

# Permanent Chastity

## Chapter 1: Harry's Demise

Harry was a rocket scientist, well kind of. Having majored in chemistry in college, but graduating far short of Phi Beta Kappa, Harry found a niche in life as a cross between the chemist he always wanted to be and a mad scientist. Landarin Chemical Corporation, or LCC for short, employed Harry in its R & D labs trying to find practical applications for the high tech compounds that LCC discovered.

When Harry wasn't mixing chemicals, Harry spent his time at home with Sue, his wife of 8 years. Sue, who considered herself more late twenty-ish rather than the early thirty-ish she really was, was quite attractive by any standard. In fact, Sue was still a looker.

Sue and Harry enjoyed a fairly active sex life, periodically venturing into the worlds of bondage and domination. Sue was the far more aggressive of the two, and she enjoyed finding ways to make her hubby squirm in anticipation of their sexual encounters.

But like any good marriage, Sue and Harry had slowed down a little in the love making department. Harry really didn't notice a change, but for Sue, the decrease in attention from her man was starting to eat a hole in her heart. Sue didn't want her marriage to fade and set out to find a way to liven it up.

Sue started to burn up the credit card on books looking for those magical words of advice that would breathe new fire into their sex life. She read all she could on domination and submission, voyeurism, bondage, swinging, piercing, and some areas of sex that even she wouldn't venture into. As exciting as her box got reading those words of advice, there was that something that was missing, and that something was Harry. Sue needed to make Harry want her with his utmost attention, so Sue turned to the source of all sources, the Internet.

The Internet, for all its weaknesses, excels in the area of sexuality and Sue headed for that wealth of knowledge, Yahoo. After clicking until her fingers

nearly fell off her hand, Sue stumbled across a subject she somehow overlooked: chastity. With a little bit of downloading and reading, a light bulb went off in Sue's head. "To make him want me, I'll just not let him have me.". And with that, Sue set off on a course to get Harry belted or something a little less than that initially. Harry didn't quite know what was heading his way, but the freight train of Sue's desires was on his track and he was about to get run over.

Sue had never been a plotting person, but now a streak of fun filled wickedness was starting to develop. Going back to the Internet, Sue found locking cock restraints that looked kind of fun. Fun in this case was dependent upon whether you were the purchaser or the wearer of said restraint. She settled on a small stainless steel cock cage that had a stainless steel band which locked behind the balls of the wearer. After a little e-commerce, Sue had pointed and clicked herself into a new beginning; or would it be fair to say Sue had pointed and clicked Harry into a new beginning, but he just didn't know it.

Friday evening rolled around and Sue nudged Harry up to the bedroom. He was tired after a long week of work, but with a little convincing, he was soon tied spread eagle to the bed. Harry, once in this position, became quite interested in his wife's activities. Sue's nails lightly scratched their way up and down Harry's chest. His nipples were pinched, twisted and nibbled upon. Fingers found their way around his balls and up to the tip of his cock.

If Harry had ever been far away, he wasn't now. Sue had gotten Harry's attention and he was loving life. And then she stopped. Not a word was said. She kissed her finger and then gently touched his lips. In the blink of an eye, Harry was blind folded and the bedroom light extinguished. Harry lied there on the bed, exposed to the world, with a dumb founded look on his face that nobody would ever see. And so like all men stuck in this position for unknown periods of time, Harry fell asleep.

Sleep didn't last long for Harry. Sue had stealthily sneaked back into the bedroom with her soon to be favorite new toy, the cock cage. With the utmost care, Harry's now limp organ was placed into its cage. Harry, who quickly awoke, had not a clue as to what was going on but he kind of liked the sudden attention that was being focused down below. And then there were two events that kind of baffled Harry, something tight being wrapped behind his balls and a single click. And then he heard some words spoken in an almost magical tone, "now its all mine".

With that, Sue untied Harry's feet, then his arms and left the room, darted out the front door and disappeared into the evening air. In a flash, Harry removed the blind fold to see his dick locked tight in a cock cage. The cage held his dick straight out (or was it really the other way around at the moment?) and prevented him from being truly erect. Confusion and frustration quickly set in, and Harry started searching for Sue, but only found a note saying that she would be back shortly and instructions to not try to remove the cock cage for any reason.

Harry waited patiently for Sue's return. Patiently in this case did not mean he wasn't getting excited. After two hours, his dick was pounding in its cage and he started to feel excited in a way he hadn't in a long time. He wanted Sue, and he wanted her now! Upon Sue's arrival back home, Harry was a virtual non-stop, run on question. "Why did you do this? Where have you been? Where are the keys? When are you letting me out? Are you letting me out?" And on and on they went.

Sue reached down, grabbed the cage and gave it a little yank, which definitely got Harry's attention, and gave the simplest of answers, "tomorrow". The best Harry could muster was a "huhhhh?" And with that, Sue gave Harry a kiss good night and headed off for bed. Harry didn't quite know the feeling rushing around inside of him, but he quickly decided he was not in a position to start an argument, and he crawled into bed besides his wife, who suddenly was incredibly close but unimaginably far away.

For Sue, the night passed quickly and without incident. For Harry, however, nights didn't come much longer than this. Sleep was elusive, never deep, and with many light dreams. Always right on the surface was his desire to get his dick unlocked and into his dear wife's pussy. And so the night dragged on.

Saturday, Sue awoke extremely refreshed and poor Harry looked like he stayed out all night at the local tavern. Sue left Harry in bed and started off her day. A couple of hours later, when Harry finally had gotten about 6 hours of sleep although he had been in bed for 11, Sue went back and pushed Harry out of bed and into the shower. While he was showering, Sue changed into a sleek black teddy and some tall high heels, and waited for Harry. Harry pulled back the shower curtain to find a body of excitement standing in front of him, and his cock screamed for release from its cage.

Sue knelt down and pulled Harry's dick, cage and all, into her mouth. Harry didn't quite know what to do at this time. Holding Harry this way, the small lock behind his balls was unlocked and Sue's lips and the cock cage slid off of Harry. Harry sprang to life. Sue jumped to her feet, and running as fast as she could in heels, headed straight for the bed. Harry was right on her butt and soon the two were intertwined as one. As bad as Harry wanted to loose his load immediately in Sue, Sue kept him under control long enough for her to reach orgasm, and then finally let Harry cut loose.

Needless to say, Sue found Harry's interest in her to be the spark she had been looking for. With Harry's consent, each Friday night the cock cage was locked on. Depending on their weekend schedules, Harry could usually only stay locked up for part of Saturday and occasionally Sunday morning. Sue found this satisfying but really wanted Harry desiring her all the time. So Sue returned to the Internet, back to the chastity pages and started reading.

After a while, so realized that a permanent chastity belt for Harry, which he could where under his street clothes, would be the perfect solution. She scanned the pages for information on home built belts and thought that a custom made acrylic belt would be very appropriate. With Harry's chemical background and the facilities he has available to him at LCC, an acrylic belt would be no big deal. Or so she thought.

Well the weekend rolled around again a Sue locked Harry into his cock cage. Saturday came and went, then Sunday, and Sunday evening Harry went to Sue demanding his release and insisting on sex. Sue tried to calm him down and told Harry that he would have to patiently wait until Monday.

Monday was sheer torture for Harry. The cock cage caused a constant bulge to appear in his pants. All day long, whenever people were present, the main task was to keep covered up and undetected. At around 4:30, Sue called Harry and advised him to keep close to the fax machine, if he knew what was good for him. After a few minutes, the fax machine sprang to life and spit out the designs for an acrylic belt. The bottom of the fax read: "You stay locked up in until you come home with this on! P.S. I'm going out of town on business. See you on Friday."

Harry wanted to hit the roof, but instead quietly fumed back to his work area. After a little bit of thought, Harry told his boss that he would be working late the rest of the week.

Now Harry was faced with a problem. Here he was working in a world class chemical corporation and he didn't have available to him the chemicals to make an acrylic belt. So Harry decided to use what was available to him, and that was an extremely high tech, a carbon titanium composite which could be molded and cured fairly quickly. Besides being extremely light weight, the composite was as tough as hardened steel and wouldn't rust. All he had to do now was to come up with a locking mechanism that he could use with the composite materials.

Harry set about measuring himself and making a mold for the composite. Hours passed and Monday came to an end with Harry's poor cock still in its cage. Another day of embarrassment was ahead for Harry, but what could he do. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were much like Monday, but by Thursday night, the mold had been completed and the belt was finished being cured.

Friday, Sue was on her way home from her trip and she called to inquire on Harry's status. Harry explained that he finished the belt but couldn't put it on because of the cock cage. Sue told Harry where she had left the key, but told Harry "don't come home without the new belt on." Harry went home for lunch, picked up the keys, and removed the cock cage for the last time. He went back to work, rather horny and waited for the normal workday to end.

At 5 PM, Harry "worked" late again, and finished the final details of the belt. He checked the locking mechanism, which used a round "vending machine type" key. The molding process had left burrs and ridges, but diamond sanding tools removed those mild defects. Finally, the moment of truth was upon Harry. He undressed and stepped into the belt. As he pulled it up around his waist, he couldn't but wonder how she had talked him into making such a belt (actually she didn't, she gave him an ultimatum and he obeyed her).

With a deep breath, he squeezed each half of the waistband into the front plate and heard the decisive clicks as each half locked into position. He pushed and shoved until the belt fit just right. Even though he was nervous beyond belief, he was damn proud of the workmanship that had gone into the belt. He pulled his trousers back up and headed for the men's room to see if the belt would block any of his bodily functions.

After the initial shock of not being able to use the urinal, Harry successfully completed his goal. There were no problems urinating or defecating, except

cleanup was a little harder than he expected. In no time at all, he was heading back to the lab.

When he reached the lab, he was rather surprised. His card key wouldn't open the lab door. Harry headed down to security only to learn that due to the holiday weekend, all lab facilities were locked down at 5:30. "Go home and enjoy your weekend" was the guard's advice. Harry was out of luck and left for home.

Sue met Harry at the door. She had arrived home in the afternoon after Harry's lunch and found the cock cage sitting on the bathroom sink. She couldn't wait to see Harry in his new acrylic belt. Before Harry could say a word, she opened his pants and pulled them down to his knees. The belt was absolutely gorgeous, a gray silvery metallic color that glimmered in the later afternoon sun. She was disappointed, though, that she couldn't see Harry's cock through it as she hoped she would with the acrylic.

Regardless, Sue stood up and stuck out her hand, palm up. "Key please."

Harry gulped and started into a long explanation of how the keys were left on the lab desk, how it was a three day weekend and he was stuck until Tuesday when he could retrieve the keys. Sue looked at him in disbelief, trying to figure out how someone so smart could be so stupid at times. "Fine", she said, disrobing in front of Harry and starting to rub her body against his. Harry immediately sensed the nature of his mistake. There was no getting out of this belt for the rest of the weekend. Without the key, the belt was permanently locked on and there was nothing short of industrial grade cutting tools that would take the belt off of him. It probably would be easier to cut Harry in half than would it be to cut the belt.

Sue laid upon the floor of the living room and pulled Harry down on top of her. Harry quickly took the hint and started kissing her neck, and breasts. He teased her nipples gently at first, then more intensely as Sue heated up. Sue started to grind her hips against Harry, but Harry's cock was nowhere to be seen. He felt it though, as it expanded in its molded guard, getting hard but never getting large enough to be fully engorged. He definitely underestimated how large his cock got when Sue got him going.

Sue pushed Harry's head down between her thighs and started to gyrate her hips, forcing her pussy into his mouth. Sue wouldn't say it, but she had

become incredibly worked up thinking about Harry wanting to fuck her but not being able to. She wrapped her legs around his neck and grabbed his hair, pulling his face tight against her. She was losing control fast and came in an incredible climax. When she regained some sense of composure and her breathing returned to normal, she quipped "I'm glad its you that is locked up. I like this shit way too much! Now you're all mine. How long should I make you wait before I let you out?"

Harry was kind of shell shocked. He never realized how much Sue would get off having his dick locked up permanently. Being a smart ass, "Forever my dear" he snidely responded, knowing that the first thing on Tuesday he would unlock and remove this ungodly device. "Don't worry, I'll let you out on occasion, when I really want you.", Sue replied, pushing Harry's head back between her legs for another go at it. Sue seemed to have turned into an orgasm machine and for now, Harry could only go along with her.

For Harry, the holiday weekend seemed like an eternity. Sleeping the first couple of nights was the hardest part, leaving him exhausted during the days. Monday was spent visiting friends, and for a short while his mind drifted away from his predicament. Unbelievably, he was starting to get used to the belt but had a long way to go before he wouldn't notice it.

Tuesday morning arrived like any other work morning and Harry trucked off to work at LCC. When he entered the building, the guard handed Harry a note that he was to attend a meeting in the second floor conference room starting at 9. Looking at his watch, 9:05, Harry realized the meeting had already started and made a mad dash for the second floor conference room.

He quietly entered the back of the conference room and sat near the end of the table. His boss was ranting and raving about a theft that occurred and the loss of precious company trade secrets, secrets that could severely hurt LCC's bottom line for the next couple of quarters. Around the room, Harry's coworkers had that group befuddled look, not having a clue what the boss was talking about. Harry had that same look.

After the group was thoroughly berated, the meeting came to an end. Everyone got up to leave and the boss yelled over to Harry and asked him to stick around. Harry couldn't believe that of all days, today would have to be the one he came to work five minutes late. Well, it was time to be chewed out like a man, and Harry sat back down.

When everyone else had left the room, the boss came up and sat across from Harry. "Harry, you've been working for LCC for a long time. I don't want to accuse you of anything, but last week you worked late every night except Friday, and your time logs don't explain what you were doing. Can you explain?"

White as a ghost. That was the only way to describe Harry. He sat there locked in the chastity belt he made during all of those late nights and there was no way he could tell his boss. "Oh, I just was trying this and that, but didn't have much luck creating anything useful. Is there a problem with my working late?"

"Harry, a good amount of that new carbon titanium composite disappeared from your lab last week. Nobody reports having worked with the material except you, and you only accounted for about 5% of what was actually used. Now then, can you tell me exactly what you were working on and what happened to the other 95% of the composite?"

Harry had gone from being a ghost to visibly shaken. He mumbled and stuttered different theories of what could possibly have happened, from coworkers taking the compound to accounting errors. By the time he was done, sweat was pouring from his forehead. The response to his boss was horrible.

"Harry, I hate to accuse you of theft and I don't have enough evidence yet to prove that you actually stole the compound, but I do believe after hearing all those lame excuses and seeing you here, that somehow, in some fashion, you were responsible for the loss of that compound. Do you wish to contest this?" Harry didn't know what to say and he sat there staring like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming car.

"As of now, you are formally suspended. If you can provide some proof of what you were working on last week and show that you are not responsible for the loss of materials, I'll consider not following through with your termination. Otherwise, one week from today, personnel will cut you your final paycheck." With that, the boss leaned over and demanded Harry's card key, then picked up the phone and called security.

Harry was devastated. After being escorted out of the building, he rushed home and called Sue. He was so pissed off he could barely talk. All those years of service, gone. Job offers from other companies, gone. How would they make



ends meet? Sue, upset but still thinking rationally, replied "Did you get the key?"

The silence was deafening. An EKG would probably record all kinds of weird heart arrhythmia's that the world's finest cardiologists wouldn't ever be able to diagnose. He nearly collapsed and finally let out a weak, barely audible "no".

The silence on the other end of the phone was now a bad as it was on Harry's end. Sue dropped the phone and ran to the ladies room. She actually pissed herself. "Sue. Sue are you still there? Sue, we'll do something. Sue, answer me" crept from the handset.

Sue, went to her boss and explained that Harry had lost his job and was at home, terribly distraught, and she had to leave work early to help him before he did something stupid. Nearly smashing her car several times on the rush home, Sue ran in and started to cry. She felt awful for Harry. He lost his job and would have a tough time getting another job in the chemical industry with accusations of theft haunting him. And the poor sole was permanently locked in a chastity belt she wished upon him.

The day wore on and Sue took Harry to the workshop in the garage. She was sure that with all the tools they had in there that there had to be a way to cut this thing off. They couldn't saw the waist band without the risk of seriously cutting Harry. The belt was too thick for the bolt cutters and hand cutting tools didn't even scratch the surface. The lock appeared to be hardened and the drill bits just snapped off. It wasn't the acrylic Sue had in mind.

Sue never wanted Harry's dick so much in her life as she did now. After a while, they gave up in frustration and headed back to the main part of the house. That night and the rest of the week, they tried to figure out a solution to their problem. They tried calling Harry's coworkers but none of them would give them even a chance to ask for help. They got the same response from everyone: "I don't want to be associated with Harry and the mess he is in."

Harry and Sue discussed going back to the boss and trying to explain how Harry really didn't steal the composite to give to some other company, but Harry refused to disclose to anyone that he made a chastity belt for himself. Harry thought of trying to break into the lab to get the key, but the thought of

life in prison (a real prison, not the one locking up his groin) didn't sit well with him.

Weeks went by, Harry's final check arrived with a poorly worded letter of dismissal. Harry tried to find a job as a chemist but to no luck. The best he could do was to get a job selling chemicals. "Harry, honesty isn't a prerequisite for a salesman." At least part of his life was becoming normal again.

The one thing Harry yearned for the most was to get inside of Sue again. Sue was now caught in the trap she had set for Harry, and unbelievably wanted to fuck Harry's brains out, all the time. They couldn't have intercourse, but they soon discovered ways of pleasing each other that they overlooked in the past.

Although Harry would never have an orgasm again, they both learned all of spots on Harry that got him incredibly turned on. Harry had never known how sensitive the rest of his body really was. He loved being touched and kissed by Sue. He was learning the magic of touching her, massaging her, and bringing her to climax whenever possible.

Harry never blamed Sue for his predicament, he just blamed it on his own stupidity for leaving that damn key on the counter at the wrong moment.

Life went on for Harry and Sue, but Sue's initial dream had come true. Harry wanted her more than anything else in the world, and as long as she was always there, just in reach but never truly reachable, he would always desire her. She longed to feel him inside of her, but like Harry, as time went on the desire only got greater. Sue had gotten her wish, plus some. Harry wanted her and worshipped the ground she stood on. She felt the same way towards Harry. Of all the things in life, this was all that mattered.

After a while, they never really spoke much of getting Harry out of the belt. Harry always hoped for a day when one of his ex-coworkers would stop by with a box of Harry's personal belongings from the lab, with a key that nobody could figure what it belonged to. That day would never come, but Harry didn't know it.

## **Chapter 2: The taking of Sue**

Two and a half years had passed since that fateful day when Harry came home from work locked in his new, composite chastity belt. Since that time, neither

Harry nor Sue knew whom it was harder upon. Was it worse for Harry, who had gone without an orgasm in 30 months, or was it worse for Sue, who had forced Harry into making the belt in the first place? Sue had never quite forgiven herself, or the management at LCC, Harry's former employer, for treating Harry like they did and preventing him from gaining access to the key that would free him. Therefore, it was really a shock to Sue to get a call from Marla, the assistant to Harry's boss.

Marla explained to Sue that she recently was promoted to the position held by Harry's old boss. She had some things she would like to discuss with Sue in person, without Harry being present. Considering the fond attitude she held toward LCC management, Sue was ready to tell her to screw off, but thought the chance to tell this chick to fuck off face to face may be more satisfying in person, than on the phone. So without a hint of despise in her voice, Sue graciously agreed to meet Marla at a small pub.

Sue arrived a little early, chose a table in the corner and ordered a glass of Chablis. While waiting for both Marla and her drink to arrive, Sue contemplated over all the things she had wanted to say Harry's boss over the years, but never had the chance. There were five minutes left until Marla arrived and Sue savored the countdown 'till the kill. She just didn't know, she was the hunted one.

At 5:45 exactly, Marla walked through the door of the pub and looked around. Sue saw Marla enter, but never having met Marla, immediately eliminated her from the possible women that could be a LCC manager. Marla having seen photos of Sue scanned the small crowd in the pub and immediately picked out Sue and approached her. Marla walked directly to Sue, reached down to shake hands and introduced herself.

Sue was caught off guard. Marla was a young woman, mid to late twenties, who was not the stereotypical manager. Curly brown hair reached half way down her back. Her face was evenly tan, beautifully made up, without a wrinkle or indication that life had ever worried her. She carried herself on long thin legs, exquisitely shaped, framed by 5 inch pumps at the bottom and a very provocative, short leather skirt at the top. All of this, and she had a small waist and a nice set of firm tits to match. She was not your average manager type. Very, very attractive was the summary of Sue's initial impression.

The conversation initially was all small talk as each woman sized the other up. "How was Harry?" "What is he doing now?" "Is he happy with what he is doing?" "Are you two getting along financially?" Sue answered these politely, waiting for the opportune moment to start her attack. And then out of the blue, a bolt of lightning struck Sue as she sat there across from Marla: "Is Harry still locked up in his chastity belt?" Shit, Sue didn't even hear the thunder.

"You know Sue, I've waited for two and a half years to ask that question. You didn't think anyone knew did you?" Marla had struck the first blow. Sue's face had suddenly drained of blood. Her mind raced for a quick, witty reply, but all she could say is "What? What chastity belt? Harry in a chastity belt, what, are you crazy?" Sue was taken so off guard, she didn't know if the words actually came out or whether she had just mouthed them.

"Look Sue, we both know the truth about Harry. I'm not sure how you did it, but somehow you got him to stay late that last week and make a chastity belt out of the new composite material. I'll tell you something, I didn't get to see it on him, but I saw it that last night before he completed it and it was a real work of art. That last Friday I was wet all day thinking of him locking that belt on. It's a real shame I couldn't have seen him do it."

The look on Sue's face truly was priceless at this point. Her mouth hung open a bit and her eyes were wide but focused on Marla's every word.

"When Harry left the lab on Friday evening, I was in my office across the hall. I sneaked into his lab to see the belt again, but it wasn't there. I knew he had to be wearing it. And right there on the desktop were the keys to the belt. I just grabbed them, left the lab, and used my administrative authorization code to lock the lab before he could come back. Harry didn't know I was watching him when he returned. He was so confused, scared, uh', I guess shocked that he couldn't get back in the lab. It was just wonderful."

"Well that night I went home, and God, the thought of him being locked up just wound me up like I've never been wound up before. You know, its not like Harry is a hunk or anything, but the thought of his poor little dick being locked up got me so excited, I must have cum fifteen times just thinking about it, him trying to get out it, then you and then the two of you together. You couldn't believe how hot I got." Sue couldn't believe what was rolling out of Marla's mouth, but she just kept listening.

"So you see, I just couldn't let Harry get out of the belt. So, I called the right people and informed them of the 'theft' that had been perpetrated by Harry and the rest is history. Since then, I've created a small stable of both men and women, who are now permanently belted, except when I want to use them as I see fit. All of this brings me of course to you."

"You what! You fucking bitch. How dare you screw with Harry and my lives like you've done." Sue was starting to get her composure back you could say. "Our whole life is a wreck now. Harry makes barely enough to get by. I haven't felt his dick in my pussy or mouth for a long, long time, you ignorant bitch. Why the fuck are you doing this to us." Sue really started to dig in and fight.

Marla just sat there, not fazed in the least, waiting for the initial assault from Sue to settle down. "If you are done ranting and raving, I have a proposal for you."

"Why should I listen to anything else you have to say bitch?" Sue snarled.

"Because I still have the keys." That got Sue's attention.

Marla let Sue just think for a second before continuing. "You know the whole thing with Harry and that belt really brought out a side of me, well I guess I knew it was there, but I kept it repressed for a long time. I like to control people. Make them my toys, my possessions. I like controlling their sex lives. You know, the way you tried to control Harry's sex life. See, we are not all that different."

"So before you tell me to go fuck off again, hear me out. I have a proposal for you. You and Harry both. You see, the way I see what happened is, you wanted Harry to be locked up, ready at your disposal. But guess what, you don't have the keys, I do and Harry's sex is mine now. It's all your fault this happened in the first place, not mine, but I'm in control now, not you. As I told you on the phone, I now have the job of the man that fired Harry. With the right couple of memos saying that what happened with Harry was really an inventory accounting error, I could have Harry back to work by Monday."

"Well, that's awfully fucking nice of you. What's the catch? He's still locked up isn't he?"

"The catch is Sue, well really, is you. That little box of yours becomes my property. If you and Harry agree to this employment offer, you get fitted with a custom made, composite belt just like Harry's. Whenever you are locked in, you won't have any access to that clit of yours and neither will Harry. That's the price."

"You must be out of your fucking mind! Why in God's name would I do something like that?"

"First off, this is all your fault. Putting that aside though, if you give me control of your pussy, I'll make certain concessions. When I see fit, I'll remove Harry's belt and give you access to his member. You remember it, don't you? You'll be able to stroke it, caress it, kiss it, suck it, like you used to and have been waiting to do for a long time. Periodically, I'll remove your belt so he can have your pussy to play with. The only real catch is, I'm never going to remove your belt and his belt at the same time. Well then, what do you think. Are you ready to trade you freedom for the feel of his dick in your mouth again?"

Sue didn't say anything this time. The options being presented were seriously beyond Sue's or any normal persons comprehension level. Marla continued, "Of course, if Harry so desires he can fuck me whenever he wants. By the way, you can fuck me too if you'd like. You know I think I would like fucking Harry. Think this offer over wisely for a while, before you decide. I'm only making this offer once. You have two options. You can neither see nor feel Harry's dick ever again, or you can give control of your sex to me and you can feel that dick of his explode in your mouth like it used to. You decide. I'll give you 24 hours."

Marla handed Sue two business cards, one for herself and one for a tailor. "By tomorrow at 5:45, call me with your decision, If you agree, go see this man to have your measurements taken. Don't be too angry, after all, we are going to be friends, I would think close friends, for a long, long time."

With that Marla got up and started to walk past Sue on her way to the door. Abruptly she stopped and bent over, kissing Sue gently on the lips. Without another word, she smiled and walked out.

The next 24 hours for Sue were the longest in her life. Harry had no idea of what was wrong with her that evening, but he was betting on PMS. He gave her wide berth as she had no tolerance for anything Harry did. The hours went by like minutes. Sue slept, or tried to sleep, in a separate bedroom from

Harry that night. Dawn came, and the weight of the world felt like it was crushing her. How could she freely give up her sex to that miserable bitch? How could she keep her husband locked up forever? Two impossible questions, no right answer.

The minutes ticked on, and 5:45 approached. At 5:44 Sue reached for the phone and dialed the number. Marla answered and Sue blurted out "I'll do it". She felt as if she had just sold her soul to the devil. "Tell Harry that he has his old job back, starting Monday morning. By the way, I knew you would make the right decision. Bye." Sue just hung up and left to meet the tailor.

Sue didn't tell Harry about the deal she made with Marla. She did tell him that there had been a call from the personnel department, somehow everything had been made right again, and he would be returning to his old job. He would have a new boss, a lady boss. Sue really was hoping Marla was going to change her mind before Harry reported to work.

A few weeks later, well after Harry's return to work, Marla arrived at Sue's with a box and Sue knew the moment of truth was upon her. She carefully opened the box and looked at the contents. There was a belt, made of the same composite material Harry had used to make his belt. The craftsmanship of the belt was exquisite, not a blemish or rough edge to be seen. She picked it up. The belt was rather light in weight, but solid. Placing it back down she kept denying to herself this was happening.

Again she picked up the belt and looked over what she was about to commit to. The waist band was about 1" wide and a 0,25" thick. It was molded to follow the curves of her hips. There was a 1" wide strip that ran down the crack of her ass, opening to an oval for her anus, then resuming as a single strip that connected to the face plate. The face plate was really two pieces, a slotted piece that would closely cover her pussy, with just enough room for her labia lips to protrude. The second piece was a cover that sat about an inch above the first piece, forming a hood such that nothing would ever be able to touch her. It was really an amazing piece of hardware, a single piece of molded composite sitting in front of her, waiting to take her sex.

She slowly let her skirt drop to the floor and then removed her panties. Marla approached her and quietly asked her to turn around. Surrendering, Sue turned away from Marla. Marla lightly ran her hands over Sue's legs and buttocks, then worked her fingers around the front to Sue's sex. Sue quivered

as she did this, closed her eyes and tried to imagine that this was just a bad dream. Marla liked what she felt and smiled a wicked little smile that Sue could not see.

Marla said "I really wish I could have seen Harry that first night. The first time is just so exciting. Well then, lets do it. Please lift your right foot." Sue complied and Marla slipped the belt under her foot. "Put your foot down now and lift your other foot." The belt was slipped over the other foot and Sue placed her foot back on the floor. Marla held the belt at Sue's knees. "Reach down and touch yourself. It will be a while before you have the chance to do it again." Sue complied, but she couldn't excite herself at all. "Ok, that was your chance, now place your hands behind your neck." Sue reached up and took a deep breath. Marla worked the belt up, over her thighs and ass, until the waist band was at the final height. "You're mine" and with that Marla pushed the ends of the waist band into the front plate, securely locking Sue's sex.

"To give you time to get used to this, I'll let you wear it a short while before I let you out again. Hmmm, Harry was locked up for two and half years, that seems like an appropriate break in period. Don't you think so? Anyway, in a month or so, I'll start letting Harry out for a couple or days or so at a time. Treat him well, he deserves it. Make sure you both follow my every rule, or else one of you may end up being belted for a long, long time without a break, maybe even forever."

Marla walked around the front of Sue, and with a wicked smile, stripped in front of her. "Now its time for your first lesson as my new toy, get on your knees and make me enjoy this moment like I've enjoyed no other." Marla, sat on the edge of the couch and open her legs wide for Sue.

Sue was absolutely humiliated, but crawled over to Marla's, dripping wet pussy. It was incredibly wet. Slowly she started to lick it, driving Marla's hips into an instant gyration. Right when Marla was about to explode, Sue pulled back. "Fuck you, bitch. You can lock me up, but I'm not going to be your whore."

"There, there my little pet. You will learn that you are my slut now, to do with as I see fit. That outburst just cost your dear hubby another month before you can blow him. Mouth off to me again, and I'll add another year to both your and his belted times. So if I were you, I'd put that slutty little mouth back where it belongs and learn a little respect." Marla was beside herself. Of all the



people in her stable, she new Sue was going to be the most fun. As Sue buried her face in Marla's pussy again, Marla exploded like she never had in her entire life. She reached down, ran her fingers through Sue's hair and held her head in place for the next half hour. What a wonderful time she was having.

"Sue, you will learn that I give all the orders and take all the pleasure. Except for that little outburst, you behaved oh so well this first time. I think I will have you service me on a regular basis. But poor Harry is going to have to wait two months before you can suck him and I can fuck him. Think about that for a while. I'll leave you now to get cleaned up before Harry returns. I imagine tonight will be very interesting for the two of you." Marla got dressed and left.

For Sue, it now really sunk in. Both Harry and herself were now Marla's property. They were both locked up, and it was going to be different now. Oh, how it was going to be different.

As soon as Marla left, Sue tried to get the belt off. No way, no how. This belt was made perfectly for Sue. There wasn't even any place on the belt where there was a gap between the belt and skin. And oh, how her box was yearning to be touched. As much of a bitch Marla was, Sue couldn't help become aroused by being forced to eat pussy.

Sue ran her fingers down to the shields. Regardless of what she did, the belt did not give at all. She couldn't touch her clit. Harry wouldn't be able to touch or lick her clit. "Fuck, fuck, fuck" is all she could mutter. Sue's heart raced. The clock chimed in the hall and Sue realized that Harry would be home very soon. She rushed to the bathroom, washed up and tried to make herself presentable.

While she was dressing she heard Harry arrive home. "I'll be down in a minute. How about we go out to dinner." She was hiding the truth from Harry but she would have to tell him over to dinner. As they were getting ready to leave, Sue changed her mind and turned to Harry. "Can we talk for a few minutes before we go?"

"Sure, what's up?" They went into the living room and sat down on the sofa together.

"Harry, I have always loved you. Ever since you got locked in that belt, I've blamed myself for being the cause of your anguish, your inability to have sex with me, to just have an orgasm. I've really felt bad ever since that dreadful

day when you couldn't go back for the keys." Sue's eyes were starting to fill up. "I would do anything in the world to give you the chance to get out of that belt. You know that, don't you."

Harry was a little taken off guard. He wasn't really sure why Sue chose now to discuss this issue, but these discussions had popped up periodically since he became belted. "Its ok Sue, we've talked about this before. There is no way I'll ever get out of this belt and there is nothing you can do about it. Just let it go."

"You just don't understand, there is a way to get you out of the belt. I found a way to get you out of the belt, or rather some way to get you out of the belt found me, but either way you are going to be let out in about two months."

Harry was really starting to question Sue's sanity at this point. "What are you talking about? I don't have the keys. You don't have the keys. I can't get out and you can't let me out. So just who is going to let me out in two months?"

"Your new boss, Marla, that's who. She has the key to your belt Harry! She's only going to let you out of the belt when she decides." Sue took a few minutes to explain to Harry about Marla discovering the belt, taking the key, and getting him fired.

Harry was physically shaken. "Once this belt comes off, I'm never putting it back on. I don't care what that controlling bitch thinks, says or does, but I'll never be locked up again." Sue burst out crying after that statement, which really confused Harry.

Harry hugged Sue and tried to calm her down. Sue was mumbling something about "my belt", but Harry couldn't quite make it out. Finally Harry got Sue to relax, control her breathing and gain some self control. Sue got up and walked across the living room.

"Ok Sue, you were trying to tell me something a second ago about my belt. What is it."

"No Harry, I wasn't talking about your belt. If you refuse to put your belt back on Harry, Marla is never, ever, going to take my belt off." And with that she lifted the hem of her dress and showed Harry the newest edition to her wardrobe.

The good thing about nightmares is that eventually you wake up. Harry definitely had the feeling he couldn't wake up. He ran over to Sue, got down on his knees and looked at the unbelievable sight that had suddenly appeared. He had long ago given up on gaining access to his own member, and truly fell in love with touching Sue's pussy, eating it, bringing it to orgasm, and now it was locked up out of reach, just like his dick was long out of reach.

"Oh my God. What have you done? Why in the hell did you put this thing on? Are you crazy? You've seen me suffer over the years, why would you do something as stupid as this?" Sue started crying again.

"Because Harry, I love you. She said she would never let us both out at the same time, but she would let us out periodically to be serviced by each other, as long as we followed her every wish and command. Harry, it just wasn't fair that you be locked up forever. I'm sorry, I should have talked to you about this before hand, but you would never have agreed to it."

"Periodically. What do you mean by that. When will I be able to touch you again? What about me?"

"Well for you, you will be out in about two months. Originally she said she would let you out in a month, but I refused to eat her pussy, and she changed it to two months. Then, I had to eat her out for half an hour." Sue didn't offer anything more.

"And what about your release?" Harry shouted, or almost shouted as he was trying to contain his anger.

Meagerly, Sue replied "She said something about a break in period. Two and half years. Harry, I'm going to go crazy if you can't touch me for that long."

Harry walked over to the sofa and sat back down. He placed his heads in his hands as his elbows rested on his knees. He slowly shook his head. Sue watched from a distance, giving Harry the time and space he needed. After what seemed an eternity, he looked up at Sue with the most resigned look on his face she had ever seen. Harry calmly said, "We will play her games for now. We'll do whatever she says or demands. But I swear, I will figure out a way to get us out of these belts. When I do, she is going to get paid back a thousand times over."

With that statement, Harry and Sue started their joint submission to Marla.

### **Chapter 3: Marla's New Life**

She sat at her desk, looking over last years numbers. Since taking the new position, the company has been doing very well. There was a small set-back, when Harry was lost 2 years ago. But she had found a way to get him back. As she paged through the documents, her phone rang. She answered.

"Yes, I've been expecting him. Send him in.", she smiles, hanging up the phone. The door opens, and Harry walks in.

"Hello Harry, have a seat.", she says to him smiling. He approaches her desk, trying to hide his hatred for her, and sits.

"So, how's it feel to be back? Everything falling back into place?", she asks.

"Yes, I'm doing ok. It's good to be back.", he replies, trying to force a smile.

"Good. Well, I called you here because it's been 2 months since Sue decided to help you. How has she been?", she asked. It had been the worst 2 months of Sue's life. Harry and Sue spent hours trying to get her new belt off, but like Harry's belt nothing they tried could even scratch the surface.

"She's doing well, and adjusting. I told her it would be better after a few more months.", he replied, trying to tell her what she wanted to hear.

"Great. Glad to hear it. I'm so glad she made the right decision.", she said with a smile.

She continued. "Well, let's get to the point. I'm sure you're anxious to get that belt off, so let's do it. Stand up and lower your pants.", she said, standing up, straightening out her tight leather skirt. Harry knew better than to protest, so he complied, unbuttoning his pants and lowering them to the floor.

Marla opened a drawer of her desk, and pulled out a set of keys. She set them on the desk and approached Harry, bringing her hand to the front-- the black impenetrable prison covering Harry's crotch, smiling, tapping her long red painted fingernails on the surface.

Harry looked at the keys, his heart racing.

"I can see you're pretty anxious to get the belt off, but before we do that I want to show you something."

She walked to the other side of her office, and returned with a screwdriver and a small hammer.

"One of my men discovered a small flaw in the original design. Let me show you..", she said, bringing the head of the screwdriver to the keyhole on the belt.

"Turns out, if you tap it gently, in just the right spot..", she said slowly, tapping the handle with the hammer, "..it.. will..", she tapped again, popping the lock into the belt, causing the belt to split as if being unlocked. "..unlock!", she said with a smile. She set the hammer and screwdriver down, and pulled the belt apart.

"I think you can take it from here!", she said with a laugh, as she returned to her chair and sat down.

"Harry lowered the belt the rest of the way, and removed it from between his legs. The cool air rushed to his crotch and his dick slowly came to life for the first time in over 2 years.

"Oh, I'm flattered..", she said with a smile.

Not knowing what else to do, Harry quickly pulled up and buttoned his pants. He looked at the belt on the floor. The anger boiled inside-- knowing he had the power to remove the belt himself all this time.

"Your new belt will be ready in a week, so enjoy your freedom. Oh, and don't worry; the new belt has been greatly improved, and it isn't vulnerable to the screwdriver trick. I was so happy to have learned of the vulnerability early on. The poor guy who showed me wasn't thinking. He showed me while his wife was still locked up. Had he waited until her belt was off, they'd both be free now. But, they're both in new belts now. Nobody found out about the flaw, and I threatened him and his wife permanent chastity if the news got out before I had a chance to fix everyone. I had to get all the belts remade and installed quickly. Luckily my manufacturer is so cooperative.", she said, letting it all sink in. The way she ended led me to believe the manufacturer was also locked in a belt. How many people does she 'own'?

"Well, that's all I needed to discuss with you. Here, you might as well have your old keys. I bet you never thought you'd actually hold these again!", she laughed, handing me the keys to my old belt. He looked at them, and noticed there was a number '1' engraved in it.

"You are the first, so your keys are number '1'. I have to number all the keys or I'd lose track of everyone, since there are currently 37 people in my possession. Have a nice evening. Tell Sue hello for me.", she said with a laugh as she sat back in her leather chair putting her stiletto heeled feet on her desk.

Harry walked out of her office. His crotch felt strange, not being secured after all this time. He couldn't think of anything else but getting home for the rest of the day.

"Well, I'm sure you're pretty anxious. Drop your pants now!", said Sue after Harry walked in the door. He smiled and did as she requested while she too got undressed. Seconds later his manhood sprang to life. Sue touched it, and it was immediately hard.

"Something tells me I'm not going to be able to make this last very long..", she said with a smile. After fondling him for about 10 seconds, he exploded, moaning loudly. Years of built up energy released in seconds. He smiled and looked at Sue. She sat down on the couch and started to cry.

"I...I don't know how long I can stand this..", she said, pounding her fists on her chastity belt. Harry sat down next to her and held her close.

"We'll find a way, and Marla will pay for this."

A week had passed since Harry had been released, when Marla called him into her office. He knew the reason.

"Hello Harry. I just wanted to let you know that I hadn't forgotten about you. Your new belt is ready. I'm sure you're anxious to try it on, so let's not wait any longer. Please lower your pants.", she said as she opened the box on her desk. The belt looked exactly as his previous belt.

"I haven't had the need to change the design, other than that little issue with the lock. It's been heavily re-enforced inside to prevent that little flaw. Put your hands behind your head.", she ordered. Harry complied.

"Now step in the left side.", she said as she rested the belt on the floor for him to step into. "Now the right side..". He stepped in. She raised it up, smiling, looking him in the eye for a few seconds, then back down as she raised it all the way up."

"Ok, work yourself into the tube.", she said, holding the belt as he did so. She then raised it the rest of the way and pushed the ends together as they clicked, locking away his sex once again.

"There, doesn't that feel better being safely locked away again?", she asked, not expecting an answer.

"Ok, I'm sure you have work to do. Pull up your pants so you can get back to work.", she said, sitting back down at her desk and turning to her computer.

Harry left the office, and closed the door behind him. As he headed back to his office, he couldn't help but wonder who else in this office was in Marla's herd. He needed to find out.

It had been a busy week, and Marla was looking forward to the weekend. Traffic had been rough, but she finally made it to her luxurious home. Marla was a beautiful successful woman, and didn't need anyone in her life to make her happy. Her job was enough satisfaction, since she controlled so many lives. The thought of having all those men and women's sex locked away and under her control still made her excited beyond words. After entering the house, she put her things down, poured herself a glass of wine, and sat down on the leather couch. As she reclined back, she kicked off her tight stiletto pumps.

"Oh, finally..", she moaned as she rubbed her black nylon clad feet. She was thinking about Harry and Sue, thinking of the look on Harry's face when she removed his chastity belt with a hammer and screwdriver. Now he was locked up again, in an updated chastity belt with years of success behind it. The thoughts filled her head, turning her on-- again.

Smiling, she stood up and tip-toed to her bedroom. From in her closet, she pulled out a box and set it on her bed. She reached in and pulled out a chastity belt-- her chastity belt. She rubbed the smooth polished surface with her fingers and set it back down. Reaching behind her back she unzipped her leather skirt and let it fall to the floor, and brought her hand to her crotch to

rub herself. After a few minutes of getting primed, she picked up the chastity belt, squatted down, and stepped into it. Slowly she brought the belt up and worked it up to her nylon clad crotch. As it made contact, she let out a quiet moan pulling it up all the way tight against her crotch. Then she pushed the sides together, locking away her sex with a click.

Smiling, she tip toed to the living room and slid her feet back into her pumps. Returning to her bedroom, she looked at herself in the full length mirror, bringing her hand to the crotch of the belt. The belt prevented her touch as she laughed playfully, squirming in the belt. Her thoughts went back to the previous year when the idea occurred to her to get a belt made for herself, to experience the frustration her slaves felt. It brought her incredible pleasure, getting all worked up and frustrated in the belt, imagining what it is like to be locked away and unable to remove this device. She would push and pull, trying to remove it as her slaves probably do initially, before they've accepted their fate.

After only an hour of being locked away rubbing the front of the belt, she couldn't take any more. She walked to her walk-in closet to a wall where rows of keys hung on numbered hooks. The key to her belt hung with all the other keys-- key set 31. Excitedly, she took the key from the hook and inserted it into her belt. The key unlocked her belt and fell to the floor as she quickly hungrily reached for her sex-- rubbing herself madly-- bringing herself to climax after climax.

"Oh god.. this is SO wonderful..", she purred, falling to the bed exhausted. Marla had everything she could possibly want, more than she ever dreamed possible, and would do whatever it took to keep it.

Over the next few months, Harry got to know more people in the office. He still didn't have any idea who else was locked away, but was always looking for signs-- indications that might tip someone off. If he saw a guy using a urinal, he could rule them out. But it's possible they were standing at the urinal faking it. No guy would ever inspect another guy close enough to know for sure.

One of the newer people was Chuck. Harry got to be pretty good friends with Chuck, but never ruled out that maybe he was Marla's property as well. One day as Harry was heading into his office, he caught a glimpse of Chuck adjusting in his chair. He appeared to be pulling and pushing at his crotch



until he finally got comfortable. Harry caught a glimpse of the dark waistband. Chuck was locked away too! Just then, Chuck turned and saw Harry. He was speechless, trying to regain his composure. Harry walked into Chuck's office, and closed the door behind him.

Harry and Chuck had been speaking for about an hour-- sharing their stories and how they got trapped.

"Marla told me all I had to do was wear the belt. She would make sure I had a good stable job, great salary, and my own office. I agreed, and a week later I was fitted. I tried everything to get the belt off when I got home, but nothing worked. I couldn't even scratch the belt with any tools. About a week later she called me into her office, telling me there was a way I could get some release. Those words were music to my ears! Then she laid out the terms. I would need to arrange to have my wife fitted with a belt. I was furious. There's no way I'd do this to her!

I didn't even tell her about it for a few days, until she finally got me to tell her one night since I had been acting so miserable for the past weeks. Well, she agreed to have a belt installed on her. I told her we'd find another way, but she insisted this was the only way. Before I knew it, she had already arranged with Marla to be fitted and showed me her new hardware one evening when I got home from work. Later that week, Marla called me into her office and offered me some release. I was free for about a week before she locked me back up. She said my wife could now be freed. The catch was always that she'd never let us both out at the same time. If she did, I'd definitely quit my job. But now she has us, and there's nothing we can do.", he finished, looking down at his desk.

"What did you do for work before this? Why were you so desperate for work?", I asked.

"My track record isn't so good. I was in prison for a few years for theft. I can crack any lock, break into houses, and make off with stuff before anyone would know I was there.", he said proudly.

"What about the lock on the belt? Can't you pick that?", I asked.

"I've tried, believe me. I don't know what kind of locks they are, but man they are secure.", he replied.

Harry thought about what Chuck said, about being able to pick locks.

"Maybe we are going about this wrong.", said Harry in a thought provoking tone.

"I wonder.. where do you suppose she keeps the keys?", Harry asked.

Chuck looked back at Harry with a blank expression.

"Her house maybe?", he replied.

"Safe assumption. And you can break into a house!", he said excitedly.

Chuck smiled deviously.

Over the next few weeks Harry and Chuck laid out their plan. Neither knew where she lived, so one of them needed to follow her home after work. It was decided Chuck would go, since he would be able to scope out the neighborhood to determine the best approach.

On Tuesday, Chuck carefully left the office after Marla. He could hear her stiletto heeled pumps in the parking garage and easily spotted her climbing into her Porsche. Quickly, he made for his car and caught up to her leaving the garage. Following at a safe distance, he followed her to a wealthy part of town where she pulled into the driveway of a large home. He drove past, and parked around the corner to watch. Marla got out of her car now parked in the driveway, and entered the home.

"Well, this must be the place..", Chuck quietly said to himself.

The next day Chuck shared his findings with Harry.

"Ok, suppose I get in the house. Then what? Do I take the keys? We could get in a lot of trouble.", asked Chuck.

"What if we made copies? I know it would take time, but you'd have all day. Plus you could use the mould material from the lab to make an impression of each key rather than a real copy. We could worry about making the keys later.", replied Harry.

"That could work. I could prepare a block in a briefcase, so all I need to do is lay them all out and press the lid shut.", schemed Chuck.

Harry looked at Chuck curiously, "Something tells me you have experience with this?".

Chuck smiled.

"I'll need to take a day off work when I know Marla is here. I'll then try my luck at her house.", Chuck said with relative confidence.

Harry and Chuck made a plan for Thursday of the current week.

"I'll be in the office, ready to give you a call if she leaves the office for whatever reason.

They finalized their plans and prepared everything for Thursday. Chuck would call Harry once he got to Marla's house so Harry could verify that Marla was in the office. At that time, Chuck could start. He had his briefcase mould all ready to go, and his toolkit for the lock. He suspect there would be an alarm system, so he was prepared for that as well.

Chuck sat in his car and scoped out Marla's house. At 7am Thursday morning, he spotted her leave. He called Harry to let him know Marla should be on her way. About 45 minutes later, Harry called Chuck informing him that Marla arrived at the office. It was time to get busy!

Making sure the coast was clear, Chuck left his car and headed behind Marla's house. It was a quiet area, no traffic since he had arrived-- perfect. He inspects the door, and finds no evidence or signs indicating an alarm system is present. However the locks are pretty secure. After about 15 minutes, he got through the first lock. Working slowly and carefully, he managed to get through the 2nd lock and entered the house. The place was huge. He gazed around, not sure where to begin. Experience told him he should try for the master bedroom. There he found a couple dressers, and a large walk-in closet. A quick scan through the dressers turned up nothing, so he preceeded to the closet.

"Oh my..", he said, looking at all the leather outfits. There were several rows of stiletto heeled pumps and boots-- none with heels less than 4". Even her

slippers had 5" wedge heels. Trying to regain his concentration, he returned to the task at hand. Then he spotted the key rack on the wall.

"Oh yes!", he said as he inspected it more closely. The keys were numbered from 1 to 45. Without giving it a second thought, he loosened his pants and exposed his chastity belt. Then, 1 by 1, tried each key. His hands shaking with each new key, he finally found a key that turned: 19. His belt made a click, and opened. He was so excited he almost forgot where he was. He removed the key and put it back on the hook, leaving his belt unlocked.

After about an hour, he had a mould made as planned. He checked to make sure they came out ok, and was satisfied. As he was packing up, he noticed a box on the shelf above the keys-- the only box on the shelf. Curious, he reached for the box and opened it. His chin dropped when he saw the chastity belt.

"Oh my.. what do we have here? Why would she have this? Her next slave?", he thought to himself. He took key 45 and tried it, but it wouldn't turn. Working backwards, he found the key which turned: 31. Curious, he compared the belt to some leather skirts in her closet; they were the same waist size. The belt was smaller obviously, since it needed to be tighter, but he was convinced this was a belt for herself. He put the belt back in the box and on the shelf where he found it, and finished making sure everything was as he found it.

The mission was a success. Chuck reported the details of his success to Harry, who listened intently. He explained the keys, and the chastity belt he found. He also confessed to finding his key and unlocking his belt.

Harry smiled, "I understand. I'd have done the same thing."

Harry sat and thought for a moment, then with a smile he spoke. "Chuck, I have an idea...".

Over the next couple weeks, Harry and Chuck worked on the keys-- making copies of each one.

"Ok, I think it's about time to see if we succeeded.", said Harry. Chuck smiled and left Harry alone in his office with the keys, but taking 19 with him.

Harry locked the door, and lowered his pants. He suspected his "new" key was still key number 1. He inserted the key, and turned it. CLICK! His belt

unlocked. He was just about to take it off, when a thought occurred to him. He smiled, and pushed the belt back shut-- CLICK!

When Harry arrived at home that night, he found Sue waiting for him. He smiled big at her, asking her to hold out a hand. Curiously, she held out her hand. He dropped the key into her open hand and smiled.

She looked at it, "Oh my.. is this...?"

"Yes, it's the key to my belt.", he replied.

She looked at him but before she could speak, he held out a bag of other keys.

"..and one of these is to your belt.", he said.

They tried each key 1 by 1, and found Sue's key: number 43. After verifying the key, she locked her belt and handed the key to Harry.

"There. We have each others' keys now. The secret to a healthy marriage."

They both stripped completely, and unlocked each others' belts. Harry sprang to life, and neither could resist. Sue grabbed Harry and pulled him deep into her. They fell to the floor and made passionate love. After all this time, it was well earned.

The next day Harry gave Chuck the rest of the keys. He found the key for his wife's belt, and brought the rest of the keys back to work.

"So, we're free, and our wives are free. We need to decide how to proceed. Here's what I was thinking.."

Harry explained his idea to Chuck, and was met with total agreement. It would involve Chuck visiting Marla's house again on Monday, but the outcome would be well worth it.

They formulated their plan, got all the documents needed, and planned to set the plan into motion at the office as soon as Tuesday, but it might not happen until later that week-- depending on Marla.

Chuck visited Marla's house with Harry on the cell phone like last time. He made his way into Marla's closet to verify there were still only 45 keys. Upon

completion of that task, and one other small piece of business, he made his way out and back to his car. Everything was set.

Marla arrived home that night, exhausted from a long day at work. She poured herself a glass of wine and headed for her bedroom.

"It's only Monday..", she said to herself, setting her glass down on her dresser, and started to unzip her tight leather skirt. It slide down her black stocking legs, past her black leather knee high stiletto heeled boots, and to the floor. She stepped out of it, leaving her crotch exposed, and headed for her closet to retrieve her chastity belt box. After setting the box down on her bed, she removed the belt and set it down on the floor. One booted leg at a time, she stepped into it and slid it up, past her stockings, to her bare crotch. Once all the way up, she pushed the ends together where they mated with a gentle CLICK. Now in slightly better mood, she walked back to her dresser to get a drink of wine.

"What would I do without you?", she asked, as she rubbed her hand across the unyielding chastity belt and walked back into the living room. After reading the mail, she sat down, unzipped her boots and slid them off. She moaned as she rubbed her stocking clad feet for a few minutes and relaxed on the couch. As she thought about the day, and how much better things were now, she stared playing with the chastity belt-- rubbing the front, pulling at it, getting herself worked up and excited. After about half hour, she stood up and tip toed into her bedroom, and to the closet. She reached for the keys on post 31, and inserted into the lock. Smiling, she tried to turn the key but it wouldn't turn. Shocked, she tried to turn it again struggling with the key, but it wouldn't turn. She quickly pulled the key out and looked at it. The key had a "1" on it. Confused, she looked at the other keys and found another "1" key in it's correct place.

"What the...", she said, trying the key again, with failure.

"Where is 31? And what is this other ...", her heart skipped a beat as she let the key drop to the floor. She quickly stepped into her stiletto heeled slippers and left the closet area.

"What is this??", she said, instinctively trying to push the belt down to get it off, but it wouldn't budge. She screamed, trying to get the belt off, but it was locked tight, and she had no way to remove her belt.

Tuesday arrived. Harry and Chuck were already in the office when Marla rushed into the building, stiletto heels echoing in the hall as she walked as fast as she could to her office, and closed the door behind her. Trying to calm down, she opened her email. There was an emergency meeting in 10 minutes.

Harry and Chuck were already in the meeting room when Marla came in. She looked very upset, and Harry and Chuck knew why.

The president started the meeting, and got right to the point. "Apparently, there were some company resources misused over the past few years. I'm sorry to say that we'll be letting some people go. They will be contacted privately after the meeting."

Marla's heart was racing. She stood up and made a stiletto heeled dash for her office. Before reaching her office, the president took her arm and guided her into a different conference room.

"Marla, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we're going to have to let you go. We have documents implicating you on some of the activity mentioned in the meeting. You'll have the rest of the day to clean out your belongings and meet with HR.", he said abruptly, then left.

Her mind was going a million miles a second.

"What happened? Who did this?", she started to cry. Then she remembered her chastity belt, and rubbed it through her leather skirt.

"How am I going to get this thing off?!? Who has my key?!". She stomped a stiletto heel loudly on the tile, drawing attention. Crying, she ran to her office and closed the door.

After she entered her office, Harry held up the original key 31 from his pocket. Chuck reached into his pocket and found the copy he made.

"These are the only 2 copies.", Harry said.

"Shall we?", Chuck asked.

They headed into the men's restroom, wrapped their keys in paper towels, and flushed them down the toilet.

When people in the office found out about the keys, they visited Harry and Chuck who happily unlocked their belts. Once the last belt was removed, they destroyed the mould.

"Here's to Marla's New Life", said Harry as they smashed the mould.