

# Remote Control

## Part One

The sensual world of BDSM

The alarm clock rang, and a hand appeared out from under the blankets and after 4 failed attempts was able to hit the "off" button. The hand belonged to Jennifer and the scene looked no different than that played out in millions of bedrooms at 7:00AM on a Wednesday---someone reluctantly getting up for work after a long night. Jennifer started to rub her eyes when she suddenly seemed to have remembered something important. She quickly hopped out of bed, ran over to her desk, and hit some random keys until her screen began to glow and come to life.

The window that dominated the screen said "Camera One" across the top and appeared to be a live feed of a typical apartment living room-sofa, coffee table, entertainment center, etc. The center of the room was occupied by what appeared to be a large dog cage and it looked like it had something in it. Whatever was in the cage seemed to be fidgeting restlessly and trying to get comfortable. Jennifer grinned and used her mouse to slowly zoom in on the cage.

That was not a dog! As the camera moved in, it became apparent that it was a man in the cage, and he appeared to be in quite a predicament. He was wearing a full corset with a lock at the zipper and bright pink pantyhose. The corset was clearly pushing the man's waist in a few inches and his breathing was labored. His hands were held behind his back by leather cuffs clipped together by a padlock and his ankles were also cuffed together. His mouth was filled by a large penis-shaped gag that was also padlocked on-this was further restricting his breathing. The pantyhose was hiding the fact that the man was also wearing a metal chastity device and that there was a large plug filling his ass that was held firmly in place by a tight crotch rope, making it so his tied hands could not remove it. The cage was barely large enough to hold his frame and he was futilely trying to bend and shift his bound body into a position that might be even vaguely comfortable.

Jennifer looked at the scene that she had created from 200 miles away and felt herself getting extremely wet. She knew that the door to the cage was unlocked and that the key that fit all the padlocks was sitting on the kitchen counter five feet away, and yet she was extremely confident that the man in the cage would not be going anywhere until the alarm she had set on his cellphone went off in another hour. She then clicked on another icon and a screen that said "Dreamlover Uplink" popped up. It was a graphic depiction of a remote control and Jennifer swirled the mouse around for a few seconds before allowing the cursor to hover above the button labeled "medium pulse". The man looked so helpless and pathetic shifting around, trying to find some relief. The more he struggled, the more excited Jennifer got. "He is suffering enough for now", she thought and reluctantly closed the screen. Instead, she reached for her favorite vibrator, leaned back in her chair, and enjoyed the show.

## Part Two

Dan was sitting at home after work checking out a popular BDSM dating site. By day, he was the Vice President of a large electronics firm but-like many men in power-was hiding a submissive side that allowed the right woman to instantly convert him from assertive executive to compliant slave that would do anything to please them. His main interests were bondage and enforced chastity, but he worked and traveled too much to have a real-time relationship. He was on the website looking for an online key holder that would also give him a bit of a personal touch.

This is how he came to meet Jennifer---now Mistress Jennifer to him. He read her profile and she seemed to be actively seeking an online chastity slave with a bit of webcam domination here and there. Dan wrote her a short note and was delighted to receive a quick response. After e-mailing back and forth for a couple of days, she agreed to accept him on a trial basis. He was instructed to lock himself up in his CB-6000 using a numbered plastic lock and send her a photo proving it had been done. He then was to e-mail her each morning with a similar photo and a description of how he felt about being locked up.

After a week of proving himself, Jennifer began chatting with him online and adding additional requirements. These included going on a diet, exercising on cam for her each night and wearing a lacy thong under his well-tailored suits. Dan was fine with this---he needed to lose a few pounds and was getting a little thrill from the very mild cross-dressing. After a couple weeks, he found that he was thinking about his Mistress all the time and that his penis would instantly get hard whenever she e-mailed him, or he saw her online.

It was at this point that he began doing things for his new Mistress that he never thought he would agree to. These included setting up surveillance cameras in his apartment that she could view and control from any computer or smart-phone and putting a dog cage in his living room because she thought it was really "hot" when he crawled into it. It was one thing to wear panties, but soon enough she had him wearing pantyhose or a garter belt and sleeping in a slinky satin nightie. She even had him get fitted for a full-bust corset at a local shop-he thought he had reached a new low when he was standing topless in a lingerie shop while a young girl laced him into a frilly pink corset, but his penis was belying his real feelings. Every new rule he was to follow or humiliating piece of clothing he was made to wear made him more and more excited.

Within a few months, Mistress Jennifer had "slave dan" fully addicted and enslaved and rules, routines and fetish dominated his existence. A typical workday started with him e-mailing her a picture of his desperate, caged penis and other photos of himself wearing panties. He was at the point where the simple act of taking these photos made him hard as a rock. He was then required to go to the gym and use a ball stretcher with 5 pounds of weight for 30 minutes while reading his morning e-mails. Getting dressed was an adventure. He now had to wear panties, pantyhose, a tight waist-cincher, a butt-plug and a small ball-stretcher under his clothes every single day. Sometimes, Mistress would tell him to put a remote-control vibrating egg in his ass and have it humming while he was driving to and from work or when she sent him a text message telling him to turn it on and off. She would also call or text him when she knew he was in a meeting and leave a teasing message detailing what he was to do when he got home and how she was going to torture him.

There was no relief when he returned from work. The small all-day plug was replaced by a much larger one and an extra layer of pantyhose was added to keep everything tightly in place. The waist cincher was replaced by the steel-boned corset that restricted breathing and made sure he watched what he ate. He also was required to be gagged at all times after work. Mistress Jennifer didn't typically get home for a few hours after dan did, but the fact that she could keep tabs on him by looking at the surveillance cams from her phone ensured he would follow directions.

By the time Mistress did get home and online, slave dan was typically a horny mess, and then the teasing would REALLY start. Mistress would have dan use a combination of nipple clamps and vibrators taped to his chastity cage to keep him on edge for hours at a time. Sometimes she would even allow him to remove the chastity device and stroke himself ever so slowly with no hope of cumming.

Mistress Jennifer saved her most creative torments for Sundays. She believed that Sundays were for cleaning and laundry and these chores should be completed by a French Maid. Slave dan was told to purchase a full and frilly maid uniform, complete with apron, garters, black lace stockings and even the little frilly cap. Completing the outfit was a pair of 4" high heeled shoes that Mistress had picked out herself for him. She loved watching him try to take even the tiniest steps in these shoes. Of course, the outfit alone was not enough-"French Maid dan" would also be gagged, have his wrist and ankles chained and the vibrating egg planted deeply in his ass on random pattern. The combination of the heels, hobble and egg made even the simplest cleaning task take forever. One of Jennifer's favorite things to do on Sunday was to have brunch with her friends while sneaking peaks at her phone to watch dan's feeble attempts to do his chores.

Bedtime offered no relief from the relentless humiliation and torment. The pantyhose and plugs would stay in place and the corset was replaced by the satin nightgown. He often was made to sleep gagged, zipped into a sleep-sack or with his wrists or ankles cuffed together. He would wake up in the middle of the night, observe his predicament and get so hard that he couldn't fall back to sleep or deny his devotion to his Mistress.

Over time, the items themselves became more challenging. The corsets got tighter and longer, the cute nylon stockings sometimes were replaced by more restrictive rubber or laced leather, the plugs and eggs got larger, the heels got higher, the simple gags were replaced by hoods with gags and Mistress was requiring that many of the items were locked on when possible. Ankle hobbles were often replaced by yards of rope around the legs that made it truly difficult to get around and he often spent all day with his hands locked behind his back. She would have him leave the key to the padlocks in the far corner of the apartment and then have him lock his ankles to his wrists so he had to worm his way across the rugs to gain his freedom. She did everything possible to make him feel like she was actually there, feminizing him and keeping him bound.

As obedient and devoted as dan was, there were a few things he had told Jennifer he would not do that she thought were no more unusual or unreasonable than most of what he had already agreed to. The #1 item on this list was that she thought it would be hot to make him sleep in his cage sometimes, especially as a punishment. Early in the relationship, dan had set not sleeping in his bed as a limit. In exchange he had accepted all the other inconveniences and discomfort that had been imposed on his bedtime. As good as the relationship was, this little refusal had been bothering Jennifer for months. There was really no way to enforce the rule-this was an online relationship, and she couldn't exactly lock him in the cage. One day she was browsing assorted sex toy websites when she spotted something that would allow her to make it happen. It was a lot of money, but she was sure it was exactly what she wanted. Jennifer took a deep breath and typed in her credit card information. It was time to take the relationship to the next level.

### Part 3

The opportunity came sooner than she thought. Jennifer's company scheduled her to go to a training conference near where dan lived-just about a 3-hour drive. She called slave dan and asked if he would be open to having dinner after the conference and maybe playing afterwards. They had recently picked out a custom

chastity cage and it had just been delivered that week. Dan had agreed to switch from the numbered plastic locks to a real padlock that only Mistress Jennifer held the keys to as soon as the custom cage was ready, so this was the perfect opportunity for her to lock him up.

They were supposed to have dinner, but neither could wait to play for real and they went back to dan's apartment. Jennifer got a very weird sense of déjà vu as she was finally standing in the apartment she had been spying on for months. She had told slave dan what to wear and what preparations to make, and it was only a matter of minutes before he found himself tied to the corners of his bed in a very tight spread eagle wearing her favorite corset. For her plan to work, she needed dan to be totally incapacitated and unaware of what was going on. To accomplish this, she put his thickest leather hood on him that blocked all site and muffled most sound. She then snapped on her favorite attachment---a 10" dildo-gag. 4" rendered dan speechless and the other 6" were for her to have fun with later. She then attached the hood to the headboard with a length of chain. The tightness of the spread-eagle combined with the hood-chain made it so all he could do wiggle his toes.

Slave dan's penis-affectionately named Mr. P---was threatening to bust out of its cage and Jennifer decided it was time to play. She broke the plastic lock that had not been removed in 2 months and carefully took off the cage. Mr. P was standing straight up and seemed to have a life of his own. This was HER penis that she had been causing so much grief over the last several months. She started making light circles on the tip of the head and slave dan started making pathetic noises from behind the gag. She took some lube and began ever so slowly teasing and playing with Mr. P. until she sensed he was ready to explode and then abruptly stopped. Once again, dan tried to scream through his gag and pull against his cuffs, but he wasn't going anywhere. Jennifer then added some more "accessories"-she clamped his nipples, put a vibrating egg in his ass and then pushed it in farther with a butt plug. She then tightly tied his balls together and connected the rope to the chain on his nipple clamps until it was pulled taught. Not only did this put constant tension on the nipples, but it made the vibrations carry all the way up to them. Mr. P was still at full attention.

Jennifer left dan in distress in the bedroom and proceeded with her devious plan. She pulled a box out of her bag that said Dream Lover on it. The Dream Lover is a small device designed to be locked into a chastity device and allows a variety of electrical pulses to be delivered to the locked-up penis. The pulses ranged from those designed to stimulate the penis for pleasure to harsh shocks designed for Behavior Modification and discipline. The unit came with two wireless controllers with a 100-ft range (more than the size of the apartment) and-most importantly-could be controlled remotely from any computer. Jennifer had done her research and found that the software allowed you to set things up so if the device left a certain area, a series of punishing pulses could be delivered until the victim got back in range. This was the feature that interested her most.

The new Mature Metal device they had ordered was compatible with the Dream Lover and Jennifer installed it. She then went back to the bedroom, took more lube and once again took slave dan slowly to the brink of orgasm. When he was just about there, she stopped again and went back to her project. She had identified two places in the apartment where she could mount the devices and dan would most likely never find them. She mounted the first one with double sided tape as far up the chimney of his false fireplace as possible. Before mounting the second, she went back to the still hard Mr. P. and again teased him right to the edge. Slave dan's noises of desperation were priceless and made Jennifer really wet.

She mounted the second controller on the opposite side of the apartment on the wall behind the refrigerator so that it was 100% out of view. She then went to his computer and logged in remotely to the Dream Lover site. Jennifer was able to confirm that the site recognized the two controllers-here goes the test. She held the chastity belt with the Dream Lover in her hand and clicked on "light pulse". Much to her delight, she felt a not-unpleasant zap on her hand and knew it worked. She was now so horny that she couldn't stand it.

Luckily, there were two stiff penises waiting for her in the other room. Jennifer got undressed and once again teased Mr. P. to the edge until he was dancing and bobbing in the air like a puppet on a string. She stopped again and straddled the other penis-the artificial one that was standing straight up out of slave dan's gag.

Jennifer proceeded to ride her helpless slave's face while he struggled for breath until she brought herself to several crashing orgasms. She then decided to take some pity on her slave. She removed the nipple clamps and the rope around his balls and once again proceeded to take him to the edge of cumming. She did it at least 5 or 6 times until what seemed like bottles of pre-cum was oozing from the head. She then finally took her whole hand and began to stroke firmly. It only took about 5 strokes for the first spurt of cum to shoot out so violently that it landed on the other side of the room. Jennifer loved to ruin an orgasm but decided to have a different kind of fun. She kept stroking Dan to the orgasm of his dreams but didn't stop there-she kept playing with the tremendously sensitive penis until Dan was screaming for mercy through the penis gag. She continued for another 5 minutes and Dan's screams were such a turn on that she finally stopped and rode his face-penis to another series of orgasms.

#### Part Four

Time to "seal the deal". Jennifer got dressed and grabbed the new chastity cage and the small padlock she had purchased. She placed the device on slave Dan's penis, made sure it fit snugly and snapped the lock in place. She then untied his ankles and worked a pair of opaque pink pantyhose up his legs and over the chastity cage so he wouldn't see the modifications. Finally, she removed the hood and released her exhausted slave from the rest of his bonds. They watched a little TV and chatted a bit about the experience. Jennifer announced that she wanted to get going-it was a long drive home and she was exhausted from the evening's events. She asked Dan if in honor of their meeting he would sleep in his cage just this one time. He protested, complaining that she had really put him through the ringer and that he had to get up early for work. She asked if he would humor her just this one time-she would be really pleased, take it easy on him for the rest of the week and only make him wait 30 days for his next orgasm.

Dan reluctantly agreed-he figured that he would get in the cage, sneak out while she was driving, get back in until he was sure she would be asleep, grab a few hours' sleep in his bed and then get back in the cage before her usual 7AM wake up. She gave him a kiss on the cheek and ordered him to move the cage to the



middle of the living room, which she knew was about equidistant from the two controllers. Mistress Jennifer then finished dressing him for bed. He was already wearing the corset and pantyhose and she had him add a plug with a crotch rope, penis gag and leather cuffs. He knew the routine-he put the keys to the cuffs on the kitchen counter, crawled in the cage, closed the door and locked up his ankles and wrists.

Jennifer then walked into the bedroom, grabbed the sheet off the bed and threw it over the cage. She said "just relax slave---I want to leave you a surprise but don't want you to see it until I'm gone. I will remove the sheet before I go. She now went back to the computer, logged back into the Dream Lover site, and set the remotes to deliver a hard shock if the receiver in the chastity device left the perimeter of the dog cage. She then grabbed his cellphone and set the alarm for 8AM. She then shut down the computer and removed the sheet from the cage. "Have a great evening slave, and don't even think about getting out of the cage while I'm driving and can't check up on you. "I just set the alarm on your phone-you may leave the cage when it goes off." She blew Dan a kiss and left the apartment.

Dan waited about 10 minutes and then maneuvered so he could push the cage door open and wiggle out. As he got his waist through the doorway, he felt a searing pain shoot through his groin, and he immediately slumped back in the cage. The pain quickly subsided, and he figured the new chastity cage wasn't fit correctly and dug into his balls. He slid forward again and was greeted by the same pain, and he slumped backwards again. This time, he felt a pang of recognition. He had a sadistic Mistress once that occasionally used a Violet Wand on him and he recalled feeling the same kind of pain. But there was nobody here! He verrrrrry slowwwwwly moved out the cage door one more time and was greeted by yet another debilitating blast of pain through his cock and balls. He now understood why Mistress had thrown a sheet over the cage and kept the new chastity device buried under the corset and pantyhose where he couldn't examine it.

Apparently, he now was a dog, and his new chastity was a shock collar.

Slave dan now knew he wasn't going anywhere and for the first time was positive that he was truly a slave. It was going to be a long, long night.

The End