

## Taking Full Control

This is a true story and chronicles events that began three years ago. My husband and I are both professionals at different companies but I am on the fast track to upper level executive management while he is in a technical specialty with no desire for upward advancement. It was suggested by a good friend that I write about what started three years ago but in the interest of anonymity I have chosen a pseudonym and have included little specific personal information that would add to plot development - this is not fiction. We are happy with our marriage but it is a bit different to say the least.

I have always had a thing about control as in my controlling everything about my life. It is what drives me in everyday life, dominates my thinking in achieving my goals, and quite simply turns me on sexually. So my choices in men always ran to somewhat less than the adventurous macho male and more to the types that accepted my leading in the relationship. My long term relationships followed a predictable path of me sensing a mutual attraction, getting to know a man without starting an immediate sexual aspect of the relationship, and if the male accepted my lead than progressing to intimacy. If a male backed away from any aspect of my leading in the relationship then it ended quickly - I wasn't interested.

My husband of five years was chosen by me and for me and my needs. We both have discussed how I took the lead immediately, made all of the decisions in our courtship, and after much thought on my part only made the determination that we would marry. I very much felt that I'd finally found a male who accepted and understood that my needs came first and foremost. His needs would be fulfilled as a reward for satisfying me and obeying my direction. On our two week honeymoon I made it abundantly clear that he could not be too submissive in our relationship and that he would learn to always embrace new levels and experiences in submission to me. His reactions during the honeymoon were typically defensive and initially mildly resistant but once he learned that I was in charge of us, really did love him, and was not going to abuse him for fun he came around and accepted his role.

So I make all the decisions in running our household, give him direction and guidance on a daily basis, and decide how and when we make love. I have

taught him how I like to be pleased emotionally and sexually. He never initiates love making - I do. He focuses on my needs completely and once satisfied then I give him permission to come.

However, after five years I was feeling the need for something more in terms of excitement and wanted some extraordinary level of control to satisfy me. One evening I initiated love making by calling him into the bedroom and having him very slowly and sensually remove my blouse and skirt while gently caressing and kissing my entire body. Down to my bra and panties I sat down on the bed and told him to strip for me as I watched. I enjoyed his slow movements as he did it just the way I liked until he was completely naked and then I allowed myself to admire his erection for several long moments. Then I stood up and told him to go down on his knees and then I approached him removing my bra and standing above him running my hands over his shoulders and through his hair. Eventually I reached down to pull my silky cream colored panties off and as I stepped out of them intending to toss them aside they brushed against his penis. His reaction as the silky material touched his sensitive erection was electrical and immediate causing his penis to stand straight out rock hard. My arousal was intense and overwhelming starting a chain reaction of emotions going through my head and body. Without much thought I told him to stand up and then I kneeled down and told him to lift his foot as I slide the panties on first one foot then the other. I then pulled them up over his erection and bottom while he stood perfectly still with his hands at his sides.

Standing there in silky cream colored panties tented by his erection I caressed his balls with one hand while running my other hand over his bottom. We were both incredibly turned on and I spent several minutes admiring and running my hands over my panty'd husband. His facial and body expression was one of shock, embarrassment, but mixed with the physical pleasure he was getting from the silky material touching his shaft. After several minutes of this I pulled him to the bed and had him spend an hour caressing me and performing perfect cunnilingus till I was completely satisfied. Normally I close my eyes during sex but this night they were open and I could not take my eyes off the panties I'd put on him. The scene of his bottom in panties while between my thighs was totally engrossing. Near the end of our love making I rolled him onto his back and found the panties were soaked with pre-cum. Slowly I peeled them down to just below his balls and straddled him taking his erection into me. I rode him for several minutes then reached down to kiss

him and telling him he could come - and he instantly bucked what I felt must have been the most intense orgasm of his life.

It took both of us several minutes to recover while I remained straddling him and then as I dismounted, and once again with little thought, I pulled the panties back up. We spoon snuggled and I quickly feel asleep with my panty'd husband against my back. In the morning I found a very nice morning erection restrained only by some silky material and ready for use. Later getting dressed and ready for work I could tell he was really embarrassed by the sexual experience and quickly understood that if I wanted him in panties again I better not tease him so I spent several minutes praising his virility --- but also telling him we'd do it again.

So the use of lingerie on him (primarily panties) during sex became a part of my repertoire and his initial embarrassment was tempered somewhat. I found that his basic submissiveness increased in the bedroom and I felt that another level of control was in my power. One evening as I initiated love making by directing he undress, opened my panty drawer and selected a pair to wear for a session he did what I told him but asked to use the toilet first. I told him to go ahead into the bathroom and put the panties on in there. He quickly did his absolutions and then returned to the bedroom in panties. As he came through the door I found my arousal very intense staring at him erect and in panties when the thought came to me that I really wanted him to wear panties all of the time. We had a very satisfying hour of sex and in the morning I found my thoughts dominated by the extra control I'd found and how much I liked having my sweet loving husband in panties. These thoughts consumed me for several days until I suddenly came to the conclusion one day at work that "hey I'm in control here and this is what I want - permanently!"

That afternoon I found myself at Target and shopping for a complete change in my husband's underwear apparel. While we are of similar height my waist is womanly narrower than his naturally although he is fit and trim so first I had to figure out his size. This proved a little difficult at first until a clerk came by offering to help me make my selections. She quickly noticed that I appeared to be looking at panties that were not in my size and asked if I knew the other woman's correct size. Normally reserved and in control I just blurted out that they were for my husband and this for some reason did not cause her to pause at all. She left for a moment and came back with neatly typed piece of paper that contained a conversion table for calculating men's brief sizes into panty

size. So from there it was simply a matter of determining styles and colors that I liked plus deciding that there would be special bedroom pairs and more functional day pairs.

Upon arrival at home I found that I still had an hour before my husband would be home from work so took the opportunity to rinse out his new type of underwear (except for one pair) and hang them in the laundry room to dry. Then I gathered up all of his male briefs from his drawer and the laundry basket putting them into a used shopping sack and threw them into our outside trash bin for the next pick up.

When my husband arrived home we did our usual kiss and greet ritual then I took him to the bedroom and told him to take off his pants and briefs. Thinking we were starting foreplay he quickly shed his pants and briefs expecting some of our usual passionate sex. Instead I handed him a pair of lacy black bikini panties and told him to put them on - and then put his trousers back on. As he put them on the fit looked right and it did not occur to him that this was a pair he had never seen before. Pulling his pants up he was a little confused when I said lets go fix dinner but he followed me into the kitchen where we proceed to make some bake chicken and a salad. I purposely kept the conversation light and non-sexual as we simply talked about our day but it was obvious that he was highly aroused which fitted into my plan. After dinner I selected a movie for us to watch and although he suggested foreplay I kept him at bay by saying not yet. Later after the movie I directed him to climb into bed and warm it up for me. He ran to the bedroom to do what I had told him to do. I spent some time reading and mediating for another hour before undressing and putting on a non-provocative sleep shirt. He was of course still fully awake and bit surprised at my attire but the shocker was when I climbed into bed and turned the light out with my back to him. He snuggled up to me and certainly had an erection in the sexy panties but I stated that we were waiting till morning for love making. Confused he asked what was wrong and I said "nothing just wait till morning".

In the morning he was really ready to go into lovemaking and I wonder if he'd slept much the whole night in his aroused state. Trying to put his arms around me and embrace I pulled his hands down to his side and announced first we are going to talk. Sitting up and propping my pillows into reading position I proceed to tell him how I felt about him in panties. First, that I found them incredible attractive on him and not just when we were having sex but that

the act of seeing him wearing them really appealed to me. I told him that it was not strange in my mind and that it was something that was going to happen as a normal everyday thing. Then I explained that from today forward his underwear apparel was panties with functional daytime panties for underneath his clothes and sexier styles for night time wear.

He immediately protested with the expected arguments of gender dress appropriateness, "what if someone found out", and that this was not fair of me to ask this of him. My response was to reach for his now less than erect panty'd covered penis and slowly and lightly stroking it telling him that he really loved me in lingerie and I in turned loved him in panties. His erection returned and of course his will power deserted him as blood left his brain for his penis. Then I stated that I wanted his immediate and unconditional promise to wear panties all the time and after a moment he groaned and grunted promises which I made him repeat. We then made rapid but passionate love as we were now running late for work. As he prepared for his shower I explained the rules. The only time he would be out of panties is when he was in the shower but upon drying off he'd select and put on a clean pair before doing anything else such as brushing his teeth. He could select any pair for daytime use but I would select his night time panties every evening. He nodded his understanding then stepped into the shower. I went to retrieve his now dried new panties, quickly folded them, and enjoyed the moment putting them into his underwear drawer thinking that now it was his panty drawer. His last pair of men's briefs from the night before went into the kitchen trash bin.

After his shower I took mine and was truly thrilled when I stepped out to see him dressing with a pair of white cotton hi-cut panty briefs already on as he pulled up his pants and tucked in his shirt. He obviously had pulled out the white ones thinking they were less embarrassing but all of the packages of panties for daytime use included different colored pairs. He would find that in the days ahead the only clean ones would be pink, light blue, chiffon, etc..... His days in tidy white male briefs were over.

For the next few weeks I was on an emotional high as I reveled in having completed my plan and putting my husband into panties. I thrilled watching him dress and undress, taking the laundry down to the washing machine and later pulling out cleaned panties and hanging them to dry on our drying rack, and a few times catching him caressing his erection as the material did its

thing to his sensitive penis skin. We made love constantly and finally I called for a slow down to every day sex but then had to confront another issue --- his masturbation. I did not mind his masturbation so much as a natural male behavior but wanted to control it my way. In fact sometimes during love making after being satisfied I ended it by telling him to stroke himself while I watched for my own enjoyment, My solution was that while we still made love two to three times a week that at least once to twice a week I directed him to sit on the toilet and jerk off. The first time I did this was after sensing he wanted a quick morning fuck but I did not have the time. As we entered the master bathroom to get ready for the day I told him pull his panties down to his thighs and sit on the toilet seat. As he did so I retrieved some warming jell and took his hand squeezing an amount into his right hand and then directly telling him to empty his balls. He stared a bit dumbfounded at me so I leaned over kissed him and said, "I want those balls emptied now!" He got to work as I went about my morning routine and a few minutes later I turned and saw him left up slightly, point his erect penis into the toilet bowl and shoot a stream of semen for about five seconds stroking himself empty. Yes he was a bit embarrassed especially when I praised him with a "good boy" purr.

Well the good times can never be perfect all the time and after three weeks of bliss he started trying to rebel about wearing panties. We did not fight and never had really as I had always been in charge but he did start whining and resisting. I decided to let him just work through it thinking this was a natural phase of him getting accustomed to the panties and it would pass. I was wrong to handle it this way because one evening as we were undressing and I was selecting his night time sexy panties there he was in male Jockey briefs. I was stunned and then incredibly angry, speechless, and rapidly built up rage. I went to his panty drawer and there were three packages of new male briefs. He looked resentful and after a few minutes of me angrily telling him off about breaking his promise he stormed out of the bedroom. I shut and locked the door - he could sleep on the couch which is what he did for several nights. My daily anger was palpable and my co-workers noticed while my executive assistant walked on egg shells for several days.

Finally, one evening he broke down and apologized but then tried to weasel out of his promise which I flatly refused. That night he was back in panties and the new unworn male briefs got returned the next day. We returned to our normal routine for three to four weeks but then he'd go out and buy another supply of male briefs and then we'd go through another cold shoulder week.

This cycle of renegeing on his promises happened three times! At this point my anger was always simmering and ready to explode but I desperately wanted a solution --- a permanent solution.

My daily commute takes me by several shopping malls and one afternoon from a stoplight I noticed that one store front was actually a sex toy shop named Chrystal's. It was the type of place that I assumed sold over the top lingerie, lotions and potions, and cheesy toys having never actually been in this type of store. This day there was a large sign advertising all fetish items on sale. Suddenly in my angry mind there came the thought to go buy a nice flogger or whip to beat my husband's bottom with to end the cycle of his apparel misbehavior. Lucky for me I stopped in and found the solution - the permanent solution. A bit embarrassed I entered and started browsing the customer free store a clerk appeared and offered to help but this wasn't just a clerk -- this was Chrystal the owner and she soon helped me with a solution. She was about 45, normally but stylishly dressed, and still fit and attractive. A bit embarrassed I started out saying I was just looking but needed to find something different. I did not know what I meant by different but with a few confident and relaxed questions she deducted that I wanted something for my husband in the fetish area. After discussing a few items she confidently told me I was the dominant partner and then asked did I need something for more control. Yes more control that is what I needed and desperately wanted and adamantly stated so.

She led me over to a display case with some tube shaped devices made from either plastic or metal materials. Chrystal explained that these were male chastity tubes that prevented masturbation and sexual release for men. She was fully conversant in their use and the different features explaining in detail the advantages or disadvantages of each one. I asked several questions but the most important ones concerned how secure they were and how long a male could wear one. Several were no more than cheap toys of dubious application but she pointed out the ones designed for long term use and were nearly 100% secure. She then stated something that really got my attention by pointing to several metal devices and saying, "these are the best devices available and the Super Max is the best on the market preventing sexual release and giving dominants total control over their submissive." "Once locked on the Submissive he is at the beck and call of the Dominate keyholder -- imagine the 24/7 control you can achieve when you put this on him".

A plan started forming in my mind and I asked to inspect the Super Max. Pulling it from the case she showed me its features and how unique it was to other models. There were several types of finishes to the Max but all were a non-corrosive steel tube connected to a locking ring which she explained circled the penis and ball sack. The tube itself was about the size of a small sized flaccid penis, vented at the end, and it had three odd locking mechanisms. One lock was on top where the sack ring and tube connected and two underneath the tube at either end of where the penis would sit. Chrystal showed me why the Max was the most secure as these locking mechanisms required a very special round key (no locksmith could pick them) and being fixed mounted to the device could not be cut off like a simple padlock. She explained that placing the penis in the tube and the connecting locking ring around the sack then turning the locking mechanism until sufficient tightness is achieved so that it cannot be pulled off securely locks the penis in. Looking into the tube I watched as she turned the key in the external locking mechanism resulting in an internal rubberized gripping band decreasing in size and thus gripping the penis. She asked if my husband is circumcised (he is) and said the lower internal tip band would grip him behind the glans. The upper tube band would grip further up at the penis base and the sack ring when locked would restrict the balls and hold everything in place against the body. The venting at the bottom would allow normal urination but only in the seated position because of the severe downward curve of the tube and as the vent would lead to some sideways urine spraying. Although a novice on male chastity I could see that the Super Max would work perfectly but it wasn't cheap at \$495. I left the store with my new toy and a permanent solution plan, plus with Chrystal's request that I return and tell her how it worked out.

A few days later at what I thought an appropriate moment I took my husband into the bedroom in order to lock him into the Max. He obediently dropped his pants on command and stood by while I attempted to lock it on him but my actions were clumsy and not working. First, his penis seemed too large for the tube and I struggled to get the sack ring completely around the sack. I fumbled for several minutes but nothing seemed to work and finally I gave up very disappointed. My plan for permanency in control seemed a disaster before really getting started.

Remembering Chrystal's request to tell her how it turned out I called her the next day and asked what the return policy was thinking anything I had tried to use would be non-returnable. However, she said that she would take it back



and certainly charge a restocking and sanitizing fee but that as an alternative why didn't I bring my husband in and she would show me how to fit and lock it as she was confident that with her experience it could be done. I wanted to think it over having never done something so kinky as actually have a third party even remotely a part of our relationship but upon further thinking acknowledged that I really wanted a permanent solution and this sounded practical. So I called her back and made an appointment for a few days hence around lunch time then texted my husband telling him to plan on a lunch date that day and it would be longer than usual.

A few doors down from Chrystal's was a decent Italian family restaurant and my husband met me there and we had a normal lunch time conversation and meal taking about an hour. Leaving the restaurant instead of heading for our cars I took his hand and headed for Chrystal's and could feel his nervousness as we entered. Today there appeared to be two other employees in the store of which one was a man in his 40s dressed in clean but manual labor type work clothes and a very young 20ish petite girl dressed in a short skirt and tight white blouse unbuttoned to show her cleavage. Both had shiny steel bands around their necks and I had the strongest impression that these bands were locked there. Chrystal came forward greeting me with a bright smile as if we'd know each for awhile but ignored my husband. In ignoring him she wasn't expressing overt rudeness and just not seeing him at the moment. After a handshake clasp with me she said for us to follow her and she led us past the changing rooms to a door marked employee only and paused looking at the two employees with a nod indicating they were to mind the store. Leading us through the door and down a hallway she opened a door to a room that was sparsely furnished with a table, some chairs, a small refrigerator, and a strange wooden X shaped cross piece of equipment with open leather belt like items attached to it at various points mounted against the wall. Bidding me to be seated at the table she asked if I was still of the same mind as I indicated in my phone call and I said that yes I was. She turned to my husband and taking his arm she turned him so his back was to the X shaped cross furnishing and started to push him back towards it. He looked at me and started to resist but I simply said "relax and let Chrystal do this". For her part she finally looked him in the eye for the first time and said she wasn't going to hurt him while guiding him against the wooden X. Then with easy and practiced movements she raised first one arm then another buckling each wrist into a leather shackle, followed by buckling a leather belt across his neck holding his head up and firmly against the wooden cross, then a longer belt

went over his waist and was buckled holding his body against the cross. Finally, she knelt down and swung U shaped metal bands attached on each side of the cross round each ankle that moved into some type of locking mechanism that engaged with a loud metallic click. I marveled at how quickly but without haste or force she had immobilized him.

Then turning to me she asked for "the item" and I produced the Max with keys from my purse and handed it to her. His expression was quite fearfully at this moment and his eyes were opened very wide in astonishment. Pulling a chair and a stool over to him she sat down and proceeded to unbuckle his belt and pants in order to pull them down. He started to squirm immediately trying to get free and started saying "no stop stop" repeatedly but Chrystal ignored him pulling his pants down to his knees revealing his light blue bikini cotton panties. This obviously caused him unbearable embarrassment and something made him stop squirming, and go speechless staring off into space.

At this point she pulled his panties down to his mid thighs and grasping his balls and penis began to assess and study them moving them to one side then inspecting the underside of the sack and shaft. Turning to me she said that she had two things to teach me today in properly locking a Max onto a male. Getting up she went to the refrigerator and got out a small reusable ice pack and then retrieved a plastic container of dental floss from a storage box on the table. Bidding me to watch she applied the ice pack to his penis and balls which immediately started shrinking in size. While doing this she explained to me (ignoring him) that in order to get the tightest most secure locking fit it was good technique to take the male genitals down to their smallest size. After a few minutes she laid down the ice pack and picking up the dental floss she pulled out about 18 inches tearing it clear of the container. She then placed the middle section of the dental floss around penis just behind the glans and looped it around a few times but did not tie it in place just left it hanging. Then she picked up the Max and threaded the floss through the tube until she could pull it from the vent end. Sliding the tube up over his penis she pulled on the floss bring him completely into the tube. The sack ring was then swung through its locking mechanism encircling the sack at which point she picked up and inserted a key into first the sack ring and then the tube tip locking mechanisms giving each about two full turns. During the last event she said not to get the tube tip too tight just yet or the dental floss would end up trapped around the glans. Then with one deft movement she pulled on one end of the floss pulling it free out the vent of the tube. Then in order she

locked the sack ring and tube tip with two more full revolutions and the base lock with five revolutions. The Max was on perfectly and securely locked with the whole process taking about a minute - and a permanent loss of control for my husband.

Chrystal turned to me with one hand around the Max and with firm but non-injuring tugs demonstrated just how securely the thing was on him. With each tug he gave out an anguished groan and attempted to look down but the neck strap prevented it. Chrystal then stated something to me that was perfect music to my ears, "you are completely in control now and this penis is more yours than his". By this time my panties were soaked and I could barely speak or acknowledge her and what I had just witnessed. She gave me a few minutes to quietly savor the moment then stated it was time for me to head for the bank and a safe deposit box to safe guard the keys.

As I stood to leave she asked if she could take some body measurements of my husband to complete a customer data profile before she released him to go back to work. I mumbled a yes and exited out the door with my head in a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions. She also said that she would give him some written information on the Max's level of total security, and care and cleanliness of his new appendage to bring home. Later he told me that as she released him and watched while he inspected the Max that he was in complete shock not hearing a word she said so was eventually glad she had written instructions for him.

In shock myself I got to the bank and activated a safe deposit box in my name only where I deposited the keys for safekeeping. Now that the Max was locked on there was no way other than keys to successfully get it off because while a skilled metal craftsman could ultimately get it off that would entail damage to the equipment inside. When he was dressing or undressing the Max's appearance was quite engrossing to me with its shiny all encompassing stainless steel tube around the penis, the locked steel ring around the ball sack, and how it curved down and into his lower groin. When he was dressed it was not noticeable to anyone but me with nothing but a slightly larger male bulge. Of course he knew it was there every moment and his body language showed it with his facial expression and somewhat tentative movements.

For a few days my husband and I barely spoke as it took the shock that long to wear off. Then there were a few days of awkward conversations until one day after work he blurted out that "he could not wear the Max anymore!" My

response was deadly cold but true, "you're not wearing the Max - it is locked on and I have the keys so get use to it!" For ten minutes we stared mutely at one another then he asked me to "unlock it" to which I said, "no not until I get what I want and you promised". Another 10 minute stare and he said, "Fine I'll wear panties for you", and my response was that "he had made promises before only to break them". More silence and then he asked "how can I convince you that I won't break anymore promises about wearing panties" and I told him to wait a moment while I retrieved a prepared document from my brief case. Handing the document to him he started reading but quickly looked up to say something but my look silenced him. Finishing the document he put it down and stated "I don't think I can go through with it" but I stated "your choices are few and the best one is to agree to the provisions in the document and signing it". An hour later the document was signed and in my brief case for deposit the next day in my safe deposit box.

The document provisions included a full admission of his promises made and broken about wearing panties full time, and a more thorough and lifelong commitment statement to accepting my dominance that included he wearing panties full time forever, and an acknowledgement that he accepted being locked into the Super Max for one year. Finally, the last provision was that should he break another promise about the panties the document was null and void including the limit of one year sentence locked in the Super Max. The document was dated for that and he did not get credit for time already served.

It took about a week till our day to day contact seemed comfortable, relaxed, and outwardly normal. The first few days seemed very awkward for him in just simple conversations and clearly he was embarrassed about his locked and controlled condition. I had little opportunity at first to observe his locked up penis as he kept his back to me as he quickly pulled his panties down before stepping into the shower and did the same in reverse after getting out of the shower. He would keep his back to me while quickly drying off then step into panties before turning around. Our nightly ritual before the locking had been for me to lay out his sexy nighttime panties that he would put on before crawling into bed. Out of curiosity and a desire to see his locked state I changed the ritual to having him undress facing me then put on the nighttime panties I handed him in front of me. At first during this nighttime ritual change I gripped and inspected the Max which caused him some discomfort has I could see through the vent slots that his penis was attempting to swell to an erection. One night he begged me to stop saying it was torturing him and I

did so but told him no more turning his back to me in the mornings as he shed and donned his panties. He promised to always dress facing me - and he kept that promise. Control is a wonderful thing.

After about two weeks our love making resumed with lots of kissing and caressing, intense oral and fingering orgasms for me, but of course his panties stayed up as there was no sense in pulling them down. I would caress and kiss him all over until I felt him start to get emotionally tense then stopped and we'd cuddly till falling asleep. The other changes were that having to sit to urinate seemed to bother him at first apparently thinking it was too feminine but I noticed that after about a few weeks he unabashedly sat down on the toilet for his morning pee. However, at first I did have to remind him that besides shaking the Max to get the urine drops out he needed to wipe the device end also.

Driving home one weekend day from shopping I was passing Chrystal's and decided to drop in and tell her how it was going. The store while not packed had several customers but I was not a bit embarrassed being in the store and seeing Chrystal with a customer did some browsing. Soon done with her customer Chrystal approached with a warm greeting and we started chatting normally like old friends. After about five minutes she inquired how my husband liked the Super Max and being locked up, plus did I like the control it gave me. I replied that I loved the total control and that it had resolved an issue for our marriage but also that my husband's reply if he were here would be from a totally different perspective. She asked why - didn't he like his submissive role? To that I said that yes he generally liked his submissive role but the Max had ended a problem in his behavior that he had been resisting plus no male likes being locked up for a full year. Her expression turned to one of being stunned and shocked and her concerned verbal reaction was "oh dear oh dear - we have to have a talk". Leading me to her back office she called out to her clerks addressing them as "boy" and "girl" to mind the store.

Seated in her office she offered me a class of wine that I accepted and said we had something serious to talk about. First, she told me about her past professional experience as a dominatrix until influenced by law enforcement in another locale to retire and go into the sex shop retail business. Her point was that she had long term experience in dominant and submissive role play, understood control needs, and non-vanilla type relationships. Certainly I was shocked but having lost some of my inhibitions recently listened with rapped

attention and active listening. She herself lived a totally dominant lifestyle and at this point I asked about her employees with the implied question of their status. Very matter of factly she said "boy lost his dominant wife last year to cancer and was lost without a dominant woman to look after him so I took him in to my house as a slave. Girl is a fully consensual slave who because of her youth was about to be taken terrible advantage of in the BDSM underground so concerned friends steered her to me while I find her a suitable and loving master". Also she told me that the steel collars locked on their throats were hers and she had slave registry numbers from the House of Tanos tattooed on their bottoms. She was obviously comfortable with herself, lifestyle, and confident in her roles in all of her relationships. Most of what she explained to me was information unknown to me but I made mental notes to investigate more later.

Chrystal then moved onto her main point for having a private chat in her office and that was my as yet unrecognized responsibilities as a keyholder of my chastity locked husband. She explained that most who enter into a 24/7 chastity relationship do so over time, with a more forethought of understanding why, and finally a commitment to the lifestyle. She asked why I placed him into chastity so I opened up and explained the whole issue and that locking the Max on him was both an effort to get him to honor his panty promise and confession on my part to punish him. That was fine she advised but that one year lock up was excessive and was going to cause problems that were going to come that I would have to know how to deal with. Upon hearing this I asked what other problems and had I really done something wrong. She stated no I had done nothing wrong but should have done more research on my solution first and that a sentence of 30 to 90 days is what most dominants would have chosen. To this I voiced that I could always reduce his lock up time having made my point on his promises. At this point she passionately said no not to reduce the sentence, what is done is done, reducing the sentence will give away control that I can never regain. The one year sentence was going to stay.

She then went on to some of the problems to expect and the major one was that at around the four to six month time frame he was going to become crazy depressed for a while, that I could expect a lot whiney complaining, disobedience, and demands to be unlocked. Also to expect lots of conniving and attempts at manipulation that he had to learn failed every time. She stressed that I could not respond right away in putting down this rebellion but

had to let it build and then take decisive action that would take him down several notches in submission and add to my control. The "how" to do this was in physical punishment and she recommended caning across his bare bottom. This was something I needed to prepare for and plan ahead so that whatever I chose to do came off perfectly in execution. She then asked about our home and its set up which is a two story townhouse that is relatively large and with ample room for a couple. She asked which room would be useful for punishment to which I did not have an answer so we agreed that she would survey the house for me and recommend some accessories I would need. Of course she added that she would charge nothing for any suggestions but all accessories would have to be paid for. We made and agreed on an appointment time when my husband would not be at home.

Then she laid a few other bombshells on me that were completely outside my realm of experience to that time. One was his prostrate and that in order to keep it healthy he would have to be "milked" at least once every month but she recommended at least twice a month. This process would empty his balls of semen without giving him an orgasm and the humiliation of the procedure caused an even greater sense of control loss. There upon she had me wait a moment while she retrieved a small dildo shaped device with a handle from the store display area. She explained that lubricated and inserted into the anus it was shaped so that a rhythmic motion against the prostrate would affect the release of semen from the erection restricted penis. I expressed some hesitance about knowing how to do this and she said she could show me the first time at the store and then I could do it at home or she could do it on a scheduled basis for a reasonable fee. We schedule an appointment for my husband's first milking.

The next topic was my sexual satisfaction for the rest of the year which really had not crossed my mind in my anger. I guess that I just felt the need for control and would try to stay satisfied with oral and manual stimulation from him. Chrystal advised that I felt that way now but what about later when the desire for intercourse would increase over time. The solution she said was to buy (from her of course) a strap on dildo that he could wear when I felt the need for penetration intercourse and she had catalogues for me to take home and chose from if I made that decision.

Finally to end the chat she brought up exercise and that while the Max was very lightweight it would still pull down on his scrotum during rigorous

exercise such as jogging. An old fashion male jock strap was out of the question we both agreed as that was getting too far away from panties and was something he chose to do. The solution was to make him wear a control top panty or a panty girdle during exercise.

This was a lot of information for me to digest but it needed to be done as these were things I had not understood before buying the Max and arranging for its installation. Chrystal sent me on my way with a milking appointment scheduled for the next week at the store so she could show me how to do it, an appointment to survey the house for a place of punishment for the anticipated future rebellion, a catalogue of sex toys with different styles and types of strap on dildos, and a new mature understanding of my responsibilities as a dominant in managing and controlling my submissive. At home I spent several hours researching the web and confirmed everything that Chrystal had told me so yes she was in the retail business but she knew her dominance completely.

A few days later she came to the house as scheduled with some tools, a suitcase of accessories, and surveying the house determined that our large walk in closet connected to the master bedroom would be suitable. Locating a suitable mounting spot for a small electric pulley device in the corner near the ceiling in an unobtrusive spot she drilled holes and using heavy duty screws mounted it. She ran a power cord into the ceiling hooking it up to an attic power outlet and then installed a switch mid way up a wall behind a rack of my clothes. Testing it she showed me how the steel cable could be retracted or extended out with the small but powerful electric motor and that it was rated for 250 pounds which I did not understand the significance of. So she explained that my husband weighed around 150 pounds so it would be strong enough to pull him and hold him too. She produced some strong, and connected with a short chain, leather cuffs pad locking the connecting chain to the looped cable end that could then be locked around my husband's wrists. She said that I could use regular hand cuffs but she recommended against them for this use as they caused bruising when squirming under punishment.

She asked if I had decided on what type of punishment tools and I reminded her (yes I had been listening during our chat) that she had recommended caning. From her bag she produced several simple two foot slender canes made from bamboo and set them on the floor. The next moment was a total unforeseen event as she took my left wrist buckled and locked it into a cuff



then my right wrist followed into the other cuff. Stepping over to the switch she activated the motor and my wrists and arms were pulled up until fully over my head. I was standing flat on my feet but was just on the verge of going on my toes. One moment I was standing next to her and the next I was cuffed and immobilized. Suddenly scared I asked "what are you doing" and she quieted me saying I needed to know how to do this explaining I could injure my husband's arms and shoulders if pulled too high. Also that too low and his movement to avoid punishment would make things more difficult. While talking and explaining the finer points of restraining someone for punishment she unbuttoned and unzipped my skirt and it fell to the floor. She pulled my half slip down until it too fell then my panties were tugged down to my ankles. The bottom at the back of my blouse was pulled up and placed under my bra strap - and now my bottom was fully exposed. Suddenly I knew what she was going to do.

Picking up a cane I burst out that she needed to "let me down right now that this is not something I want to do or need!" Chrystal let me vent for a moment and then said this was something I needed to know about from the receiving end so that I could apply the cane when the time came. She then started slowly tapping the cane against my bottom explaining that it really did not need to be used with large wide arm strokes. I was really apprehensive and squirmed with each contact of the cane with Chrystal making the point to note how I felt so that when delivering a caning I would know what I was causing to my husband. The first series of cane taps barely stung but then in the next series she started snapping the cane into me and the pain intensity went up. She then demonstrated the different areas of the bottom such as the center crevice had greater sensitivities than the sides of the bottom and that the upper back thighs were very sensitive too. Finally she stopped for a moment catching her breath while I gave into my tears and anguish while she said the next five were for real. The next five criss crossed by flaming hot bottom raising welts and taking my pain to never before felt levels. And then it was over but Chrystal left me hanging for several minutes with her arm around my waist until I could calm down enough to listen to her words. "Remember how this feels inside; note the pain, the helplessness, the fear, and the loss of control. When you have to do this for the first time your submissive needs to feel this all completely." I sobbed that I understood and with that she activated the switch and the cable started lowering till my wrists were at my waist and then she unbuckled them. I almost collapsed but she held me up, lifted first one leg then the other out of my panties, and turned me around to the door

guiding me to the master bathroom where she had me look in the mirror at the welts. Then she guided me to the bed and laid me face down with the guidance to relax for a moment. She left and I heard her in the kitchen opening the refrigerator and then running some water. Chrystal returned with a large Ziploc bag of ice water which she gently placed on my red hot bottom and continued to use soothing words to get me back to sanity. The ice pack finally took a lot of the pain away but the knowledge that I had for the first time in my life received severe physical punishment was indelibly burned into my mind. The demonstration was too good and I got the message that dominates control and submissives submit and obey or face an extraordinary life changing event.

Gradually the ice pack took most of the pain away and cooled my bottom so my brain started functioning again. Later I would develop some anger about Chrystal's caning me but resolved it with the reasoning behind it and the acceptance that she was right. I did need to know what I was doing when the time came and we spent two hours sitting and laying on the bed discussing control, orgasm denial, the different roles in my marriage, and my goals and objectives. It was at this point I truly began to get a deeper understanding of my wants and needs plus accept the responsibilities a dominant carries in regards to submissive. She also made a strong point that I must never punish him for my enjoyment as that would lead to me simply using him as an instrument to satisfy sadistic desires and lead away from the many positives in controlling him. I told her that I did not think I was capable of doing that but she said most dominants did enjoy it as an expression of control but I could not make it the central point when punishment was required. So after two hours I felt prepared to work through and plan for the things my husband and I were about to experience. And first things first were to put my bottom half clothes back on. The final irony in this event for me was that the accessories cost over \$500 - in effect I paid for my own caning and punishment.

The next week Chrystal called to confirm my husband's first milking appointment and on a Saturday morning I took him in at 10 a.m. After a month in the Max he was more relaxed and seemed to have accepted that there was another 11 months locked up ahead for him. He was submissive and obedient around the house so after a short non-resistive quizzical look when I told him in the morning we had a 10 o'clock appointment, without telling him where, nothing seemed to be unusual about what was going to happen. As we pulled in the parking spot for Chrystal's he tensed up somewhat but I assured him

nothing was going to hurt him and took his hand outside the car leading him into the store. He appeared a bit embarrassed to see several customers when there had been none on his previous visit and as usual on a weekend Chrystal was busy with a customer but waved us to some seats near the back of the store. A few minutes later she came for us and greeted me warmly and cheerfully as before while ignoring him. Taking us into the back he became visibly tenser but quietly followed us into a different room than his previous locking up appointment.

This room was also sparsely furnished with a table, some chairs, a sink, and a small two foot high metal framed piece of equipment on the floor. The metal equipment had a padded center piece with restraint leather cuffs connected to its support frame underneath. It looked like a barbell workout bench without the supports upon which a bench press would sit. Advising me to take a seat Chrystal turned and addressed my husband asking how he was doing and inquiring about his well being. She spoke in very soothing tones and I sense she was trying to take some of the tenseness out of him but he could barely mumble in reply which annoyed me so I told him to speak up and more clearly. He responded that he would and then she said got to the point asking about his locked status. "Had he been locked up since his last visit? Had he read the security and cleanliness instructions? Any problems in urination and was he always doing so in the sitting position? Was he learning to adjust to no access to his penis? No masturbation?" Her questions came out calmly and very matter of factly with his answers clearly spoken if only a yes or no. Finally he was asked if he wanted to ask any questions and said no but added without prompting that I had decided he was to be locked up for a year with no release. To this she replied that he must have been a bad boy to deserve a whole year in more a tone of statement than question.

Next Chrystal stated that being chastity locked for extended periods males had a health maintenance issue that had to be addressed on a regular basis. She paused and then directed him to take off his shoes and pants. He paused looking at me and I simply said, "shoes and pants off right now". He sighed and bent over to untie his shoes then stepped out of them and reached up and unbuckled his belt and opened his pants sliding them off. Taking his pants from his hand she draped them over a chair and then turned him to face the metal stand telling him to kneel down and lean his torso onto the padded section. He was very tense all over again and she assured him she wasn't going to hurt him as she guided him into position on his knees with his front

torso resting on the pad. Once again with smooth practiced ease she immobilized him buckling first his wrists into leather locking cuffs attached underneath on the frame, a longer leather belt around his waist holding him to the padded section and finally his ankles were leather shackled to the frame extending out from the rear of the support frame but at an angle so that his knees were spread about 18 inches. Then she placed her hand on his Jockey for Her white cotton briefs and he jerked his whole body as if shocked with electricity. The overall tension in the room was surreal - he embarrassed, confused, and scared about the unknown, me enjoying the underlying sexual tone, and Chrystal's calm matter of fact voice and measured movements.

At this point she pulled a chair over and pulled his panties down to his knees and began examining the Super Max and the enclosed genitals. Gently moving the Max around while thoroughly inspecting its security and cleanliness she told him he was following the instructions nicely and he must continue to do so. Next she got up and went to the sink picked out a fresh wash cloth then running some warm water to moisten it came back to gently scrub his anus for a few moments before drying him off with a dry cloth. Then she positioned a medium sized metal bowl on the floor under his Super Max locked penis that was hanging down pointed to the floor.

Coming over to the table she opened a jewelry box and pulled out a thin soft blue rubber finger attachment device and a soft skin colored latex curved and ribbed dildo. She then explained that the attachment device would allow a person to have a sense of touch when locating the prostrate without violating any cleanliness protocols and could also perform the functions needed for the entire process if desired. But she would show me other techniques as she reached into the box producing some medical lube in a tube. Following her over to my immobilized husband who was apparently not ready to receive by his body language she squeezed an amount of lube on his anus. Popping the finger attachment device on her right index finger she smoothly slipped it into him moving it for a moment and stated that the prostrate felt normal but after a month of non- release it needed to be exercised and the balls drained. He groaned and squirmed but said nothing with his head turned facing the wall as she massaged his prostrate. After a few minutes I noticed semen coming out of the vents on the tip of the Max and had not noticed any indications of male orgasm such as scrotum contractions or pulsing. Semen was simply flowing out of him and not being ejaculated. Then pulling out of him she discarded the finger attachment and retrieved a clean one for me, applied

some additional lube and placing the thing on my finger it was my turn. With instructions from her I entered him and after a few moments found the prostate which I confirmed by describing it to her while I massaged it. More semen came out the vents and more groans from up front.

After a few minutes I pulled out and she directed me to discard and wash my hands. I was thinking that we were done when she went to the corner of the room brought over what appeared to be an attachment for the metal body frame immobilizer. Attaching this new device to the rear of the frame and between his locked ankles I saw it had some moving mechanism and an electrical cord which she plugged into a wall outlet. After positioning the attachment centered on his bottom she retrieved the latex dildo and fixed it on this attachment with the business end pointed at his anus. He could see none of this but could certainly hear something being done behind him and must have apprehensively wondered what could happen next. The next was more lube on him and on the dildo followed by Chrystal using switches to drive the thing to his anus starting entry. On touching him he immediately double clinched his sphincter but the thing was already an inch into him. She moved to his head and quietly told him, "do not fight it or clench as it will hurt so just relax and give in". His response was a "please noooo" but she replied "it's going to happen". Moving back to the machine she completed the entry action and then adjusted the machine into a slow and gently extension deep into him then partially retracting. Semen was still coming out.

We returned to the table sitting down to watch while she explained that in order to get a full complete milking the machine was a must do. Finger attachments could get a lot of semen out but a full dildo massage was necessary to drain all of it. I asked how long it would take and her answer was about 10 minutes to ensure every last drop was extracted. With that she said she was going upfront to check on the store so I needed to stay with him for safety reasons. After she was gone he groaned for me to please turn it off and that he could not take it anymore. I pulled a chair over to him stroked his head and told him it was for his own good while he was locked up.

About 10 minutes later Chrystal re-entered and cheerfully asked "all done?" and checked the bowl on the floor which now held what looked like a full cup of cum. It was more than I'd ever seen in my life come out of a male! Then she turned off the machine and manually pulled the dildo free of him and detached it from the machine taking it to the sink to be cleaned and

disinfected for later use on him. The finger attachments being cheap and sterilized coming out of the package could be one time use items. She began unbuckling him and I noticed he was quietly sobbing which tugged at my heart strings but I knew there was no going back to our issues over the panties and that this was for his own good. Once free he stood up and I handed him his pants and she and I both watched as he first pulled up his panties and then put the pants on belting them up. Then I told him to put on his shoes while she called me to the sink and instructed me in how to safely clean and disinfect the dildo. When we were done it went into my purse without a second thought and she said that I probably needed a supply of finger attachments before leaving to which I agreed.

Before leaving the store I paid for the dildo, a supply of lube, and enough finger attachments to last the year. Then consulting her calendar we selected a date for a follow on milking appointment in a month and she wrote out a short appointment reminder card to put on his calendar. I had decided on monthly milkings by Chrystal the professional and in-between milkings by me at home. His prostrate was going to stay healthy during his locked year.

Getting back in the car we drove for several minutes before he blurted out that "You can't do this to me -- putting me into panties, locking me up, and raping me isn't right". "I'm your husband and you're supposed to love me but doing these things to me is hurting me and I want out now!" His ranting went on for several minutes while I did not respond and passing one of our city parks I pulled in and parked saying let's go for a walk. Walking for several minutes I noticed a nice and quiet shady spot in the grass to sit and said its time for a talk. Sitting down I proceed to tell him I loved him but knew from the beginning that I was always going to be the dominant one in any relationship and had picked him because he responded to this with a submissiveness that greatly appealed to me and literally tingled my toes. I did not want to hurt him but he had to understand that I felt betrayed when he broke his promises about the panties and especially the way he did it repeatedly. I explained that having done lots of research (leaving out the part of researching after the fact) that chastity was a successful way for a dominant submissive relationship to evolve and could be done in a loving way. If he wanted gentleness and love in our relationship then he need to reach into himself and express more submission and obedience. He talked about his feeling humiliated and controlled and my response was that I understood the humiliation (which I certainly did after my caning by Chrystal) but he had brought it all on himself.

As far as controlling him I said that was completely true - it was happening but he enjoyed it most of the time but it could not be turned off on a whim when it suited him.

So we talked about everything but the milking for over two hours until we finally came to his experience that morning. Once again he claimed it was rape and I firmly denied that because milking was a necessary standard procedure for long term male chastity. I remind him how gentle Chrystal had been and that future milkings would be less traumatic because the fear would be gone and the release of semen would always make him feel better about his locked up state. Finally he asked "Can we just please start over with the panties" and I said no we were on a path defining our roles to a degree not normally achieved. If he tried he was going to find himself and greater happiness so that when given release by me in 11 months he could never go back. After that we kissed and he said he would be "good" and I said that was fine but I wanted him to be a "good boy" and intended to make him one.

So that emotional crises was resolved and for the next few weeks I could see my husband getting more relaxed in his locked up state and less embarrassed when I periodically checked the Max with my hands and eyes. I did not hesitate to do it whenever the thought came into my head and I developed the habit of when we did our daily work departure and return kiss to fondle his panty'd bottom for a moment. Love making for me was sweet and pleasurable with my husband giving me as much oral and manual pleasure as I wanted and when I wanted. He had to learn to be content with only getting pleasure knowing he pleased me - nothing else.

Two weeks passed since his milking at Chrystal's and I made a mental note on a Saturday that later in the day he would receive a prostrate massage with one of the finger tip attachments. Later in the afternoon he completed some household chores that I had given him to do and got sweaty cleaning up our garage as it was a hot day so when done he ask if he could shower and I said yes but first you are going to get a milking. His facial expression turned a little embarrassed but he went into the bathroom as directed and stripped down to his panties while I readied the attachment, lube, a small two ounce Dixie cup, and wet a wash cloth. I sat on the closed toilet seat and had him get on all fours with his bottom facing me and then lowered his panties down his thighs to his knees and then spent a few minutes inspecting the Max. He was indeed doing a good job of keeping it clean and clear of any skin or soap residue and

told him so. He was very quiet and still. Then I wiped his anus with the wash cloth, opened a finger attachment package, lubed it and added some lube to his anus, inserted my right index finger and found his prostate. My left hand gripped him lightly around his left hip in case he tried to pull away but he stayed obediently in place. I was slow and gentle but his anatomy here was very sensitive and his posture indicated that emotions and feelings were centered on what I was doing. Once the massage started I reached in front of him handing him the cup and told him to hold it under the Max tip. He stayed bent over on his knees on one hand and with the other hand held the cup just under his locked penis.

We had a small clock radio in the bathroom and I noted the time when I got started with the massage and after two minutes semen started to dribble out of the vented Max and I continued to the seven minute point when I saw the semen dribble had stopped. I continued for another minute because I wanted to be thorough - there was no ejaculation just semen release. During the whole procedure he stayed stock still but his demeanor indicated that there was a lot going on in his head. Finally I stopped and slowly withdrew and took the small cup from him and observed that he had filled it up three quarters to the top. I pulled the attachment off my finger placing it in the cup and set it aside. Then I placed both my hands on his bottom, praised him, and asked how he felt. His response revealed submissiveness and was truthful saying "I needed milking and I feel that I've been emptied without an orgasm". My responses "ok boy shower time you've been very good today".

As the next months passed we got into an easy rhythm and weekly I chatted by phone with Chrystal on our progress. Sometimes we had coffee or lunch together as we got to know each other a lot better. I marveled at how normal women we seemed to be whom just happened to be dominants and had organized our lives to satisfy that part of us. She relayed one day that she had found a good dominant home for her slave girl and felt positive that she had done the right thing by her. A couple who were both dominant resolved potential conflict by deciding to take girl in as a household servant, train her to their needs, and be responsible for her care and submissiveness.

My husband reported by himself once a month to Chrystal's for a machine milking on a Saturday and usually first thing in the morning so he could get to his assigned chores. She reported that he kept his embarrassment but never gave her any problems in getting the procedure done and always giving a



good release of semen. One time Chrystal called and said unexpectedly she would be out of town for one of his Saturday appointments but could take him earlier in the week so what did I want to do? We agreed that while early in his milking schedule and short notice he could get it done that day after work and that she would use a new dildo on him as the original was at home. I called him at work explaining the situation briefly and then told him to stop by Chrystal's after work and get his milking done. His voice quivered a bit over the phone apparently taking him by surprise but he did as he was told without complaint.

Then as Chrystal predicted several things began to happen after the five month point. First, I began to crave penetration which I resolved by introducing my old vibrator into our love making which he used while orally stimulating me but then that did not feel good enough. So after thinking about it for a few days, looking through catalogues with strap on dildos, I stopped in to see Chrystal to chat and consult with her about it. She had a few suggestions and I determined the style and model I wanted but unfortunately she did not have it in stock so ordered it for delivery to my home. It arrived a week later and the suspense drove me crazy but gave me time to plan how to introduce my husband to it. I decided rather than surprise him during a sex session that I'd tell him about it beforehand and my expectations of him in its use. As a dominant and in control of him there was no need for me to stage a scene or manipulate an event to happen - I could just do it.

When it arrived I sat him down that evening and told him what was going to change during our love making. He listened but got a bit of hoarse edge in his voice when he observed that my sexual satisfaction was being addressed while he was still locked up. Taken aback because I had gotten comfortable with his day to day obedience and submissiveness and then I started to flash to anger but remembered Chrystal's recommendation to not respond at first to his beginning more resistance. I did say though that his needs could very well be rewarded right now except for his promise problem and that yes my needs came first and the strap on was going to be used. However, it was clear that as predicted the rebellion was starting.

I called Chrystal the next day to discuss it and she said give it about a week to build in him then get him into our as yet unused punishment room and introduce him to a cane. She told me to start practicing with the buckles and the pulley so that when the time came he would be immobilized before he

could really resist and it had become too late. So every day for a week while he wasn't around I practiced with the buckles and pulley rehearsing the scenario and my required actions through my head until I knew that I could pull it off. I also made a note to not worry about getting it perfect the first time as good enough would do and that I should not worry about over doing it with the cane. Better too much than not enough.

A few days later I had my husband use the strap on me for the first time. We were having sex and I had climaxed and was deciding whether to go for number two when I internally said yes but this time with penetration from an artificial penis. Getting up from the bed I pulled my husband over to my dresser and pulled the harness out and started buckling him in. He looked on and did not resist or say anything. In a moment it was on with the front center piece resting on his pubic bone and I popped the dildo into place. He reached down and gripped the dildo as he had once done his penis and followed me back to the bed. We continued love making and he seemed a little distracted but responded well enough bring me to the brink when I rolled him over on his back and straddled the thing taking it into me. Rocking my hips and I told him to push and thrust which he did until I orgasmed. Recovering slowly I gently unstrapped it from him and took it into the bathroom laying it in his sink. Tomorrow he could wash and clean it for its next use.

Snuggling we fell asleep but the first episode with the strap on had lit his fuse and over the next few days his behavior became increasingly abominable. Gone was the sweet submissiveness and dutiful obedience. He started each day grumpy, moody, and his only words to me were increasingly rude. Then just home from work one afternoon he ducked my greeting kiss and blurted out "you can keep me locked up for a year but I don't have to service you!" I paused sensing the time had come and with no detectable anger on my part said "ok come with me" while taking his hand. He came along and no doubt later regretted doing as I took him through the living room and master bedroom into the walk in closet which would shortly be christened as our punishment room.

Pulling him by the hand to the back corner of the room with the light off and standing in front of him his visibility was limited. With my back to him I grabbed a cuff wrapped and buckled it around his wrist in a few practiced seconds. Swinging to face him I had the other cuff on his other wrist before he had any sense to pull away. Two little padlocks quickly insured the cuffs were

staying on until unlocked. Then I stepped to the light switch bringing some focus to him as to what just happened as he stared at his cuffed wrists at his mid section. He was still dumbfounded when the electric pulley system started raising his arms up and started trying to pull away. Vocally he tried to say something of coherent protest but the "stop", "what", and "hey" really did not address adequately what was happening or in the least bit make me stop. When his arms were straight up but his feet were almost ready to pull up I stopped the motor. He pulled but without much leverage all he had was nothing more than a physical demonstration of his futile position. Stepping behind him I began unbuckling his belt, unbuttoning his trousers, and pulling his zipper down. Grabbing the top of his pants with both hands from his back I kneeled on one knee and yanked them down to his ankles in one rapid motion. At this point my actions slowed as I started pulling the tops of his panties down and found myself enjoying this part of the event. I left his panties at his knees and then flipped the back of his knit shirt up over his head which blocked his view.

The time from his outburst in the living room to his being immobilized and butt bared for punishment took less than two minutes. At this time he found his voice and using my name demand that I let him down and that he was not going to put up with anything on my part. He repeated his demands several times and sputtered exasperatedly more each time. I had said nothing since telling him in the living room to come with me. I said nothing as I pulled a cane from the shelf and positioned myself for using a right forehand application of the cane. His first inkling that something was coming was the swish of the cane through the air that landed squarely across the middle of his bottom and both cheeks raising a red hot welt. It hurt him a lot but also surprised him as I had never physically punished him so his initial response was a squirm to get away as more strikes came down on him. With his pants and panties bunched around his ankles he could squirm but not really move to avoid the strokes. I did not rush each strike but tried to get in a rhythm that allowed me to aim my blows at new territory as I methodically turned his back side and upper thighs into a mass of criss crossing red welts. Changing to his other side I switched to a backhanded motion allowing me to give equally attention to all areas of his bottom - I spared nothing.

Finally, I paused and realized he was howling in pain and agony and while I could not see his face I could tell it was fully engulfed in tears, saliva and snot. I remembered how I'd felt at Chrystal's hands and knew he was feeling the

total loss of control, helplessness, and emotional despair. For several minutes I waited while I caught my breath with a lot of personal astonishment at what I had done and feeling like I had won something - and yes I was sexually aroused. The sight of his nakedness, body movements, and red welts given by me had resulted in my panties being soaked from my pussy wetness. It was a very powerful feeling and I knew that he must be made to completely feel his loss of control. There was more to come.

After a few minutes his howling died down to tortured sobs with his panting breath coming in hoarse animal like explosions. Stepping up against him I very quietly asked "are you ready to listen?" A pained "yes" escaped his lips. Then for the next several minutes I went over his bitchy behavior of the past week, his complete lack of obedience and submission, and his forgetting that I'm in charge. Verbally I let him have it in much the same way as physically with the cane. Finally he mumbled a choking "sorry" and I respond with "of course you're sorry now but you need to correct your behavior outside this room, so how many more strokes do you need to correct you?" His "no! no!" fell on deaf ears I silenced him with a stroke and waited. His next words were what I wanted to hear as he said "as many as you think I need mistress".

He got 10 more real ones before I let him down and supported him while he removed his shoes, pants and panties before I laid him on the bed facedown of course. It would be a week before he would be able to sit comfortably. I got an ice pack for his bottom and my anger gone spent hours consoling him, telling him I loved him, and that he was ready to completely give in. It was a life changing event even greater than the other things that had occurred in the past five and half months. While from time to time he did receive a spanking with a light wooden paddle he was never restrained - and I never had to use the punishment room again.

The correction in my husband's behavior from the previous week was traumatic but it immediately yielded the desired results I wanted. Not only was my sweet submissive back under control but his level of obedience increased to a new level. Simple direction and commands were obeyed completely. My confidence in my control soared to a new height and it added to my personal satisfaction immensely. Finally I could take for granted my control although I resolved to always assess how I was doing and never get lazy or haphazard about maintaining my program of control. It had been hard to achieve so I decided it was too valuable to lose. I shared these thoughts

with Chrystal several days later as I brought her up to date on what happened in the punishment room. She agreed that I was definitely maturing as a dominate and she reminded me again to not lose sight of my responsibilities to me submissive.

Shortly after the caning I was surprised with an unexpected promotion at work to a junior vice president position and given authority over another office. This was something eventually I expected but was told by my company's owners that I was exceeding their expectations and that they intended to do everything possible to keep me happy and performing. However, my travel schedule would increase which would affect my husband's milking schedule making it less predictable. The unexpected deviation caused by Chrystal's weekend out of town had caused him some qualms as I think he thought he had time to prepare mentally but on that occasion had not been able to. So I explained to him that he would have to expect milking at some different times and sometimes with no warning. He understood he said and would submit whenever I told him to and with no resistance.

A week later he had his regularly scheduled milking at Chrystal's and the cane marks were still visible although they were much improved from the moments after the caning. Chrystal called to relay that he was much embarrassed by them when she remarked that it appeared he'd been a very bad boy. She said it was with difficulty that she eventually cajoled him to tell her what happened and she admonished him to keep me happy so it did not happen again. She also told me that I had done an excellent job judging by the marks and ask had I enjoyed. Candidly I confessed that yes I'd loved it and remembered never do it just for my enjoyment.

The last six months of locked up state flew by quickly for me as I had my new promotion which kept me very busy but luckily I had a submissive to clean the house, shop, and cook. My sexual satisfaction could not have been better as I had a sweet loving submissive taking care of my needs holding back nothing. Rarely did I have to discipline him and when I did it was because he had not exactly done something the way I wanted it done. Verbally I'd remind him of his error and then if it occurred again he got 10 swats with the paddle across his bare bottom while bent over a chair or the bed. After a few incidents the paddlings became unnecessary and certainly the punishment room accessories were never needed. I noticed a few times when I was in the closet

that a cane had been moved or the cuffs were hanging down at a different angle. I surmised that he had gone into to look at these things and maybe as a reminder.

I understood that the last six months of being locked up did not go by quickly for my husband as he finally confronted his full submission. I watched and noted that each month brought an apparent deep understanding in him who was in charge, who had to obey, and that it was permanent. About month nine he turned an emotional corner and became a 100% "good boy". Finally the day arrived and it had been one year that he'd been locked up and he looked at me first thing in the morning I could tell what was on his mind. I confirmed that yes this was the day and I would retrieve the keys from the safe deposit box and he would be unlocked after work. He was obviously disappointed that I did not (and without the keys could not) unlock him then but I knew we needed to make it an event to remember.

Later that day I retrieved the keys and the document he had signed a year ago. Arriving home I directed he fix dinner as normal and while we ate I had him re-read the document and then we went over what led up to his being locked up. We talked about our respective roles in our relationship and when finished he looked me in the eyes and said he'd always wear panties for me and that he loved me. It was a very emotional moment and deciding that he could clear the dishes in the morning I took his hand and lead him into the bedroom.

Once in the bedroom I sat down on the bed and directed him to strip completely and once down to the Super Max I beckoned him over to me. As he stepped in front of me I retrieved the keys from my pant suit pocket and showed them to him for a moment as tears welled in his eyes. Then slowly turning him to the side by gently grasping the Max and guiding him I inserted the key first into the sack locking ring and turned it four times counter-clock wise until it suddenly went "click" and it was loosen. Next on the underside of the tube I did the same to the base lock then the tip lock making the Max noticeable loose. Looking him in the eye I asked "are you my good boy?" and he answered "yes I'm your good boy mistress". And with that swung the sack locking ring open with my left hand and with my right hand slide the tube off him. He immediately reached for his penis and I took his hands and said not yet but to go and pick out some night time panties. Very quickly he did so while facing me and then we waited several long minutes until I stood up and

telling him I wanted him to undress me. As he did so his penis started to adjust to its lock release and his panties started tenting out. My juices were flowing as he undressed me and once naked I flipped him onto the bed on his back and in a swift motion yanked his panties down over his erection and mounted him. We both screamed in ecstasy and he lasted mere minutes while I rode him but I did not mind at all as who could expect him to wait for me after a year in the Max. He had little time to ponder his first orgasm in a year as I dismounted, pulled his panties up, and then mounted his face for my orgasm. Once I had my first orgasm he was ready again and this time lasted until I told him he could come. It was a long night of passion.

Three years later: We are still very happy and most people seem to accept that we are in love but I'm the dominant one and he is the obedient submissive. I've never had to use the punishment room but its one time, except for showers and sitting on the toilet (oh yes I had gotten use to the seat always staying down) he is always in panties, and when I travel out of town he is locked in the Super Max. Even "good boys" can be tempted when their Domme is away.