls.

"Don't panic boy, you are secured by rope now, so there won't be anymore bouncing. See you soon. Thanks Derek."

I was left hanging, there was no more movement but my ass was very full and the band was pulling hard on my balls. Time was an abstract concept as people passed through the corridor. I guessed it was another thirty minutes before I heard Sarah's voice.

"Hey big boy, Louise has sent me to free you."

There was movement around me, and the dildo slid out, followed by my balls being released. It was a huge relief. All my bindings were released and I carefully stood up. Sarah attached a lead to my collar, led me to the bathroom then back out into the main room. I still had my hood on so she led me carefully to a sofa. Ma'am and Alexis were there, Ma'am took the lead from Sarah and attached it to one of the chair legs, told me to get down on all fours and put her feet up on my back. Alexis was still deep in conversation with Mistress Claire but I couldn't really hear what they were saying because of my hood and the music. A while later I heard Steven come over and Ma'am's feet left my back, they were replaced immediately by Alexis. She gave my balls a quick squeeze.

"I hear you have been having fun toy, I'm sorry I missed it but I've been having a wonderful conversation with Mistress Claire. She doesn't live too far from my family so we are going to spend a bit more time together over the Christmas break."

I spent the next hour as Alexis' footstool, receiving an occasional pat on the head and regular squeezes of my balls. It sounded like a great party from where I was kneeling. At some point Ma'am, Steven and Sarah sat with us and Alexis allowed me off the floor and removed my hood.

"Go to the bar and get us a bottle of champagne with five glasses."

The bar staff recognised me and I was served immediately. Steven cracked the bottle open, filled the glasses and we toasted what had been a very successful opening night.

It was time to go, and we got back into the limo. We had barely pulled out of the car park when Ma'am pulled her dress up and pointed between her legs.

"I've been so busy that I haven't had time to use your tongue boy. Let's rectify that situation, and when you have given me a lovely orgasm you can do the same to Alexis.

I spent nearly the whole two hour journey on my knees, serving Ma'am and Alexis in turn. I was exhausted by the time we got home and had a bit of a crick in my neck but two hours licking pussy was an absolute treat. They both came three times, my face was coated in juices and I loved every minute of it.

It was very late by the time we got back home. Ma'am gave the driver a sizable tip and it wasn't long before I was safely tucked away in my sleep sack down in the dungeon.

It was a slow morning, everyone was feeling a little jaded after the party. We had a long leisurely breakfast.

"So it's the end of term in a few weeks, what are everyone's plan over Christmas?"

I hadn't really thought about it, we had three weeks between terms. Obviously family came first but I had no idea what Alexis was doing and Ma'am had never really spoken about hers. Alexis spoke first.

"Well my lot are up north so I will be up there for most of Christmas. Do you want to come up and do the "meet the family thing" Tom?"

"Sure," I replied, "I want to spend Christmas with my mum but other than that I don't think I have any plans."

I looked at Ma'am.

"My parents and brother are in New York. I am going over for five days just before Christmas."

She laughed, "mainly for the shopping of course! So if you want to meet Alexis' family before Christmas then hang around here for the rest of the time, that would work well. Are you going to come down this way at all Alexis?"

"Honestly Louise, I'm really not sure at the moment. I have quite a few aunts, uncles and cousins, and I don't know who is around and when yet. But a pre Christmas visit from Tom would mean that he would probably avoid a mad crush of relatives."

So Christmas was sort of sorted, it sounded like I would have a good chunk of time alone with Ma'am which I was very much looking forward to.

"By the way, I don't really do Christmas presents. I give some money to a couple of charities that I'm interested in, so I'm going to set you a limit of ten pounds Tom and it's a year in chastity for every pound over that, understood?"

"Understood Ma'am, I'll have to return the diamond necklace I bought for you though."

Ma'am laughed, "yeah, in my dreams!"

Alexis coughed loudly.

"And your sapphire earrings will have to go back too Alexis."

"Hey toy, I didn't set any limits, don't you dare!"

The rest of the morning was spent chatting about the party. It had been a real eye opener for Alexis and me and we had met some very interesting people. We said our goodbyes that afternoon and headed back for the university. There were only a few weeks of term left and we both had some major assignments due, so we decided it would be for the best if we limited contact to just the weekends and got our heads down. I suspected I might get the odd late night call but that was fine by me.

I was right about the calls but we didn't see much of each other until I got a text from Alexis telling me to make sure I was free on Saturday from midday. I had

been working hard and was ahead of schedule so I was standing outside her door a few minutes early.

She opened the door with a flourish.

"Damn! One day you will be late."

I laughed and went in, "and what would happen if I was Alexis?"

She gave me a wicked grin and her hand moved to her neck, the key to my chastity cage was hanging on a necklace. She waved it casually in front of me.

"This would not get used for a long, long time babe. I've been wearing this to bed ever since I got it from Louise. When I woke up this morning I had my hand wrapped round it. That made me feel very happy, and very horny. Take your clothes off my toy."

I stripped immediately while Alexis locked the door. I was already at half mast in the cage as Alexis came back, embraced me and kissed me.

"My arousal hasn't gone down all day and I'm going to make sure yours doesn't either. Turn around."

She made short work of binding my hands behind my back and my cock stiffened further. Being helpless and naked in front of a beautiful dominant woman turned me on like nothing else. Alexis stroked me softly and watched the blood pumping into it.

"I don't think the sight of your straining cock in that cage will ever fail to please me toy. As your blood pumps into your cock, mine pumps into my pussy. I can feel it tingling already."

We kissed again, both of us were really turned on already.

"I need to get you under a cold shower if that cage is going to come off, come on."

The icy water was shocking, I jumped and tried to squirm away.

"Come on tough guy, stand still. The sooner I get you soft, the sooner the water stops. She concentrated the cold jet on my groin but it took nearly five minutes for me to soften sufficiently to get the cage and ring off.

We went back into her room, she stripped off and just stood in front of me, naked apart from the necklace. She watched my cock recover from the cold water and gradually harden until it was pointing straight at her, twitching occasionally with happiness at it's freedom.

She took a long length of rope from the bed and began to tie my balls. Round and round she went until they were a couple of inches from my body.

"Knees."

I quickly complied and she fed the rope between my legs.

"Move forward, slowly."

I shuffled forwards and felt the tug of the rope pulling my balls behind me. Satisfied with my position, she tied the rope off against her desk.

She sat on the bed with a couple of pillows under her and spread her legs.

"Lick me, slowly."

I leaned forward and realised I would have to pull the rope to get to her pussy but I was more than happy to. I felt the strain increase as I reached her but any discomfort was irrelevant as my tongue slid up her moist pussy. I heard a small gasp as I reached her clit and she leaned back, relaxing and also moving herself another inch away. I moved towards her and felt the rope pulling hard but I was there, my tongue and mouth on her.

"Yes babe, that's lovely. Don't make me cum, just get me close."

My tongue played with her clit, drawing her passion out of her. She moaned quietly as she got closer, my tongue softly caressing her sensitive bud. As she approached her orgasm I backed off slightly, toying with her by altering firm touches with light feathery ones. I glanced up and saw her licking her lips and fondling her nipples. It was a gorgeous sight. My cock was rock hard, straining against the ropes holding my balls painfully behind me. I wasn't sure who was torturing who. She was close to the edge and surely becoming desperate for an orgasm, I was pulling hard on my bound balls. It must have been over fifteen minutes before she called a halt to proceedings. She got off the bed and released my balls. Moving the pillows away she sat on the edge of the bed and beckoned

me to her. I shuffled into her arms and we kissed, she tasted herself on me and thrust her tongue into my mouth. I let her explore me as my own passion grew. Then I felt her take my shaft and lift it slightly, she started to rub my engorged head up and down her soaking slit. I could feel the heat emanating from it, like a furnace.

"I want you deep inside me babe. Your thick hard cock buried in me, stretching me wide. How good would that be my toy?"

"Oh please Alexis, please allow me the honour of being inside you. Please, I beg you Alexis."

She edged forward a little and my head slid just inside her, engulfed in her hot tight pussy. Her hand left my shaft and she held my face, tilting it up slightly so we were staring into each others eyes.

"One more inch toy."

I carefully pushed myself a little further inside her. One hand went down between her legs, and she used her middle finger to touch herself. She moved slowly and gently. I felt her breath quicken slightly and watched as her tongue played with her lips, moistening them.

"Another inch." She whispered and I complied. My cock was trembling with desire and she tensed her muscles so I could feel her grip my shaft even tighter. Her finger was still moving slowly over her clit but she started to shift her hips a little, moving me carefully in and out.

"Another inch babe."

I complied as she continued to flex her hips.

"One more. Oh yeah."

Most of my shaft was inside her now, being gently squeezed by her hot and wet tunnel. Her hips were moving back and forth but not much, I was incredibly horny but my training meant I was still keeping my composure.

She was getting close now, I could feel her finger grazing the top of my shaft as it moved faster and faster. Her breathing became ragged and I felt her legs wrap around my body, her heels in the small of my back. Her eyelids began to flutter

and she was breathing in short sharp gasps. Just as her orgasm hit she moved her hand and wrapped her arms around my neck. She pulled herself towards me with her heels and slipped off the bed, which caused her to fall onto my rock hard cock. Suddenly I was completely inside her as she came. She let out a loud groan and shuddered against me, her body bucking and writhing but pinned in place by my solid rod. She held on tight with her arms and legs as the powerful orgasm ran its course.

"Oh Jesus, oh yes, baby, baby that feels so good."

She opened her eyes and stared at me. A little smile played around the edge of her mouth. She flexed her body and hips, moving me around inside her.

"Mmm babe, you feel amazing, such a lovely cock. It fills me up perfectly. Do I feel good wrapped over your cock babe?"

"You feel amazing Alexis, I can feel all your muscles twitching and tensing around me. You're so hot and wet, it's beautiful. Thank you."

"Want to fuck me babe? Do you want to pound into me and feel me sliding all over your big hard cock?"

"Oh Alexis, you have no idea how much I want that. I want to fuck you like a wild animal. It has been so long, I want to be let off the leash and go crazy, go wild. I've been so horny for so long."

She smiled and tenderly kissed me.

"I know babe, I can feel your need, it's beautiful."

She uncoupled herself from me, leaving my cock glistening with her arousal.

"Stand up."

She knelt down in front of me and slowly licked her juices from my cock. She was very gentle, just using the tip of her tongue up and down my shaft. It was a dreadful tease as she took her time until she had removed all her juices. My cock was bobbing uselessly in the air, desperate for more contact. She undid the rope holding me.

"On the bed, on your knees."

I was there in a flash and she got on the bed too, on all fours and using her fingers she guided me into her until I was fully encompassed by her sweet pussy. My cock was quivering with lust.

"Don't move a muscle until I tell you my toy. You exist for my pleasure, your job is to make me cum as often as I want. Nothing else matters, does it?"

"No Alexis, I am here to please you. Making you happy is my sole purpose. Making you cum is a beautiful thing for me, it's all I need."

She reached between her legs and started touching herself again. She arched her back and bumped her pussy hard into me.

"I'm so full babe."

She tensed her muscles and I could feel her grip me tight.

"I can feel your cock throbbing and twitching deep inside. I know how much you want to pull out and ram back into me and I know that you won't. I can feel all of your pent up need through your hard cock. I control it completely and that knowledge is such an aphrodisiac. I could just say one word and you would be smashing my pussy with that lovely cock. Maybe I will let you loose, maybe I won't. It's all down to me babe. I have all your sexual desire at my beck and call."

She was getting really horny as she teased me, so was I but I could do nothing except kneel and hope.

"One stroke, nice and slow. Fully out then fully in."

I carefully withdrew, feeling the slippery friction of her pussy then slowly drove back into her.

"Oh yeah, nice. Was that good babe? Want another one?"

I knew I wasn't going to cum but it had felt so good, so smooth and tight.

"Please Alexis, please let me give you another stroke. Your pussy is so good."

"One stroke, faster."

Moving more quickly than last time, I withdrew and slid forcefully into her. She let out a gasp of pleasure. Her finger was moving rhythmically across her clit and her temperature was rising.

"Fuck, that felt good babe, again."

Once more I slid out of her then back deep inside. My cock had never felt so totally engulfed in a moist heat like this before. I could feel every single part of her as her tunnel glided over it. It was taking all of my willpower not to just plunge in and out like a madman.

Her finger was moving fast again, she wasn't far away.

"Slowly in and out until I cum."

She was already close as I slowly moved out, then it, out, then in. It felt glorious but I knew all I was doing was helping her over the edge. I had only completed three strokes when she came, shuddering and moaning. I wanted so much more, I wanted it more than I had ever wanted anything but I stopped and felt her pussy almost vibrating round my cock until she slipped forwards and slid off me. She turned around and propped herself up on one elbow with her face right in front of my cock.

"Oh toy, that was fun."

Without any warning she moved forward and took me deep in her mouth. Her tongue was all over me but after a few seconds she sucked hard and moved back. My cock came out of her mouth with a loud sloppy popping sound.

"Your cock tastes gorgeous when it's covered in my juices babe. We will do this more often. Not only do I love having you deep inside me but the control is such a turn on. I know how much you want to fuck me so I know how hard it must be to stay still and do nothing. That thrills me to the core."

She gave my tip a quick kiss and giggled.

"Do you want to have the cage back on? Do you want to feel your cock surrounded by cold hard steel just like it was surrounded by my hot supple pussy?"

"If you have finished using it for your pleasure then that's where it should be Alexis, locked away until the next time you need it. It's rightful place is inside a metal cage."

The way I felt right now it would almost be a relief to have it locked up again. I was close to losing control, not close to cumming but close to not being able to stop myself doing things that I was not allowed to do.

I had a very cold shower, then we had a hot one together. I gently washed her, slowly soaping every inch of her body and massaging her shoulders a little to ease a couple of knots away. All the time my cock was trying to burst out of it's prison but it felt right. It felt like that was where it was meant to be. The cage was it's home.

We relaxed together for a while before I went back to my room. We didn't see much of each other until the end of term, we had both made the classic first year and first term mistake of thinking that we had everything under control. Alexis' desire to do well was self imposed. Mine was too, but I also had to make sure that Ma'am was happy with my work. I didn't want to think of the consequences if it wasn't. So we both worked very hard and before we knew it term had ended and I was travelling north with Alexis to her parent's home.

It was an interesting couple of days and I think I made a good impression but I was really only thinking of one thing, spending time with Ma'am.

Driving home I was in very good spirits. I was going to spend the evening with my mother but then I had five days before Christmas that I would hopefully be spending all alone with Ma'am. I had a lovely home cooked meal and slept well in my own bed.

I spent some more time with my mum and went round to Ma'am's around eleven o'clock. She gave me a big hug and we had a long chat about university, Alexis and life in general. She was pleased with my work at university, news that she gave me with a big wink. I couldn't help but get my hopes up, and my cock stiffened in it's cage. Surely there was an orgasm coming my way? I sincerely hoped so but I also knew that it definitely wasn't up to me and that I would accept whatever Ma'am decided. My job wasn't to think, it was to please, and I planned on doing that to the best of my ability.

"So I hear Alexis has been testing your will power boy, letting you inside her gorgeous pussy."

"Yes Ma'am, it was a joy but also a terrible tease. But I hope I gave her what she wanted and needed."

Ma'am gave me a sly smile.

"Well the good news for you is that there is a lot of sex in your near future. The bad news is that, obviously, you will not cum unless I am one hundred percent happy with your performance and as you know, I am not the easiest woman to please."

"All I want is to please you Ma'am. I will do everything in my power to make you happy. I will be the best me I can be, both for you and for myself."

Ma'am took my caged cock in her hand, it hardened immediately.

"I bet he can't wait to feel me all over him, can he? You had a little warm up with Alexis, now it's time for the main event. Go to bedroom baby."

I was seriously excited now, I was going to fuck Ma'am, and maybe even get to have an orgasm after so long. I tried to hold myself in check though as things never turned out quite as I planned or hoped. Ma'am arrived in the bedroom with an evil grin and the cold towel.

"Get on the bed boy."

She tied me in a crucifix position, legs together and arms out wide to the sides of the bed. The evil towel was applied as

generously as always until the cage and ring were easy to remove. She settled down beside me and gently fondled my cock until it was solid in her hand.

"Freedom. It must feel good."

"It does Ma'am, it feels great but I love the cage too. I love getting hard in it, straining against it. Every time it happens I'm reminded of my submission to you."

She held my cock tight and moved her hand slowly up and down, pumping more blood into it.

"You have surrendered your cock to me boy. If I want to I can keep it locked away for as long as I want, weeks, months, years even. I can feel it throb when I talk about longer and longer periods locked up. It loves it, doesn't it boy?"

It was like iron in her hand.

"Yes Ma'am. It belongs locked away, forever pushing against the cage, pressing it's flesh into the bars."

She jumped up and straddled me, squashing my cock between my stomach and her pussy. She rocked her hips and I felt her slide up and down on my shaft, her arousal coating me.

"Now that I have set it free, it had better behave for me boy. It's only job is to give me pleasure. Think of what it is doing for me, nothing else."

She moved forwards and with a little wriggle I slipped easily inside her. She sat upright and took my whole length, letting out a little murmur of pleasure as I filled her up. Slowly she rocked her hips and I felt her muscles contracting around me. Leaning forward she put her hands on my chest and raised herself up, then rhythmically began to fuck me. It was just a few inches in and out, but it felt beautiful, so smooth and slippery. I watched her carefully as a flush appeared in her cheeks and her breathing sped up. I flexed my hips slightly, pushing against her each time she took me deep inside her. I was concentrating solely on her reactions and on her increasing passion. I had learned that it was a good way to keep my mind of the wonderful sensations in my cock. Always think of her, never of myself.

She kept shifting her angle of attack until she found the one that gave her the best sensation.

"Oh yeah, that's the spot. That feels so good baby."

She was moving faster now, taking longer strokes and letting herself fall heavily onto my cock.

"Yes baby, yes baby, make me cum."

There wasn't much I could do but I thrust my hips up to meet her as much as I could. I loved watching her rise to an orgasm. I could see her losing herself in the

passion, in the beautiful feelings flowing through her body. She was close and her nails were digging into my chest

I suddenly realised that I was getting close too, but Ma'am was there and with one last powerful thrust onto my cock she came. She collapsed onto my body, shaking with passion. Her pussy was contracting around my cock and her whole body was arching and writhing on top of me. My cock twitched deep inside her a few times, but now the movement had stopped I was able to compose myself. She kissed me and sat up, her fingers playing with my nipples.

"Nice! Good work boy, good self control."

"You're more than welcome Ma'am."

She wriggled around a little, and without getting off me, managed to free my legs.

"You can do a bit more work this time boy."

She let her body fall forward and moved her knees up by my side. I brought my feet up so my knees were at about ninety degrees.

She moved slowly, setting a rhythm. I joined in now that my legs were free, using my thighs and hips to slide myself deep into her. Our hips created a long slow penetrative movement, I pulled back until just my head was inside her then slowly pushed myself completely into her beautiful tunnel.

It was blissful, every single inch was ecstasy. There was silence between us, everything was centred on the slow motion of my cock into her pussy. Soon she started to let out a low moan of pleasure with each thrust. As her breathing quickened, mine did too and I realised that my orgasm was approaching. I tried to stop it, or ignore it, but it didn't work. I groaned and stopped deep inside her.

"Ma'am, Ma'am, I can't. I have to stop for a second. Sorry Ma'am."

After pausing for a few seconds I began again, low slow strokes. However I didn't last long, it just felt so good on my hard and denied cock.

"Sorry Ma'am, I'm so sorry. Give me a second please."

There was a low laugh and Ma'am put her elbows above my shoulders, laced her fingers together over my neck and leaned back to look me in the eyes.

"It's OK baby, just relax. Think about what I've taught you. You're here for me, and me alone. Everything you do is for my pleasure. Nothing else matters, nothing. You need to focus on what you are doing for me. Focus one hundred percent on how to make me happy, on how to make me orgasm. Oh fuck, yeah."

I had started moving again, gently thrusting inside inside her. She was right, of course. I tried to feel her movements and her passion growing. I knew what she wanted and I knew how she wanted it. All I had to do was concentrate.

"Yes baby, that's so good."

Her open mouth was just above mine and I tried to lunge forward to kiss her but she used her hands to push me down. Her lips were slightly apart and nearly touching mine.

"Tongue."

I slid my tongue out and caressed her lips, running along their smooth wetness. She opened her mouth slightly and I pushed myself through her lips.

"Yes." She breathed and I began to push my tongue in and out to the same rhythm as my cock. I concentrated on that, feeling her lips slide across my tongue until it touched the tip of hers. I could feel her hips coming down to meet mine now and her breath quickening on my face. She was making low, guttural sounds as her orgasm neared. Suddenly her body tensed and her walls contracted around me. With a low moan she came and orgasmic joy flooded through her as she sucked my tongue deep into her mouth. She moved her mouth away.

"Keep going baby, nice and slow. Ah yes, yes. So good."

Her mouth was back on me, encouraging my tongue to explore. I stayed focused on her mouth as I slipped my tongue back into her. I was aware of how good my cock was feeling but it was in an other worldly way. I was somehow divorced from it while all my mind was focused on my tongue and her mouth. It was amazing, I felt incredible and I was doing great things for Ma'am as well. We continued on with slow deep and very satisfying strokes. Ma'am was in heaven.

"That is so so good baby. Good boy, very good. Make me happy. You're mine to use forever."

Her body was arching over mine, our bodies moving as one. I could almost feel the electricity of her passion as we rocked together. It was beautiful. After a few minutes she ordered me to stop and she say up, impaling herself on me.

"Very good baby, I'm proud of you. You were in the zone there, you understood your position and were content with it. I like it slow but I like it hard and rough too. However I don't think you could have managed that, we have much more training to do. You had to stop twice, and you gave me two orgasms. It's those stops that are the problem, much as I love feeling you struggle against your needs, I also need you to be able to give me what I want and when I need it. If I had been close to an orgasm when you stopped, that would have been very disappointing. You need to switch on right from the word go. You need to attend to me all of the time, not just some of the time."

I nodded.

"I'm sorry Ma'am. I didn't reach your standards. I was selfishly thinking about my cock and not about your desires. I promise I will do my best to put a stop to that."

She leaned forward and kissed me, pushing her tongue deep into my mouth. Her hand slipped between her legs and I felt her fingers moving quickly over her clit. It didn't take long. We continued to kiss as she brought herself to another big orgasm. My cock was like a rock deep inside her and I could feel every muscle twitching and contracting.

She took a minute to recover then smiled at me.

"Good work boy, but there's still plenty of room for improvement."

She slid up off me and lay down beside me, her head on my shoulder. She held my hard cock and gently ran her hand up and down. I had nothing to think about now other than my need and desire.

'It's a shame you let yourself down a couple of times boy. I bet you would love an orgasm wouldn't you?'

"I would Ma'am but firstly they are yours, and secondly I don't deserve one. One day you might grant me that special treat but I will have to perform much better before that happens."

"Good boy."

She increased the tightness of her grip and my cock responded, twitching and hardening against the pressure. She was slowly driving me towards an orgasm. I could feel it building inexorably, but she could too. She took me close to the edge before easing her grip. I knew better than to move, so I just lay there motionless, absorbing the feelings. It was yet another lesson in control. There is no destination, just the journey.

She carried on with the slow manipulation for another ten minutes before dropping my cock and going to the toilet.

"See you in a bit boy."

She left the bedroom and shut the door behind her. I lay there feeling my cock very slowly soften. I was comfortable enough but my cock kept growing and twitching, before softening again. My head was full of thoughts of Ma'am and my aching need. I made a conscious decision to try and only think about Ma'am and her orgasms. I turned myself away from thinking about me and my cock.

Ma'am came back after about twenty minutes, walked straight over to the bed and sat on my face.

"Just warm me up boy."

I got right to it, licking away at her warm, moist core. She was clearly still feeling quite horny and it didn't take long before the first soft moans of desire. She shifted across from side to side and was able to undo my wrists while keeping her pussy on my tongue. I carefully raised my arms and put my hands on her hips. She told me to slow down a little so I kept my movements minimal and gentle. After a few minutes she moved away and twisted on to her back, pulling me on top of her as she went. My cock was poised at the entrance of her pussy. She put her hands on my hips and guided me inside her, letting out a little gasp as my full length slid inside her.

"Make me cum boy. Think only of my pleasure and of my orgasm. Nothing else, just me."

She wrapped her arms around my neck and her legs around my hips. I eased myself out, right to the tip of my cock and slipped easily back in.

I continued with long, slow strokes and put all my concentration into trying to read Ma'am's reactions. I realised that I was going to have to learn quickly. I knew her intimately when I was performing oral sex on her, but penetrative sex was different. I needed to learn what she wanted and when she wanted it. Ma'am thought I was a natural with my tongue, I could only hope that a combination of my instincts and her advice would make me as good with my cock. There was another problem of course, I had my own desires to deal with when I was fucking her. I knew what I was supposed to do, ignore the amazing sensations that the friction of her pussy created around my shaft and think only of her. But I suspected that was going to be easier said than done.

Ma'am was loving it so far and was letting out a little moan each time I filled her up.

"Shorter, harder boy."

Instead of pulling out all the way, I started shortening my stroke to just a few inches, but I moved more quickly.

"Harder, fuck me boy."

I pushed hard into her so that our groins smacked together and my cock was pushed hard into her. She grunted each time I forced myself into her.

"Oh yeah. Yes boy, ah yes."

I was surprised and a little nervous about the force she seemed to want me to use. As a sub I didn't feel very comfortable being on top of her and physically dominating her but if she wanted me to fuck her hard, then I would. I started withdrawing slightly further with each stroke, really pounding into her.

"Yes, yes, yes baby. Slow down when I cum."

She wasn't far away, crying out in passion with every thrust. It hit her like an avalanche, she cried out loudly, bucking wildly under me. Her nails were digging into my back so I gave her one last deep thrust and stopped deep inside her as she thrashed around in the throws of a huge orgasm. After a few seconds I tried moving gently, slowly in and out a few inches.

"Oh fuck boy, oh fuck. That's good baby, nice and slow. Deeper baby."

I pushed into her as far as I could before slowly pulling about half of my cock out. She was all over me, legs pincerd around me, her arms holding me tight.

"Yes baby, yes baby. That's beautiful, give me more."

I increased the length of my stroke and I felt her hands on my ass, holding me deep inside her for half a second. I understood and carried on like that, plunging fully into her, pausing for a brief moment, before slowly pulling out and sliding home again. Ma'am was groaning in ecstasy with every stroke. Our bodies were as one as I gently but forcefully took her to another massive orgasm. This one washed through her like a wave. Her breathing came in short sharp gasps as her muscles spasmed uncontrollably. I kept myself deep inside her, just easing in and out an inch or so. She took one huge breath and slowly exhaled with a big smile on her face.

"Stop stop stop baby. Enough, oh jesus baby."

We clung to each other and as we came to our senses I became aware of my trembling cock and I suddenly realised how close I was to orgasm.

"Please Ma'am, can I take my cock out? Please, one move and I'm going to cum."

"Yes boy. It has done it's job beautifully. You may withdraw."

I carefully edged out of her. My cock was a glistening bar of steel, twitching to it's own rhythm. I had been utterly lost in pleasing her, but as soon as that finished my brain had remembered my own needs and how desperate I was. I had managed though, to somehow switch my consciousness entirely to her desires. I felt incredibly happy. I had put my own needs completely out of my head. My whole being had been focused on her and her alone.

Ma'am pushed herself up the bed a little and jammed a couple of pillows behind her head.

"Come here baby."

She beckoned me towards her and with my knees either side of her body I shifted up the bed. Her mouth was at the same height as my cock. She reached up and made a circle, squeezing my balls and gently separating them from my shaft. She moved her head forward and took my still wet head into her mouth. It was like

warm velvet. She moved slowly back and forth, sucking hard. Then with a loud plop she moved her head back and smiled.

"Enjoy yourself baby, let yourself feel everything. Drive yourself crazy."

She slid her mouth back around my glans and kept her head still. Her tongue was moving though, gently caressing my most sensitive spots. Her hand was pulling lightly down on my balls as I started to edge in and out. It was beautiful, her mouth and lips were so soft and wet. I knew I wasn't going to last long but I tried to hold back and enjoy it. I had no idea if she was going to let me cum but my mind had switched around and my own orgasm was all I could think about now. Her tongue was tracing slow patterns across my frenum, there was nothing I could do to stop the build up. She squeezed a little tighter and made a muffled noise. I stopped moving and so did her tongue. She moved her head away and gave me an evil smile.

"What are you doing boy? I told you to enjoy yourself, I didn't give you permission to cum. Sort your head out, you did so well before. Don't ruin it."

Her mouth was straight back on my cock. I was in trouble. I had been alright when I had her pleasure to focus on, now it was just mine that I was thinking about. I tried to reset. She never let up, she was always pushing me. I felt a little resentful that after doing so well she was still teasing and torturing my desperate cock. Focus focus focus. I tried to think about the journey and just absorb all the gorgeous feelings in my trembling cock. She was still holding my balls firmly so I remained still as her tongue played with me. She wasn't giving it everything she had, her tongue was slow and gentle and for a while I was able to relax and enjoy it. The feelings were gradually getting more and more intense, but it was a slow and controlled rise. Out of the blue she took me deep into her mouth and sucked hard. She let me have three quick long sucking strokes before letting go again. My cock was tingling on the edge and I groaned.

"Enjoying yourself boy?"

Her mouth was on me again and she went for it. My cock got a good hard suck for about twenty seconds. I could feel it coming, so close, when my cock popped out of her mouth again.

"This is fun boy."

This cycle repeated another five times. I was moaning and shaking with sexual tension. I was right on the edge, physically and mentally.

She kept hold of my balls and wrapped her other hand around my shaft. She squeezed and relaxed but didn't move it.

"Would you like to reach your destination, or carry on with the journey boy? It is genuinely your choice."

She started moving her hand up and down my shaft, keeping a firm grip on it. I had the choice but I knew what I had to do. I knew what she wanted me to do. I had never wanted to have an orgasm more in my life. I closed my eyes and took a breath.

"I would like to continue on with the journey Ma'am. My orgasms are yours, now and forever."

A part of my mind panicked, what on earth was I doing? But most of me felt a bizarre sense of peace and satisfaction. Leaving my orgasms in Ma'am's hands was the right thing to do. I still craved her control, and I wanted that control to be complete. I was giving myself to her again.

Her hand started moving slightly faster now, and she moved forwards.

"Don't you want to cum in my mouth baby? With my tongue flicking over your frenum?"

She did exactly that, put her tongue out and vibrated her tongue over the incredibly sensitive underside of my head. My cock was boiling over with passion. She stopped briefly.

"Just pull away if you're sure you don't want to cum, who knows when you will get another chance."

Her tongue was back, driving me insane. She kept the touches light but they were irresistible. It felt so good, so so good. I was right there, trembling with desire. I groaned and pulled back away from her devilish tongue and away from what would have been an incredible orgasm. I was breathing hard and my eyes were glazed with pure lust.

"Baby, you have no idea how proud I am of you right now. That took some doing."

She jumped off the bed and dragged me to my feet. Holding my face in her hands she gave me the most tender kiss on the lips.

"My beautiful and strong boy. Thank you. Hands behind your back."

She got some handcuffs and secured me. It was actually a huge relief, at least now I didn't have a choice.

"We need a shower."

Hot water cascaded over us and she carefully washed me, thankfully avoiding any direct contact with my cock which was still as hard as ever. She grabbed the shower head and stepped back. I knew what was coming. The hot water was suddenly freezing cold and she directed the jet straight at my groin. I yelped but managed to stand still. After a few minutes the numbing effect took its toll and my cock began to shrink. Soon after Ma'am had me locked back up where I belonged. The handcuffs came off and we dried ourselves and went down to the kitchen, we were both starving.

We had some food but we didn't say much. I was still slightly stunned. Ma'am told me to come with her, she sat me on the sofa and straddled me. She stared at me for a few seconds before smiling.

"That was absolutely fantastic Tom. You just keep on surprising me, you're fully committed to this, aren't you?"

Her hands were on the cage, playing with it and its contents which responded immediately. I groaned in pleasure, my body was still full of sexual tension from our session.

"Are you regretting your decision earlier?"

I chuckled, "no Ma'am. My orgasms are yours, you know that. The sexual energy that is flying through me is amazing. I can't describe it but I feel great. I've pleased you and that is all I want."

I was staring into her beautiful and hypnotic eyes. All I could think of was the ache in my genitals and how much I wanted to be between her legs giving her another orgasm. My cock was rigid in the cage as her fingers caressed the taut skin.

"Keep fucking me with no thought to your own pleasure like you did earlier and I will be a very happy woman. You were in the perfect place, totally submissive and totally mine. I loved it. I also love being kind to you baby. You obviously don't want to have an orgasm yet. You're enjoying the rush too much. I can keep you like that forever if I want to. That would be great wouldn't it baby?"

I was breathing deeply as my cock responded to her words and her touch. My manhood was thumping along with my heart beat. I was going crazy with desire.

"Oh god Ma'am, I'm so turned on right now I think I'm going to explode. Is it too late to change my mind? Please Ma'am?"

She chuckled.

"It's way too late baby. One day I might give you that choice again but for now your cock is mine. I have complete control over it, and you. It's the way we were meant to be and you can't deny that we both love it. I'm soaking wet again, I feed off your desire baby. Now get your tongue in me."

She jumped off me and lay down on the sofa. My mouth was on her in seconds and she sighed in anticipation.

"We've got nearly a week alone together boy. I'm going to make sure you are as hard as possible as often as possible. I'm going to make you beg, you will beg me to stop, beg me to lock you away forever, beg me to let you cum. You won't know what you're begging for eventually."

My cock was going to break out of it's prison, I was sure it was. My tongue worked on autopilot as my mind raced, thinking of what Ma'am was going to do to me. I slowly drew another immensely satisfying orgasm out of Ma'am's always willing body.

She relaxed after her orgasm and we lay together on the sofa.

"Mmm baby, I wonder how many orgasms you are going to give me this week? Dozens probably at this rate."

"I hope so Ma'am. Making you cum is a beautiful thing. I love it. Every time you cum I'm reminded of what it does to a woman. It takes over your whole being and feeds your soul. It gives you energy, as opposed to mine which just sap me."

She gave me a kiss.

"I'm going to relax this evening, you're probably not. I think you need to be wearing a lot more latex boy."

She got my catsuit and before long I was wearing it, along with the latex feet, hands and hood. Then she added a second hood, also latex. It was thick and tight and had a penis gag with a long tube coming out of the middle of it. There were no other holes so yet again I was deprived of most of my senses. Ma'am loved doing this, it focused my mind on whatever she decided to do to me. My hands were secured by my sides with the thick leather belt and attached cuffs. She took me upstairs to the den and lay me down on the huge sofa with my legs wide apart, and after positioning a few cushions she lay down between my legs with her head on my chest.

I didn't know what to expect but my cock was beginning to harden. There was just enough time to get the cage off before I got too hard.

"I'm going to watch a film boy. I think it's quite long but I'm sure I can keep you entertained."

Through my hood I heard the familiar snap as she put on a thin latex glove and then I felt the cold trickle of lube across my shaft. She gripped me and slowly rubbed the lube all over my cock and balls. With the slightest of downward pressure my foreskin slid down and her slippery fingers covered my glans in lube too. My cock was throbbing already, she had said it was a long film and I had no reason to doubt her.

"Don't move baby. You know the drill by now, just enjoy it, enjoy the lovely feelings and remember that life could be a lot worse."

She giggled and set to work just sliding her hand slowly up and down.

For a long while she just played with me, there was no attempt to take me to the edge. She just went up and down, occasionally squeezing, occasionally paying my head a little attention. But my desperate cock was just a toy for her to mess around with while she watched the film. However things got a little bit more serious when she gripped my shaft and started to use the pad of her thumb on my frenum. She made small circles across my most sensitive area, not pressing hard but simply sliding across it. The delicious friction coursed through my cock. I

could feel it throbbing with need but she kept things slow and gentle, and there was no chance of me getting too close. I wanted more, a lot more, but I had been here before. All I wanted to do was to thrust with my hips to increase the friction but she had told me not to move and I knew that despite the seemingly casual nature of the session, any infraction would be dealt with severely. So I lay there doing nothing.

Would she let me cum? I had done very well earlier, I deserved an orgasm, didn't I? I was so horny that it took me a while to realise that I wasn't thinking properly. I didn't deserve an orgasm, they didn't belong to me anymore. I had given them to Ma'am. I had told her that on numerous occasions. And what had she told me? Enjoy it. Enjoy the feelings. There was no destination, just the journey. Did her thumb feel good as it traced it's little circles around my frenum? Yes, it felt amazing. Would an orgasm, a fleeting moment, ruin those feelings? Yes, it would. No matter how much I wanted to cum right now, I knew that the brief joy I would feel would fade and that what I was feeling now could last forever. But God, I wanted to cum so much. My breath was whistling out of the breathing tube as my cock trembled and my mind worked overtime trying to make sense of my feelings and emotions.

Suddenly I realised she had stopped caressing me and that her hand was on my chest.

"Relax baby. Calm yourself. I'm really enjoying having your beautiful cock in my hand. My pussy is soaking again. Think about how much joy and pleasure you bring me."

I groaned and took a deep breath.

I knew that she wasn't going to allow me to cum so there was no point in even thinking about it. I made a conscious effort to relax all my muscles and I felt the tension slowly ebb away. My breathing slowed and Ma'am patted my chest.

"Good boy."

I felt more lube trickling over my cock and she gave it a few long strokes before settling back into frenum teasing mode again. Her thumb felt incredible but instead of working against her, my cock worked with her. I let the feelings wash over me and endorphins flowed through me. My cock was rock hard and tingling with arousal but for now at least, I had no desire at all to cum. Ma'am was happy,

my cock felt amazing and I was floating along in a haze of sexual bliss. Somewhere in the back of my mind I knew that it was just another lesson, another training exercise. No matter how turned on I was, if I could flip the feelings around in my head then I could ride the waves of pleasure that Ma'am gave me. I imagined spending the rest of my life as Ma'am's horny but denied chastity bitch. I would give her orgasm after fantastic orgasm and she would give me constant denial. It sounded terribly one-sided but at this moment I felt amazing. My cock was on fire with beautiful sensations and I was riding a sexual high that could go on for as long as I wanted it to, but only if I had the courage to let it happen.

Part 11

"Good boy, I'm so proud of you."

The words seemed to be inside my head. It took me a while to realise that Ma'am was whispering them against my latex covered head. My body was awash in the amazing sensations running through my cock. Ma'am's thumb was still working it's magic but I was somehow divorced from proceedings.

"Do you want to cum baby?"

I didn't even think, I just shook my head. All I wanted was to stay like this for as long as possible, in some sort of pre orgasmic bliss. Her thumb slowed and she began to pump my cock with her fist. Her hand was on my shaft and she avoided touching my head, but her grip was tight. Each pump felt like it forced even more blood into my already engorged member.

"Remember tonight baby. Remember these feelings and remember that you have made me very happy."

Her hand left me and she got up. A minute later the freezing towel was wrapped around me. I felt some disappointment but mostly I was incredibly proud. I had got to the place that Ma'am had been leading me to. A place where my orgasm didn't matter, a place that gave me great pleasure but that didn't have an end. I had given Ma'am many orgasms and after a slight false start I had been able to completely ignore my own needs.

I felt the cage going back on and the thick mask and penis gag being removed. I blinked in the light and looked up at Ma'am's smiling face. She took my hand and pulled me up. We had a long hug and she said she needed a drink.

We went downstairs and I poured us both a glass of wine. She held up her glass and we clinked glasses.

"To you Tom. Well done baby, that was definitely a breakthrough moment. Most subs never get to that point, a point where they can totally let go of their own needs and desires. It's almost zen like."

"Thank you Ma'am, I have no idea what happened. I just know that it felt amazing and that I want to be there again."

She touched my face and smiled.

"Don't get ahead of yourself baby. Firstly, it might not work next time. You might not be able to find that place again, but each time you do I think it will be easier to get to the next time. Secondly, I might not want you there. I might want you desperate and begging to cum."

She was stroking my cage and I was immediately hard again.

"That's a good place to be too, isn't it? So horny that you think you will go mad if you don't cum."

My cock was twitching in the prison. She was right, I loved that feeling too. It was so intense.

"Yes Ma'am, I'm sure you will make that happen many times and I do really love it."

We chatted away for a while until Ma'am started yawning. I was placed in my sleep sack in the dungeon for the night but it was quite a while before my cock and my imagination allowed me to sleep.

"Wakey wakey latex boy!"

I had been fast asleep. Ma'am simply walked over to me and sat on my face. It was a very nice way to wake up. By the time I had finished my cock was throbbing with desire and Ma'am was purring in satisfaction. She freed me and we went to the kitchen where I prepared breakfast.

We ate and then Ma'am told me to follow her to the dungeon. She had installed a toilet and a sink down there in the cell since my last visit so that people could be

locked in for longer periods. I found this news a little disconcerting, I had got used to spending the night in there but I wasn't looking forward to anything more.

"I have some vanilla friends coming round later boy. They are spending the night so you are staying down here. Back in a minute."

She had a laptop with her when she returned and set it up next to the cell. My feet were cuffed close together and I was handcuffed in front of my body so that I could use the facilities. She removed my hood and put hi tech wireless earphones in my ears before locking the hood back on.

"You did very well today boy, but there is always room for improvement so I thought a little brainwashing would help. There are four short videos that will play on a loop, they are all tease and denial which I seem to remember you enjoy."

She gave me a wicked smile as we both remembered her visiting me in my bedroom. Fortunately for me the latex hood covered my embarrassment.

"Watch them very carefully, there will be questions in the morning that you would be well advised to answer correctly. I have also recorded a message for you to listen to, also on a loop. Enjoy boy. Lights out at midnight and back on at eight in the morning."

With that she locked the cell, hit a few buttons on the laptop and left.

I heard her voice in my head, soft and velvety.

"You will always obey me.

Your cock will always obey me.

You belong to me.

Your cock belongs to me.

Your orgasms belong to me.

You will never cum without my permission.

You will never cum without my permission."

My cock hardened immediately in my cage. Her words and her voice always had an impact on me, and now they felt like they were inside my head. I will never cum without permission. It was a frightening thought but I wanted that level of control. My cock was raging in the cage as I imagined a life where I literally couldn't cum unless she told me to. My mind was flying around thinking of the levels of desire her denial could take me to.

I shook my head and looked at the laptop through the bars. I smiled, the first video was the Mistress T video that she had watched with me during that excruciating but incredibly erotic time in my bedroom. She had remembered it, and I remembered my embarrassment. But I also remembered how turned on I had been as her finger just ran up and down the underside of my cock. Mistress T had a slave tied down and she unlocked him from a chastity device and teased him mercilessly. The next video was a beautiful woman giving a man a teasing blow job. Her mouth was wet and inviting and she used her tongue on his head driving him crazy. The third one involved some torture. The slave's cock and balls were very tightly bound. The domme masturbated him with one hand while squeezing and slapping his balls with the other. She wasn't messing about either, he was clearly in a lot of pain. Each video was about fifteen minutes long. I got a bit of a shock when the fourth one started, it was me and Ma'am! I was in the chair, bound and hooded. I had no idea when she had made it, but then I spent most of my time in the chair blind so she could have set it up any time. My balls were tightly bound and Ma'am's latex covered hands were sliding all over my cock. I could see it trembling and I saw my bound body tensing and pulling at my bonds.

I realised that I had watched them all once and hadn't taken a thing in. I was throbbing like mad in the cage and glassy eyed, horny didn't describe half of my current level of arousal.

Ma'am's words were running relentlessly through my head but I realised one message was missing, that I should always try to please her. I tried to compose myself a little and concentrate on the videos. I had no idea what sort of questions she would ask so I just tried to take it all in.

One thing that I had noticed was that the sub didn't get to have an orgasm in any of the videos. He remained denied in all of them, that was clearly deliberate. I watched them all again, I tried to concentrate but the combination of the arousing imagery and Ma'am's words echoing in my head were turning my brain

into mush. All I could think of was my throbbing cock that would never be satisfied. It was sexual hell but I was so incredibly turned on. My cock wouldn't stop throbbing and my balls were aching under the strain. I realised that I was gripping the cell bars tightly in my fists and that my hips were slowly thrusting to their own rhythm. I took a deep breath and tried to relax while closing my eyes for a moment to stop the images that were burning into my retina. But then my only sensory input was Ma'am's mantra inside my head. It was relentless and so highly sexually charged. I put my hands up to my latex hood, I could probably rip it off and take the earphones out if I tried but I knew for certain that Ma'am would be very unhappy if I did that.

I took another deep breath, control yourself Tom. There was nothing I could do to change the situation so I just had to cope with it. It was all part of my training, it was part of the journey. I could either fight it or go with it and accept it. I opened my eyes and saw an erect and tightly tied cock being gently massaged and an equally tightly tied pair of balls being viciously squeezed. When I was fucking Ma'am I had found that the best way to ignore my own desperate desire was to concentrate solely on her, so I tried to concentrate on the videos and watch them intently. It worked to an extent, in that it took my mind off how horny I felt but it didn't stop my raging cock doing it's best to break out of the steel cage. I did notice that I could hardly hear Ma'am anymore. I guessed she was now digging her way deep into my subconscious. I was going to carry those messages with me for a very long time.

I will never cum without your permission, I will never cum without your permission. Could Ma'am actually make this happen? I had no idea. Perhaps my life would be easier if she could, if she could flick a switch in my brain so that not cumming became easy and not a desperate struggle then maybe I would be able to relax and do anything she wanted to please her. Maybe I would fight her because my masochistic side loved the struggle? Those moments on the edge of orgasm, on the edge of sanity, were beautiful. That was when I felt most alive with endorphins flying through me.

Time would tell, the here and now was what mattered. My full cock and full balls demanded my attention again. I couldn't even remember how many times I had watched the videos now, was it three or four? It would definitely be a while yet before the lights went out, would that be my cue to stop watching and try to sleep? I needed to pee and to have a drink. I had some water and sat on the

toilet. I had to force my cock down but there was no way I could go when I was this hard in the cage. I just had to sit there and wait for it to soften a little but with Ma'am's words still pumping into my ears it was difficult. Eventually, with constant downward pressure I was able to go. I shook the last drop off and stood up. I was worried about the questions that Ma'am would ask but I really didn't want to watch the videos again. It was a blessed relief to not be rock hard, my balls were grateful for a brief rest from the constant strain. I also realised that I was getting quite hungry, Ma'am had said she would bring some food down but there was no sign of her yet.

I stood around for a bit and stretched out. I felt my cock begin to harden again and groaned inwardly, not again? I will never cum without her permission. That was it, I was hard again. It was impossible to stop. I looked down at the red, taut skin bulging through the bars. It twitched, it wasn't my doing but I couldn't stop it. Surely the pattern of the bars would be imprinted on my cock forever by now.

There was a noise and I saw Ma'am at the top of the stairs. She was smiling but had a finger over her mouth indicating that I should remain silent. Like a cat she padded down carrying a bowl which was put through the bars. It looked like cold leftovers. She beckoned me to the edge of the cell and put one hand behind my neck and the other round my balls. She kissed me, deeply and passionately while squeezing my balls hard. I moaned deep down in my throat both in passion and pain but Ma'am took no notice. My cock was like iron as her soft tongue explored my mouth. Then she was gone, swaying her way up the stairs. I was left breathless with aching balls. I struggled to my knees and put a finger into the food, it was stone cold. What time was it? Dinner at eight maybe? An hour, maybe two for the food to go cold. It was ten at the latest so two more hours before lights out. I ate it and washed it down with a gulp of water. I didn't want to drink too much as having a pee had proved quite tricky.

I will never cum without her permission. I wondered if the batteries would run out but I knew they wouldn't. Ma'am always took care of the details. I went back to the laptop and saw a wet mouth slowly slide over the swollen head of a desperate sub's cock. I moaned as my body somehow pushed more blood into my tortured cock. How was she using her tongue? How many times did she take him deep inside her? I tried to look at it analytically and memorise the details but all I could think of was how wonderful her mouth would feel on my squashed glans. I didn't want to cum, I just wanted to be free of this prison. I wanted to be free to be

properly hard and to feel a soft tongue rather than hard steel digging into my flesh.

I kept watching as another hour long cycle of the four videos played. I glanced down a few times, to see my throbbing shaft and deep red aching balls. Suddenly there was a click and the lights went out and the computer screen went blank. Thank god for that I thought. Then I saw a line of text appear on the screen.

You will never cum without my permission boy.

I just stood and stared at it while Ma'am told me the same thing through my earphones.

At that moment it felt like the truth. I would never cum without her permission.

I dropped clumsily to my knees and moved to the thin mattress and pillow Ma'am had generously provided. I lay down with my legs and hands cuffed. I closed my eyes but I could still see all the highly sexual images that I had been watching flashing through my brain.

You will always obey me

Your cock will always obey me.

You belong to me.

Your cock belongs to me.

Your orgasms belong to me.

You will never cum without my permission.

You will never cum without my permission.

Obviously this hadn't stopped when the videos had. It was still being relentlessly whispered into my mind. My cock was still standing straight up, still straining against the steel. I will never cum without her permission. I noticed my whole body was tense. It was as if all my nervous energy, all my lust was being directed into my tortured cock. It was never going to go soft and it was never going to experience another orgasm. I was locked in a permanent cycle of denial and arousal forever. I deliberately stretched every muscle I could and tried to slump

back into a relaxed state. I had to calm myself. I had been in situations like this before although probably not this intense. I just had to lie there and wait, be at peace with my body and eventually my cock would relent and let me sleep. It worked, but it took a long time. I lost myself in Ma'am's words and let myself drift slowly off to sleep. Amazingly I slept like a log. When the lights came on I was totally disorientated. I had been having weird dreams but they slipped away as soon as I woke. It was only when I tried to move that I remembered where I was. My cock was filling the cage but it wasn't hard. What I did know was that I really needed to pee. I was stiff from a night on the thin mattress but I slowly got up and relieved myself.

You will never cum without my permission. There it was, filling my entire mind. I wanted to see Ma'am and throw myself at her feet and show my total submissiveness to her. I wanted to hold her tight, kiss her, and beg for her dominance. She had me. I was hers.

I noticed the laptop had started up with the lights. I decided that I had better watch the videos again to try and make sure I could answer her questions when she returned.

Unsurprisingly my cock quickly got hard again, pulsing and twitching against the bars. In the back of my mind I realised it was only eight o'clock. Ma'am's friends were probably still in bed, then there would be a leisurely breakfast. I was going to be here for hours yet.

I was right back where I had been last night, suffering a sensory overload. I had Ma'am's voice echoing through my mind and my eyes were glued to hard desperate cocks being teased and denied. Almost immediately I was incredibly turned on and straining in the cage. Usually I loved the feeling but this was too much. I had no idea how long I had been hard for last night and now I was going to be in the same situation for many more hours. Hands pumped lubed up cocks, mouths and tongues licked and sucked, fingers squeezed tied up balls again and again. I watched all the videos one more time in a haze of sexual tension. I barely noticed that I was watching them again when the computer shut down, the earphones clicked off and I realised that Ma'am was coming down the stairs.

I immediately fell to my knees and bowed my head.

"Good morning boy, that's a lovely way to be greeted. How are you?"

I looked up, she was only wearing leggings and a tee shirt but she looked amazing.

"Good morning Ma'am. I am horny, desperate, rock hard and yours."

"Nice. Did you enjoy the videos? By the way, it's actually gone ten o'clock, I told a little lie about when the lights were coming back on."

"I did Ma'am. It was a nice touch to include that Mistress T video. Thank you."

She laughed, "I thought you would like that. She is your favourite after all, isn't she boy?"

"She was Ma'am. I've got to know a couple of very interesting people since I used to watch those sort of videos."

She laughed again, "have you now? Anyway, I said there would be questions. First, how old is Mistress T? Second, how many orgasms have you given me this year? Third, how many times did you watch each of the videos?"

My heart sank. I had been watching the videos to try and anticipate questions about them. These questions were nothing to do with the content. How was I supposed to know how old Mistress T was? How was I supposed to know any of those answers.

I noticed the sparkle in her eye and let a little smile develop.

"Ageless, not enough and way too many times Ma'am."

She laughed again, "good answers baby, particularly the second one. I just wanted you to really watch the videos so the threat of questions seemed like a good way. Did it work?"

"Jesus Ma'am, I watched and watched and watched. I'm guessing the desired effect was to make me as horny as hell. I was desperate at times. I've never been so turned on for so long. And your voice drove me insane. I will never cum without your permission Ma'am."

She unlocked the cell and began to take my cuffs off.

"We'll see about that baby. Let's get you upstairs and in my bed. You're not the only horny person here."

She led me to the bedroom by my throbbing cock and lay down on the bed with her legs wide apart.

"I need a long slow morning orgasm boy so get to work."

I didn't need telling twice and I was between her thighs in seconds. It was a little awkward getting on to my stomach as I had to push my hard cock down so that I could lie down but I didn't care. This was my happy place. I didn't care how horny I was, I didn't care about anything except her beautiful pussy and the pleasure I was going to give her. As my tongue made contact with her moist and swollen lips I idly wondered about how many orgasms I had given her, but my answer seemed to cover it. Not enough, it would never be enough.

I wriggled around to get as comfortable as I could, I was going to be here for a while. Ma'am made a quiet murmuring sound as I gently pushed my tongue deeper between her folds. I gently moved up and down being careful to avoid her clit for a while. She brought her knees up and I put my arms around her upper thighs holding her close to let her know my head was locked in now. I wanted to give her the best orgasm I could. I wanted to be enveloped by her smell and taste, I wanted to feel her writhing in orgasmic ecstasy that I had created. I could already feel tiny tremors running through her legs so I gently penetrated her as far as I could with my tongue and used it to slowly thrust in and out for a couple of minutes before making my way to her clit. There was a small gasp of pleasure as I touched it, she was definitely ready to begin the inevitable climb to an orgasm. I set a nice slow rhythm but I moved my tongue erratically so she never knew exactly what was coming next. I could hear her soft moans as her arousal increased. I would have smiled if my mouth wasn't so busy. I knew I could make her cum in a matter of seconds if I tried, but that wasn't what she wanted. It was odd, this was the only point in our relationship where I had any semblance of control. I was in charge of her pleasure and she trusted that I knew her well enough to make her cum when she needed to. It didn't need to be said that only my best efforts would be acceptable of course. It was time to accelerate things so I firmed up my movements and began applying more pressure to her willing clit. I started to feel little tremors in her stomach muscles now, and a growing tension in her legs. Her hips moved toward my mouth to increase the pressure but I held her where I wanted her with my arms and shoulders. This was my time, her hips had moved involuntarily because she craved more friction. If there was a conscious motion to encourage me then I would work with her but for now I used

my experience to ever so slightly resist her. However I did increase the speed of my tongue a fraction to slowly increase her arousal. Every once in a while I applied more pressure for a few seconds before relenting. Soon there was more movements from her legs and hips, I used this as my cue to take her close. I surrounded her clit with my lips and sucked it into me. Her clit was proud against my tongue and I started vibrating the tip against it. There was an immediate effect as I felt her body jump and heard a long slow moan. I kept just the tip gently flickering across her and I felt her passion growing. Again her hips shifted but because my shoulders were against her thighs and cheeks it made no difference to my position. My tongue was moving fast but barely making contact. She was getting closer but I sensed that it wouldn't be enough. I knew I could keep her waiting a little while longer so I did, feeling the tension in her grow. Her muscles were trembling and she was breathing deeply. I increased the pressure a tiny bit more, that was it, that was enough, but it wouldn't happen immediately. We both knew it was coming. I adored this moment when I knew that I was taking her to a place of total ecstasy. Her groans got louder and her whole body started to shake. I slowed my tongue down just before she came.

I wanted that pre orgasm moment to last just a second longer. The room filled with a long strained moan as she hit her peak. I could feel all her muscles tensing and twitching as a huge orgasm overtook her whole being. I could feel my cock hardening even more, it was as if her sexual power was flowing into me. At that moment it didn't matter to me at all if I never had another orgasm as long as I was able to do this for her. Her moans were slowly subsiding and the tension was gently easing. I heard her whispering, "oh baby baby, that was magical. Beautiful."

She took another minute to recover.

"I loved the way you slowed just as I came, it seemed to take an age for my orgasm to hit. Do that again, see if you can moment last even longer."

"Yes Ma'am. I'll do my best."

I settled back down between her thighs. I was gentle to begin with as her clit was still very sensitive but as her arousal grew I was able to be a little more forceful. Ma'am began moaning quickly, she was feeling really turned on so I eased back a little. I wanted a slow approach to her next orgasm, I had learned through my own teasing that a slow steady rise would let me control her better. I used my forearms to hold her tight so that I could put my hands on her abdomen. I could feel her muscles tensing and twitching, I needed all the sensory input I could get

to follow her command. She was closing in and I allowed the rise to continue, it wasn't time yet. Her thighs were starting to move against my head and my fingers could feel her muscles pulsing as her orgasm got closer and closer. I needed to work out at what point her orgasm was going to be unstoppable, but just before that point I had to pull back. It was going to be a delicate balancing act. She was close, really close and I felt a little extra tension in her abdomen. I slowed, barely touching her clit with the tip of my tongue. The tension remained and her moans became slightly strained and desperate. I knew I had to keep some friction on her clit or she would drop away from the brink so I continued with the lightest of feathery flicks.

"Ahh, ahh, fuck, fuck. Jesus."

She was orgasming, but she was tipping over the edge incredibly slowly. Her moans were getting higher and higher in pitch and her whole body seemed to be vibrating. She was there, suddenly every muscle started shaking and all the air whistled out of her. I felt her gasp for breath and kept giving her the slightest flicks. The dam broke and she bucked hard, her hands jammed my head into her groin. Her breathing was erratic and desperate, I almost became concerned. With one last loud groan she flopped back onto the bed and pushed my head away. I glanced up, her eyes were closed but her mouth was open as she took in big lung fulls of air.

"Oh my god, oh my god. Oh baby. That was... I don't know what that was but fucking hell"

It seemed like I had done a very good job. Ma'am hadn't moved an inch, it was as if all the energy has drained out of her.

"I'm done baby, totally done. Mmm good job. Come up here."

I moved and lay next to her, she pushed me onto my back and lay on her side, head on my chest and leg stretched over me.

"Well that was different baby. I can't quite describe it, I'm not sure I would want to cum like that every time but it's definitely something I will order you to do again."

Her hand slipped down to my cage and began to caress my still hard cock.

"He's still very happy, lovely."

"I don't think I have the energy to tease you properly right now, so I will put you back in the dungeon and let you watch some more videos. We want you nice and hard and desperate, don't we?"

I was already rock hard and the idea of more of what I had gone through yesterday was scarily arousing. Why did I do this to myself? I clearly remembered how incredibly frustrated and aroused I had been but my twitching cock wanted more.

"Yes Ma'am, please let the videos and your words tease me to distraction while you relax and recover."

"Come on then boy."

She put on a dressing gown and we went down to the basement.

Ma'am played around with the laptop for a couple of minutes, blew me a big kiss and swayed her way up the stairs.

"Watch them closely boy. Who knows what I may ask you."

There was a click and both the laptop and my earphones sprang into life. I quickly noticed a different set of messages this time.

" You will never cum without my permission.

You cannot cum without my permission.

You do not want to cum without my permission.

You will find it impossible to cum without my permission."

My cock immediately began to fill to bursting point, it's skin taut against the bars. I groaned with lust, could she do that? Could she make it impossible to cum without her permission? I had no idea but I had no reason to doubt her. She always got her way, why would this be any different. Her control of me was absolute.

I took a breath and looked at the laptop. It was playing different videos from last time but the theme was distinctly similar. Bound and helpless subs were being

teased. Sometimes it was gentle and kind, sometimes harsh and cruel, but one thing remained the same. They never had an orgasm. I would never have an orgasm without Ma'am's permission. As my cock throbbed relentlessly in the cage I imagined my future.

In some ways it was such a small thing, the ability to have an orgasm whenever you wanted. But as soon as it is taken away it becomes the most important thing in the world. It dominated my life, no orgasms without Ma'am's permission. What was it, a minute? Not even that, thirty seconds of pleasure, but having it removed had changed my life. I had fantasised about chastity, but those fantasies always ended in an orgasm, which in hindsight, was just daft. Never in my wildest imagination had I ever thought that I would be in this situation. No, that was a lie, I had never fantasised about this. One orgasm every few months, endless tease and denial, what felt like an almost constantly hard and straining cock wrapped in a steel cage. I had on occasion, usually alone in the cell in my sleep sack, wondered what the hell I was doing.

I should be playing the field at university, I should be chatting women up, ending up in bed with them and having as many orgasms as I want.

I should be doing that, I could be doing that, but that would be a lie.

I knew in my heart of hearts that I was born for this. Ma'am hadn't forced me or coerced me. If I wanted to leave her, she would remove the cage and wish me well. There was one undeniable fact. The reaction I had both physically and mentally whenever denial was mentioned. I knew it, and Ma'am knew it. Every time she talked about my denial I got incredibly turned on. My cock got hard and my heart raced. I found it utterly irresistible. I was addicted to the rush of it, the thrill of it. Combine that with the beautiful and amazing woman who was able to fulfil all those fantasies, I was exactly where I wanted and needed to be.

"You will never cum without my permission."

I watched a tongue delicately slide up an erect shaft.

"You cannot cum without my permission."

I watched a smiling domme playing with a locked cock.

"You do not want to cum without my permission."

I watched fingernails digging into a swollen testicle.

"You will find it impossible to cum without my permission."

I watched a leather clad hand pumping away at a hard cock. My own was thumping away in the cage. I couldn't stop it and I didn't want to. I was complicit in my own arousal. I wanted to be hard, I wanted to be shaking with need as Ma'am's hand or tongue caressed me and I really wanted to be rock solid in the cage as I gave Ma'am the pleasure I was denied. Making her cum was the most important thing in my life. I seemed to be instinctively good at it, and with her advice and a lot of practice I could give her inordinate amounts of joy. I had always deferred to women, they seemed to have so much more knowledge and insight into life. I knew that when I was younger my deferential nature was mainly down to shyness but now I knew it was integral to my being. Ma'am had taught me that, and even Alexis who was the same age as me had helped the process.

I wasn't shy now though. Now I was proud of my submissiveness, I had found my place. Submissiveness wasn't a weakness, it was a strength. It took character and a strong will. Every time Ma'am praised me I felt proud and happy that I had pleased her. People who didn't understand might think that I was weak and that I should stand up for myself. But they were wrong. I was standing tall and trying to be true to myself. It wasn't easy, it was far from easy, but being good at anything wasn't easy. I wanted to be the best sub I could be and I was going to do my level best to be just that.

Every time my cock throbbed with lust it strengthened my resolve rather than weakening it. Every time I survived a tease session without breaking I became a better sub. I wanted to look Ma'am in the eye as an equal. I wanted her to look me in the eye and see a strong and proud man who was devoted to her. I wasn't going to break. I wouldn't cum without her permission. I would take it all and stay strong. I didn't want to cum without her permission, not ever. I could do anything she asked of me. I would never cum without her permission, it was impossible for me to ever cum without permission.

Oh my god!

I froze. I looked down at my imprisoned cock and I couldn't imagine it cumming without Ma'am allowing it too. All I wanted it to do was please her. It could give me all this excitement for months and months without cumming. In fact it only

gave me all this excitement because it hadn't cum. What was the point of an orgasm? Suddenly I wasn't sure. I really didn't want one. If Ma'am decided that I should cum then I would enjoy every second of it, of course I would, but other than that I realised that I really did prefer this endless denial, arousal and lust. Already I had said no when Ma'am had asked me if I wanted an orgasm, and now I knew that I would never ever say yes.

A pair of full lips were sucked tight around a swollen glans and my cock twitched. I had been lost in my own internal dialogue, I needed to concentrate on these videos. Another little switch had flipped in my brain though. I wanted to watch them and get as turned on as possible. I would absorb the images and Ma'am's words. I would work with them and not fight them. After all, I didn't want to cum anymore.

Ah come on. Who was I trying to kid? Of course I wanted to cum. It had been so long now, so desperately long. But was it just the physical release that I craved? I tried to remember what it felt like, the moment when those muscles spasmed and ropes of hot cum flowed out. The joy of an orgasm. But what then? A mess in front of me and a slowly softening cock. I would be spent both physically and mentally. I didn't know how I would react now. I'm sure I would thank Ma'am profusely but how would it affect me mentally? Would I still feel as submissive as I currently did? Would I still want to please Ma'am as much? I felt like I would, but I couldn't really be sure. Maybe it would be easier not to find out. If I stayed this horny then I would worship Ma'am without hesitation.

I froze again. My head was a mess. It was all over the place, flitting from one idea to another. I needed to calm down and try and think rationally. There was one thing that I knew for sure. Ma'am was my anchor. I trusted her and she cared deeply for me. She would look after me, she would keep me safe, physically and mentally. All I had to do was be the best me I could be. I also knew that I could talk to her, I could tell her about where my head was. I wasn't sure I really had the words to describe my feelings but I was sure she could help.

I had watched all the videos twice, they were about to start the third cycle when I realised that Ma'am was coming down the stairs. She switched the laptop off and I was plunged into silence. She unlocked the cage and took me over to the chair. I was quickly strapped down with my legs wide apart, and then she gagged and blindfolded me. I waited for a minute until the freezing cold towel was wrapped around my throbbing shaft. It was a shock, but also a relief. My balls were aching

badly, I had been straining in the cage for over two hours. It seemed to take ages to go soft. I heard Ma'am laugh.

"Oh baby, you know I love you being hard and horny for me, but if you don't get soft soon I'll just have to leave you in the cage. Don't you want to be free and properly hard so that I can tease and deny you?"

I groaned around the gag.

"Don't you want to feel my hot wet mouth around your sensitive glans baby?"

Despite the freezing towel I felt blood surge into my shaft, it wasn't going to go down now.

"OK baby, I'll leave you here for a bit to see if you calm down."

Ma'am spent a few seconds wrapping the towel tightly around me and left. I could feel myself twitching and jumping with lust and frustration. I took a deep breath and let my mind go blank. I tried to relax my muscles and let nature take its course. I had no stimulation at this point and surely I couldn't stay hard forever, could I? The cold was seeping into me and eventually I noticed a softening in the cage.

I felt Ma'am's presence just before I felt the towel being removed. She placed her hands on my inner thighs and the heat seep into my flesh.

"Is he ready to be unlocked baby, or does he want to stay in the cage, trapped behind those cruel steel bars forever?"

Her hands slid slowly up my latex clad thighs.

"Oh look!"

Ma'am's words had caused an immediate surge of blood into me and my cock returned to full hardness in seconds.

"Well baby, I can't get the cage off now, can I?"

She started stroking my full balls, fingertips caressing the bulging skin.

"As I'm such a caring lady, I will give you another chance. See you in an hour or so."

She moved away, there was a little click and her voice appeared on my head again repeating the same phrases over and over again.

"You will never cum without my permission.

You cannot cum without my permission.

You do not want to cum without my permission.

You will find it impossible to cum without my permission."

I closed my eyes and tried to ignore my cock as it crushed itself into the bars. I flexed in my bindings but there was no give. No give in the cage, no give in my bindings and no give from Ma'am either. I realised that she had chosen her words deliberately, knowing that I was almost certain to react to them. I laughed to myself, no orgasm without permission? I couldn't even get out of the cage at the moment I was so horny.

I tried to relax, and let the words flow through my mind. I wasn't going anywhere so I might as well go with it. The ache deep in my balls returned quickly as they hadn't really had any time without an erection. I did my best to ignore them and as time crawled by there was a slight softening in the cage but it was still throbbing and occasionally twitching.

I was in a world of my own so it was a shock when I felt the towel being wrapped around me again. Ma'am turned off the laptop and squeezed the towel around my shaft. She also gently forced my shaft downward.

"Last chance boy."

She didn't say anything else, she was giving me a fighting chance this time. The towel seemed colder this time and slowly but surely it did it's job. Ma'am didn't mess around, as soon as it had softened she quickly got the cage off and firmly pulled and wriggled the ring off before I could react. Her warm hand squeezed my cold shaft and it quickly firmed up. She massaged it to full hardness for a couple of minutes then surprised me by clambering on top of me. She used the chest straps to pull herself up and positioned herself astride my upper thighs. By pushing down with her thighs she was able to move herself up and down. She went up and her fingers positioned my cock and then relaxed down. I felt myself

glide into her hot tunnel. She pulled her thighs up and my whole shaft was engulfed in her wetness.

She allowed herself a little moan of pleasure as I filled her up.

"I'm going to use your cock for my pleasure boy. It's all about my pleasure, always."

She moved her hands so that she was holding on to the bindings around my upper arms and then with her thighs she began to slowly rise and fall. It felt absolutely delicious as her hot wet walls slid across my erect shaft. The bindings were too tight for me to help her in any way so I just had to sit there and enjoy it. This was for her and her alone. My cock was going to make her orgasm, that was all that mattered to me. She was taking my full length, the only part of my face that was exposed was my lips as they stretched around the gag but they could feel her breath getting quicker and deeper. She paused with just my tip inside her then let herself drop heavily onto me. There was a guttural moan. Again, every millimetre of my trembling shaft was forced inside her. She stopped just for a moment and wriggled on me, completely impaled. Then up, faster now, she pounded her pussy into me. She licked my lips around the gag as the pace got even faster.

"Oh yeah. Your cock, my pleasure boy. Yes, yes."

I could feel the chair moving with the force as she fell quickly onto me, picking her thighs up to get my completely inside her. I realised that despite how good it felt, all I wanted was for her to have a huge orgasm. This wasn't time, that would come at some point, but not now. She became even more frantic before a loud groan preceded an equally loud orgasm. I felt her holding on to the straps as she bucked her way through the ecstasy. The groans slowly turned into contented whimpers as she slowly came down from the high. After a minute she kissed my stretched lips and slightly clumsily dismounted. She knelt between my legs, and used one hand on the base of my cock to pull it down a little. Then I felt her tongue licking me. She covered my entire cock, lapping her juices from it.

"I love the taste of my orgasm on your cock baby. All that pleasure coating your big hard organ."

She stopped licking and took my head in her mouth. Her tongue went to work, sliding across my frenum while her hand gently pumped my shaft. It was electric, my cock tingled and twitched with excitement. I didn't have permission to cum,

and it seemed that for quite a while I didn't want to cum either. I felt completely relaxed. The feelings she was creating in my cock, in my whole body in fact, were so good that I wanted them to carry on for as long as possible. Why would I ever want them to stop? Her tongue, her lips, her hand gripping my shaft, it was beautiful. Absolutely beautiful. Then suddenly she stopped.

"Enjoying that baby?"

I nodded furiously and she laughed.

"I'm feeling quite horny myself. Would you like to give me some pleasure instead?"

I didn't hesitate for a moment and nodded furiously again. She started loosening the straps with a stern warning about touching myself. The blindfold and gag were removed and I stood up. We stood there looking at each other, me covered in latex with a wet hard cock bobbing in front of me, and her stark naked.

"Would you like to touch yourself boy?"

I looked down, my hands were by my sides just inches away. I hadn't touched my own cock in about eight months apart from feeling the taut skin as it bulged through the bars. Eight months! I could barely remember what it felt like. Eight months of being completely unable to do what I wanted, when I wanted, to my own cock. Would I have accepted the chastity device all those months ago if Ma'am had explained what I was going to go through? Probably not, but I had changed, Ma'am and chastity had changed me. This was exactly where I wanted to be, and where I needed to be. You could argue that Ma'am had tricked me all those months ago, she had used my innocence and teenage needs against me. But truthfully, she hadn't dragged me unwillingly down the rabbit hole, I had taken her hand and run headlong into it with her. There had been some dark moments, some very tough times, but I didn't regret it for a second. She had made me a better person, a better human being and not just a better sub. I was proud of myself about that. I tried to imagine where I would be without her. Probably in my bedroom jerking off for the umpteenth time, feeling bored and listless. I probably wouldn't be at a decent university, I might not even have gone to university. I would probably be in some dead end job earning rubbish money. Instead I was here, with the most beautiful and amazing woman feeling more alive than I could ever have imagined.

"Honestly Ma'am, I don't. It would be interesting to hold it again, and to remember how it felt, but it's not mine. It's yours and I will never touch it without your express permission."

"I believe you boy, one hundred percent but I love having total control over you and taking away your choices."

With that she found the thick leather belt and a pair of leather cuffs and secured my hands by my sides.

"That's better isn't it boy?"

"Yes Ma'am, it always feels good to be bound and helpless. Thank you Ma'am."

She held my cock firmly and slowly pumped it while looking me in the eyes. I stared back and moaned quietly. As always I was lost in her eyes. I could see her passion and her cruelty in them. Every time I looked into them I knew exactly where I stood. I was hers. I was her toy, just a plaything that she was going to extract as much pleasure from as she could.

She pulled me by my cock.

"Come on boy."

We went up to her bedroom and she put me on my back with cushions under my head and backside. She climbed on top and got herself comfortable in the sixty nine position. The pillows made it comfortable for both of us to get busy.

"Take as long as you like boy and don't worry about what's going on down here. Always remember that you are here for my pleasure."

I didn't need reminding but Ma'am was simply reinforcing the point. She pushed herself back a little and my mouth was pressed into her beautiful pussy. It was time for me to do what I did best, bring Ma'am slowly to an incredible orgasm. Her pussy was already wet and slippery and my tongue glided easily across it. I played with her lips, I gently penetrated her, I moved my mouth slowly up and down using my own lips to create more friction. I heard her sigh as she got even wetter. She knew she was in for a wonderful ride and the anticipation was arousing her almost as much as my touches. She had my balls in a tight grip with one hand and her other was holding my shaft tightly, pulling down so that my

swollen head was completely exposed. Her lips swallowed my glans and her tongue began to swirl around my most sensitive spots. Somehow my cock managed to get even harder as her soft but insistent tongue teased me. I was concentrating solely on her pussy. I put the amazing sensations she was causing to the back of my mind and closed in on her clit. I kept my tongue still, and moved my whole mouth instead. The movement of my tongue on her clit was mirrored by my lips on hers. Her mouth was full but I could feel her breathing through her nose on my exposed balls. I realised that what she was doing to my head had got me a little hot under the collar so I tried to slow things down on her pussy in the hope that she would ease up a little too. I was under control for now but Ma'am wasn't making things easy for me. Her tongue didn't stop, it was constantly moving from side to side, up and down. I dragged my mind back to Ma'am's clit, that was what I needed to think about. I had to concentrate on all the little spasms and twitches in her body. I took her clit as deep into my mouth as I could, sucking her into me. I let my tongue play very softly across her, building her up very carefully. Fortunately she responded in kind and her tongue slowed its progress over my shiny glans. I was determined to try and repeat her previous orgasms when I had managed to delay her orgasm as she came. This was a new trick so I thought about it as she got close. Suddenly my cock popped out of her mouth but any ideas I had about the tease torture relenting were quickly proved wrong. She pushed my cock down against my stomach and went to work on my frenum, my ever so sensitive frenum. Her tongue made small gentle circles, sometimes tiny, sometimes a little bigger.

I had to concentrate on Ma'am's imminent orgasm. Her tongue was creating the most delicious sensations in my cock and if I thought about that for a second I would be in serious trouble. I could feel her inner thighs starting to tremble and her breathing accelerating. Fortunately her tongue stopped as her moans became more frantic. My tongue was moving quickly, but very lightly over her clit. Just before her orgasm hit I slowed my pace and she very slowly tipped over the edge. I was barely touching her but she had passed the point of no return. However because of the lack of stimulation it took many seconds for the orgasm to take hold. Then suddenly her whole body tensed, then starting shaking. She moaned loudly and shuddered on top of me. I kept a delicate touch on her clit as wave after wave of pure pleasure crashed through her.

"Yes, yes baby. Keep going. Oh fuck."

I continued with light touches for a few seconds and tried to judge when to give her more. She was still bucking and shaking but the movements had become slightly less frantic so I applied more pressure. She reacted immediately so I gave her more. I realised she was going to have another orgasm as my tongue pressed down on her very sensitive clit. I made sure my tongue didn't flick at her as she was super sensitive so I just vibrated it on her. She came like a train, losing control completely and crying out in ecstasy. She jerked her clit away from me, it was too much. Her whole body was quivering as her second orgasm ran its course. It took a couple of minutes for her to recover, then she turned around and gently slid me inside her soaking pussy with a little shudder of pleasure.

She sat up, fully impaled on my trembling cock.

"Your tongue just gets better and better baby. You're going to turn me into a nymphomaniac, I can't get enough."

I smiled and licked some of her juices off my lips.

"My pleasure Ma'am. I love making you cum, it's a beautiful thing."

She rocked slowly back and forth.

"How are you doing baby? I gave you a good going over and you seemed to survive easily."

"I wouldn't say it was easy Ma'am, but I somehow managed to control myself. The brainwashing, along with your relentless training is obviously working. Thank you Ma'am. The less time I spend worrying about myself, the more time and energy I can devote to you."

I matched her gentle rocking with little thrusts of my hips and she made a low growling moan.

"Oh yeah, that's good baby. So do you still think about when you're going to have an orgasm?"

"Sometimes Ma'am but most of the time I'm just enjoying being so incredibly horny all the time, and how good it feels. I wonder if an orgasm would change that."

"I've probably got you to a point where it won't. In fact you will almost certainly feel even hornier when you cum. Your mind has forgotten how good an orgasm feels and is now completely focused on how good feeling horny all the time is. I will need to retrain you after you cum, lots more tease and denial, lots more edging, so you remember that endless denial is the norm for you."

She leaned forward, elbows on my chest and stared into my eyes. She was thrusting more intensely into me now.

"You can't get enough denial can you baby? You love being rock hard and desperate, don't you? I love it too. I love keeping you like this. I gets me so worked up. Baby, I'm going to use your cock to have another orgasm and you will lie there and take it. Can you feel my pussy contracting on your desperate cock? Oh yeah, yeah."

I could, I could feel every millimetre of her beautiful tunnel sliding over my tortured member but all I was thinking about was how much pleasure it was giving her. I stared into her eyes, watching her as she moved faster and faster until she came. I moaned with her, my muscles tensed with hers and I trembled with her. I did everything except cum. I was in my own personal world of ecstasy as she came all over me.

She slumped across my latex covered body, breathing hard.

She sighed, "enough. I'm done. Good grief boy, stop getting me so turned on."

She gently pulled herself off me and lay beside me. Snuggling into me, her hand found my cock and gently massaged it.

"It's Christmas eve tomorrow, when are you going back to your mother?"

"I need to go in the evening Ma'am. My mum's sister is coming over, then we'll have Christmas lunch. I should be able to come back here later that evening. Is that OK with you?"

"Of course it is. Its important to be with your family if you can at Christmas. We can exchange presents when you come round. I hope you remembered my spending limit boy."

"Of course Ma'am, it's the thought that counts, not how much you can spend."

Ma'am was manipulating me more forcefully now, gripping my solid shaft tightly and going up and down the full length. I groaned in frustration as my member trembled with pent up lust.

"You need to understand the next step boy. At some point I will give you permission to orgasm. However that does not mean that you will necessarily have an orgasm. All it means is that if I decide to make you cum, then you can. Your self control is admirable boy, you are doing very well indeed but there will be times when I want to take you to the edge and turn you into a trembling desperate wreck."

I wasn't far from that now. As always happened, I found my self control was tested far more when I didn't have something to concentrate on, like Ma'am's pleasure. At the moment I had nothing to think about other than Ma'am's words and her hand going firmly up and down my needy cock. I heard her words in my subconscious, she had said that I would be unable to cum without permission. I didn't have permission but I was feeling so turned on. However I didn't seem to be getting to the edge, her hand felt amazing but my level of arousal seemed to have plateaued. I was just riding the waves of pleasure, enjoying the arousal for what it was.

"Good boy, very good. We need a shower, you've been in that latex for a long time now."

She gave my cock a sharp and unexpected slap and jumped off the bed. I followed her to the shower and she peeled the sticky suit off me. She threw it into the corner and told me to clean it later. Much as I loved latex, it was lovely to be free of the tight suit and for my skin to feel fresh air again. She made sure my hands were secure again and we showered together. Ma'am kept her body against mine as much as possible and she spent an unnecessarily long time cleaning my cock.

She stepped back, "here it comes baby. I think this might take a while. The cold water hit me hard, straight in the groin. I jumped but managed to stay still. Ma'am was right, it took nearly ten minutes for my cock to slowly soften. She actually had to put the ring on with the water still running just to make sure it stayed flaccid enough. She turned the water off and quickly jammed the cage over me. It had to be quick as my shaft was already starting to fill up.

We went downstairs and I made drinks.

She stared at me over her cup.

"I never expected this."

I gave her a quizzical look, "what didn't you expect Ma'am?"

"I didn't expect you to become such a good sub. No, scratch that. I didn't know that you really were submissive. Some people think they are sub. Some just do what they are told, they acquiesce, they bow and nod and simper. Some fight, always moaning and arguing, always looking for a way out. A real sub is hard to find, like a real man is hard to find in the vanilla world. But you, despite your lack of experience, have taken everything I've thrown at you, and you've grown every day. You have trusted me every step of the way, it's beautiful Tom. Thank you."

I was taken aback by this. I knew Ma'am was proud of me, and that we had something special but this was very heart felt and earnest.

"Thank you Ma'am, thank you so much. I think it's beautiful too. I am young, but I'm no fool, and I knew that you were a good person straight away. I had no idea we would end up here, like this, That scene, or whatever you want to call it, in the stables when I first worked for you, I was yours right then. You triggered something, it was a light bulb moment. I didn't understand it then because I was so innocent. I wanted that power and control my life. You had it, and it was so effortless. I knew you were real, I'm just so glad that I didn't run away. It was pretty scary but I'm sure you know that. You haven't put a foot wrong Ma'am and I would not be the sub and the man I am without you. Thank you Ma'am."

She put her cup down and smiled.

"Come here boy."

We embraced tightly, she kissed me then pulled her face away so she could look me in the eye.

"This is good baby, really good."

I felt her push her body into mine and I responded immediately. She giggled.

"At this point most couples would fuck like crazy, but we're not like most couples. I am very tempted to let you share my bed tonight, very tempted."

She put her hand between us and gently cupped my balls and my cock got even harder.

"Would you like to spend the night curled up with me boy? Unlocked and able to do anything you wanted to me?"

She was pulling my balls rhythmically, pulling our bodies together. I was beside myself with arousal yet again.

"Let me off the leash Ma'am and I will fuck you like a madman. I'll go all night and all morning. You'll be begging me to stop as I fill you up again and again. But until that point I will stay desperate, I will stay locked, I will stay denied, and I will stay the horniest man on the planet."

She let go of my balls and moved her hand to her pussy. We kissed passionately and through my need I felt her body jerking against mine as she quickly brought herself to another orgasm. She broke off the kiss with a cry of pure passion and slumped into me. I held her quivering body until she gathered her wits while my cock danced an erotic jig between us.

"You're a bad influence baby. Oh god, I just can't stop cumming when I'm with you."

"I don't care Ma'am. I love your orgasms almost as much as you do. I want you to have another right now. Please let me use my tongue to give you another Ma'am. Let me slide my eager and well trained tongue all over your clit. The more you deny me, the more I want to make you cum."

As I spoke I edged her to the sofa and gently lay her down.

"Keep me in chastity forever Ma'am. Deny me, tease me, use me.

I quickly dipped my head and got between her legs. She was as wet as I could remember. The smell and taste just drove me crazy. I was all over her pussy, lapping and flicking at her sensitive clit. She cried out in pleasure as I grabbed her thighs and held them tight. I was lost in her centre, in her core.

I felt the heat radiating from her, I heard her ragged breath, I felt her thighs trembling against my arms as she neared another orgasm. My hips were thrusting involuntarily into thin air, my cock trying uselessly to fuck the steel that cruelly

imprisoned it but I didn't care. All I wanted was the magic of Ma'am's orgasm to engulf my mouth and tongue. All I needed was her pleasure to fulfil me.

Seconds later we both got what we needed as her orgasm crashed through her. She pushed my head away as soon as she came, she really had had enough now.

I looked up at heaven. Ma'am's body was displayed in all it's post orgasmic glory. I had done that, I had given her the best gift a lover can give their partner and as always I was incredibly happy and content. I became aware of the dull ache in my balls from being hard in the cage for so long, but even that made me happy.

Ma'am roused herself.

"That was actually a little bit naughty boy, you took the lead there which is definitely not your role. But given the outcome I think I'll let you off this time."

She laughed, I could see how satisfied she was.

"Sleep baby, I need to sleep. Get down to the dungeon."

It didn't take long to secure me in my usual resting place but it took longer than usual for me to sleep. My cock just wouldn't give me peace but eventually I dropped off and slept like the dead.

It was a slow start to Christmas eve. Ma'am was clearly still sated from the night before and I was a little tired from lack of sleep. I could catch up tonight though as I was going back home later. I cooked breakfast while Ma'am had a long and apparently very funny video call with Steven and Sarah. We shot the breeze for a while then it was time for me to leave. Back home I was greeted by a slightly frantic mother who was fretting about food and decorations. I got the Christmas tree up and decorated then took an emergency trip to the supermarket to get a couple of things that were clearly vital to a successful Christmas, namely an extra bag of potatoes and some napkins. On my way back I pondered the essentially pointless trip I was making. We had plenty of potatoes and napkins. Last year there would have been a row, this year I just did as my mum asked, no questions, not even a raised eyebrow. My mum wanted me to do something for her so I just did it. I concluded unsurprisingly that I had changed since I met Ma'am. It wasn't just a sexual thing. I wanted to please, I wanted to do the right thing. I was happy to put myself second and to put other people first. It gave me pleasure to do that in all aspects of my life.

It was nice spending some time with my mum. Her sister arrived in the afternoon and we chatted and played cards until dinner. I went out with a couple of old school friends in the evening and had a few beers. It was just like old times, being home and seeing friends. I went to bed fairly early, it was strange not only being in my own bed, but being free of the sleep sack that I had grown fond of in a strange way. I wondered what Alexis was up to. We had exchanged a few texts but her replies had been pretty short, terse almost.

I was woken up by lots of noise coming from the kitchen. Downstairs I found my mum and aunt wrestling the huge turkey into the oven. It looked big enough to feed an army, I had the feeling that turkey sandwiches were going to feature heavily after Christmas. We were going to be eating at some point in the afternoon, so after the turkey was sorted out we exchanged presents and played silly games for a couple of hours. I laid the table as the ladies sorted out the vegetables and other bits and bobs. I was surprised when my mum told me to set four places for lunch.

A little later there was a knock on the door. I could see blurry looking Christmas hat through the little opaque window in the front door, I opened it and there was Ma'am. She gave me a big grin.

"Hello Tom, aren't you going to invite me in?"

I was surprised to see her but recovered quickly.

"Hi, err, Louise! No one told me you were joining us, please come in. Merry Christmas!"

My mum came over and gave her a big hug.

"Hi Louise, how are you? I'm so glad you could join us."

"It's a pleasure to be here and thank you so much for inviting me."

Ma'am was wearing a Christmas jumper, covered in robins and little Christmas trees, I laughed, "love the jumper Louise, it really suits you."

She laughed too.

"Don't be sarcastic Tom, at least one of us is trying to get into the spirit of things."

She turned to my mum and surveyed all the pots and pans, "something smells good, you shouldn't have gone to so much trouble."

"Think nothing of it Louise, you've been a good friend these last few months, it's the least I could do."

Ma'am hadn't mentioned that she had been spending time with my mum. For some reason that made me slightly nervous as I suspected my name had come up in conversation more than a few times. I gave Ma'am a stare and she just winked at me with a grin.

"Something wrong Tom? Don't worry, your mum has only shown me all your baby photos once. You were such a little cutie!"

"Mum!" I did a pretend face palm but we were all laughing.

We settled down for a huge lunch, Ma'am had got presents for everyone but she had correctly guessed that my present to her might be personal and said that we could open our pressies back at hers later.

The ladies retired after lunch and I was left with a mammoth washing up job. I was happy to do it though and I made sure the kitchen was spotless when I had finished. My mum was very impressed, I looked at Ma'am and she had a sly little grin on her face. She knew why I had done such a good job and she gave me a nod of approval.

We left around six in the evening after a very pleasant day, and walked hand in hand back to Ma'am's. I quizzed Ma'am about her relationship with my mum but there wasn't any ulterior motive, she told me that they were both women living alone and they were neighbours so there was no reason why they shouldn't be friends regardless of our relationship.

As always, I stripped off as soon as we got in and Ma'am gave me a long passionate kiss. My cock was immediately hard in the cage, pressing into the steel. Ma'am dropped her hands and began squeezing my balls.

"You nearly called me Ma'am back at your mum's, didn't you boy?"

"I did, my apologies Ma'am. I wasn't expecting to see you and I got my contexts confused."

She squeezed a little tighter, illiciting a small groan from me.

"Naughty boy, do you think you should be punished for that?"

Despite the pain my cock was throbbing hard.

"Yes Ma'am. You expect the best from me, I also expect the best from me. I nearly let our little secret out which isn't acceptable."

"Indeed, but that can wait for a later date. I don't feel like getting all medieval on your ass today. We have a couple of small presents to open. I hope you kept it low key, I certainly did."

We went into the lounge and Ma'am gave me a small box. I carefully opened in and found a thin leather bracelet inside. I didn't wear any jewellery usually but this was very delicate, only about half an inch wide. I couldn't work out how it fixed together though.

"Have a look on the inside."

Beautifully stitched on the reverse side of the band were the words "property of Louise."

"Let me," said Ma'am taking the bracelet, " it has a special locking mechanism. Once it's closed it won't come off again, it is locked on for good."

She looked me in the eyes.

"Can I put it on Tom?"

I realised the significance of the moment. It was only a small bracelet but up until now we had just been moving from day to day. There had never been any talk about our future. Ma'am was making a statement with this present, not just the obvious one that she owned me but that she wanted to continue for the foreseeable future.

"Yes Ma'am, please do. I accept your gift gladly. I will wear it with immense pride."

I heard a little click as she pressed and twisted the bracelet around my wrist. The words were on their inside so couldn't be seen but we both knew they were there and what they meant. I leaned forward and gave her a big hug.

"Thank you Ma'am, this means the world to me. The words are one hundred percent true."

I handed Ma'am a Christmas card and her present.

"Please read the card first Ma'am."

She opened it and read.

"When I first read this word, it made me hard but I didn't really understand what it meant. I do now and I want it to be true for as long as you want it to be."

Ma'am looked slightly confused and opened my present. It was a simple photo frame and inside it was a piece of paper, slightly worn and with visible folds in it, with one word written on it in Ma'am's handwriting.

"Never."

Ma'am smiled, reached up and touched my cheek.

"Do you remember Ma'am?"

"I do Tom, it was a few weeks after I first locked you."

"Yes Ma'am. I put it in my wallet and I have carried with me ever since."

Ma'am pushed me back onto the sofa and straddled me.

"Thank you Tom, it's lovely, and very meaningful for me. I love the fact that you have had it with you all this time, and it is true. You will never have the keys to your chastity device."

She pressed her body against me and started to rub her groin into my full cage.

"Never boy. Your cock will never be free. You will never have an orgasm without my permission and you will never touch your own cock. Sounds good doesn't it?"

My cock was pulsing in the cage.

"Yes Ma'am, God yes. It sounds amazing. My cock belongs to you, I belong to you. I am your property Ma'am."

We were both breathing hard now, both very turned on.

"I'm wearing far too many clothes boy. Go to the bedroom."

She jumped off me and I went upstairs. Ma'am arrived a few seconds later with the freezing towel. It took a while, but eventually my cock went down enough for Ma'am to get the cage off and roughly pull the ring off. My cock was instantly hard again as she gently massaged it.

"I'm soaking wet baby," she whispered as she guided me to the bed. She pushed me onto my back and straddled me again.

"What I need is a long slow fuck, and fortunately I have just the person for the job. Someone with a lovely cock who will never cum without my permission."

She grabbed my cock and slowly slid its engorged length inside her. She sat down heavily on me and let out a small gasp. Leaning forward she kissed me deeply and began to move slowly up and down. I could feel her bullet hard nipples dragging across my chest so I reached up and began rolling and squeezing them between my thumbs and forefingers. She groaned but kept the pace nice and slow. Her hot wet pussy gripped me tight yet somehow slipped effortlessly across my swollen, taut skin. It felt incredible but I knew I was here for one reason only, to please her.

"Oh baby, this is so good. I've created the perfect fuck toy. A toy that will please me in any way I choose, and for as long as I want. Oh yes baby."

She was super turned on now, her breathing was accelerating and her face was flushed with arousal. She slowed slightly and looked me in the eyes, a piercing stare into my soul.

"I'm going to cum soon boy. I'm so damn horny. When I cum, you have permission to cum too. Not before, but when. Understand?"

"Yes Ma'am. Thank you Ma'am."

"Merry Christmas baby."

She began to slowly fuck me again, deep and long. My cock was tingling with anticipation. She kept it slow, pulling herself almost completely off me before carefully plunging back down my full length. I realised she was trying to hold back, trying to test me once again. I had permission but I had a very specific task to complete before that joyous moment. I could feel every single movement, every single millimetre of her tunnel as it engulfed my trembling cock but I knew, deep inside that I would only orgasm when she did. I had my hands on her hips now and I started to make small thrusting motions, driving her into me a fraction quicker each time. She was groaning with every downward push now as her orgasm neared. Suddenly I felt her muscles tense and her breathing become ragged. My cock was on fire as I heard a loud moan escape her lips. I didn't have to think, there was no conscious effort. It was as if my body just automatically obeyed. Seconds after her orgasm hit, mine did to. Every part of me went tense and my cock simply exploded. In fact, my whole being exploded. I screamed in ecstasy as a pile driver of an orgasm ripped my body apart. Stream after stream of hot cum poured out of me as my whole body convulsed uncontrollably. For a while I had no idea where I was or what I was doing. My scream turned into low, guttural moans of pleasure. I might even have passed out momentarily but I felt Ma'am's hand on my chest, grounding me, bringing me back to reality. My body was still twitching and my cock was still rock hard but I was able to focus on Ma'am's happy face above me.

"Fucking hell."

I had no other words.

"Wow baby, what an orgasm, for both of us. That was incredible."

We lay still for a minute, composing ourselves.

I watched a little smile come over her face.

"I got something for you inside me."

She carefully edged off my cock and put a hand down to her pussy. Slightly clumsily she climbed up my body and positioned her pussy over my face.

"Enjoy boy, this will always happen on the very rare occasions that you cum inside me. I felt her tense a little and a river of cum flowed out over my tongue. I eagerly lapped it up, savouring my own arousal for once. The thick, slightly salty goo

flowed into me and I swallowed it greedily. She stayed like that for a couple of minutes and I put my tongue as far inside her as I could do get as much of my cum as I could. She shifted slightly and I took the hint and moved my tongue to her clit. It didn't take long, she was still super horny. I relished bringing her yet more joy. After recovering, she lay down beside me and made little purring and growling sounds.

"Mmm baby, that was so good. Enjoy it?"

Her hand gently wrapped itself around my still hard cock and softly stroked up and down.

"Ma'am, I really can't explain how I'm feeling but I know it's good, really good. I have never experienced anything like that before. Thank you so much."

"It was very special Tom, very special indeed. I wonder when your next orgasm will be? Christmas comes but once a year, after all. That sounds like an idea, doesn't it?"

Ma'am's words always set me off and my cock was rock solid in her hand.

"My cock and my orgasms belong to you Ma'am. Whatever you decide will be right for me, for us."

"Do you want to cum again baby?"

"Yes Ma'am, but only if you want me to. But I know it won't be as mind blowing as what just happened."

"True, but I was very impressed by the way you came on cue baby. I want to see if you can do that again. Consider it as more training."

Her hand was moving quicker now, and she was gripping me firmly.

"You have my permission to orgasm again boy but when I tell you to, not before."

"Yes Ma'am, thank you Ma'am."

She kept a steady pace with a nice tight grip and my cock was as solid as a rock. My recent incredible orgasm was still fresh in my mind and I really wanted another, and another. I remembered Ma'am saying that I might find enforced

chastity and self control difficult after she allowed me to cum, I realised that she was right. The joy and energy that my lust and need had given me was seemingly bring usurped by a desire for orgasm. I tried not to worry about that and to concentrate on the present and Ma'am's hand pumping away on my cock. She hadn't changed her pace but I was feeling very aroused and my breathing got harder. She noticed.

"Steady boy, control yourself."

I tried to calm down but her hand was relentless. Come on Tom, I said to myself. You can do this. Forget that orgasm and concentrate on how good it feels. Get that mindset back where all that mattered was the lovely feeling of perpetual arousal.

It worked and I felt myself slip back into a world of arousal without any desire for orgasm. Ma'am's hand pumped away and all I wanted was the feeling of my hard cock pulsing against her fingers.

"That's good baby, ride it. I know you can."

Ma'am's praise helped me, more than anything I wanted to make her happy. A few minutes later she increased both her pace and her grip.

"Soon baby. You can cum soon. Feel it building. Feel the pressure, you control it and you can release it."

I was so horny, my eyes were closed and my whole being was centered on my raging cock. I was back in the zone, I wanted these amazing feelings to carry on for ever but I was also aware that Ma'am would soon allow a release which would be beautiful.

A minute later she whispered in my ear.

"Now baby, cum for me. Cum for your owner, your Mistress."

It was remarkable, she didn't change pace but I immediately felt my cock start to tingle and the inexorable rise. It must have only taken five or six strokes from her words before I came again. My body bucked and shook and the cum flew out of me once more. The first load went up to my chin, with each successive one going less distance. I was groaning with pleasure as my muscles shook and twitched.

Ma'am slowed and forced the last drops out of me. My eyes stayed closed as I breathed, "thank you Ma'am, thank you, thank you."

Her hand left my cock and I felt a couple of fingers scooping up my cum. I opened my mouth in anticipation and was rewarded with her cum covered fingers. I licked them clean and she went back for the rest.

"Good boy, very good."

I was utterly relaxed as we lay together in post orgasmic bliss. I had never felt this good, I was truly in heaven.

Almost instinctively I turned my head to Ma'am's.

"How may I please you Ma'am?"

Even at this point my training, or maybe just my submissive nature kicked in. She cuddled into me.

"Nothing for now baby, but thanks for thinking about me."

"I think of little else Ma'am."

"That is exactly as it should be boy. I am your world. I am everything."

Ma'am's words sounded corny, but at this moment they were entirely true. My whole world revolved around her. Nothing else mattered.

"I need a pee!"

She jumped up and returned a minute later, throwing herself on top of me and planting a big kiss on my mouth. She pushed her pussy down on my semi erect cock. Despite two orgasms, it hadn't gone completely flaccid. I guess it knew that any freedom it got should be welcomed. We both felt it stirring again, blood filling it.

"Wanna fuck, big boy? Wanna give me a good seeing to?"

After so much enforced inactivity, my cock didn't need to be asked twice. Ma'am's wet pussy sliding up and down it made thoroughly sure that it quickly hardened.

"I want to fuck you Ma'am, please let me fill your gorgeous pussy up."

She got off me and positioned herself on her hands and knees, legs wide apart. She looked behind her.

"No touching that cock boy, not if you ever want to come again."

I was rock hard, and her pussy was wet and welcoming so a hands free insertion was easy. I slid purposefully into her, my full length deep inside.

I felt my thighs press into her ass as I pushed deep inside. Slowly I withdrew before going balls deep again. I held her hips and used them to rock her back to me as I rocked my hips forward. Ma'am dropped onto her elbows, arching her back and exposing her stretched pussy to me.

"Fuck me boy, fuck me hard."

I increased pace as ordered, sliding into her, pulling out pretty quickly. She was thrusting back onto my cock but I tried to maintain an element of care and control. I saw her look at me again, her face was flushed with arousal but she seemed to be frowning.

"I told you to fuck me boy, so fuck me. Do whatever you want. Long and slow or deep and hard. Let it all out, everything. I want an animal inside me."

I had been trying to be smooth and gentle, while at the same time going as quickly as I could but I realised that she didn't want that, she didn't want that at all. I curled my hands around her hips a little more, drew my cock out so only the tip was in, then pulled hard as I thrust. Our skin made a loud slap as we collided. She cried out, for a brief moment I was scared I had hurt her.

"Fuck yes!"

Clearly she wasn't hurt, she loved it. Again I drew back and slammed into her. Another cry of pleasure. I did this a few more times then decided to change it up. I drew back but then slid slowly into her. Another groan. Out a few inches then quickly slamming into her again. I tried to keep her guessing. She was loving it, between her cries and moans of pleasure I heard her tell me to cum with her again. We were both covered in a sheen of sweat as I worked away. I was close so I stopped the variations and just fucked her. Her moans filled the room along with the smacking of damp flesh colliding. I heard her shout yes and the moans got louder. She came like an animal, groaning and growling, and after a few strokes I

did too. Pulling her hard onto my cock I came, almost doubling up on her back. I pumped a few more times but we were both spent.

"Stay inside me baby."

She slumped forward. She was flat on her tummy, I followed her, falling on top of her but still deep inside. I took some of my weight on my elbows and we lay there, breathing hard. My cock was still twitching with pleasure and I could feel her pussy convulsing over it.

She turned her head a little.

"Mmm, the perfect fuck toy and it's all mine. Beautiful."

We lay like that for a minute or so until she shifted onto her side.

"Enough."

My cock slid out of her as it softened.

"Get down there and clean up boy."

i went between her thighs and licked everything as clean as I could then we just drifted in bliss as I spooned her.

"You can stay here tonight baby. I want you with me."

I held her tight as we drifted off to sleep together, exhausted but totally satisfied. As sleep took me I felt her hand on my wrist, holding the bracelet.

Part 12

I think we woke up in exactly the same position as we had fallen asleep in. We had slept as only physically exhausted and satisfied people do.

"Mmm, morning baby."

Ma'am grabbed my arm and pulled me tightly against her back.

"Good morning Ma'am, how are you? Can I get you something? A coffee?"

She wriggled her bottom against me.

"I need something but it's not coffee baby."

I knew exactly what she meant and my cock hardened against her.

"Oh, nice. Remember today is a new day boy. Remember your place and your responsibilities. You and your cock belong to me. Understand?"

"Yes Ma'am, completely."

Ma'am was reminding me that after yesterday's orgasm fest I was still her property and that I needed to remember that. Her words had brought me to a full erection though. She parted her legs slightly and pulled my cock in between them so my cock head was resting against her pussy. Closing her legs she starting making little thrusting motions so my head ran up and down her, slowly separating her already wet lips.

There was a contented sigh and she changed the angle slightly and my head slid inside her.

"Nice and slow baby."

I gently pushed into her, because of her body I could only get about half my length into her pussy but it felt lovely. It was slow and gentle, two bodies moving together, passion slowly building. I carefully pushed her hair aside and kissed her neck and shoulder. My hand found her breasts and caressed them, occasionally softly pinching her nipples. I felt them harden under my fingers. Her sigh became a quiet moan.

"Get on top."

I felt her turn so she was lying flat on her front, legs still together. I rolled onto her with my legs either side of her. She pushed her ass out, inviting me to thrust deeper inside, and I happily did so. With her legs close together she felt so tight. As my cock slowly pistoned in and out, her moisture spread onto her inner thighs, it was a beautiful slippery feeling all over me. I kept things slow, this was casual Sunday morning sex, relaxed and loving. Her passion was growing, as was mine. My thrusts became more insistent and I saw her arm snake under her body. Her fingers found her clit and she began to moan. Her slick thighs and wet pussy were

tight around my shaft and I realised I was getting close. She started bucking and moaning loudly as her orgasm hit. I froze deep inside her, I had been just about to cum with her but she hadn't given permission. The memories of yesterday's amazing joint orgasms were fresh in my mind. I couldn't move, could I style it out and pretend I was fine? No, she would know and it would be too dangerous as I was right on the ragged edge.

"Ma'am, please Ma'am, don't move."

She understood and froze with a little laugh.

"Is there a problem boy?"

"I'm sorry Ma'am, I got a bit carried away, I'm so sorry."

She carefully spread her legs and then in one quick movement she jerked away from me leaving my cock bouncing in the air. She turned around and wrapped her legs around my thighs as I knelt before her my cock trembling with lust. She grabbed my cock and held it tightly.

"Well well. Who's a naughty boy?"

"I'm so sorry Ma'am. I think yesterday has turned my head a little. All I could think of was us orgasming together."

She nodded.

"I had a pretty good idea this would happen boy but that fact that it was expected doesn't mean I'm not disappointed. All that training, all the hard work I have put in and we are back to square one. That's such a shame."

I hung my head in shame. I had let her down badly. What on earth had I been thinking?

I heard a little giggle and looked up.

"I'm just messing baby. I'm not going to make a drama out of a crisis. This was always going to happen. The ground work has been put down. Hopefully all I need to do is some lovely tease and denial, and maybe some more brainwashing and you will be back to being my perfect fuck toy. Would you like some tease and denial baby?"

Her hand had relaxed its grip but she was slowly masturbating my rigid member.

"Please Ma'am, do everything and anything you need to. All I want to do is please you and be that perfect fuck toy." "I know you do boy, and I know that you will try your best. Anything less than that will not be tolerated and there will be consequences."

Her hand was moving faster now and I was getting very excited again. She raised her hips a little, and pulled my cock down.

"I want more sex boy. Remember all your training, remember the messages from your brainwashing in the dungeon. Make me proud boy."

She let go of my cock and I guided it home while she wrapped her legs around my hips. She reached up and held my head, locking her eyes on mine.

"Concentrate on me."

Her eyes were mesmerising as they bored into my soul. I could hear all the subliminal messages in the back of my mind. As my cock worked in and out I could see her flushing and her mouth open slightly. She was letting me see her lust grow to remind me of my duty. A slight moan, a tightening of her thighs, a lick of her lips. That was why I was here, no other reason. My cock felt fantastic as it slid in and out but it was irrelevant. I watched her get more and more turned on as I upped the tempo. I had been very nervous after my close call but I was more confident now. My head was in a better place, Ma'am had sorted it out for now. Ma'am was getting closer now, I loved watching her get aroused and then cum. I loved that my actions could do so much for her. I was beginning to feel the pressure build in me but it was under control. As her passion grew so did my urgency. I looked on with immense pride as her eyelids fluttered closed and she reached a powerful orgasm.

She kept her legs clamped around me.

"You are turning me into a sex addict baby. It's absolutely fantastic. I don't know what's happening to me. I'm as wet as often as you are hard which is almost all the time."

I was still buried deep inside her so I started making little thrusting motions.

"Can I give you another orgasm Ma'am? With my cock, or my tongue? Anything you want Ma'am, let me make you happy."

She groaned and loosened her grip on my hips allowing me to fuck her with more gusto.

"Oh god!" She moaned desperately, "oh baby, yes baby."

She was in a daze now, a fog of sexual pleasure as I pounded into her again. It didn't take long for her to cum again, shaking and moaning. My cock was trembling with desire but just about under control. She pushed me away and watched my twitching member. It was pulsing with a life of its own, veins standing proud.

"Are you close boy?"

"Yes, but in a controlled sort of way I think Ma'am."

"Hmm, interesting. I wonder if you have enough control to edge yourself while fucking me?"

"I don't know Ma'am, that sounds like a very tricky challenge."

She grinned, "that's good. I like a challenge baby. It will have to wait though. I'm ravenous and I stink of lovely filthy sex. Shower time, come on."

She gingerly got off the bed and laughed.

"Jesus, I can barely walk. You've broken me!"

I laughed too, "my apologies Ma'am."

She gave me a friendly slap on the bottom and we jumped in the shower together. I carefully cleaned her, remaining rock solid all the time. I knew what was coming soon. Ma'am did do and smiled as she turned the shower to cold as she backed out of the cubicle.

Before long I was back where I belonged, we both had a coffee and I was cooking a big fry up. My phone pinged, it was my mum asking if we wanted to go for a walk and grab some leftovers from yesterday. Ma'am thought that was an excellent idea so we arranged to meet up in a few hours. "When we get back I'm

going to tease you to the point of insanity baby. I'm going to make you beg to be locked up forever."

I thought my cock was actually going to bend the steel bars of my cage.

"Would you like that baby?"

I groaned in anticipation.

"Yes Ma'am," I breathed, "I would absolutely love that."

"I will give you permission to cum so you don't have to worry about having an accident and then take you to breaking point."

I groaned again.

"Yes Ma'am. Thank you Ma'am."

The skin of my cock was tight and red through the bars and we could both see the veins straining as blood poured through them.

"I love that look baby. I want you like that as often as possible. It must be so exciting yet so frustrating."

I was so horny my legs were shaking.

"Oh Jesus Ma'am. I came three times yesterday and I'm already a horny wreck. Please make me even hornier Ma'am."

"With pleasure baby. Get in the dungeon, we have an hour of two before we have to go."

Ma'am took me to the bench and positioned me face down on it. She used a lot of straps to secure me, with my arms and legs at ninety degrees on the pads provided for them. My legs were wide apart and my steel covered genitals dangled invitingly down. She put a thick latex hood over my head, it had a mouth hole but no eye holes.

"Open wide boy."

A large ball gag was stuffed in my mouth and tightly strapped in. My cock pulsed hard as my vulnerability occurred to me. Out of the blue Ma'am gave my balls a hard slap. I jerked and grunted in my bonds but there was no give at all.

"That's always the best way to check if a sub is well bound."

Nothing happened for a minute or so and I began to feel a little nervous. There was no sign of the icy towel so it didn't seem as if my chastity device was coming off. There was another hard slap on my balls which had the same effect as the first.

"Still secure I see, good."

I felt something cold being smeared on my ass hole followed by a couple of fingers being gently inserted. Ma'am had inserted plugs before but I sensed this was going to be different. The fingers disappeared, Ma'am spoke.

"I'm going to fuck you boy. I'm going to fuck you as hard as you fucked me earlier and with something just as big. Do you want to be fucked boy?"

I nodded.

"Are you sure?"

I nodded more vigorously and made affirmative noises through my gag. I really wasn't sure if I did want this but it wasn't like I had any choice. I felt the rubber tip of the strap nudging me and Ma'am gently pushed. The pressure increased and suddenly the bulbous end popped through my sphincter and was inside. I tried to relax and let it happen as more of the length entered me. It was big and pretty wide, bigger things had been in me but they hadn't been shafting me. More and more went in until I felt a dull pain deep inside me. That was as far as it was going. Ma'am pushed a few times but came to the same conclusion.

"Oh dear, only about seven inches. Never mind, we will improve on that over time boy."

Ma'am gave me a few long slow strokes, then I felt more lube being squirted onto my ass crack, just above the strap on. I assumed this would slowly dribble down to provide more moisture.

I felt her hold one of the straps across my body and she started to hump me with more vigour. She went as deep as she could with every thrust, pushing me forward and the end of each penetration. I wasn't sure how I felt. It was kind of humiliating having a big cock pounding into me but it was producing some interesting sensations deep inside. My cock had relaxed a little during the preparations but it was definitely stiffening again. Each time the fake cock slid over my prostate gland there was an odd tingling feeling and my cock reacted to it. I could feel it twitching in the cage.

Ma'am stopped deep inside me.

"OK boy? Any pain?"

I nodded and gave her a thumbs up from my bound wrists.

Suddenly the cock withdrew.

"Time to up the ante a little then, something more your size if you get my drift."

This was worrying, I thought the previous one had been a reasonable approximation of my cock, clearly not.

Nothing happened for a minute as Ma'am changed her strap on.

"This should be better, it's more like yours, although it is a bit wider. A yes please boy."

I took a breath and nodded.

"That wasn't very convincing boy."

She liked this trick, forcing me to be enthusiastic about whatever she was going to inflict on me. Again I nodded and gave her the thumbs up.

"Good boy."

More lube was applied, and despite the increased girth the new cock slid in easily through my stretched sphincter. I gasped then grunted as she pushed it home. It felt a lot bigger, and filled me completely. Ma'am didn't stand on ceremony and immediately began to pound me hard. Saliva was dribbling out around my gag and I was grunting each time it filled me. Ma'am's hand went to my balls and gave

them a vicious squeeze and I felt her fingers briefly around the end of my cage. She slowed things down and have me some long slow strokes, pushing hard at the end of each one. The tingling sensation was stronger now, but was combined with an ache each time she drove the cock deep. It was a confusing mix of feelings but quite exciting. My cock was certainly not confused as it twitched with each stroke.

"I'm going to fuck you silly boy."

With that Ma'am started pounding me hard and fast. My confusion vanished, all I could think about was the big cock smashing into me, harder and harder. I was grunting and moaning at each stroke, it felt like I was being ripped in half.

"Oh yeah baby, take it. Take it all."

My moans were turning into squeals now. This was intense, I was breathing hard around the gag and my fists were balled up tight with tension. Ma'am gave me an extra hard push then suddenly the cock disappeared with an audible plop. I gasped in relief, I had been on the edge there. My ass was feeling sore and very stretched.

"OK boy."

I gave a slow nod which I hoped conveyed the idea that I would take more if she wished but that I was struggling. Ma'am knew I was pretty inexperienced with anal but she seemed intent on pushing me hard. I felt the gag being removed.

"You can take some more for me, can't you boy? I'm enjoying myself, and so is your cock."

"Yes Ma'am, I can take some more."

"Really, I'm going to take some convincing boy. The next one is even bigger."

Inwardly I groaned, surely not? But I knew what she wanted.

"Please give it to me Ma'am. Fill me up with your huge cock."

"More."

I could feel my cock throbbing away in the cage, and I knew Ma'am would have seen it too.

"Fuck me hard Ma'am, please. I want to be your cock whore. Spread me wide and fill me up. I want to feel you deep inside my willing ass Ma'am."

Under the hood I was red with the humiliation but my cock clearly showed how aroused I was too. It always did this to me. Whatever Ma'am did to me it always wanted more. "Well if you insist baby."

She walked away to get the next strap on. I felt it nudge against me and Ma'am pushed it home. It was huge and there was quite a bit of pain as it went in. Then I realised it was just the head, the glans of the cock that was huge. It had a very pronounced ridge but beyond that the shaft was only slightly bigger than the last one. I stopped gasping as the widest part slipped through but I could feel the ridge as it travelled deep inside. She stopped deep in me then began slowly fucking me again. She didn't withdraw too far, just halfway, before sliding it home again. She carried on, slowly and gently and I groaned. Despite my aching ass hole it was very pleasurable. My cock hardened even more and twitched with more intensity.

"Does that feel good baby? Do you like being fucked by my big hard cock?"

"Ahh, yes Ma'am. It feels great. Please fuck me harder Ma'am. Give me your big cock."

Ma'am obliged and moved faster and deeper.

"You're my little slut aren't you boy?"

"Yes Ma'am, I want more and more cock. Please Ma'am."

I wasn't sure what was happening but it was good, very good. My cock was tingling and trembling with lust, and there was an odd but very pleasurable sensation in my groin. Ma'am slowed a little and the feelings reduced, I moaned.

"Ma'am, please."

"Please what boy?"

This was very humiliating and very arousing.

"Harder please Ma'am, fuck me harder."

Ma'am laughed, "I'll be the judge of how I fuck you boy, but I appreciate your input. Slut."

However Ma'am did increase her speed again and the tingling returned. I wasn't sure what was happening but I heard myself begging.

"Yes yes, please Ma'am, please fuck me. Harder Ma'am, harder."

Was I going to cum? I had no idea but it felt amazing, my cock was trembling constantly as I moaned and begged.

Suddenly she stopped and I moaned again, louder this time. My whole body was taut and tense, especially my cock.

"That's enough for today boy. Always leave them wanting more."

She laughed and quickly pulled the monster out. I gasped as the wide ridge popped out leaving me empty and really wanting more. What the hell just happened? At the start it was just humiliating and a little painful. By the end I was begging for more. Ma'am was right, maybe I was just a cock whore.

She wiped my ass, took the hood off and released the many straps holding me down. I gingerly got to my feet and sat on the bench.

Ma'am stood in front of me and pointed at my shivering cock.

"Clean that up."

I looked down and saw a thin sticky line of clear pre cum dangling from my cage. I quickly scooped it into my mouth.

"Were you trying to cum then boy?"

I was confused.

"I honestly don't know Ma'am. It felt great, but weird. I do know that I wanted more." Ma'am looked thoughtfully at me.

"I guess that was the first time someone has given your prostate gland any attention. Interesting isn't it? Some men can cum quite easily from a prostate

massage, for others it is virtually impossible. My guess is that you are somewhere in the middle. If I gave you a proper fucking I'm sure you would cum eventually."

I raised an eyebrow, "a proper fucking Ma'am? That seemed pretty intense to me Ma'am."

She gave me a wicked grin.

"Ah, so sweet, so innocent. That was just a gentle introduction boy. I will train you to take longer and wider cocks than that. A nice big one with lots of ridges should do the job. I would love to see cum streaming from you as you have a frustratingly disappointing hands free orgasm."

I gulped a little, "any orgasm you decide to grant me would be very gratefully received Ma'am."

"Of course, once we get to that point I will be able to empty your balls without having to go to the trouble of unlocking you. That would make my life a lot easier."

There was silence, an uncomfortable one from my point of view. Ma'am repeated herself.

"That would make my life a lot easier boy."

"Yes Ma'am, anything that helps you is a good thing."

"Are you sure boy?"

This was another conversation that wasn't going my way however my cock seemed very interested which hadn't gone unnoticed.

"Absolutely Ma'am, not having to unlock me sounds like an excellent idea. You wouldn't have to worry about where the key was, or if there were any ice cold towels around."

Ma'am smiled, "exactly boy, I fact I wouldn't ever have to unlock you. I could keep you nice and safe in my steel cage for years if I chose to."

My cock was bouncing up and down, as fully erect as it could be in the cage. It had betrayed me again.

"Couldn't I boy?"

"Yes Ma'am, locked up permanently and never released."

Ma'am laughed and gave my balls a little squeeze.

"Get dressed, we have to go for a walk with your mother. I don't want to be late."

With that she marched up the stairs leaving me twitching with lust, wondering how the hell I was going to get my jeans on in my current state.

I somehow managed to stuff the full cage inside my trousers and fortunately by the time we had got to my mum's it had calmed considerably. We all had a lovely afternoon in the countryside, it was chilly but bright. I noticed that Ma'am seemed to be trying everything she could be get words like forever and endless into the conversation. Every time I looked at her she had an innocent looking smile playing over her face.

Back at my mum's we had some leftover turkey and she insisted that we took some with us when we left. As soon as we got home Ma'am ordered me into the dungeon and tied me very tightly into the chair. She made sure my legs were wide apart but the back was upright. She placed a table in front of me then went and collected the laptop.

"Fancy some brainwashing boy?"

"Yes Ma'am, that would be good. After my orgasms yesterday I think I need some help getting myself into the right space."

The earphones went in and a tight leather hood with eye holes was tightened around my head, lastly a large penis gag was jammed into my mouth and locked in. Ma'am set the laptop up and her velvet voice echoed through my head. As before she lined up four videos to play on a loop and tapped the screen to tell me to watch carefully. As she exited the dungeon, she turned out the lights meaning the screen was the only thing I could see. The messages immediately began to seep into my subconscious.

I control you.

I control your cock.

I control your orgasms.

I decide everything.

I decide when you are unlocked.

I decide when you orgasm.

Three of the videos were variations on chastity and denial but one showed a latex clad Mistress taking her chastised slave with a massive, ribbed strap on cock. He was moaning constantly as more and more of the rubber cock penetrated him. I watched in awe and with growing excitement as eventually a stream of hot cum dribbled out of his crushed cock. She kept pounding away and he kept cumming. He was shaking in his bonds but it was unclear whether pain or pleasure was the cause.

My own cock was also feeling very crushed as it desperately tried to get properly hard. The videos played through twice before the lights went on and Ma'am made her way down the stairs. I could see she was carrying an icy towel, without saying a word she covered my swollen cock and slipped a blindfold over me. It took a while but eventually I softened enough for her to remove the cage and ring. I felt some string being wound round my balls, separating them from my quickly hardening cock. It wasn't too tight, it was just there to keep them in a nice little parcel.

"You have permission to cum boy, but I want you to fight it. I won't allow you to have an orgasm if I think you have given in too easily, and that won't be the only consequence."

As she said this she began tapping my vulnerable balls with the palm of her hand making sure I understood what she meant.

Cold lube dribbled down the length of my shaft and then her hands were on me, spreading it around. I was fully erect in anticipation.

"Remember everything I have taught you boy. I love teasing you, and denying you. I love making you desperate. Enjoy the moment, don't think about anything other than how good it feels now. I control the future, not you. It can be immensely pleasurable or immensely painful depending on your reactions."

One slippery hand was caressing my shaft, going slowly up and down the whole length. The other was massaging my balls, firmly but not painfully so. Each ball

was gently squeezed as it popped through her fingers. It made me slightly nervous as it would be so easy to increase the pressure and cause me a great deal of pain. Her stroke on my cock was slow and steady but with a fairly firm grip. I had no doubt she could feel each pulse of my shaft as it flexed under her fingers. She started to concentrate on my glans now. Making a tight ring between her thumb and forefinger she made small movements across the firm ridge. Each time she slid down over it my cock twitched in erotic approval. It was fantastic but I reminded myself that it would stop if I didn't control myself so I focused on the pleasure and absorbed it, revelling in the luscious feeling.

"Good boy, feels great doesn't it?"

I made a positive noise around my penis gag and nodded. The friction as the ridge slid through her fingers was gorgeous. I realised I was trying to thrust my hips forward to increase the sensation.

"Easy boy, relax. I'm in charge, I am always in charge."

As she said this the hand on my balls tightened and she crushed them together, moving them against each other. It hurt, but I had received a lot worse. This was just a warning. I took a breath, tried to relax my thighs and stomach. Despite being unable to see, I closed my eyes anyway, took long, slow breaths and attempted to let myself drift in a sea of pleasure. Don't think of yourself, only think of Ma'am. Not only did she love doing this to me but it was part of my ongoing, probably never ending, training. My mind drifted to the things Ma'am had told me in the past. Always do my best, be the best version of me I could be. That's what we both wanted. I had promised her that I would try my best so I would. Ma'am had told me that in reality, it was my head that controlled my orgasms. Excuses could be plentiful but at the end of the day it was my head that made the decisions. If I gave up I could let myself cum. Obviously Ma'am would stop me but it would be my lack of resolve that would take me to that point.

However, this internal monologue was being played out against some amazing sensations Ma'am was creating in my nether regions. As Mike Tyson once famously said, "everybody has a plan until they get punched in the face."

I was getting the erotic version of a beating from Iron Mike. Ma'am's fingers would eventually get the better of me. I knew that, and she knew that too. She

had a sixth sense and I felt her fingers slow and leave my cock bobbing in fresh air.

"That will do for now boy. Very well done."

She wiped my cock down with a soft towel, switched the audio loop on again, and left.

I sat there, sightless and bound, Ma'am's voice echoing around my mind and my rock hard cock trembling with unrequited lust. I had pleased Ma'am, I had made her happy. As always I swelled with pride. That was all that mattered at the end of the day. There would be another session soon and I resolved to do my utmost to please her during that one too. I suspected that she would make life more difficult this time, after all she always pushed me to my limits.

I was so lost in my thoughts that Ma'am's slap on my balls made my grunt in surprise and pain. There was a click then silence, I waited.

Ma'am gripped my cock firmly and pushed it up until it was vertical, it quickly filled. Her lubed thumb began to circle my frenum. After having no sensation at all for half an hour or so, the touch was electric and I groaned through the gag. The feeling of calm I had been trying to foster was instantly shattered. She held me firmly and her thumb moved quickly and purposefully across my most sensitive area. She had deliberately tried, and succeeded, in shocking me out of my comfort zone. Her thumb was insistent, sending constant bolts of pleasure through my throbbing member. Whenever I did well she always raised the bar. She always pushed me further, testing me, pushing my limits. I was groaning through the gag, muscles tense. I tried to relax and mentally fall back on my training but she was relentless. It was only the fact that I was used to these intense feelings that I wasn't on the brink of orgasm already but I knew I couldn't take much more of this. Fortunately her thumb slowed and she fractionally reduced the pressure. It still felt amazing but it gave me a tiny bit of breathing space. I tried to recover and get my senses back but it was too late. I could feel it growing, the inevitable rise to orgasm was upon me. My cock was twitching and pulsing in her hand.

"I'm loving this boy, are you going to spoil my fun?"

I was, I couldn't stop. I squeezed my eyes closed under the hood and bit down on the gag. I was going to let her down and there was nothing I could do to stop it. I

let out a long groan, which turned into a moan of frustration as her thumb stopped at just the right moment, leaving me trembling on the edge.

"Naughty boy. That didn't take nearly long enough. What shall I do with you?"

She was still holding my cock vertically meaning my tied balls were effectively pointing straight at her. Pain shot through me as she struck my right testicle hard from the side with a firm leather paddle. I gasped and my bonds creaked as I jerked against them. A couple of seconds later she repeated the strike on my left testicle, and then a few seconds later she slapped them both hard from straight in front. I made a keening sound as agony radiated from my groin. After waiting for about thirty seconds the same three strikes left me gasping in pain again. I was sweating under my hood now, muscles tense as I waited but I felt her let go of my softening cock and her commands came back into my head via the earplugs. Through the slowly ebbing pain I vaguely heard her footsteps as she left me to recover.

The pain slowly faded and I took a few long slow breaths. I knew the drill, I had not met her very high expectations, so she had punished me. She would be back at some point and the tease torture would begin again. I needed to be ready, I didn't want to feel that pain again but I understood that there would be no let up, no mercy.

I tried to gather my wits about me but before long her hand was on me again. My cock had recovered to half mast after the beating and it responded in seconds to her touch. I was nervous however, as she had gone straight back to my frenum with her thumb and it felt just as electric as last time. My nerves increased as there seemed to be an inevitability about what was going to happen. Her thumb was relentless and the feelings were too intense to resist for long. I knew I only had to resist for long enough to please her but I had no idea how long that time was. All I could do was my best but it didn't seem like very long before she brought me agonisingly close once again. Her thumb stopped and I waited, frozen in dreadful anticipation. But instead of the agony I felt her thumb start to move. It was slower this time, running from side to side, then up and down. It was exquisite and I felt the passion growing again. Somewhere in the back of my mind I wondered why I was succumbing so easily. I had done so well during sex, well enough for her to grant me three amazing orgasms. Maybe she was right about my mind and body remembering how good an orgasm felt and now all I wanted was more of the same. Maybe she was right? Of course she was, she always was.

This intense training I was undergoing was designed to put me back on the right track. It was to remind me that all my pleasure was to be derived from my arousal and denial, not from orgasms. Also any attempt to reach orgasm before she was ready to grant it would result in a great deal of pain.

Speaking of orgasms, I was just about to have one, but Ma'am's thumb stopped dead leaving me teetering on the brink again. The wait was almost as bad as the pain. Would she tease me again, or were my balls about to explode in agony for the second time?

It was the latter and it followed the same format as the last time. Right, left, center, pause. Then the second set of three. My bonds held, they always held. There was nothing I could do, there was no escape. I could scream and thrash but she knew exactly what she was doing, how much pain she was inflicting and how much I could take. This time there was a third set of three agonising strikes. Through the pain I heard her.

"We have all night boy, and this is making my very, very wet."

With that she was gone. I was genuinely worried now. There was an edge to her voice that I hadn't heard for a while. It was her full dominant voice, the one that meant business. The sex and the amazing orgasms seemed a very long time ago now. All I could think about was the pain pouring through me and how there would be more coming if I couldn't control myself. Ma'am's voice broke through my reverie.

"What's going on here boy?"

I felt her grip my flaccid cock.

"That's not what I want to see. You should remain hard and ready for me when you are out of the cage."

I felt her hold it up against my stomach and before I could even think my world erupted in pain again as the leather paddle crashed into my balls. She squeezed my cock.

"Get hard boy."

Ordinarily her fingers around my cock would cause instant arousal but my agonised testicles were all I could think about. I hardened slightly but it was too slow for Ma'am and again I exploded in pain. I wanted to scream about how unfair this felt but all I could do was exhale violently around the gag. Ma'am was squeezing and then relaxing her grip on my shaft and somehow I started to grow. My sense of relief was immense until I considered what would happen soon if I failed her again. As soon as I was erect again, she stopped squeezing and went back to the frenum treatment. My balls were still aching badly but the pleasure built as the pain slowly faded. She was back to the firm circular movements. A strange noise came out of me, born both of arousal and fear. It must have sounded negative as I immediately heard Ma'am's dominant voice again.

"Is there a problem boy?"

Her other hand grabbed my still aching balls and squeezed, there was yet more pain.

"Would you like me to concentrate on your balls instead of your cock. Let me get the paddle."

I shook my head violently.

"Sorry? Are you telling me not to get the paddle boy? When exactly did you start making the rules?"

Oh shit! My head shake hadn't meant that at all. I shook it again.

"So you don't make the rules then boy?"

Another shake.

"So it's fine by you if I get the paddle then?"

No! Please no.

I nodded, I had no choice.

"Are you sure boy?"

No! No, no, no.

I nodded more vigorously than before.

"Good, I'm glad that has been cleared up."

She tapped me ever so lightly with the paddle and I flinched, anticipating pain that didn't come.

"What's wrong boy? Inflicting pain gives me deep satisfaction. Don't you want to satisfy my sadistic needs?"

I was in pieces but nodded my head.

"You do? Are you one hundred percent sure that you want to satisfy my sadism?"

I nodded firmly.

"And you would rather that than have me tease your cock?"

Oh god.

I nodded firmly again.

"Good boy, I thought that was what you wanted, but this is about what I want."

With that she started massaging my frenum again. I had no idea what was going on now. Pleasure, pain, fear. My head was a mess. Somehow through it all I felt the delicious sensations in my cock head again. It felt so good, so very good. I wanted it, I wanted the glorious arousal. I wanted the adrenaline and the endorphins that came with the arousal. I moaned softly in pleasure as my rock hard cock trembled with desire. She could cause me such intense pain, and such intense pleasure. The power she had was ridiculous. I couldn't stop her, I would never be able to stop her, I didn't want to stop her. Once again my mind, and my spirit, realised that I was hers.

I rolled with the beautiful feelings, relishing them and absorbing them. I was lost in her world. I barely noticed her thumb stopping until I felt her hand on my chest. Softly she whispered, "good boy, very good."

I had no idea how long that last tease session had been. She had fried my head so badly that all I had left to hang on to was how good I had been feeling while she massaged my cock head. That was it wasn't it? She had done all of it to get my head where she wanted it. I was back in the zone where all I needed was that lovely aroused feeling. I nearly laughed around the gag but I caught myself. That

would raise questions from Ma'am that I really didn't want to try and answer with nods and shakes.

I sensed some movement in the chair. Following Ma'am's instructions I took most of my weight off the back of the chair and allowed her to move it so I was leaning back at about forty five degrees and she removed my gag.

"I deserve a little treat after all my hard work don't you think boy?"

"Absolutely Ma'am, how may I help?"

"You just stay where you are boy and I will take advantage of your needy cock."

"I will do my best Ma'am."

"Yes you will." I was still rock hard and given the new position I was in, I was anticipating Ma'am climbing on board soon. She started taking my hood off and told me to keep my eyes closed. She then put a tight latex hood over me that had mouth and nose holes but no eye holes. It was a bit of a struggle but she soon had it where she wanted it. She then put a gas mask on, it wasn't a full hood, it covered me from under my chin to over my ears so it slipped on easily. It had a fairly small breathing tube that was about a foot long and it also had a valve under the tube that allowed air to go out, but not in. Somewhat worryingly, she then strapped my head down. I could move it a little from side to side, but the movement was minimal. Ma'am moved to the side of the chair and climbed on top of me. She got her legs astride my hips and her hand guided my cock inside her. As she relaxed her thighs and hips I slid deep inside her.

"Mmm, nice. Have I mentioned how much I enjoy your big hard cock inside me baby?"

She held on to a couple of the straps, using them along with her thighs she slowly began moving up and down, pressing down to get me as deep as she could. This rhythm continued for a while and I felt Ma'am's breathing getting faster on my chest. Suddenly she stopped and shifted slightly keeping herself buried on my hard cock. One hand went between us, down to her clit, I could feel her fingers moving across her sensitive spot and she made a few quiet moans. I had been getting fairly hot under the collar as Ma'am's pussy worked me over but now I relaxed slightly and took a deep breath. There was a funny noise as I exhaled, I

had no idea why until I tried to take another breath. Nothing happened. I tried again, nothing.

"I've got you baby, I'm in control."

I shifted in my bonds as much as they would allow and tried to draw breath again. I needed some air, involuntarily I exhaled a little, the funny noise was air escaping through the one way valve. My lungs were even emptier now. Ma'am's fingers were working away on her clit and her moans were getting louder. I was getting worried, constantly attempting to pull some oxygen in, then suddenly air flooded in. I took a quick deep breath, exhaled but my next breath was blocked again. I was still short of oxygen and I made a grunting sound. I tried to move, tried to shake my head but I got nowhere. Instinctively I exhaled in the hope that some air would get in afterwards. It didn't. I could hear Ma'am and feel her breathing hard as her fingers worked their magic. Air! I needed air now. I pulled hard against my bonds, muscles straining, I made some sort of noise but that just left me with even less air. Suddenly air flooded in, I took a huge, gasping lung full as quickly as I could through the small tube. Ma'am's fingers slowed as I took a number of deep breaths and she placed her hand on my chest.

"You OK baby? Shall we carry on?"

This was unusual for Ma'am, but we had never done anything like this before. I trusted her completely, I always had. I nodded and she immediately cut off my air.

"Thank you baby. I'm going to enjoy this."

I felt her fingers moving slightly faster and she began to thrust her hips. My cock moved around a little inside her and I suddenly realised how hard I was. It tensed inside her as I tried and failed to get some precious air.

I heard her moan, she could feel my reaction.

I bucked hard in my bonds again and groaned, emptying my desperate lungs. Oh god, please Ma'am, I thought, then suddenly she allowed another breath but she stopped it half way through. Not enough, not enough! I needed more. I made a desperate keening noise and over the top of it I heard and growl of pleasure from Ma'am and realised she was having a huge orgasm. My cock was tingling, as solid as a rock. Air poured in, I moaned each time I exhaled as Ma'am convulsed on top of me. Slowly both of our breathing patterns returned to normal. My head was

soaked in sweat under the latex, in fact my whole body was covered due to the panicked exertion. That had been really intense for both of us.

"OK baby?"

I was OK, I was slightly stunned and if truth be told, a little scared too. But I was also very aroused. What was that about? I was getting turned on by being suffocated. Jesus! The fear was turning me on but I realised that wasn't the real reason, it wasn't the bottom line. Control was the bottom line here. This was the ultimate in control. I could go unconscious or even die, and I found the idea of Ma'am having this power incredibly erotic, and clearly she did too judging by the strength of her last orgasm.

I noticed Ma'am's fingers moving slowly again, adrenaline pumped into me making me tingle, and making my cock throb.

"Yes baby. I feel you. I know you. I'm on fire baby."

My oxygen supply was stopped again, I had a slightly better idea of what to expect this time and I was armed with the knowledge that we were both getting very aroused. I concentrated on her fingers and her breath, feeling her heat, feeling the power she was getting taking from my bound and helpless form. Her perfect fuck toy, that's what she wanted. That's what I wanted to be. My lungs convulsed and I expelled the last of my air. They convulsed again but to no avail. My cock throbbed, loving every second. As the animalistic panic grew I strained and shook.

Now... now! Please now! I gasped desperately as her thumb moved off the end of the tube and air poured in, then spit flew out as I exhaled. She allowed me one breath before cutting me off again. I immediately felt the panic again but this time she only cut me off for a few seconds. I tried to take another gulp but she stopped me almost straight away. My chest pushed out in desperation then expelled everything I had left. It wasn't a conscious decision. It was an instinctive muscle spasm but it didn't work, there was nothing. I fought with everything I had but it was pointless.

I dimly realised that Ma'am was cumming like a train again and suddenly I had oxygen. I let out a cry of desperation as I exhaled, please let me breath, please.

We were both gasping but for entirely different reasons. It took a while for us to calm down and as my head cleared I suddenly felt proud that I had helped Ma'am

to two massive orgasms. My cock was like a rock deep inside her and I could feel her pussy pulsating around it as she came down from her high. She placed her hand on my chest.

"Thank you baby. Thank you so much. Thank you for trusting me and for giving me so much. That was amazing."

I just sat there, my head literally and metaphorically spinning. Ma'am slowly levered herself off me.

"Mmm, juicy."

Her mouth covered my head and sucked. Her tongue lapped every part of it as she cleaned herself off me. I was in immediate ecstasy as she worked me over. I had nothing left, nothing to resist with. I moaned and tried to shake my head. Her mouth plopped free.

"It's OK baby, I understand."

She knew that I was mentally done and continued, giving me a beautiful, loving blow job. It was slow and gentle, one hand on my balls squeezing slightly and the other on my shaft, going slowly up and down in time with her mouth.

It didn't take long before I felt my orgasm nearing. The closer I got, the slower she went and the lighter her touches became. I was moaning constantly as I climbed ever so slowly right to the ragged edge. A fraction before I came her mouth disappeared, God I was so close!

"You know what turns me on most baby? Denying you. I'm soaking wet again having your beautiful cock under my control. You do want to please me, don't you baby?"

I nodded vigorously.

"You've definitely earned an orgasm," she has started slowly masturbating me, squeezing my balls in time to her movements. I groaned in passion, "but I think denial is the best thing to do, don't you baby?"

My body was like a guitar string, I was quivering with lust. I nodded.

"Oh baby, that's sweet of you. A few more edges maybe? Would you like that?"

My head was exploding. I loud moan escaped as I nodded again.

"Sure baby?"

Another nod.

My best guess is that it was only about ten minutes later that I felt her removing the gas mask and unzipping the latex hood. I didn't really know what was going on. Yet again she had taken me somewhere beyond what I thought was possible. My body was charged with electric adrenaline and my cock felt like it was tuning fork that had just been hit by a lightening bolt. I heard her laugh and felt her hand on my chest.

"Hey baby, how's it going?"

"Ma'am, thank you Ma'am. I don't know."

I laughed too.

"You've broken me again Ma'am. Hang on a second, I just need to sort my head out. That was... intense to say the least. Thank you Ma'am."

"And thank you baby. It turns out you love breath play as well as anal play. Lovely!"

I smiled at her.

"I think you'll find that that if you love it then I love it too Ma'am. It seems like I quite enjoy pleasing you."

She laughed again and started stroking my hard cock.

"I'm going to find something you don't like. It's a challenge now baby. How about castration?"

I put on a solemn, "if it please you Ma'am, then so be it."

She giggled, "I think your cock gives both of us far too much fun baby. It can stay for now."

Her hand was still slowly pumping up and down but it was just out of habit more than any serious attempt to arouse me. She looked slightly more serious.

"That was intense though. Thank you for being so trusting Tom, it means a lot to me."

I looked into her eyes, "I've never doubted you for a second Ma'am. I know I am safe and cared for with you."

She let go of my cock and held my sweaty head in both hands. Planting a big kiss on my lips she looked my in the eyes.

"Thank you Tom."

She just looked at me for a second before smiling at me.

"I am very tempted to give you an orgasm but despite doing a lot of things right today, you did slip up a couple of times."

"I did Ma'am, sorry. I think today has helped remind me of where I need to be but that still needs some reinforcing."

"Yes. Good boy. Right, I need to get that monster to go down so I can lock you back up."

She turned and went upstairs leaving me bound and hard. I smiled to myself, this was perfect. Ma'am got the cage back on after having to get a second ice cold towel and lots of mock threats regarding my inability to go soft when she wanted it to be.

In the kitchen we finished off the leftover turkey. As we ate Ma'am allowed her foot to play along my inner thighs and up to the cage with predictable results.

"Feeling horny baby?"

"Always Ma'am. I don't think a second has gone by since I met you that I haven't felt incredibly turned on. I love it."

"I do too baby. I get massively aroused every time I see your cock bouncing around, straining to escape. Stand up."

I obeyed and she spent the next few minutes using her feet to toy with the cage. My cock was pounding against the bars causing me to moan quietly. I could see Ma'am had a slight flush in her cheeks. She moved a little, shifting position so she

was able to spread her legs while one foot could continue teasing me. Her hand went to her pussy and I watched in fascinated arousal as she slipped her index finger between her soft, moist lips and gently caressed herself. Quickly she dipped her finger inside her, then raised it to her mouth before slowly sucking the moisture from it.

"I taste good, don't I baby?"

"Gorgeous Ma'am. I crave the taste of you on my tongue, on my lips."

"Come closer."

She spread her legs wide and bent her knee, allowing her to keep her foot on the cage and me to get nearer to her. She played with herself for a minute then raised her soaking finger to my mouth. Greedily I sucked it inside, savouring her. I noticed her other hand was now on her pussy. She kept one finger in my mouth allowing me to gently suck and lick away. Her foot continued to casually play with the cage as her passion grew.

"My eyes are up here boy. Don't look away."

Slightly embarrassed, I looked away from her pussy and into her dark beautiful eyes. In my peripheral vision I saw her tongue playing across her lips as she slowly built herself up. I carried on licking and sucking her finger, now only vaguely aware of my erection which felt like it was going to explode through the steel. I watched her lose focus and her eyelids fluttered as she brought herself to a deep orgasm. Her fingers shook in my mouth as she gasped and moaned. I already felt like it had been months since I last had an orgasm. Ma'am's insatiable passion seemed to flow into me and I noticed my legs were shaking and I was breathing so hard it was like I had cum too. I made a pitiful moaning sound as she removed her finger from my mouth.

"God, I want you so much Ma'am. I'm on fire, I'm so horny. Please let me fuck you, let me lick you, let me touch you. Please Ma'am."

I was desperate, I barely knew what I was saying. Ma'am had recovered a little and leaned forward, taking my trembling caged cock in her hands. She ran her fingers across the swollen flesh bulging through the bars.

"You don't really want to cum, do you baby? Wouldn't you rather stay like this forever?"

"I'm going insane Ma'am."

She smiled, "that's not an answer boy."

Always tell the truth, she had told me that right at the start.

"I want to cum Ma'am, I want an orgasm. Sorry but it's true. Sorry Ma'am."

"It's OK boy. I told you this would happen after you came. I wasn't sure if I should let you cum again, but I know now."

She carried on stroking me but she didn't tell me what decision she had come to. But she didn't need to, I wasn't going to have another orgasm. Yesterday had messed with my head and until she straightened me out I wouldn't cum again. The sooner I got myself back where she wanted me, the sooner I would be granted an orgasm. No! No, no no. Through the fog of my extreme arousal I had a realisation. I had it all wrong, it was as if I had regressed to when Ma'am first put me in chastity and all I could think about was having an orgasm. The whole point of this wasn't to behave myself until Ma'am thought I had earned an orgasm. It was to enjoy the here and now, to revel in the amazing rush that Ma'am gave me. My body was singing with arousal and passion, but my desire to cum was actually detracting from that feeling, not enhancing it. I had to let go and live in the present. Ma'am would take care of the future and of me. I thought back to the last eight months, they had been fantastic. Not because the orgasms Ma'am had allowed had been mind blowing in their intensity, but because of the excitement and passion that I had felt nearly everyday. I suspected that the profound joy I got from pleasing Ma'am was also amplified by my denial and what it did to me.

I felt my body physically relax, Ma'am noticed and gave me a quizzical look. I tried to explain the thoughts that had just come to me.

"That's good Tom, very good. You are incredibly turned on at the moment, so I'm impressed that you managed to think like that. Good boy."

She laughed, "you're still not having an orgasm though boy."

I laughed too but we both knew I hadn't said those things to try and influence her to allow me one. I didn't work that way, I couldn't lie to her. Firstly what we had together would not be as good without total honesty on both sides. Secondly, she would catch me out for sure. She was deep inside my head.

"Come on, let's relax a little."

We went upstairs with a beer and watched the television for a couple of hours. Ma'am was very relaxed, but I certainly wasn't. We were curled up together on the sofa. She didn't touch the cage but one hand or the other was constantly, if casually, caressing some part of my body. I just couldn't control my cock, it twitched and pulsed the whole time. At one point Ma'am asked me something about the plot. I had to tell her that I had absolutely no idea what was going on, I barely knew what we were watching which made her laugh a lot.

"My poor horny boy, lost in a world of agonising denial. It's great, isn't it?"

"Yes Ma'am, I love it."

I answered without hesitation. I did love it, I loved every minute of it.

"Get between my legs boy."

I was just about to bury my tongue in her but her hand stopped my head just before it got there.

"No pussy for you tonight boy."

She spread her legs wide and her hand went to her wet lips and she slowly began to masturbate. I could feel the heat on my face, I could smell her and I could see everything but I couldn't touch or taste. I just knelt on the floor, inches away from heaven as Ma'am slowly fingered herself to an orgasm. I had to fuck her, I had to lick her. I was desperate to do something to please her. It was also take my mind off my pulsing cock and aching balls. Ma'am allowed me to lick her fingers when she had finished and I thanked her for the honour.

It was time for bed, before long I was safely in my sleep sack with my cock still pounding away. Ma'am decided that I should have something to listen to as I slept so she grabbed an open face hood to make sure the ear plugs stayed in and set

the laptop up. Slowly I drifted off to sleep as Ma'am's velvety voice told me about my denial and my inability to orgasm without permission.

I was fast asleep when she came back to the dungeon. She didn't say a word, she simply walked in and sat on my face. I thought this was the perfect way to wake up as my tongue slid into her soft folds. I sensed that I should take my time. My tongue gently caressed her before moving to her clit. I made slow little circles with occasional light flicks, feeling her arousal slowly grow. The only part of my body not covered in tight leather was pressed into her beautiful pussy. I edged her closer and closer and my cock seemed to pulse in rhythm with her moans. She held my leather clad head as she came, bucking powerfully against my mouth before slowly relaxing.

"Mmm, thank you baby and good morning."

She released me and we made our way to the kitchen. I needed to pee, but it took a few minutes to calm my erection down. As I sat on the toilet patiently waiting for it to die down I smiled to myself as I imagined another day when I would probably be hard and horny all the time.

Back in the kitchen Ma'am made an announcement.

"I usually have a break in January to get some winter sun. I'm going to Antigua for a couple of weeks at the end of the month. I believe the second week corresponds to your mid term break. Would you like to join me Tom?"

I was stunned, but very excited.

"That would be fantastic Ma'am. I've been to France a couple of times but nowhere like that. I will need to buy a ticket and sort some stuff out though."

"No. Don't worry baby, I will sort everything out. All you have to do is get yourself to the airport with your passport. I've spoken to Alexis. Just before you leave she is going to change your chastity device for a completely plastic one with a plastic tag so you won't have an issue at customs. You will put it in your suitcase and then I can put it back on as soon as you arrive."

"Why am I not surprised that you've got everything worked out Ma'am?"

She gave me a devilish grin.

"You know me baby, I'm a bit of a control freak."

"You know you don't have to go to the trouble of getting me a plastic device Ma'am. You know I won't cheat."

"I'm one hundred percent sure that you won't baby but I just hate the idea of your cock being free of my control."

She grabbed my balls and squeezed hard.

"It will never be free boy. Never."

I groaned as she crushed my balls but my cock was as hard as stone.

"The day you go soft when we talk about chastity and denial is the day you go free. But it's never going to happen, is it boy?"

"No Ma'am, never. All I want is to be your perpetually horny and denied fuck toy. Could you do one thing for me in Antigua Ma'am? Could you wear a skimpy bikini as often as possible please?"

She laughed out loud.

"Well, I don't usually take requests from my subs, but as you asked so nicely, I will see what I can do. By the way boy, I will be selecting your clothes for the holiday."

It was my turn to laugh, but it was a nervous one as I remembered the tight skimpy shorts that she had made me wear when I first started working for her. I bowed my head slightly.

"Of course Ma'am."

I was imagining Ma'am in a tiny bikini and me in tight swimming trunks. That had the potential to be very embarrassing. However back to the present, Ma'am had spoken to Alexis. I had not been getting much from her since we left university.

"Can I ask how Alexis is Ma'am? We haven't been communicating very well. Is she OK?"

"Good question Tom. The short answer is not really. She's got some important things to consider, about herself, you, us and her future. Make us a coffee."

We sat in the kitchen and Ma'am explained the conversation she had had with Alexis.

"Firstly, she is a bit embarrassed that she hasn't talked to you. She wants to but she really isn't sure what to say. But let's start with university. She isn't really enjoying the course she's on. It's not quite what she had hoped for. She has found another course, at Edinburgh University, that seems perfect. Also Mistress Claire, who you met at the fetish club lives there so she can get a lot of training and experience with her. On a more personal note, she is struggling with the threesome aspect of our relationship. I think she knows that she will always play second fiddle to me and that doesn't sit well with her. So you can see, she has a lot to think about at the moment."

I was quiet, unsure of what to say. Ma'am put her hand on my shoulder.

"It's a tricky situation isn't it?"

"Yes Ma'am. It seems like she has a lot of reasons to go. By the way, she's right. She will always play second fiddle to you Ma'am. If she can't get her head round that then it would make sense to go, especially if there's a really good course at a great university that she can do."

"Yes Tom, if I had to guess, I would say that she will probably go. I haven't tried to steer her in any particular direction but that is what I would do."

I felt a little deflated by this news. Selfishly I wanted her to stay. I was having a great time at university with her. She could dominate me there, then I had Ma'am at home. But that was selfish, she had to do what was best for her particularly when it involved her future degree and career.

"I had this conversation on Christmas eve when you were at your mother's. I wanted to tell you about it earlier but I didn't want to take the edge off, particularly with what I had planned for you on Christmas day."

"I understand Ma'am, that's fine. It was the right choice."

It was a bit of a slow day after that news. Ma'am had some work to do so she sent me out into the garden to do some jobs. I think she was probably trying to keep me busy and stop me thinking too much, it worked to an extent. I came back in a few hours later to have a late lunch with Ma'am, but first she insisted on checking

my work. It was all good until we reached a bush I had trimmed back. Basically I had done a pretty poor job. It was neither straight or symmetrical and I had left quite a lot of debris behind. Ma'am did her standing too close to me trick while staring into my eyes.

"This is rather disappointing boy. Is this the best you could do?"

Inwardly I cursed, my mind had been on other things but that was no excuse.

"No Ma'am, it isn't. It definitely isn't the best I can do. I apologise Ma'am."

Ma'am stared at me, I suddenly felt very small. Recently I had become used to the feeling that we were travelling along this journey together. It felt like we were a team moving forward as a partnership. All of a sudden I was very aware of the true nature of our relationship. I was hers and she could do what she wanted to me, within reason. I hadn't had a proper punishment session for quite a while but I knew I was going to get one now.

"Follow me boy."

Before long we were in the dungeon. Ma'am led to me the cross and secured me very tightly. Despite my apprehension my cock filled the cage to bursting point. Whatever the circumstances it seemed I just loved having no control. She seemed to take great joy in making sure every strap was extra tight.

"All I ever ask of you is to do your best boy. That was nowhere near. I have been letting you get too comfortable recently so it is time for a reminder of your place in the hierarchy."

She zipped a tight latex hood on my head, it had nose holes and a built in penis gag with a breathing hole. Next came the gas mask that she had used during our breath play session.

"Do you trust me boy?"

I nodded immediately.

She set about securing my head so I had almost no movement in it.

"I've made sure you are thoroughly immobilised boy. It's for your own safety."

I could feel a little knot of fear in the pit of my stomach. What did that mean? I didn't know but it was safe to assume that it wasn't good news for me. She dragged a fingernail slowly down my body, leaving a thin red line behind. She flicked my nipples, "time for a couple of clamps."

I felt a clover clamp close painfully over first one nipple, then the other. She gave them a gentle tug. They tightened as she pulled which created more pain.

"I'm just going to get the cold towel. It's difficult torturing your cock and balls when they are in chastity."

I heard her go up the stairs and tested my bonds. Unsurprisingly there was no give at all, she had been very thorough. A minute later she applied the freezing towel to my still hard cock. It never failed to shock me but it never failed to reduce my erection to a point where the device could be removed. Ma'am left me free for a minute or two while she prepared something. I heard an occasional metallic clank but little else. Then I felt two metal semicircles being screwed together to separate my balls from my cock. She checked the skin was suitably positioned so there was no pinching and attached a heavy cylinder to the plate. At the other end of the cylinder was a disk that fitted inside which was attached to a threaded rod and handle. Basically as she turned the handle, the disk would travel down the cylinder, crushing whatever was inside. She didn't turn the handle yet, all she did was let go of the cylinder. I groaned quietly, it must have weighed at least 4 pounds. It dragged my balls down and created a dull ache in my nether regions. She pushed it, letting it swing to and fro and I felt the ache increase. I guessed this devilish contraption was going to be hanging from me for a while and I could imagine that it would only get more painful as time went by. Factor in the crushing effect as well as the weight and I figured I was in for a long painful session. But it was my own fault, if I had performed to Ma'am's expectations I wouldn't be here.

My cock had rapidly recovered from the icy towel and was fully erect, bobbing away above the crusher. She gave the nipple clamps a hard tug and I gasped at the sharp pain that lanced through them. Ma'am took the cylinder in one hand and began to turn the handle, nothing happened for a minute then the steel disk made contact with my balls. She kept turning and the disk kept moving, slowly increasing the pressure. She had taken the weight of the cylinder as she tightened. My balls were aching badly by the time she stopped, then she let the cylinder go. I gasped, the crushing combined with the weight doubled the pain. I

shook in my bonds as pain flew through me. The pain was constant, unlike when my balls were struck. It sank deep inside me, to my core. I felt liquid on my cock and suddenly Ma'am's latex covered hand was masturbating me. I groaned again, it felt good, really good but I was in great pain at the same time. She went at it quickly and efficiently. Before long, despite the pain I felt my orgasm approaching.

"That was quick boy, far too quick."

I shuddered, she was right. I had been so distracted by the pain that I hadn't made any effort to hold back. Ma'am poured some more liquid over my cock. This time she was slower, and concentrated on my shiny glans. It began to feel warm, that was odd. The heat continued to build.

"Chilli sauce boy, very hot chilli sauce. Hopefully this will take the edge of your desire to cum."

The heat had now turned into a burning sensation as she massaged the sauce into my head. I took a deep breath, my cock was stinging with the heat.

"How does that feel boy? Nice?"

I couldn't respond expect to grunt. She stopped touching me but the heat and associated stinging continued to grow. I was sweating heavily under my hoods and breathing hard. I exhaled as the burning grew but suddenly I couldn't draw breath. I had forgotten about the gas mask. Again and again I tried to suck in air but got nowhere. I moaned, expelling the little air I had in my lungs. I shook my head as much as I could in a pointless attempt to somehow free Ma'am's thumb from the end of the tube. I jerked and squealed with the tiny bit of air I had left. I was suffocating, everything tensed and I began to panic. Suddenly air flew into my lungs and I took a huge breath. As I did this Ma'am's hand went to my cock. I screamed through the gag. Her touch was like fire. It hadn't seemed possible that my cock could get any more painful, how wrong I was. She masturbated me roughly, it was agony. Then suddenly her hand was gone. The fire immediately subsided but it was still incredibly painful.

"Would you like to cum boy? You have my permission. This might be the last chance you get for a while. Don't you want me to touch your hard and needy cock?"

Bizarrely my cock was still hard but I really didn't want her to touch me.

"I tried to shake my head and made a negative noise through the gag.

"Maybe a few more turns on the handle will change your mind."

I felt my balls crushed even more and pain tore into me. Were they going to burst? It felt like it.

"Tell you what boy, if you let me masturbate you for a few minutes, I'll release the pressure on your balls a bit. Let me know in a couple of minutes."

With that she cut my air off again. My mind raced as my body used up its available oxygen. It was overloaded with information as my cock, balls and lungs all sent urgent and desperate messages. My chest convulsed as it tried to draw air in. My balls were filling my whole abdomen with a heavy deep ache. My cock seemed to have a thousand tiny needles stabbing into it. But oxygen, or lack of it, was quickly becoming the most urgent issue. I strained in my bonds as the remaining air left my lungs. I had to breathe now. Now! Now!! Still nothing, then suddenly with the tiniest of movements from Ma'am, I gasped in a huge lung full. I exhaled but immediately realised she had blocked the tube again. No! Please no, please give me air. I gurgled these words around the gag. They were totally unintelligible and she wouldn't have taken any notice anyway but I was desperate. Another huge breath hit me.

"Would you like me to masturbate you boy?"

What a choice, my balls were in serious difficulty but any pressure on my cock was agony too. I decided to help my balls, hopefully the longer term benefits of some testicular relief would out way the short term burst of pain in my cock. I nodded, and waited for the pressure to be released. That didn't happen, of course it didn't. Ma'am went to my cock first. She put her thumb on the top of my head and rubbed my frenum with her index finger. White hot pain exploded through my most sensitive spot. It felt like a red hot poker was being shoved through my glans. My whole body convulsed with the shock. The screaming level of agony reduced a little as she continued but it was still like nothing I had ever experienced.

"You can cum if you want boy. It might be your last chance for a long time."

Her thumb continued its agonising journey across my frenum but barely believably I could feel my passion starting to grow. Ma'am noticed and changed her grip, forming a tight ring that she slowly dragged across my engorged ridge. Pain flared again, it was too much. I shook my head as much as I could and groaned.

"No? You don't want to cum? OK boy, it's your choice."

She carried on for what seemed like the longest thirty seconds ever before releasing me. My cock twitched and tensed in agony, and arousal too.

"I'm a woman of my word boy."

I felt the handle unscrewing, mercifully releasing some of the pressure. I garbled thank you through the gag a few times.

"You're most welcome boy. I need a coffee, I'll see you a bit later. Enjoy. Oh, one last thing."

There was a sharp pain as she removed the nipple clamps. She gave them a quick and painful rub to get the blood flowing then reapplied the clamps but at ninety degrees to their previous spot. A fresh wave of pain speared through my chest.

With that she turned on her heel and left. It was silent apart from my breath whooshing through the tube. A few beads of sweat dribbled out from under the hood and mask. I tried to compose myself but I knew Ma'am would be back and that she hadn't finished with me yet. One thing was certain, I would never trim a bush again without remembering this. Everything hurt, it hurt a lot but the pain was slowly fading. Or was it? Maybe I was just getting used to it. I could feel my cock throbbing away. I wondered what being masturbated with sandpaper would feel like. Not dissimilar I suspected. It felt raw and hypersensitive. I tried to stretch out a little to ease some of the tension in my body but I had almost no leeway at all. All the lessons Ma'am had taught me spiralled through my mind, the painful ones, the exciting ones. I recalled all those times when I had been incredibly proud of what I had achieved, of what she had made me. I was here because I had failed her and I accepted that. I had no one to blame but myself. I wanted to make her proud. I wanted that every minute of every day. There were no shortcuts, no easy answers. It was just hard work and dedication. That would make us both happy.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of Ma'am coming down the stairs. I became immediately aware of my aching balls and nipples, and of the warm tingling in my cock. As soon as I felt her presence I began to harden. I knew I was going to have more pain inflicted on me but I got hard anyway.

"Ah sweet, that's nice to see boy."

She pressed her body up against me, held my cock tight and whispered in my latex covered ear.

"Sorry I took so long baby. I just get so damn hot when I torture you that I had to bring myself to a lovely orgasm. I was thinking about what happened and what's going to happen now. My pussy gets so wet when I think of you in pain, how you take it so well. The more I hurt you, the happier I get."

She was gently stroking me. Fortunately the chilli sauce had mostly worn off so pleasure was the main feeling.

"Do you want to cum boy? Or would you like to suffer more for me?"

I nodded.

"More suffering?"

Again I nodded.

"Mmm, thank you baby. I would love to bend over and shove that cock up my wet pussy but I'm not so keen on chilli pussy."

She laughed, "you like chilli cock though, don't you boy?"

I hated it but my cock throbbed in her hand. Why did I get excited by the prospect of feeling like someone was taking a cheese grater to my cock? I didn't identify as a masochist, it must be because I knew how much Ma'am loved it. I got excited when she did. I was happy when she was. Simple really.

I felt liquid on my cock and braced myself. She briefly massaged it into my glans but then left it alone."

"I'll just let that settle in for a while. That way it will be so much more fun when I do touch it."

She pushed the cylinder, making it swing between my legs. The ache increased as my balls were pulled back and forth. She pulled hard on my clamps eliciting a sharp intake of breath.

"Oh baby, this is an embarrassment of riches. I don't know which part of you to hurt first."

She steadied the cylinder and began to tighten it.

"Let's start with these little jewels. You love it when I hurt them, don't you boy?"

I nodded as the horrible crushing plate began to do its work. The deep area of pain grew as she tightened. I groaned loudly then in desperation as she continued.

"Enough?"

I nodded frantically.

"OK, I trust you not to lie to me boy. Just one more turn to be sure."

I made a pathetic high pitched sound in my throat and started taking short panicky breaths. It was agony, then Ma'am blocked my air. My body jumped in panic.

"I told you that the tightness of the bondage was for your own good. Imagine what would have happened to your balls if you had actually been able to move them."

She had a point but I was pretty far away from feeling like I should thank her. As I instinctively tried to pull air in I felt the burning in my cock increase as blood filled it, making it even harder.

"I see that boy. Beautiful."

I frantically tried to escape but I barely moved. Another pitiful noise escaped me then suddenly air poured in.

"Your cock was made to please me baby. It will only ever feel denial and pain, all for my pleasure."

She grabbed my glans and began to rub it hard. White hot needles stabbed through it and I screamed out the one lung full of air I had just received. Ma'am immediately cut me off again, rubbing my cock head, twisting her fingers around my swollen ridge. "Want an orgasm baby?"

I had no idea if she expected a rational response, I was in pieces. My whole groin was a big ball of strong aching pain thudding through me. My cock was on fire, every movement of her fingers was like a naked flame travelling across my vulnerable head.

I moaned out my last oxygen as my agonised cock throbbed between her fingers. I suddenly realised I was going to cum. But Ma'am knew, even in this extreme situation she knew. At the very last moment she pulled her hand away and let me breath. Sweat poured off me, every breath was a desperate moan as my shocked body greedily sucked up more oxygen. To my surprise Ma'am slipped the gas mask off my head and unzipped the hood before gently removing it. My chest was heaving and my eyes were glazed and unfocused.

Dimly I heard her voice as she put her hand firmly on my chest.

"It's OK baby, you're OK."

I had no idea what was going on. My whole body was trembling with pain and passion.

"I'm right here baby. I've got you."

I slowly got my eyes focused and looked at her. Her eyes were twinkling and her whole body seemed to be crackling with erotic energy. I felt a pride swelling inside me. She looked amazing, she looked alive in every sense of the word.

"Hey baby, you OK?"

I blinked a couple of times and whispered.

"My balls Ma'am, please."

She glanced down at my throbbing cock.

"You want some more pain baby? That's so kind of you."

I made a whining sound. I couldn't take any more.

"Ma'am." I whispered.

"Just one more turn, for me baby."

Oh god.

"Yes Ma'am."

"Say it baby."

"Please Ma'am, hurt my balls more."

"Why?"

"Beacuse it makes you happy Ma'am. I want to make you happy."

She gave me a big smile.

"Good boy, thank you."

She ducked down and I felt her grab the cylinder but instead of tightening it, she began releasing the pressure. I moaned in relief.

"Thank you Ma'am, thank you."

She looked up, "No, thank you baby. You never fail to amaze and excite me."

She stayed between my legs and undid the various little screws that held the contraption together. Very gently she loosened the last two plates and took them off. I don't think I have ever been so thankful. She had a good look and gently moved my balls around.

"They're fine baby but I don't think I should try and squeeze the base ring back on yet. You'll have to stay on the cross for a while until they feel a little less sore."

She had taken her chilli covered latex glove off to remove the cylinder but now she pulled a fresh one on.

"How's this lovely thing doing?"

I tensed as she held me but most of the sting had gone out of the chilli by now. It did, however, feel quite sore.

"He's OK, thank you Ma'am."

She gently massaged it back to full hardness.

"Would he like some more chilli?"

Ma'am laughed as my cock tensed in her hand. There was the answer. "Yes Ma'am."

"That's so lovely but I think he probably deserves a little bit of pleasure now. Back in a tick."

She returned with a bowl of warm soapy water and a couple of soft fluffy towels. Tenderly she cleaned the remaining chilli sauce away and applied some cool soothing cream. After all the pain her soft fingers were exquisite and it didn't take long before I was moaning softly in pleasure. She added some lube to the cream and knelt down in front of me. I could just about see her looking up at me with a big smile.

"Enjoy baby."

She lubed up both hands and went to work. She was slow and methodical, building me up then letting me fall a little, before building back up. My cock was trembling with desire before long but she kept me away from the edge for what seemed like an age. But eventually she tightened one hand around my shaft and one around my glans and started beating out a slow but irresistible rhythm.

"Take your time baby, there's never any rush."

I let the amazing feelings wash over me. Ma'am ever so slightly loosened her grip meaning my journey slowed a little but I didn't care, I was in heaven. After all the pain, this felt perfect. I didn't want it to end, not ever.

I could feel the build up now, as my orgasm neared but as instructed I tried to remain relaxed and in the moment.

Ma'am looked up at me.

"Orgasm or denial baby?"

I answered immediately, not a millisecond of hesitation.

"Denial Ma'am."

"Are you sure baby? The next one might be a while."

"Denial Ma'am, always denial as long as it's what you want. I don't care how long, please deny me Ma'am. It does beautiful things to me, to us in fact."

"So true baby, so true. I will never get enough of your big hard cock pulsing and twitching on my hands, in my mouth, or in my needy pussy. Every time I feel it surge with need I get hotter and wetter."

I moaned with desire as my orgasm approached. I was so close when her hands stopped moving that I was sure I was going over the edge, but I didn't. A drop of clear precum oozed out. Ma'am caught it on her fingertip and stood up. She put it just in front of my mouth and I stretched out my tongue and gently removed it. She put one hand around my shaft and squeezed. It responded in kind, pulsing back against her grip.

"Always denial baby, always denial. Perfect." She held my cock and looked into my eyes. I held her gaze. We could both feel my shaft pumping to my heart beat. Her eyes were shining, twinkling with energy and life. I looked at her with pure adoration. Time stood still for a moment. I opened my mouth but Ma'am shook her head. A little uncertain smile briefly played around her mouth. She reached up with one hand and gently stroked my cheek before leaning in and giving me a soft, tender kiss on the lips. She pulled away and we stared at each other for another few seconds.

Ma'am smiled, broadly this time.

"Well, that was definitely a moment Tom."

"It was Ma'am."

I thought about saying more but stopped myself. Nothing more needed to be said.

Part 13

Her hand left my cock and went to my balls. She gave them a squeeze and I pursed my lips.

"Still a bit sore baby?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"I will give them some more time to recover before caging you then. You can relax for a while."

She gave me a quick smile and left. I stood there, spread eagled on the cross. I couldn't move a muscle and my balls were gently aching but I was a very happy sub. She had me, physically, mentally and emotionally. It was exactly where I wanted to be. I waited for quite a while for Ma'am to return. My throbbing cock softened a little but then sprang back into life for no reason that I could think of. It did this a few times before deciding that a semi would be the right state for this situation. I laughed to myself, it was as if my cock had decided to rest for a while, but that it was prepared to spring into action at a moments notice.

That moment came when Ma'am returned. It immediately stiffened and was fully erect by the time she reached me.

"That's the spirit, good boy."

She gave it a quick squeeze.

"However I want you locked up baby."

She applied the towel and busied herself tidying a few things away. Soon enough I started to soften and she hastened the process by wrapping the towel tightly around my cock and balls. Gently but quickly she popped my balls through the ring causing me to wince slightly. With a bit more force she got my cock through and wrestled the cage over me as I began to fill up again. She laughed, "it's always a race against time with you, isn't it?"

"Sorry Ma'am, I wish he would make your life a little easier but I can't seem to stop him getting hard. Take it as a compliment Ma'am."

She laughed again.

"OK, I will. If I don't then I would have to assume that you are being willfully disobedient and we wouldn't want that, would we boy?"

She gave me a comedic hard stare, I smiled.

"No Ma'am, I value my testicles too much to ever do that."

She loosened the straps and I moved off the cross. I stretched and flexed my sore muscles. I had been up there, and under stress, for quite a long time.

"OK baby?"

"Yes Ma'am, I'm fine but I'm starving."

"I bet you are, come on."

There was a chilli con carne bubbling away on the hob and my tummy rumbled. I served it with some fresh crunchy bread.

"It's not too hot, but if you want to spice it up I've got this. It seems to work."

She held up a half empty bottle of hot chilli sauce. I grimaced, "Err, no thanks Ma'am. I think I've had enough chilli for today."

She laughed and her phone rang. It was Sarah, she was passing near by and wanted to know if she could come round, and maybe stay the night. Ma'am was delighted to hear from her and told her that we would love to see her. She arrived in her usual whirlwind style, bouncing into the house and giving us both huge hugs.

She was on her way to Steven's house but the post Christmas traffic had been awful which is why she wanted to stay. We chatted for a while then Ma'am disappeared with her phone for a few minutes. I couldn't help noticing how her nipples were standing proud against her satin blouse.

"Pleased to see us?"

She laughed, "of course I am Tom, but this is how they look pretty much all the time now. Steven has made sure of that. He's spent a lot of time making them larger and more sensitive, he's done the same to my clit. I seem to exist in a constant state of arousal now although that is partly due to chastity and denial

too. How about you? You're looking pretty pleased with yourself. How long has it been?"

"Not long at all, Ma'am was incredibly kind and allowed me three orgasms on Christmas day. It had been months before that though."

"Oh you lucky boy! There were fireworks for me on the fifth of November but nothing since. I'm so damn horny and I love it."

We smiled at each other. We both knew what the other was going through, day in, day out.

"It's amazing, isn't it? I never thought I would feel like this. Chastity is just the best thing Sarah."

When Ma'am came back she spoke to Sarah.

"Why is only one of the subs in my house naked?"

Sarah jumped up immediately.

"I'm sorry Ma'am, let me rectify that as quickly as I can."

Her shoes, skirt and blouse were off very quickly but Ma'am asked her to stop so that she could look at her bra. It looked a little like a sports bra but it clearly had some extra support and Sarah's nipples poked through two holes.

"Steven had quite a few of these specially made Ma'am. They support and hold my tits very firmly, and there is a fairly tight rubber ring that goes around the base. There are also two small rubber rings that my nipples can just about squeeze through. My nipples are constantly slightly swollen and aroused. Of course when I walk or move around, whatever I'm wearing rubs on them. It drives me nuts. Steven works on increasing their size nearly every day using suction and stretching."

His work was definitely paying dividends. Sarah's nipples were now about three quarters of an inch long long. They looked slightly swollen and red.

Ma'am had a close look, "I assume they are much more sensitive now Sarah?"

"Yes Ma'am, it's like they have a direct link to my clit. Steven thinks that there is a chance that I might be able to orgasm from nipple play alone. I'm not so sure but he can certainly drive me insane with desire when he plays with them."

Ma'am reached out and pinched both of them firmly. Sarah gasped and immediately became flushed. Ma'am continued, squeezing and pulling them none to gently. Sarah moaned and her breathing became ragged.

"Nice, very nice. Take it off."

"Thank you Ma'am," whispered Sarah, "that was lovely."

I had grown hard in my cage watching proceedings.

"It's a shame I don't have the keys to your chastity belt Sarah, I was just on the phone to Steven checking that it was OK for me to play with you. You can guess the answer."

Sarah giggled, "I wish you had the keys too Ma'am. I owe you so much for introducing me properly to this lifestyle and making me realise that I was a sub. What can I do for you Ma'am?"

"A massive orgasm will be a good start I think. Get downstairs girl."

We all went to the dungeon and Ma'am told me and Sarah to get passionate while she considered her options. Sarah gave me a big grin as she came up to me and thrust her tongue deep in my mouth. She had a slightly more dominant nature than me so she took charge. She pushed her hips at me and metal hit metal as our devices collided. Ma'am glanced over her shoulder.

"Careful Sarah, don't scratch either of those. They are bloody expensive bits of kit."

"Sorry Ma'am!"

We continued kissed passionately. I could feel her bullet hard nipples against my chest as her tongue probed my mouth. We were both breathing hard now, both very aroused. Sarah pushed us apart and her hands went down to my cage. My hands went to her nipples. She gripped my balls and pulled them with one hand while her other ran across the cage and over the bulging skin. I firmly rolled her large hard nipples between my fingers and thumbs, squeezing none to gently. She

was gasping and moaning with desire as blood flowed into them. I couldn't believe how hard and swollen they became. She pulled and squeezed hard on my balls. I groaned loudly, "please Sarah, they are super sore."

I suddenly realised Ma'am was just standing there watching on in amusement.

"Easy girl, he's right. Anyway, enough of that."

Ma'am had been making some adjustments around the bench.

Ma'am handed Sarah a straight jacket and told her to secure me. Sarah did this with gusto, and before long my arms were tightly wrapped around my body with almost no give. Ma'am blindfolded me and led me to the bench and positioned me flat on my back. Various straps ensured I wouldn't be going anywhere. My legs were secured to the two rests below the bench. I felt some string being threaded through one of the bars of my chastity device, this wasn't easy as I was still very hard but Ma'am succeeded.

Nothing happened for a few minutes as the ladies sorted something out. I felt Ma'am moving around near my head, she was climbing on top of me, using what were usually the arm rests to help her kneel with my head between her thighs. She shifted a little to get comfy. A few things were dropped on my stomach, Ma'am picked up one of them. They were the nipple clamps that had recently caused me a lot of pain. I gasped as they bit down again. Some string was tied to each one and attached to the string through my chastity device.

Ma'am took up the slack and I realised the clamps were being used to keep my cage pointing upwards and slightly towards Ma'am. My cock twitched and the movement caused a quick tug on the string which went straight to my nipples, causing more pain.

I was considering this when I felt lots of cold lube being spread around my ass hole. Now I understood the string and clamp arrangement, it was to keep my cage out of the way of my ass.

"I am going to let Sarah loose with your favourite strap on boy. I have clamped her nipples too and got them attached to some string that I have hold of so she will be suffering as well. I wonder of either of you can cum? One from being ass fucked, the other from nipple play. One thing is for sure, I will be cumming, but not until I am ready. Understand boy?"

"Yes Ma'am," I mumbled from between Ma'am's thighs.

She settled herself down and my mouth was suddenly covered by her wet pussy. I heard a sharp gasp of pain as Ma'am pulled on Sarah's nipple strings. This was obviously her cue as immediately afterwards I felt the head of the strap on press against my anus. It was massive and I realised that there wasn't going to be any warm up this time. I realised it was the cock with the huge head and ridge straight away.

Sarah pushed, relaxed and repeated. Each time a little more of the head entered me. I tried to relax in an attempt to let it in but I was still new to anal play and I kept tensing. It probably took a dozen pushes, each firmer than the last before the bulbous head breached my anus and slid home. I groaned loudly but the worst part was over for now. Ma'am directed Sarah with hand signals and tugs on her nipples. I was oblivious to this as I concentrated on Ma'am's beautiful pussy.

I knew I was going to be here for quite a while so gently does it was the way forward for now. No part of her escaped my tongue except her clit, I was going to save that for later. She moved slightly, encouraging me to enter her so I slowly thrust my tongue as deep inside her as I could. I moved it around deep in her then tried my best to thrust in and out. Sarah was being gentle for now, but with each push she was going deeper and deeper.

I felt the now familiar tingling feeling in my groin and cock. It reacted, twitching involuntarily which created tension and pain in my nipples. But I had to ignore that, I had a job to do and in fairness having Ma'am's pussy on my mouth always got all of my attention. I carried on pushing as deep as possible into Ma'am while Sarah began doing the same to my ass with increased vigour. I still didn't really understand the feelings that being fucked caused but I couldn't deny that they felt good. I started to relish each deep thrust, the feeling of being filled excited me, the slight pain as she reached maximum depth aroused me too. My cock was twitching with each thrust, hurting my already sore buds. I could hear Sarah gasp and moan occasionally as Ma'am controlled her. Ma'am moved back a fraction and I took this as a hint that I should change my attack to her clit. I found it with well practised ease. I created a circle with my lips and sucked it into me.

Her clit was mine to play with now and I took full advantage. I used all the tricks I had learned but kept everything nice and slow. Trying to make her cum too quickly wouldn't be good, and certainly wouldn't stop the scene or Sarah's

pounding of my ass. The room filled with Ma'am's quiet moans and Sarah's sharp gasps. My cock was solid and straining, each thrust created a uncontrollable twitch which tried to force even more blood into it.

I heard another sharp gasp from Sarah and she increased her tempo. She was really giving it to me now. The big cock slid easily and quickly in and out, and the huge ribbed head was playing havoc with my prostate. My cock was twitching and trembling as the odd but lovely sensations built in me. I opened my legs as far as I could and tried to push towards each thrust. I wanted this big cock in me, I wanted to be fucked hard and fast. It felt amazing but suddenly Sarah slowed dramatically. I moaned in disappointment but kept my tongue delicately licking and probing Ma'am's swollen clit. Through her moans I heard Ma'am, "my little cock whore. You love it."

It was true, I did. After the initial shock I really wanted to get fucked, and fucked hard too. Part of me felt humiliated, but only a little part. The rest of me lay there desperately hoping that Ma'am would tell Sarah to have at it again.

Be careful what you wish for I thought as Sarah suddenly started smashing the fake rubber cock into me. She was giving it her all, I could feel her thighs and the straps holding the cock against my ass as she forced it almost as deep as it could go. She was drawing it as far out as she could before ramming it home. I grunted and groaned with each stroke.

"Concentrate boy!"

Pain flared through my nipples and I realised I had taken my eye off the ball, or more accurately, my tongue off Ma'am's clit. I tried to ignore what was going on down below and went back to work. Quickly Ma'am's moans became more insistent. I had gone too far, too quickly so I slowed down a little. Jesus, this was difficult. Once again my mind was overloaded, but I had one job here. Please Ma'am, that was my only duty. Forget the huge cock up my ass and please Ma'am. Sarah shortened the length of her stroke, she kept it deep but didn't withdraw very far. This way she was able to increase the frequency of her strokes and keep the ridge of the rubber cock rubbing over my prostate. My buttocks were shaking as they spasmed and my thighs were trembling.

Ma'am and I were moaning in unison. I suddenly realised that I was going to cum. Just as this thought hit me Ma'am groaned loudly as her orgasm hit. I groaned

with her, but the cock had stopped. No, please no. I needed it now! It started moving again but too slowly. Somehow I kept my tongue still on Ma'am's clit as her orgasm swept through her. My cock was bursting with desire but I wasn't getting the stimulation I needed.

"See that Sarah? He absolutely loves it."

"He sure does Ma'am. What a slut!"

My cheeks were burning with embarrassment.

"Who knew he was so desperate for a big cock Ma'am?"

"I know, he definitely would have had an orgasm if you hadn't slowed down. Well done for noticing. I was too busy cumming."

My cock was still trying its best to break the cage as the ladies chatted about my aroused state.

"Do you enjoy anal Sarah?"

"I do Ma'am but mostly for the humiliation and power exchange. I love giving every hole to my Master. I love him taking me in a way that only gives pleasure to him. But your boy just adores having a massive cock in him, doesn't he?"

Sarah was still slowly sliding it in and out and I realised I was quietly moaning in pleasure. Ma'am climbed off me and kissed me, her tongue taking in her own juices that were all over me.

She held my balls and used them to pull the cage down, away from my nipples. The string pulled sharply causing me to gasp at the stinging pain.

"Do you want Sarah to fuck you until you cum boy? Do you want that big cock to pound you to an orgasm?"

Before I could speak Ma'am pushed two fingers in my mouth, I sucked greedily at them and Sarah accelerated her thrusts. Ma'am matched Sarah's motion, her fingers going in and out of my mouth. I moaned loudly.

"Looks like he does, go deep Sarah, short and sharp."

Sarah obeyed Ma'am and drove deep into me. She only withdrew an inch or two before slamming the cock back into me. Ma'am's fingers mimicked Sarah's and I felt her other hand on my balls, rhythmically squeezing. Any sense of pride or sanity I had been hanging on to disappeared. I moaned and groaned, begged around Ma'am's fingers. I just wanted to be penetrated until I came. I was shaking like a leaf. Ah god! Here it comes! My whole body tensed and I felt the cock and Ma'am's fingers slide out of me. I gasped in desperation.

I had been so close, so very close. I couldn't believe it! A wave of embarrassment hit me. No! Fuck embarrassment. There was nothing to be embarrassed about. I had given my body to Ma'am and Sarah and I had loved every second of it. My body was singing with adrenaline and passion.

'Oh fuck! That was amazing! Thank you Ma'am. Thank you Sarah.'

Ma'am was looking at me, her eyes boring into my soul.

"My beautiful boy, you love it, you love it all don't you?"

"I do Ma'am. Anything, everything. Please use me Ma'am. Fuck me, tease me, hurt me. Do it all Ma'am."

"Oh you don't have to worry about that boy. You're going to get everything you want, and more."

She had a wicked grin on her face, Sarah laughed.

"What I do find interesting is that you seem utterly incapable of controlling yourself when you get fucked boy. What's that about?"

Ma'am was right, twice now I had completely lost it during an anal session.

"I'm sorry Ma'am, I don't really know. The sensations are different from anything I've ever experienced. For example, when you give me a hand job it is amazing and tortuous being so turned on, and so close to an orgasm for so long but I recognise the feelings. I can understand what's going on so I can mentally prepare and cope to a reasonable extent. When I get fucked I don't really know what is going on. It feels so different that I can't recognise when I'm about to cum."

Ma'am nodded, "that sort of makes sense boy, but trying to cum without permission is a big no no, isn't it?"

This conversation had taken an unexpected turn, as they so often did.

"It is Ma'am, I can only apologise and promise to do better in future."

Sarah still had the cock buried inside me. With a wave of her finger Ma'am indicated to her to pull out. I groaned at the empty feeling and Sarah laughed again. Ma'am told Sarah to turn around and Ma'am started doing something with her that I couldn't see. Sarah turned back to me and my eyes widened. She was now sporting a new rubber cock. It's head was as big as the last one, but the shaft was wider. What caught my eye though was that it was covered in rubber nobs.

They were rounded and about half an inch long. I also noticed that there were more of them around the head of the cock and that the ones further down the shaft were smaller. I didn't have much experience but I guessed that this was to create the maximum effect deep inside, around my prostate, but to lessen the friction on my sphincter. Sarah waved it around with a huge grin on her face.

"Do you want Sarah to fuck you boy? Do you want her to pound your ass?"

This massive fake cock looked really intimidating. Part of me didn't want that in me, but my recent experience was fresh in my memory. Anyway, I didn't have a choice.

"Yes please Ma'am."

"Ask Sarah nicely boy."

"Please take me Sarah."

Ma'am furrowed her brows.

"Not that nicely, do it like you mean it boy. Beg like the cock whore you are."

My face reddened. I had never fantasised about being fucked, I had enjoyed the feeling of a butt plug inside me, and as a sub I understood the power exchange aspect of being taken like this. But as an essentially hetro man I was struggling with the idea of wanting to be fucked up the ass so badly. But then again, if your body enjoys something then you should embrace it. Straight, gay bisexual, or whatever, they were just labels. They were labels to let people categorise other people and put them in boxes. If you are "straight" you're not supposed to do this, if you are "gay" you are supposed to act like that. It's all nonsense, just be

yourself and enjoy doing whatever turns you on. If that confuses or scares other people, that's their problem, not yours.

My inner monologue was interrupted by a knobby monster driving into my ass. It had been thoroughly lubed up but Sarah didn't stand on ceremony. I groaned loudly as she forced it deep inside. Ma'am disconnected the string between my cage and the clamps, lubed up her hands and started massaging my swollen cock and sore balls. After the initial aggressive entry, Sarah was a bit more gentle, allowing me to get used to this new intruder.

It didn't take her too long to establish a rhythm though. The strokes weren't long, but they were deep. I could feel the smaller knobs passing through my sphincter but my attention was drawn to the larger ones deep inside as they rubbed relentlessly against my prostate gland. Ma'am was matching Sarah's rhythm, sliding one hand over my steel covered cock and gently squeezing and pulling my balls. There was plenty of taut skin for Ma'am to caress through the bars as my cock filled to bursting point but most of the sensations were concentrated far in my ass.

"Feels good, doesn't it boy. Stay in the present, in the moment. Enjoy it."

These were the same instructions Ma'am gave me when I was making love to her, or receiving a hand job. I understood and tried to relax but I was still struggling with the new and intense feelings. I wanted more, I wanted that cock in me. I wanted it deep and hard. I was moaning each time Sarah pushed into me, moving my hips in an attempt to get more, both from the cock and Ma'am's hand.

Without warning Ma'am's hand squeezed hard on my sore testicles and Sarah slowed down. Ma'am's voice was stern.

"Relax boy. Don't make me tell you again."

Through gritted teeth I whispered, "sorry Ma'am. I'm sorry."

Her crushing grip eased and Sarah restarted her relentless assault. Why couldn't I control myself? I didn't understand but I took a deep breath and tried to just take the sensations as they came. Ma'am was trying to normalise things by stroking my cock, giving me something that I was used to. I tried to think about her hand and about pleasing her but the beast inside me was insistent and wouldn't be denied. The pressure was building and I felt my legs shaking as the passion grew.

I received another hard squeeze and groaned loudly. Ma'am also pulled hard on my nipple clamps, pain fired through my chest. Sarah eased back a fraction and I got hold of myself. I noticed my neck and shoulders were as tight as a drum so I made a deliberate effort to let my head lie back. Panic over, for now at least. I went with it, relishing my twitching cock as I breathed deeply and smoothly. Suddenly Sarah started pounding me hard. The huge head, with all its evil knobs worked across my prostate.

My moans grew frantic almost immediately. My cock started trembling. The cock stopped and I got a hard slap on my balls. I shouted in pain. Instantly Sarah resumed her pounding and despite the intense pain I was quickly moving toward my orgasm. Again Sarah stopped, again my balls were slapped. I whined in agony and fought against my bonds. Sarah started smashing the cock into me again. No, Jesus no. I couldn't stop the cock, the slaps or my rise to orgasm. I was begging, moaning, shouting. I didn't know what I was doing.

Suddenly everything stopped. I lay there, breathing hard and shocked by what had just happened.

"Close your eyes boy."

Ma'am removed the blindfold and slipped a thick, tight leather hood over my head. She pulled hard on the rear laces ensuring it was tight everywhere. It had two small breathing holes that sat on my nostrils. I felt hot and claustrophobic.

Ma'am spoke to Sarah.

"Take the strap on off."

She extricated herself from the harness holding the cock. There were spare straps on the straight jacket that hadn't been used as they went between the wearer's legs. Using these and the straps from the harness Ma'am brutally forced the massive rubber cock into me as far it would go. I was being split in two by this monster.

"That will do for now. Needless to say, you have disappointed me boy. You can stay here while Sarah does her best to improve my mood."

I got one more harsh slap and the ladies left.

My balls were aching badly, my nipples were stinging and a huge cock was lodged deep inside me, but my cock was still rock hard and twitching with a mind of its own. The worst part was that I had let Ma'am down. Under the hood I furrowed my brows. I didn't seem able to resist the feelings that my prostate gave me. Even lying like this, my ass painfully stuffed, I wished that the cock inside me was pistoning in and out. My cock jerked again. What the hell was going on? I flexed my body as much as I could and felt the cock shift slightly. It felt good, I flexed again, thrusting with my hips. My cock twitched again. Oh god, what was I doing? I was pretty sure I couldn't reach an orgasm like this but I just kept shifting and moving, desperate for more delicious sensations in my ass.

Stop! Jesus Tom, stop! Compose yourself I thought to myself. I forced myself to lie perfectly still as I realised that Ma'am or Sarah might be watching. I had to get a grip. I was hot and bothered under the hood, the small holes didn't provide much air. I settled myself down and tried to lower my heart rate. Gradually I calmed down and my cock stopped twitching. It took a long time but eventually my cock started to soften. I hoped Ma'am would return soon, my ass hurt and my nipples felt like they had been cut off they were so painful.

A few minutes later my prayers were answered as the ladies returned. I felt them around me. Without warning Ma'am plucked the clamps off my nipples. I shouted and jerked in my straight jacket as pain shot through them.

"Oh, that sounds painful. Let me help boy."

Ma'am vigorously rubbed them with her fingers. It didn't help at all, it was agony. My breath whistled through the little nose holes.

"Time for you to get settled in for the night boy. Your behaviour doesn't warrant the comfort of the sleep sack tonight. Sarah, get him off the bench."

Sarah set about loosening the straps as Ma'am busied herself. Soon I was guided into the cell and put on my back. That was a painful operation, bending over with such a huge object inside is not recommended. My legs were spread and then Ma'am took off the straps that had been holding the strap on in place. It eased out a couple of inches which was a massive relief. Ma'am got busy doing something with it while Sarah was attaching ankles cuffs to a smallish spreader.

My ankles were fastened into the cuffs and Ma'am and Sarah wished me sweet dreams. I doubted I would get much sleep, let alone any dreams. I was still

wrapped tightly in the straight jacket and had the tight hood glued to my head. It was going to be a long night but I recognised that it was my own fault. If I failed Ma'am then I was punished. It had always been so. I moved around a little and succeeded in making the jacket slightly more comfortable. The aches and pains in my balls and nipples respectively were slowly fading. My legs were slightly bent, I pulled them up, wondering how much give I had, and was surprised as the cock inside slid back deep inside.

Slowly I straightened them and it slid back out. I bent my legs again, and in it went, filling me completely. My cock stirred, filling the cage. This was interesting, using my legs I could basically fuck myself. I carefully tested the limits, I probably had about three inches of movement available but I could pull it up entirely inside me. My cock let me know that it was enjoying the movement and the sensations it created.

I rhythmically flexed my legs, pulling and pushing the cock in and out. It felt good, I moved faster, it felt really good. I was rock solid in the cage, twitching with lust. I had a thought and raised one of my legs, this created a twisting motion in the cock. I combined both movements and felt my cock throb and tingle in delight. The problem I had was that it was quite hard work, lifting and flexing my legs. I quickly got very hot and sweaty and I could only draw air in through the small holes. But it felt so good.

I stopped, what was I trying to achieve here? An orgasm? That would not go down well at all. Essentially I was just exhausting myself in an extended tease session. I lay still for a moment and calmed down. I was going to be here all night, I couldn't keep this up for long and there was no end point anyway. I was sure Ma'am had left me like this specifically to tease and tempt me but I didn't know if she would disapprove of my futile attempts to arouse myself. I shifted around in my bonds and succeeded in making myself slightly more comfortable but it was only a marginal improvement. I took a deep breath and settled myself. Even with my legs straight the intruder was buried deep inside. I could feel my cock still throbbing against the cage and my mind wandered to Ma'am and Sarah. Ma'am was undoubtedly using Sarah to give her many orgasms. That thought definitely didn't help my cock. I flexed my legs again. Mmm, nice.

No! For God's sake stop. Ma'am's words echoed through my head. Cock whore. She had called me a cock whore and I was beginning to wonder. I remembered sticking a small vibrator inside me before I met Ma'am. It was quite enjoyable but

at no point did I feel any real desire to do anything like this. Maybe Ma'am had opened my mind, or stripped away my inhibitions, or both more likely. There didn't seem to be anything I wouldn't do, but more to the point, there didn't seem to be anything that didn't turn me on. Perhaps I would get turned on by anything if it was under the submissive umbrella.

Basically, anything where I ceded control aroused me. My mind was drifting now, which was a good thing. I was feeling fairly relaxed, if uncomfortable. My ass was pretty sore now, it had taken a decent amount of punishment from the huge and knobbly cock. Slowly, and with a few false starts, my cock began to relax too. Thank god, I thought. Would I sleep? It was doubtful but I was very tired.

It was a very long night. Every time I shifted, either my body or my legs, the cock moved inside me and set my cock off. A couple of times I half heartedly tried to fuck myself. All I succeeded in doing was getting sweaty and hard. Each time it took ages to calm myself and relax. I probably drifted off a few times and I must have been asleep when Sarah came down because I wasn't aware of her until she was in the cell with me.

"Morning Tom, sleep well?"

She sounded irritatingly chirpy.

I grunted.

"That well, eh? Lovely. I'm sure Ma'am will take your mind off your tiredness soon."

She held my cock and balls and started stroking them.

"We had a lovely night. Obviously we stayed for a while to watch you fuck yourself. Oh, that was funny! I'm surprised you didn't hear us giggling."

I went bright red under the hood. I should have known.

"But after that I gave Louise several lovely orgsams and she teased the hell out of me. My nipples are as sore as your ass must be. Anyway, I have to get you up, washed and dressed."

It took a while to release me and Sarah told me to hold the cock in until I got to the bathroom. I slowly eased it out of me. It was a great relief to finally be free of

it, but a part of me immediately wished it was still buried deep inside. I showered and went back down to the dungeon. Ma'am was waiting for me with my latex catsuit and various bits and bobs.

"Sarah isn't leaving for a while which gives me more opportunities to torture her nipples. I plan on doing this with your head between my legs."

I got into my catsuit and Sarah and I carried a bundle of stuff up to the bedroom. Before long I was hog tied and lying on the end of Ma'am's bed. Ma'am propped my chest up a little with a pillow so that my neck wouldn't be under too much strain. She took a long length of rope and bound Sarah's ample breasts. By the time she had finished they were starting to go a nice shade of red and her large nipples were standing front and center.

"Perfect!" Ma'am declared, and then put Sarah's arms into a very snug armbinder. As she tightened the strings and straps, Sarah's breasts were forced even further out. She looked a picture. Ma'am got a pair of suction cups that fitted Sarah perfectly and gave them a few squeezes. Sarah let out a soft moan as her nipples were pulled out by the vacuum.

"I will be back soon, I'm going to have a coffee while those cups do their job."

Sarah sighed, "oh god, I'm soaking wet and Louise hasn't even started yet. There's something about nipple torture Tom. It goes straight to my pussy. Sir Steven has done an amazing job on my nipples. They are so sensitive these days, they drive me nuts."

I lay there listening to Sarah, with my caged cock trying to bore a hole in the mattress. We both knew a lot about how it felt to be incredibly horny and denied for long, long periods.

Ma'am returned after about fifteen minutes and blindfolded Sarah before tightening a large penis gag in her mouth. Jumping up onto the bed, she put a few pillows under her upper back and head and then helped Sarah climb on top of her. Ma'am now had Sarah's red and vulnerable breasts at her mercy.

"Begin boy, get me turned on but not at the edge. I am planning on being here torturing Sarah for quite a while.

As I wriggled into position I heard Sarah moan with lust before Ma'am even started. I easily parted Ma'am's moist lips and began to explore. I knew exactly what to do, I let my instincts take over and my tongue moved slowly and expertly over her pleasure center. I was where I belonged.

Ma'am started off gently with Sarah, running her fingertips over every inch of her vulnerable, bound breasts. But before long she zeroed in on her nipples. The time in the suction cups had caused them to swell and make them extra sensitive. Ma'am slowly dragged her nails over Sarah's areolae and hard nipples. Sarah was already sounding quite desperate. Her belt was locked, and was staying locked, but Steven had hard wired her to react to nipple stimulation almost as if it was her clit that was being touched.

Ma'am delved into her box and brought out a handful of small clothes pegs. They were only an inch long, and a less than a quarter of an inch across, but they had strong springs. She started putting them on Sarah's areolae. She put five equally spaced little clamps on each breast. Sarah gasped as each one bit in. She then spent a few minutes randomly flicking them with her fingers.

"Stop it Sarah."

I had noticed Ma'am's body moving above me, my guess was that Sarah was squirming around too much for Ma'am's liking.

Now using her palm, Ma'am moved all the clamps at the same time from one side to another, then up and down. I heard quiet moans, Sarah was trying to control herself but I knew her well enough to realise it wouldn't last. Ma'am made a circular shape with three fingers and her thumb. Pushing the clamps slightly outwards she was able to grasp the base of Sarah's nipples. She gripped and pulled. There were more moans. Ma'am kept pulling, harder and harder until her fingers slowly began to slip up Sarah's nipples. Sarah's breasts were pulled out and her nipples squeezed tight until Ma'am's fingers slipped off the ends. She repeated this process a number of times, each time gripping slightly tighter, and having to pull slightly harder in order to get Sarah's hard buds to slide through them. Sarah gurgled something around her penis gag.

"What was that Sarah? You want more pain?"

Sarah gurgled some kind of response.

"I thought you did. Out of the box of tricks Ma'am produced a couple of adjustable clamps. She positioned the pads near the end of Sarah's nipples and slowly tightened. She stopped every now and again to pull and twist them, judging Sarah's reactions. They were profound. She began moaning with each exhalation. I could feel her squirming just above me as the clamps bit in. The pads were covered in small, blunt spikes. They wouldn't draw blood but they added a considerable level of pain.

Ma'am bent one of her legs and nudged me.

"Ten minutes boy."

I understood and began moving my tongue a little quicker and a little more firmly. I had a target, she wanted to cum in ten minutes and I would make sure she did as close to that time as possible. I wasn't fazed at all, I had got pretty good at judging this sort of thing. I wasn't in pain, I had nothing to distract me from the beautiful job of giving Ma'am a huge orgasm.

I heard Ma'am moan and she tightened the clamps a little more. Sarah moaned too, but there was a pained edge to it. Ma'am held her red swollen breasts and squeezed them before grabbing the clamps and pulling hard. Sarah squealed as the spikes dug in, but I could feel her hips moving, trying to grind her metal covered pussy against something. It was to no avail. She was breathing hard, moaning, and saliva was dripping out from around the gag. Ma'am's fingers closed around one of the small clothes pegs, she didn't release the pressure but simply yanked it off. Sarah wailed around the gag.

Ma'am waited for about fifteen seconds, long enough for the sharp shock to fade a bit, before repeating the process with a peg from Sarah's other breast. One after the other they were ripped off. As they came off I took Ma'am closer and closer. I could feel her trembling around my head. She was right there, she was ready. I took her where she needed to go. She let out a deep, soulful moan as she ripped the last peg off. Through the pain Sarah knew Ma'am was cumming too, she shrieked with frustration, with painful need and denial as Ma'am shook her way through her orgasm. My cock was throbbing like no one's business as the two women above me enjoyed two vastly different but very intense experiences.

"Wow, that was good. I had forgotten how much I enjoy an orgasm while I hurt someone. Remember that boy."

I nodded from between Ma'am's legs. She was a woman of her word, I had little doubt that she would make good on that veiled threat at some point.

"That was a lot of fun, wasn't it Sarah?"

Sarah was still breathing hard from the pain and the associated arousal that it caused. She made some sort of noise from behind the penis gag.

"Would you like more nipple pain girl?"

Sarah knew the drill as well as I did and nodded immediately. The clamps were still biting into Sarah's abused nipples. Ma'am held them tightly and told Sarah to lean back. She did, and moaned loudly as Ma'am's hands didn't move.

"Further."

Sarah tried to move back, away from Ma'am's grip but the clamps with their evil little spikes dug in. She let out a muffled howl of pain and Ma'am increased her discomfort by twisting the clamps left and right.

"OK, forward." Sarah moved which released the pull. Ma'am began putting the small clothes pegs back on. She put them back exactly where they had come from, but at ninety degrees to their original position. Sarah made a little hiss of pain as each one went on. Ma'am then did the same with the clamps, she slowly loosened it, turned it and began to tighten it again. Her crushed nipple was now being horribly squeezed from a different direction. I felt Sarah shake as the pain grew, she was in agony now.

"Make me cum again boy, nice and slow."

I went back to work, Ma'am removed Sarah's blindfold and then slowly pulled the gag out of her mouth.

"Thank you Ma'am." Sarah whispered. I could hear the tremor in her voice.

"Enjoying yourself Sarah?"

"Yes Ma'am. Thank you Ma'am."

The old Sarah would have said something cheeky. I wasn't sure whether this respectful response was Steven's training, or the realisation that Ma'am was not messing around.

"Tell me how much you enjoy tit torture Sarah. Tell me how horny you are."

"Ma'am, I love it, I absolutely love it. I'm soaking wet, I can feel my clit tingling. It's like a live wire is being dragged across it. I know my nipples will hurt for hours after this, and that my clit will be throbbing with my nipples. Thank you Ma'am." Ma'am was sopping wet and slowly grinding her pussy into my mouth.

"Kiss me Sarah."

Sarah leaned forward, just before she over balanced, Ma'am put her hands around her neck to control her as she fell forward. As their mouths got close the clamps and the little pegs started to press into Ma'am's chest. Sarah let out a moan as new waves of pain ran through her. Their mouths met and their tongues danced together. Ma'am moved her body around, which caused yet more pain for Sarah as all the torture devices rubbed against her. Sarah was making noises I couldn't decipher now. They were intense pain mixed with passion and need. I had Ma'am's clit sucked into my mouth and I knew she was ready but I wasn't sure if I should take her over the edge quite yet. Ma'am let me know.

"Yes boy."

With that she let go of Sarah's neck and held her close as they kissed deeply. I heard Sarah crying out in agony and Ma'am had another huge orgasm. Her body jerked against Sarah's tortured nipples, this hurt Sarah more and spurred on Ma'am's orgasm which seemed to last forever.

Ma'am slowly recovered from her second orgasm and gently pushed Sarah upright.

"Thank you boy. Help Sarah off me and stand her up."

Reluctantly I moved away from Ma'am's pussy and helped Sarah off the bed. Her breasts were red from the ropes binding them and her nipples were as hard as bullets.

"Carefully remove the ropes boy."

I set about releasing Sarah from the rope bondage. Ma'am watched on with interest as new blood flowed freely into Sarah's abused breasts. She gasped and groaned through gritted teeth as pain flared through her nipples once more. Ma'am waited for a minute then instructed me to pull the pegs off. I tried to catch Sarah's eye and look apologetic. She flinched as each one came off. I could see the crushed and raw looking marks left behind.

"Now the clamps."

I slowly removed them, Sarah's groans weren't any quieter.

"Be nice boy, massage her nipples and areolae. Pay attention to every mark."

Inwardly I groaned. This was going to hurt a lot too. I gently began squeezing each nasty looking marks.

Ma'am's voice took on that scary dominant tone.

"Do it properly boy, or Sarah's troubles will pale into insignificance compared to yours."

Oh god, I didn't want to hurt her too much but I knew I had to. This time Sarah caught my eye and she gave me an almost imperceptible nod. She knew what was coming but she knew I had no choice. For the next ten minutes I gave Sarah wave after wave of fresh pain as I squeezed and rubbed every single area that had been clamped or pegged. Ma'am moved behind Sarah as I worked, moved her feet shoulder width apart and whispered in her ear while she ran her hands over Sarah's chastity belt.

"How much do you want my fingers to get to work on your clit baby? Imagine me sliding a couple of fingers inside you while my thumb massages your sensitive spot. Steven sent me a key, and he gave me permission to make you cum if I wanted to. Or maybe you would prefer Tom's gifted tongue between your legs, driving you crazy before giving you a massive orgasm."

"Oh! Aahh! God please Ma'am, please let me cum. Jesus, I'm so horny. Please Ma'am, please. Make me cum, I need it, I need it so much Ma'am. I beg you, hurt me more, do anything Ma'am. Please Ma'am."

She was almost incoherent with pain and passion. I was nearly as horny as Sarah myself. The whole scene had me massively aroused, which hadn't gone unnoticed.

"Look at Tom's lovely cock trying to burst out of that cage. I could unlock both of you and let you have wild sex together. Can you feel his huge, hard cock deep inside you Sarah? Can you feel him stretching you wide as he fills you up?"

Sarah was in a frenzy, bucking her hips and moaning. I was unconsciously matching her movements.

"That's enough for now boy. I need another orgasm, you two have got me rather hot. Lie down at the foot of the bed."

I got in position and Ma'am threw me a pillow. Ma'am sat on the edge of the bed with her legs wide open.

"On your knees Sarah, and worship my pussy. If you can do a better job than my boy, I'll let you both cum. Tom, use your mouth on Sarah's nipples while she's making me cum. Don't be too rough."

Sarah straddled me and got her arms around Ma'am's thighs. Her tits dangled down perfectly onto my face. I used the pillow to get my head in the right place, and as Sarah started licking Ma'am, my mouth and tongue found her engorged and sensitive nipples. Sarah moaned from between Ma'am's thighs as I sucked her into my mouth and began licking and flicking, first one nipple, then the other. Following Ma'am's order, I kept my teeth away from her swollen and abused flesh. I heard both of the ladies moaning softly and my cock continued to pound in its prison. I felt a tremor run through Sarah as her hips thrust into nothing, desperate for something to touch her soaking pussy.

Steven's efforts to sensitise her nipples and to connect the feelings in them to her clit had obviously been very successful. She was incredibly horny. I stopped my random movements and began to use my lips to fuck her nipple. I pursed them tightly and sucked hard, pulling the full length of her nipple into me before releasing the pressure and letting them slide back out. I flicked my tongue firmly over the end of her nipples as they slowly slid through my lips. I heard Sarah moan in desperation. Before too long, both of them were moaning in unison and a couple of minutes later Ma'am let out a loud groan as another big orgasm swept through her body.

I kept sucking and licking as Ma'am recovered and moved up the bed. Sarah put her head down on the bed and gripped the mattress with her fingers. She didn't really know what to do with herself as the pleasure I was creating flowed from her nipples to her clit. She looked up with imploring eyes at Ma'am.

"Did I please you Ma'am? Did I give you enough joy? Please Ma'am."

Ma'am smiled, "that was absolutely lovely Sarah and I did have a fantastic orgasm. However for most of the time I felt you were distracted by my boy. You were thinking about your own pleasure, not mine. You should have been one hundred percent focused on me. Nothing else matters, does it Sarah?"

She moaned, in passion and disappointment.

"I'm so sorry Ma'am, I tried, I really did but Tom was driving me crazy. Please have mercy Ma'am, let me try again. Please Ma'am?"

Ma'am laughed out loud.

"Mercy? Seriously? Would Steven show you any mercy or leniency? No, he wouldn't. We both demand perfection and you didn't deliver. Steven will hear about this, make no mistake."

"Yes Ma'am, of course. Sorry Ma'am."

I couldn't help feeling Ma'am was being particularly harsh, Sarah had been in pieces, I was frankly surprised that she done any kind of good job. But Ma'am and Steven demanded the best, whatever the circumstances.

"I'm going to take a quick shower, both of you can have a shower when I've finished."

A few minutes later Ma'am stepped out and we were in the shower together. Sarah looked stunned so I gave her a gentle hug.

"It's a hard life being a sub sometimes isn't it?"

Sarah squeezed me a bit tighter.

"You're not wrong Tom, but we both love it, don't we? The endless arousal just drives us crazy."

She moved her head and we had a long passionate kiss. We broke off, both breathing hard. I laughed, "that's not going to help."

I gave her nipples a quick squeeze and we got out and dried ourselves. I was still hard on my cage when we went downstairs, naked apart from our chastity devices.

"Nice shower subs?"

Ma'am had a knowing smile on her lips.

"I've made you both a coffee. You should be on your way soon Sarah."

"Thank you Ma'am, yes I should. Can I have a little while to recover before driving please?"

"Of course you can babe. Safety first, I'll try my best not to turn you on too much."

Sarah laughed.

"Just being in the same room as you and Tom turns me on. I get all shivery when I look into your eyes Ma'am, and as for this thing."

She grabbed my hard cock that was still pressing against the bars.

"One look at that and I'm not only reminded of my predicament but I immediately want to tease the hell out of it."

Ma'am grinned.

"Another time, I'm sure Sarah. Now put him down and get some composure."

Sarah made a comedy sad noise but she dropped my cock and we sat down and chatted for a while. Towards the end of our conversation Ma'am mentioned something.

"I'm going to stay with some straight friends for a couple of days, so you will be all by yourself for a while."

Sarah perked up when she heard this.

"That's interesting Ma'am, Steven was talking to Sir James the other day, do you know him?"

"I do, lovely man with a very cruel streak."

"I think his boy has been away with his family for a couple of weeks, I just thought that maybe he would like some company, and with Tom being all alone."

Ma'am smiled, but it wasn't a smile I liked the look of.

"Now that is a good idea Sarah. I've got James's number in my phone."

Ma'am walked off to talk in private. I looked at Sarah, she also had an evil looking smile on her face.

"Oh Tom, sorry! You are going to have a lot of fun if this comes off. Sir James is quite the sadist by all accounts."

"I see. Thanks Sarah."

I laughed but inside I was feeling decidedly nervous. I hoped James was busy, or not interested.

Ma'am came marching back in with a big smile on her face. I immediately knew he wasn't busy.

"All sorted! You can go to visit James for a couple of days. However, because I am a kind and caring person, you have the final say Tom. I trust him completely and I will send him a message to detail what he can and can't do. Personally, I think you should do it. It will definitely be a new experience and you will learn new things. What do you say Tom?"

I had a choice, or at least it appeared that I had a choice but Ma'am clearly wanted me to go so that was that really.

"I won't lie Ma'am, I am a little nervous. But if you trust him that is good enough for me. Please may I stay with Sir James for a couple of days Ma'am?"

"Sure?"

"Yes Ma'am, I am."

I really wasn't but I was fairly sure he wouldn't push me any further than Ma'am regularly did.

"Good boy."

She gave me a big kiss and sent a quick text to James. Her phoned pinged almost immediately, apparently James was really looking forward to meeting me, and was desperate for a play mate to abuse as he hadn't managed to have any fun for a couple of weeks. This news made me even more nervous and I wondered what I had got myself into.

It was time for Sarah to go. She carefully put her bra on, gently squeezing her abused nipples through the tight rubber eye holes. They stood very proud and as she slipped her top on I was aware of how every movement she made would cause friction against them. She put the rest of her clothes on and threw her arms open.

"Good bye my lovelies! It has been fun. See you soon, I hope. Tom, try to stay calm when you are with Sir James and remember that pain is only weakness leaving the body. He hasn't had to take any of his victims to hospital for months."

"Sarah! Stop winding him up!"

The girls were both laughing, I was smiling but it was a nervous one.

Sarah hugged us both and left. The rest of the day was fairly quiet. Obviously I gave Ma'am another orgasm before she went to bed. I lay in my sleep sack feeling pretty worried about the next two days. I had no idea what to expect, but I knew I had to be at my best, for James, but mainly for Ma'am. She was the one I really didn't want to let down.

The next morning we had breakfast together and went our separate ways. Ma'am gave me a pep talk about what she expected and I was determined to make her proud. An hour and a half later, with butterflies in my stomach, I knocked on the door of a large house out in the countryside. James opened the door and stared at me. He was about my height, early forties at a guess, but broader and clearly stronger than me.

"On your knees boy, eyes down."

I obeyed immediately.

There was silence for about thirty seconds.

"So, you're the boy that Louise has been raving about. You have something for me I believe."

Without looking up I reached into my pocket and held out a sealed envelope.

"Yes Sir."

He took the envelope and told me to stand.

"Follow me."

I wasn't surprised to find that he also had a dungeon. It was bigger than Ma'am's and seemed very well equipped.

"Strip boy."

I stood naked in front of him, carefully keeping my eyes down. He walked behind me and skillfully and tightly bound my wrists together behind me. Then a thick, tight leather hood was placed over my head. He took his time tightening the laces that criss crossed the back of the hood until it was pressed across my whole head. There were two small breathing holes but nothing else. I immediately felt hot and slightly claustrophobic. He attached a short length of chain to the D ring at the front and led me to a wall where he bent me over and padlocked the chain to a ring.

"I have some things to attend to."

With that he left. I was nearly bent double, unable to stand due to the chain. I tried to kneel but the chain was too short for that too. This was a stress position. There was absolutely no way to get comfortable. I tried to turn to get my back against the wall but the chain was too short for that. I had nowhere to go. I was either bent in half, or crouching with my legs bent. I felt even hotter in the tight mask now. How long would he be away? I had no idea, and no choice but to wait. I flexed my arms, there was no give in my bonds whatsoever. I tried to calm myself, but the idea of two days with this man was already scary.

I don't know how long he left me like that, maybe an hour, but I do know that my whole body was aching when I finally heard him moving around in the room. I was sweating under the hood and there was a light sheen on my body. He had been in the room for another five minutes before I felt him unlocking the chain. He allowed me to slowly stand up and stretch a little, it was bliss. Bizarrely I felt grateful to him for allowing me to stand normally. A thick and very stiff leather posture collar was wrapped around my neck allowing very little movement. Then a rope yoke was tied around my shoulders and chest. I stood there as he moved around,

"Bend over."

I felt my arms being raised behind me as a rope attached to my bound wrists was pulled up. He stopped and used a big spreader bar to separate my legs about three feet apart. He then pulled my wrists a little higher creating quite a strain on my shoulders. I could feel some tension in the yoke and the collar and realised they had been secured to the ceiling and floor respectively. I couldn't move, I was bent over, unable to move my body up or down and I had to keep my legs straight or the pull on my shoulders would be agonising. I felt something on my nipples, suddenly a vicious clamp bit into them.

I was still processing the pain when he added weights to the connecting chain. Searing sharp pain lanced through them. Almost immediately, with no warning at all, a thin cane slashed into my ass. I let out a small squeal of pain as a red hot line appeared across my cheeks. He struck again, and again. I somehow managed to keep quiet but my breath was whistling through the nose holes. I got six of the best, beautifully positioned with no overlap. I couldn't help but flinch with each hit, causing the weights hanging from my tortured nipples to swing with obvious results.

My cage was pulled back and to my surprise I felt it loosen as he unlocked me. The key must have been in the envelope I gave him. The cage and ring came off, and thin string was wound tightly around my testicles. It went on and on, by the time he stopped my balls were sticking out of a three inch tube of string. Unceremoniously he yanked them up between my legs and tied the string to the yoke. My balls were horribly exposed and vulnerable behind my ass. Finally he began locking something around my shaft. Dozens of sharp spikes started to dig into my cock. It was a Kali's teeth bracelet, basically a lockable metal tube, the inside covered in nasty metal spikes.

The cane whipped down vertically on one cheek, then the other. Next a softer strike, but directly on my left testicle, then the same on my right one. I groaned in pain and out of the blue he began massaging my cock head. His fingers were skilled and I reacted instantly and hardened under his touch. I regretted this immediately as my swelling member pressed into the spikes. The massage stopped and I got two more slices of the cane on my balls. I didn't know what to do, he moved so quickly from one torture to the other.

I had no idea what to expect next. The strikes kept coming, vertically and horizontally, balls and ass. My ass was hurting but my balls were feeling a lot worse. Each fresh strike made me jerk and groan as the sharp sting was replaced by a growing dull ache all through my abdomen. Every now and again he would manipulate my penis, making sure that it caused me yet more pain. I was in agony, my legs, my shoulders, pretty much everything was hurting under the strain. Suddenly my balls were mercifully freed, he let them fall back between my legs where they banged painfully into the Kali's teeth.

Yet again there was no time to think or assess my various pains. Something touched my sphincter. I instinctively tried to relax and James's cock forced itself inside me. He had a nice big cock, but I accommodated fairly easily given the size of the fake one that had been in me recently. I hadn't however, been fucked before, not by a man anyway. As he slid his cock home I realised he was wearing a condom, again I felt grateful for this gesture.

He glided slowly in and out a few times and despite knowing what the result would be, my cock got harder and harder. I was starting to understand that James enjoyed changing tack with no warning, so I wasn't overly surprised when he went from slow, gentle strokes quickly into a full on, violent fucking. He pounded me hard and fast, I let out a long moan as his cock smashed into me. My nipples filled with more pain as the weights rocked to and fro and my cock hardened against the spikes. His cock felt fantastic, I felt the now familiar tingling deep inside. But despite his unquestionable size, he wasn't as big as the huge nobbly cock Ma'am had used on me.

The feelings deep inside were great but I didn't think I was going to get close to an orgasm. There was more than enough to keep my cock throbbing into the spikes though. The pounding stopped, and he gently fucked me again. I could feel his cock trembling deep inside me. He kept things slow for a while before going for it again. This cycle was repeated a few times before I heard a loud groan and with

one last powerful thrust, he came, growling like an animal. My moans matched his as he slowly calmed down.

He softened a little and pulled out. My balls were tugged painfully back between my cheeks and he was gone. I stood still, breathing hard and sweating profusely, wondering what the hell I had got myself into. I was exhausted and pain was flowing through almost every part of my body. I had been here... how long? A few hours? I was already a wreck but I had nearly two days to survive with this beast.

I had to try and relax, the yoke was tied tightly enough that I could rest my body weight on it. That was a relief, I was far from comfortable but it was something. My cock was also going down which lessened the pain from the teeth. I had no idea what he had planned next but I was already sure that it would be painful and unpleasant. It had been all business so far, no small talk, no getting to know you. I was just a body to hurt and abuse for his pleasure. I groaned to myself as these thoughts made my cock swell. It was at this moment James returned and I heard him laugh. He caressed my exposed glans briefly.

"Louise was right about you. A proper sub."

My cock hardened further and I went red under the hood. She knew, and now he knew. An image of the rubber doll with all the vicious metal jewellery attached to his genitals flashed into my mind, I remembered being told about subs who hadn't had an orgasm for years, my cock strained agonisingly into the spikes. It seemed that the further I went, the more I was used and abused, the more I loved it. My train of thought was broken as the thin cane slashed across both testicles. I jerked and let out a brief squeal. He loosened the bindings around my balls before applying a humbler to them. There was hardly any strain on my balls in this position but I knew that probably wouldn't last.

"Take your weight."

I steadied myself as he released the yoke from the ceiling and took the leg spreader off. Lastly he released the rope holding my wrists up. My shoulders ached with relief.

"Kneel."

I complied, keeping my knees shoulder width apart. He took the rope off my wrists.

"Move your arms and remain on all fours."

I loosened myself up as best as I could before putting my hands down in front me and assuming the position he wanted.

"You have only sucked one cock, Sir Steven's. Correct?"

I nodded, "yes Sir." Came the muffled response from inside the hood.

"I am going to teach you how to be a proper cock sucking bitch."

There was silence for a second, I should reply.

"Yes Sir, thank you Sir."

I felt him loosening the laces behind my head and he tugged the hood off, I blinked in the light.

"Drink."

He passed me a glass of water. I drank it all quickly and handed him the glass back.

"Thank you Sir."

"Follow me."

He sat in a large chair that was very similar to the adjustable one in Ma'am's dungeon and beckoned me to him. As I had noticed when he opened the door, he was a strong man, clearly a regular at the gym. There was a hint of a six pack and he was completely shaved around his genitals. My eyes were drawn to his semi erect cock that was twitching with anticipation. I moved on my hands and knees to him.

"Stop and sit up, palms upwards on your thighs. I am going to give you detailed instructions. I don't expect perfection immediately but I do expect you to learn, and to learn fast. Anything else will have consequences, as I am sure you have learned from Louise."

"Yes Sir, I have Sir."

I spent the next five minutes listening to Sir James as he spelled out how he wanted his balls, his shaft and his head treated. He told me what to do with my hands, my lips and my tongue. Obviously this was just how he liked things but most of it sounded exactly like how I would want a perfect blowjob to go. It sounded very erotic, and unsurprisingly my cock reacted strongly. It was difficult to concentrate on his words as each throb of my shaft sent sharp daggers of pain through it via the spikes.

Eventually he leaned back and spread his legs.

"We will start with thirty minutes. Begin."

I was nervous, I was going to try my best of course, but I was sure that it wouldn't be good enough for him. I moved in and placed my hands on his inner thighs, with my thumbs just under his heavy balls. I kissed and sucked around the base of his shaft, softly dragging my lips across his skin. I could feel him hardening, I caressed his thighs, slowly moving up with my fingers until I created a circle, with my thumbs under his balls.

As he became fully erect I twisted my head, moving from the sides of his shaft to the underneath which was now accessible as his cock stood up. After kissing that for a while I moved my mouth to his smooth balls. Pushing up slightly with my thumbs I softly licked every millimetre of skin. His solid shaft was pulsing against my forehead as I moved more firmly with my tongue, gently moving his balls around in their sack.

Moving one hand around so it was directly underneath I formed a V shape between my fingers and thumb to present both testicles. Opening my mouth wide I pressed my lips into his skin and carefully sucked a testicle into my mouth. I made sure my lips came round over my teeth to cover them and sucked and licked at the captive orb. My other hand slipped around his shaft and lightly squeezed. I felt the blood pumping through it. I remembered this feeling, a cock throbbing in my hand, it was almost as if it was my own. But it wasn't of course. I would never be able to feel mine like this again but it aroused me hugely and despite the pain, my own cock throbbed almost in unison with his. I let his testicle gently pop out of my mouth and swiftly moved to the other and did the same thing.

After paying appropriate reverence I released his other testicle and started moving up his rigid shaft, slowly licking and kissing my way to his head. I made a ring with one hand and gently grasped his balls while my other hand remained wrapped around the base of his cock. Pulling his cock down slightly I looked up and met his steely blue eyed gaze. This was an important moment, he had emphasised that he wanted me to worship his cock, he wanted to know that his cock and his pleasure was the center of my world.

Maintaining a lot of eye contact was vital. I felt very subservient and submissive as I took his cock into my mouth, on my knees and gazing up at my superior. I had always loved watching point of view videos, where the woman doing the sucking looked into the camera, seemingly into my eyes. This reminded me of those times, times I would never return to. My cock was agonisingly erect but as I couldn't have what I wanted any more I had to get my pleasure from pleasing others. As I looked into his eyes I knew I wanted to please him. Ma'am had taught me what true submission was and I felt it deep inside. I needed his cock in my mouth, I needed to do everything I could to give him as much pleasure as I could.

My lips slipped slowly over his sensitive, swollen glans. I saw him smile and let out a sigh of arousal. I wanted to smile too, but I knew I had to concentrate totally on his cock. I knew what I liked, I knew what drove me crazy and I knew how to make him cum. But that was for later, the here and now was a long, slow, passionate, teasing blowjob. I dipped down, taking him as deep as I could. I wasn't able to deep throat yet but Ma'am had promised me that I would learn at some point.

Maybe it was my heightened submissiveness but somehow I got him a long way inside before my gag reflex kicked in. I recognised it and pulled back before I choked. I figured coughing and spluttering all over him would be frowned upon. Ever so slowly I travelled back up to his tip before going down again. I kept my tongue in check for now, there was no rush. After all, I was worshipping his beautiful member, relishing every moment he was in me. I think as the long strokes continued that I was able to take a bit more of him in me each time and that made me absurdly proud.

It was time to pay his head some proper attention. I wanted to feel his most sensitive areas swollen with lust and pulsing with need. My tongue was all a flutter as it travelled over his glans. I thought about what I liked, what Ma'am did and most importantly, his instructions. One hand gripped his balls slightly tighter and gently massaged them, the other was on his shaft, slowly moving up and

down. I kept my eyes on his but I could see his chest swelling as his breathing became deeper. I ran my tongue around his ridge, flicked it across his frenum. Occasionally I dipped down taking him as deep as I could before coming up with as much suction as I could muster. All the while my own cock bobbed away in pain.

Eventually he spoke.

"Stop."

I sat back and placed my hands back on my thighs. He stared at me for a few moments, watching me as my own breathing returned to normal. He glanced down at my erect cock, it was pointing straight down, held there by the humbler pulling my balls back. He laughed.

"Oh look, you really do enjoy sucking cock. Louise knew you would."

I went red.

"Never be embarrassed by your desires boy. Embrace them. Anyway, that was very good. I'm actually quite impressed. You can be firmer on my shaft, and on my balls. However I perfectly understand why you were tentative, especially with my balls. Also, you did a pretty good job trying to deep throat me, for a beginner. Good job!"

I felt very proud and smiled.

"Thank you so much Sir. I'm happy to have pleased you."

His hard cock was standing between us. I couldn't help glancing at it, hard and shiny with my saliva.

"You want to carry on, don't you?"

It was true, I really did.

"Yes Sir, I would love to suck your lovely cock. I want to please you, and to learn how to be a better cock sucking bitch."

I couldn't help going red again as I said this.

"Later boy. Give me your hands,"

I held my hands up and he attached thick padded wrist cuffs to them and roped them together. He retrieved the leather hood and laced it tight again. Holding the laces he led me to a wall.

'Stand up.'

I got tentatively to my feet and began to straighten my legs. The humbler pulled my balls and I grunted at the pain. More rope was attached to the yoke around my chest and shoulders and he knelt between my legs and fed it through, either side of my cock and straining balls. It was tricky to get the rope through behind the humbler and into the crack of my cheeks, but before long he had pulled it tight and secured the ropes to the back of my yoke, turning it into a rope harness.

Next I felt rope going between my wrists which he fed through a metal ring high up on the wall. This rope was also secured to the back of my harness. There was some tugging and I felt my wrists being pulled up towards the ceiling. He stopped when they were just above my head and pushed my feet apart in order to attach a two foot wide leg spreader. When this was done the ropes were pulled again and my wrists continued their journey up and behind me. The strain on my shoulders increased, slowly becoming unbearable. I had no choice but to try and straighten my legs to relieve the pressure. One last tug and mercifully he stopped, tied the rope off, and without a word he left.

My balls were hurting a lot, the humbler made them stick out behind me, proud of my ass. I groaned, panting in the hood. I tried to raise my arms, I succeeded in taking a little pressure of my balls because I could bend my legs a little more but arms were held directly over my head which was a terrible strain. But my legs were bent at about forty five degrees and taking nearly all my weight. It only took a couple of minutes before they started to shake as my thigh muscles protested. He had left me in another horrible stress position. I was already sweating profusely under the hood, and struggling to get enough air through the small nose holes.

I struggled against my bonds and my breathing got ragged. It hurt, whatever I did it hurt. I let out a high pitched moan and briefly thought about calling for help. Stop it! Stop it now. I was panicking, it was the hood. It was so tight and claustrophobic. I had enough air if I could calm myself down. I took one long deep breath and slowly exhaled. I had to relax, but I also had to find some way of relieving some of the stress. I flexed my legs a little, moving up and down. One

part of me got better as another got worse. I shook my head as sweat poured down it. Jesus, this was bad. Hang on, the wall! I leaned back and pressed my back into the wall and moved my feet away from it.

OK, that was a little better. The friction of my sweaty skin against the wall allowed me to take some of the weight off my legs. My balls were throbbing and aching but I had taken some of the pressure off. I allowed my shoulders to relax a little, this pulled on the rope and took a little bit more weight. I started breathing normally again. I could do this, it was going to be nasty and painful but I could do it. At least my cock wasn't hurting much any more. My erection had disappeared during those panicked first moments, thank heavens for small mercies I thought.

I had no idea how long he left me there, it could have been hours. Time ceased to have any meaning as I battled to stay in as little pain as I could. Unbelievably my cock even sprang into life a couple of times, although it's attempted erections were half hearted and short lived.

I jerked in my bonds as James's fingers wrapped around my cock head. I had been lost in my own little world of discomfort and hadn't heard his approach. Blood flowed in and the pain flared again. He spent a good five minutes massaging my head, I was rock hard after about thirty seconds. The remaining time was agony. He stopped and checked the ropes before speaking.

"Ready for more training?"

"Yes Sir, I am ready Sir."

I would have given almost anything to be back on my knees sucking his cock right now.

"Good."

I felt him tighten a rope and my arms moved a few inches higher. Then he just walked away.

Oh god no! I couldn't take any more of this. The pain had been unrelenting but manageable. Now it was moving quickly to unbearable. I had to straighten my legs, I had no choice. My balls screamed as I stood upright. I wasn't even sure I could stand, my legs were shaking, they felt like jelly. I moaned, it was a pitiful sound. I bent forward to help my balls and my shoulders felt like they were

dislocating. No, I couldn't do that so I bent my legs. They almost gave way under me, somehow I straightened them again. I was sure that I was going to pull my balls off. My whole body began to shake. Suddenly the ropes holding my hands up loosened.

"I've got you. Kneel."

James held my wrists with one hand and the front of the rope harness with the other and gently lowered me to my knees. He kept my arms up then slowly let me lower them. My whole body was aching but the muscular stress was over, as was the insane pull in my balls.

"Thank you Sir, thank you, thank you."

I was almost delirious. He took the wrist cuffs off and pulled me in front of his chair. He fiddled briefly between my legs and suddenly the Kali's teeth were removed. I tried not to let my relief show too much but it clearly did. He laughed and I felt it being replaced, further up my shaft so that the top row of teeth dug in just under my ridge, into the delicate sensitive skin below. My hood came off and was given a drink.

"Do a better job this time. One hand on my balls, one on my shaft and your mouth on my cock. No preamble this time."

My head was in pieces. Only two minutes ago my whole body had been shaking in pain, sweat had been pouring off me and now he immediately wanted a better blowjob. I could barely raise my hands to his genitals because my shoulders were so painful. My hands were shaking and my leg muscles were twitching and spasming. I tried to compose myself for a moment and placed my hands as instructed. He was nearly erect already and as I slipped my mouth over his glans I fought to remember his words.

Uppermost in my mind though was my desire to please him. That was why I was here. Obviously if I didn't my time with him would be exceedingly painful but that was secondary, I just wanted to make him happy, and by extension, make Ma'am happy too. I focused on his cock, nothing else mattered. I had to worship it, I had to give myself to him and his cock.

"I will tell you when boy."

I kept my mouth on him and nodded. I held him tighter as instructed and let my tongue do the work. I kept as much suction as I could while bobbing gently up and down just an inch or two. I never left his head but my touch was light, feather like across his most sensitive areas. I wanted his hard cock in my mouth, I wanted him to fill my mouth with his hot load. I moaned softly as my own cock got harder and harder. It had been painful before, but the new position of the teeth was agonising. It was like dozens of needles being inserted just under my swollen glans. But I couldn't stop my erection, his hard cock throbbing in my mouth was making me very horny.

There was a vicious or virtuous circle at play. My pain and my moans fed his lust, which in turn fed my submissive arousal. I slid down his shaft as far as I could. I needed him as deep inside me as I could get. At that moment it seemed like the most submissive act I could perform. I wanted his cock to penetrate me as deeply as it could. His cock slipped easily down to the back of my throat. I had to bend my head forward and break eye contact to get him down but I thought he would understand. I held him for a few seconds before slowly sliding him out and going back to his slick head. I heard his voice, for once it was soft and encouraging.

"Good boy, I like that."

It was all the encouragement I needed, and I slowly slid him in, I just kept going until my nose touched his abdomen. I could feel his twitching shaft right down my throat. I nodded my head quickly a few times, fucking him with my throat and mouth before sliding him back out. Saliva was everywhere, I used it to wash his taut head.

"Make me cum soon boy."

I deep throated him, pausing at full penetration before coming up for air and repeating the process. I remembered his balls, and pulled them a little while massaging them with my fingers. He was moaning now, his orgasm was close.

"Make me shoot in your mouth."

I understood, he didn't want his cum being wasted down the back of my throat, he wanted me to feel it and taste it. I stopped deep throating him and moved quickly to his head. I sucked for all I was worth. My hand gripped his shaft and worked it hard, sliding across the saliva that coated it. My tongue was flicking across his frenum. There was a groan and his cock went completely rigid. I made

sure I was looking him in the eyes as his eyelids fluttered. There was a low growl and he exploded in my mouth. I nearly choked in surprise, he came like a fountain.

My mouth stayed firmly on his head as I desperately swallowed his hot salty load. Jet after jet issued from his trembling member before eventually it slowed to a dribble. I was only faintly aware of the agony coursing through my own rock solid cock. I was lost in his pleasure.

"Easy tiger."

I stopped my frantic tongue and ever so gently bobbed up and down, touching him lightly. I could feel him twitching as he recovered, his cock had softened but not much.

"Stop, clean me and sit back."

I sucked all the remaining cum and saliva off his head and then licked every thing I could find off his shaft and balls. I spent a minute doing this, softly licking and sucking him as best I could. I leaned back and placed my hands on my thighs again. We looked at each other, his cock slowly softening, mine raging painfully into the evil spikes. I didn't care, I had just received everything I wanted.

"Louise was right, you are a good boy. Committed and a fast learner."

He smiled, I was glowing with the praise.

"Thank you very much Sir. I loved every moment of that. I'm happy to have pleased you."

"I was particularly impressed with your deep throat ability. Are you sure you've never done that before?"

I went a little red and tried to explain how my submissiveness had over ridden everything but I was slightly lost for words.

"I understand boy. You were in sub space, it's a lovely place for both the sub and the dom."

This was the first conversation we had had. He had seemed like a sadistic monster until now, but I realised that he wasn't just evil. He did have a caring, nurturing

side. No matter how sadistic someone is, unless they are a true psychopath, they have to have some empathy with, and sympathy for their sub.

"Hungry boy?"

I was, suddenly I was starving.

"Yes Sir."

He cuffed my hands behind my back and left me kneeling on the floor.

He returned with a cold bowl of something and put it in front of me. I bent over and somehow slurped and sucked my way through it, carefully licking the bowl clean.

"It's late, time to get you settled in for the night."

Something in the way he spoke made me apprehensive. I had a feeling I wasn't going to be in a big comfortable bed. At last he took off the humbler, my sore balls flopped down under my cock. He gave them a brief but firm massage which didn't help my cock at all. He told me to stand and get myself loose. I tried to shake off the stresses and strains from earlier but I knew I would be sore tomorrow. He held up the leather hood and my heart sank but I bowed and lowered my head to make it easier for him to slip it on. I was enveloped by hot blackness again. I was led to the chair and told to sit. Various straps were tightened around my torso and limbs then he went behind the chair and adjusted some unknown settings.

Pushing my semi erect cock roughly aside, he attached a soft leather ball stretcher and tightened it, but not much. It felt reasonably comfortable so I guessed it would be on all night. However it became less comfy when he pulled on the ropes attached to it and secured them to my ankle cuffs. Now they were very well stretched and I felt the familiar ache return. My nervousness increased, I remembered that despite our pleasant but brief chat, he was still a sadist. I hadn't had a good look at the chair, but it differed from Ma'am's in one crucial way, there was a large hole in the middle of the seat. It didn't take much imagination to realise what it was for.

Something cool and slippery pressed into me and I instinctively relaxed to allow its large girth to enter. It popped in then narrowed, before immediately widening again. I realised its overall shape was like several balls squashed together on top

of each other. A second ball popped in, then a third. Each one was slightly wider than the previous one. The insertion stopped at this point and I estimated there was only four to five inches inside me. That said the last ball had been very big indeed and had stretched me as far as I had ever gone.

"Slowly lean forward and pull your legs up at the same time."

This was odd, I was securely bound, but I obeyed. To my surprise, the chair moved, it was hinged so when I leaned forwards into my chest and shoulder straps the back of the chair moved to a more upright position. But not only that, the legs of the chair moved up to meet the back. There was a side effect though, the large dildo inside me also moved further into me. A fourth squashed ball, bigger again, popped through my sphincter. I stopped.

"One more boy."

I gritted my teeth, leaning and pulling simultaneously and a fifth and massive ball slipped painfully inside. I grunted in pain, not only was this ball exceedingly wide but as it popped home the dildo had gone very deep inside, painfully deep. The only plus point was that my balls weren't being stretched now due to my feet being raised up to my body by a few inches. Sir saw to that quickly and tightened the rope. It wasn't pulling particularly hard but if I wanted to rid my very full and stretched ass of one or more of the balls, then the strain would be considerable.

"Louise says that you find it hard to stop fucking yourself when you are in these sort of positions. I wonder how you will fare tonight. By the way, there were a couple of viagra pills in your dinner. Enjoy."

I tried to digest that. My cock was at half mast at the moment but I could still feel the spikes digging in, especially those under the ridge of my glans. I had never had viagra before but I was aware of its effects. First things first, I leaned back and the large ball popped out, a little more and the next one did the same. That was comfortable for my ass but my balls were being pulled quite harshly. This was another of Sir's stress positions, it would be up to me which part of my body hurt the most. I felt a little stirring in my cock. No, don't do that, please don't do that. I took a moment and breathed. It suddenly seemed very hot under my hood.

I told myself to relax. No, I ordered myself to relax. Which position was most comfortable? I leaned forward and the fourth ball of the five slipped inside. It was a stretch but it actually felt quite nice as it forced me wide. There was a tiny tingle

deep inside. I knew that feeling, and I knew how much I liked it. The tip of the dildo had stimulated my prostate, not much, but enough to give a quick moment of pleasure. I leaned forward again and the final ball squeezed into me. I was too full but the tingle had grown in intensity.

Unfortunately my cock was showing some interest in proceedings, the viagra hadn't kicked in yet but it was reacting to the pleasurable feelings deep inside me. The spikes pressed into sensitive flesh but it wasn't discouraged, quite the opposite in fact. I moaned, I knew this would be the result of moving the huge dildo but I had done it anyway. What was that? Self sabotage? Self harm? Maybe but probably not. My superiors, Ma'am in particular knew me better than I knew myself. Ma'am and Sir James knew that left to my own devices I would try to excite myself, I would try to arouse myself and if the only option available to do that included pain, I would do it anyway.

It wasn't self sabotage. It was self subbing. I would do their jobs for them. I was subconsciously and consciously becoming more and more submissive. I was addicted to Ma'am's pleasure but if she gave me to someone else then I became addicted to their pleasure. It aroused me, physically and mentally. It was a drug and I wanted more.

My cock was almost rock hard and in great pain now, but I didn't care. I flexed and the dildo moved slowly in and out. My balls were pulled as I moved the other way and I welcomed the pain. It was going to be a long and difficult night. Beneath the hood I smiled.

Part 14

I probably spent the next half an hour moving back and forth, forcing the huge dildo in and out and rhythmically stretching my balls. Unfortunately the movement wasn't effortless, the chair was heavy so it was like doing a bit of a sit up. My prostate was being worked over by the intruder and it felt amazing. The viagra had begun to kick in and my cock was like an iron bar. Pain radiated through my head and shaft as the array of spikes jammed into my flesh. I knew I wasn't going to be able to move fast enough to get close to an orgasm but I didn't care. I just wanted the lovely feelings inside to continue. Eventually I had to stop, my whole body was covered with a light sheen of sweat. My ass was sore and my

balls were aching. But as my lust faded I realised how much my cock was hurting. The spikes were like daggers in my flesh. Each time my cock throbbed or twitched fresh jabs of pain shot through me.

Each beat of my heart seemed to send more blood into my already over full member. I began to regret my enthusiastic masochism. It was like someone had taken a pump to it and inflated it well past its limit. My balls ached horribly so I slowly leaned and got every part of the dildo in me to release the pull on them. The dildo moved across my prostate and my cock twitched involuntarily and agonisingly. My adrenaline had worn off, not so long ago I had been relishing these painful and erotic sensations. Now they were just painful, very painful. My smile had faded a long time ago now. All I could do was sit there suffering. The viagra had full possession of my cock and was intent on making my life pure hell. I couldn't stop the blood pumping in. I couldn't stop the twitches. I tried to clear my mind and achieve some kind of zen like state. I was fairly successful but it made no difference to my tortured cock. I didn't know much about the drug pumping round my body but I was fairly sure it would last for hours and hours. I thought back to all the times I had been bound and left overnight. It had seemed very frightening when Ma'am first locked me in her cell. I had felt very alone. I was used to it now, I knew there was always someone close by who would keep me safe from harm. Ma'am trusted James completely, I wouldn't be here if she didn't. So I felt safe, I felt cared for. I was in agony but still I felt cared for. It was an odd state of affairs.

But I wouldn't change it for anything. Sitting here in pain was pleasing James and Ma'am. When Sir James woke up he would get a rush as he thought of what was going on in his dungeon. Assuming I carried on making him happy, I would go back to Ma'am with pride and she would be proud of me. I was a sub and proud of it. Everything that happened to me was part of my training. Everything that happened made me a better sub, and that made me better able to please the people who mattered to me.

I suffered all night for the pleasure of others. I couldn't ignore the pain but it gave me strength. I had a few darker moments but my mind always took me back to pleasing others. It was my mental comfort blanket. At some point during the night I noticed that my cock had softened a little, easing the pain. A part of me was disappointed but mainly it was a relief.

I became aware that Sir was in the room with me.

"Morning boy."

"Good morning Sir, how are you?" was my muffled reply.

"Good, thank you for asking."

His fingers curled around the end of my cock and slowly moved across it. I hardened immediately and gritted my teeth.

"That feels good doesn't it boy?"

"Yes Sir."

He carried on for a few minutes until with an enormous sense of relief I felt the teeth being removed. There was a fresh wave of pain as the spikes left my tortured flesh. Sir began to masturbate me. His strong fingers gripped hard where the spikes had been. It was agonising and deliciously arousing at the same time, but the arousal slowly overwhelmed the pain.

"Move."

I leaned into my bindings and the monster slid deep inside, I pushed back and out it came, each large ball stretching me as it passed. My ass was sore and my balls ached but his hand dominated my thoughts as it squeezed and moved up and down my rigid shaft.

"Faster."

I tried to respond pushing back and leaning forward as quickly as I could. The dildo thumped into me again and again as his hand worked my cock. My passion grew quickly and soon I was moaning with lust. I was getting close, my breath whistling through the nose holes. The dildo hurt but gave me a lot of pleasure. My moans increased in volume as I neared my orgasm. As I forced the dildo in and out, it suddenly dawned on me that he had stopped masturbating me. My cock was trembling with desire but no longer getting any stimulation. I had been so close, the dildo by itself wasn't going to be enough. My moans were born of frustration rather than lust now. Sweat poured off me as I carried on fruitlessly pumping the dildo in and out. I heard him laugh and I whimpered.

"Stop."

I relaxed, breathing hard. I knew he would never allow an orgasm and I was slightly ashamed by the gusto with which I had carried on fucking myself.

The hood was removed and I was given some water. He began taking off the numerous straps that held me. As instructed I gingerly stood, the dildo impaling me stayed inside due to the narrow neck. Almost immediately he moved behind me and slipped a leather arm binder up to my shoulders. He laced it very tightly and various straps went around my chest, waist and shoulders, effectively fusing my arms tight to my back. I started to wonder if he had something against my shoulders as they had taken a lot of punishment. The leather ball stretcher was still attached so he fastened it tightly to the end of the arm binder, cruelly forcing my sore balls behind my ass cheeks. This had the secondary effect of pressing into the end of the dildo, forcing it even further into me. A leather sleeve was wrapped and laced tightly around my shaft, he was careful to leave my head exposed. This was also pulled harshly behind with my balls. Along with my sore testicles, my glans formed a neat, red and shiny triangle.

"Knees, then fall forward."

I gingerly got to my knees and rocked into his hands. He placed me face down on the floor before moving behind me. He went to work on my ankles with a lot of rope, my knees were pushed apart and before long my ankles were very securely held across each other forcing me to keep my legs apart as finally he secured my ankles up by my ass via the waist strap. I was very effectively frog tied, barely able to move any of my limbs. The final part of my bondage was something I hadn't seen in the flesh before but had seen in many femdom videos, a large ring gag complete with a head harness.

"Open."

I complied instantly and he forced the two inch ring between my teeth before tightening the leather harness around my head. He stood over me.

"Perfect."

With that he marched out of the room, retuning shortly with a couple of cushions and his phone. Walking to the corner of the dungeon, he sat down on the cushions, made himself comfortable and spread his muscular legs.

"Worship my cock boy."

I stared at him blankly. He was three or four yards away and I couldn't move. I thought for a second, maybe I could somehow wriggle over to him. He had his head down and was typing away on his phone. He lifted it up and took a photo of my predicament.

"Louise will love this."

He smiled and carried on typing.

I rocked my shoulders and twisted my body from side to side. OK, so I could move but it was pitifully slow. Every time I flexed my body and legs, extra pressures were placed on my ass. The dildo moved inside as I literally inched my way across the floor to Sir. My cock tried it's best to get hard but it was held, bent round behind me. All that happened was that blood pumped into my head through the tight sleeve surrounding it. I heard him laugh out loud.

"Louise thinks you look lovely boy. I agree."

It must have taken me twenty exhausting minutes to get across the room. Saliva was dribbling out of my mouth and my jaw was aching. He spread his legs as wide as he could anticipating my incredibly slow approach. He was at half mast as my shoulders bumped into his inner thighs. I twisted my head trying to get his member in my mouth but without my lips it seemed impossible. I stuck my tongue out and did my best to lick his cock. It was clumsy but he began to get hard. I arched my back and craned my neck as far off the floor as I could. I just managed to get him in me and as I relaxed he slid home. It was only then that my predicament occurred to me. His cock hardened and I realised that I probably wouldn't be able to get it out again without his help. I still had my head back a long way but he was deep in my mouth. To compound the problem I could already feel my neck and back protesting. Before long I was going to have to relax, at that point I would be deep throating him whether I liked it or not.

I decided to get on with worshipping his cock right away before fatigue set in. There wasn't much I could do with my jaw held wide apart and my hands in the binder. My tongue was pressed against the underside of his meaty cock so I bobbed my head as best I could and used my tongue in a side to side motion. Each time my head went down I tried to take a little bit more down my throat. Memories of yesterday hit me, I took him then, so I could take him completely now too. His bulbous head slid easily down as I increased the length of my

bobbing motion. Almost instinctively I just relaxed and let my head go, my nose hit his abdomen as his full length filled my throat. My airway was completely blocked off but I didn't care. It was an amazing feeling having his whole cock buried in my mouth and throat. Add in the fact that I was thoroughly bound and a wash of submissiveness flowed through me. I came slowly up for air, my tongue working on his shaft as I moved up it. I could just about pull back far enough to get my tongue to his sensitive frenum. I flickered quickly across it while drawing breath before allowing myself to plunge back down on him. I wanted his cock fully in me, there was no thinking, no hesitation, just a need to take him in. I purposefully nodded my face quickly, squashing even more of him in and out before coming back up.

"You were born for this boy. You're a natural."

At this moment I had to agree as I grabbed some breath and pushed down as fast as I could. His cock throbbed deep in my throat and my saliva dribbled down his balls. Using all my strength I pistoned my head up and down as fast as I could. Somehow I picked up on the fact that he was breathing hard, getting close. It wouldn't be long now as my head fell down on his rigid member again. I pulled back again but suddenly I felt his hands on the back of my head. I couldn't move. His cock filled my throat and I wrestled instinctively in my bonds, trying to get my head away but he was way too strong. My chest heaved a couple of times and his hands relaxed. I shot up off him and gasped for breath but he powerfully jammed my face back down before I could grab a proper lung full of air. He held me down until I started bucking in my bonds. He crossed his fingers behind my head and pressed his palms into the side of my head.

"Let go boy. I'm in charge."

I understood. My submissive nature was so strong at this moment that I just relaxed. He had my head in his powerful hands and he was going to use my mouth and throat as he saw fit. Somewhere deep in my subconscious I recognised that there was nothing I could do to stop him but it seemed like I made a conscious decision to give myself over totally to his dominance. Sometimes he held me down until I was on the brink of suffocation, sometimes he pulled me back so I could use my tongue on his glans. Most of the time he just face fucked me. He changed speed seemingly at random, long slow strokes followed by hard sharp movements. I didn't care what he did, all that mattered was my compliance to his will and my joy in his pleasure. His cock was trembling but suddenly he

stopped. He put an big hand under my chest and pushed me off him and quickly loosened the head harness until he could get the ring gag out. Then the face fucking continued. Now I could use my lips on his shaft so I sucked as best I could. He held me high on his cock making small movements to allow my tongue and lips free reign on his fat cock head. It didn't take long before I heard his tell tale groan and he came into my mouth. I desperately tried to get more of him in me as he came. I don't know why, but it seemed like the right thing to do. It felt like the submissive thing to do. My mouth filled with his glorious cum and I greedily swallowed it as quickly as I could. He held me tight as he shuddered through his climax. I was moaning even as he relaxed, wanting more of his lovely cock. His arm slid under me and lifted me then he wriggled back to allow his cock to flop out of my mouth. I had just enough energy left to arch my back and lift my head to look up at him. He gazed down at me, I couldn't read his expression. He reached to his side and picked up his phone. I watched as he sent a text.

"I've just asked Louise if I can keep you until you have to go back to university. That's in about a week isn't it boy?"

"Yes Sir."

"If she agrees you will be mine for a while yet and I can get to work on you properly. That would be a lot of fun."

"Yes Sir, it would."

I was scared. I was excited. I don't know what I was. Another week? I couldn't imagine what that would be like but I could feel my cock trying to break the tight leather sleeve. His phone pinged. He looked at the message and smiled. I waited nervously.

"Well boy, it looks like the wine I ordered will be delivered today between two and three this afternoon. That is good news!"

I stared at him for a second, then laughed.

"Yes Sir, that's great news."

He laughed too.

"Nice to know you have a sense of humour Tom."

"It's gallows humour Sir."

He laughed again.

"Making me laugh only makes me more sadistic."

I was about to make a smart reply when his phone pinged again.

"Ah, it's from Louise."

He paused for a second, it seemed a lot longer to me.

"I'll read it out for you, it says 'if he has been a good boy then I will have him back, if not, you can keep him for as long as you want.'"

He stared at me. I had saliva all over my chin, my hair was matted with sweat. A chill ran through me. He typed a swift reply, got up and walked away.

I let my head fall to the floor. Had I been a good boy? I thought I had but I couldn't be sure. Yes, I had been a good sub. What more could I have done? I had given myself to him without reservation. As my submissive high wore off I became aware of how much my ass hurt. The huge dildo was still jammed inside me. My balls were aching badly too. By the time Sir was finished with me they would be hanging down by my knees. I thought about what had just happened. Sir James had fucked me and I had loved it. I had sucked his cock and loved it. He had fucked my face and I had loved it. In each of those scenarios I had begged for more. I had wanted him deeper in my ass, deeper down my throat. I had felt some embarrassment occasionally but I had gone for it without hesitation. My search history on my computer would reveal a lot of nasty kinky videos and photos but they all involved a man being dominated by a woman. Had I been lying to myself? Had I been resisting something? I didn't think so. Maybe I had behaved like a cock slut to please Ma'am? That was part of it, I would do almost anything to make her happy and the thought of letting her down filled me with dread. But it definitely wasn't the whole story. Maybe it was because he was a man. Maybe as an essentially straight man, submitting to another man felt like the ultimate in submission. It added an extra level. I didn't think I could ever be in a relationship with a man because plainly speaking, I just wasn't attracted to men but I had felt incredibly submissive at some points during my time with Sir James. I would talk to Ma'am, possibly to Sir too if I got the chance. I was sure they would have some insight.

Back in the present I was very uncomfortable in this frog tie. I really needed this beast out of my ass.

He came back into the room and I wondered what evil plans he had in store for me. He briefly cleaned my face then slipped the usual hood over my head. Ma'am had a similar hood but his was different. It was thicker and tighter, it might have been made to measure as it fitted me perfectly. I already had a love hate relationship with it. I loved the tightness, how it pressed down on every part of my head. But it also made me feel claustrophobic and slightly panicked. Possibly the fear associated with it was because something very intense had happened every time it was on. He moved a few bits of rope around behind me then suddenly smacked a short, thin cane across my exposed testicles. It wasn't a hard hit, but it didn't have to be as they were held tightly by the stretcher. I gasped as the pain lanced through them. He hit me again, and again. He paused for a few seconds. My swollen glans was trapped next to my aching balls. This was his next target and the cane sliced down across my slit. I jerked violently in my bonds, I had never experienced pain there before and it was shocking. I squealed and strained my bound body. The huge cock moved inside creating more discomfort. As with my balls, he smacked my cock three times. I was keening in agony. Keeping me guessing seemed to be a favourite ploy of his and before I had calmed down I felt a lubed finger slide down between my head and my balls. It went a couple of inches before slowly withdrawing. Down it went again, it felt amazing. My genitals were held tightly together so there was quite a bit of pressure as his finger slid down the groove at the back of my glans and across my frenum. The slippery friction was gorgeous and blood pumped strongly into my bound cock. The feeling was similar to trying to get hard in the cage as the blood didn't have anywhere to go. My cock pulsed against his finger as he drew it slowly in and out. My cries of anguish were quickly replaced my moans of lust. The end of my cock was still stinging but the pleasure easily overwhelmed that. He had taken me from agony to ecstasy in thirty seconds and with just one finger. I wanted to thrust my cock at him somehow, but I could barely move. I grunted as his finger vanished then shouted again as the cane struck. He hit the sides of my balls and cock this time. Again there were multiple hits, again it was agony. I was tensed waiting for the next strike when his finger started working its magic again. I groaned.

"Pain or pleasure boy?"

I had just enough sense left to know that this might be a trick question. After all he was a sadist, and as such he derived pleasure from hurting others. His finger carried on sending waves of pleasure through my swollen head.

"If it pleases you Sir, then I would love more pain Sir."

He obliged instantly and my balls exploded as the cane made its mark. Three more hits. I was gasping for breath and sweating again.

"Pain or pleasure?"

"Pain please Sir."

He changed angles and landed a blow along the length of my slit. I screamed, it felt like my cock had been sliced in half. The second strike in exactly the same place took my breath away. My whole body shook in agony. I lost it on the third blow. I screamed and threw myself around as best I could to try and escape. I felt him press down between my shoulders to hold me still. He waited for a minute.

"Pain or pleasure?"

Pain is only weakness leaving the body. In for a penny, in for a pound. Death or glory.

"Pain please Sir."

The cane whistled into my balls. He knew what he was doing, each stroke was in a slightly different place. I shook my head violently as a long pitiful whine escaped my lips through my gritted teeth.

"Good boy."

His finger slid down across my frenum again. My glans was blazing in pain and my balls were pouring a strong ache through my nether regions but I still responded. His strong yet soft finger worked across that small but incredibly sensitive area of skin. My head was spinning. The pain mixed with the growing pleasure in a heady cocktail. I was sweating, shaking, moaning, I barely knew where I was but I knew how good that one finger was making my cock feel. My moans increased to fever pitch. Somewhere inside I knew I wasn't going to cum but every time I was taken to the edge I thought that this would be the time. I was right there, all I needed

was a little bit more, just another second... his finger slipped away. I bucked my hips in an entirely futile gesture. He just laughed.

"Pain or pleasure." I groaned in frustration and anguish.

"Pain please Sir."

The cane tapped lightly on my slit. I flinched but he had barely touched me.

"Enough impact play for now, let's change it up a little.

He disappeared briefly before settling back down beside me.

His fingers gently squeezed my glans forcing my slit open. Something cold touched me and began to slide inside my cock. It was the weirdest feeling. It went in and out a few times before being removed. Something else was pushed into my urethra, it was slightly rougher but it went in a couple of inches.

"This is figging, with ginger."

He got up and walked off. Apart from the general discomfort and pain I was in, nothing seemed to change. Whatever was in my urethra felt odd but not painful. I had seen men sounded before but at this point I wondered what the fuss was about. It took a few minutes but I felt a slight tingling and a little bit of heat growing in my cock. It slowly grew in intensity until it changed from tingling to a stabbing heat. The spikes had tortured my shaft, the cane had tortured my glans and now I was getting a similar treatment inside my cock. The inside of my head was burning now. I squirmed and bucked but nothing moved. There was no way of getting the ginger out of my urethra. I just had to lie here and feel the burn grow and grow. How much pain could a tiny little bit of vegetable cause? It was as if someone had lit a match, jammed it in and it was burning down through my cock. My teeth were clenched tight together as I suffered. Second by second, minute by minute the pain grew, building like some sort of internal blow torch. If someone had asked me if I wanted them to castrate me, I would have said yes without hesitation.

The blow torch had been switched off. The heat was still intense but it was fading. My head was throbbing as the nerves tingled at the assault on them but the agony had passed. I was surprised how quickly it dropped off. I relaxed and took a long slow breath, that had been intense. The way the pain had grown had been

scary, never having been subjected to that before, I hadn't had any idea how far it would go.

Sir marched in.

"Fun?"

"Yes Sir, thank you Sir."

He pulled the thin stick of ginger out.

"That was just a little sliver. This piece is a lot bigger."

Oh fuck! It felt like he was pushing something the size of a pencil in me. He pushed it deeper too. Oh god, this wasn't good, this wasn't good at all.

"I love hurting you and you have done really well so far. Good boy."

His lubed finger slid down my head again to my frenum. You've got to be kidding me, I thought. The pleasure hit me before the burning pain. Soon my cock was pulsing with lust but I could already feel the fire growing. The pleasure and pain seemed to grow together. I had no way to process the confused messages coming from my cock.

Agony and ecstasy. He had distilled that phrase down to a couple of inches of my flesh. Two inches of burning agony, and two inches of deliciously erotic friction. I think my brain switched off for a while, it just waved a white flag and went somewhere else. I wondered what it would be like to have an orgasm in this situation. Maybe my cum would douse the fire. Maybe the increased sensitivity caused by an orgasm would fuel the fire. My mind drifted. The pain and pleasure became abstract concepts that my mind observed from a distance. Elvis has left the building, and he's taken Tom's sanity with him. Where would I be right now if I hadn't seen Ma'am riding past my house earlier this year? Sure as shit I wouldn't be frog tied in a sadist's dungeon in agony. Oh yeah...agony. I came back down to earth with a bump. Sir had removed his finger and used his cane on my balls. I let out a gut wrenching moan as the cane struck three times in quick succession but as soon as the last blow landed I felt the ginger pencil being removed. The furnace inside my cock subsided almost immediately. It still throbbed and tingled with pain but it was lessening fast.

I tried to process but I couldn't. I was just a lump of flesh for him to abuse. If Ma'am decided that I had to spend another week here I was pretty sure I would lose my mind.

The laces on the hood loosened and he gently slipped it off and put a glass of cold water with a straw in it in front of me. I gratefully started sucking the liquid in as various other ropes were loosened and removed. He held my ankles as he slowly straightened my legs. The cock sleeve was removed, there was a small hit of pain as blood circulated freely again but nothing severe. Next the ball stretcher came off with similar results. The arm binder was removed and he carefully put my arms down beside me before giving my shoulders a short, painful but very effective massage.

"Can you get on to your hands and knees?"

I could, just about.

"Relax."

He gripped the monstrous dildo and slowly pulled it out. That really hurt and left what seemed like a gaping hole inside me. He wiped the lube off my ass quickly.

"Can you walk? I'll help."

He put his arms under my armpits and lifted me up. I walked stiffly, but unaided to his chair and carefully sat down.

"Relax Tom, we are done."

I sat there, stunned. My body was broken and my head was all over the place.

"Cup of tea? Something to eat?"

"Yes please Sir, yes, both please Sir. Thank you Sir. Please, thank..."

He held up his hand.

"Just recover Tom."

Sir returned five minutes later with a strong cup of tea and a bacon sandwich. It was pretty much the best thing I had ever eaten.

"How are you feeling Tom?"

I couldn't really articulate how I felt. It was like I had run a marathon and then been involved in a massive car crash. I had no energy, physical or mental. I was spent. He had created so many highs, painful highs, but highs nonetheless and now I was getting the lows. Not in a depressed way but I couldn't think straight. He understood perfectly.

"I'm going to leave you here, come upstairs when you are ready. Just one thing though."

He produced my chastity device. It hurt getting the ring past my abused balls but he quickly had it fitted and locked.

"Thank you Sir."

He smiled, "See you in a bit Tom."

I finished my tea and slowly came to my senses. I wandered upstairs and found Sir in the kitchen preparing something.

"Another cuppa Tom?"

"Yes please, hang on Sir. I'll make it, do you want one too?"

I was slowly returning to normal. We sat down at the kitchen table. He doffed an imaginary cap at me.

"Bravo Tom, bravo. I think I will send you back to Louise with a glowing report card. I was very surprised at how far I could push you and how well you took it. I'll have to be harsher on you next time."

He said the last bit with a smile but I still felt a little nervous.

"Thank you Sir. I'm not quite sure how I got through that. It was very intense. I'm still struggling a little, to be honest. I'm still processing everything that happened."

He nodded, "that's completely understandable. I know Louise has done some fairly nasty things to you, but you have just come through a properly sadistic session. A long one too. It will take time to work through in your brain. How are you physically?"

I was actually OK. A lot of me hurt, my genitals were sore and someone had driven an express train up my backside but I reckoned I would be fine in a day or two.

He wanted details about the session, what I had liked, what I had disliked. Where he could have gone further, where he maybe pushed too far. I answered as best I could but some of the questions about how I felt were difficult to answer. He told me that he always wanted to improve his skills and to learn as a dom and that I should do the same as a sub. I mentioned the hood, and told him how intense wearing it had felt. He jumped up, went to the dungeon and returned with it.

"Here, a present for Louise and you. I noticed how well it fitted you, it fits you better than my boy."

"Thank you Sir, I'm sure Louise will put it to good use."

I could feel my cock growing slightly at the thought of wearing it again.

He smiled, "you can't control it can you? Your cock has a direct link to the dark unspoken side of your mind. That's perfect, it makes you so malleable. But you seem to be able to switch to vanilla mode very easily too. Louise has done great work with you."

"She has Sir, I will be sure to pass on your praise. You have my praise too Sir. You are an exceptional dom. I only had Ma'am's word that I could trust you to start with, but despite the intensity of the experience I quickly knew I could trust you too. Thank you."

"Would you do one last thing for me Tom?"

I answered immediately, "yes Sir, of course."

"Worship my cock. No ropes, no pain, just you on your knees worshipping me. You absolutely don't have to if you don't want to."

My cock reacted strongly and filled my cage in a hurry. I stood up and he glanced down.

"You have your answer Sir, I would be honoured to give you more pleasure Sir."

"Lovely! Follow me."

I was surprised by my reaction. I really did want to give this man another orgasm. I guessed that I was still in full submissive mode, I was in his sphere of influence and all I wanted to do was please him. If he had said that he wanted to torture me for another day I would have replied in exactly the same way and my cock would have reacted exactly the same way too. He got comfortable in the dungeon chair. I stood in front of him with my hard cock standing as proud as it could in the cage. I briefly wondered why I wasn't embarrassed by my reaction, but only briefly. It didn't matter. I wanted to please him, I wanted his cock in my mouth and I wanted to feel his cum fill my mouth.

His finger pointed at the floor, I dropped to my knees and moved to his hardening member.

Before I began I looked into his eyes.

"Thank you Sir, thank you for the session and thank you for giving me this last chance to please you."

I maintained eye contact as I took his cock in my mouth. My own cock was pounding in the cage but I wasn't really aware of it. I was fully engaged in my job, nothing else mattered. I remembered everything that he had taught me. I held his balls and squeezed and pulled them. I held his shaft firmly as it pulsed between my fingers. My lips and tongue swirled effortlessly over his shiny glans. Without any hesitation I slid his whole length down my throat and held it there. This felt like my submissive gift to him, burying him deep inside me. I made small up and down movements, keeping him there for as long as I could, looking up wide eyed at him, until I was forced to come up for air.

"Edge me boy."

I knew how to take a woman to the edge, I had taken Ma'am and Sarah there many times but this was a new challenge. But I had a fair idea of how he would react and I had his cock in my hands and in my mouth. I would get the information I needed. I concentrated on his swollen head mainly, I was soft and gentle with my tongue, feeling his mounting arousal. My fingers felt his heart beat and the rhythm of his pulsing veins. My other hand squeezed against his tightening balls. I deep throated him a few times too. It gave me a wave of submissive feelings and also I was very proud of myself for being able to do it. But as his arousal grew I moved my attention entirely to his head. I concentrated

hard, feeling every twitch and throb. I found a pattern with my lips and tongue that was driving him inexorably to his climax. His blood flow increased and his breathing deepened, nearly there, nearly. I pulled my mouth off his twitching cock. He nodded, "a little further boy."

I went straight back to it, keeping things slow but it wasn't long before he was back nearing his orgasm. As instructed I took him closer, a few seconds more than the last time. His cock pulsed in my hand as my lips popped off his big shiny head.

"Ahh, yes. Good boy. Again."

Over the next ten minutes I took him to the ragged edge another three times. He was gently moaning and sighing constantly. I stopped once again.

"This time boy. Nice and slow. Don't swallow any of it."

It took me five or six minutes, he slowly thrust his hips and I let his slick cock move gently over my tongue as it carefully worked over his frenum. I carefully tempered my touch allowing for the slowest possible build up but eventually the inevitable happened. He let out a loud long ahh, his cock shivered and jet after jet of hot jism flew into my mouth. Once again he came like a horse, I was amazed by how much he could produce, and hugely proud that I had made it happen. It was over too soon for my liking but he gently slid his slowly softening member from my mouth. I pursed my lips as he slid out making sure I didn't lose any of his precious seed.

He was smiling broadly.

"Lovely boy. Really very good. Well done."

I smiled but quickly stopped myself as I felt a tiny drop of cum escape. He laughed.

"You can go home now. Make sure you show Louise the proof of your labour. All of it."

I stared at him, then nodded. He wanted me to drive back to Ma'am with a mouth full of cum. It was an hour and a half at least. Oh man, that was disgusting, perverse, but my cock throbbed. All I could taste and smell was his cum.

I was out of the door five minutes later with his praise ringing in my ears. I felt great, I had survived, first and foremost. But not only that I had pleased him. I was a good boy.

It's surprisingly difficult to keep a big load of cum in your mouth for a long period of time. I hadn't been driving long when the novelty began to wear off. I nearly choked it up a couple of times. I even thought about spitting it out and pretending that I had been stopped by the police or some other excuse but Ma'am would know. She always knew. It was a long and uncomfortable drive, my body ached and hurt in various places and my jaw started to ache half way through the journey.

Ma'am heard my car pull up and was waiting in the doorway. I walked towards her, she looked momentarily confused by my odd expression, but then her eyes widened and she burst out laughing.

"James contacted me a while ago, he said you would have a present for me. Is that what I think it is?"

I nodded and she had another fit of laughter.

"Brilliant! That's just perfect! Ah baby, you give me the nicest things, you really shouldn't have."

Ma'am was loving it.

"Come in, take your clothes off and have a long shower. I'll contact James and see if he will give you permission to swallow. After all, it is his property."

I bowed briefly as I was unable to do anything else and hurried off to the shower. I cleaned myself thoroughly and very carefully in places, and went back downstairs. Ma'am was face timing James on her phone and laughing heartily.

"Oh here he is. On your knees boy."

I dropped and she passed me the phone. I looked at James, he had a big grin on his face.

"I bet you would love to swallow my cum, wouldn't you boy?"

I shook my head, it seemed like the right thing to do. He laughed.

"Good boy. Unfortunately Louise wants to talk to you so you have my permission to swallow. Show us both my load first though."

I tilted my head back and opened my mouth to show both if them his cum mixed with some of my saliva.

"Swallow."

I closed my mouth and gratefully let the mixture slide down my throat. I swallowed a couple of times to make sure it was all gone. I looked at James.

"Thank you Sir, and thank you for giving me the honour of serving you. It was a..."

I paused momentarily, "it was a memorable experience Sir. Thank you."

He laughed again.

"The pleasure was all mine boy. I hope to see you soon for a proper session."

I dreaded the idea but my cock betrayed me, as it always did.

"Thank you Sir. I look forward to it."

Ma'am crouched down next to me and showed James a bottle of mouthwash.

"You owe me one of these James."

They laughed and we said our good byes. Seconds later I was in the bathroom again, gargling for all I was worth. I used over half the bottle then brushed my teeth twice, just to be sure. I returned to the kitchen.

"Hello Ma'am, am I glad to see you."

We had a big hug.

"It's good to see you too Tom. Did the nasty man do naughty things to you baby?"

I laughed, "he certainly did Ma'am, lots of naughty things."

There was a big, meaty casserole bubbling away on the hob and my stomach rumbled.

"Tell me all about it over dinner. By the way, James couldn't praise you highly enough. I'm so proud of you Tom. Well done."

I felt about ten feet tall. I would do it all again a dozen times over to hear those words from her. I thought I was going to burst with pride. I suddenly remembered something, it was dark so I ran outside and sprinted back in, chastity device banging from side to side. I gave Ma'am the leather hood and explained why James had given to her. She inspected it closely and held it up, I dropped to my knees and she slipped it on before tightening it severely. I felt her run her hands over my leather clad head.

"Yes, nice. Very nice. I'll text James and thank him."

She left me there, all the memories of my stay came flooding back. My heart was thumping and my cock was hard when she returned.

"Interesting."

That was all she said as she carried on preparing dinner. Some time later I heard cutlery being taken out of drawers and the hood was removed. I thanked her and we ate. It was a rich casserole, lamb, potatoes, vegetables in a strong thick sauce. I wolfed mine down and asked for seconds.

The interrogation continued after dinner. As soon as we had finished Ma'am put the the hood over me. She inspected my body and declared me fit and well but said that she wouldn't torture me for a day or two. We retired to the lounge where she continued to grill me about my time with Sir James. I ran through each scene and she quizzed me about how I felt, how the various tortures were. She was curled up next to me with her hand caressing the cage all the time. Obviously I was rock hard but she didn't show any interest in really teasing me. A lot of my feelings were still hard to describe but my main focus throughout had been to please him and make her proud of me. She was very interested in how aroused I was when I was sucking him and declared that she would be exploring this more in the future.

"Would you like more big fat cocks in your mouth boy?"

I could feel her watching me, particularly my cock.

"Yes Ma'am, I would. It was almost like it was my own cock being sucked. Touching a cock reinforced the fact that I will never touch my own again. I wanted to give his cock everything that is so regularly denied to mine, especially the orgasm. I was so excited and so horny when he came in my mouth Ma'am. It felt amazing."

She continued stroking my cage, but with slightly increased vigour. I was a horny as hell, it felt very hot under the hood.

"Ma'am, please can I make you cum? I want, no, I need to give you a fantastic orgasm."

"OK baby, that sounds nice."

I expected her to start removing the hood but instead she stood, and sat on my lap, facing away from me. She grabbed my cage and positioned it on her wet, hot pussy. I felt her wetness spread over the tip of the cage. My skin that was bulging through the bars slid across her velvet lips and onto her clit. She moved slightly and began to move the cage from side to side over her clit. She moaned, and I moaned too. Shifting position again she held the cage against her.

"Thrust boy. Imagine it was actually sliding deep into my pussy."

I held her hips and started to thrust my own. The bulging skin and metal bars slid easily over her moist and sensitive bud. She pressed the cage hard against herself, and moved her hips in opposition to mine. She was so hot, so wet and we were both breathing hard. Her breathing increased though and I knew she was near. I moved slightly faster and it was enough to tip her over. She shook in my lap as she came, holding my cage tight against her. My cock was trembling with lust. I would have given anything to have been able to slide inside her at that moment.

She let out a long satisfied sigh.

"Ah, nice baby. Very nice."

She leaned back and I put my arms around her.

"I love making you cum Ma'am. Each one means more to me than a hundred of mine."

"A hundred? You won't have another hundred orgasms baby. Not even close."

She clamped her legs together, trapping the cage between them.

"In that case your orgasms mean more to me than all the orgasms I will ever have. If you told me that giving you another orgasm meant I would never be unlocked again, I would be between your legs in a flash Ma'am."

She was flexing her legs as I spoke, moving against the cage.

"Oh baby, you know just what to say to turn a girl on. But I'm never going to tell you that you won't ever have another orgasm. I need you to know that I have absolute power over your cock. I could deny you forever but I will never tell you that because I want you to think about it every second of every day.

When I'm edging you I want you to know that no matter how horny you are, no matter how long it has been, I have total control. Right when you are on the very edge, seconds away from bliss, when every fibre of your mind and body is screaming for release, you will never ever know if I am going to give you what you crave or cruelly deny you."

I was burning up under the hood. My sore balls were aching madly under the strain of my attempted erection.

"God Ma'am. I am going fucking crazy. Please Ma'am please. Take it all, use me, deny me. I am totally yours Ma'am.

She had the hood off in record time. I grabbed her, and almost threw her onto the sofa. My face was buried in her soaking pussy a second later. She came quickly, screaming and bucking against my face. We were both on fire. I came up for air and we stared at each other.

"Oh baby, that was amazing."

She wrapped her legs around me and drew me into her. We kissed slowly and passionately.

"I want to fuck you so much right now. I want your big hard cock pounding inside me."

"Oh please, Ma'am, that would be so so good." She smiled, it was full of lust and cruelty.

"But it will take ages for your cock to go down, and then the moment will be gone. Maybe next time baby."

Even in the heat of the moment, even when we were both burning with passion, she had the mental capacity to cruelly dash my hopes. She was the complete dominant. She had me, she knew it, and she was going to use that power at every opportunity. Every moment of kindness, every cruel punishment, every tease and denial was designed to make me hers. She didn't have to think about it for a second. It was just the most natural thing in the world.

I stared at her, in awe of what she could do to me. I bowed my head slightly.

"Yes Ma'am, maybe next time Ma'am."

We spent the rest of the evening chatting away. Ma'am's trip to see her friends had been fun and they had all got quite drunk. At bed time Ma'am escorted me down to the dungeon as usual and got me settled into my sleep sack. But then she produced the hood.

"This is just perfect for you boy, but it is associated with James at the moment. I am going to use it on you regularly so that it becomes our hood, not James's. She slipped it on and laced it tight.

"Night baby. Sweet dreams."

My cock began to stiffen and I my heart beat rose. There was definitely something about this mask. Was it the association with the intense scenes that James had put me through? Maybe, but it definitely had something to do with the hood itself.

The leather was thicker than usual, and slightly stiffer than the other hoods I had worn. But the main thing was the fit. I could have sat down with a master craftsman for days and he wouldn't have been able to make it better. It pressed everywhere on my head equally. It was perfect around my nose, this was the only part where there was no pressure so I felt completely comfortable with my breathing, if slightly restricted by the size of the holes.

The fit was so complete that I knew the hood would never move on my head so they would always be in perfect alignment with my nostrils.

It was reminding me of James though, so I thought about Ma'am's earlier orgasms and how incredibly turned on we had both been. I had no idea if that helped disassociate the hood from James, but it definitely caused a powerful erection in the cage and prevented me from sleeping for quite a while.

I did sleep eventually, although it wasn't my best night as it was hot under the leather.

I heard Ma'am coming down the stairs in the morning, she quickly freed me and we had breakfast. I needed to be at my mum's for most of the day so we had a quick hug and off I went.

When I returned Ma'am was at her computer and there was a large envelope sitting next to her. I noticed it was addressed to both of us, which was odd. I had a closer look, it was Alexis's handwriting. I had a slight sinking feeling in my stomach as I told Ma'am who had sent it, she looked concerned.

She opened it, inside were two envelopes, one for each of us. We read on in silence. Ma'am looked up first, her letter was shorter than mine. I looked at her.

"Well that's that then."

"It would seem so Tom. That's a real shame. Are you OK?"

I was, I was disappointed but her lack of communication recently had led me to believe something was up.

"Yes Ma'am. I'm fine. I had an idea that this might happen."

"Yeah, me too."

Alexis had two big problems, one at university and the other with Ma'am and me. She wasn't enjoying the course she was doing. She had thought it would suit her, but she had realised that her passion lay elsewhere. There was a course in Edinburgh that she could switch to that was much closer to what she wanted. She had applied and been accepted. Obviously Edinburgh was at the other end of the country so she would be a long way away.

But the major problem was that there were three people in the relationship and she knew that she was always going to be second fiddle to Ma'am. She had thought she could handle it, but she couldn't. Being a spare wheel was not in her

nature. She wanted a level of control that she would never have. She recognised that I would always belong to Ma'am and that she was a temporary domme while I was at university.

I had known that was a problem. We hadn't really talked about it but it had always been a massive elephant in the room. She showered Ma'am and me with praise and appreciation and assured both of us that it was one of the most difficult decisions she had ever made. But at the end of the day, she couldn't carry on as things were.

Ma'am had looked in the envelope and found a small parcel. It had the other key to my chastity device in it. We spent most of the evening chatting. Ma'am was very sweet. I was playing it cool but she knew I would miss Alexis a lot. I wondered what university would be like without her. Boring was the answer that came to mind.

At bed time, Ma'am even asked me if I was alright in the sleep sack. I thanked her and gave her a hug.

"The sleep sack is my bed Ma'am. I belong there. I love the fact that you control me even in my sleep. Please put the hood on too if you want to."

She gave me a kiss and said she would. I lay there in the dark pondering about my future. Life wasn't going to be as much fun but only one thing really mattered. I had Ma'am. She would have my full attention now, even though I wouldn't be with her all the time.

She was only an hour away after all. I could come back regularly so it wasn't all doom and gloom.

It was new year's eve but I didn't really feel in party mood. Ma'am said she had a couple of invitations to parties but nothing that she was too keen on so we decided to be incredibly boring and stay in. I was grateful, had circumstances been different I was sure that she would have gone to one or other of the parties.

Ma'am seemed slightly distracted during the day so eventually I asked if something was wrong.

"Nothing is wrong as such. I had something lined up but I'm not sure the time is right, with the Alexis bombshell still so fresh."

"Ma'am, if I'm with you then everything is just perfect as far as I'm concerned."

I laughed.

"That was the problem really, wasn't it?"

Ma'am smiled, "that pretty much sums it up baby. OK, I think the dungeon would be the best place for this. Come on."

She led me to the dungeon and cuffed my hands behind my back.

"Back in a few minutes boy."

My cock hardened as the cuffs went on, and it was still fairly hard when she returned fifteen minutes later. I looked up as I heard the door open and became fully erect. Ma'am was in her full dominatrix gear. A skin tight black catsuit that fitted like a glove, a tight corset that accentuated every curve and the thigh high boots that had entranced me when we first met. She was fully made up, red lipstick plumping her gorgeous lips and her eyes were like big black pools. She didn't put all the clichéd dominant gear on very often, she didn't have to, but when she did she looked just incredible. She was perfect.

I marvelled at her as she walked effortlessly on her heels towards me. I could feel the confidence and power oozing from her. She hadn't told me to move but I had to drop to my knees. It was instinctive.

"Ma'am." I breathed.

She stood in front of me and I gazed up at the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

"That's nice boy, thank you."

She had some papers in her hand. She moved behind me, uncuffed me, and handed them to me, along with the keys to my cage.

"Read, ask any questions you want."

She went to her chair and sat down.

The top line, underlined and in capitals was two words long.

"CHASTITY CONTRACT."

My heart missed a beat.

I began reading, Ma'am studied me closely. We both knew that my cock was swelling even more, those first two words has been enough. There was a lot of legal phrasing in the contract. I understood most of it but had to ask Ma'am to explain a few of the finer points.

Essentially it was a year long, binding contract that gave Ma'am legal ownership of the chastity device, the keys and what the document called my sexual well being. I realised that what that actually meant was my orgasms. Basically, if I signed it, I would be unable to force Ma'am to release me under any circumstances. There were a few caveats, for instance medical emergencies or procedures that may become necessary. Even if we split up, Ma'am would keep control of the cage.

I asked her if it meant that the cage would be locked for the whole year.

"Not at all boy. All it means is that I don't have to unlock you for a year if I don't want to. At the end of the year we can both choose to either resign or not."

My cock was pointing straight out from my body and I realised my hands were shaking. Logically I didn't think Ma'am would enforce this agreement of we parted company but the thought of giving myself to her like this was incredibly exciting and erotic.

My cock had made its decision the moment I read those first two words but I read the whole document.

There was a section about self stimulation, touching myself in other words. If I touched my cock when it was unlocked, the contract would pause for a six month period during which I would be permanently locked. Then the contract would resume. During these six months the keys would be held by lawyers and be inaccessible to either of us. If I gave myself as orgasm that period would be extended to a year.

I had finished reading and I looked up at my glorious, soon to be, legal owner.

"Before you decide I wish to say a few words. You are possibly thinking that in a lot of ways this doesn't really change anything between us. You would be right. But it is a commitment from both of us. Even if I don't want to continue you won't be free. The keys will go to the lawyers who will hold them until the end of the contract.

I like the formality and finality of it. Contracts like this have been tested in court many times and have held up every time.

A few people, including Steven, are going to sign further documents to state that if they become aware that either of us have broken this contract and don't take steps to inform the lawyers, then they will have broken the law and will face the consequences."

She stood up and approached me.

"If you sign it, there will be no way out. If things go badly wrong between us I will simply hand the keys to the lawyers. Take as long as you like to think about it boy."

I was trembling before my goddess. I didn't need time, all I needed was a pen. I tried to maintain a sense of dignity and formality.

"Thank you Ma'am. I have read and understood this document and thank you for your clarification of a couple of points. May I stand please?"

She beckoned me up with a finger. With her boots on we were a similar height but I still felt small in front of her. I looked into her beautiful, shimmering eyes.

"It would give me immense joy and pride to sign this with you Ma'am. Nothing would make me happier than to legally give myself to you for a whole year. I promise to do everything in my power to make sure that neither of us regret this decision."

She smiled and touched my cheek. A pen magically appeared from the top of her boot.

"Thank you Tom, and I make the same promise to you. My boy."

She emphasised "my" and took my hand. We went over to a table at the back of the room, laid out the papers and signed them. My heart skipped another beat. I

was legally in chastity for a year, there was no escape. I couldn't beg or plead. I couldn't argue my case. It was done.

We looked at each other. I gave her a crooked smile.

"You should have made it two years Ma'am."

The tension was broken, she laughed out loud."

"Oh you subs, it doesn't matter how often you hear the phrase be careful what you wish for, you always ignore it. We can do that next year baby."

She looked down and held my cage, it was full to bursting.

"A whole year boy, this might stay on for a whole year. I love fucking you, and I love teasing and denying you. But the thing I love most is seeing you like this. Caged and desperate. Every time I see you like this I get a massive rush of blood to my pussy. Nothing turns me on more.

I'm going to make sure that you are like this as often as possible. I want you to constantly think about what this does to me. Every time you fill that cage, think about my wet pussy, think about my desire."

I didn't think I could be much hornier than I had been last night. I was wrong. The cage had pulled my balls far away from my body. I could feel every vein bursting as blood coursed through my member. But I didn't want to cum, I wanted this to go on forever.

"Please Ma'am, keep me like this. Keep me locked and denied. I love this feeling so much. Knowing what it does to you makes me so happy. Can I do anything to make you happier Ma'am?"

That was a loaded question if ever there was one. Ma'am slowly smiled.

"Funny you should say that boy, I can think of something."

She was in the chair with her legs spread in short order.

"Make this one last boy."

I knelt between her latex coated legs and placed my hands on her inner thighs. I felt the heat radiating from her and moved one hand to the zip. Ever so slowly I

pulled it down and her pussy became accessible. She let out a little sigh as the fresh, cool air hit it. She knew what was coming. She had trained me in various ways, but in another way, I had trained her pussy to expect a huge amount of pleasure and an incredible orgasm. Her lips were already swollen and I could see her juices glistening.

I moved my head in close, using all of my senses to take her in. I paused for a second and gently blew a stream of air across her. She shifted her hips, pushing them fractionally forward.

I started at the bottom and ever so slowly slid my tongue up her lips. I didn't push, I just let it run up the groove between them. Back to the bottom and I repeated the process, each time I pressed a little harder and each time a little more of my tongue pressed between her folds.

Her lips slowly parted as my tongue's incessant pressure continued. Ma'am had ordered me to make it a long one. She had also used the "be careful what you wish for" phrase. Two can play that game I thought to myself, but then I thought again. No, it's not a competition. My job was to give her what she wanted, when she wanted it. I was confident that I would know the right time but I was also determined to make sure that moment wouldn't come for quite a while. That meant a very slow, but steady build up.

My tongue moved slowly up and down, stopping just before it reached her clit. Her lips were soft and wet as they slid up and side of tongue. I kept my hands on her inner thighs as I wanted to feel every single twitch of her muscles and every single tightening of her sinews. My tongue dipped deeper, into her tight tunnel. Pushing firmly I stretched my tongue to its limits and penetrated her as far as I could. A small shiver ran through her. My cock shivered with her. I wanted desperately to be free of the steel cage and to slowly slide into hot, wet heaven.

But I knew how much she wanted me locked. She had made that abundantly clear. She would be thinking of my cock straining away. She knew how aroused I was and she knew that I was willing to go through the hell of denial in order to please her. She would be revelling in her control as I tortured my own cock while giving her exactly what she needed.

My tongue trembled with the strain as I extended it as far as I could into her. My mouth was tight to her pussy as I searched for her depths. I fucked her as best I could for a short while but it was time to move to her jewel, the ultimate prize.

I barely touched it, just a feather touch. I could hardly feel the tip of my tongue touching it, but I knew her clit would already be hypersensitive. I felt a little tremor through my hands at first contact. Tiny feather like vibrations, that was all that was needed for now. I slowly moved my hands a little further up her thighs. Carefully I moved my tongue and pressed down with the flat part, covering her whole clit. I didn't move for a second but then I shook my head ever so slightly. My tongue shook across the whole of her bud, the movement was still small but it enough to draw a small sigh and a deep breath.

This was something I loved about Ma'am. She had the patience to allow me to do what I wanted. She had obviously trained me well but she trusted me enough to let me do my thing. I'm sure part of her wanted to cum right now, but she knew that if she just relaxed and let it happen that the result would be mind blowing. Patience could run through from minutes in her case, to months in mine but the journey was amazing in itself, and the end result was always worth it.

I pressed down hard with my whole mouth, spreading her lips so that the little movements I was making were felt across the entirety of her pussy. Bigger, sharper movements now, my tongue was like a big soft vibrator. She stretched her body as the tension slowly mounted. It was time to start going to work on her clit. Releasing the pressure I moved the tip of my tongue to where it was required and made small slow circles around her quivering bud. Round and round I went without applying much pressure to the tip. Another little stretch and a sigh let me know I was moving in the right direction but there was a long way to go yet. I settled into a rhythm and let the feelings slowly build. As she had taught me, I listened to her body. I heard her breathing and I felt her body tightening and relaxing through my fingers and tongue.

This was my favourite moment, it was like a runner coming into the final straight who knew he had plenty in the tank and knew he could just effortlessly accelerate to the line whenever he wanted. Similarly, Ma'am knew that we were on the home stretch. From here on in it would be a constant rise until that beautiful moment arrived. I incrementally increased the speed of my tongue while reducing the circumference of my circles, closing an erotic spiral to her center. It was like a

beautiful painting in my mind, stroke after delicate stroke bringing the masterpiece closer to completion.

She was close but I didn't rush. The mountain I was helping her climb didn't have a sharp point, it had a rounded top. You thought you had reached the peak but there always seemed to be a few more steps to take. But reaching the peak was inevitable. Her moans were constant now and growing in intensity. My tongue didn't hesitate, it didn't change its pattern because I knew she had enough to get there. Her body was shaking, her breathing accelerated, she was so close.

There it was. A guttural roar echoed through the dungeon and felt her muscles and sinews pinging through my fingers. The roar became a moan as her explosion continued. My tongue was still as I let her crescendo reach its peak then slowly come down.

I looked up, she was even more beautiful in her passion. She looked down at me and slowly licked her lips, leaving them glistening. I was in heaven.

"Oh baby. You do things to me that I can't describe. Your tongue seems to have a direct line to my brain, you instinctively do exactly the right thing at exactly the right time. It's joyous. How do you do it?"

"Ma'am, the first time I made you cum was a magical experience for me. What it did to you, the pleasure it gave you, it left me stunned. I was amazed that I could do that for you, and from that moment I knew that I would do everything I could to make your orgasms as special as I could.

Your teaching was integral to my learning. I would still be stumbling around like a blind man without it.

But in some ways, I don't know how I do it. It's more than your expert teaching and my desire to please. We just click I guess."

I shrugged, I didn't know what else to say. Ma'am smiled.

"That makes sense, it's probably best not to over analyse it. But you are bloody amazing at making me cum baby. Amazing. Do it again, much quicker this time."

"Yes Ma'am, it would be an honour."

I dropped my head back down to her hot and wet heaven. I paused for a second. I was going to make her have another orgasm. My cock was trying to force its way out of the cage. I was so happy. We seemed to feed off each other. My denial fed her desire and her orgasms did the same for me. In about five minutes my tongue would turn her whole body into a joyous quivering wreck. That meant the absolute world to me.

I took a little longer than five minutes but I refused to rush. She was already as horny as hell so I built her up slowly before carefully tipping her over the edge. I absorbed her orgasm with all my senses, glorying in its power and rejoicing in what I had created deep within her.

Ma'am bumped her leg into me, I looked up.

"I want to taste my juices."

I stood up and leaned over her. We had a long passionate kiss. Her tongue probed my mouth and greedily licked up her arousal. My cage touched her pussy. I could feel the heat coming from it.

"Mmm, keep it there baby. Coat your desperate cock with me."

I shifted my hips around, gliding the end of my cage up and down her pussy. It was so smooth, her velvety wetness covered my aching head and I moaned.

"Swap positions boy."

She got up and sat me down in the chair. Kneeling between my legs she used the tip of her tongue to slowly and carefully lick her juices from my distended member. My head fell back and I sighed. It was so beautifully frustrating. I would never get enough stimulation through the cage but it was more than enough to arouse me to new heights. I looked down as she looked up. I could see the smile on her face as she gently teased the slit in my glans. My hands gripped the armrest.

"Oh god Ma'am. That's beautiful."

She pulled away with a big grin.

"I imagine it is boy. Enjoy it while you can. You're not going to be unlocked when you go back to university until we go on holiday together during half term. That's about six weeks, isn't it?"

"Yes Ma'am. Six weeks."

"That will be fun, won't it boy?"

She was slowly dragging the end of her index finger across whatever bulging bits of skin she could find between the bars.

"Yes Ma'am. You know how much I love being locked. My cock is yours for the next year and you can do whatever you like with it."

Her finger carried on with its gentle tease. I was struggling to think straight.

"I'm going to have to change your plans for Antigua. Alexis was going to swap the cage for a plastic one before you got to the airport but that won't happen. However I'm sure the couple who looked after Sarah would be happy to do the change over for me."

"Yes Ma'am, I'm sure that will work. I want to be under your control every minute of every day. You know I would never touch myself, especially now there are legal ramifications but I love the fact that you are prepared to go the extra mile to keep me controlled.

It reinforces your power over me. I know that whatever happens, whatever we are doing, I am yours. Nothing will ever stop that, and I find that fact thrilling.

And now you have legally closed off my only escape route. I am committed to a whole year of this blissful torment and even if I wanted to I can't get free. I'm going to think about that every night, with an aching hard cock as I try to sleep."

She seemed to be looking into my soul.

"Oh baby. I promise that every night we are together I will secure you in your sleep sack, pull that lovely hood over your head and tell you how wet I am. I will tell you how your submission keeps me aroused constantly and how my mind is always thinking of different ways to tease and arouse you."

I was reeling with lust and desire. The most important erogenous zone in the body is the mind. Our words and thoughts were driving us both crazy with desire but only one of us could sate that desire. Ma'am pulled me out of the chair and pushed me to the floor. Her pussy landed hard on my face. I grabbed her thighs and held her tight. Just like the night before it was an animalistic moment. Her hands were in my hair gripping it painfully tight as I licked for all I was worth. She came like a train, bucking hard and nearly suffocating me. She fell off me and we both lay there breathing hard. We were both satisfied but in completely different ways. My cock and balls were aching but I loved the feeling because I knew what it meant to Ma'am.

She turned over and flopped her arm over me.

"Jesus baby. What are we doing to each other?"

I laughed, "I've got no idea Ma'am but I blame you."

She giggled, "well I'm in charge, so I guess the buck stops here."

"Indeed. I'm just an innocent victim of your evil and wicked plan."

"Oh my poor baby, and just to think, only a few hours ago you had the chance to escape but I cruelly manipulated you into signing your life away."

She reached down to my trembling cock and started stroking it again.

"It's not too late baby, the papers haven't been filed yet."

I made a shocked face.

"Can we go to the lawyers office now Ma'am? Wake him up, find him, wherever he is."

I paused, "I don't want to do this for a year Ma'am. Make it two, make it five, make it forever, I don't care."

We were both laughing now. She gave me a big cheesy wink.

"Be careful what you wish for baby. That never sinks in does it?"

"Nah. I'm a bloke, all I think about is what's happening right now."

"So so true. What are you thinking about now?"

My tummy. I'm hungry."

She playfully pushed me away.

"Idiot! Off you go then, make me something delicious from your massive repertoire of recipes!"

We had a lovely evening. Ma'am opened a bottle of champagne. We toasted our year long commitment and then watched the small fireworks display that the village had put on across the fields behind her house.

Ma'am was of course true to her word. She secured me in the sleep sack and tightened the hood over my head.

"I'm going to lie in bed and slowly finger myself to a lovely orgasm. All the while I'm going to be thinking of you down here, with your cock straining against the cage. I will think about never unlocking you, I will think about never letting you have another orgasm and I will cum hard. Sleep well, my beautiful denied boy."

I felt her kiss my leather clad forehead and she left.

My cock was surrounded by unforgiving steel, the rest of me was tightly encased in leather. I loved it, I absolutely loved it. I had no doubt that not too far away from my prone body, Ma'am's fingers were between her legs and driving her to an orgasm. The only thing that could have made me happier at that moment was that I wished it was my tongue making her cum instead of her fingers.

My cock throbbed painfully for a good long time but after it softened I slept like a baby. I was totally at peace with myself and my situation. In the back of mind I think there had always been a lingering doubt that I was just a toy, a little bit of fun for Ma'am to have until someone closer to her age, or better, or richer, or... I don't know. Someone else anyway, came along to replace me.

But she had committed herself to me with that contract. It wasn't the sort of thing that she would do on a whim. It had taken time and money to put together. But more importantly, she wouldn't have done it unless she was sure that she wanted me in her life for quite a while yet. That thought gave me a feeling of contentment that I probably hadn't ever had before. I liked it a lot.

"Morning boy, happy new chastity year!"

I smiled under the hood.

"Good morning Ma'am, same to you."

She removed the hood and sat on my face.

"I was horny the moment I woke up. See to that boy."

My morning wood hardened and I did what I did best. It wasn't long before Ma'am was riding my tongue to another explosive orgasm. She bent over and kissed me, tasting herself as she probed me with her tongue.

"Mmm, that's much better. I should have put something in that contract about a minimum number of orgasms required for me over the year. How does a thousand sound baby?"

"Sounds way too low for my liking Ma'am. Double it and you would be closer."

"Are you trying to tell me how many orgasms I should have boy?"

There was a twinkle in her eye.

"Yes Ma'am, I am. How about three thousand? How about I only get one orgasm per thousand of yours?"

"You're making a little bit of an assumption there, aren't you boy?"

"Yes Ma'am, sorry Ma'am. My orgasms belong to you. I have no say about when, or even if I have one."

"We both know of people who have gone years without one. I think I have been very generous to you since I locked you up. Moving forward that is going to change."

She was suddenly using her dominant voice and the smile that had been playing around her mouth had disappeared. A little butterfly appeared in my stomach, then another.

Her hand was resting on the sleep sack, over my caged cock.

"I can feel it through all this leather boy. It's throbbing. It's not scared, is it? It's excited, isn't it boy?"

I couldn't hide from her, I couldn't resist her. I didn't want to do either of those things.

"It is Ma'am. It knows what is best for me, just as you do. The fewer orgasms I get, the more I want to please you. My conscious mind might be worried but my body is telling me what I really need. Thank you for giving me this gift Ma'am. Thank you for knowing me better than I know myself."

Her hand pushed down on my pulsing cage through the leather.

"I will never relent boy. I will never ease off. There is no way out. We both already know that you will sign another contract next year. You belong to me."

"I do Ma'am, completely."

She held my gaze for about twenty seconds while feeling my cock bounce around through the steel and leather.

Without a word she moved her pussy back on to my face.

"Make me happy boy."

I did. My whole world, my whole life revolved around her wet pussy and the joy I could give her. My mind was empty of any other thought. I read every movement she made, even the tiniest of reactions to my tongue were noted and logged away for future reference. She wanted to know me better than I knew myself, I wanted to know how to make her cum better than she did. Her shuddering climax came along just when I judged she was ready. This was pretty much the only moment in my life where I had even the slightest element of control.

Ma'am would usually let me know if she wanted a quicky or if she wanted a long drawn out one, but within those limitations, it was actually my choice when she came. I was in control of that beautifully intense moment when she reached the point of no return and her body was flooded with ecstasy.

Making that as good as it could possibly be was the most important thing in the world to me.

Ma'am slipped the hood back and told me she was going to have a leisurely shower and breakfast.

I was left to ponder. I thought about chastity unsurprisingly. Excluding my little Christmas bonanza, I could count the orgasms I had been allowed in the previous eight months on one hand. Before that the totting up process would have needed both hands and some toes each week.

How had I gone from that to this so easily? Chastity hadn't really been on my kinky radar before I met Ma'am. But then my current situation was so far away from anything I could possibly have imagined a year ago that those sort of comparisons didn't really matter.

It couldn't all be Ma'am's doing, it had to be down to me too. I wasn't loving every single minute of my denial just to make her happy. It had to be something deeper. Whatever happened between us I knew in my heart of hearts that chastity would always be in my life. Had she known or was it just a spectacular coincidence? Either way she had awakened something inside me that was going to dominate the rest of my life. I wasn't scared by this thought. Just like last night, I felt a deep level of contentment that went beyond words.

Part 15

I was going back to university in a couple of days. I wasn't nervous but I certainly felt a degree of apprehension. Alexis wouldn't be there which would leave a pretty big hole in my university life.

Something that was also playing on my mind was that I knew there were a few girls who had an interest in me. I had told one of them about Louise but then I had got together with Alexis so it probably didn't look like I was spoken for. I guess it would be the same as the first term, I would politely rebuff any interest. It had been a minor miracle to find someone like Alexis. The chances of finding another girl like her were astronomical and anyway, the three people in a relationship thing would always be very tricky.

I had plenty to do before I went away, and Ma'am was busy sorting out a bit of freelance work she had taken on so we didn't see much of each other before I left.

We said our farewells and almost before I knew it, I was back in my room in the halls of residence. I got up to speed with my schedule for the term and made sure I was ready for my first lecture tomorrow. Then I sat there wondering what to next. I might as well go to the bar and see who was around.

I found a couple of mates and we got pretty drunk. I told them about Alexis, not the whole story obviously. I got a little sympathy but mostly they gave me the plenty more fish in the sea line. I had to smile, if only they knew.

I didn't feel particularly bright during my lecture but I found myself in the bar again later and again I got quite drunk again. The next couple of weeks followed a similar pattern, I wasn't in the bar every night but more often than not.

Then I got an email from Ma'am. I had completely forgotten that she still had access to my computer. Basically it was a warning shot. She had noticed that I was slacking. I was reminded of the promises I had made about always doing my best. She understood that I was feeling a bit down with Alexis being absent but that was no excuse.

I was told in no uncertain to buck my ideas up. Not for her sake, but for mine. However there was a veiled threat, Ma'am would not be impressed if I continued to under perform.

I sat back in my chair. I felt a brief flash of anger, it took me by surprise. I took a breath, Ma'am was only trying to look after me. I felt slightly ashamed at my response and thought back to the last couple of weeks.

Basically I had been drowning my sorrows. I missed Alexis but I had very little to be upset about. I remembered how content and happy I had been over new year. I had been so pleased by Ma'am's contract and the commitment it showed. I had repaid her by behaving like a sulky teenager.

It was time to sort myself out. I put on my exercise kit and went for a long run to clear my head. I showered and composed an email to Ma'am. I apologised and thanked her for her concern. I also assured her that I was getting my act together.

I felt better. I had been a little bit stupid, but there was no harm done. I would make Ma'am proud again. We were going to Antigua in a few weeks, in fact Ma'am was off in two weeks. I would make sure that she had nothing to worry about while she was there, and when I arrived we could have an amazing time.

I was true to my word. I worked hard at my studies and released my excess energy by doing a lot of exercise. I went running three times a week and went to the gym three times too. I laughed at myself when it occurred to me that I was getting beach ready.

I hadn't been over weight to start with but the sudden burst of activity just honed everything a little. The weight training added a bit of muscles mass, I checked myself out and thought I was looking pretty hot.

I went to the bar a couple of times but I made sure that I didn't get drunk, and the day after these visits I did a little extra on the road or in the gym as payback. All in all I was feeling good again and I was very excited about my trip.

Ma'am had sent me a long email about where to go and what to do. Her friends had a key to my cage and had a suitable plastic replacement for the journey. They also had a suitcase of stuff for me. I was told to bring a small rucksack for the journey, Ma'am had organised everything else for me. I was also told to get to the airport with a lot of time to spare. I smiled, she just loved control, no matter what the situation.

I arrived at her friend's house early in the morning. They were polite but very business like. I was in and out in under ten minutes. My cage was removed and a plastic one, with a numbered tag was put on. It was odd being able to see my whole cock through the clear plastic. I didn't like the cage but it was only going to be on until I arrived at the hotel. My real cage went in the suitcase which was then padlocked.

As ordered, I was at the airport well over two hours before my flight. I bought a magazine and a sandwich and went to customs. I followed the instructions and removed my shoes and belt, I rummaged through my pockets and took the small change out before placing everything in the plastic tray with my rucksack and phone. They went through the X Ray machine as I walked through the metal detector.

There was a beep and the officer asked me to go through again. Again it beeped, I wasn't too concerned as the same thing had happened to a couple of people in front of me. I held my arms out and the officer ran a portable detector over my body. It beeped as it went over my groin, now I became concerned. The device was plastic, it didn't have a metal hinge or anything. I went slightly red.

"Stand over here please Sir."

I moved to where he pointed and waited, what was going on? I saw two customs officials approach, one massive man who would have given Steven a run for his money, and a petite woman who was leading the way.

"Come with us please Sir."

They led me away, down a corridor and into a room. I was getting seriously worried now. What the hell was going on?

The room had a table with a box on it, but no chairs and no windows. The woman did the talking.

"Where are you going Sir?"

"Antigua."

"Business or pleasure?"

"Pleasure, I'm meeting my girlfriend there."

She raised an eyebrow.

"Girlfriend?"

What did she mean by that?

"Yes. My girlfriend. What's this about?"

"Take your clothes off Sir. We need to perform a proper search. You set off both the detectors."

"What?" I was starting to get angry. The huge male officer took a step towards me.

"Sir, I strongly advise you to comply with my colleague's suggestion."

What the fuck?

"OK, OK."

I stripped down to my boxers and stopped, desperately hoping that would be enough.

"There has been an increase in drug trafficking from Antigua recently. We are on high alert for unusual passengers Sir. Your story doesn't ring true.

I looked back at her.

"What story? I haven't told you a story. I've told you the truth. I'm visiting my girlfriend."

She ignored this.

"I said strip Sir."

I really didn't want to pull my boxers down. I just stood there. The man moved to my side and the woman nodded.

"He is clearly resisting."

He produced a pair of handcuffs.

"Hands behind your back Sir."

This had escalated way too far now, but you just don't mess with customs people.

The man slipped a handcuff over one wrist and quickly had it locked on the other. Without warning he pulled my boxers down around my ankles and walked back behind the woman. I was beetroot red. She just stared. The silence was deafening.

She looked at the man.

"Search his clothes, I'll do him."

From the box she produced a pair of latex gloves and began to run them over my naked body. Quite where she thought I was hiding anything was anybody's guess. She then examined the chastity device at some length.

I closed my eyes as to my eternal shame I began to stiffen.

"That's a unusual reaction Sir."

I mumbled a sorry.

There was a knock on the door, the man went outside and returned with my suitcase.

"I can't find a key anywhere."

The woman looked at me.

"Where's the key Sir?"

This wasn't going to sound good.

"I don't have it. My girlfriend has it."

"You don't have the key to your own suitcase Sir?"

"No."

"What's in there Sir?"

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

"I don't know."

I was in serious trouble here, no key and no idea what is in my own suitcase. It sounded awful.

I watched with fearful trepidation as the man expertly picked the lock. Clothes, just some clothes. I exhaled, I hadn't realised that I had been holding my breath. He removed some of the clothes and there was my chastity belt, lots of rope, my hood and lots of other kinky bits and bobs.

The man looked up.

"There doesn't appear to be any drugs but this is just odd."

"Indeed it is. There is only one place left to check. Approach the table, spread your legs and bend over please Sir."

Oh crap! There wasn't really much choice.

She retrieved some lube from the box and liberally covered her hand. I bent over and felt a pair of huge hands on my neck. They weren't squeezing but they weren't going to move.

I felt a finger, then another enter me.

"That was easy."

My face burned with embarrassment.

"I'm going to have to investigate thoroughly Sir."

She worked her other two fingers inside and began to push. She was petite, and fortunately so was her hand, before long and with a gasp of pain, she had her hand inside me.

"That was easy too. Are you sure you meant girlfriend Sir?"

How red could I get? I could feel her hand moving around inside me. She moved her fingers, it was the weirdest sensation.

"He seems clean, but I might be able to find something if I loosen him up a little."

She made a fist and slowly started to fuck me. I could feel her wrist sliding in and out while she twisted her hand and moved her fingers. I rapidly got hard in my plastic cage, very hard.

"Another unusual reaction, there's something strange going on here."

She pushed her hand painfully deep and I moaned.

"Sir, are you concealing any drugs internally?"

"No Miss, I'm not. I promise."

"I believe you Sir. Sorry for any inconvenience."

She quickly pulled her hand out and wiped me clean.

"Put your clothes back on Sir and enjoy your holiday."

I was stunned, what the hell? For a second I thought about protesting. This was against my human rights, it was just wrong. But I glanced at the man and thought better of it. He put everything back in my suitcase as I got dressed. I just wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible.

They led me to the door and for some bizarre reason I thanked them. I had walked a couple of yards away when the woman called to me.

"Excuse me Sir. Sir!"

I turned around, what now?

"Please give our regards to Louise when you see her."

I must have looked a picture, they both burst out laughing and closed the door. Oh my god! I couldn't believe it. Ma'am had organised all of it. How? I shook my head, I'd ask her when I saw her. It was entirely possible that the big bloke knew Steven. Unbelievable! I had been petrified.

I went to the bar, had a drink and calmed down. I smile played around my lips. Nice one Ma'am, I thought, you got me good and proper. My flight was called and I boarded and found my seat. My head was still reeling as we took off. It was an eight hour flight and I realised that I should have brought a book with me.

We reached cruising altitude and the seat belt lights went out. A stewardess approached and leaned over to me.

"It's Tom, right?"

What now?

"Yes?"

"Could you come with me please Sir? I'll get your bag."

What was going on? Had Ma'am arranged for me to be tied to the bloody wing or something.

She took me to the front of the plane.

"You've been upgraded to first class Sir. Can I get you a glass of champagne?"

"Oh, yes please! Thank you."

Was there anything Ma'am couldn't arrange? I spent the rest of the flight being pampered something rotten. It was absolutely lovely. I even had a little sleep for a couple of hours.

Because of the time difference it was only early afternoon when I landed. I felt a little worried as I went through customs again but logically I realised that Ma'am probably didn't have any kinky contacts in Antigua's customs office.

In the arrivals area I saw someone holding a card with "TOM!" written on it. I walked up to him and asked him if Louise had sent him. She had so I jumped in the cab and just over an hour later I arrived at the hotel.

It was an amazing looking place, very grand in a colonial style. Naturally it was close to the beach and after making myself known at reception I was taken through spectacular grounds to one of the separate chalets. It was truly beautiful. The flowers, the palm trees, the smells and of course the beach. It was a fantasy, an exotic fantasy.

The bellhop, or waiter, I didn't even know what his title was, dropped my bags off and stood there. Shit! A tip, I didn't have any dollars. I looked at him and began to apologise but he coughed politely and looked at the table. There was a note from Ma'am and a ten dollar bill. She really did think of everything. A handed him the money and read the note.

"Hey baby! I hope you enjoyed your trip!"

She had drawn a big winking smiley face after that, I laughed.

"I'm probably on the beach or in the sea. Get your swimmers on and get down here. Walk to the beach and turn left. X"

My swimmers? All I had was the jeans I was wearing. I didn't have any trunks or anything else for that matter. I looked around, there they were. A pair of speedos. I could already tell that they were quite small. I laughed as I picked them up, yup, they were really quite small. A took my clothes off and slipped them on. I walked over to the mirror and had a look. They didn't leave much to the imagination.

Fortunately the plastic cage was made of one piece of plastic so it was smooth. The tag was hardly noticeable but there was a very noticeable outline. At first glance it would appear like I was just very well endowed but closer inspection would reveal what was I was actually wearing.

I shrugged, no one knows me, who cares? I was pleased that I had been working out though. My body looked good. I wandered off to the beach to find Ma'am. There weren't many people around, I guessed it was a private beach for hotel residents only. A hundred yards or so away I saw Ma'am relaxing on a sun lounger under a palm tree.

"May I get you something Ma'am? A drink perhaps?"

"Baby! You made it!"

She jumped up and gave me a big hug.

"Hey, how are you?"

She looked great, a week in the sun had given her a light tan and she just looked so relaxed. Her black bikini fitted beautifully, accentuating her curves.

"I'm good Ma'am. This place is amazing. Thank you so much."

"You're welcome my darling. How was your trip?"

I laughed, "more interesting than I expected. A couple of people send their regards to you and Steven."

She giggled.

"Sorry baby, I just couldn't resist. I knew Steven had a couple of connections at Heathrow."

She looked me up and down.

"Hey, look who has been going to the gym. Nice! Let's go back to the chalet and get you settled in."

Ma'am took me back and got my clothes out of the suitcase.

"Men, they never unpack."

She took the clothes I had been wearing away and presented me with my wardrobe for the week. There wasn't much but she explained that the hotel had a very efficient laundry service. There were a couple of short sleeved shirts, a couple of thin linen trousers and more swim wear. Before I had a chance to get hard she quickly removed the plastic cage and slipped my proper cage on. It felt heavy and secure, I liked it.

'Thank you Ma'am. That feels much better.'

"Put your speedos back on."

"She stood back and smiled, "perfect baby. Take a look."

I walked over to the mirror. My metal cage was slightly bigger than the plastic so my crotch bulge was bigger too. The most noticeable difference was the outline. The bars were visible through the tight thin fabric, it would be obvious to anyone who looked.

"Excellent choice Ma'am."

"Thanks baby. As I said, this is an adult only resort and I'm pretty sure I saw another man in chastity yesterday. He was wearing fairly baggy shorts but they were clinging to him when he came out of the sea. I kept my eye on them and there was definitely a femdom viby going on."

That made me feel slightly better but to be honest I didn't really care. I would have been mortified to walk around campus like this, but I was thousands of miles from home and no one knew either of us.

"Let's go for a swim, you can swim can't you?"

"Of course Ma'am. I swam for my school for a couple of years."

"Excellent!"

We ran hand in hand into the warm Caribbean water. It was crystal clear and just beautiful. The water was calm in the bay, just tiny little waves lapping onto the beach.

We chatted while slowly moving away from land. Ma'am pointed out a couple of small bouys that were just over a hundred yards from the beach.

"Don't go past them. That's where the shelter from the bay ends. It can get quite choppy and there are some fairly strong currents too apparently."

"OK, thanks Ma'am."

She wrapped her legs around me and gave me a big kiss.

"Good to see you baby."

"You too Ma'am, very good."

She pushed us apart and grinned.

"First to the beach gets an orgasm. Go!"

I was off like a scolded cat, this was an opportunity too good to miss. I put my head down and kicked furiously. Taking a breath, I caught a glimpse of Ma'am. She was a couple of yards behind and didn't seem to be trying very hard. I kept at it, head down and breathing every couple of strokes. Half way to the beach I suddenly realised that Ma'am was nearly at my side. A few strokes later she was ahead. I gave it everything but she just cruised effortlessly past me. There was no fuss, no bother, just a long elegant stroke that ate up the water. Ma'am had walked five yards up the beach before I finished. I was blowing hard, she hardly seemed to be breathing.

"Wow. You are full of surprises Ma'am. Good swim."

"Thanks baby. I went to the English schools trials when I was sixteen. I didn't make it and then other things became more important."

"So I never stood up chance then?"

She smiled broadly.

"Nope. Not then, not ever boy."

I could see a little glint in her eye, she wasn't talking just about swimming. I bowed my head slightly.

"No Ma'am, I don't. By the way, is it Ma'am or Louise while we're here?"

"Ma'am in private, Louise in public. I can't be bothered with answering potentially daft questions on holiday. But if I call you boy, then you call me Ma'am."

"Understood Ma'am."

We went back to our little patch under a palm tree and Ma'am picked up some sunscreen.

"Time to protect your lily white skin boy. Feet shoulder width apart."

She liberally spread the cream around, body first and then my legs. She deliberately took her time on my thighs, smoothing it in nice and slow. I'm not sure how often someone's inner thighs would get sunburned but there was no chance that mine would.

I knew that the metal in my cage wouldn't break, but I wasn't so sure about the material at the front of my speedos. Despite their tightness my cock was doing its best to stand straight out in front of me. Ma'am giggled.

"Pleased to see me baby?"

"Always Ma'am, it's been a long few weeks."

We pushed our loungers together and chatted for a bit. We were booked on a boat trip tomorrow. It was going to take us to a tiny cove that was only accessible by sea. They would provide lunch and a few other things. Apparently this cove had some of the best snorkeling on this side of the island. It sounded great.

Ma'am spotted a man dressed in white, he was the waiter for the beach. She beckoned him over and ordered a couple of long island ice teas.

We toasted our first holiday together. I thanked Ma'am for inviting me and giving me such an amazing treat. I wiggled my eyebrows up and down and told her I didn't know how I could possibly repay her. She laughed, "I'm sure I can think of something. Drink up, let's go back to the chalet."

I was glad we didn't meet anyone on our way back as I was still standing fairly proud.

Ma'am went to the bedroom, lay down and spread her legs.

"You know the way boy."

I knelt down and gently tugged at the small knots by her hips. They came undone easily and I peeled back the small triangle of black cloth to reveal my prize. I wrapped my arms around her thighs and kissed her moist pussy lips. There was a slight tang of salt from the sea but I didn't care a bit.

It had been far too long since I had been here and had this most precious intimate moment. My cock was thumping away as my tongue parted her and began gently lapping away.

Ma'am moaned as soon as I touched her. It had been a long time for her too.

"Oh baby, I've missed your tongue so much."

It didn't feel like the right time to draw things out too much, I kept cool and made sure that my movements were slow but firm. It didn't take too long until Ma'am's body shook in passion and she gasped her way through a deep orgasm.

Her hands ran through my hair as she recovered.

"Ah yeah, I remember that feeling. Beautiful, just beautiful. Come here baby."

I got up on the bed with her and our bodies intertwined together. We didn't say much, we were just enjoying being together, being close to each other. My cock twitched randomly against Ma'am's thigh.

"I'm going to fuck you at some point on this holiday. I've already put a couple of towels in the freezer. In fact I've done it every day, the bloody housekeeping take them out every morning."

We both laughed.

"Just tell them why they are there, I'm sure they will understand Ma'am."

"You think?"

She kissed me, "do you want to fuck me baby?"

"God yes Ma'am."

"Are you sure?"

"You know it Ma'am. I'm always rock hard with you. Sliding my cock into your hot tight tunnel sounds like heaven, but look at my cage Ma'am. My cock loves it in there too. I get immense pleasure either way Ma'am. The only question is what would give you the most."

She made a sort of purring sound in her throat.

"You are well aware of how he reacts every time you talk about not unlocking me, but you also know how powerful it is to have me inside you and to deny me.

You know your body and you know mine Ma'am. You always do the right thing."

"Mmm baby, that's so hot."

She shifted to press my cage against my pussy. We were on our sides and she started rocking her hips against me. I responded in kind and set up a lovely rhythm with my cage moving over her clit.

"Ah fuck yes. Ah yes baby."

I held her tight and stroked her face. She looked unbelievably gorgeous when she was aroused. She looked alive, her passion was unbridled and untamed. Nothing mattered to me in these moments. It was all about her. My heart filled with joy as another orgasm ripped through her.

Every single one of her orgasms made me happy, but lying here, face to face with our bodies pressed together was incredibly intimate. I saw inside her, I saw her naked in every way imaginable. She let herself go completely in these moments and it was a joy to behold.

I watched her slowly come to her senses and smile at me.

She whispered to me while stroking my face.

"You know me baby, you know me like no one else. This is special."

Her eyes felt like two black holes. I was in her gravity and being pulled in. There was nothing I could do about it, and even if there was, I wouldn't have done a damn thing to stop it.

We roused ourselves after a few minutes and showered which didn't help the pressure inside my cage.

"Let's go to the beach bar before dinner. The sun sets over the hills, it's lovely."

Ma'am passed me a shirt and a pair of linen trousers. I slipped them on and looked down. There was a considerable tent in the front and just like the speedos, the bars were clearly outlined against the thin cloth.

"We're going out now baby, you had better get that beast under control."

"Can I use a towel Ma'am?"

"Sure, you've got five minutes."

I grabbed the towel from the freezer and jammed it over my cock. I could see Ma'am smirking.

"This is your fault Ma'am!"

She just shrugged innocently with a grin.

Ma'am was wearing a satin dress with thin shoulder straps. It came down mid thigh and fitted perfectly. It wasn't tight but somehow clung to her in all the right places to accentuate her figure. It had a deep V neck which framed her breasts beautifully.

'Ma'am, you are a picture, beautiful."

She pretended to be coy.

"Do I really look OK?"

I laughed, "can I take this towel with me please? I think I'm going to need it."

We had to go, I knew that, the combination of the towel and my potential embarrassment eventually got the better of my arousal and we headed out. Ma'am was right about the bar. It was a spectacular location. The sky turned various shades of pink and red as the sun slowly dipped over the horizon.

There were a few other couples at the bar. Ma'am leaned in to me, "that's the couple over there that I told you about, the femdom couple."

I had a discreet glance, she was probably in her early forties, tall with short blonde hair and a striking bone structure. She looked quite severe but very relaxed. I imagined she could have been a catwalk model with those cheek bones and jaw line.

He was also quite handsome, a few years younger but also quite strong looking. But it was clear as they interacted that he was subservient to her.

Ma'am stood up.

"Let's say hello."

I would have happily stayed where we were but she had her hand on my arm and off we went.

I don't know if there is some unwritten law between dommes or whether some women just understand things at a different level, but Ma'am just walked up to the couple and introduced herself.

"Hi, I'm Louise, this is Tom. How are you?"

The woman didn't miss a beat.

"Hi Louise, I'm Emma, he's Jerry. We are very good thanks. This place is great, isn't it?"

Jerry and I stood there in silence while the ladies made small talk. It was slightly odd but we hadn't been included so we kept quiet.

"I was wondering, what sort of device is Jerry wearing?"

What? Ma'am had just come straight out with it. Again Emma didn't miss a beat.

"Oh, this is just a little metal device with a Prince Albert piercing for security. He usually wears a full belt at home. Would you like to see a picture?"

She reached for her phone and passed it to Ma'am.

"Oh lovely. Very sleek, no bulge at all. Do you feminise him?"

"Yes I do, but not full time. He's only a latex maid at weekends. He would like to go full time but someone has to earn the money, don't they darling?"

Jerry spoke for the first time.

"Unfortunately yes. City bankers aren't quite ready for a cross dressing latex slave yet. Hopefully I can retire in the next few years and everything will change."

"I understand Emma. But I'm sure you are doing your best in the circumstances."

I felt way out of my comfort zone. Three adults were having a chat and then there was me.

"My boy wears a custom built device from a Swiss friend of mine. I have thought of getting him pierced but he doesn't need it at the moment. Do you have a schedule or is it whenever you decide?"

"Oh, we have a schedule. Tell Louise."

Jerry spoke up again.

"I have an orgasm every birthday whether I need it or not."

Ma'am turned to me.

"See boy. I told you that I was being very generous, didn't I?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Once a year sounds good doesn't it?"

"Yes Ma'am, over generous possibly."

Emma smiled and looked at me.

"Look Jerry. He's just like you."

My cock had hardened as it always did when Ma'am talked about my chastity. Its arousal was obvious. I glanced down at Jerry, he was clearly erect in his cage too.

"Are you going to the restaurant Emma?"

"No, sorry Louise. Time difference, we have already eaten. We're going back to our chalet. I've promised Jerry some desert, if you get my drift."

Ma'am laughed, "I do indeed. Enjoy! Hopefully we will see you around. Lovely to meet you Emma."

"You too Louise. Have a great night. The red snapper is gorgeous."

We went to the resort restaurant. My cock had calmed a little by the time we got there but I felt very embarrassed. We sat down and a waiter took our drinks order and gave us a menu.

"They seemed nice, didn't they Tom?"

I took the hint, we were in a public space.

"They did Louise. She's a striking woman."

Ma'am nodded.

"She really is. I like their schedule. Once a year whether he needs it or not. Does that sound good to you boy?"

"Yes Ma'am, it sounds like a reasonable maximum number. It could easily be reduced if you wanted to as well."

Ma'am glanced at the bulge in my trousers and smiled.

"I love that baby, it never fails to turn me on too."

We had a lovely meal, just like the rest of the resort, the food was top notch. We shared a red snapper that had been caught that day, it was delicious.

We retired to the chalet and Ma'am immediately started going through my suitcase. She grabbed a few lengths of rope and our favourite hood.

"We've not got a dungeon to play in but I'm sure we will manage boy."

"Indeed Ma'am."

She attached a length of rope to my ankles and wrists and told me to lie on the bed. Then she tied each piece of rope off under the corners of the bed, fixing me in a spread eagle position.

"Looks like we are going to need the towel boy."

Being bound always made me hard, today was no exception. The bed was massive so my head was quite a distance from the headboard. This gave Ma'am the option to sit on my face in a sixty nine position and keep the towel tightly pressed on my cock.

I wasn't sure if this was going to work. I always got very turned on when I was pleasuring Ma'am. It was my cock versus the towel. The immovable object against the irresistible force. I knew Ma'am wanted me unlocked so I tried to ignore that part of me and concentrate on her pussy. She had told me to take her to the edge but not beyond.

She settled over me and I went to work, gently coaxing her onwards and upwards. She was applying pressure with the towel to my balls as well now. My whole groin was covered in an icy blanket.

My tongue slowly whirled around her clit, driving her inexorably closer and closer. I could feel my cock slowly softening under the freezing onslaught and I tried to time Ma'am's rise to the edge so that she could unlock me just as she got there.

The towel had numbed me so I didn't realise that I had gone down enough until I felt her hands moving and the cage, and then the base ring being removed. She was close so I upped the pressure slightly and felt her body tightening on top of me. Soon, not quite yet... I stopped moving, keeping my tongue motionless on her clit. She groaned and her thighs quivered around my head. I waited a few seconds and began making tiny movements. Her clit was now very sensitive so it didn't take much to have her balanced on the brink again. Her nails dug into my thighs and she sighed, passion mixed with frustration.

That was exactly where I was too. My cock was free for the first time in over a month and a half and it had wasted no time. As soon as the unrelenting steel had been removed it had sprung into life. It was rock hard and bobbing away in front of Ma'am's face.

She hadn't touched it yet though. It was desperate for some kind of stimulus but all I could feel was an occasional wash of air as Ma'am exhaled.

We both moaned in unison as I gently took her back to the ragged edge again. She growled with lust.

"Next time boy. Slowly."

My cock tensed, it was excited on her behalf.

Ever so gently and slowly I manipulated her clit and her arousal. She was closing in, it was inevitable. I took her there in the smallest increments I could. She was quivering with pent up energy, moaning with every breath, before agonisingly slowly she tipped over the edge.

Her whole body shook, every muscle seemed to go into spasm and she let out a primitive roar of joyous energy as her orgasm tore through every fibre in her body. I winced as her nails bit into my thighs, my cock was like a guitar string, taut and vibrating to her passionate song. She came down very slowly. It had been a big one even by her standards.

Eventually she gathered herself.

"Oh my god baby. That was epic, thank you."

She rolled off me and turned around. She kissed me and dropped her head onto my chest.

"Jesus, it seems like delayed gratification works for me too baby. That was super intense."

"It was Ma'am. I loved it too. You have no idea how much moments like that mean to me."

"Mmm baby. That's so good to hear."

Her hand moved to my testicles and she played with them for a while. She massaged them gently, occasionally giving one then the other a gentle squeeze and letting it slip through her grasp. My cock was bouncing uncontrollably.

"It really is a beautiful specimen baby. So long and thick, and so compliant too."

"That's down to you Ma'am. It is your training that has made it like that."

Touch it! Please touch it! I was mentally screaming at her to do something as it bobbed helplessly in mid air.

"I have helped baby but you are the hero here."

She looked up into my eyes.

"Your brain is the key to all of this. It controls pretty much everything. True, if I held you tight and went for it, you would cum whether you wanted to or not. There's not a man on the planet who wouldn't.

But you have achieved a great deal for a young man. Your self control is fantastic. I'm very proud of you. I'm proud of us too. We work so well together. But none of this would work if you didn't want it to baby. Thank you."

"I have absolutely loved it Ma'am. You have taken me to places that I didn't know existed. I love it and I want more."

This was a mutual appreciation society. For some reason a line from Pulp Fiction popped into my head, "let's not start sucking each others dicks quite yet."

It was meant to mean that there was a long way to go yet but all I could think of was Ma'am's soft mouth sliding onto my tumescent cock. I moaned involuntarily.

"What's up baby?"

"Nothing Ma'am, everything is perfect."

"Then why did you moan? Tell me."

She knew exactly why I had moaned. She knew exactly what she was doing and I knew she loved these little games.

"Please touch me Ma'am. I've been locked up for six weeks, all I have felt is steel bars against my flesh. Please, he's desperate for your touch Ma'am."

She carried on massaging my balls as my rock hard cock twitched involuntarily inches from her hand.

"He does look quite desperate baby. I can see all his veins standing out and the blood pumping through them with your heart beat. It's lovely to watch. He looks very happy to me, I'm not sure he needs any stimulation."

"Uh, please Ma'am. It would feel incredible to have you stroke him, please Ma'am. I'm begging you."

"Oh that's sweet baby but you know I'm not a fan of being told what to do. I'm a bit contrary like that."

Her voice was sweet and melodic. I knew she was messing with me. What I didn't know was whether she was going to touch me or not. I also knew that nothing I said would make a blind bit of difference but I couldn't help myself.

"Ma'am please just tease me a little. We both love that, please Ma'am."

"Mmm teasing you would be fun. Maybe I could give you a long slow blowjob and take you right to the edge over and over until you beg me to stop."

"Oh god Ma'am. That would be heaven."

"Or I could just get one finger nice and wet and rub your frenum with it. Touch that super sensitive little spot until you go crazy."

I groaned and flexed against the ropes. I was beyond knowing what I was saying now.

"Yes, yes. Please Ma'am, please do that Ma'am. Anything you want Ma'am, anything."

"So I can do anything I want then baby?"

"Yes Ma'am, of course you can. Please please."

"That's very kind of you baby. That orgasm you gave me was truly stunning. I probably owe you something for that."

"Yes Ma'am, please please. Oh, no you don't owe me anything Ma'am. Please please, I'm so horny Ma'am."

I was babbling now, we both knew it.

She jumped up and got the hood. A minute later it was firmly laced over me.

"I know what you need baby."

I felt her untie my wrists and she told me to sit up. She deftly tied them together behind my back before untying my ankles. I stood up and she moved behind and pressed herself into me.

"Finger me baby."

It was tricky but I managed to move my wrists slightly and get my index finger against her clit. She had one arm around my chest and the her other hand held my balls quite tightly. She rhythmically pulled them away from my body and twisted slightly. It wasn't enough to really hurt, in fact it was a massive turn on.

My finger was sliding frantically across her clit, I could feel her breath accelerating on my neck. Her arm tightened around my chest and her grip on my balls strengthened as she had a leg shaking orgasm. She needed her arm to hold her up briefly.

She recovered quickly though and soon both her hands made a circle around my cock and balls, her thumbs just above my shaft.

"He feels so hot and heavy baby. I'm still not sure that he needs any more teasing at the moment. Maybe if he wasn't so hard I would believe that he wants more stimulation but at the moment I don't."

I moaned again from inside the hood. There wasn't a chance in hell of him going down any time soon. He was as rigid and a steel bar and he was going to stay that way.

"Oh Ma'am, please please, just a little bit more. Please."

"I can give you more of this for sure baby."

Her fingers started playing with my balls. Tapping them, moving them from side to side but absolutely nothing went near my desperate cock.

I gave another loud moan.

"Oh my poor little boy. What shall I do with you?"

Her voice was turning, becoming more dominant.

"Six whole weeks. Is that a long time boy? Emma only lets her sub cum once a year. I have a feeling that she only unlocks him then. The rest of the time he is in a full belt, his cock pushed down next to his swollen balls with zero room to move. Would you like that boy?"

Somehow I managed to get harder. I was sweating under the hood.

"Yes Ma'am. A full belt sounds amazing."

"And no sensations at all for a whole year, before what I assume is a very, very brief handjob. She probably ruins it too. Lovely, yes?"

I felt like I was hyperventilating.

"Yes Ma'am, that sounds perfect. I could stop thinking about my cock and give everything to you Ma'am."

Ma'am recognised that I was getting a bit hot and bothered.

"Come with me."

I was taken out of the bedroom into another room. I hadn't actually looked around when I arrived so I had no idea where I was.

I screamed as the cold water hit me hard in the groin. I heard Ma'am laugh.

"Wow, great water pressure they have here."

Unsurprisingly it took a while for the cold water to see my erection off but eventually Ma'am was able to get me back in the cage. She tried her best to touch me as little as possible during the process.

She left me to dry off and I joined her in the lounge.

"Hey baby, that was fun, wasn't it?"

I was still full of endorphins and my cock had started to fill as soon as the water stopped. It was thumping in the cage already. We were both smiling.

"Oh Ma'am, you're going to be the death of me one day."

Her smile broadened, "I hope not baby, I enjoy messing with you too much and I would be heart broken if your tongue wasn't around."

There was a knock on the door, I looked at Ma'am.

"There's a spy hole."

I went over and looked, it was Emma. Ma'am pointed to the middle of the room, put her dressing gown on and opened the door.

"Hi Louise, I hope I'm not disturbing you. Do you fancy a drink and a chat? We had to cut you off earlier. It felt slightly rude."

"Not at all Emma, and yes, please come in. I'm not really dressed for the bar though, neither is my boy."

Emma spotted me, "oh, lovely! Hello Tom."

She turned to Ma'am.

"Is it OK to speak to him?"

"Yes yes, we're pretty casual most of the time."

"Good evening Emma. Can I call you Emma?"

"Miss would be fine."

"Good evening Miss, can I get you a drink?"

"Yes, gin and tonic?"

I looked at Ma'am.

"It's all in the minibar boy. I will have one too. Ice and a slice."

I glanced at Emma, she was wearing tight denim shorts and a tee shirt that showed off her lean stomach. Her toned legs seemed to go on forever.

The ladies settled down on the sofa and started chatting. I served them their drinks and moved away.

"That's a lovely looking device Louise. Can I have a closer look?"

"Of course, come here boy. Sorry, he's a little over excited at the moment."

Emma laughed, "aren't they always?"

I stood in front of her, arms behind my back and feet shoulder width apart. She had a good look before moving it around to check out the base ring and the fit. My cock hardened slightly and Emma smiled.

"Beautiful device. What's inside looks nice too."

"You are correct on both counts."

"I don't recognise it, is it hand made?"

Ma'am explained about who made it, what material it was made of and how secure it was. Emma was impressed.

"That's a big outlay on such a young boy Louise. How long have you been together?"

"About eight months and yes, I did take a bit of a gamble on him. But it has paid off handsomely. When do you want to be without this device boy?"

"If it was down to me Ma'am, never. I love it."

"What about you Emma? You mentioned a full belt."

"Yes, he wears that full time, apart from situations like this. It was actually his idea, if real life didn't interrupt he would want it on forever and never be released. He finds his sexual needs are a distraction from more important things, like me."

Ma'am nodded, "don't you miss playing with it and using it?"

"Not really. We played a lot earlier in our relationship but we just evolved to a different place. I was never a massive fan of penetrative sex, and his cock isn't as impressive as your boy's. Anyway, if I want a cock I have various men I can call on."

"I love playing with my boy, he's so reactive as you can see."

My cock was still hard in front of Emma, she toyed with it briefly.

"We are still very early in our relationship so who knows where we will end up. Also I don't think it's a good idea, mentally or physically, to deprive someone as young as my boy of his cock. Not entirely anyway."

I felt like a specimen being discussed in a laboratory. But all the chastity talk was having the usual effect on my cock.

"I agree entirely Louise. We have a duty of care in both respects."

"Where is Jerry by the way?"

"He's at a delicate stage in some multi million dollar deal. When he's needed, he has to be available. He is going to be busy tomorrow too. It's a bit of a downer on the holiday but if it all goes well he will be in line for a hefty bonus so it's a necessary evil unfortunately.

"Do you snorkel Emma?"

"I do, I love being in the sea."

"We've got a boat chartered tomorrow to take us to a lovely little cove with fantastic snorkeling apparently. Would you care to join us?"

Emma smiled broadly.

"That would be lovely Louise, thank you so much."

The ladies arranged the time and place and had a quick hug at the doorstep before Emma sauntered off into the night.

"Well that will be nice baby. You'll have two gorgeous ladies with you tomorrow. Lucky you!"

"One is enough for me Ma'am."

She grinned, "more than enough. Time for bed, I need to get you ready. Seeing as all the floors are tiled you will have the privilege of sleeping in my bed this holiday. But I will make sure there are no wandering hands."

I feigned astonishment.

"As if I would ever be so bold Ma'am."

Ma'am gave me a wink and approached with a lot of rope. We moved to the bedroom and she went to work. By the time she finished my wrists were securely attached to my chastity device in a way that meant my palms were around the cage with everything tied off behind me.

The finishing touch was the hood of course. I wondered if I was going to wear it every night from now on. It was intense but I loved it and my cock sprang into life every time it went on.

Ma'am settled in near me and I realised what she had done, basically I couldn't move my hands away from my throbbing cock. I squeezed the cage and the bulging skin. Unless I could control myself it was going to be a long night.

Before long I could tell Ma'am was asleep. Her breathing was slow and rhythmical, a bit like the throbbing in my cock. I carefully turned on to my side, it made no difference at all, my hands were still glued to my cock. I turned back and tried to relax but I kept thinking of Ma'am's bikini and Emma's tight little shorts. That didn't help at all so I thought about going snorkeling tomorrow. That didn't help either, I was going to spend the day on a deserted cove with both of them and I suspected that Ma'am would have something kinky in mind. Every time I started to drift off, my cock twitched and I was wide awake again. It took a long time before it went down and sleep took me.

I was woken by Ma'am opening the sliding doors to our little patio area. I sat up to let her know I was awake.

"Morning baby, it's another lovely day."

I heard her approach and the ropes and hood were removed.

"Good morning Ma'am, thank you. Did you sleep well?"

"Like a baby. But I do need a coffee, let's go to breakfast."

She handed me a pair of shorts. Much like everything else, they were thin and fairly tight and showed the outline of my cage if you took more than a brief glance.

We both had a bowl of cereal and a bowl of absolutely delicious fresh fruit. Back at the chalet Ma'am made some preparations for our trip. The boat would drop us off and come back about five hours later. Ma'am handed me a suspiciously heavy bag to take down to the jetty.

Emma was already there when we arrived. She was wearing the same sexy shorts as yesterday. She waved as we walked towards her.

"Hi Louise, hi Tom. I'm a bit disappointed to see that you're dressed."

I smiled and shrugged.

"Unfortunately not everyone is as broad minded as us."

"Don't worry Emma, the cove is completely private. We can do anything we like once we're there."

Emma gave Ma'am a big hug, I thought it lasted slightly longer than normal but that might have been wishful thinking. I picked up Emma's bag and we boarded the small boat.

The pilot set off and we sped down the coast.

It wasn't long before I heard the motor slow and we cruised carefully into the cove. As we approached the pilot pointed out the reef that protected the little bay. This was where the best snorkeling was, looking down I could already see a variety of exotic looking fish. Most of the reef was only three or four meters under the sea.

He gave us a satellite phone in case of an emergency and unloaded some parasols and a couple of cool boxes full of food and drink.

The cove was stunning and totally unspoiled. It was surrounded by steep sided forest and I heard birds calling to each other. It was just perfect.

"Ma'am, this is amazing. Thank you so much."

She smiled.

"It's lovely isn't it? You're welcome baby. Sort out those parasols and the snorkeling gear. I want to get in there.

The ladies both had their bikinis already on under their clothes and were ready in seconds. I looked around but I couldn't see any more swim wear. I mentioned this to Ma'am.

"Oh no! Baby, I must have forgotten to pack yours. How silly of me."

No one was going to give her an Oscar for that performance, Emma burst out laughing. Ma'am just pointed at me and made a down motion with her finger. I pulled my top off and slid my shorts down. The ladies had a good chuckle, there I was, stark naked on a Caribbean beach with two beautiful and dominant women.

The funny thing is that I wasn't in the slightest bit embarrassed. Ma'am had pretty much cured me of that. I did feel my cock getting hard though.

Ma'am threw me some sun cream.

"Do the honours baby."

I did Ma'am first and then turned to Emma.

"Can I put some sun cream on you Emma?"

"That would be lovely boy."

I did her shoulders and back, before long I was on my knees smoothing the cream into her long toned legs. My head was very close to her pussy, doing Ma'am had got me aroused and this just added to the strain in the cage. She put her hand on my head, holding me still.

"Do you like what you see boy?"

Her bikini was very tight, it almost seemed to be molded to her body. I could see her lips pressed into the thin material.

"Yes Miss, very much."

"I've heard about the skill you have with your tongue boy, I might have to put it to the test later."

"If that is OK with Ma'am then I would be honoured Miss."

"Of course it would be fine boy. In fact, I insist that you give Emma the benefit of your lovely tongue. Sun cream and sea first though."

Emma took the bottle out of my hands.

"Would you mind Louise?"

Ma'am grinned, "be my guest Emma. Make sure you are very thorough. I don't want any little bit of him catching the sun."

Emma was very thorough indeed. She pointed out that plenty of skin was visible through the cage and took a good five minutes massaging the cream into my cock and balls. I was raging hard by the time she finished.

"Thank you very much Miss."

My cock was pounding in its prison and she gave me a little tap under my balls.

"No problem boy."

The ladies had a little walk around the cove while I set up the parasols and checked out the cool boxes. The pilot had given me a small shovel, the best way to keep the food and drink cold was to bury the boxes in damp sand so I dug a couple of holes and put the boxes in them.

The ladies came back so we got ready and all did a comedy walk in flippers into the sea.

It was like swimming onto a David Attenborough nature documentary. There were fish everywhere, every colour of the rainbow, all different sizes and shapes. It was astonishing, at least it was to me. I could have stayed out for hours. I was just floating and looking when something grabbed my foot. I nearly jumped out of my skin, it was Ma'am getting my attention and pointing back to the beach.

Emma was already there pulling her flippers off in the shallows.

I collapsed next to her.

"That was amazing, absolutely amazing. I've never seen anything like it."

"It is great isn't it? I've done a bit of scuba diving in Australia but this is just so accessible. Beautiful."

Ma'am had taken her flippers off in slightly deeper water and was now doing a fine Ursula Andress in Dr. No impression as she emerged from the water.

"That was cool. I've never seen that many fish before, thousands of them."

We chatted away as we got back to our little base, who had seen what, and what the hell were they all called. Ma'am and Emma had recognised a few but it really didn't matter. It was a dazzling display of nature at its finest.

Before we had got in Ma'am had made me put my speedos on saying that the flashing silver of my device might look enticing to some of the bigger fish but she pointed her finger down and I quickly removed them.

"What's in those boxes then boy?"

I unpacked a fine selection of fresh fruit and cold meat cuts, plus some fresh bread and we got stuck in. There were some beer bottles but we stayed on the soft drinks as we were going to go back in later.

We were relaxing after lunch when Ma'am got up, grabbed the shovel and started digging some odd looking holes.

"Ma'am, can I do that for you?"

"Nope, I'm formulating a plan. Relax."

She had dug a shallow V shape with a couple of sausage shaped holes by the side. Emma and I were intrigued.

"Stand up boy."

Ma'am reached into her bag and produced some rope, Emma grinned.

"Oh, this trip just became more interesting."

Emma was sitting up now, and watching carefully. Ma'am tied my wrists behind my back. She did a very professional job, I suspected she might have been trying to impress Emma with her rope skills. She did the same with my ankles.

"Could you give me a hand Emma?"

"Sure!"

Emma jumped up and they put an hand under each of my armpits.

"Back you go boy."

They lowered me to the sand and into the grooves.

"Ah! I get it Louise, nice."

I got it too as I lay flat on the sand. The V shape was for my arms. They fitted into the V so that I could lie on my back without crushing my wrists or hurting my shoulders. I knew what the other grooves were for now too. Knees and shins. If someone wanted to sit on my face, they could now do it in much greater comfort.

Ma'am looked at Emma, "would you like to avail yourself of the facilities Emma? Today's special is fresh tongue."

"Sounds delicious, if it's good I might have seconds. It seems your boy likes the idea."

I had predictably hardened and my cock was keeping the cage bolt upright. Emma stood, over me, legs apart and looked down at me. She looked every inch a goddess and I suddenly felt very small. Ever so slowly she untied the knots at the sides of her bikini bottom and peeled the tight fabric away. She had full plump lips and was clean shaven. She moved her hand to her pussy and carefully slid one finger between her folds.

"I'm going to enjoy this boy. I have had a lot of oral sex so you had better live up to the hype."

I was feeling slightly nervous but so far I hadn't failed any of the women who had used me like this. But I also knew that all women were different. All I could do was my best. It was Ma'am's mantra and I intended to do exactly that.

Emma slowly dropped to her knees. She hovered briefly an inch or so above my waiting mouth.

"Make me cum boy."

She dropped the last inch and her moist pussy was on me. I stayed calm, I had been taught well. Start slow, and try to read her reactions seemed like the best plan.

She tasted different from Ma'am, but then all women are different. It didn't matter, it was still the glorious taste of a women's arousal. At some point soon I was going to give her that beautiful moment of orgasm.

All women react differently, or so I thought in my limited experience, but I had been given the privilege of taking her to a magical place. What I loved more than anything was creating that point where it was inevitable and unstoppable.

Edging was fun, but what I lived for was those few seconds between when a woman came and the beginning of her orgasm. It was like a free fall before the parachute opened. A thrilling and heart stopping moment before complete joy.

I had a duty to make the whole journey as amazing as I possibly could. My tongue moved gently across her clit. I moved when her body moved. I felt her energy and anticipation growing.

She hadn't offered any advice so I was content. I knew she would have let me know if there was something she wanted that I wasn't giving her. She was making small circular grinding movements on my mouth so I moved my tongue in the opposite direction, that way neither of us had to do much.

A shadow fell over me as Ma'am knelt by my head. Glancing up I saw her untying Emma's bikini top and start to caress her pert breasts. She pinched her nipples and I felt a tension grow. Her movements became sharper and less controlled.

Emma's body had become tense, I could feel tremors running down her thighs. It would happen soon. I knew Ma'am so well that I could probably countdown from about ten seconds and be spot on for when her orgasm hit. I didn't know Emma at all, her orgasm took me slightly by surprise.

I heard a whoosh of air as she exhaled, nothing happened for a second then her whole body started shaking uncontrollably. There was a gasping intake of breath followed by a strangled sigh that seemed to go on forever. Her whole body was vibrating with passion, I saw her hands digging into Ma'am's shoulders as she steadied herself.

Then, as if someone had cut a puppets strings, all the tension left her and let out three or four long moans as her body relaxed. Her head was hanging down as she slowly recovered. She looked up at Ma'am with dazed eyes and smiled.

"Oh my Louise. Good job! You weren't over selling him at all. That was a damn fine orgasm."

She looked down and ruffled my hair.

"Not bad boy, not bad at all."

There was a flexing in her torso and she athletically jumped to her feet.

"Mmm, thanks for that Louise. Oh, I'm tingling. Lovely, lovely, lovely."

Suddenly the ball of her foot was pressing on my testicles.

"I love the way a proper sub gets so exited about giving pleasure to someone else, don't you?"

Ma'am was smiling broadly.

"It's definitely a very good sign of a sub Emma, although it's sometimes hard to tell with this one as he's almost permanently hard."

Emma laughed heartily.

"The enthusiasm of youth. Young, dumb, and full of cum. Just how I like them!"

They both laughed out loud. Emma was moving her foot from side to side across my balls, squeezing them from side to side. It was quite painful but my cock was loving the attention.

"It reacts well to pain too. Actually it reacts to anything."

"Are you going to take advantage Louise? Actually, do you know what? I can't remember the last time I went down on a woman. What do you reckon? I figure I owe you one, I've had one and you invited me here too."

"That sounds like a great idea Emma. Thank you!"

Ma'am threw a towel over my head as Emma got into position. It was infuriating, they were right next to me but I couldn't see anything. I listened to Ma'am's breathing as it slowly accelerated before hearing the moans that I knew so well.

I felt jealous. This was my job. Making Ma'am cum nourished me emotionally, it was central to my existence as a sub. But my jealousy passed quickly as I heard her cum. Ma'am was happy, I hadn't been the cause of her happiness but that didn't matter at all. Her orgasm had kept me hard in my cage so that would please her.

The ladies took a quick dip to wash some sand off their bodies before returning and putting towels on either side of me. They lay down next to me and chatted about their dominant lifestyles. Obviously they took this opportunity to casually play with my bound body between them.

"Have you ever considered putting your boy in a full belt Louise?"

"I have, it's another level of control, an extra layer of dominance. But he's at university at the moment, I don't think this is the right time. I want him to enjoy his time there and a full belt isn't the most discreet of things."

"That's a sensible decision. He's so young, there so much for him to learn and experience yet in real life as well as in the kinky world."

I felt Ma'am's hand grip my balls.

"How do you feel about a big, steel belt boy? It will hold you like nothing else. Your cock will be held straight down and the tube will be tight even when you are soft. The front plate will lie flush against your abdomen, you won't be able to achieve any kind of erection.

I prefer the ones that have a urethral tube, a catheter, so when you pee it will come out of a small tube between your legs. It keeps things clean and hygienic. The best devices have some very ingenious ways of keeping you clean too.

"Would you like to be in Jerry's position boy? Locked away like that for a whole year?"

I heard Emma laugh quietly. Both of them were aware that my cock was trying to burst out of its prison. I could try and rationalise my reaction. It was because I had two beautiful naked ladies lying beside me, or maybe it was because Ma'am was gently squeezing my balls. But the truth was that I found the idea terrifying and incredibly arousing.

A whole year, with my cock stuffed into a little tube. No erections, no stimulation, nothing at all. It was too much, way too much, but my cock was trembling with desire.

"Maybe we could try it during your summer holidays. That would be about two months, just a little taster of the real thing. Would you like that boy?"

Emma was playing with my nipples now, lightly pinching and twisting.

"Honestly Ma'am, I really don't know. The idea scares me but my reaction to it scares me even more. My brain doesn't want to do it but my body does."

"Don't worry baby. I won't force it on you on any way. I am one hundred percent happy with our current arrangement. This device can stay on for the rest of your life as far as I'm concerned."

My cock gave a little twitch of approval when she said this.

Emma gave my nipple a hard tweak.

"He's such a responsive little thing, isn't he?"

"Yes. It's great. He is totally honest with me, but even if he tried to hide something he wouldn't be able to. It makes him so easy to manipulate."

"How long can he stay that hard in the cage?"

Ma'am laughed, "pretty much forever from what I've seen so far. It can be very tricky to get him in and out of the cage when I want to play with him.

Yesterday for example, I let him out and teased him without actually touching him. It took a good ten minutes under a freezing shower for him to go soft. Time for another swim?"

"Definitely!"

I was untied and the ladies had a good laugh as I tried to get my little speedos over the cage. It looked ridiculous.

The reef was just as amazing second time around. We stayed close and pointed out some of the more colourful or weird fish to each other. Emma suddenly grabbed Ma'am and me and gestured excitedly out to sea.

A manta ray was swimming slowly down the coast. It was huge yet incredibly graceful and serene. We floated motionless as it passed by only about 30 yards away.

I was stunned, what a beautiful creature. It was an amazing end to a great day.

We were relaxing on the beach when the phone squawked into life. The boat would be here in fifteen minutes to pick us up. I got busy packing everything away and before long we were speeding back to the resort.

I held the ladies hands as they disembarked and Emma gave us both a big hug.

"Thank you Louise, that was a lovely day. Thanks for inviting me."

"You're most welcome Emma, it was good fun."

Emma wanted to see how Jerry was doing so we said goodbye and headed back to the chalet.

Ma'am was on me in a flash.

"I have no problem with sharing you, but I'm glad to have you all to myself again baby."

She just about managed to get the cage off before my cock made it impossible. A minute later my hands were securely tied behind my back.

She sat down in a comfy chair and flicked her legs up over the arms.

"I need it now boy."

I made sure she got it. I didn't go crazy but it was only a matter of minutes before she shook her way through a strong orgasm. After recovering she told me to sit on the edge of the bed. She pushed my knees wide apart and grabbed my balls, pulling gently.

"He looks like he really wants some attention, doesn't he boy?"

I was rock hard and throbbing in the early evening warmth.

"He always craves your attention Ma'am. He's addicted."

She disappeared for a second and returned with the hood. My cock bobbed rhythmically as she slowly and deliberately tightened the laces.

One hand went back to my balls and the other travelled across my thighs and abdomen, she was carefully avoiding my cock again.

"I could watch this lovely shaft of flesh for hours. It's mesmerising. How it bobs and twitches, how its veins pulse with your heart beat.

She was driving me crazy with need again. She gently blew a current of air across my head and my cock trembled.

I felt the most delicate of touches running up the underside of my shaft. Ma'am had found a small and delicate feather on the beach and brought it back with her.

Up and down it went, literally a feather touch. It was maddeningly soft. I knew it was there but it seemed like the sensation was gone almost before it started.

I sighed in my hood. You didn't need expensive equipment, or a massive dungeon. Ma'am was using a few feet of rope and a tiny feather to drive me crazy.

She moved to my head, the touches remained infuriatingly light and ethereal. My cock was jumping around uncontrollably as the feather appeared then disappeared without warning. It was taking all my willpower not to stand up and scream. My cock hadn't been touched in over six weeks, now it was getting this.

The feather suddenly stopped.

"Let's up the ante baby. If you can control yourself, you have my permission to cum."

Ma'am put a dollop of lube on her index finger and started moving it quickly across my frenum. My cock immediately twitched violently at the unexpected touch. Ma'am kept her finger where it was and a few seconds later my cock slowly descended onto it. It sat there feeling the beautiful slippery friction for longer this time before it twitched away.

I understood the game now, I could cum, but only if I had the control to keep my cock on her finger. I settled myself down, I could do this. Her finger slipped quickly across my super sensitive frenum, it was electric. My arousal grew, not quickly as her touch was still quite light, but it grew.

I probably lasted about twenty delicious seconds this time before my cock involuntarily jerked upwards and away from her. I took a deep breath as it slowly returned to the contact point. Oh my, it felt so good. I was building, slowly getting closer.

Ping! My cock shot up again and I moaned, and so it continued. Sometimes her finger felt incredibly light, sometimes I got more friction. Either way, the result was the same, my cock twitched away. But I felt like I was getting fractionally closer each time.

Remember her lessons, it's all about the journey. Let the feelings come, don't chase them and don't worry about the future. Just let it happen. I lasted a little longer, then a little longer still. One last deep breath as my cock came back into contact.

A thin line of sweat ran down my cheek under the hood, mirroring the bead of precum that was dangling from my head. Another ten seconds, that's all. I was close, another five. Breath, don't forget to breath. I could feel my body begin to tremble, so close, so close.

My cock pistoned away from her finger, vibrating with desire. No! Yes? Fuck! Another bead of precum dripped from my head. I let out a strangled cry of frustration. No! For a second I thought I was going to have a ruined orgasm as my cock trembled on the edge.

But no, the pressure began to ease ever so slightly and the moment was gone. I had been so close.

"We need to go to dinner baby, it will take ages to get this beast under control. Never mind. Maybe next time. I really thought you had it there."

My shoulders slumped and I moaned from deep inside my soul.

"Yes Ma'am, maybe next time Ma'am."

I stood up, it was a jerky movement as if I wasn't in control. I had so much adrenaline pumping through my body that my muscles seemed to have a life of their own. The cold water shocked me as it always did. It was probably a world record length of time before Ma'am was able to get the cage on.

The rope and hood came off and Ma'am gave me big hug.

"Fuck, that was hot baby."

She grabbed my hand and thrust it between her legs. Before long I was holding her body up as a violent orgasm crashed through her.

We were having another one of those moments where we were both sexually on fire. We looked at each other, I could see the fire burning brightly in her eyes. I felt like her prey but the last thing I wanted to do was escape.

The moment passed as Ma'am smiled.

"Hungry baby?"

"Only for your pussy Ma'am."

"Oh! How rude!"

She giggled, "come on, I'm starving."

My thin trousers felt very tight as we made our way to the restaurant but I didn't give a damn. I glanced down and saw the outline of the bars.

Let them look I thought. I'm proud of my submission and I'm proud to be wearing this cage for Ma'am.

We ordered a beer each and ate some odd looking snacks that came with them. I had no idea what they were but they were delicious.

Ma'am went extravagant and ordered lobster for both of us. I had never had it before, it was delicious but I managed to spread it over most of the table. We finished and went to the bar.

"Well baby, we've been here a couple of days and we haven't had any rum yet."

The bartender came over and Ma'am ordered a small pitcher of rum punch. Over the next couple of hours we ordered another pitcher and got quite drunk. I really enjoyed myself, it was one of the rare times where I felt like her boyfriend, and not her sub. Ma'am was quite giggley and very open about her past.

I was pleased that she was letting me in. Usually she was quite guarded, I didn't really know much about her. It didn't feel like it was my place to ask her personal questions. She probably would have answered if I had, but our power dynamic meant that I didn't feel like I should pry or push.

It was late by the time we got back, Ma'am pretty much collapsed on the bed.

"It's your lucky day baby, or lucky night. I have a firm rule, no kinky stuff when I'm drunk. You can sleep free tonight."

It was odd to sleep in a bed with Ma'am, especially without any type of bondage. She was out like a light and I followed suit quickly.

I woke up before her which was unusual. I guess it was because I had fallen straight asleep and hadn't spent an hour trying to calm my cock down.

I slid silently out of bed, put some clothes on and walked quickly to the restaurant. I had a quick chat with one of the waitresses and ten minutes later I was heading back to the chalet.

Ma'am was sitting up in bed looking slightly confused when I opened the door.

"Hey baby, where have you been?"

I popped back outside and picked up the tray that I had left the restaurant with. I entered with a bit of a flourish.

"Breakfast in bed Ma'am?"

She had clearly enjoyed a drink or two in her youth, but not so much these days, so I reckoned that she might be feeling slightly jaded this morning. I was right, she gave me a big smile. She sniffed the air, there was the unmistakable aroma of a fried breakfast. We usually had healthy stuff but this was a hangover morning.

"Ah baby! Good call, very good call."

We propped ourselves up on some pillows and tucked in. After we finished she kissed me on the cheek.

'Nicely done. I think today is going to be a slow, relaxed one.'

We sat out on the balcony for a while watching the world go by. Ma'am spotted Emma and Jerry wandering past.

"Hey guys. How's tricks?"

"Tricks are good Louise, very good. Jerry nailed that big contract down last night. We're going to celebrate tonight, would you care to join us?"

"That would be great, thanks."

"Cool. I'll pop round at about five once we've worked out what we're doing."

Ma'am and I spent most of the day on the beach. As Ma'am had predicted, it was a very relaxed day. We just lounged around, went for a couple of swims, it was just lovely. Again I felt like we were a couple rather than a domme and a sub.

We went back well before five, Ma'am wanted to use my tongue which she did, twice. I was still tied with my arms and legs spread wide when Emma knocked on the door. Ma'am was in the bathroom.

"It's open!"

Emma and Jerry walked in as Ma'am emerged.

"Oh, are we disturbing something?"

Ma'am laughed.

"You would have been ten minutes ago. Sorry, I got a little carried away."

I was still standing proud in the cage, Emma pointed at me.

"See Jerry, I told you. Quite a specimen. oh, aren't you a little over dressed darling?"

"Yes Miss, one second."

Jerry had his clothes off in a trice. He was surprisingly muscular but what caught my eye, and Ma'am's, was his chastity device.

"Mmm nice," said Ma'am, "and what a fine pair of testicles."

They were huge, way bigger than mine.

"He does have a fairly spectacular pair, doesn't he? You should see the mess he makes each year. It's like a fountain."

His cock was encased in a small, solid tube, and I could see the Prince Albert piercing locked on at the end. It was a thick gauge piercing, I suddenly felt a little nervous.

"Do you mind Emma?"

Ma'am moved towards Jerry.

"Not at all darling, my sub is your sub."

Ma'am hefted his testicles in her hand. She could barely hold them both. She gave them a squeeze and Jerry grunted.

"Do you play with them much Emma?"

"I used to, they can take a awful lot of punishment, probably because there's an awful lot of them. There is always a bit that hasn't been hit. That's our motto, isn't it darling?"

He laughed, "I think it's more yours than mine Miss, but it's definitely true."

Ma'am laughed.

"So what's the plan Emma?"

"Well the main reason we are at this resort is because we have connections here via one of Jerry's colleagues. Anyway, Jerry made a call and we have been told about the best restaurant in town. It's in Saint Johns so we thought we could get a taxi into town and have a look. Also we can get a bit of local colour too.

This resort is amazing but I always try and get off the tourist path a bit when I go somewhere."

"I agree, sounds good. I'll sort my boy out and we can leave in about ten minutes."

Ma'am freed me and I had a quick and cold shower. Ma'am produced a pair of trousers that didn't show my cage off. The ladies hadn't dressed up too much, we didn't want to look too much like wealthy and ostentatious tourists.

There was still a lot of poverty in the islands and rich tourists did occasionally get targeted. I noticed that Jerry wasn't wearing his Rolex either.

The taxi took about thirty minutes and soon we were in the hustle and bustle of the capital. The sights and sounds were overwhelming. It seems like semi organised chaos, reggae was pumping out of nearly every shop and bar.

A lot of places were geared up for tourists, we were not the only white faces by a long way. There were currently two huge cruise ships moored up in the docks.

The place we were heading for was a little off the beaten track, apparently it was the best locals place, rather than a tourist trap.

We took our seats and Jerry went to the bar to introduce himself, the owner was very pleased to see him. Years ago, Jerry and a few other people had helped rescue the place with some financial deal. They had taken a punt, and it had payed off for all concerned.

Jerry say back down.

"Sorted, dinner is on its way as is the rum punch."

Ma'am looked at me and grinned.

"Let's try and just have one this time baby."

Conversation soon turned kinky as Ma'am described some of our scenes with Sarah. Emma was surprised to learn that I was fairly happy playing a dominant role occasionally, even if it was purely under orders, as Jerry couldn't do that.

"Can I ask you something Louise? You remember I said that I sometimes crave a cock. I've been very impressed by what I've seen of your boy, and very impressed by what is lurking in that cage. Would there be any chance...?"

Ma'am thought briefly.

"In theory, yes. But he's on a bit of a hair trigger at the moment as he's had very little stimulation recently. University has curtailed his training somewhat. I'm worried that he might not resist as well as he can at the moment."

Ma'am and Emma excused themselves and had a brief chat. When they came back Emma passed a piece of paper to Jerry and he stood up and disappeared down the street.

Nothing more was said, Jerry returned about fifteen minutes later and stuffed a bag into Emma's handbag.

"I found what you needed Miss."

I was intrigued but the ladies weren't talking about whatever had just gone on so I kept quiet.

The food was fantastic, as was the atmosphere. It was loud, frenetic and very friendly. We wandered around afterwards taking it all in, it was quite an evening for a young boy from a small village. I couldn't get enough but soon enough we were back at the resort and my mind turned to Emma and what she and Ma'am had planned.

They had kissed in the taxi home which had clearly affected Jerry and me. We went back to ours and Ma'am wasted no time in securing my wrists behind my back and taking my cage off. Emma did the same with Jerry's wrists but his cock stayed locked. He was never unlocked after all.

Jerry and I stood at the end of the bed while the ladies kissed and cuddled on the bed. Before long it became quite passionate and I watched their legs intertwine and begin to slide across their pussies. My cock was bolt upright and I could see Jerry was straining hard in his cage.

Ma'am looked at Emma, "ready?"

"Hell yeah!"

Ma'am jumped up and Emma stayed on the bed gently rubbing her wet pussy.

"Are you going to enjoy seeing me fuck Louise's boy Jerry?"

"Very much Miss. He clearly has a lot to offer, a lot more than me."

"Do you ever wish your cock was free?"

"Only on very rare occasions Miss. But chastity is definitely right for me. Thank you for making my dreams a reality Miss."

Ma'am came back and I watched her unwrapping a rubber [condom] and discarding the wrapper.

"Protection boy, but not in the way you think. It's extra thick so you won't have any trouble giving Emma everything she needs, will you?"

"No Ma'am. I will do my best to please her."

She looked me in the eye, she looked serious.

"I know you will boy. Kneel on the bed."

Emma got on all fours and pressed her pussy against the head of my cock.

"Go gently to start with, it has been a long time since I've had something like that in me."

I pushed forward slowly, her pussy parted and I slid gently inside her. She gasped, so I stopped and let her make the running. She rocked back and forth, carefully getting more and more of me in her. The rubber really was thick, I couldn't feel much at all. That suited me just fine as I was feeling very turned on.

I had never worn a rubber before and I actually found it arousing. It was tight and the feeling of being encased in latex clearly set something off in my mind.

Emma was moving a little quicker now so I joined in, thrusting my hips to meet her.

"Oh fuck yeah. That's good, that's really good."

She was taking my whole length now and my balls were bumping into her as our bodies met. She moved onto her elbows and arched her back. I really wanted my hands free so I could hold her hips.

The bed moved and Ma'am suddenly appeared, lying down at an angle to us. She wriggled towards Emma until they were face to face.

Emma leaned in and the ladies kissed deeply. I realised that Jerry was between Ma'am's legs and licking away. I felt another pang of jealousy. Her pussy wasn't mine, I didn't own it, but I did feel very possessive towards it.

Ma'am broke off her kiss and addressed Jerry.

"You know your woman, make me cum at the same time she does."

Ma'am began kissing Emma again, but now she had her hands on her nipples, pinching and twisting. This seemed to be a little extra impetus that Emma needed. She started slamming back onto my cock. I was feeling super horny, I forgot about Ma'am and Jerry and concentrated on my duties.

The tight rubber and Emma's tight pussy were getting me very worked up. It was as if her pussy was squashing the latex tube against my cock, I could feel the blood flowing in, pounding in my veins.

Ma'am was moaning now as Jerry pushed her closer. The whole scene was very hot, I couldn't help but myself try to pound Emma as hard as I could. Both the ladies were making very passionate sounds. I knew Ma'am was close, I hoped Emma was too.

Jerry knew, he knew his woman well. I saw Ma'am's body tense and she grabbed Emma tightly. She gasped as her orgasm hit. Ma'am cumming made the difference for Emma. She smashed back onto me and let out a strangled groan as a big orgasm cascaded through her. I could feel her pussy trembling and contracting around me. It felt amazing, even through the thick rubber. As her orgasm passed she relaxed and slowly slid up and down on me a few more times.

Emma eased herself off me.

"Thanks boys. You're dismissed."

Ma'am and Emma embraced, sharing their post orgasmic bliss. They gently kissed and caressed each other. I backed off the bed with Jerry. We were both rock hard but on totally in different situations.

There was a little bit of small talk but it was clear that both ladies wanted some time with their subs. Emma and Jerry left after Ma'am thanked them for a lovely evening.

She sat down on the bed in front of me. I was still bound and hard. She slowly peeled the rubber off and started gently massaging my balls.

"How was that boy, did you enjoy fucking Emma?"

"Yes Ma'am, I'm pleased that she trusted both of us enough. I feel honoured that she chose me to be her first for a while."

"How close did you get?"

"Quite close Ma'am. I think I had it under control. It was definitely a good call to use protection."

"You didn't have permission to cum though, without the rubber, would you have cum?"

"Honestly, I can't say for sure Ma'am. The rubber allowed me to be more relaxed, possibly too relaxed. If I hadn't been wearing it I would have behaved differently... no, I don't know. I would have mentally prepared more but it would have been very difficult.

I also found seeing you moving to an orgasm very arousing Ma'am. I haven't had a third person view like that before as I'm usually the person making you cum."

I hadn't expressed myself very well but Ma'am seemed to understand.

"As honest as ever, thank you. I thought you might struggle after a longish period of having no stimulation, but you made it through. Well done baby. We are definitely going to have to do a lot more training when you come home for Easter.

I'm a little disappointed that you probably wouldn't of been able to stop yourself without the rubber but not in the slightest bit surprised."

The dominant tone appeared.

"Training never stops boy. Learning never stops. You know I will never stop, don't you?"

I was throbbing with desire.

"I do Ma'am, and I will always do my best for both of us. Thank you for being so patient with me Ma'am. I hope I can be the sub you want and deserve."

Completely out of the blue she leaned in and took me deep in her mouth. A bolt of lightening jumped through me as her lips and tongue engulfed me. She made a ring with her fingers, pulling my balls away from my cock and held me tight.

She bobbed up and down, fast and deep. I gasped at the sudden sensations running down my cock. It was too much, the jump from nothing to this had taken me completely off guard.

Ma'am stooped as quickly as she had started.

"How long until an orgasm if I had carried on boy?"

I hung my head.

"A minute or so Ma'am. I'm sorry Ma'am."

She ignored my apology.

"It's not good enough is it? Think boy! Think about everything I have tried to teach you."

Her hand was holding my balls tighter now, creating that familiar ache.

Her mouth swept down on my cock again and I jerked in shock. It felt incredible, warm wetness slid over my sensitive skin. God, it was good. My whole body felt alive, endorphins flew through me. I had missed this so much.

The penny dropped in my head, the big head above my neck rather than the other one. This felt so good, so amazing. This was what I wanted. This rush, this buzz through my body. It had been a long time since I last felt this but suddenly all the memories came back.

All the excitement and joyful frustration that Ma'am had given me was still lodged in my subconscious somewhere. This is what I wanted, denial meant that I could please Ma'am while receiving these beautiful feelings at the same time. It was a win win situation. All I had to do was let it happen.

It sounded simple but it really wasn't. Ma'am's mouth was driving me crazy. But at least I had a plan, I had remembered what I needed to do.

She broke away, I realised that she had been going for it for a couple of minutes. My cock was tingling with excitement but I hadn't got too close.

"Good boy, much better."

"Thank you Ma'am. Sorry about before, and sorry that you had to remind me of a few things. You shouldn't have had to."

She smiled up at me.

"That's OK boy. Just so long as you keep learning everything will be OK. That is all I ask of you."

She was masturbating me gently while squeezing my balls. It was beautiful, I closed my eyes and moaned.

"Oh Ma'am, thank you. You do the most amazing things to me. You give me so much, I promise I will give you everything I have I return."

She stood up, keeping her hand moving on my cock.

"That's all I need to know baby."

She pushed my solid cock down and slid it between her legs, warmth coated my shiny glans as it glided across her. She gripped firmly and started to rub her clit with my head, looking me straight in the eye. I stared at her, it was tunnel vision, as if all the light in the room was being sucked into her deep dark eyes.

All I could see was her fire, and the building heat inside her. I knew I could never douse that fire. Every orgasm I gave her quenched it briefly but it would always come back, brighter and hotter than before.

She came, shaking and bucking but she didn't take her eyes off me for a second. My cock quivered in her hand. My denial, her orgasm. It would always be so.

We stayed like that for an eternity, actually it was about thirty seconds but it seemed like an age. We didn't need to speak, we were communicating in a different way, through her hand holding my rock hard cock. She was enjoying her post orgasmic come down, I was shaking with desire. My need was fueling her. It was a distillation of our positions, of her dominance and of my submission.

She gave me one last squeeze and a wicked grin.

Good boy," she whispered, "shower time."

It was hot and sensual. We moved slowly against each other, pretending that we were getting clean. I wanted her so much it hurt. We embraced, our hot soapy bodies pressed together and my cock hard against her stomach. Our passion grew, we kissed deeply. I pinched her hard nipples and she moaned. we were at fever pitch again.

She turned and bent over slightly, pushing her ass towards me. I flexed my legs and my cock slipped effortlessly inside her. She moaned and clenched her fists against the wall. Her pussy was burning hot, every inch of my cock tingled. I slowly

pulled out and slid back in, another moan. Another slow push, as deep as I could. Her legs were trembling so I held her around the waist and nuzzled the back of her neck. Another thrust and I whispered in her ear.

"Cum Ma'am, feel me, feel my need and cum."

Another thrust, she was shaking uncontrollably.

"Cum for both of us Ma'am. I give you my orgasms, all of them forever. Cum Ma'am."

Another thrust.

There was a low growling noise that slowly turned into a shuddering moan. Her pussy gripped my cock like a vice. I held her close as her legs gave way. Every moan filled my heart with joy as something primeval rocked her to the core.

I didn't want to let her go, I never wanted to let her go. My cock was like a poker inside her, I had never wanted to cum as much as I had while we fucked but I had also known that I wasn't going to. All I had wanted to do was bring her to an epic orgasm. It had been one of those moments where nothing in the world mattered except her.

It had nothing to do with her training, there was no thought involved. She wasn't dominating me. It was purely down to my submissive side wanting to please, and to knowing how important that moment was. We had both been totally absorbed in each other, lost in sensual bliss. There could only be one outcome, and one orgasm.

Eventually Ma'am pushed my arms away, turned and rested her head on my chest. My cock pounded between us.

"Thank you baby. That was spectacular, it was special. Thank you."

I hugged her, "you've no idea how happy I am right now Ma'am."

She pressed herself into me and squeezed me.

"I'm too hot!" She giggled, "in many ways. Turn the shower off."

We wrapped a towel around each other and went out onto the balcony where a gentle breeze cooled and dried us.

Ma'am giggled again, "I see you've got somewhere for me to hang my towel baby."

My cock was still rock hard and my towel stuck out in front of me, it did look pretty silly. I laughed too.

"I'm here for all your needs Ma'am. Orgasms, towel rails, anything really."

"Water will do for now baby. You've definitely covered the orgasm part in spades."

We sat out on the balcony, slowly cooling down physically and emotionally. A little shiver ran through Ma'am.

"Are you cold Ma'am?"

"No, that was just an aftershock. I'm all warm and fuzzy inside baby. Thank you."

I was all warm and fuzzy too. The adrenaline was wearing off and I was basking in a job very well done.

Shortly we went to bed, Ma'am tied my arms by my sides and my legs together before slipping the hood on.

"Night baby. Sleep well."

We both slept like logs, it had been a busy day. I woke to find Ma'am curled up against me. She took the hood off and we lay there chatting as she absentmindedly fondled my balls. It was her default position, if there was a chance to tease me, she always took it. It could be touching my balls or cock when we were alone, or just a simple look or turn of phrase in public.

I loved it, she was always reinforcing the power structure. By myself, I often forgot I was wearing it for long periods. When I was with her my cock was always on edge and I was constantly aware of my chastity.

I gave her a leisurely orgasm and we spent the day by the beach, totally relaxed. We bumped into Emma and Jerry at lunch. They were going into town but Ma'am

declined their offer to join them. We were just chilling today. I enjoyed it a lot, nothing kinky happened, there was no pressure, just a lovely day together with my woman.

The following day Ma'am had booked a trip up into the mountains. Antigua has a small rainforest up in the hills in the middle of the island. We took a big, rugged off road jeep up some pretty rough old tracks. I was amazed by the change in the feel. It was hot and very humid, vegetation was everywhere. It was like being in the Amazon. The trip finished by some huge cliffs that overlooked Saint Johns. It was an amazing view, we could see the huge cruise ships, all the small streets in the town center and all the beautiful beaches stretching to the horizon.

I was loving my time with Ma'am. There had been some kinky play, we had met two like minded people but without access to a dungeon and without being in Ma'am's house we had spent most of the time as a fairly normal couple. We had never really spent time like this before and I was really enjoying it.

I was sure Ma'am was too. We had made a commitment with the chastity contract, but in my mind, this was almost as important. It showed that we could enjoy each others company.

We could spend time together without having to be kinky all the time. We could actually be a couple, boyfriend and girlfriend. It had always played on my mind, was I just a submissive toy or was I something more?

This holiday had gone some way to answering that question. I saw a future with Ma'am, that was a given. But now I saw a future with Louise too. It was intoxicating and it filled me with excitement, happiness and pride.

Part 16

Back at the hotel we had a drink at the bar, it had been an interesting day out. Antigua was an amazing place, I was loving all the sights and sounds. We wandered back to the chalet and Ma'am immediately took my cage off. She was naked very quickly, took my hand and led me to the bed.

We jumped on it together and spent some time kissing, and exploring each other with our hands before she pushed me onto my back. She sat astride me and took my cock in both hands.

"It must be the heat, or maybe I'm just in holiday mode, but I just want to fuck you."

"Whatever the reason, it works for me Ma'am. Please do whatever you want with me."

She moved up the bed, leaned forward and I slipped inside her. She slowly pushed herself down on me with a satisfied sigh.

"I've found the perfect cock. It's like it was made to measure."

She pushed down hard, getting every part of me in her wet pussy. A small moan escaped her lips.

"See? Just there, you're just a tiny fraction too long for me. It almost hurts, I think it's going to hurt but it doesn't. Just when I think it is going to be too much, it stops. Perfect length and perfect girth."

She started grinding her hips hard against me. I watched her lips part with a small smile, there was another small moan.

"And the best thing is, it will do exactly what I want it to do. It never goes soft, it never cums when I don't want it to, but it always cums when I do want it too."

I just looked up in awe at the goddess moving her hips over my groin. She leaned back and put her hands on my thighs. Her body arched away from me and I gazed at perfection. She looked down at me and smiled.

"Oh yes, this feels so damn good boy. A very gentle thumb on my clit please."

I obliged, finding my target with practised ease. I made little circles on her bud, watching her carefully. She bit her bottom lip and moaned, a long satisfied sound.

I was rock hard, but my whole being was concentrated on her. I was in her passionate world, wanting nothing more than to please her.

"So good baby, so good. Drive me crazy."

This wasn't a usual command but I took it to mean that she wanted this to carry on for a while yet. I kept my thumb against her clit but didn't do too much, I let her hip movement do most of the work for me.

She threw her head back and sighed.

"Oh fuck yeah."

She carried on grinding away, I applied a little more pressure to her clit. I shudder ran through her. I could feel her pussy clenching and relaxing on my cock. It seemed like it was alive and was trying to devour me whole.

She rocked forwards until her forearms where on my chest and stared at me. It took me a second to realise that she wasn't really focused on me, she was in a world of her own. The grinding stopped and her hips just moved up and down, she was forcing an inch or two of me in and out. I moved my thumb a little faster and she started moaning with every breath. I knew I could make her cum any time I wanted now, she was close but she was having such an incredible ride that prolonging the passionate sex seemed right. I eased back a little to keep her away from the ragged edge, almost immediately her hips began to move more frantically and she made a slightly desperate noise.

Bad call, she needed it very soon. Her movements hadn't been thought about, it had been pure instinct. Her body was in charge, not her mind. I moved my thumb up and down as she moved the opposite way.

"Oh, oh, oh, god yes."

I felt her grip my cock hard and she cried out. The cry became a roar as she came. All her breath had gone as every muscle spasmed and shook. A quick, tortured gasp was followed by another wail of pleasure. I felt a sharp pain as all of her finger nails bit into my shoulders.

As her orgasm hit, I wrapped my other arm around the small of her back and used it to lever my own hips into hers, driving myself into her.

"Aaahh!"

Again and again I pushed, forcing my cock as deep as I could, and crushing my thumb onto her clit. She cried out again and again before collapsing onto my chest. Her legs straightened involuntarily to get some of my cock out of her. That was enough, I stopped pushing and released the pressure on her clit. She lay there gasping and moaning, totally lost as her orgasm slowly subsided.

I could feel her heart pounding against my chest. We lay motionless for about a minute. I could feel tremors running through her pussy as the muscles relaxed and contracted, completely out of her control. Weakly she put a hand on my cheek.

"Baby, baby. Oh my god."

I wriggled my arm free and held her, moving some hair that had stuck to her face. Another little shudder went through her body forcing a contented moan from her.

She put a hand on my shoulder and tried to move to one side but all her strength had gone so I gently rolled her over onto her back. She kept pushing my shoulder so I carefully pulled my cock out of her sopping pussy. There was another small shudder as I popped out.

She was spent, all her energy had gone into her orgasm. I didn't know what to do, so I just bent my head and lightly kissed her chest as her breathing slowly returned to normal.

Her eyes were closed, she looked utterly serene and at peace.

Slowly her eyes fluttered open and focused.

"Oh Jesus, oh baby, oh my god."

She tried to lick her lips and swallow but her mouth was dry.

"Water Ma'am?"

She nodded slowly, I eased myself off the bed and got a glass. By the time I got back she had levered herself up onto her elbows.

"Thanks baby."

She downed the water in one and gasped.

She was back in the room, tired but with it. I was kneeling on the bed by her side. I was almost as shocked by what had happened as she was. I had given her some spectacular orgasms in the past, but this had been off the scale.

She opened her mouth, then closed it again. Words had failed her.

"Pillows," was what she said after a slight pause. What? Ah! I jumped off the bed and grabbed all the pillows and arranged them behind her. She wriggled up the bed and flopped onto them. I returned to my knees by her side.

She reached out and grabbed my still hard cock slick with her juices.

"What was I saying? Oh yeah, something about a perfect cock."

She looked at me and slowly shook her head.

"I lost it a bit there," she laughed, "not very dominant of me!"

I arched an eyebrow.

"Sorry Ma'am, I promise to never make you cum like that again. I blame myself entirely."

She laughed again.

"Baby, I have never cum like that before. You've set yourself a high bar and will be punished severely every time you fail to reach it."

It was my turn to laugh.

"I had better get used to a lot of pain then Ma'am."

"Oh Tom. That was incredible. I can't describe it, I don't know what the fuck happened to my body, it just took over. I went feral."

She looked at my shoulders, there were eight nasty nail marks, and a little bit of blood coming from one of them.

"Oh shit! Sorry baby."

I looked down, I had barely noticed.

"If you mark me like that again for the same reason, I will be just as happy as I am now. I will wear them with immense pride Ma'am."

"Come here."

She slid down the bed a little and we embraced. She squeezed me tight.

"You're a beautiful, beautiful boy Tom. You make me very happy."

I squeezed her back.

"It's entirely mutual Ma'am."

We just held each other for a while in silence.

"God, what time is it? I'm absolutely starving!"

It was gone nine o'clock, the restaurant stayed open until ten but neither of us wanted to move.

"Room service Ma'am?"

"Definitely. Grab the menu."

The room service menu was different from the restaurant, we had a quick look. Ma'am stabbed it with her finger.

"Burger! A big fat burger, with fries. Perfect!"

I picked up the phone and ordered two house special beefburgers and fries. They would be about twenty minutes. Ma'am took the phone from me and ordered some beers as well.

We cuddled together for about ten minutes before Ma'am roused herself and had a quick shower.

The food and drinks arrived and we devoured the burgers on the patio. They were utterly delicious, exactly what we needed.

Ma'am took a big swig of beer, then burped loudly.

"Ahhh, nice!"

"Ma'am! Honestly, you're making a spectacle of yourself."

She grinned and shrugged.

"Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn."

I joined in and easily out burped her. We cackled like school kids, and returned to the bed. Ma'am looked at me vaguely seriously.

"How was it for you baby? Did you want to cum while I was riding you like a wild beast?"

"Actually no Ma'am. It really didn't cross my mind. I was so enthralled by you that my lust didn't matter at all. That has happened before but not to that extent. When we fuck I try and lose myself in you, I just want to make you happy. It takes the edge of what I'm feeling.

It's much more difficult when you are teasing me because then everything is concentrated on me. I know you are training and testing me, and I want to do my best but when I haven't got your orgasm to think about it is a lot harder to ignore my own needs."

Ma'am nodded, "but you understand that when I tease you I am trying to do lots of different things. I'm getting your cock used to feeling good, I'm training your mind to get used to not expecting an orgasm every time you are aroused, and obviously I'm torturing you with your own desire and lust too."

"I get that Ma'am, without your training I would never have lasted earlier. But you are also honing my submissiveness. I am learning how to put everything into your pleasure. I always wanted to do that, but I am learning how to do it. The closer we get, the more I just want to exist to please you.

I'm not sure you understand how much I get from your orgasms Ma'am. I don't want to sound arrogant or like I know more than you, but we are opposite ends of the spectrum. We are wired completely differently. I will never know how much you get from dominating me, in the same way that you will never know how much I get from submitting to you."

"You know baby, most subs say that all they want to do is make their dominant happy but for most of them, their words and actions are just a means to an end. They behave as they think they should to get what they want. Not many subs are actually satisfied purely by their dominant's pleasure but I believe you are one of those.

You would happily exist in a full belt for a year like Jerry with no thoughts of anything but pleasing me. I'm not going to do that though because it wouldn't be

fun for me. The electricity we generate through our lust is too good to take away. And anyway, your cock gives me way to much pleasure and is an invaluable tool in my dominant tool box."

My feelings about a full belt were confusing. Missing out on what had just happened would be such a loss, for both of us, but the idea excited me. I couldn't deny it.

"You are right Ma'am. Our arousal seems symbiotic, a virtuous circle, we feed off each other. I love what your arousal does to me and it's obviously reciprocal. It just works."

Ma'am nodded but didn't reply, we lay there in silence for a couple of minutes. I suddenly realised that Ma'am had fallen asleep. She was cuddled into me with her arm around my waist. I really didn't want to wake her so I carefully reached down and pulled a cover over us and felt with my hand for the light switch. I stopped and looked down. I wasn't locked up. I could see the outline of my cock under the thin cover.

This was the first time since Ma'am had put the device on that I had been in this situation. I could touch my own cock if I wanted to. Ma'am was fast asleep, my cock began to harden.

Stop it! What was I thinking? Was I going to jerk off with Ma'am asleep next to me? Of course I wasn't, but I was sorely tempted to just hold it and feel it in my hand.

No! No, no, no. That would be a betrayal. I would be breaking a promise and betraying Ma'am's faith in me. It was just wrong.

I switched the light off and put my arm firmly by my side.

My erection throbbed away for quite a while like a little devil on my shoulder, whispering in my ear. Fortunately I had my angel on my other shoulder, Ma'am. She held sway over me, she wouldn't be denied. I did wonder what I would have done if she hadn't been there. I hoped that I would have done nothing but I didn't know for sure.

I woke up and felt a hand on my cock. My eyes flew open and I had a moment of panic. It wasn't mine! It was Ma'am's hand, at some point in the night she must have got hold of it in her sleep. I couldn't help but get very hard, very quickly.

I lay there feeling my cock throb in her relaxed hand. Fortunately a few minutes later she began to wake up.

"Uh, hi. Oh! Hello what's this?"

"Morning Ma'am."

"I seem to have your hard cock in my hand. What's going on?"

"You fell asleep Ma'am, I didn't know what to do. I really didn't want to wake you up, you looked so peaceful."

Her hand gripped me a little tighter.

"So you've spent the night unlocked?"

Her eyes narrowed, "you didn't...?"

"No Ma'am, of course not. Touching is banned, I know that."

"OK, I believe you baby but if that happens again, wake me up. It's important to me that you are always in chastity."

"Sorry Ma'am, as I said, I really didn't know what to do."

"Don't worry, it's fine but you know now, OK?"

"Yes Ma'am, understood."

"Wow, I must have been really tired and very relaxed to just drop off like that."

Her hand started moving slowly up and down.

"However, this is quite a nice way to wake up, with a big hard cock in my hand."

"I'm certainly not complaining Ma'am."

She giggled, "I can see that, or feel it more to the point."

She wriggled around a little to get more comfortable and carried on gently masturbating me. I was rock hard, but in a very relaxed way. She wasn't trying to get me anywhere, it wasn't a deliberate tease, she was just enjoying the moment with me.

"I need to pee. Don't move!"

She jumped up and went to the toilet. I looked down at my hard cock and smiled. Here was another chance, but I knew I wasn't going to move. Everything was just fine as it was.

She came back and slipped back into bed next to me, her hand found my cock and she carried on where she had left off.

"This is nice, what are the chances of you being able to make your cock instantly soft so that I can easily get the cage on and off baby?"

"Absolutely zero Ma'am."

"Even if I order you?"

"Nope, never going to work Ma'am."

We were both smiling, she knew the score. She had control over many things but there was no way she could make me soft.

She carried on softly stroking me and nuzzled into my chest, it was a lovely way to start the day.

"Anything I can do for you Ma'am?"

Her hand tightened on my cock.

"Oh baby, I was having a lovely time here and now you've gone and ruined it by making me think about an orgasm."

I knew she was joking though.

"My humblest apologies Ma'am. Sometimes it's like I hardly know you.

She laughed and slapped my balls lightly.

"Cheeky, well if you insist baby."

I slowly wriggled down her body, kissing and caressing her as I went. She stretched out and sighed. I decided to try and make her orgasm match the mood. No prolonged teases, no balancing her near the edge, just a slow, steady and inevitable climb. Her body moved sinuously under my tongue and hands. I didn't hold her tight, I just let her move while keeping my tongue planted where it needed to be.

Her hips started gyrating against me and gentle moans filled the air. She came with a gasp of passion, her orgasm was long and mellow. I didn't want to move, I could stay between her legs forever.

"Come here baby."

I moved up between her legs and we shared a long deep kiss.

"That was perfect, do the same with your cock."

I shifted slightly, feeling her wetness against my tip, before gently gliding inside her. I pushed deep into her willing pussy, feeling its heat engulf me. She let out a passion-filled sigh as I reached my full length. I could already feel tremors running through her body and pussy. I slid myself out until only the tip was in and gently penetrated her again. She smiled and put her arms around my neck.

"So good baby, so good. Slowly speed it up."

I hadn't needed the help, that was my plan anyway. I kept my strokes long and slow for a while. Her pussy was doing amazing things around my cock. I felt every inch of her softness as it slid over my skin. It was beautiful.

On one level I was aware of how amazing it felt, but my mind and body had only one goal. I was rock solid inside her, my cock was tingling with lust but I was totally relaxed. I wanted to cum, but what I needed was to make her cum.

Never confuse your wants and your needs. Wanting is selfish, needing is an imperative, needs cannot be denied.

I needed to give Ma'am a stunning orgasm and being able to do that without thinking of myself would only make that orgasm more intense.

I knew that when she came, she would be able to feel my cock throbbing with lust and desire deep inside her, and I knew what that did for her.

I began to speed up, it was still a relaxed motion, nothing frantic or rushed. Her movements were slow too. Her tongue found mine and she ravished my mouth with it, pushing and probing. I welcomed it in, giving her the chance to penetrate me.

Her head fell back and she gasped as I pushed faster. My cock reached deep into her, another gasp. She was nearly there, a few more long strokes.

This time, I realised, this long stroke would do it. As I glided inside her, she closed her eyes let the elemental force of her orgasm pour through her. I stopped and pressed my body into hers as she held me tight, gasping and shuddering with pure delight.

My heart was full of joy, I had created this for her. I hadn't thought about myself for a second. Everything in my being was for her.

I waited for a few moments until her peak subsided a little and drew back a few inches before gently filling her up again.

She cried out quietly, almost a whimper of pure pleasure. Slowly I carried on, just a few inches, in and out. She didn't know what to do with herself. Her head rocked from side to side, her legs were trembling. I took a chance and put my arms under her thighs and raised her legs so her knees were up by her sides. She gasped as I penetrated her a little deeper.

There was a plaintive cry.

"Ooooooh God!"

Another couple of deep long strokes.

"Aaaah, yes, yes."

I went slightly faster, her cries echoed my movements. A few seconds later she came again, it was like a volcano going off inside her. I saw the sheen of sweat on her body and her rock hard nipples. She held my arms, pulling them to her, forcing her legs higher and my cock deeper still.

Her pussy danced around my cock, convulsing randomly. Eventually she let out one last, long mournful sigh. She took a few more deep breaths and gently pushed on my shoulders.

Every so slowly I let her legs go and allowed my cock to leave her beautiful pussy.

I lay down beside her and cuddled her. We didn't speak, we didn't need to. Nothing could disturb this moment of total satisfaction.

After about five minutes Ma'am spoke.

"One of these days you're going to give me an orgasm so intense that I literally explode. Still, at least I will die happy. Oh baby."

"I'll try and keep it one notch under death by orgasm Ma'am. My life would be empty if I couldn't do that for you, again and again."

She turned a little and looked at me. She grabbed my hard shaft.

"Death by cock, what a way to go!"

"I can imagine the speeches, she died doing what she loved most."

She giggled.

"Everyone needs a passion in life, unfortunately Louise's killed her."
We were laughing loudly now.

"Baby, every time I think you can't do more for me, you prove me wrong. I think we should have more holidays together, don't you?"

"That sounds like a great idea Ma'am, this one seems to be going rather well."

"I'm broken baby, you've broken me. I order you not to touch me again until at least lunch time!"

"Noooo! That's hours Ma'am. Please don't do that to me."

She laughed again, "I didn't say that I couldn't touch you baby."

Her hand slid down to my cock, it was still wet and slippery with her juices.

"One good turn deserves another baby. You've rocked my world, I feel like I should do the same to yours. Tonight I'm going to give you what you yearn for. I gut wrenching, heart stopping... tease and denial session."

My cock trembled in her hand. I had been hoping for a different ending to that sentence but my cock seemed very happy with the idea.

"Thank you Ma'am, that would be fantastic. I'll be hard all day in anticipation."

"Actually, I think maybe a whole day is in order."

She jumped up of the bed and got some rope, before long I was bound, stretched out across the bed.

"I'll order some breakfast to be delivered. I need some energy."

I didn't think she did, she suddenly seemed to be full of beans. I reminded myself about how I could quench her fire, but it always came back stronger.

Breakfast was going to arrive in about fifteen minutes. From the depths of her bag she produced a thin latex glove and some lube.

"So, what have we here? A nice big needy cock. All these orgasms are lovely, but there's another side of me that needs satisfying too. My dominant side."

I felt the cool lube trickle down my cock and then her fingers wrapped around my shaft. She didn't go near my head, she just pumped with her fist while keeping her grip quite tight. The action seemed to force more blood into my head, it was now red and shiny.

She extended her range of movement so that she just grazed my frenum, it was just a slight touch but it raised the stakes a little. I felt a twitch and her hand continued pumping blood into me.

Out of the blue she suddenly brought her hand up to my glans, but with a brief twist it was gone. My cock jumped but the sensation had already passed.

"Oh, that was nice wasn't it baby?"

"Yes Ma'am."

Again a quick twist and her hand was gone. She pumped away for a minute or so then her hand moved to my glans. She wrapped her fingers tightly round it and slowly twisted. There was no up and down, just the twist.

It was slow and methodical. A twist one way then the other, but she was touching almost every part of my sensitive head. It feeling was so intense that it was almost painful. I let out a slightly pained moan but it wasn't long before the pleasure took over. She held the bottom of my shaft in a vice like grip in her other hand. The blood had nowhere to go, my glans was full to bursting and now extra sensitive. I took a couple of deep breath at the intensity. My cock was twitching randomly under the serious friction she was creating.

There was a knock at the door.

"Ah! Breakfast. Back in a second."

Ma'am pulled her glove off and slipped her dressing gown on. I heard muffled voices from the doorway. I was glad of the rest. The tight grip and squeeze technique had got me a little hot. I wasn't sure how much I liked it, and the sensations, although clearly arousing, were new to me and as such I wasn't sure exactly how my cock would react.

Ma'am returned with a tray of food and sat down beside me with it.

"Hungry baby?"

It was like my cock no longer existed.

"Yes Ma'am. Definitely."

Ma'am ate some fruit then cut some more into small chunks and fed them to me. She teased me, holding the pieces just out of reach and making me lick them out of her fingers with my tongue.

She looked at the tray and spotted a peach. Grinning, she disappeared for a couple of minutes.

"Do you like peach baby?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"A nice juicy, tasty peach?"

I started to wonder where this was going. Ma'am answered that by holding up half of the peach. She had carved a segment out of it and made a few other little cuts. She squeezed it slightly, holding it up so the missing segment was vertical.

"Remind you of something baby?"

I smiled, "Indeed it does Ma'am."

"Do you want my peach?"

" I really do Ma'am. Your peach looks so ripe and juicy. I bet it tastes heavenly."

She held it just above my face and I licked along the length of it. It did taste heavenly, but that wasn't really the point.

Ma'am watched intently as I pretended that I was licking her, moving my tongue in exactly the way and to the same places. She pulled the peach away after about five minutes, she looked slightly flushed.

"Mmm, that was actually quite erotic baby. I guess it was a bit like when you watched Jerry make me cum, I had a third person view of your tongue at work. Nice!"

She looked at the plate and picked up a banana.

"Do you like bananas too baby?"

She was smirking at this point, struggling to keep a straight face. I probably went slightly red, but I smiled.

"Yes Ma'am, I really like bananas. Not as much as I like peaches but I've definitely developed a taste for them recently."

"Do you want my banana baby?"

As passionately as I could I replied.

"Yes please Ma'am, please let me have your big, slightly bent banana."

She burst out laughing, I did too.

"Ah Tom! You've totally ruined the mood now."

She gave me a playful slap on the balls. I played it up.

"Ooof! You've bruised my plums Ma'am!"

There was more laughter, "now you've definitely ruined the mood. Let's get you soft, we can do more teasing later."

We had a quick hot shower, followed by a quick cold one just for me, and went off to the beach. We relaxed and did a bit of swimming and snorkeling before having a light lunch.

I noticed it was getting a little dark, there were quite a few ominous looking clouds building up. Apparently this happened quite a lot, if the wind was blowing in the wrong direction it could move the clouds from the more mountainous areas to the coast.

"This looks like the perfect time to carry on where we left off earlier boy."

I packed up and we headed back to the chalet. Ma'am walked straight to the freezer and gave me a questioning look. I shrugged and nodded.

"Sorry Ma'am."

She grabbed the frozen towel as I stripped down to reveal my already hardening cock. As soon as Ma'am had suggested a tease session it had begun to fill the cage up.

Ma'am sat me down on the corner of the bed with a pillow under my ass, and with some clever rope work secured my legs wide apart. She pushed me backwards and tied my arms out to my side.

With my ass on the corner of the bed Ma'am could sit on a chair in front of me and have easy and comfortable access to me. I had the feeling that I was going to be here for a while.

The hood went on and I heard the snap of a latex glove being put on.

My cock was already bouncing with anticipation, with the pillow under me, my hips were raised, exposing me and I felt very vulnerable. I liked that feeling.

Ma'am went to work on my balls, tying a good amount of rope around them. It wasn't too tight reinforcing the thought that this was going to be a long one.

There was a flash of lightening and a rumble of thunder.

"That seems like a good time to start boy."

Her lubed hand moved softly up and down.

"You have not had enough training recently boy. You badly need my lessons reinforcing."

She tapped my balls.

"Don't disappoint me. You know how good I can make you feel. Relax and enjoy."

Her hand carried on gently travelling up and down my full length. I loved this feeling, being bound and teased. I was very vulnerable but I felt totally safe and cared for. I loved willingly being so exposed, giving myself totally to Ma'am.

The long gentle strokes continued for a while, her grip was light so there was just a steady level of sensation. Soon though, she began to shorten her range of movement, no longer going all the way down and concentrating more on my head.

This definitely made things more interesting, her fingers were in almost constant contact with my glans, I could feel them running relentlessly up and down my bulging ridge and frenum. I quickly became more aroused and tried to calm myself. I told myself to think about how good this felt and that it would continue for as long as I wanted if I controlled myself and just rode with the feelings.

Ma'am briefly squeezed a little tighter before relaxing again. My cock twitched slightly, there was another tightening, longer this time. I let out a little moan and tensed. It felt really good, the increased pressure fed through to more intense sensations.

I gasped as Ma'am slapped my balls.

"Stop thinking about your orgasm, you are not having one. This session can be nice or nasty, it's entirely down to your self control. I know you can do it boy."

Her grip had relaxed again as she spoke but soon it tightened again. Each finger slid over my frenum giving little bursts of pleasure. My cock throbbed, pulsing against her fingers.

I could do it, I could resist better. Ma'am knew I could, and so did I. But the feelings were so good, I felt my hips flex slightly and my stomach muscles tense. Immediately I tried to relax them.

My cock didn't need me to tense up. I knew from experience that if I tensed the muscles in my nether regions it somehow seems to concentrate the sensations in my cock. It also made me focus on my cock. I had to relax.

"Good baby, keep it like that. I love watching you like this. I love seeing you fight against your natural instincts. Do it for me baby. Let me be your instincts, let me control you."

Focus on Ma'am's pleasure, that was it. Let her have her fun, give her the pleasure she demanded. Not just now, but in the future too. She was training me so I could please her more going forward. The more I learned how to resist, the more joy I could give her during sex.

Obviously my tongue could give her immense pleasure but that could perform for way longer than she needed. I had to get my cock to the same place. For her. Always for her.

Her fingers worked their magic, gliding over my tingling frenum, but somehow I coped. As always, thinking of Ma'am instead of myself was the way forward. I really shouldn't need to remind myself of that anymore but when my cock felt like this it was very difficult.

I felt her other hand grip my tied balls and start to pull them rhythmically away from my body. It wasn't too painful but did create the very familiar ache in my groin.

She pulled my balls down which I then pulled my cock down. My head was now pointing straight at her. The pumping motion stopped and she made a V between her index finger and her middle finger. She pushed her fingers around my shaft, under my ridge, and moved them too and fro.

As I had noticed before, the smaller the point of contact was, the more intense it was. The insides of her fingers were rubbing incessantly across the sides of my

head, along my swollen and sensitive ridge. My cock twitched involuntarily, the sensations were almost painfully intense as there was a lot of pressure.

Suddenly she gave me a few long firm strokes down the whole length of my shaft. I couldn't help but thrust my hips at her hand.

I got two firm slaps to my balls for my indiscretion.

"Easy tiger, what did I just tell you?"

Pain lanced through me. Let her control me, that was what she had said, give myself to her. I frowned under the hood, both because of the pain and because of why it had happened. I had to follow her instructions, they weren't complicated after all.

She went back to the intense V shaped tease. She was trying to clamp her fingers together to create as much friction as she could. Hundreds of tiny pangs of pleasure ran through my glans. I tried to breath deeply and slowly but it was incredibly intense.

Again she switched and gave me five long firm strokes down my trembling shaft. I moaned as my orgasm suddenly neared. It was too much, I was losing control.

Another bolt of pain hit me as she slapped me hard.

"That will do for now. You can do better boy. You will do better."

She stood up and shut the bedroom door when she left. I lay there breathing hard, hot under the hood. I had some time to compose myself. Every time she used a different technique on me I struggled, it seemed that the unexpected was my problem.

It shouldn't be, I needed to stop thinking about how she was teasing me and just let the feelings flow. They were pretty much the same whatever she did.

I tried to remember the brain washing and her mantras that had been played into my head for hour after hour but I was too flustered. They must be in my subconscious somewhere. Hopefully something would trigger them and I could find a calm place.

Ma'am returned after about five minutes and got straight to work. She concentrated on the top few inches, lightly moving over my head but including a little twist across my head. I had softened a little during the pause but I instantly returned to full hardness.

The lightness of the touch was both infuriating and welcome. It felt amazing but I knew I wasn't going to cum. I had a thought, it wasn't infuriating at all. I knew Ma'am wasn't going to let me cut so why was I desperately hoping for more?

My cock throbbed gently away, absorbing all the beautiful feelings. I took it in and relaxed. I was in a good place now. Of course I was frustrated but that secondary. My cock felt amazing, I shouldn't resent that, I should relish it. I should also keep reminding myself that I was doing this for her.

Ma'am's grip tightened a little, causing more friction which created waves of extra pleasure. I sighed quietly trying to relieve the slowly growing tension in me.

"That's good boy. I love your cock like this. It feels so good in my hand, so hard, so needy. But you are in control of it, you are deliberately stopping yourself from trying to reach an orgasm.

It's been a couple of months since your last one. You know how good an orgasm would feel yet you deny yourself that, and you're doing it for me. I love that."

Ma'am's sexy whisper wasn't helping in some ways, but her words were. I was giving her what she wanted and that meant everything to me.

She alternated the short twisting motion with long full strokes now. Her hand travelled slowly down to the base of my cock, gently pulling the skin even tighter.

"Fuck my hand, nice and slow."

Each time she went down I thrust gently up with my hips. Her other hand began to massage my balls, moving them around in the tight sack the ropes had created. More pleasure flooded through me and I moaned.

"Make me happy boy, you can do it."

Just a few words of encouragement helped, for a second I had started to get carried away. Ma'am was allowing me this pleasure, I should be thankful and not do anything to ruin it for either of us.

I was OK, as much as I was balancing and controlling my physical desires, I realised I how much was mental too. Getting my head space right was more than half the battle.

I tried to imagine that Ma'am's hand was her pussy and that every thrust of my hips was turning her on.

Just please her, nothing else, make Ma'am happy. It worked for quite a while but eventually I felt myself slipping towards an orgasm. The sensations were just too good, I couldn't stop myself.

I was sweating under the hood as I realised that I had lost the battle. Ma'am knew but didn't change what she was doing. As always a little part of my mind couldn't help but hope that she would let me have an orgasm.

She didn't and unsurprisingly she judged it perfectly. She was only one beautiful stroke away when her hand stopped.

We both froze, the only movement in the room was my heart beating in my chest and my cock pulsing in her hand.

"Not bad boy, not bad at all. But you still went searching for an orgasm at the end there, didn't you?"

She was right, I had.

"Sorry Ma'am, I couldn't help myself."

"That excuse is getting old boy. You can help yourself, you just choose not to. You choose to disobey and disappoint me."

She was sounding quite serious all of a sudden. I hadn't expected this.

"Sorry Ma'am, I am trying my best and I will keep trying as hard as I can. You have my word."

"Is this what I should expect now that you are at university boy? Are you just going to forget everything I have taught you? Do you need constant supervision? Constant training?"

I was a little surprised, Ma'am was being a bit harsh but obviously I couldn't say that to her. What could I say?

"I'm very sorry Ma'am. I shall try and think of ways to train myself when I'm away at university. I haven't really been thinking about my training since Christmas, I was probably distracted by Alexis leaving. But that is no reason to let you down Ma'am. I will do better, I promise."

Ma'am started slowly stroking my cock again.

"OK boy, that sounds like a plan and I accept that you have been a little discombobulated by recent events. But you do need to improve otherwise there isn't much point in having to retrain you every time I see you. I might as well keep you locked from the end of summer until the end of the university year.

That is the only time when I will have you all to myself for a long enough period to make training worthwhile. Agreed boy?"

What was I agreeing to? Being locked for ten months and only being unlocked during my summer holidays unless I could improve my behaviour. It was harsh, but fair.

"Agreed Ma'am. Thank you Ma'am."

We had both noticed my cock getting even harder as Ma'am talked about a ten month lock up, it had betrayed me as it always did.

"It would make you very happy if I locked you for that long wouldn't it boy?"

No! It really wouldn't. However my cock thought otherwise.

"Yes Ma'am, the idea is very exciting."

"The only reason for me to unlock you is if your cock can bring me pleasure, isn't it boy?"

I was throbbing in her hand now.

"Yes Ma'am."

"So imagine a situation where I'm fucking you boy. I'm loving your big hard cock sliding deep inside me. I'm so hot and wet, can you imagine that boy?"

Jesus, I could imagine it really clearly. I thought about how incredible our shower scene had been. Ma'am was moving her hand slightly quicker now, causing my cock to burn with lust.

"You're giving me so much pleasure, I'm writhing in ecstasy. Your cock is pounding into me, giving me everything I desire."

I was breathing hard, I could almost feel her pussy tightening around my cock. It felt incredible, my orgasm was getting close, I was so turned on.

"Then you have to stop because you are going to cum."

Her hand left me. I was so close to cumming. Oh god, I had got completely carried away again. I was such an idiot. Ma'am had given me some rope and I had eagerly hung myself.

There was silence, it seemed to go on forever. The only movement was my cock bobbing uselessly in the air, desperately looking for anything to take it over the edge.

I was mortified, I was embarrassed. A couple of minutes after promising to do better I had failed badly.

"Oh Jesus, Ma'am, I'm so sorry, I'm really sorry. I've fucked up again, I'm appalled by my behaviour. Sorry Ma'am."

I felt her pin my cock to my stomach with her palm, making my balls even more exposed. I waited, knowing what was coming.

"Always!"

My balls exploded in pain as she slapped me hard across both balls.

"Think!"

A second eruption of pain. I wanted to scream but I didn't. I deserved this so the least I could do was take it like a man.

"Of me!"

A third crashing wave of agony flew through me. Through my agony I was aware of Ma'am getting up and leaving the room. I panted hard in my hood as wave

after wave of agonising pain flooded my body. Logically I knew my balls were OK and that the pain would fade but that didn't stop me straining every muscle in a pointless attempt to double over and protect myself. Obviously I didn't move, Ma'am was far too skilled for any of her knots to fail. So I lay there in suffering, cursing myself for being so stupid.

I heard Ma'am march in after about five minutes. She pinned my cock again and I whimpered.

"Always!"

I couldn't help myself, I let out a long keening squeal of agony.

"Put me!"

For a second I thought I was going to be sick. Pain raged through me.

"First!"

I pretty much lost it after the last slap, I screamed and babbled, begging and pleading for mercy but Ma'am was already out of the room.

I briefly thrashed in my bonds, trying anything to escape the pain radiating through my body. It was deep and intense and took a long time to slowly fade. Even my almost always hard cock had shrunk away under her onslaught.

So much for our lovely holiday. No, we were still having a lovely holiday but I wasn't being a good sub. What had Ma'am just done? She had punished me for bad behaviour but I wondered if this was also a timely reminder of my place.

I had been glowing at the boyfriend and girlfriend dynamic that the holiday had created. Something I needed to remember at all times was the true nature of our relationship. She was my dominant first and foremost. Anything else was strictly second fiddle to that.

Ma'am marched back in and held my cock out of the way again. I whimpered inside the hood. Her palm hit my balls very lightly, but I flinched and tensed every muscle before I realised that she hadn't hurt me at all.

"You needed that boy. I will never be satisfied, no matter how well you behave. But I will never ever let substandard behavior go unpunished. Never. I don't mind

failure... up to an extent, as long as you try your best. But you didn't even try just then and that will always have severe consequences."

Her hand was still resting on my sore testicles making me feel nervous.

"I understand Ma'am. I'm ashamed by what just happened and I deserved everything I got."

"Count yourself lucky that we are here and not at home. In my dungeon, no one can hear you scream. We've got one more day here and I want to enjoy it. Don't let me down again boy."

"No Ma'am, I won't."

I thought about making promises but they would just be empty words at this point. I had to make my actions count. To my great relief I felt Ma'am putting my cage back on. I grunted as she pushed my testicles through the ring.

"Time for our evening meal and a drink or two."

She untied me and took the hood off. I blinked and looked at her. I wanted to say something but I didn't know what so I just lowered my eyes and bowed my head.

She ruffled my hair.

"Come on baby. It's done, you messed up and I punished you. That's in the past. Hold your head high. I'm not going outside for food with some cowed slave. I'm going out with my proud boy, my baby."

I looked up and met her stare.

"Thank you Ma'am. That means a lot."

We went out to the beach bar. The storm had cleared but it felt slightly cooler than the other evenings. I asked Ma'am if she wanted her shawl, she said she was fine now but would probably need it later so I ran back to the chalet to get it. A beer was waiting for me when I returned.

"Cheers baby."

We clinked glasses and I had a big gulp, I needed it. Ma'am had put me through the ringer earlier.

"I've had an idea about how to help you at university baby. I don't really want to lock you away for ten months because your lovely cock does so much for me. But you know me well enough to know that I will if necessary.

I'm not going to tell you what I have got planned, mainly because I'm still working out some details, but you will get something in the post a few days after you get back to campus."

"Thank you Ma'am, I'm sure whatever you come up with will be effective. You know how to push my buttons better than I do."

"As you do with me baby. You have this remarkable sense of what to do to me. I don't know whether it's just instinctive but you drive me nuts with your tongue. I think it might be something to do with your lack of experience bizarrely. Your mind isn't clouded by any other experiences. All you know how to do is please me.

But then you do a great job on Sarah and Alexis too. It's odd but I'm not going to overthink it, I'm just going to enjoy it."

"It might be that I'm just so intent on pleasing you Ma'am. Everything disappears when I'm between your legs. I am totally focused on you and your body. You taught me early on to take it all in, and that's what I do. I feel everything, every little movement, your heart beat, your breathing.

I can't explain how I do it, but the joy your orgasms give me is immense Ma'am, and that's all I care about when I'm with you."

Ma'am smiled and gave me a big kiss. As usual my cock was reacting to this sort of conversation.

"Oh look, there he goes again. Lovely!"

"He's nothing if not predictable Ma'am."

"I love the way he reacts when we talk about chastity. I know you don't actually want to be locked away for months on end, or a year but he just goes mad whenever it's mentioned."

"It's strange Ma'am, I never really fantasised about chastity. You've seen my computer and what I used to look at. There's the odd video involving chastity but

not really that many. But now I wouldn't want it any other way. I've found my calling, or you found it for me."

"What would you do if we split up? We're not by the way, but what would you do regarding chastity?"

I thought for a second, it was a good question. I answered flippantly, "jerk off five times a day for god knows how long Ma'am."

She laughed.

"But seriously, I don't know. There are so many parts of this that are perfect. First and foremost, you obviously. Speaking purely about the kinky side of things, I am incredibly lucky to be with you. I know I'm young but I know enough to know that dommes like you are incredibly rare. Aside from the fact that you are beautiful and incredibly sexy, I feel totally safe with you. I know that no harm will come to me, either physically or mentally.

Emotionally I would be devastated if we split up but that's the nature of any close relationship.

As for chastity, this cage is perfect too. I know how secure it is, and I know that there is literally no way out without the key. It's possible that some sort of industrial cutting equipment could free me but it would be hugely dangerous.

I love that. I love the security aspect. I know that a sub in my situation is supposed to be willingly in chastity and not try to escape, but knowing that it is impossible to remove without the key, without you, is such a thrill Ma'am. Any other device would seem pathetic and flimsy in comparison and wouldn't have the same psychological effect on me."

"Well, it's staying on for the rest of the year, and we would both be very surprised if you didn't sign a new chastity contract on new years eve. Maybe the next one will be for two years."

She moved her chair a little closer and rested her hand on my inner thigh.

"You would like that, wouldn't you baby?"

I was suddenly feeling quite warm and my cock was crushed in the cage.

"Yes Ma'am, very much so," I smiled, "did I ever tell you that you're a bit of a tease?"

Ma'am chuckled, "you may have mentioned it, I'm not sure what you mean baby."

Her finger nails were digging lightly into my inner thigh.

"Spread your legs wider boy."

I complied, my heart beating hard in my chest. Ma'am leaned in close and whispered, staring straight into my eyes.

"If you think I'm a tease now, just wait until I've got you fully trained. I have barely got started. You're going to spend hours and hours tied up on the brink of orgasm. I'm going to make you beg for an orgasm, I'm going to make you beg me to lock you up forever. I'm going to make you beg for things you haven't even thought of yet."

I don't think I have ever been harder in my cage. My eyes were glazed over in a fog of lust.

"Yes Ma'am, I believe every word you just said. I want it, I want all of it."

"It will be a painful journey at times. Do you know why I punish you and hurt you?"

"Yes Ma'am, because I have disappointed you. I have let you down, and because I have let myself down."

"Those punishments physically disappear quite quickly. Your balls feel fine now, but the feelings last a lot longer in your subconscious. Your mind is the only part of you that needs training. You can't train a sub through fear, I don't want you to be scared of me. But I do want your subconscious to remember what disappointing me feels like.

When I'm teasing you I want you to succeed, I want you to enjoy every frustrating second and I always praise you when you do well. Part of doing well is your subconscious knowing what failure brings. But your conscious mind will only be thinking about how good you are feeling during the scene and how you are making me feel."

I took some time to think about this. I wasn't sure about the subconscious part but Ma'am was right about one thing, I never felt scared of her. All I ever thought about was pleasing her. Things only ever went wrong when I thought about myself. So maybe my subconscious was trying to help me out, maybe it was helping me focus.

I didn't really know and truth be told, all I could really think about at the moment was my pounding cock and Ma'am's nails in my thigh. It did occur to me that my pounding cock was making her happy so I thought about that.

Ma'am abruptly leaned back and smiled.

"Hungry baby, or would you like another drink?"

She had a glint in her eye, she knew how hard I was and how blindingly obvious that would be if I tried to walk to the restaurant.

"Would you mind if we had another drink Ma'am?"

She pretended to consider my question.

"No, I'm hungry. Let's go."

She stood up and I followed suit. Ma'am burst out laughing. My tight, thin linen trousers were hiding nothing.

"OK, that's just a bit too much, even for me. Take my shawl."

I gratefully grabbed it and attempted to casually hold it in front of me as we went to the restaurant.

I think I was mostly successful in hiding my embarrassment, Ma'am helped by telling me to follow her closely as we walked. The food was as gorgeous as ever. We chatted about what we should do tomorrow. Ma'am fancied finishing the holiday with a flourish but we weren't sure what to do. I noticed the resort manager chatting to one of the chefs and Ma'am caught her attention.

We told her that we wanted to do something a bit different on our last day. She asked if we had any decent footwear. I had arrived in walking shoes, they weren't mountain boots but they were fairly robust and Ma'am had a similar sort of thing with her.

The manager told us about a big, deep pool up in the mountains that sounded incredible. It was a two mile hike over pretty rough ground but it sounded well worth it. Ma'am arranged for a couple of packed lunches that we could take in our rucksacks and the manager said she would sort out a jeep so we could drive up there.

We were excited by the idea, it felt like a bit of an adventure, driving up some rough old tracks before hiking through a forest. A perfect way to end the holiday.

We went back to the chalet with a rum cocktail and sat on the balcony.

We got up a little earlier than usual and had breakfast. The resort manager had suggested that a fairly early start would be a good idea as the two mile trek was mostly up hill. So an early get away meant we could avoid the heat of the afternoon while climbing.

We got our lunches and found our four by four. We made sure we had a lot of water and the man who handed over the jeep produced a machete from the boot. He said the path was a little overgrown in places so we might need it. This was feeling like a real adventure now. We were also given a satellite phone again, in case of emergency.

I really wanted to drive, but Ma'am had more experience and also reckoned that my testosterone would take over. She was probably right. We had a map and detailed instructions, there were signposts on some of the roads, but as we went deeper they petered out. After a very bumpy hour we reached the end of the line, which was a small muddy area.

We got our rucksacks and Ma'am gave me the machete.

"Lead the way, my handsome explorer!"

There was a small but fairly obvious path leading up into the mountains. Every hundred yards or so there was a little blue square painted on a tree trunk. Ma'am said that this was what they did in the Alps and Pyrenees to help people navigate.

It was already quite hot as we were on the edge of the rainforest. I only had to use the machete a couple of times, I didn't really want to cut anything down anyway. We stopped a few times for a drink as we were both sweating. Two miles doesn't sound far, but uphill, over rough ground and in the heat, it was hard work.

After just over an hour I thought I heard water, we stopped, there was definitely the rushing sound of water. Fifty yards further on we reached the clearing.

We just stopped, absolutely mesmerised, and admired the view. It was breathtaking. Below us was a crystal clear pool, about forty yards across. It nestled among thick, luxuriant forest and on the far side a waterfall tumbled in from about ten yards above.

The blue of the pool was iridescent against the green of the forest and dotted amongst the rocks around the edge were an amazing variety of tropical flowers. We heard the calls of a few birds echoing across pool. Ma'am found my hand and squeezed it.

"Well isn't that something? Absolutely beautiful."

I smiled at Ma'am.

"This is amazing. Thank you Ma'am, I'll never forget this."

We carefully made our way down to a big, flat rock about three metres above the pool and took all our clothes off. We were hot and wanted to be in that water. I was just about to leap in when Ma'am grabbed my hand.

"Don't baby. Never jump into water until you know how deep it is."

"Good point Ma'am."

It looked pretty deep but she was right. There was an easy way down and into the water so I went down and eased myself in. I was surprised by how much colder the water was than the sea but it was wonderfully refreshing.

Ma'am was getting a drink so I swam round in front of the rock. I dipped under the water and went down, it was too deep to get to the bottom.

"Come on in Ma'am, it's very deep."

Ma'am walked to the edge and executed a very graceful dive, hardly creating and splash. She surfaced and flung her hair away from her face.

"You are going to pay for that baby!"

Grinning, I feigned innocence.

"What do you mean Ma'am?"

"It's bloody freezing!"

"Oh, yeah. Did I not say?"

She swam over to me and playfully dunked my head.

"My nipples are like bullets baby."

She pushed me back, there was a handy ledge where I had got in. When I stood on it I was shoulder deep. She wrapped her arms and legs around me and kissed me. I reached for her nipples, she was right. The cold water had made them very hard.

"Let me warm those up for you Ma'am."

I gently squeezed and rolled them around.

"You're going to have to do better than that. Put your back into it."

I squeezed hard, crushing them between my thumbs and forefingers. Ma'am gasped, "Ah yeah, nice."

I looked at her, she was glowing, her face was alive, her eyes bright. She was so beautiful that I just had to pull her to me and give her a huge hug. I was so happy to be here, and with her.

I relaxed and she held my face before planting a slow, sloppy kiss on my face. We looked at each other. I wanted to tell her something but I was tongue tied, I wanted to tell her how happy I was.

I wanted to tell her that I loved her.

I wanted to tell her that I loved her but words failed me. It felt like she wanted to say something too but we just stood there looking at each other.

Did she love me? I didn't know, I knew she cared deeply for me but I was just a kid really, and she was a grown up. Suddenly I felt very awkward, I hadn't felt like this with her since the very start of our relationship.

I suddenly doubted myself, did I love her or was I just a kid who thought he was in love? Ma'am must have sensed something, she gave me another slow sloppy kiss on the lips and smiled.

She hugged me and whispered in my ear.

"This is just perfect baby, you're perfect too. I'm so glad I'm here, sharing this with you. You make me so happy."

I think she knew what I had wanted to say. She hadn't said the L word but it was good enough for me. I hugged her back, tightly.

"Let's have some lunch."

She pushed away from me and we climbed back up to our rock. She covered herself with a towel and we ate. We didn't say anything, we didn't have to. All we did was take in this spectacular place. We could see a couple of small but colourful birds flitting around by the waterfall and closer to us there were some large and multicoloured butterflies flying erratically around. It was heavenly.

After lunch we swam over to the waterfall and sat under it, letting the water cascade over us. Ma'am tried to swim down to the bottom of the pool but couldn't make, she reckoned it must be at least forty feet deep. There were a few small fish in it, but nothing as interesting as the reef we had visited.

But we spent most of our time sitting on the rock and just taking it all in. We were so still at one point that we were joined on the rock by a bright green geko trying to bask in the sunlight.

Unfortunately we had to leave mid afternoon. Night fell pretty quickly in this part of the world and neither of us were keen on being in the rainforest as it got dark. We packed up and took one last look at the beautiful view before heading back to the jeep.

It was dusk when we arrived back at the resort, it had been a magical way to end an amazing holiday. We handed the jeep back and headed to the chalet for a shower.

Ma'am's hands were on me as soon as the water hit us. She pushed me against the wall and took my soapy cage in her hands. She slowly masturbated me

through the bars. Her fingers slid across the bulging skin and down around my balls. I was rock hard in seconds.

"Feel good baby?"

"On top of the world Ma'am. I'm hard in my cage being teased by a beautiful and evil woman, what's not to like?"

Ma'am grinned at me.

"You're back to university as soon as we get home. Six weeks before Easter, six weeks locked away, at least another six weeks with no chance of an orgasm."

I groaned and thrust my locked cock between her hands.

"Yes Ma'am. Your Christmas treat seems a long time ago already."

"Keep fucking my hands baby. Was it nice? Having all those orgasms at Christmas?"

"They were incredible Ma'am. Thank you for letting me cum, and more than once too."

My cock was pushing its way between her hands, torturing itself. I didn't care, I loved this feeling. The familiar dull ache in my balls was slowly building as my cock pulled the cage and ring away from my body. The bars were pressing tightly across my swollen skin, it drove me crazy with desire.

"Your cock is magnificent like this baby. Sometimes I think it is harder like this than when it's free."

"You might be right Ma'am. It's some sort of vicious circle of denial. The harder it gets, the more it knows how caged and confined it is, which only makes it harder again."

"Mmm, that's perfect, just perfect. It proves that chastity is where you belong, for the rest of your life if I've got anything to do with it."

I groaned again and my cock trembled. My head was spinning, the rest of my life was the scariest and most erotic thing I could imagine.

"Every single day baby. Every minute of every day. Your cock will be surrounded by steel forever, and I will be the only person who can release you from its cruel embrace."

My legs were trembling now, my head was back against the wall and my eyes were closed. I was in ecstasy. This was better than an orgasm, for me at least. Ma'am could give me this level of excitement for as long as she wanted to, she could keep me shaking with adrenaline, high on endorphins for as long as I could take it. Of course I wanted to cum, but as soon as that dam burst I would be empty. Tease and denial kept me full of amazing feelings and they could go on for hours.

"I wonder how full your balls will be when I next squeeze them. Remember boy, if you don't behave yourself there will be no orgasm. Naughty boys never cum. Boys who think about themselves never cum. Only boys who put their domme first all the time get to cum."

I dragged myself back into the room.

"Yes Ma'am, always you. I only want to please you."

Her hand moved like a metronome across my cock, driving it towards a place it could never reach in the cage.

"I'm soaking wet boy, what do you want to do? Shall I keep stroking you? You seem to be enjoying it."

"How can I please you Ma'am? My hands? My tongue? Hurt me as much as you want, do anything you want Ma'am, anything. Just let me please you."

"I want you to make me cum with your cock boy. Come with me."

We briefly dried ourselves and she sat on the edge of the bed.

"Kneel. I want you to make me cum using the end of your cage on my clit."

She spread her legs to reveal her wet and swollen pussy.

"Hold your cage and use the tip to make me cum. Make it very, very slow boy."

My legs shook as I knelt before my goddess. I was in pieces but I realised I needed to get my shit together. Ma'am wanted an orgasm, right now it was my sole job in the world to give her what she wanted.

I held my throbbing member near the base and shuffled forwards between Ma'am's legs. My heart was pounding in my chest so I took a breath and tried to calm down. I pushed my cock down slightly, pressed it against her lips and watched them part. Then very slowly I pulled up, watching my steel encased cock move up until it rested against her bud.

She gasped slightly as I made contact a little clumsily, she was as turned on as I was and her clit was super sensitive. I was going to have to be careful, at least to begin with. My head was so swollen that bits of it stood proud between the bars, an angry deep red colour and the blood stretched the skin to its limits. At the very end of the cage my slit was exposed and pulled open by the pressure. I decided to keep just this part of me in contact with her clit, and to keep the steel bars away for now. I tried to make slow little circles across her but it was really difficult. I had so much adrenaline pumping through me that tiny movements were tricky.

Ma'am had propped herself up and was watching me intently. That didn't really help, I knew she was probably loving my struggles and my obvious arousal but I felt like a rabbit in the headlights.

I could feel her clit as it moved across the end of my cock, that little nub which was so sensitive and gave her so much joy. She had told me to take my time but I was fairly sure that was as much to torture me as it was for her orgasm. On the other hand, my trembling hand and cock and clear arousal would be turning her on too.

I slowly got control of myself as I started to focus in on her need. That was what I was here for so I had better do my best. I pushed my hips forward a tiny amount to increase the friction and heard a small sigh of pleasure.

The gap at the end of the cage was longer than it was wide so I moved my cock up and down. I could move further like this without bumping her clit into metal. She would love the metal bars rubbing against her clit when she was closer to cumming but for now I just needed to build her up slowly. My movements were slow but now I added a little shake of my cock, there was another sigh. A few

more vertical strokes and another little shake caused another sigh and a slight tightening of her inner thighs.

"Your cock is so hard in there boy. Does it like touching my clit?"

"Of course Ma'am, the more aroused you get, the more aroused I get."

I made my vertical strokes more pronounced, letting the horizontal bars at either end of the hole bump against her.

"Oh! Yeah."

I moved fractionally away but increased the speed a lot. The swollen skin skidded quickly but lightly over her bud and I soon heard her breathing accelerate.

As her breathing accelerated I slowed down. She wanted a slow one, and as much as rubbing my exposed slit against her clit was driving me mad, a slow one was what I would give her. The end of my cock wasn't half as sensitive as Ma'am's clit but the constant friction was keeping me highly agitated.

It was time to switch things around so I alternated between slow with more pressure and quick light movements.

"Look at me boy."

I met her gaze, her eyes bored into my soul. I felt naked. Obviously I wasn't wearing anything, I felt emotionally naked as if she could see right inside me. She could see my need, my desperation and my desire. I knew it fueled her passion.

Now I had to rely purely on what I could feel through my cock to pleasure her. It intensified the feelings running through my swollen head. Our joint desire was connected by a tiny patch of nerve endings. Her clit and a small area of my glans were locked against each other, creating immense pleasure.

I watched as her cheeks and neck became flushed, I saw her mouth open slightly and the tip of her tongue running across her bottom lip. I instinctively read the passion growing in her eyes.

"Tell me what you're feeling."

"Electricity Ma'am. It's like there's a thousand volts running through us. My cock is a fuse that's burning down and the explosion happens when the flame reaches your clit."

We were both breathing hard. An earthquake wouldn't have made my eyes shift from hers.

"I want to feel your orgasm through my locked cock. I want you to take all my desperation and turn it into your passion. I want my denial to amplify your orgasm."

I realised my hand was shaking because I was holding the swollen skin and metal so tightly. But she could feel the vibrations and they were driving her on.

I moaned as she moaned, my body trembled with hers. It was a symbiotic act, but one that physically at least, would soon be broken as she came and I didn't. My own arousal meant everything and nothing.

My body shook in sympathy with hers as her orgasm took hold. Without knowing why I groaned with her as the pressure cooker inside her blew apart and a massive orgasm ripped through her body. Somehow she maintained eye contact with me, but now it was my turn to see her. Her passion was clear but I felt like I could see what my submissiveness gave her. Her orgasm wasn't just physical, it came from deep inside her. It fed her psyche and her soul because it came from me willingly giving myself to her.

We were as close as we had ever been at that moment. We knew each other so well in some ways, but in moments like this we learned so much more. The lack of physical contact had elevated the mental connection, we were together in a way that meant so much more.

She slowly came down but still didn't look away, neither did I. I saw her blink a couple of times as she returned to reality.

"Baby, that was intense, was it intense for you too?"

"I don't know what that was Ma'am, but intense covers it pretty well."

"Wow. You do some special things to me baby. No, that's not quite right. We do some special things to each other."

"Ma'am, you are so far inside my head it's actually a bit scary. But the thing is, I want you there. You've got an access all areas pass to my brain and I'm sure you are going to find some pretty interesting stuff as you go wandering around."

Ma'am laughed, "don't flatter yourself baby. You're just a man, there's nothing too complicated lurking inside there."

I grinned, she was probably right. She could read me like a book but I would happily keep turning the pages for her. That was the point really. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I was going to give it all and give it willingly.

Ma'am glanced at the clock.

"Damn it! The restaurant closed half an hour ago. That's your fault baby."

"Absolutely Ma'am, get me a spear and I'll swim around in the dark until I catch something, or we could call room service."

"Room service it is then, and a drink."

Ma'am left the bedroom and ordered before striding back into the bedroom and pulling me onto the bed with her. We curled up together, just enjoying the physical contact. My cock was still hard in the cage, Ma'am cupped my balls and stroked them gently.

"So are you going to miss me at university baby?"

"Nah. I'll be playing the field, no girl will be safe."

"Oh really? Got your eyes on anyone in particular?"

I answered more seriously.

"There are a couple of girls who I think are interested Ma'am, so I think I'll do my best to avoid them. I'm going to work hard, but possibly play slightly harder than I did before I came here. I let you down at the start of term but I probably over compensated. I will try and get the balance right until Easter."

"Good boy. That sounds like the way to go."

There was a knock on the door, Ma'am threw her dressing gown on and collected the food and drinks. She had ordered a big bowl of jerk chicken and two glasses of champagne. We went out onto the balcony and raised our glasses.

"Cheers baby. Thank you for a wonderful week. It has been lovely spending this time with you."

She giggled, "I think this might be more than just a holiday romance."

"Ma'am, I can't thank you enough. This has been an amazing experience for me. I've seen some amazing things and been to some stunning places. But the most important thing here has been you. You don't know how much this week means to me."

She was glowing in the moonlight and soft lighting. She touched my cheek.

"I do baby, it has meant a lot to me too, an awful lot."

Our glasses gently clinked together and we sipped our champagne. We sat in amiable silence as we ate the delicious, spicy chicken.

We were both fairly tired and our flight was early the next morning. Ma'am secured me as she always did but then curled herself around me and drifted off to sleep with her hand right next to my cage.

It took me a while to sleep, her body next to mine kept me aroused and I couldn't help wishing she would move her hand but sleep took me eventually.

We packed up and got a taxi to the airport bright and early. Ma'am hadn't managed to pull any strings but we did find ourselves in business class which was nice enough. She fell asleep on my shoulder for some of the flight which I loved. I was happy that she wanted to rest her head on me. It sounds pathetic but it made me happy.

There were no surprises at customs this time and soon enough we were back at hers. Travelling is fairly boring, but for some reason tiring too. We ate some food that we picked up at the airport and Ma'am took me down into the dungeon where I was reunited with my old friend, the sleep sack. She kissed me and slipped the hood over my head. I felt myself stiffen and smiled to myself. This felt

like home. I was covered head to toe in tight leather and my cock was compressed by unforgiving steel. I was where I belonged.

I lay there waiting for sleep to come, thinking about the next six weeks. I knew whatever Ma'am had planned would be interesting but essentially, I was already wishing the term away so that I could be back here.

Logically I knew that university was incredibly important and that getting a good degree would probably change the course of my whole life. A good degree from a good university would give me options. I didn't have to do anything with my degree if I didn't want to, but having it meant choices.

But I wanted to be here with Ma'am. I wanted to be near her all the time. I wanted to be between her legs giving her everything she desired. I understood what was happening, it was post holiday blues. Ma'am and I had shared a wonderful holiday and we had become even closer.

I didn't want to be separated from her for a second, let alone six weeks. She was inside my head and inside my blood too.

I was in love.

Part 17

We both had a lot to do on Sunday. Ma'am had work to catch up on and I needed to get back to university. I gave her a parting orgasm, and we hugged for ages before I jumped in my car and drove off.

I felt sad but this was the way it had to be. Six weeks wasn't that long and I suspected that I might pop back to see her at some point. I resolved to be ahead of my studies and work really hard so that there was no reason why I couldn't come back for a weekend.

I arrived at the halls of residence, unpacked, and got myself ready for Monday morning. Later on I popped into the bar to catch up with some friends and have just a couple of drinks.

Ma'am was true to her word, and a small parcel arrived on Tuesday morning, inside was a memory stick. I also had an email from Ma'am. I plugged the stick in

and watched as it downloaded some videos, fourteen to be precise. I opened the mail and read Ma'am's instructions.

I had videos to watch, obviously. A ten minute one in the morning, and a twenty minute long one in the evening. Two a day per week, hence fourteen. The morning videos had to be watched before nine, the evening ones after ten. I also had to wear my earphones.

Ma'am had used her tech skills and her control of my computer to ensure that she would know when each video was watched. She would also be able to watch me through my webcam to make sure I was actually watching them. The first one was to be viewed tonight.

I was intrigued, I had an idea of what I would be watching but I could never be sure with Ma'am.

I went to my lectures and did some more work after dinner but I was basically waiting for the clock to tick round to ten o'clock.

I made sure my door was locked, took my clothes off and settled down in front of my laptop. It was what I thought it would be, a tease video. My cock quickly hardened as I watched two latex clad hands manipulating a large and well lubricated cock. I could hear the soft but desperate moans of the sub and the odd squelch of lube as her hands teased her captive cock.

But after a couple of minutes I was pleasantly surprised as Ma'am's soft and sensual voice suddenly appeared in my head. It was the same idea as the brainwashing videos I had watched in the dungeon.

Always think of my pleasure.

Never think about your pleasure.

Always think of my orgasm.

Never think of your orgasm.

I will give you everything you need.

You will give me everything I need.

I watched the hands massaging and teasing the hard cock as these words echoed through my head again and again. My cock pounded in its cage, surging against the steel.

I was taken by surprise when the video stopped, I had been totally lost in the words and images. God I was horny. I sat there staring at the blank screen until my phone pinged. It was Ma'am asking how I was feeling and informing me of the lovely orgasm she had just given herself.

She had obviously been watching me while she pleased herself. This made me even more aroused. She had cum while watching me sit there, desperately turned on and denied.

I texted back, telling her how incredibly horny I was, and how happy I was that she had used my denial and frustration to give her an orgasm. She replied, telling me that she would watch as often as she could and that my desperate longing made her incredibly wet. She even sent me a photo of her sucking her middle finger which was shiny with her arousal.

I sat back in my chair and tried to compose myself. My cock was like granite inside the cage and didn't seem to be going anywhere.

An email arrived from Ma'am as I sat there, it was an audio file.

"I will always be with you baby. Every minute of everyday I will be with you. Every time you swell in your cage, I'm there. Every time you feel aroused, I'm there.

Every time I touch myself I am thinking of you. Every orgasm I have is made special by you.

You are never alone baby."

Oh god, I was in pieces. My cock was going to burst. No, it really was. I realised I was panting with desire. I was going to be a wreck by the time term finished, she was going to drive me insane.

I turned my microphone on and recorded a message of my own, which I quickly sent.

"Ma'am, I feel you here with me. I am shaking with need and desire for you. Every time you cum, please imagine my cock crushed into your cage. Every time you

cum, please imagine my tongue caressing your clit. My body and mind are yours Ma'am."

My voice had cracked with lust half way through the message, but I didn't care. I knew she would love that. A minute later my phone pinged, she had just had another orgasm listening to my message, and she wished me a good night's sleep.

I smiled, there was no chance of getting any sleep at the moment. I was full of adrenaline and totally pumped up. I remembered that there was a bottle of wine in my cupboard so I poured myself a large glass and tried to relax. My six weeks without her had suddenly become a lot more interesting, and a lot more difficult. I was going to have to go through this twice a day. For the umpteen time I thought about the phrase, be careful what you wish for. I also realised that I was going to have to watch the morning videos quite early on a couple of days when I had nine o'clock lectures. There was no way I would be able to concentrate, or even get my trousers on for quite a while after watching one.

I sipped my wine and tried to browse the web to take my mind off my throbbing cock. It didn't work so I took a cold shower which had the desired effect after about ten minutes of pointing the shower straight at my cage. I reckoned I was going to have a lot of those in the coming weeks.

I climbed into bed at about eleven thirty but every time I closed my eyes my mind filled with erotic images and words, and my cock quickly filled the cage again. Fortunately I was pretty used to falling asleep like this and I dropped off before too long.

I had some vivid dreams, I seemed to be struggling against an unseen force, held down by something that I never saw. I woke up as hard as a rock as the images faded from my consciousness. It took about ten minutes sitting on the toilet before I softened enough to pee.

I had an early lecture this morning and had decided that I should watch my morning video at about eight o'clock, I had informed Ma'am of this too, which would hopefully give me enough time to calm down.

Sitting down in front of my laptop with my cock already hardening in anticipation, it occurred to me that these video sessions already felt like they were dominating my life. I was going to have to make sure they didn't stop me working hard.

Suddenly I had a bright idea. I went to the bed and spread my legs as wide as I could. Then I slipped the laptop down in between them, this way Ma'am could see my face and my cock as it strained in the cage. I assumed that she would approve.

Just before eight Ma'am sent me another audio file.

"Hey baby, I'm lying in bed with my hand between my legs. I'm already soaking wet. You are never alone baby."

Blood filled my cock immediately and my heart missed a beat as I imagined Ma'am having an beautiful orgasm while I struggled in my cage.

At exactly eight o'clock I started the video and instantly groaned. It was a close up of a wet pussy with one finger slowly running up and down its full length. I knew instantly that it was Ma'am. As soon as I started the video I put my hands behind my back as if they were cuffed.

As the finger traced its way between Ma'am's swollen lips her voice filled my head again.

"My orgasms mean everything to you.

Your orgasms mean nothing.

I have complete control over your orgasms.

You will never cum without my permission.

All you want to do is please me."

My cock was bouncing and twitching in thin air as I watched the finger on the screen find its target. I knew this exact scene was being played out for real in Ma'am's bedroom. I was desperate to pull my hands out from behind my back and hold myself but I held my nerve and let my cock tense and throb to its own rhythm. Ma'am's finger was moving quickly across her clit and glistened with her arousal.

It was over too soon, the screen went blank and there was silence. I really wanted to see Ma'am cum again but that wasn't allowed.

A minute later Ma'am messaged me.

"Mmm, I feel so good right now baby. I love the camera angle, keep it like that. I want you to think about how good you have just made me feel all day baby. X"

I replied with slightly shaky hands.

"You're most welcome Ma'am. Your pleasure means everything to me. I'll be happy and horny all day thinking about you. X"

It was quarter past eight, I had half an hour to calm down before running off to my lecture. I lay there for a bit watching my cock torture itself against the steel bars before rousing myself and taking a cold shower.

I quickly ate a bowl of cereal and went off into the real world. My cock kept pushing at my jeans as I walked to the lecture hall but the material was pretty strong so it didn't look too obvious.

I had to concentrate really hard during the lecture, my mind kept wandering and my cock kept pulsing with desire. I was already thinking about this evening's session. Discipline! Come on, I thought to myself. Working hard would also please Ma'am, I had to put my denial to the back of my mind and do what I was here to do.

Back in my room I had a look at my schedule, I had two big assignments due in the last week of term. I might have to ask Ma'am for a little leeway that week, I'm sure she would agree as it was to help my results.

I also decided to get a routine going. I knew when my sessions were so I set out some dedicated study times that I would stick to, that would also help my studies.

The clock seemed to tick round to ten o'clock very quickly, from about nine o'clock I noticed my cock feeling a bit excited. An email arrived around nine thirty.

"I have decided to watch every one of your sessions boy. I am going to cum during every single one. In a way I am brainwashing myself, I'm going to feel immensely turned on every time I see your locked cock because I will associate it with an orgasm. Your denial will soon be turning me on even more that it does now.

There's a good chance that I will find myself wanting to deny you even more because of this. I'm sure as your desperation grows, my arousal will too. The idea is deliciously erotic."

Half an hour before the session and I was already bulging through the bars. I knew it wouldn't go down now until a long time afterwards. Ma'am was really piling on the pressure, I took a deep breath. I loved it, I loved every second of it. I was already tingling with anticipation.

I kept busy doing nothing for a while before settling down on the bed with the laptop between my legs. The earplugs went in and I clicked on this evening's video. It was the lovely Mistress T, dressed in latex, fondling a locked cock while looking straight at the camera. The sub's cock looked just like mine. The skin was stretched between the bars and Mistress T was delighting in tracing her fingers across the tortured cock.

Ma'am's words came through loud and clear.

"This is your life now boy. Locked forever, denied forever. You will be constantly hard and horny. Your desperation will feed me. My pussy will melt with lust every time you fill your cage to bursting point."

Ma'am's pussy must be a pool of liquid by now I thought, because my cock was dancing with desire. It randomly jiggled around, totally outside my control. My balls were aching under the strain. As I watched Mistress T toy with her property, all I could think of was Ma'am getting closer and closer to an orgasm before tipping over the edge into sensual bliss.

Ma'am's words repeated through my brain over and over. I seemed to get harder with each cycle but surely that couldn't be true. I was as hard as humanly possible already.

I was both sad and relieved when the video stopped. I lay still with my hands still behind my back. The only movement was from my elevated heart beat and my twitching, trembling cock.

The end of the video meant that eventually my cock would go down. That would be a relief, especially to my stressed balls. But my sub side wanted to stay hard, I wanted to be throbbing with lust for hours, both because it excited me and it made Ma'am happy.

As expected a message arrived from Ma'am.

"Lovely, lovely. I love watching your chastised cock dance around baby. It turns me on like nothing else. Sweet dreams X"

I closed the laptop and looked at my chastised cock as it stood up, proudly fighting against the cage. It would be like that for a while yet which was fine, but I was already thinking about the morning and my next session.

Twice a day, every day. It was going to be hard work, I was already obsessed by these sessions.

I guess I would just have to learn to embrace them. I understood what Ma'am was doing, as I was not able to be teased in person, she was teasing me virtually. She was making sure that my cock regularly got very hard and aroused without having an orgasm. Physically and through her words I was being trained to disassociate arousal and orgasms.

More precisely, my training was continuing at distance. My training would never stop, Ma'am wasn't happy with some of my behaviour in Antigua so now I would be trained at university. She wouldn't let up, she would never give in, I was going to be moulded into her perfect sub whatever the circumstances.

I wouldn't have any respite at university now. Twice a day she would be in my head, whispering sweet kinky nothings into my brain. I was pretty sure these next weeks would have an effect on me but I wasn't sure if it would be the desired one. I was going to be so horny by the time I went back to her that I had no idea if I would be able to control myself.

However I had to trust Ma'am. She was doing this for a reason, everything she did was for a reason. It was to make me a better sub. She wanted me to learn how to resist any urges to think of myself and have an orgasm.

That was the prism through which I had to watch these videos. I had been thinking about how horny they made me and how they were making my life difficult. Trust Ma'am and appreciate what she was doing, that was how I should be thinking. I should thank her for the throbbing desperation she created twice a day and remember why she was doing it. I had to go with her flow and not fight. Firstly it was the right thing to do, and secondly if I fought I would lose. That was a given.

I thought about the morning and the next video. I would relish the arousal and desperation, I would think about my cock being rock hard and the fact that there would be no orgasm associated with my arousal.

The next morning I lay there enjoying my denied erection, thinking about Ma'am's enjoyment as my cock struggled against its prison. There would be no orgasm for me, just a hard needy cock, but there had been an orgasm for her which was the way it should be.

I was happy to have played my part in making her cum and pleased that I got my thought process sorted out. It was my head that controlled my behaviour. She could keep pushing me in the right direction but ultimately it was down to me.

A few days later I received another parcel from Ma'am. This time it was a small box so I suspected something more substantial than a memory stick. I was right, there were leather cuffs with a couple of small padlocks to secure them, a pair of small but vicious looking nipple clamps and two black plastic boxes that had a digital readout and a loop of wire coming out of the top of them.

I hadn't seen these before. There were some buttons next to the screen. I pressed one and the screen lit up, showing zero hours and zero minutes. While I examined these small boxes an email arrived from Ma'am that told me what to do.

Obviously I had to wear the cuffs and the clamps. The black boxes were actually electronically timed padlocks. I followed a link to the online instruction manual. They were very easy to use. If I pressed the button on the side then the wire popped out of its hole. If I then pushed the wire back down the hole, to form a loop, I could set a time on the screen using the other buttons at anything from one minute to ninety nine hours. The metal wire would remain locked in place until the time expired.

I pushed the wire home and set the timer for one minute. There was a beep and a whirring noise inside the little box, it was locked. I looked suspiciously at it, it didn't look very secure. I gave the wire loop a tug and it didn't move, I tugged harder and it still didn't move. I got my fingers inside the loop and pulled as hard as I could, nothing happened. I was impressed, it was a lot tougher than it looked.

There was another beep and whirr, the minute was up so I pressed the button on the side and the wire popped out of its hole again. It worked, so I tested both of them a few times and they worked perfectly.

Ma'am's idea was that on Friday and Saturday I would properly secure my hands behind my back with the timed padlocks. Along with the clamps it would make me feel more submissive and more vulnerable and out of control. I loved all of these concepts so I was more than happy to go along.

Ma'am did actually give me a choice, there were risks associated with self bondage which is why I had been sent two padlocks. They were to be used in series so both of them would have to fail during the same session for me to be in trouble. Ma'am also told me that I shouldn't ever use these padlocks to bind myself to anything that didn't move, like a radiator. It was always safety first as far as she was concerned with self bondage.

It was Friday night, so I put the leather cuffs on and secured them with the usual small metal padlocks. I put the keys high up on a shelf, way out of reach when my hands were secured behind my back.

I positioned the clamps over my nipples and let them bite down, they were very painful little things. The pain caused a surge in my already stiffening cock. Ma'am's instructions were to set the timed padlocks to thirty minutes. I closed the loop around the D ring on one cuff while it was in front of me and while my hands were still free I put my earphones in and clicked play on tonight's video.

I quickly put my hands behind my back and fed the wire from the second timed padlock through the D Ring on my other cuff and then through the ring in the other padlock. It was a bit tricky but after a few seconds I pushed the wire home. I checked with my fingers, D ring to timed padlock, to timed padlock, to D ring. One wrist secured to the other. All I had to do was press the two start buttons.

A beep, then a second beep, and both little locks were locked. I flexed a little, obviously I could move my arms around to a small extent, but they were not going anywhere until one of the timed locks opened. I felt another surge of blood rush into my cock.

I loved being vulnerable but this was the first time I had bound myself and there was definitely a little rush of excitement. The screen was still blank but I could see that the video was playing. I smiled, the other videos had started immediately. Ma'am had planned this escalation, and made sure that I wouldn't miss any of the video while I was securing my hands. She was predictable in her meticulous planning, I had to give her that.

The video came to life, it was me, or more precisely it was my cock being teased by Ma'am's gloved hand. I could also see my bound balls being massaged by Ma'am's other hand. There was silence apart from an occasional squelch from the lube.

I watched Ma'am's hand travelled across me, up my shaft to the tip of my glans and back down again. It was hypnotic and highly erotic. All the memories of these sessions came flooding back and my cock reacted very strongly, almost immediately it was standing bolt upright despite the crushing effect of the cage. I could almost feel her fingers on my tingling cock as I watched.

I frowned slightly as something started to happen on the screen, and then I heard Ma'am's voice slowly building in my ears. I could see a second image fading up into view, it was Ma'am's face. I could see her clearly now, but I could also see my cock being teased underneath her face. She was fully made up, her eyes were like big black pools, shining like polished obsidian and her full red lips glistened with erotic menace. She was looking into my soul, her words dripped like honey into my mind.

Your cock belongs to me.

Your body belongs to me.

Your orgasms belong to me.

Chastity makes you happy.

Denial makes you happy.

These five phrases repeated over and over. I stared onto Ma'am's eyes, losing myself. I could see her glistening red lips forming the words that were being imprinted in my head. I had no idea how long the video had been playing, I didn't notice my cock straining every sinew against the cage. All that mattered were Ma'am's eyes and her words.

Her face and her words faded out just before the end of the video and I was left with her hand deftly manipulating my glans. I could see my cock straining and trembling but I knew it wasn't going to cum. Ma'am had complete control.

The video stopped and I took a breath, a minute later I heard a beep and I was able to release my wrists from behind my back. I grabbed my phone and let

Ma'am know how amazing that video was and thanked her. She replied with a wink and a message that she had enjoyed it a lot more than me.

I turned off my laptop and tried to relax but my cock wasn't going down anytime soon. A cold shower would eventually see it off but I didn't want it to go soft. Every throb of blood filling it, every involuntarily twitch emphasised Ma'am's control. The more aroused I felt, the more I felt her presence and her power.

I deliberately didn't shower and went to bed still throbbing with desire. I closed my eyes and saw her hand running up and down my trembling cock. She controlled my orgasms and my cock. The very essence of my masculinity was hers to do with as she pleased. The more I thought of it, the more aroused I became.

I gripped the cage hard and squeezed. I could feel the small sections of skin that bulged through the bars but essentially I was squeezing a steel cage. My cock wasn't mine anymore. It was out of reach behind unforgiving steel. At that moment I would have given anything to just hold it and slowly run my hand up and down.

I pushed my hips up and moaned to myself as my cock forced its way up. The steel didn't give, it was unrelenting in its grip. Ma'am didn't give either, she was just as unrelenting and unsympathetic as the steel.

I couldn't imagine a situation where she would show any leniency. It wouldn't matter to her how desperate I became. I could break down in tears and beg for an orgasm and she would just smile and talk to me until I begged for more denial.

My cock was twitching uncontrollably in my hand. I still couldn't understand how I could be this desperate for an orgasm and be so desperate for denial at the same time. All I knew was that nothing felt like this, I was so alive right now. Sexual energy was flowing through me like a river.

Ma'am would keep that river flowing as hard and fast as she could. I was just along for the ride, a twig being thrown around in the rapids of lust and desire. I had willingly thrown myself into the river though. Obviously at the start of my journey the river had been relatively calm but despite the fact that it was now a raging torrent, I still didn't want to get to dry land, I was enjoying it way too much.

Sleep was a long time coming but it was Saturday tomorrow so it didn't matter. I tried not to think about the morning and what that would bring, although obviously I had a pretty good idea.

Ma'am had allowed me some leeway over the weekend so I was set up and ready for the next installment of Ma'am's never ending quest to turn my brain into mush at half past nine. Exactly as I had done the night before, I put the clamps on my nipples, started the video and locked my wrists behind my back.

The screen was black, and slowly a large handwritten word appeared.

"Never."

It was the word that Ma'am had left on a note to me right at the start of my chastity.

Ma'am spoke through the earphones. Her voice was low and sexy.

"Never."

I smiled as my cock reacted.

A video of a cock being teased slowly appeared, I could still see the word never clearly though. I saw the cock start to tremble and it came, ropes of jism pouring out.

"Never."

Ma'am's voice came clearly through as the cock on the screen had a huge orgasm.

"You will never touch your cock again."

"You will never control your orgasms again."

Another cock appeared, being tormented by another unseen Mistress. After a minute it came.

"Never. I control you. Your orgasms are mine."

Cock after cock appeared and was masturbated to orgasm. Every time I was told by Ma'am how she had total control over me. Over and over the images repeated on the screen as my cock jumped and jerked in the cage.

Never. I would never be able to cum without Ma'am, she controlled all of my sexual pleasure. I would never even be able to touch my own cock. Never. It all belonged to her.

The video faded to a close and I lay there, rock hard with my heart pumping in my chest. I heard the beeps, freed myself and messaged Ma'am.

"Never. Thank you Ma'am. I willingly and gladly give it all to you. Your dominance is the greatest gift I could ever receive. Thank you."

"You are very, very welcome boy. I feel the same about your willing submission."

I recovered for a few minutes, the video had been the total opposite of the others. Instead of denial, I had seen dozens of orgasms that had all been accompanied by variations of the same theme. Never. It was messing with my head.

All I could think about was how good it would feel to have an orgasm. My cock trembled, I had never wanted to cum more than I did at this moment. But I couldn't because I had given up my ability to orgasm entirely. There was only one person on the planet who could allow that.

Every now and again I wondered about what I had done. Since Christmas I was even legally bound to be in chastity for the whole year. That seemed like an awfully long time right now. It seemed like forever.

But I had done it willingly and I hadn't done it just to please Ma'am, I had done it because I loved it. I couldn't deny it, even if I tried Ma'am knew better. If she wanted to she could keep me locked for the next nine months, she didn't have to set me free, she didn't have to let me cum. She had complete control.

As always my cock surged at the thought. I was in a vicious circle where the more aroused I became, the more exciting my denial became. Again I thought about all those cocks that I had just seen cumming. It might be another nine months before I could have one. Hang on, why would I think I would have one when our chastity contract expired?

Ma'am had told me that she knew I would sign another one, probably an even longer one. She would do whatever made her happiest and that was probably

going to involve more denial for me. The ache in my balls deepened as my cock told me how much it wanted that.

What was I doing?

I was working myself up into a right state. I jumped off the bed and headed for the shower. It took at least ten minutes of freezing water to calm myself down. As my cock calmed, so did my mind.

I imagined that this was exactly what Ma'am wanted. I was constantly horny at the moment. My cock anticipated the videos, I was as horny as hell during them, and then I thought about them afterwards. Twice a day I was incredibly aroused for at least an hour if you factored in the before and after time.

But I wasn't going to cum, I was horny and denied. I was horny but I wasn't going to cum. This was being rammed into my head twice, every day. God, I had been watching these videos for less than a week and I still had five weeks to go until the end of term. I was going to be a wreck but I was getting a full on lesson in being aroused without any hope of an orgasm.

This was what Ma'am wanted. Hopefully I would be able to perform to her exacting standards when I went back home. She hadn't left me in much doubt as to what disappointing her would mean. I always wanted to please her but sometimes the feelings she drew from me were so intense that I lost my way.

It had to stop. I didn't know whether pleasing her would result in more orgasms for me but I knew displeasing her certainly wouldn't. But that was irrelevant, pleasing her was what made me happy. Making her cum, making her smile, making her delirious with orgasmic joy, that was what mattered.

I got dressed and settled down to some serious studying. My work load was going to be ramping up very soon and I wanted to be ahead of the game and not scrambling to get everything done.

I surprised myself and managed a good four hours before I realised that I wasn't really being productive anymore. I stood up and stretched my legs, I was mentally a bit tired but I had lots of physical energy so I went for a long run.

I reckoned today had been a good day. I had been teased into insanity, had a good think about my cock and orgasms, and then done a good block of work and

done some exercise. Well done me! I decided to reward myself with a trip to the bar after dinner for a couple of drinks. Just a couple obviously as I had to be back in my room for ten.

I had cooled down from my run and had a shower, warm this time, when I got messaged by one of my mates. There was a decent band on tonight and a bunch of people were going, did I want to come along. I thought for a second and messaged Ma'am. She replied a couple of minutes later, telling me to enjoy myself and that I could watch my evening video at seven tonight and the next morning's one at ten. I arranged to meet some friends in a pub at about eight thirty.

I was pleased that Ma'am was allowing me to go out. She had probably noticed that I had done a lot of work today and she had said that I could have some leeway every now and again.

I was a horny mess at seven thirty but I had things to do. After yet another cold shower I was in the pub with a pint and a bunch of friends at the appointed time. It was a great night, the band played good old fashioned rock and roll and the crowd loved it. The energy was fantastic, we all got very sweaty and jumped around like idiots.

I was in the mosh pit at the front at some point, bouncing up and down with Julie, a girl I knew from the halls of residence. During a brief lull she grabbed me and gave me a hug. As the hug finished she kissed me, I kissed her back and we grinned at each other. Fortunately the band kicked back in and the mosh pit exploded back into life.

After the gig most of us went to another pub to continue the entertainment. Julie made sure that she was sitting next to me and also made sure that we were sitting very close. I was enjoying the attention but soon I got a bit anxious. She was good fun, and good looking too, but obviously nothing could happen.

She noticed that I had gone quiet and asked me if something was wrong. I just said I was really tired and needed to go. What followed was an awkward couple of minutes where she tried to get me to come back to hers, and then asked if she could come back to mine. I did my best to politely rebuff her and I told her that I had someone back home but I knew when I left that she was pretty pissed off.

She even said that I had got together with Alexis despite allegedly "having someone back home."

I had got to know Alexis early in the first term which had stopped anything like this happening. As I walked home I knew Julie was not happy, I wasn't in the best of moods either. I had known something like this would happen at some point. The thing was that I wasn't even sure why I was upset. Sure, a drunken night of sex would be really great but Julie wasn't someone I would want to go out with. I just felt like I was missing out, I'd left early to make sure that there wasn't any more awkwardness. I had missed some of the evening and missed out on sex too.

I felt slightly separated from my friends. I had a secret that I couldn't share which meant there would always be a distance between us.

I couldn't afford to go skiing, but I knew a few people from university who had gone just after Christmas. They had done it quite cheaply by sharing a four man room. I couldn't do that because I would never be able to hide my secret in that situation.

I had a big glass of water when I got home and went straight to bed. I didn't feel too hungover when I got up, probably because I had left early. The others had probably carried on until the small hours.

I knew the cure when I was feeling a little down, work hard and do some exercise. I did exactly that after I had recovered from the morning video and I felt better afterwards. I had chosen this life and it was an amazing one thanks to Ma'am. If I had to sacrifice certain parts of university life then so be it.

I was getting the sort of education that you couldn't buy or get at a university.

My week continued, two videos a day, plenty of studying and exercise. The videos were slowly driving me insane but the work and running balanced things out. I needed real life to keep me grounded otherwise all I would think about was my deep aching lust.

I went out on Thursday and had couple of beers. I bumped into Julie while I was buying a round at the bar and said hello. She just made some pointed remark about it being past my bedtime. This sentiment was echoed by my other friends, albeit in a jokey way as I left. Obviously they had no idea why I was going back to my room but this situation was getting a bit frustrating and awkward.

I didn't call Ma'am often, we messaged most days but rarely spoke. I decided that I wanted to speak to her. She was sympathetic to my predicament regarding the videos and immediately told me that I still had to watch two a day but that I could do so whenever I wanted to. She was unable to help with the problem I had if a girl came on to me though. I told her about what Julie had said but Ma'am replied that I would just have to deal with those situations.

We chatted a little more and I thanked her for allowing me to decide on when to watch the videos and told her that I was going to a university do on Saturday so I probably wouldn't be watching my first video too early in the morning.

I sat back in my chair, we had sorted the video issue out but it was up to me to deal with and female attention I got. I could do that, probably politely but I was prepared to be forceful if I had to be.

Saturday came along and I watched the second video early in the afternoon so that I had time to cool off. A band was playing at the university, it was usually a big night when that happened and this time I wasn't going to be going home early.

I did some work and was browsing the web when there was a knock on my door.

"Come in, it's open."

I turned in my chair to see who it was.

"Hey baby!"

"Ma'am! Wow, I didn't know... what a lovely surprise. How come you're here?"

I jumped up and gave her a huge hug. She pretended she was being strangled so I let her go.

"Pleased to see me baby?"

"You know it Ma'am!"

"I just thought it was about time I showed my face and saw you at university. I probably should have come over before, I had nothing on this weekend so I thought what the hell."

I was grinning like a Cheshire cat. Ma'am smiled and closed the door.

"Come here baby."

We embraced and shared a long passionate kiss.

"I have an ulterior motive though, I've missed your tongue."

I moved past her and locked the door.

"I would be honoured Ma'am, if you would allow me to give you a massive orgasm."

"Just the one baby?"

I laughed, "as many as you can handle Ma'am."

I had a proper look at her. Skin tight black jodhpurs and polished black riding boots. The same ones she was wearing when I was on my knees in the stables with her. A beautifully fitted white silk shirt completed her wardrobe. It was sculpted tight across her body to emphasise and accentuate her firm breasts. She had put on minimalist make up that allowed her natural beauty to shine. God, she was magnificent, it was effortless for her.

She had a playful smile on her lips.

"Well boy, are you going to make me wait much longer?"

"Ahh, sorry Ma'am, sometimes you just take my breath away."

"Aw, sweet."

I moved to her and kissed her, and holding her hips I moved her to the bed and gently sat her down. I fell to my knees and began slowly unzipping her boots.

"These look familiar Ma'am."

She smiled, "I wondered if you would remember them."

"How could I forget Ma'am. They were the beginning of the end of my freedom."

I had her boots off, she had undone the jodhpurs and I slid them down her shapely, and still tanned legs. Underneath was a tiny piece of cloth which barely covered her. I gripped it and raised an eyebrow. She laughed.

"Go on then."

I pulled hard and they ripped straight off her. She giggled and gasped.

"Oh baby, you're so strong. You're not going to have your wicked way with me, are you?"

"I'd love nothing more Ma'am, but there's a slight problem."

She looked down at my hard, trapped cock.

"Oh no baby, has some mean and nasty woman got you all locked up? It looks so big and angry in there too. Never mind, maybe there's another way that you can make a girl happy?"

I laughed and she slowly spread her legs. She was wet already, her lips glistened in the light.

"I will see what I can do Ma'am."

Her nipples were hardening, poking at her silk shirt, and her face was already slightly flushed in anticipation. I wanted to just dive in and fill my senses with her smell and taste but I tried to have some dignity and pride in my work.

I put my shoulders under her thighs and wrapped my arms around them and slowly let my mouth fall on her. She gasped the moment my tongue made contact with her soft, slightly swollen lips. The world ceased to exist for me. There was nothing except her hot, wet core.

It had only been a couple of weeks but we had both missed this enormously.

"Ah baby, that feels so good."

My tongue worked its magic as I slowly built her up. I held her tight and pressed my face into her. This was the place, I never wanted to let her go. Her warm skin moved against me as her body arched and squirmed under my slow but relentlessly assault.

Gentle moans and sighs filled the room, my tongue danced across her clit. She reached that point where I knew she was going to cum, I knew she had to cum. It would happen on a few seconds, these were the most precious moments for me. I loved all of it but this little window when the inexorable rise turned into an inevitable orgasm was special.

My arousal peaked with her but without the glorious finish. My cock was like a ramrod, vibrating with need as she toppled over the edge into a world of ecstasy. She held my head tight as her body rocked uncontrollably, gasping and moaning with pure joy.

"Ah baby, as amazing as ever. Come here."

We lay together on the bed and cuddled, she slipped her hand down, held my balls and gently massaged them.

"Oh baby, they feel quite full now. Still quite a long way to go though."

My cock throbbed at this.

"Are those videos working baby? Feeling horny?"

She knew damn well how horny I was.

"They are driving me mad Ma'am. It's not just the videos, there's the anticipation and the recovery period too. I'm usually in pieces for quite a while after I watch them."

"Sounds perfect baby. I hope they will have a positive effect when you get home too. Hopefully being so horny for so long with no hope of an orgasm will break a few more mental barriers, and change some ingrained expectations."

Ma'am had spent most of our time together trying to break the links between arousal and orgasms. It would clearly be a long term project, I wondered if I would be granted more orgasms when she eventually felt those links had been broken.

"I hope so too Ma'am. You know how much I want to be the best sub I can be. I'm sorry I haven't made more progress."

She raised an eyebrow.

"Baby, you've done brilliantly. Don't ever think otherwise. You've come so far, and taken everything I've thrown at you in your stride. You should be immensely proud of yourself, I am. But there is always work to be done. You know I will never stop, don't you? Never."

She emphasised that last word and a little shiver ran through me.

"Thank you Ma'am, that means a lot."

I gave her a hug and she squeezed my balls in return.

"Right then Tom, I believe there's a party tonight, or would you rather stay in, be teased into madness and give me loads of orgasms?"

"I would prefer the latter Ma'am, obviously, but I get the feeling that you are here for the party."

"Damn right I am. I haven't got your key with me anyway, I thought that I might get distracted if I did. I'll have a shower then we'll go and have some fun. I am very interested in meeting your friends."

Ma'am jumped up and stripped off ready for the shower, I joined her but mainly for the cold bit at the end. I wasn't going anywhere in my current state.

I didn't have a huge number of friends, but there was a core of eight or so good mates and most of them would be there tonight. I was intrigued to see what they made of Ma'am.

Half an hour later we walked into the main bar in the university, it was already pretty busy but I spotted most of my mates at a table and pointed them out.

"Let's go to the bar first baby, always arrive with drinks."

We ordered a couple of pitchers of beer, Ma'am told me to take them over and that she would be there in a minute. I went over and banged them down on the table.

"There you go guys, how's everyone doing?"

I sat down next to John, who was probably my closest friend.

"Tom! Nice work mate, get yourself a glass."

John picked up one of the pitchers and filled up everyone's glasses. I pulled a chair in to the table next to me.

"Expecting someone mate?"

I grinned at him.

"I am actually."

I noticed a couple of people on the other side of the table look up and past me, that would be Ma'am I thought. I felt a hand on my shoulder and a silver bucket full of ice was placed in the middle of the table. It had a bottle of vodka and loads of shot glasses in it.

"Someone told me there was a party going on tonight, I hope you don't mind if I join you."

There was a chorus of approval but lots of raised eyebrows.

"Everyone, this is Louise. Louise, this is everyone."

A lot of hellos and how are you's ensued, and I went round the table telling Ma'am everyone's name. Ma'am held out her empty hands.

"What's a girl got to do to get a drink round here?"

John beat me to it, stood up and got the shot glasses out of the ice. He filled them and we raised them.

"Cheers! And thank you very much Louise, Tom's now not so mysterious woman from back home."

We downed our shots and banged the glasses down on the table. It was a good entrance from Ma'am, I should have known that she wouldn't be shy.

The conversation flowed easily, Ma'am was on a charm offensive. She was clearly the focus of the whole table and revelling in it. While she was talking to Katy and Harry to her left, I felt John's hot breath whispering in my right ear.

"Fucking hell Tom, you're a dark horse. She's drop dead gorgeous. You are going to have some explaining to do later mate."

I pushed him away with my shoulder.

"What can I say mate? I was born lucky."

"Damn right you were. I'm gobsmacked."

The bar was filling up quickly, it was a big night. A band like White Denim didn't turn up every week, there was going to be a few thousand packed into the arena.

I heard Harry asking Ma'am a question.

"Have you heard of this lot Louise? They're quite new."

There was a veiled implication that because she was older she might not be as with it as Harry thought he was.

"They're not that new Harry, I saw them in New York a couple of years ago. I'm actually friends with James, the singer. He's a really funny guy. Don't go out drinking with him though, it can get pretty messy."

Harry looked a bit taken aback, I was too. There was so much I didn't know about her.

I caught her attention and raised an eyebrow.

"Seriously? You know these guys?"

"I do, Steven organised their security stuff when they last toured over here. They had some tech issues that I helped out with."

Ma'am was full of surprises.

We had all had a few drinks when Julie arrived with a couple of friends. I told Ma'am who she was. She spotted Ma'am and me straight away.

"Hi Tom, you're up late. Who's your friend?"

Julie was a babe, but she didn't have much of a filter.

"Is that vodka? Nice! Can I have one?"

Ma'am was on it in a flash and filled a shot glass. She leaned over the table and put it down in front of Julie, fixing her with a stare.

"Always happy to share Julie."

There was a slight pause.

"Within reason."

Julie picked up the glass and downed it.

"I've been meaning to ask you Tom, how's Alexis?"

A couple of people around the table heard this, there was suddenly a bit of tension in the air.

Ma'am answered for me.

"She's great Julie, thanks for asking. I spoke to her a few days ago. She's loving Edinburgh, all the people up there are lovely."

There was an emphasis in Ma'am's tone when she said up there that clearly implied that everyone down here might not be so nice.

"Tom says you're studying psychology, yes?"

Julie had understood Ma'am's previous comment but couldn't find a quick come back.

"Yes."

"Still a lot to learn then."

It could have been a question but it wasn't. It was a statement. Ma'am hadn't broken eye contact. It felt like that moment in a western when a gunslinger walks into the bar and the piano player stops playing.

Ma'am smiled sweetly but she had made her point. She looked away and just starting chatting to Kate as if nothing had happened. I looked at Julie, she was looking a bit surprised at being put down in public but there wasn't much she could do about it. Possibly she had even learned something, don't mess with a grown up.

We finished off the vodka just before the band came on. Nearly everyone poured out of the bar and into the adjoining arena. White Denim rocked, I mean, they properly tore it up. It was hands down the best gig I had been to. Ma'am and I even got involved in the mosh pit for a while.

During the encore Ma'am pulled me to the back of the gig and gave me a long passionate kiss and told me to follow her. We skirted around the side until we got to a couple of security men at the side entrance to the stage. She had words with one of them and he got on a walkie talkie. Ten seconds later we were being escorted back stage. We watched them play their last song from the side of the stage and went into the green room with a few other people.

There was some shouting and general merriment and the band came in, sweaty and very pumped up. The lead singer hugged a couple of people and shook some hands. Then he spotted Ma'am.

"Hey! Louise! Fancy seeing you here."

He came over and gave her a big hug.

"Great gig James, enjoy it?"

"Always! There was loads of energy tonight."

"This is my friend Tom. Tom, meet James."

I shook his hand and complimented him and the band on the gig. We had a beer as Ma'am chatted away but it was a bit chaotic. People were coming in and out and demanding his attention. We decided to leave him to it, but I made sure I got a couple of selfies on my phone that I immediately sent off to a group chat.

We said our goodbyes and went back to the bar. John called us over, waving his phone at me. He addressed Louise.

"I assume these photos are down to you rather than Tom's winning personality?"

Ma'am shrugged, "It's not what you know, it's who you know John. I've got friends in lots of places."

Ma'am gave me a wink and I remembered the scene at Heathrow.

"She really does John, trust me."

John looked quizzical but realised that I wasn't going to give any details.

A few people were going to carry one partying but we decided to go back to my room. Ma'am gave John and the other people who were around a hug and we wandered into the night.

We hadn't had as much to drink as some of the others but we were still pretty merry. Our clothes were on the floor about ten seconds after my door closed. We fell onto the bed and explored each others bodies, both of us were as horny as anything. Ma'am pushed me down and sat on top of me, holding my cage in her hands and rhythmically pulling it.

"Now I know I made the right decision baby. If I had the key we would be fucking right now and you would be too drunk to keep yourself under control."

"You are probably right Ma'am."

"Do you want to fuck me baby? Bury yourself balls deep in my beautiful pussy?"

I groaned, Ma'am kept pulling at the cage trying to mimic a hand job.

"I would love that Ma'am, I really would."

"But you lack the self control, don't you? A few vodkas and you would lose it, wouldn't you?"

I wasn't sure about that but I knew what to say.

"Yes Ma'am, I'm sorry I haven't got that level of control yet. Please teach me Ma'am, please do whatever you need to do to let me be a better sub."

"We will get there baby. It will be really hard for you, but we will get there."

"Yes Ma'am, thank you Ma'am."

"Anyway, I want a good hard fuck. Fortunately you can do that for me, look in my bag."

I had a quick rummage and found the strap on that we had used before.

"I assume you are referring to this Ma'am?"

"Indeed, let's get it fitted."

Ma'am secured the waist strap nice and tight and then proceeded to attach the extra straps around my balls and roughly pulled them back between my legs. She tied the straps off on the waist band behind my back.

My balls were getting a good stretch now, but more importantly my cock was pulled down and out of the way of the big fake cock.

"Oh baby, you're such a big boy. Come here and fill me up."

She got onto her elbows and knees, arched her back and presented her wet pussy to me. I held the shaft of the cock and nudged the tip inside her. It was not quite as big as me but it was still a decent size. I gently slid it home, right down to the fake balls.

Ma'am groaned, "yeah baby, fuck me hard."

Clearly subtly wasn't wanted so I drew back and slid home fairly forcefully. Over the next couple of minutes I upped the pace until I was really going for it. I held Ma'am firmly by her hips and used them to help thrust the cock deep inside her.

The bed was creaking and Ma'am was moaning in time with it. She was getting there, so I shortened my stroke, keeping as much of the cock in her as I could, and went as fast as I could. Her moans were almost constant now as she approached her orgasm. I felt her tense and the moans turned into a loud groan. I pulled back and gave one last big thrust as her orgasm hit. Her face hit the mattress to muffle the noise and I saw her hands ball into fists as she rocked her way through the ecstasy.

My balls were aching between my legs but they were irrelevant. Ma'am had cum, that was all I was thinking about.

"Stay in me baby."

She flattened her body out, pushing her legs back. I got my legs outside hers and followed as her ass moved down. She grabbed a pillow and stuffed it under her abdomen to raise her ass up a little.

I started moving slowly, long slow strokes, going as deep as I could.

"Oh fuck yes baby."

I spread my legs a little wider to drop my hips, allowing maximum access to her. I didn't have to hold her in this position so I massaged her ass and thighs, running my hands over her smooth skin. My locked and desperate cock was rubbing up and down her thighs which added more arousal for both of us.

She could feel it, she could feel the steel and straining skin against her.

"Ah, that's nice baby, your big fake cock filling me up and your imprisoned one rubbing on me. I bet you wish you could swap them round don't you?"

I saw her hand squeeze between her body and the pillow as it sought out her clit.

"No Ma'am, I don't. I know how much you love feeling my desperation. You've got a big cock inside you, and you've got mine all locked away, just where you want it. My cock is bursting through the bars and my balls are hurting but that makes you happy, so it makes me happy too.

Please cum again Ma'am, use me for your own needs. Use me to make you happy. Use my desperate need to have a massive orgasm."

I was moving a little quicker but keeping my strokes as long as I could. Ma'am's finger was on her clit and she was closing in on another orgasm.

I stopped massaging her and leaned over her, pushing one arm under her stomach and using it to pull her tight into me as I filled her up.

"Mmm, oh yeah baby, it's your cock sliding into me. Feel it, imagine it, deep in my hot and tight pussy."

I drove in as far as I could and she groaned.

"I can feel you Ma'am, I can feel every inch of your body and your beautiful tight pussy. I want you so much, I want to fuck you until you scream in ecstasy. Cum for me Ma'am, please cum for me."

She did, her thighs shook between mine and her buttocks tensed. She let out a long low groan and starting gasping for breath. I held her tight, taking in as much of her pleasure as I could.

As always I felt immensely proud and happy when she came. Making someone feel this good meant absolutely everything in these moments. I had helped the person I cared for most in the world reach a peak of arousal that had blown her away. My desire meant nothing at this moment. All I wanted was to make her the happiest person in the world.

As her orgasm subsided she moved her hand and tapped my thigh. I took the hint and slowly slid the cock out, she sighed contentedly and rolled onto her back. She beckoned me forward and undid the straps, freeing my sore balls and removing the strap on.

"Thank you Ma'am."

"Mmm, no, thank you baby. That was lovely, just lovely."

We cuddled together, our warm bodies pressed together.

"Sleepy."

I organised the pillows and duvet.

"Thank you, my beautiful boy."

Ma'am slowly drifted off, I followed suit fairly soon as the alcohol dulled my arousal. This was a rare treat for me. I loved falling asleep next to her, it made me feel special.

We woke up feeling slightly fuzzy headed but Ma'am wasted no time.

"Morning baby," she whispered, "what do you think is the best hangover cure?"

It was a rhetorical question, as she had a hand on my shoulder and was pushing me down the bed. I slid slowly down her body, taking a second to nibble at her nipples as I went.

"A long, slow orgasm Ma'am?"

"Perfect."

I moved down to her sweet spot, she clamped her legs over my back, locking me in place. I followed suit and held her thighs tight. There was no better feeling than being trapped in my happy place.

My mouth was pressed into her pussy. The duvet was still over her bottom half so it was hot, dark and fragrant down there. I closed my eyes and started. My senses did most of the thinking for me. Her breathing and her muscles led my tongue, her taste thrilled me. My cock reacted to it like Pavlov's dog did to the bell.

No part of her pussy escaped the velvety attention of my tongue but soon enough it settled on her most sensitive and important spot. I knew it so well now, I knew how she reacted to everything I did. A long slow orgasm was what she had asked for, so that was exactly what she was going to get.

My tongue followed her mood and her arousal, building her up when she grew restless, then slowing down if she got too much too quickly.

After about twenty minutes I realised it was time. Her moans were more insistent and her body wouldn't calm down when my tongue did. She probably didn't even know she was giving out these signals, but I knew them well. Much like she had told Alexis some of my signals without me knowing, I wasn't ever going to let her know what I knew about her body.

I could feel her pussy start to tremble as its muscles began to spasm. Her legs and stomach followed suit. I slowed my touch, letting her climb gently to her peak. She sighed, it went on forever and it was one of the most satisfying noises I have ever heard. Her orgasm washed through like a wave, irresistibly taking her higher and higher. She jerked against me, taking a quick gulp of air, before another long contented moan.

Ever so slowly she came down and I felt her muscles begin to relax.

"Baby."

Her legs released me and I slid back up her body, deliberately placing my throbbing cage against her pussy. She smiled as she felt it pressing into her soft folds.

"Oh baby that was epic. Truly special. Every time I think you have given me all you can, you do something like that. Ahhh God."

I gave her a gentle kiss, she responded and parted my lips with her tongue, licking up her juices.

"Thank you Ma'am, that makes me the happiest boy in the world."

"Nice cage placement by the way baby. A lovely touch. Keep it there, so close but so far. All that warmth and wetness tantalisingly pressed against it but it can't have what it craves."

I groaned and she moved her hips, sliding her lips across the cage.

"Mmm, nice."

She reached down and held my cage and started slowly rubbing it up and down her wet slit.

"Touch me. Make me cum with your fingers."

I put my palm on her mound and found her clit with my thumb. She jumped at my touch.

"Sorry Ma'am." I whispered. She was still very sensitive after her orgasm. I moved very gently, making little circles on her. She kept my taut cock head on her tunnel, moving it around. I could feel the heat and softness as my bulging skin tried to force its way through the bars.

"Up here."

I looked up and met her lust filled gaze. Once again her eyes drew me in, deep into her soul. I could see her arousal and her desire burning bright, but I could see the flash of cruelty too.

Part of her arousal came from knowing how tortuous this was for me.

"I'm going to cum again soon boy. You are not. You won't cum for a long long time yet. Your cock is staying in its prison for as long as I want. Days will become weeks, weeks will become months, and you get more aroused with every passing minute."

My whole body was trembling, Ma'am could see it and feel it in my touch. She smiled and let out a long sigh.

"My beautiful chastised boy, aching for me every minute of every day. Make me cum boy, watch me have what I deny you."

I moaned and moved my thumb quickly across her. She threw her head back and gripped my cock, holding it tight against her hole.

"Fuck yes baby!"

She came hard and quick, shaking like a leaf before falling back with a gasp and pushing my hand away from her hyper sensitised clit.

I knelt there shaking with lust and breathing hard, watching her body as it was wracked with pleasure.

She slowly came round and looked up at me.

"Why are you still here baby? Isn't there a cafe just down the road."

I laughed, it was all I could do. I was a twitching wreck, physically and mentally, and she just asked for a coffee and a sandwich as if this was the most normal situation in the world.

"My apologies Ma'am, may I have five minutes in the shower so that I don't scare any children outside?"

She laughed now.

"Go for it baby."

I got in the shower, pointed the head straight at my head, took a deep breath and turned it on at full blast. The cold water took my breath away, but I gritted my teeth and held the freezing stream in front of my solid member.

It did the trick and before long I was walking to the local cafe.

There were a few people in there but it was too early for the badly hungover to be out. I had just placed my order when I heard my name called out.

"Tom! Tom!"

It was Katy wearing a look of utter surprise.

"Tom! Tom! What? How? I mean, what the fuck!"

I was confused, "are you alright Katy?"

She slapped my shoulder.

"Louise! I mean, what the actual fuck? You're a lovely guy and stuff but Louise!"

I grinned and shrugged.

"What can I say? It must be my natural charm and good looks."

She burst out laughing and pulled a skeptical face.

"Like I said Tom, you're a good bloke but you're way out of your league there. How the hell did that happen?"

For a brief moment I thought about blurting out the truth, things would be so much easier if I did. I didn't do that though.

"Honestly Katy, I have no idea. She moved in next door, I think she just fancied a bit of fun and it just snowballed from there."

I was being disingenuous but it was basically true. I didn't really have any idea how it had come to this. When it first started I spent every day thinking that it would just stop. Ma'am would meet some tall, dark handsome man with loads of money, someone her own age with real experience. But that hadn't happened and I now I truly knew we were going to be together for quite a while. I had no idea how long but that knowledge was the scariest and most exciting thing I could ever dream of.

"Ah come on, you're going to have to better than that Tom. She's amazing, so hot, and just so, I dunno, cool too. The way she put Julie down was so funny."

I laughed, it had been funny. Katy was still enthusing about Ma'am.

"She has this incredibly relaxed way about her, but then she just turned into some sort of ice queen, before being just super cool again. And then she got you back stage! Amazing!"

"I'm a very, very lucky boy Katy. I am one hundred percent aware of that. I'm just going to ride the wave and try to not get crushed on the rocks when it breaks."

Katy nodded, "fair enough Tom. At least we know that she actually exists. Do you mind me asking about the Alexis thing, what went on there?"

"Well as you saw last night, Louise is fine with it, and that's pretty much all I have to say. Sorry."

Katy held her hands up.

"No problem Tom, it's none of my business. It just seems a bit odd, but no worries. Louise doesn't seem like the kind of person who would tolerate any bullshit, so it's all good."

I smiled, she had no idea how right she was about Ma'am not taking any bullshit.

My order was ready, so I made the usual "see you soon" speech and was on my way.

We devoured our lovely greasy hangover food and chatted away.

Ma'am hadn't been lying about speaking to Alexis, or about her having a good time in Edinburgh. She was very sorry about how she had left but at the time she just couldn't cope with doing it face to face. She regretted that now. Ma'am said that she was thinking about popping in over Easter and asked me if I would be alright with that.

I had no problem with it at all. Alexis had been right about one thing, she was always going to be second fiddle to Ma'am. I had been sad when she left, but it had undoubtedly meant more to Alexis than either me or Ma'am.

Ma'am had to get back so she packed up after breakfast, we had a big hug and off she went.

I wouldn't see her again until the Easter break. We were both going to be busy and it was only four weeks. Ma'am had given me more leeway with the videos as I had some big assignments due before the end of term.

My hangover was short lived so I decided to settle down to a bit of work. I knew it was important not to dwell, or to feel sorry for myself. It was only four weeks, all I had to do was work hard. I would keep exercising too, that always helped.

Work, exercise, video. The weeks ticked away. I had a good routine, I managed to pop out a couple of nights each week and had one big night out near the end of term. Interestingly, no one gave me any grief when I bowed out early from a night out.

My anticipation grew during the last week. I was dying to see Ma'am again. The videos had played havoc with my libido, for the last couple of weeks I had only watched one a day, and always in the evening after I had done everything that I needed to do. It was the only way as I was in no state to do anything for quite a while after viewing them. My cock would bounce around uncontrollably in its prison and my mind would race, unable to think of anything other than my desperate need.

I drove home with a hard on pushing at my jeans. I hadn't had an orgasm since Christmas and hadn't been out of my cage for six weeks. I desperately hoped that I could please Ma'am, I knew what I had to do, I had to prove that I was learning, I had to show her that she came first and that I could control myself.

I parked and saw Ma'am shaking her backside in the doorway, like a dog wagging its tail. I laughed and walked into her arms, I lifted her up and spun her around in my arms.

"Hello Ma'am, am I happy to see you!"

"I can tell that baby, the feeling is mutual."

I stripped off, loving the feeling of being naked in Ma'am's house, as I nearly always was. My cock was pointing straight out in front of me already.

"He looks pleased too. That's always nice to see. I must try and remember where the key is."

"You don't have to unlock me if you don't want to Ma'am. I'm here solely for your pleasure."

"That's also good to hear baby. Hey, do you know the significance of the date next week?"

I thought for a second.

"I guess it has been about a year since you locked me Ma'am?"

"Correct baby, in twelve days time it is our "chasiversary."

"Chasiversary, good word Ma'am. What do you get for one year? If we were married it would be paper, but that doesn't sound very exciting."

"No, it doesn't. I'm struggling to think of anything kinky to do with paper. I'm sure I can think of something appropriate for a whole year of enforced denial though baby."

She massaged my balls firmly.

"They feel pretty full, but as you know, they can always be fuller."

"I'm sure you are right Ma'am."

My cock surged, as it always did and Ma'am squeezed and pulled at my balls, forcing a groan from me.

"Get into the dungeon, on your knees in front of my throne boy."

I hurried down and took up my position. Ma'am was down a couple of minutes later, just wearing her silk dressing gown.

She sat, crossed her legs and stared down at me.

"You have some work to do to impress me boy. Your behaviour is going to have to be right out the top draw for these next few weeks."

"Yes Ma'am, I understand. I will do my best to please you in every way I know how."

She looked down at my rock hard cock.

"That is going to have to behave itself boy. I need to see improvement. I need to know that you can back up your words with deeds. Your mind controls your cock, not the other way round. If your cock misbehaves, it is entirely your responsibility and I will have no choice but to conclude that you don't really care about pleasing me and that you are still more interested in yourself."

Ma'am was really laying down the law, she was leaving me in absolutely no doubt as to her expectations.

"Yes Ma'am, actions speak louder than words and I sincerely hope that I can reach the standards you both want and deserve."

Ma'am nodded, extended her leg and began gently tapping my balls with her foot.

"I'm actually going to be very kind to you boy. The videos were designed to get you used to being very aroused without having an orgasm. I'm going to tease you a lot but for the first week I'm not going to take you anywhere near the edge. I'm going to get you used to being touched without getting anywhere near an orgasm.

I am going to deny myself the pleasure of fucking you in order to help you. Don't you think that's incredibly kind boy?"

It crossed my mind that kindness might involve letting me have an orgasm, but I was not going to say that. Anyway, that was not the way I should think. Always think of her, never of myself. I was actually slightly ashamed that she didn't trust me enough to let me fuck her. My face went a little red.

"It is very kind Ma'am. I am sorry that I can't be trusted to fuck you. I will do my best, with your help of course, to rectify that situation."

"I hope you do boy, for both our sakes. There is though one thing that you can definitely be trusted to do, and to do brilliantly."

She let her robe fall apart and spread her legs.

"In fact, I'm already wet with anticipation boy. Give me the first of many long and luxurious orgasms that I'm going to have while your here."

"With pleasure Ma'am."

I moved to my favourite place, I could already see and smell her glorious arousal. Life was simple when I was here. My tongue made contact with her glistening lips and deftly parted them. I heard a contented sigh.

My life would be a lot easier if Ma'am just told me that I was never going to be unlocked. Then I could just forget about myself and be totally focused on her. It would be dreadful for a while but eventually I would forget what an orgasm was like. I already knew that my cock would spend the rest of my life locked away, forever trapped behind cruel steel bars.

But Ma'am loved teasing me and she loved the tension it created inside me. Dog owners often castrated their pets but the dog usually became fat and listless after the procedure. It removed all their "joie de vivre." Ma'am didn't want that, she wanted my chastity to be a constant torment. She used chastity and the knowledge that good behaviour would eventually lead to an orgasm to drive me forward.

The cage was also a constant reminder of my devotion to her, of what I was prepared to endure to please her. Ma'am would have it her way and it was up to me to accept that or face the consequences.

My tongue had been on autopilot as these thoughts ran through my brain, slowly but surely coaxing Ma'am towards her orgasm. She had wanted a slow one so as always I slowed her progress as she got close in order to create the most tension and excitement I could just before she came.

The time was coming though, I could feel it in her muscles and her breathing. This was the first orgasm I was going to give her for quite a while so there would be plenty of time to try out all my tricks later. This time I kept her rise slow but relentless and soon the moment arrived. That beautiful moment where my actions and skills gave her what she craved.

It was always a moment of joy and pride for me, this time was no different. My heart and my cock swelled as she groaned loudly and her orgasm shook her to her core.

"Ah baby, beautiful. Thank you. Now for your first tease session."

She stood up and pointed at the cross. I assumed the position and she slowly and thoroughly strapped me down. Chest, stomach, upper and lower arms, wrists, thighs, calves and ankles. I wasn't going anywhere, she got my favourite hood and laced it tightly over my head. My world went dark and hot. I heard her go upstairs and return a minute later. It was a shock but not a surprise when a freezing towel was wrapped tightly around my swollen cock. She left it there for a while and eventually my cock softened enough for her to remove the cage and quickly wrestle the base ring off.

It took less than a minute for my cock to reach full erection after the towel came off. I felt a ring of cold steel go round my balls. It was only a small metal stretcher but it heightened my vulnerability.

"Remember why you are here boy, both in the short term and the long term."

I heard the unmistakable snap of latex gloves being pulled on then the familiar cold trickle of lube going down the full length of my shaft. My cock was bobbing in anticipation. It was a long time since it had been free. Now it was my turn to sigh at first contact as her hand slid slowly down from my tip to the base of my shaft. Slowly and without much pressure she moved her hand up and down my shaft. It felt amazing. My cock was free to become fully erect and extend to its maximum length and girth for the first time in what felt like forever. It relished the opportunity.

She kept her hand moving.

"Long term, why are you here baby?"

"To make you happy Ma'am."

"Too easy, try again."

Her hand kept up its slow traverse across my rigid shaft.

"To make both of us happy Ma'am. To learn and get better."

"Yes, explain boy."

I was a little distracted by her hand but she clearly wanted me to think and to articulate more.

"You are my teacher, I'm your pupil. You have the knowledge and experience to make me a better sub, and a better person too. The more I learn and grow, the better our relationship becomes. We will grow as a partnership and be able to give each other more and more pleasure and enjoyment."

"Mmm, good baby. Growing together is good. I am much more experienced but I am learning with you."

She changed her stroke, moving her hand into a different position and creating different sensations. It was still soft and slow, but it was relentless. The new position caused a higher level of arousal but as promised, she wasn't taking me anywhere close to an orgasm.

"I would love to fuck you right now baby, how about you?"

"I would love that too Ma'am."

"Can you promise me that you won't try to cum?"

I could promise but I really wasn't sure.

"No Ma'am, I can't. I can promise to try my best but after so long in captivity I really don't know how I would react."

I hated having to say this, but the truth was always best. I had managed it in Antigua but I had also failed there too. Six weeks locked away had probably made me super sensitive and twitchy.

"Six weeks is not a long time boy."

Her voice had hardened a little.

"Six weeks is nothing. True, in an ideal world I would probably want you inside me fairly regularly, but don't make the mistake of thinking that six weeks is a long time. It's not even close."

My cock filled a little bit more.

"No Ma'am, I'm sorry. Forever is a long time, anything else isn't."

She laughed and gripped me a little tighter. I could feel every vein as it slid through her fingers. She started to concentrate on my exposed glans, her hand only moving a couple of inches up and down. It was delicious and I moaned quietly.

"Could you cope with fucking me boy? Your whole length sliding in and out of my hot pussy, watching me get more and more aroused?"

I grunted, "no Ma'am, I don't think I could."

I was getting very hot now, my buttocks tensed as I tried to move against the straps.

"Imagine the feeling of my soft wet tunnel caressing your cock baby."

"Oh Ma'am, I don't have to imagine, I can remember how good it feels."

I was still tensing and I could feel the straps tight against my upper thighs and stomach as I tried to push my cock further into her hand.

My balls suddenly exploded in pain and the hand disappeared. I let out a loud low groan of pain.

"What were you doing boy?"

Shit! I had been trying to please myself again. I had been trying to get extra pleasure for my cock when all Ma'am was trying to do was to make me used to lovely feelings again.

"Ma'am, I'm so sorry Ma'am."

My balls were harshly slapped twice more, I gasped at the pain.

"Men, pathetic. I'm really very disappointed boy."

Three more sharp blows had me keening in agony and straining against the straps. I heard some rummaging noises and Ma'am put two nasty little nipple clamps on me.

"We will do this again later boy."

She stalked off, leaving my bruised balls and ego to recover. A sharp, stabbing pain coursed through my nipples.

Pathetic was the right word. I had fallen at the first hurdle. All it took was some sexy words and a little upping of pressure on my cock and I had forgotten everything that I was supposed to have learned.

I stood there cursing myself. How could I have been so easily distracted? The whole point of the exercise was to get me into a better place to please Ma'am and I had immediately tried to please myself. She had shown patience and kindness and I had repaid her with nothing but selfishness.

Ma'am returned about half an hour later and pulled hard on my nipple clamps. I gasped in pain.

"Why are you here boy?"

"To learn Ma'am. To make us both happy, as happy as we can be."

"What went wrong last time?"

"I stopped thinking of you, and of us, and started thinking about myself Ma'am."

"Why did you do that?"

"I'm sorry Ma'am, I just got carried away in the moment."

It wasn't much of an answer. The whole point of most of what Ma'am did was to try and stop that.

"Is that good enough?"

"No Ma'am, it really isn't."

"Who decides when you feel pleasure?"

"You do Ma'am, always."

"So why do you keep trying to take more pleasure than I give you?"

I didn't have an answer, not one that Ma'am wanted to hear.

I told the truth.

"Because the need to cum overwhelmed me Ma'am. I'm sorry."

"It's like this year didn't really matter isn't it? You will have been in chastity for a year soon and you still don't get the point, do you?"

I was struggling at this point, it was feeling very warm under the thick hood. My reply carried an air of sarcasm.

"Apparently not Ma'am."

My balls exploded in pain as Ma'am slapped me hard. Seconds later she slapped them hard from the side, and then hard from the other side. I didn't scream but I let out a roar of pain. As the pain filling the lower half of my body slowly subsided I realised that Ma'am had gone.

Once again I stood there, utterly immobile and in great pain. This wasn't the homecoming I had hoped for. Ma'am was bombarding me with questions and I wasn't sure what to say. All I had wanted was to do was hold her and make her cum and... and what?

I realised that I had been obsessed by my desire to have an orgasm. It had been so long, and Ma'am's videos had got me so on edge that my orgasm, my pleasure had been at the front of my mind. Despite all the mantras that I had listened to while watching the videos, I had basically been assuming that a bit of good behaviour would get me what I wanted.

Repeat that to yourself again Tom, I thought to myself. Get me what I wanted. Jesus, what was I doing? What was I thinking?

Make Ma'am cum, put up with some teasing and then I would get what I wanted.

What was the point of chastity? To stop me having an orgasm without Ma'am's knowledge or consent? Obviously, but it ran deeper than that. It was a symbol of her control over me, a constant, twenty four seven reminder of the power she held and that I had willingly given.

I thought back over the last year and ran through everything I could remember. I knew what effect my chastity had on me and how much my denial excited Ma'am. She absolutely loved seeing me desperate and horny but there was something else that she had constantly emphasised.

Ma'am.

Always think of Ma'am first.

That was why I was in chastity. By removing access to my cock and my orgasms, Ma'am was trying to get me to focus on her, to put her needs and wants first. Actually, I wasn't just supposed to put her first. She wanted me to completely surrender my pleasure to her. She wanted me to trust her enough to let all thoughts of my needs to be essentially irrelevant.

I had to let go, I had to let go completely. That was what it was about, trust. Trust that Ma'am would give me everything I needed. Only when I did that would I be able to give everything I had to her. Until that point I would always be holding something back. There would always be part of me that was thinking about myself.

Maybe that was what truly being submissive meant.

The complete subjugation of self.

Could I do that? I trusted Ma'am implicitly, there was no doubting that. Maybe I didn't trust myself? Maybe if I was older with more experience that would be easier. Would it come with time? I couldn't answer those questions, probably because I was so young and inexperienced.

Also, how was I supposed to do that when Ma'am had me on the edge of a massive orgasm and my whole being was yearning for release? I didn't know that either, but knowledge was power. Perhaps it would be somehow easier now that I had worked things out in my head.

Ma'am probably knew all of this stuff but it was vitally important that I come to it by myself.

I heard Ma'am coming down the stairs. I wanted to talk to her. I sensed she was standing right in front of me.

"You have never spoken to me like that before Tom, not in those circumstances."

She let that sentence hang, I noted that she had used my name. Generally baby was for sexy times, boy for femdom times but she used my name when it was about us, as a couple.

"Can I speak Ma'am?"

"Please do."

I attempted to explain to her about what I had thought about. It was a bit all over the place but I got my points across. Ma'am let me talk. There was silence when I stopped. I was nervous, had I just spouted a load of rubbish, or had I made some kind of mental breakthrough?

"Thank you Tom. That took a lot of courage, I respect that."

She put her hand on my chest, it was our signal that told me she was there and that everything was OK.

"Remember this moment Tom. Remember what you just told me. You have made a leap forward today. It doesn't mean that you will immediately become "the perfect sub" whatever the hell that means, but hopefully you will have a bit more clarity of thought. A framework to use."

She stopped then laughed.

"Good boy, very good. By the way, you have just saved yourself from an awful lot of punishment. If you ever reply to me in such a glib way again there will be no reprieve."

"I understand Ma'am, thank you."

"You are still going to get punishment but it won't be as severe."

"I deserve it Ma'am, I don't know what came over me but hopefully something good has come out of it."

"Agreed. Now, where were we? Ah yes."

Her hand held my cock which had softened nearly completely. It didn't take long at all to come back to life as Ma'am's lubed up, latex covered hand worked its way up and down. Soon I was solid as a rock, blood pumping through my bulging veins.

I felt oddly relaxed though, maybe this was a moment where things changed. Yet again, I didn't know the answer but I did know enough to know that getting complacent wouldn't work. Ma'am was always capable of throwing me a curve ball and I had to be ready.

Out of the blue Ma'am plucked one of the clamps off my nipple. I hissed at the sudden sharp pain, and again as the other one came off.

"Your punishment will come later boy. We need to carry on with your training while those good thoughts are still fresh in your mind."

As before, she didn't go all out. The soft and slow movements gradually increased in intensity but at no point did I get close to cumming. In fact I enjoyed every second of it. All I could think of was how pleased Ma'am would be if I could control myself.

She upped the intensity again, concentrating on my swollen glans. She used small up and down movements combined with a twist across my ridge. It was very intense but I kept myself relaxed and thought only about how good it felt, and not where I wanted it to go.

I didn't suddenly not want to cum but I relished the pleasure Ma'am was giving me and accepted it for what it was. My cock was Ma'am's to use how she wished, after all.

She stopped after about half an hour. My cock was tingling with lust. She patted my balls gently.

"Good boy, nice?"

"Thank you Ma'am. Yes, it was lovely, thank you."

I felt her body against mine and her hand slipped between us and pushed my cock down between her legs. She closed her legs slightly and I could feel her wetness on the top of my shaft. She rocked her hips slowly back and forth and my cock slid across her pussy and between her thighs.

"Mmm, that feels lovely, your big hard cock pressed against my pussy."

I moaned softly and my cock twitched in agreement. I knew what she was doing though and I stayed calm and let her use me. Her soft skin felt fantastic but my calmness remained. I knew sterner tests were to come but for now I was OK.

Her hand snaked in between our bodies and settled on her clit. Her hips accelerated as she gently manipulated herself. There were some fantastic sensations on my cock but I could hear Ma'am's breathing getting faster and feel the tension building in her.

I was here to facilitate her pleasure, nothing else. As good as my cock felt, I knew it was only free to help her reach an orgasm so I just stayed in the moment and simply reveled in her arousal. Fairly soon her movements became jerky and her orgasm hit. Her legs trembled against my cock and I felt her head slump against my shoulder.

"Mmm, lovely. Thank you baby."

"You're welcome Ma'am."

I hadn't had much to do with her orgasm but I appreciated the sentiment.

"I'll be back later."

She left me again, with my cock pointing straight out in front, glistening with a mixture of her juices and lube. She was gone for quite a while and I was beginning to get a little uncomfortable on the cross by the time she returned.

My cock had softened, Ma'am took advantage of this, as soon as she reached me she started fiddling with something near my head. I felt the spikes start to dig in and realised that she has attached the nasty kali's teeth bracelet to me.

"It's late boy, time to put you to bed."

My cock had begun to stiffen as she locked the spiked ring on me and sharp pain lanced through it. She had positioned the top row of spikes on the sensitive skin just under my ridge.

She gave my balls a tug and locked another heavy metal ball ring round them. I was wearing two of them now, one quite small, one quite big. The weight hanging down was quite substantial and I could really feel it.

She removed all of the straps and told me to stretch out a bit. I carefully flexed my arms and legs, working the stiffness out of them while Ma'am secured a thick waist belt and then put wrist cuffs on and secured them to the belt by my sides.

She held my arm and guided me into the cell and laid me down on the thin mattress.

"Spread them, big boy."

I opened my legs as wide as I could. Moments later I felt a generous amount of lube on my sphincter, Ma'am even went to the trouble of forcing some inside me. I felt the end of a large, smooth dildo press against me and I instinctively relaxed and allowed it to easily penetrate me.

The first few inches were very wide and I gasped, but as it went deeper the girth narrowed until it was less than an inch across.

My cock had stirred as I was filled and the spiked ring dug painfully into me.

Ma'am attached ankle cuffs and a leg spreader which held me wide apart. She then did something between my legs, I didn't know what until she told me to bend them. I pulled my feet up towards me and the dildo moved deep inside me. She had attached a pole to the spreader and up to the dildo. She told me to straighten my legs, the dildo slid out an inch or so. Ma'am made some adjustments and declared herself happy.

With my legs straight, over half the dildo was pulled out of me, meaning the thickest part was stretching my sphincter. If I bent my legs I got the full length up to the flange. The flange was there to make sure the dildo couldn't accidentally go too deep.

'Close your eyes.'

She quickly undid the thick leather hood and pulled it off. Earphones were put in and secured with a thin latex mask that had an open face. The hood was replaced and tightened.

"Night boy. Sleep well."

Ma'am knew that I loved something large moving inside me, and she knew that I wouldn't be able to resist the temptation to use my legs to fuck myself.

I only had to wait for a minute before the earphones kicked in. There was a soft moan, a sigh, then another moan. The noises slowly became louder and more urgent. I realised I was listening to a woman building up to an orgasm.

The high quality earphones were really very good, as was the recording. The erotic sounds swept through my head in stereo, seemingly inside my mind. It was powerful and extremely erotic. My cock stiffened quickly and uncontrollably. The spikes had been gently digging in when I was soft, now they pressed hard into my sensitive skin and I gasped at how quickly the pain escalated.

Without thinking I pulled my legs up and forced the large intruder deep inside me. I moved my legs, feeling myself fill up completely and then feeling my sphincter stretch as the dildo was pulled out to its widest girth.

The woman was nearing her orgasm now, her erotic moans were becoming frantic. I matched my leg movements to her moans. My cock was in agony but the dildo felt great and my mind was lost in a fog of lust. She was going to cum, I

could tell by the desperation. I pushed my hips forward in sympathy, wanting something to touch me. There was nothing of course, nothing except a extra wave of pain as my cock twitched and forced more blood into my shaft.

The moans reached a fever pitch but then the tone changed. The long drawn out moan of pleasure became a strangled cry.

"Nooo! No, please, please. Please let me cum, please Ma'am."

My eyes shot open in my hood as I realised what I was listening to. It was Ma'am teasing and denying Sarah. My cock was out of my control as it tensed, sending yet another wave of agony into me.

Sarah was whimpering in my head, begging and pleading.

"Please Ma'am, please. I'm so close."

My cock was trembling with need and I suddenly realised that I had jammed the dildo as far inside me as it would go. I groaned and tried to relax, pulling an inch or so of it out of me. I heard Ma'am's voice whispering.

"No. No orgasm for you. All you get is endless tease and denial. A never ending desperation. Your need turns me on like nothing else."

Her words faded out and I was left in silence.

My rock hard cock was shaking above my stomach as pain coursed through it.

Every muscle was as tight as a drum so I took a deep breath and forced myself to relax.

Oh my god, I was so horny. All I could think of was Ma'am and Sarah together, their beautiful bodies locked in a passionate embrace as Ma'am took Sarah to the ragged edge.

Quietly, Sarah's sighs and moans began to build up again. I moaned in sympathy. My cock had softened slightly during the quiet period but it immediately began to harden as Sarah's moans increased in intensity.

My legs were moving the dildo rhythmically in and out as the pain grew once more. I guessed that each cycle of Sarah's denial was about twenty minutes.

I groaned to myself, how many times was I going to go through this cycle of arousal? Three times an hour for as long as Ma'am left me here was the answer. Jesus, how the hell was I going to cope?

Part 18

My cock was in agony, and during the very brief respite, I had noticed my aching balls as the weights pulled them down between my legs.

Also I knew I would probably get carried away with the dildo on numerous occasions too. It was going to be a very long night, full of pain and lust.

Everything got a bit blurred as the night dragged on, pain and desire merged into one. I had tried to count how many cycles I went through but after about seven I lost count, in fact I lost most of my ability to think at all.

At some point deep in the night I realised that I wasn't getting as hard, even a desperately horny young man can't keep it up forever. This was a blessing in disguise though. As the endorphins stopped flowing and the excitement faded I was left with the pain. The end of my cock felt like it had a dozen needles stuck in it, my ass was sore from an unknown amount of abuse I had put it through and my balls were throbbing as the weights relentlessly pulled at them.

Every now and again my cock would rouse itself briefly, but this just caused waves of pain to radiate through it. All I could do was lie there and wait.

Mercifully the audio stopped. I hardly registered it until I felt Ma'am's hand on my cock. I grunted in pain as she started to unlock the spiked bracelet.

In a very cheery voice she asked me how my night had been. I croaked out my thanks and said it had been amazing, she just laughed.

"This will probably hurt baby."

Slowly she opened up the bracelet and removed it. I let out a strangled groan of agony as the spikes left my tortured skin. Each spike left a hot sharp dagger behind.

"Wow baby, that looks amazing. It's beautiful. We're definitely doing that again!"

I groaned again.

"Yes Ma'am."

I felt something being attached quite tightly around the base of my cock.

She held me by the shaft, below the spike marks and began to masturbate me. For once in my life I really didn't want to get erect but it was Ma'am, I couldn't resist. I gritted my teeth as the blood flowed and filled my cock once again. The pain just grew and grew then she moved her hand up. I let out a pitiful cry as my tortured skin moved.

Suddenly I felt her thighs either side of me and she deftly slid her wet pussy down my cock. She took my whole length and ground herself into my groin. I cried out in pain, but she sighed in pleasure.

Slowly she continued grinding away and I realised the ring around my base had a clit stimulator on it. Her clit was being dragged across a rubber pad covered in little nubs.

"Enjoying being deep inside me baby?"

"Yes Ma'am, I'm playing a part in your pleasure. That makes me happy whatever happens to me."

It was true, my cock was still hurting like crazy, but as always, when I had Ma'am's pleasure to concentrate on, nothing else mattered. Everything hurt, but Ma'am was using me to achieve an orgasm, so everything was right in the world.

She carried on for a while, getting herself nice and hot before leaning forward until she was lying on me. I felt her hands on the hood and moments later it slid off my sweaty head.

"Morning baby, water?"

"Yes please Ma'am."

She held a glass of water with a straw and I greedily finished it.

"Thank you Ma'am."

She started moving, gently rocking on my body, her pussy moving a few inches up and down.

"Does that hurt baby?"

"Yes Ma'am, but it is fading."

"How was your night?"

"Horrible and hugely erotic Ma'am. Never has my arousal hurt so much, that was a particularly cruel and evil set up."

Her eyes lit up and she smiled.

"Excellent, good to know my plan worked so well."

She continued rocking and slightly lengthened her movement, I watched her arousal grow.

"That feels good baby, your cock always feels so good inside me."

"Your pussy feels amazing Ma'am, even through the pain."

"Maybe this will be the best way for us to fuck from now on. I'll have to make sure that your cock has been in agony for hours so that you don't get too turned on. That's a good idea, isn't it baby?"

"Yes Ma'am."

I thought it was a terrible idea.

"Unless of course you think that you can control yourself when we fuck."

She left that hanging, I knew that she was probably just trying to wind me up but she also expected an answer. Her hips started working harder creating lovely feelings for both of us.

"I do Ma'am, and at the end of the day there is only one way to find out."

She gave me an evil smile.

"True baby, I hope for your sake that you are right."

She sank down on my cock and starting grinding her clit against the rubber pad. She was getting close so I tried to help out with my hips. This caused the dildo to move inside me which caused more arousal. I was in a good place though, pleasure was overtaking pain but I was just enjoying having her ride me. Before long her movements and breathing became ragged and I was able to watch as her orgasm hit.

Her pussy clenched around me as she shook, and she was blissfully transported into ecstasy.

My cock was rock solid, deep in her body, and loving every tiny twitch and convulsion. I was loving it too, I always did, despite the pain that thankfully was slowly ebbing away.

Ma'am took a deep and satisfied breath and slowly pulled herself off me.

She settled down next to me and held my balls, they looked quite big and red after a night of stretching.

"How are they baby?"

"OK actually Ma'am. They are aching quite a bit, but nothing too bad."

"Good, they can stay like that for a little while then, but let's get that cock out of your ass."

"Thank you Ma'am."

She gave me a smile and started stroking my cock.

"I'm sorry baby, I know how much you love having huge cocks inside you but it can't stay there all day."

I went slightly red at this insinuation.

"You do love being fucked, don't you baby?"

"Yes Ma'am, I do."

She giggled, but let go of me and began to remove the spreader bar. Soon my legs were free and she removed the intruder before giving me a quick clean.

"Stand up."

She didn't offer any help, with my wrists still cuffed to my sides it was quite tricky but I managed. She led me to the bench, but to my surprise, she climbed onto it. She positioned her arms and legs on the rests and turned her head.

"What are you waiting for baby?"

I got into position behind her. I was still hard from her brief manipulation so it wasn't difficult to find the spot and gently push myself inside her. The heat of her pussy engulfed my member.

"Slow and long baby."

I went as deep as I could and Ma'am sighed contentedly. Slowly I pulled out until just my tip was inside her before filling her again. I could still feel little pricks of pain where the spikes had been but they were a minor irritation.

My biggest concern was how good Ma'am's pussy felt. I looked down and watched my cock disappear into her hot and slippery tunnel, it was slick with her arousal as I slowly pulled out. It was an utterly delicious sight but I thought it best if I looked at Ma'am instead. It was always a good idea to think of her rather than myself.

"Faster boy, I want them swinging."

I accelerated and quickly understood what she meant. I found a rhythm that meant my weighted balls swung right between my legs and then up until they banged into Ma'am's mound. It didn't take too many swings before I realised that this was going to be a very painful fuck. My balls had been stretched all night so were already feeling fairly tender. Now they were being swung around under me, the weights pulled even more.

"That feels good. Come on boy, slap them into me, I want to feel them."

Ma'am wanted me to go for it, so I did. It hurt, it hurt a lot. Every time I pounded into her my balls swung hard up into her. The motion was fast, and each swing caused a surge of pain.

"Oh yeah, oh fuck. That's good, yes baby."

Ma'am was loving my cock smashing into her, balls deep with every stroke. My balls were in lots of pain but that pain was helping Ma'am close in on another orgasm. It was also helping distract me from the beautiful feelings her pussy was creating.

She was close now, I was giving it all I could. I was breathing hard, it was tricky, all the movement came from my hips and legs as my wrists were cuffed by my side.

It felt like someone was hitting my balls with a hammer but I knew a few more strokes would do it, and mercifully they did. She shuddered and groaned loudly, gripping the bench tightly with her nails.

I stopped deep inside her as she slowly came to her senses. She motioned me to move back and my cock slipped out.

"Nice baby, very nice. Maybe having your cock and your balls in agony is the way forward."

Internally I grimaced, my balls were hurting badly.

"Maybe Ma'am, if you think it is the right thing to do then that is what should happen."

She moved off the bench and sat on the leg rest.

"Come here."

I moved in front of her and she slowly started masturbating me, gliding her hand over my slick cock. I was rock hard despite my tortured balls.

Suddenly she ducked down and took me in her mouth, I gasped at the sudden swish of her tongue over my sensitive head. She went to town on me, one hand gripped my shaft tightly and she sucked as hard as she could, bobbing up and down and working her tongue quickly across my ridge and frenum.

I didn't stand a chance, the speed and surprise of her change in tactics, combined with my fatigue and arousal blew away any self control I had. It only took a few minutes before I was on the brink of orgasm.

Just before I got to the edge she gave me one last powerful suck and pulled off me.

I was out of breath and flushed.

"Well boy? Not enough pain or not enough self control?"

I didn't know what to say. No one could have resisted her onslaught. One thing was for sure, I didn't want any more pain, but could I admit to lacking self control? Again? But then I realised, pain was an excuse. Nothing more.

"Not enough self control Ma'am. I'm sorry Ma'am but you..."

"But I what, boy?"

She used her dominant voice, I knew I was in trouble.

"Sorry Ma'am, I was just about to make a pathetic excuse. The fault is entirely mine. I take full responsibility for my failure."

She stared at me for a second before nodding.

"Fair enough, you have to own your failures. That is the only way to learn from them."

With that, her mouth was back on my cock and driving me insane with lust. She didn't go for it with quite as much gusto this time though. Her movements were slower and more considered. It felt incredible but I had some time to think and prepare. I had to concentrate, the important thing was to enjoy it. I knew she wasn't going to let me cum so all I had to do was allow all the amazing sensations to run through me.

Her mouth and tongue were combining in a way that I knew I wouldn't be able to resist for long though. The sucking, along with her tongue on my taut head, were overwhelming me. It wasn't long before she stopped again and looked up at me.

"It's like you have gone backwards despite all of my best efforts boy."

Her mouth was on me again, moving even more slowly. It was too soon, I was lost. Within thirty seconds she had to stop again.

Part of me felt that this was unfair, she was not giving me a chance. But I knew that was nonsense. Ma'am had been training me for a year now. I should be able

to do better, a lot better. I was angry with myself. Replace should with must. I must do better.

I must do better because if I didn't, life was going to be very tough. Ma'am demanded the best and I was giving her far from my best.

She stood up.

"I think I am going to have to accelerate my plans boy. It is our "chiversary" in a few days time but I am going to give you your present tomorrow bearing in mind what just happened."

She left, returning with the freezing towel. As my erection was slowly numbed away, she removed the ball weights and then locked me away again.

I was pretty sure that my present wasn't going to be something good, quite the opposite on fact.

We went upstairs and I prepared breakfast for both of us. As we ate Ma'am questioned me.

"So what's going on baby? Why aren't you behaving as well as you have in the past?"

"I'm not sure Ma'am but I am sorry. The only thing I can think of is that I'm not getting enough of you, if that makes sense."

Ma'am nodded.

"I can see that."

"When I'm with you I get constant attention, both physically and mentally. There is very little down time from being your submissive."

"So you need constant attention, like a child?"

It sounded awful when she put it like that.

"I know Ma'am, I'm ashamed. But the constant reminders of my place keep me in a good mental space. When I'm at university I think I sort of switch off. I'm so used to chastity now that it feels completely normal, and in a way, not submissive which is really weird."

She reached out and held my hand.

"I think I get it. I'm not angry with you, this is new to me too. I've never had a sub who basically disappears for three months, three times a year. Add on the fact that you are completely new to this and there are a lot of unknowns.

But we are not going into some sort of holding pattern for your three years at university. I am like a shark, I have to keep moving forward."

She sat back and paused.

"Right, I have a plan for your last term. It's an important one, you have exams at the end of it. I'm going to make thoroughly sure that you keep your mind on the job and we will see where we are when you come back."

"Yes Ma'am, I have no idea what you have planned but I will willingly comply as I know you only have what's best for me in mind."

She smiled, "I do baby, and what's best for us too. But for now, your exams are the most important thing. As for right now, we are going to see your mother for a walk so get dressed."

We joined my mum at a nearby landmark and had a long walk. Her and Ma'am chatted non stop, it was clear that they had become good friends while I had been away. While I didn't like the idea of the two of them gossiping about me, I was very happy that my mum had such a good friend so close by.

I knew that if she ever had a problem, Ma'am would be able to sort it out, if not by herself, then with her network of friends.

We had lunch and wandered back to Ma'am's.

"I feel like I haven't had enough orgasms baby, care to help me out with that?"

"I had been planning on watching the football all afternoon and then having a snooze Ma'am, but if you insist."

She grinned and slapped my ass.

"Get yourself into my bed, cheeky."

I bounced up the stairs and was standing to attention at the foot of the bed when Ma'am returned. It didn't take her long to tie me in a spread eagle position in the middle of the mattress. She had anticipated my arousal and brought the usual towel with her.

She removed my cage and stood looking at me, watching my cock harden and bob around to its own internal rhythm.

"That's a beautiful sight baby. I'm soaking wet already."

To prove her point, she put a couple of fingers between her legs. They were shiny with her arousal when she removed them and she slowly, sensually licked them clean. I found it very erotic.

"This is your last chance to show me your dedication to me, your last chance to show me that you have learned over the last year."

No pressure, I thought to myself.

Ma'am got onto the bed between my legs and gave my cock a long upward lick as she moved up my body. She settled herself above my waiting mouth.

"Take your time, and take me close to the edge baby. Your cock might not be able to do what it's told, but I know your tongue will obey."

She slid her legs further apart and her soft wet pussy pressed onto my mouth.

Life was perfect again. I was tied up and I had Ma'am's pussy on my face. In these moments I didn't care about my denial, I didn't care about my endless need. There was only one thing that mattered, giving Ma'am as much joy as I could.

My tongue worked its magic. Slowly but inevitably I drew Ma'am closer and closer. It was pure instinct now, I knew her pussy in ways I couldn't ever explain.

I had total control of her level of arousal. I felt everything, every little spasm, every muscle twitch, every sigh and moan. I took it all in and reacted accordingly. I felt an unbelievable level of pride and joy that I was able to do this for her.

I had her where she wanted to be, highly aroused but not quite on the edge of orgasm. I skillfully kept her there wondering what her next command would be. She let out one final sigh and moved off my mouth, sliding herself down me.

Her pussy bumped into my solid cock, and with a little readjustment, she slowly and gently took me inside her.

I still had no idea how something could be so tight, yet so soft and yielding. It enveloped me totally, pressing into my skin but giving way with every movement.

Ma'am jammed a pillow under my head and sat up, filling herself in the process.

"Look into my eyes boy. Nowhere else, just my eyes."

She was already very turned on, her face and chest were flushed and her lips were glistening. But her eyes were alive, glittering pools of dark passion. They pulled me in like a black hole. She had told me not to look anywhere else but she didn't have to say that. I couldn't have looked away even if I wanted to.

She was moving her hips, grinding into me, pressing her clit into the base of my cock. She shuddered slightly and smiled.

"Do you want to please me boy? Do you want to make me happy?"

"More than anything Ma'am. It means everything to me."

She stopped grinding and began to slowly move up and down, not much, just a few inches, but it made her moan. My cock filled her completely, each movement created a wave of pleasure through her.

"Your cock can make me so happy boy. It is my perfect cock. You must control it. You must control it for me."

"Yes Ma'am. I want to so much. Nothing makes me feel as good as seeing you cum."

She kept her movement small but speeded up slightly, and she started to fall more heavily onto my cock, jamming herself full.

Her pussy was like hot velvet on my cock. I continued staring into her eyes as her breathing got deeper and slightly ragged. But then she slowed down and pulled herself almost entirely off me, before sliding back down my whole length. It felt incredible.

She smiled and sighed.

"How good does that feel baby? Your cock is just perfect, feel me squeezing and contracting around you."

The long, slow penetration carried on. It was a continuous beautiful friction down my whole length. Her arousal was clear, mine was growing too.

Her eyes bored into my soul.

"Yes baby, oh yes. So good. I can feel you pulsing and throbbing."

So could I, it was too good, so beautifully hot and erotic. I was getting close, I couldn't stop it. I was just too turned on, thousands of tiny nerves were pinging pleasure into me. I was building inexorably towards an orgasm. I couldn't close my eyes. My senses were being bombarded. My cock was on fire, I could hear her breathing and sighing, and all I could see was her perfect body arching in last as it moved up and down me.

I let out a desperate moan and she gracefully slid off me just in time, leaving me twitching helplessly in the air.

Before I could say anything she was on my mouth again.

"Oh baby, I was so close, so very close. I guess you had better use your tongue to do the job if your cock can't."

I had failed her again, I couldn't believe it. My cock had betrayed me, but it had just been too much. I had been denied for so long, Ma'am's pussy was so amazing. I couldn't switch my mind off because I had to keep my eyes open.

These thoughts raced through my head as my tongue did its work. At least I always had this, Ma'am had been super aroused for a long time now so it wasn't long before the telltale signs appeared. I felt her tip over the edge into a massive orgasm, as she pressed herself onto my willing mouth. I stopped moving and waited for further instructions. None came but she got off me, moved down, and took me inside her again. She lay flat on top of me, stomach to stomach, and used her forearms to prop herself up so we were face to face.

"Thank god your tongue is so good, boy. What are we going to do with you?"

She was moving slowly up and down on me again. I wanted so much to be free so that I could hold her. Then it occurred to me that I wanted to break eye contact, I

wanted to escape her stare. But I couldn't, I was exposed like this, mentally and physically.

My cock was tingling again.

"I honestly don't know Ma'am. You do know that all I want is to make you happy, don't you? I'm sad and angry that I keep letting myself down recently."

"It's OK boy. Well, it's not obviously, but I don't believe in self pity. I believe in practical steps to sort a problem out."

"Thank you Ma'am. I agree, I want to be your perfect sub, with a perfect cock for your pleasure."

"Maybe I have been too tough on you. Its just that you responded so well. I thought I could keep pushing you. A few more orgasms would probably help."

She was riding me with more vigour now, sliding more of my rigid member in and out.

"I bet you would like more orgasms, wouldn't you baby?"

I was staring into her eyes, lost in a world of passion.

"Yes Ma'am," I whispered.

I was on fire, my orgasm was very close now. My hips were moving with hers as we fucked more quickly.

"Oh Ma'am. Oh god."

Suddenly she pulled herself off me and immediately sat on my face again.

I had been a whisker away.

"It's not like you to take the easy way out boy. What happened to all the amazing feelings that your denial gave you? Suddenly you think loads of orgasms are the answer.

You know how much pleasure I get from your denial, don't you?"

My tongue was working slowly across her sensitive clit, it knew its job. But my mind had just been dealt a hammer blow. What had happened? Had I forgotten about what Ma'am wanted, what she needed?

What had happened to me? I was thinking about myself, and not about Ma'am. What the hell was I going to say after I gave Ma'am another orgasm? Nothing, there was nothing I could say.

It didn't take too long to create another big orgasm that ripped through Ma'am's body.

Yet again she slipped down and filled her pussy with my seemingly out of control cock.

"I guess I just might as well let you cum and then we can press reset and start again."

I was a hopeless wreck, my cock was twitching uncontrollably inside her.

"That would be best for you, wouldn't it baby?"

She smiled up at me.

"Maybe it would Ma'am. Thank you Ma'am."

She flexed her muscles and rode me a little harder. I moaned loudly as the inevitable orgasm closed in. My body tensed, my cock trembled, suddenly Ma'am was gone.

I cried out in frustration.

"Oh dear. Baby, what do you think you're doing? We are going to have to press reset, aren't we?"

I nearly started to cry. I had done pretty much everything wrong. My eyes had filled up slightly but somehow I held myself together.

"I don't know what pressing reset means but whatever it takes, I will do it Ma'am. Whatever."

"I know you will baby. If nothing else, I know that."

She stood up and left, returning with the towel. She left it wrapped around me as she took a shower. When she had finished my cock was locked up and she motioned for me to shower too.

By the time I had finished, Ma'am was downstairs on her computer. She typed away for a minute before sending a text on her phone. The replies came quickly.

"Sorted baby. Tomorrow will be fun, and we will have a couple of guests arriving in the evening."

Ma'am didn't give anything else away, and we spent the rest of the evening chatting about vanilla things.

Ma'am locked me away in my sleep sack and despite a plethora of thoughts that were running through my mind, I slept fairly well.

The main thing that I was thinking about was the lack of punishment. Usually a great deal of pain would have come my way with that level of behaviour, so I was worried about Ma'am's plans.

I was woken up by voices coming down the stairs. One was Ma'am's, the other was a man I didn't recognise. They were in the dungeon somewhere.

"There you go Louise, I'll set it up for you, it should only take ten minutes or so. Here's the manual, I can run you through the basics if you want but it's fairly self explanatory."

"Thank you so much Charles, I'll get the kettle on. Do you want something to eat?"

"No thanks, just a cup of tea please."

I heard various noises through the hood but I had no idea what was going on. After about ten minutes I heard Charles go upstairs and close the door.

Half an hour later Ma'am released me from the sleep sack but left my hood on and marched me up to her bedroom.

"Stand here, don't move."

It was probably another half an hour before she came back. She took the hood off and pushed me onto the bed.

"I'm horny baby."

She jumped onto the bed with me and our bodies intertwined as we kissed passionately.

My cock filled the cage to bursting within seconds. She broke the kiss off.

"What are you waiting for baby, it won't lick itself."

I rolled her onto her back and my mouth slowly travelled down her body. After paying special attention to her hard nipples, I kissed my way down her stomach before arriving at my favourite destination.

"Make it a gentle morning orgasm baby, there's no rush, no rush at all."

I settled down between her legs. This was my time to shine. I had no idea what was coming my way, but I was fairly sure that it didn't involve lots of lovely orgasms, not for me anyway. The least I could do was perform well now.

Ma'am was so responsive to my tongue. It was as if her pussy was learning about me, in the same way that I learned about her. I understood her responses better than I knew my own now. It felt like a life time since I had masturbated myself, but I had never been able to build myself up in the same way that I could build Ma'am up.

My cock was crushed inside the cage as her thighs and stomach moved sensually against my head. I didn't give a damn though, I loved every second of it.

I realised that this was what truly made me happy. It was too late now to undo my recent actions but giving myself entirely to her pleasure was what drove me. If only I had thought about that before I had allowed my cock to take over, I might have been able to maintain control.

I brought myself back to the present. My tongue was playing gently with Ma'am's clit. I had my arms wrapped around her thighs with my palms on her stomach. I could feel everything that was going on in her body. It would be the right time soon.

I set a rhythm that I knew from experience would work, a rhythm that would inexorably take her to a massive climax.

Her sighs became moans, her soft and sensual movements became more tense. My palms felt her stomach muscles go into spasm and her orgasm was upon her. She came not only with her whole body, but it felt to me like she came with her soul too. It was such an incredibly intense experience for her.

All her orgasms were like this, but they all differed slightly. This was a big, slow, rolling orgasm. A relaxed morning orgasm. A big ocean swell rather than a wave crashing on the rocks.

"Oh baby, you take me to places I didn't know existed. That was beautiful, thank you."

She kept my head against her pussy, I couldn't answer so I just nodded slightly. I wanted to do it again, and again, forever if possible.

We lay still, savouring the moment, for a minute or two before she roused herself. I helped her off the bed and we had a long hot shower. As usual this did nothing to dampen my arousal. My balls were already aching under the strain of my attempted erection.

Ma'am wasn't bothered though, she enjoyed every little part of my suffering, no matter what form it came in.

We had a fairly late breakfast, I could make a good full English breakfast these days, another skill that Ma'am had honed. There were a few chores that she wanted doing, so after eating I got busy. There was a small flower bed that needed digging over and a couple of bushes to trim but nothing too taxing. Ma'am gave my work a quick once over and approved.

Back in the house she fixed me with a stare.

"So boy, it's time for your "chiversary" present. Ready?"

"Yes Ma'am. I've no idea what I'm ready for but I am yours."

"Stay here."

Ma'am went down to the dungeon and returned with our favourite leather hood which was soon secured tightly over my head. Everything went dark and hot. My anxiety about Ma'am's plans were only heightened by the claustrophobic leather.

Clearly the man who arrived earlier had delivered something but I had no idea what it could be. Ma'am led me carefully down the stairs and over to the whipping bench. I was secured, lower legs and forearms strapped to the pads. A thick strap was placed across my torso but Ma'am didn't tighten it as much as usual.

My ass was exposed and my cock and balls hung down, just off the edge of the bench. I heard Ma'am doing something behind me, there was a pause and then I felt Ma'am's heavily lubed finger probing my ass. She quickly moved from one finger to three, penetrating me as far as she could. She seemed to be trying to get plenty of lubrication inside me.

I was obviously going to get fucked. That was fine by me, while I had found it a bit humiliating I soon got over that, and it turned out that I actually enjoyed it a lot.

Ma'am's fingers disappeared.

"Relax boy."

I felt something large at my entrance.

"You will remember this old friend I imagine."

I began to stretch as a large phallus pressed relentlessly against me. I could feel some knobs and lumps, it was the very large dildo that had been used on me before. It's greatest circumference was at its end and it narrowed as it went along, but it was covered with smooth yet prominent knobs.

I relaxed as best I could, the painful part was getting the large end past my sphincter. It kept moving slowly into me without hesitation. I had forgotten how much the initial penetration hurt, I grimaced and instinctively tried to clench down. It didn't matter, the huge invader kept coming, I forced myself to calm down, the moment I did it slipped through and the pain faded. More and more of it entered me until it reached painfully deep inside.

Mercifully it stopped. Ma'am must have seen the sudden tension in my body and it moved back a very small amount.

Nothing happened for a couple of minutes, Ma'am was clearly doing something behind me, maybe she was locking it in place but I didn't know.

I felt her hand under my chin, lifting my head. I was blind behind the hood but I could feel her eyes staring at me.

"Don't cum boy. This is your last chance to show me that you have learned some semblance of control."

From inside the hood I mumbled, "Yes Ma'am."

Her hand moved, and so did the dildo. It slowly pulled away, probably about five inches before going back in again.

I didn't understand, Ma'am was still in front of me. For some reason I looked around despite my head being wrapped in tight leather. I didn't think there was anyone else here so what was going on? Ma'am answered the question for me.

"That man who was here delivered something that I've borrowed from a friend. A fucking machine, a very nice one too."

Now I understood, there wasn't a person behind me, slowly pushing the big dildo in and out, it was a machine.

"Let's see what this baby can do, shall we?"

She paused, "well?"

"Yes Ma'am."

I mumbled from behind the hood.

"What was that boy?"

"Yes Ma'am, please use the fucking on me."

"Are you sure boy? You don't sound very sure."

She loved this game.

"Please Ma'am, please fuck me up the ass with a huge dildo. Make the machine fuck me for as long and hard as you want to Ma'am"

"Well I was just going to mess about for a few minutes, but clearly you want a whole lot more than that. Good boy."

The dildo immediately started moving faster inside me. At maximum penetration it was very deep indeed, almost painfully so, but Ma'am had set it up just right. It was withdrawing about five inches before burying itself deep in me again. Ma'am speeded it up a little more and my cock stiffened in the cage.

There was something quite scary about being taken like this. The dildo wasn't going too fast yet but I could feel the power of it. There was no hesitation, no pause, it just went in and out.

I felt some lube trickle down my crack to ease its progress.

The length suddenly changed, becoming shorter. It only withdrew a couple of inches now, meaning I was much fuller most of the time. I could feel my body being gently pushed forwards each time it filled me.

Ma'am slowed it down slightly.

"Let's see how this feels boy."

Suddenly I felt the dildo twist inside me, one way then the other. The small knobs covering it were now being dragged up and down, and across my prostate gland. To my shame it felt very good and my cock agreed.

"Oh, look at that. Is that good boy?"

"Yes Ma'am."

I still wasn't sure about the feelings that being penetrated gave me. They were definitely exciting, but it was odd too. I decided to enjoy it, it wasn't like I had a choice anyway.

The twist had added something extra to the mix for sure. The now familiar tingle in my groin had become quite intense. The dildo wasn't going to stop, it would pound away until Ma'am stopped it.

I felt a surge of submissiveness, I couldn't help myself. I wanted the huge dildo deep inside me, filling me, rubbing against my delicate passage.

Ma'am increased the length of the stroke and the speed. I was getting a proper seeing to now. My cock was straining and tingling. I was feeling very hot and bothered under the tight leather hood. Ma'am left well alone for a few minutes, watching me carefully.

Suddenly I felt the beast withdraw an inch or so. I didn't want that, I wanted all of it in me, I wanted to be full. Ma'am hadn't strapped me down in her usual vigorous manner and almost unconsciously I began to move back into the thrust. I could use my arms and legs to force my ass onto the dildo each time it pushed into me.

I let out a little moan of pleasure, I wanted to be fucked harder. Ma'am didn't oblige and left me desperately searching for more. The strap around my middle dug in each time I tried to push myself back.

She knew what was happening, of course she did.

"You love this, don't you baby? Do you want more? More big cock inside you?"

"Ohh, yes Ma'am. Please fuck me harder."

I felt myself get even hotter under the hood but I didn't care. I did want more, it felt too good not to want more.

Instead Ma'am shortened the stroke again, and slowed it down. She kept the twisting motion going though. I moaned, this wasn't what I wanted. I arched my back and tried to fuck the dildo. My hips started moving, trying to get more friction from the twisting knobs.

It wasn't enough though, whatever I tried to do with my body I couldn't get as much stimulation as I wanted.

"You're desperate for more cock, aren't you baby?"

I moaned.

"Yes Ma'am."

"How desperate?"

"Please Ma'am, I want to be fucked harder, give it to me Ma'am. Let the machine loose on my willing ass."

"Are you sure baby?"

"Yes Ma'am, yes!"

The machine moved, back to its original position, where it could fill me completely. Ma'am kept the strokes short, I was properly stuffed, and the twisting felt utterly delicious.

My cock twitched with pleasure, then suddenly the machine stopped.

"What are you trying to achieve boy?"

I wasn't sure what she meant, I was just trying to get as much pleasure as I could.

"I don't know Ma'am, I just know that it feels really good and I want more."

"Are you trying to have an orgasm boy?"

Oh shit! She was right, I would have ridden that big cock as hard as I could, until the inevitable happened. I had never cum from anal before but I knew that I could, and I knew that I had got completely carried away again. I had wanted Ma'am to allow the machine to take me to an orgasm.

"Ma'am, I just wanted to feel good, you know how much I enjoy being penetrated. But I guess if you had kept going then I would have cum."

"You were actively trying to get as much pleasure as possible, and there would be a definite end result to that, wouldn't there boy?"

"Yes Ma'am, I'm pretty sure there would."

I didn't know what else to say, anything else I said would either be a lie, or incriminate me even more.

"I think we should find out what happens if you get your wish and I let the machine do its stuff."

I was in trouble again.

"Ma'am, please don't. I don't want to cum, I just want to feel as good as I can without that."

I heard her laugh.

"If you can resist then I will unlock you and give you an amazing blowjob, and an amazing orgasm. That will be your "chiversary" present. After all, you came here assuming I was going to let you have an orgasm, didn't you?"

She carried on before I had a chance to say anything.

"If you can't resist then you will get an extra present."

I didn't imagine for one second that this extra would be anything nice but I didn't have much time to think as the machine burst back into life using the same slow short strokes with the twist.

My cock had softened a little during our conversation but it wasn't long before it was trying to break out of the cage again. I tried to relax and let the cock just move inside me but the intensity and relentless motion was building lovely sensations deep inside.

Ma'am made a small adjustment and the speed increased. I knew immediately that I wasn't going to be able to handle this. There wasn't anything I could do. I took a big deep breath and let myself go limp, I tried to relax my body and mind.

It worked to an extent but I could feel my cock twitching and trembling. Something was going to happen soon, an orgasm? I guess so, part of me was intrigued to know what it would feel like but I knew I had to try and resist.

I almost felt like I needed to pee, a pressure was building up, suddenly my cock spasmed uncontrollably. I let out a groan as a huge spurt of jism erupted from my cock.

There was another, then another. I was ejaculating but I wasn't having an orgasm. I could feel the hot cum pouring out of me but that was the only feeling. There were no sparks, no explosion of joy, just cum flowing out. I moaned loudly in frustration as my muscles continued to spasm and twitch.

My cock was still dribbling cum, there didn't seem to be an end to it.

"Let's get it all out baby. It will be the last time for a while after all."

There was nothing I could do, the stream continued before slowly coming to an end. Ma'am waited another minute to make sure that it was all out and only then did she stop the machine.

I lay there, ashamed and embarrassed. At that moment I wanted to go. I wanted to just walk away, I felt empty, physically and mentally. She was right about one thing, I had come back to hers expecting an orgasm but I had got this instead.

Instinctively I knew that I wasn't going to be having a "proper" orgasm for a long time.

"Happy "chiversary" baby, was that nice?"

"Not really Ma'am."

"Aw, never mind. Now I have to prepare you for part two of your present."

I felt her loosening my bonds and she told me to stand. My cock was still rock hard which I found a bit odd.

"Still feeling horny I see, lovely."

Ma'am led me to the cross and secured me tightly by the wrists and ankles. She moved away to collect something and returned quickly. First off, the icy towel was wrapped tightly around my cage to shrink my erection. She secured some kind of band around my waist and then fed a cable between my legs.

"Back in ten baby when I can get you out of that cage."

I stood there wondering about what had just happened. It certainly hasn't been the orgasm I had hoped for, I wasn't even sure what it was. I guess she had milked my prostate gland and forced me to ejaculate.

I didn't think I could have resisted no matter what I did. The whole scene seemed very unfair, I hadn't stood a chance.

Ma'am came back down the stairs and removed the towel. The desired effect had been achieved and she easily took the cage and ring off. I felt things being

attached to the waist belt. I was a little nervous, imagining that Ma'am was going to let me know how displeased she was, and that her displeasure would probably be shown in a lot of pain for me.

Her hand was on my shaft and a slightly curved and lubricated tube slid down it. It was a close fit but the lube made it a simple job. Ma'am continued fiddling around, I had no idea what she was doing but my cock had started to respond. I quickly realised that there was no room at all for any expansion inside the tube.

My cock was pushed down and Ma'am tightened the cable between my legs. I felt her fingers checking around my balls and there was a final little bit of pressure then a click.

"Almost done, this will feel a little odd."

I felt something cold and slippery against the end of my cock, pressing gently against my urethral opening. There was a hole in the end of the tube. A thin plastic tube entered me and Ma'am slowly and gently pushed it down my urethra. It did feel odd, in fact it felt rather uncomfortable but before long she had inserted about three inches of the tube into me. There were a series of clicks.

"Done!"

My hood was removed and I blinked my eyes in the light. Ma'am was standing directly in front of me, demanding eye contact.

"You had an orgasm boy, well sort of. I imagine you are feeling a little hard done by as there was no way you could have stopped the fucking machine from forcing you to cum. Yes?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"What did you do wrong?"

"I got carried away Ma'am. It felt too good, and I just wanted more."

"You tried to cum. This situation was no different from all the other times when you have lost your self control. Those times have become more frequent and frankly I'm very disappointed."

That said, your progress over the whole year has been remarkable. Don't think for one second that I am upset with your general performance. You have handled pretty much everything that I have thrown at you brilliantly. You should be very proud of yourself.

But your progress has stalled and I won't accept that. I will never accept that. Is that fair comment?"

In some ways there was only one answer to that question, but Ma'am only dealt in the truth, and it was true.

"Yes Ma'am, it is completely true."

"So, what is the next step? Believe it or not, I have actually been quite kind to you. I have given you some leeway due to your lack of experience. In a way you are actually a victim of your own success. If you hadn't done so well, I wouldn't have expected more from you.

The time has come to change tack, no more Mrs. Nice Ma'am. What you can feel around you is a full chastity belt. It's made by the same man who made your cage so you know it is of the highest quality and that it is totally secure.

There are two reasons why you are wearing it. Firstly you have exams at the end of term and I don't want you to have anything to distract you. The belt is not going to come off until after your last exam, approximately three months from now.

Secondly, you need to know that I have the will and ability to completely deny you any form of meaningful orgasm. We now know that you can ejaculate purely from anal stimulation. Until you achieve the level of control that I demand, anal will be the only way that you will ever orgasm. It would seem that kindness will only go so far with you. So it is time for another method."

The silence filled the room. I felt Ma'am's hands running around the edges of the belt, and across my inner thighs. My cock instinctively started to fill up but absolutely nothing happened. The blood had nowhere to go. The tube was tight enough to prevent any expansion and the belt and cable kept the whole device pressed tightly against my groin.

I groaned, I couldn't feel a thing. The tube had warmed up to body temperature, I could feel a bit of pressure but that was it. No pulsing against the bars, no pushing my cock out with the power of my erection, nothing.

"This is it for the next three months, and until you gain some self control you will not have another pleasurable orgasm."

Again silence filled the room. I needed to say something.

"Thank you Ma'am. I deserve to be kept like this. I have lost control of myself and I need to be shown the way. Hopefully this will do the job."

I wasn't sure I believed any of that, but I didn't have a choice. I could accept it or fight it. Fighting Ma'am only ever had one outcome. She won.

Ma'am released me from the cross and gave me a long passionate kiss. Clearly my new predicament had aroused her.

"Go to my bedroom, have a good look at yourself in the full length mirror, and have a feel around. I'll be up in a tick."

I went upstairs and looked at myself. It was a beautiful bit of kit, sleek and silver. Smooth metal flowed in a teardrop shape from my waist belt down between my legs. There was a phallic outline where my cock was, I put my hand down and rubbed it. Obviously I couldn't feel a thing, just warm metal. I hit it with my knuckles and barely felt a thing. Using my fingers I explored, trying to get underneath the metal guarding me. Nothing, it was skin tight everywhere, I tried to pull any part of it away from me and got nowhere.

I felt between my legs, the cable split in two, forming a round hole through which I could do my business. I noticed a couple of circular marks, on closer inspection they were small rubber sealed screws.

Ma'am appeared at this point.

"I see you have found the cleaning holes, take this."

Ma'am handed me a screwdriver with an odd looking end. Carefully I loosened the two small screws. There was a hole under them.

"Come with me to the shower."

Ma'am had a small rubber hose that split into two, both had a threaded end. She attached them to the holes and briefly popped back into the bedroom. She returned with squeezable plastic bottle.

She put some antibacterial liquid soap in it and filled it with warm water. After attaching the hose to the bottle, she handed it to me.

"Squeeze it."

I felt warm water flowing all around my cock before it exited through a hole under my cock that I hadn't seen. It was an odd feeling but not unpleasant. Ma'am told me to do this twice a day and to wash the soap away with cold, clean water each time.

I completed the task, Ma'am said that this would keep everything clean and hygienic. I wasn't sure, but she said that people had worn this device for very long periods of time without any need for removal.

My cock tried to get hard and my face went red when she said this, she noticed as she always did. Curling her beautiful body around me she put her hand between my legs and pretended to masturbate me.

"I'm glad that idea gets you hot baby, it has exactly the same effect on me. I will miss your cock of course, but we have fake ones and your tongue is the thing that I can never be without. Speaking of which..."

We were in bed very quickly and she hadn't been lying about being very turned on. It only took a few minutes before I gave her a very satisfying orgasm. I could feel a throbbing in my groin but nothing else. It was like my cock was numb.

We lay together as Ma'am recovered. She let her hand drift over the impregnable metal shield that covered me, just as you had previously done with the cage.

"That feels amazing baby. I know what is trapped in there and I love that I have been able to do this to it. It's an amazing rush for me."

I sighed as the throbbing continued. I was already desperate for something, anything, down below. I used to love feeling my cock jump and twitch, I used to crave feeling my skin stretching against the bars. Now I had none of that, I had nothing. I was still incredibly aroused, by the situation and by Ma'am's words.

"I'm so horny Ma'am and I'm very happy that you get so much from this. I really don't know how I'm going to cope with this though."

"I know baby, you will get used to it. Your body will adapt, but more importantly your mind will too. You are in no doubt as to what I expect from you. The brain is the most valuable thing you have, hopefully this chastity belt will help program it and give you the self control you need.

Fingers crossed baby, otherwise you have had your last orgasm. I will milk you occasionally for health reasons but that will be it."

I was breathing hard and I could feel my heart beating in time with my groin. I couldn't believe that I was so turned on by Ma'am's words. She placed her hand on my chest and laughed.

"Oh baby, you are your own worst enemy, aren't you? If you were lying there, depressed and unmoved, there wouldn't be any point in carrying on. But you love it, you absolutely love it, don't you?"

I did, I couldn't deny it. Even if I wanted to try, my physical reaction was blatantly obvious to both of us.

"Ma'am, I was going to say something about what you have done to me, but all you have done is allow me to be me. You have gone into my head and dragged all the kinky stuff up to the surface. You have laid me bare, you have seen into my soul and found the real me.

I'm still not sure if that is a good thing or not, but it has already happened and there is no going back now. Even if I could turn back the clock, I wouldn't. I am going to have some very difficult times, some desperate times, but I have to live this way now. It's just incredibly exciting, it's indescribable, it's wonderful.

Thank you Ma'am."

I looked deep into her eyes and kissed her gently on the lips.

"Oh baby. You are so beautiful."

She jumped up on top of me and slid herself slowly towards my mouth.

"I'm going to need even more from your tongue now baby. Do you think you can handle that?"

"I can Ma'am. I exist to be between your thighs, giving you as much pleasure as humanly possible. My tongue, my cock and my whole body are yours."

Her wet pussy settled on my mouth and my life once again revolved around her pleasure. Being with her caused me so much torment, mainly in my nether regions, but being apart from her was way worse.

I couldn't please her when I wasn't with her. Making her cum, making her horny, just making her smile was all I had. I wouldn't be getting anything from my cock for a long time, but I could cope with that when I was in her presence. The next three months were going to be a living hell.

My tongue was flicking gently around her clit, creating soft moans as her passion grew. This was all I needed to be happy. An odd thought occurred to me, if Ma'am put herself in chastity and freed me I would absolutely be devastated. I wouldn't be able to give her these amazing moments, I wouldn't be able to satisfy her.

So, my freedom meant nothing to me in comparison to being able to please her. If I was free I could have as many orgasms as I wanted but I couldn't give her one. This train of thought hadn't occurred to me before. It did also occur to me that we weren't in a one or the other situation, and that we could both be happy, but the realisation that her orgasms and associated happiness meant so much more than mine was interesting.

As we lay in bed after I had given Ma'am another great orgasm I tried to explain what I had just thought about.

"So you weren't giving me your full attention baby? That's disappointing."

I knew she was messing with me.

"No Ma'am, I often think about the football results or what's for dinner when I'm using my tongue on your pussy."

She laughed and pinched my inner thigh.

"Would a year in the belt concentrate your mind?"

"Nah! I'd probably drift off even more."

Another pinch.

"It's an interesting idea, my little chastity whore. I like the idea that you place me and my pleasure so far ahead of your own, but you do need to find contentment in your own chastity too."

"True Ma'am, but I'm not sure how especially in this device."

"Go back to the beginning. Do you remember how I told you about the effect of an orgasm on a man, and the effect on a woman?"

"I do Ma'am, and you were completely correct. The vast majority of my orgasms were pointless, just wasted energy with very little joy."

"Indeed, carry on. How does not having an orgasm make you feel?"

"Alive."

I paused, there was so much more to it than that.

"But so much of that is wrapped up with you Ma'am. My chastity has so much more meaning when I'm with you. I can use all of my energy trying to please you. On my own it seems... not pointless, but far less important."

She placed her hand on top of the phallic bulge which held my throbbing member.

"Don't ever forget that this gives me pleasure every minute of every day. I have to be incredibly disciplined to stop myself from thinking about your locked cock all the time.

I don't have to be with you to take an immense amount of pride in what we have together, and I get aroused by it all the time.

You drive me crazy with lust. I've never told you this before but I have an orgasm almost every night when I go to bed, and almost every morning when I wake up, just because I'm thinking about your chastity, and what you have sacrificed to make me happy."

I closed my eyes and let out little moan. Beneath the severe steel my body was desperately trying to pump blood into my cock. It couldn't of course, my heart beat felt like a big bass drum in my groin.

"Oh Jesus Ma'am, that's probably the most arousing and beautiful thing you have ever said to me. Thank you, thank you so much."

She snuggled closer to me.

"You are very welcome baby. Don't ever doubt what this means to me, and don't ever forget, even when I am not with you physically, I am always with you emotionally."

I felt a deep contentment. Now more than ever, my chastity and my denial had a purpose. I always knew that my submission meant a lot to Ma'am, but she had given me a deeper insight.

Our relationship seemed less one sided now. She got as much from it as I did. My loss was equalled by her gain. It wouldn't matter where in the world she was, she would be energised by the knowledge that somewhere I was locked and horny, and thinking of her all the time.

I would be thinking of her even more now, particularly when I went to bed and woke up. Those thoughts certainly wouldn't relieve my constant arousal, if anything they would increase it, but it didn't matter.

In my mind our symbiotic relationship was complete, the flow of energy ran equally in both directions.

Ma'am made a purring sound, and got up.

"Time for a shower baby, I'm going to miss cleaning you!"

I laughed, that has always been a fantastic tease.

"Well, you could always unlock me Ma'am, if you miss it that much."

It was her turn to laugh.

"Not a chance, you're not getting out of there for a very long time."

My heart starting thumping a little harder again as we jumped in and the hot water hit us. We were clean pretty quickly but we were both horny. I couldn't help myself, I grabbed Ma'am round the waist, kissed her deeply and pushed her against the tiled wall. I felt her passion rise as she returned my kiss. One leg snaked its way between mine and pressed against the metal shield, I felt her sliding her thigh across it as her breathing quickened.

I didn't waste any time and my fingers found her hot centre. She gasped as I found her clit. Still pushing her hard against the wall I quickly and deftly took her to the edge of another orgasm.

I leaned my upper body away a little so that I could look into her eyes.

"I need your orgasms almost as much as you do Ma'am. Cum for me."

With that I increased the pressure on her clit and drove her over the edge. She cried out and clung onto me, her whole body vibrating with the intensity of her orgasm. I had her firmly by the waist as I felt her legs tremble and give way slightly.

My mind slipped back to the time when we had made love, passionately, in the shower. I ached for another moment like that. But I couldn't control myself, so that was not an option at this time. When I could, then I would get that chance again.

It was all about my self control. My lack of it meant that not only was I missing out on those beautiful moments, but more importantly, Ma'am was too. I was the one being denied but Ma'am was making a sacrifice as well. To put it bluntly, I had to get my shit together.

My thoughts were interrupted as Ma'am pushed me gently away.

"Mmm, that was just lovely. Thank you baby. You got a little dominant there, didn't you? Interesting."

"Sorry Ma'am, I just knew I could give you another orgasm so I did."

"It's all good. A bit of intuition never goes amiss."

We went downstairs and Ma'am made a few texts.

"Excellent, we will have company this evening. Go to the shops for me Tom, I'll write a list."

Five minutes later I was on my way to the supermarket to buy dinner and a few bits and bobs. Ma'am was busy on her laptop when I returned so I just unpacked and made her a coffee.

An hour or so later I heard a car pull up.

"Get the door boy."

I hesitated as I was, as usual, naked except for my chastity belt.

"Don't worry, they won't bite."

I opened the door to see Alexis and another woman getting out of the car.

"Hey Tom! Come here and get our luggage."

It was only about twenty feet to the car so I hurried past them, collecting a slap on my rear from Alexis on my way.

When I got back with two large and heavy suitcases Ma'am and Alexis were giving each other a big hug

"It's so good to see you again Alexis, how are you? Who's your friend?"

"It's lovely to see you too Louise. This is Betty, my new slave girl."

"Hello Betty, nice to meet you."

"Hello Ma'am, it's a pleasure to meet you too. Miss Alexis has told me a lot about you, all good too!"

Ma'am, laughed, "I should hope so. Well Alexis, you never really said why you are down here. It's a long way for a casual visit."

"I do have ulterior motives Louise, lovely as it is to see you again. Betty has been sent to Bristol for work for a few months, and obviously Tom is in Bristol. Basically I wanted to introduce them, and find out if you would allow them to have some fun together.

I know that Tom has shown a bit of ability, or desire, for domination when he played with Sarah. Betty needs some attention while she is down here and I was hoping that Tom could get involved."

Betty and I were just standing around listening to this, and I was wondering what exactly would be asked of me.

Ma'am looked thoughtful.

"Shall we get them into the dungeon so we can have a chat in private Alexis?"

"Good idea, come on slave."

Ma'am gave me a nod and we all went downstairs.

"Clothes off." Alexis ordered and Betty was quickly naked, or naked except for her own chastity belt.

Ma'am attached a thick collar around my neck and used two chains, one from each side of my neck, to lock me against the bars of the cell. I tried to move my head from side to side but realised that my movements were very restricted.

Alexis had run back upstairs so I had a chance to look at Betty. She was a gorgeous woman, probably a little older than me, I guessed at early twenties, twenty five at the oldest. Long blonde hair and blue eyes and an innocent looking face, but there was a slight flush to her face and upper chest that betrayed her. She was clearly a little aroused and I wondered how long her belt had been on. Speaking of which, it was a lovely bit of kit, not unlike mine but obviously without the phallic shaped bulge.

She was slim but had surprisingly full breasts, probably a C cup, and her prominent nipples had a fairly thick silver ring piercing them. We made eye contact and she gave me a little grin, I smiled back.

Alexis returned as Ma'am finished putting a collar on Betty. Before long she was wearing a pair of very high stiletto shoes which made her the same height as me, and the two Dommies were tightening a very stiff looking corset around her waist. They did a very professional job and soon Betty's waist was tightly held, giving her an amazing hour glass figure. It had the knock on effect up pushing her proud tits forward. She looked even more flushed now, but I wasn't sure if that was due to the short sharp breaths she now had to take, or her increased arousal.

Alexis moved Betty towards me, spread her legs, and chained them to the cell bars before attaching a short chain from the front of her collar to mine. We were effectively locked together now, face to face, and body to body. There was a little metallic clink as our chastity belts bumped into each other.

Ma'am giggled, "Nice, get to know each other better while Alexis and I have a chat and have a catch up."

I knew from her tone what she meant by that last remark. They probably wouldn't be back for a while. The door closed and I was left with Betty.

"Hello Betty, I'm Tom. It's lovely to meet you.

She laughed lightly.

"Hi Tom, lovely to meet you too."

She had a sexier, huskier voice than I had expected and was looking me dead in the eyes. I could feel her nipples against my chest and her inner thighs pressed into my outer thighs.

I had naturally put my arms around her waist and hers were resting on my shoulders. The heat of our bodies was obvious to both of us, as was the tension.

"How long have you been locked Tom?"

"It's actually my first day in this belt, but I have been in chastity for a year now, and I haven't had a proper orgasm since Christmas. And you?"

"I've been denied for a similar length of time but I've been in chastity for nearly two and a half years now. I generally have an orgasm every couple of months but Alexis seems keen to make them much less frequent."

"How long have you been with her?"

"Just over a month. Mistress Claire decided to give me to her to further her education, and because we bonded really quickly when Alexis came up to Edinburgh. I know about the history between the two of you."

I nodded, "yeah, we had a pretty intense few months. About your orgasms, Alexis was very keen on denying me for long periods so I suspect she will want to do something similar to you."

Betty seemed to react to the idea of long term denial in a similar way to me, we were both feeling very horny now. I watched her slowly lick her lips and felt the already familiar pump of blood down below.

"I get the feeling that we will be seeing more of each other Tom, but you're right, I suspect orgasms will be few and far between."

Her fingers were playing across the back of my neck now, I don't even think she knew she was doing it. I realised that I was holding her quite tightly, forcing our bodies together.

We stopped talking, there was a pregnant pause and the inevitable happened. Our lips hesitantly met before gently parting, and we kissed deeply and passionately.

Our hands began exploring, caressing and touching. I got a hand between us and played with her nipple rings, twisting and pulling. She gasped in pleasure.

"Ah god, that feels good. I love my nipples being played with and tortured Tom."

We were both breathing hard now.

"You know what our partners are up to upstairs, don't you Betty?"

"She nodded, "I can guess, that's not making me feel any less horny."

Our belts were pressed together, Betty was unconsciously grinding her hips.

I smiled, "We can't help ourselves, can we? The desperation just takes over."

"Very true Tom, I'm like a kettle that can't quite boil. I have this constant tension, I feel like I'm wet and aroused all the time. Everything sets me off, in fact nothing can set me off too."

I hate it, but far more than that, I absolutely love it. I feel alive."

It was my turn to smile, she had used the exact same word as I had to Ma'am. Alive.

We were both victims of our own desires, both caught in a vicious circle of arousal and desire, of desperation and denial.

I had both hands on Betty's piercings now and I was gently pulling them away from her body, stretching her hard nipples.

"Alexis often told me that she would never let me cum Betty. She would happily keep me denied for months, even years. Imagine that. Feeling so horny for so long. Being denied an orgasm, day after endless day."

Betty groaned and her eyes fluttered closed.

"Oh god, I'm dripping wet. Harder."

I obliged and pulled the rings firmly, adding a nasty little twist. She inhaled sharply, the air hissing through her clenched teeth.

"Ahh, fucking hell."

I plunged my tongue into her mouth, probing deeply inside her, she moaned again.

"Oh, would you look at that Louise! I think they like each other."

Ma'am and Alexis had padded quietly down the stairs. They were both wearing silk dressing gowns, confirming that they hadn't just been chatting.

"Aw, they don't really need us to wind themselves up do they?"

Both of them laughed as we went a deeper shade of red.

"We have formulated a plan for you two. Obviously Tom, I want you to be concentrating on your exams. But you and Betty will spend a few hours together every weekend having fun. Are you OK with that?"

I didn't have a choice about any kinky activities but I knew Ma'am was asking me if I could do that and still study properly.

"Yes Ma'am, I don't see a problem. If one comes up I know you will listen."

"I will, good boy. The company Betty works for have rented her a little cottage out in the countryside, but it's only about a fifteen minute drive from the university.

We will fill you in on the details later but for now all you need to know is that you will be in charge, well, in charge of Betty during play at least."

I wasn't sure how to take this. I was fairly sure that it didn't mean that I was going to be free of my belt though. Ma'am confirmed this thought.

"Don't go getting too excited boy. You are going to stay safely locked away just as I promised."

"Yes Ma'am, I hadn't expected anything else."

"Shall we start his lesson Louise?"

"Sure, no time like the present and they are both clearly rather turned on."

Betty was freed and taken over to Ma'am's chair. She was positioned with her legs spread wide apart and her ankles were secured. Alexis jammed a large ball gag into her mouth and locked it in place before putting some ear plugs in and slipping a blindfold over her eyes.

Alexis produced a couple of keys from her pocket as Ma'am freed me from the cell.

"Watch carefully Tom."

I looked on as Alexis showed me how to unlock Betty's chastity belt. It wasn't complicated, but Betty had to arch her back a little to remove the crotch cable. The waist belt remained as some of it was under the corset.

"On your knees Tom"

The dommes proceeded to thoroughly secure Betty to the chair with the many straps available. I was confronted with Betty's pussy. It was quite hairy as the belt clearly hadn't been removed for quite a while.

Ma'am disappeared upstairs and came back with shaving equipment. My first job was to remove any semblance of hair from Betty's pussy. My hands were slightly shaky but before long I had done the job to Alexis' satisfaction.

Betty was soaking wet during this process, her inner lips spread like a flower bud in spring.

Alexis leaned in and whispered some instructions in my ear and I began.

While I was far from being an expert in the female orgasm, my experience so far had taught me that giving a woman an orgasm with my tongue was fairly easy. The tricky part was getting them to the edge, and keeping them as close to it as possible.

It was that part that Alexis was going to help me with. It didn't sound like Betty was going to be much different from the other woman I had been given the honour to serve but I needed experience and a guiding word to get it right.

Betty was quite vocal from behind the gag. She basically gave a running commentary in sighs and moans as I took her relentlessly to what I guess she hoped would be an orgasm.

I had my hands on her inner thighs as she got closer and closer. Her moans became more insistent. Alexis spoke quietly to me again, and I kept my tongue flicking around Betty's clit. Her whole body started to tense up and the moans stopped as her breath came in short strangled gasps.

She was right there so I eased my tongue away from her clit and just slid it up and down between her folds.

Alexis was in my ear again.

"Too early Tom, I know it seemed like she was just about to cum but she wasn't. Wait for her tummy to go."

I nodded, Alexis had told me this at the start but I didn't want to make a mistake. It had seemed for all the world that she was seconds from cumming though. I went back to her clit, it was smaller than Ma'am's but still very easy to find, and very easy to arouse. Using light and delicate circular motions I slowly brought her closer and closer. Again she started trembling and shaking but I persisted.

There! Her stomach cramped up and one long breath was forced out of her diaphragm. That was it, one more second, then my tongue stopped dead. The exhalation turned into a moan of frustration as the cramp changed back into a low level trembling again.

"Good Tom, very good. But you can still go a little bit further." Alexis whispered in my ear.

I found that hard to believe but Alexis knew her a lot better than me. Surely she had been right on the ragged edge. She had a very intense reaction to what she thought would be an orgasm. I would have to get used to that, but that was why I was here.

My tongue started moving again, gently stoking her passion. This time when I stopped she let out a shriek of frustration and briefly fought against the straps holding her down.

"Perfect Tom, that's as far as you can go. Mix it up now, sometimes do what you just did, then sometimes just keep her a little way away for a couple of minutes."

I had probably been down there for nearly an hour when there was a firm tap on my shoulder. I moved back and relaxed. Betty was in a state, her juices and my saliva were dripping from her pussy down between her cheeks. I could see the nail marks in the arm rests where she had been trying to clench her hands into fists.

It took her a while to realise that I had stopped and even longer for her body to begin relaxing.

Alexis stuck a tube into the hole in the middle of the gag.

"Drink."

She did and we left her in the dungeon, but not before Alexis kissed me, and licked Betty's juices from my lips. It was only then I realised how aroused I was. I had been lost in my work.

Upstairs Alexis congratulated me.

"Good work Tom, you had her right where I want her for most of the time."

Ma'am was smiling and gave me a nod of approval.

"Thank you Alexis, and thanks for the tips. I wouldn't have taken her so close, so quickly without them."

"No worries. Have a drink then it's time for round two."

Round two? Betty had looked done in when we left. Now I had to do the same again? She was going to be in pieces before long. Alexis noticed my hesitant look.

"She can take it Tom, trust me. She doesn't have a choice anyway, and neither do you. You won't let me down will you?"

The smile had left Ma'am's face now.

"Of course not Alexis, I will make sure my tongue drives her wild."

"Good boy, down you go. I'm going to leave you to it this time while Louise and I spend some more quality time together. I'll come and get you later. Remember you are being watched."

I didn't need reminding and I went back down and got in position again. Betty seemed totally relaxed but let out a long sigh when my tongue came in contact with her wet lips again.

Alexis had been right, not only about my ability to have Betty right where she wanted me to have her, but about Betty's staying power. That said, she was an absolute wreck when I felt Ma'am's hand on my shoulder.

We went back upstairs and left Betty to recover. I had lost count of how many times I had taken to the very brink of orgasm only to deny her but it was definitely in double figures.

"Good work baby, do you think you can do this every weekend?"

"Yes Ma'am, I would love to. It seems to me that I will be pleasing three people, Alexis, you, and Betty. I get very horny doing it too so it's all good."

Ma'am gave me a quick kiss.

"Good boy, I knew we could rely on you and your devilish tongue."

I figured that I knew Betty and her triggers pretty well by now. When you were tied down and being taken to the edge of orgasm it was difficult to hide much. I knew that from personal experience.

Ma'am knew all of my secrets. As they say in poker circles, she knew all of my tells. I had no idea what they were but I had them. Everyone did, when someone is that close to orgasm there's very little conscious thought going on. Your brain switches off and your whole body and soul goes into some sort of reverie. All the endorphins, all your nerves, everything just goes into overdrive.

Ma'am knew my tells, as did Alexis. I knew theirs too, and Betty's. But nobody spoke about them. There was a code of silence. The teasers never told those being teased about what they knew.

The mafia had a word for it, omerta. If the person being teased knew about their little ticks or twitches, what their muscles did, how their breathing changed, then they might be able to use that information to either have an orgasm or stop themselves from being taken right to the edge.

Silence is golden. It was all part of domination. I knew that when Ma'am had me desperate for an orgasm that I would do anything to attain that moment of pleasure. But I didn't know how my cock behaved in those vital few seconds when my orgasm seemed inevitable. I didn't know which vein pulsed, or which tendon trembled. She wouldn't tell and I wouldn't ask.

"Ready baby?"

Ma'am interrupted my thoughts.

"Ready? Round three? Really?"

I glanced at Alexis who had an evil grin on her face.

"I've been learning a lot with Claire, about how to dominate but more importantly about myself. It turns out that I am more sadistic than I thought. So pretty please, with sugar on top, get down there."

"Of course Alexis. I apologise for my hesitation."

Alexis looked at Ma'am.

"Another month?"

Ma'am laughed, "at least Alexis."

I didn't say a thing and Ma'am gave my ass a sharp slap as I turned to go back into the dungeon. Had I just earned myself another month in chastity? I sincerely hoped not but then Ma'am had only promised that this belt would stay on for three months. She certainly hadn't told me that I would have an orgasm as soon as it was removed.

I had paid the price for making assumptions before so I wasn't going to make that mistake again.

Betty didn't moan when my tongue made contact with her pussy this time. The noise she made was a cross between a groan and a cry of anguish. She had had enough, I felt sorry for her but I also felt blood stirring under the steel. I did enjoy my brief moments of domination and this was no different.

Her initial defiance melted quickly away as her arousal grew. She knew what I was going to do to her but she couldn't help herself. I knew that feeling well. The growing sexual pleasure she was receiving soon overpowered any sense of rational thought.

All she wanted was the pleasure I could give her, my soft sensuous touch on her clit creating wave after wave of joy and euphoria. The tip of my tongue slipped effortlessly across her engorged bud. I followed her body with all my senses, her peak was close, so very close.

The telltale signs were easy to read now. Even though she knew what was going to happen, her mind and body betrayed her. She let out a strangled scream of utter frustration as my tongue stopped dead. She could feel it resting on her clit but it didn't move. She bucked against the straps but they were too tight.

I would have given anything to have been able to plunge my cock into her super sensitive pussy at that moment, but I couldn't, and that wasn't why I was here.

Slowly my tongue moved again. She whimpered and made some sort of begging noise from behind the gag. More quickly than usual I took her back to the very edge of orgasm, at this point I was taking her to the edge of reason. I think she would have literally exploded if I had let her cum.

Again and again I left her teetering on the edge only to deny her. We were both in a world of our own. Mine revolved around her sweet pussy and incredibly

sensitive clit. Hers was a world full of arousal, full of need. Sweat covered her body, drool from the gag ran between her breasts and over the corset.

Ma'am almost had to pull me away before I stopped. I looked at her with glazed and lust filled eyes. I actually had to make a physical effort to close my mouth. Immediately I had to open it again as Ma'am plunged her tongue into me.

She broke away and looked at me.

"Baby, you look so hot."

She pushed me down onto the floor and my tongue somehow found the strength to take her to heaven. Alexis watched on with an amused look on her face until Ma'am recovered.

Ma'am still looked slightly flustered and got up off me. I stood up with her. Alexis straddled Betty, her legs spread wide. Betty seemed to be in an almost trance like state. Alexis gently removed her gag and took the blindfold and ear plugs away. She leaned in and kissed Betty who responded with a low moan.

"Hey slave, how are you?"

Betty looked confused.

"I don't know Miss. I just, what? Thank you Miss."

She was a mess. Ma'am got a glass of cold water that Betty greedily swallowed.

"Thank you Ma'am. Jesus, his tongue is possessed."

"He is pretty good at that, isn't he? You're going to have plenty of opportunities to experience more for the next few months."

"Oh god, I don't know how I will cope Miss."

"It's not like you have a choice slave, is it?"

"No Miss, it isn't."

Alexis's hand snaked down between Betty's thighs and her finger found her clit. Betty gasped and moaned.

"You love being denied, don't you slave? You live for it. Chastity and denial. Every single day."

Betty was moaning as Alexis used her fingers to arouse her once again. Ma'am whispered in my ear and I moved behind Alexis. My fingers found her pussy.

"May I Alexis?"

"Mmm, please do. Betty can watch me get something that she is never going to be allowed to have."

Alexis was just toying with her now, getting her close, but not too close. I found her clit and began to slowly circle my finger across it.

"Oh fuck, that feels good Tom. I'm going to have such a lovely orgasm. Do you want to cum Betty? Or would you rather be endlessly denied?"

They were both breathing hard now, their eyes locked together. I guessed from Betty's hesitation that there was only one answer she was supposed to give.

"Please Miss, deny me. Deny me forever."

Alexis was close now.

"Forever? Are you sure slave? No more orgasms for the rest of your life?"

Betty was on the brink yet again. She wanted to cum more than anything in the world but that wasn't what came out of her mouth.

"I'm sure Miss. Keep denied and horny forever. Please Miss."

I took this as my cue and with a few firmer touches, I sent Alexis over the edge. She collapsed on top of Betty and writhed in ecstasy. Betty was moaning with desire as her Mistress came on top of her. I was as horny as hell too, it was quite a sight.

I heard a groan and I looked round to see Ma'am with her hand between her legs.

"Ma'am, may I?"

"Fuck yes boy. Fingers only."

I held her tight and we kisses as my index finger shot between her thighs. I barely had to touch her before she exploded and her body shook against me. Alexis caught Ma'am's eye and they both laughed.

"Two satisfied dommes and two desperate subs, perfect. Tom, untie my slave, handcuff her hands behind her back and give her a shower."

The ladies went hand in hand up the stairs as I freed Betty and removed her corset. As instructed I handcuffed her and we went for a shower. The ladies cat called at us as we went through the kitchen.

"Hey sexy! Fancy a fuck?"

We wisely kept our mouths shut and a gave Betty a good clean which didn't help her arousal level. I took her back to the kitchen and Alexis showed me how to put the belt back on.

"For you Tom."

She held the keys out, I took them out of her hand and thanked her.

"Alexis, I understand the responsibility you have given me and I promise I will take my duties very seriously. Betty will be teased to the point of insanity every weekend as you commanded."

"Thank you Tom, I know you will do your best and give her hell."

Alexis glanced at Betty.

"Happy?"

She had referred to Betty as slave since they arrived but this question seemed heart felt.

"Yes Miss, very happy. Incredibly horny and very happy. Tom's tongue is exquisite and I'm sure he will only get better at teasing me too. I'm still soaking wet and every time I think of what just happened and what is to come, I will only get wetter."

Alexis went to her and gave her a slow and passionate kiss.

"I'm going to miss you while you're gone Betty. But I will take solace in knowing that Tom will be driving you mad."

The two of us were placed in our sleep sacks for the night, clearly Alexis had picked this little trick up from Ma'am. For once I wasn't wearing the leather hood.

We were together in the dark, it seemed odd not to say something.

"So how was this evening Betty? I have to say that I enjoyed it although I did have a lot of sympathy for you."

"I loved it Tom, I loved every single desperate, horrible and tortuous minute of it."

She laughed, "does that make me a bad person?"

I laughed too.

"No, it makes you a kinky pervert much like me. I love it too."

"This belt arrangement is new, yes? How's it going so far?"

I considered her question.

"I don't think I like it, which means that in some strange way I love it. I guess I'm in a similar position to you, and other women in chastity in that I can't touch myself at all. In my cage type of chastity device I could at least touch parts of my cock. I could get really hard too. I loved Ma'am getting me so hard that my skin bulged through the bars, I loved watching it twitch and throb. In this, I get none of that. My cock is totally off limits. The tube is basically skin tight and the same size as my cock when it's limp, so there is nowhere to go. I can't feel a thing down there. It's really odd."

Betty chuckled huskily.

"You need to get used to it, by the sounds of it. I haven't touched any part of my pussy in over two years now. Mistress Claire put me in this originally, and now I have Miss Alexis in charge. Mistress Claire let me cum about once a month or so if I behaved. Miss Alexis hasn't let me yet and I clearly have at least another three months of denial lined up. I honestly have no idea when my next orgasm will be but I don't care either. I just love the denial, and the teasing of course. I'm permanently soaking wet. I love it."

I knew what Alexis was like and she seemed to be getting more extreme. Betty wasn't going to be getting many orgasms, that was for certain. But what about me?

Obviously I had three months minimum, not only of denial, but in this belt too. That would take me to around six months since my last proper orgasm if you ignored the prostate milking that I had.

I knew Ma'am didn't want to deny me forever and I knew that she wanted my cock too. She wanted to fuck it, and to fuck with it. But I also knew that she was a woman of her word. If I couldn't control myself and my cock then this belt was going to be on for a long time.

Would this new belt work? I had no idea. Ma'am wouldn't have put me in it if she didn't think it would. What I couldn't work out at the moment was how going from no feeling or sensation would help me when I was released and ended up deep inside Ma'am's wonderful, tight pussy.

A thought occurred as it often did during these long bound nights. I already felt slightly divorced from my cock. When it was right there, in front of me, hard and filling the cage, it filled my thoughts. It was my cock.

Now it wasn't mine. I couldn't feel, see or even touch it. It was Ma'am's, it was totally Ma'am's. Maybe that's what she was trying to do. For all the talk and the mantras I had listened to I still, deep down, thought of it as mine.

Maybe this would finally change that idea. Maybe I would eventually realise that my cock would get absolutely nothing if Ma'am decided that was what she wanted. It was nothing without her. It was just a part of my body that would be lost to me if she chose to go that route.

Would it obey her and not me when it was finally released? I knew what she wanted and I had a lot of time to think about it.

I sincerely hoped that this plan did work because I wanted to be free to be able to please her with everything I had.

I smiled to myself, all I had thought of was how I wanted my cock to be able to please her. I hadn't thought about my own pleasure.

Maybe this would work after all.

The End