

The Bet

I am a real sucker for bets. This weakness has over the years brought me both wealth and poverty. Although not at the same time of course. Despite the fact that I lost more than I have ever gained betting, it is a habit I cannot kick. However, my last bet was probably my worst one - ever.

Jen and I had been an item some years ago, but the erotic interest had gradually faded, and we had become "good friends" and gradually drifted apart. Some months ago, she moved into an apartment just a few blocks from where I was living, and we got together for some sort of "good friends reunion".

Jen could drink any man under the table - and frequently did so. I was aware of her skill, and held back. Besides, I could take almost as much as she could.

Around midnight, had discussed politics, religion, football, music and the weather. Suddenly she changed the subject:

"You know that I've been chaste since I left you?" she inquired.

I did not know, but for some reason, the surprising bit of information pleased me. "I must have been a hell of a lover, so good that she never wanted anyone else," my bloated ego told me.

"Really, that is quite a surprise," I responded.

"I could just as well have been wearing a chastity belt," she continued.

"Chastity belts are just fiction - unsuitable for long term wear and if you really want to get out, you can always destroy the belt and get free," I responded, without ever seeing even a glimpse of the closing trap.

"Bullshit, I know that I could make a totally inescapable chastity belt, I am an engineer you know." She was eager now.

"Nothing that I and my Dremel tool could not get out of in a matter of minutes, or worst case hours," I said. My speech was by now slightly slurred both by a slight arousal and by the alcohol.

"Want to make a bet?" she asked, closing the trap. Of course, I took her up on it.

"OK, the deal is that I make a belt for you, put it on you and you break out with any tool you prefer to use. If you are out of the belt within one week from being locked in, you win and I will be your house servant for one full year. Deal?"

The word "no" never entered my mind. We went home to her where she measured me - to my great disappointment without removing my underpants. She then politely asked me to go, because she had work to do.

One week later, I was very excited. My apartment was a mess, and a thorough cleanup was very much needed, although I had no intention of doing so myself.

She greeted me with an eager but brief kiss when opening the door, then danced into her apartment. She was very cheerful, and I could only assume that she looked forward to becoming my servant for a year.

"Strip and cuff yourself to the bed, hands and feet," she instructed, and disappeared into the bathroom. "I'll be with you in a moment."

This was looking good to me. I had always been fascinated by bondage and being tied up and naked on her bed certainly was one of the several fantasies I have had. She had arranged hand and foot shackles of the self-locking type. The leg shackles pulled my legs far apart, while the hand shackles were together over my head, making it easy to lock myself in place. Once secured, I was totally immobilized in a tight upside Y configuration.

"OK, I'm ready," I said, a little hoarsely.

She came back into the room, carrying a black leather hood.

"I want no cheating here, so here we go," she said, and pulled the hood over my head. She did not bother to lace it up, because there was no way I could get it off anyhow. My manhood responded by pointing eagerly to the ceiling, an embarrassment she quickly ended by wrapping something cold around it. I was left to cool down for a while.

I finally felt her on the bed. "Are you really sure that you want to be locked into an inescapable chastity belt," she asked.

"You bet, put it on baby," I responded.

It took her a while to get the device on, and twice, she removed it and went away, presumably to make adjustments. Each time she went away, the icepack was reapplied to my genitals. After about half an hour, she released my hands and feet, and let me remove the hood. I looked into the mirror, and examined her handiwork. The belt was beautiful. It was lined with silicone, and the metal looked like gold. It fit like a glove and followed my hips and totally encased my penis and my balls. The front plate was massive, and the most noticeable attribute was its eight keyholes. A rather substantial metal rod ran between my ass cheeks and connected seamlessly with the waist-belt in the back.

"Now, you little prick, it is time to listen before you fire up your Dremel and do serious damage to yourself. I promised you an inescapable belt, and that is what you are wearing. Actually that is not quite true. You can escape at a price - and the price is the loss of your manhood. Inside the belt, there are eight high-tension springs that can push either spikes or guillotine-like knives with a force sufficient to cut through most human tissue in its path. The belt is hollow, and between the layers of the front plate, there is an intricate system of wires and pulleys, keeping the knives and spikes retracted safely, but if you cut or otherwise move any of the wires, then any or all of the eight pistons may fire. Your ass wire is also hollow, so is the waistband. Any tampering with any component of the belt will therefore have severe consequences. And in case you plan to pick the locks, you should know that they must be picked in the right order, or else."

I was utterly shocked, and started to object.

"Shut the fuck up," she interrupted. "The bet was a simple one: You have a week to get out. I don't think you will manage that - at least not as a man. But you were so convinced that you made a bet. I was equally convinced, and for the moment it looks like I am winning. Did you really think that I would put you into something that you could easily get out of? I do not intend to be your servant. Not for a minute."

"This thing is a lethal weapon! You cannot do this to me. I admit it; you won. Now get this guillotine off me!" I was beginning to sweat and shake, and there was more than a little pleading in my voice.

"It stays on. Remember that I have a video of you cuffing yourself, willingly accepting that I put on the inescapable chastity belt. If you go to the police or a lawyer, I will simply claim that you had the belt made, and that although I have the keys, I have no knowledge of which order the locks must be opened. The belt is on for a week. Now get out of here, before I lose my temper. I hate whimpering men. Don't contact me before the week is up, or I'll add another week. Caprice?"

Minutes later I was dressed and out on the street. In a daze, I got into my car and drove home. I almost did not dare to touch the belt, out of fear that I might accidentally trigger one of the eight traps.

Five days passed. I called in sick at work, and stayed at home, curtains drawn. I moved around as if I was walking on eggshells. I barely got any sleep. Despite my miserable state, I was horny as hell, desperately fearing that my vain attempts at an erection would trigger the diabolical mechanisms.

On the sixth day, I finally realized that unless I tampered with the belt, I was not going to lose any bodily parts. I brought out my digital camera, and took pictures, front side, backside and from below. I examined each picture at maximum zoom, but found no clues on how to open the belt safely. I picked up the telephone and dialed Jen:

"Listen, I admit it, I am defeated. You win. Now can we end this bet?"

"We never agreed what your forfeit would be if you lost. I assume that I can make a reasonable demand?"

"Sure, this bet was stupid. I underestimated you. I probably deserve everything you can demand."

"I am glad you see my point. We were together for a year and a half. You were probably the most egoistic lover I have ever had, and I only had two orgasms during the time we were together. You have no idea how many nights I spent horny as hell, just waiting for you to go to work so that I could get my rightful satisfaction from my faithful vibrator. Being a reasonable person, I will only demand that you wear the belt for a year. Then we are even."

It took me some seconds to realize what she was saying, but the moment the implications registered in my brain, I exploded: "You cheating, lying bitch."

Whore! Cunt! Man-hater!..."

"Well, let us settle on two years then," she interrupted, but my foul mouth was unstoppable:

"I'll go to the police. I will sue you. I will tell your friends. I will wreck your car. I will."

"OK, five years it is. Now will you shut up before I double it again?" she said in a very calm voice.

I shut my mouth before more words could escape. We were both quiet for some time before I spoke again:

"I am so sorry. I sincerely apologize. Please forgive me. I will gladly wear the belt for a year, if that is what you require. If I was to wear the belt for five years, I would be 34 before I can have sex again. That kind of upsets a man you know."

"I'm glad you accept your apology, and that you will gladly wear the belt for a year. Then you only have to wear it for another four years without being glad for it. And I too will be reasonable: I will let you have two orgasms per year, just as you gave me. You decide when they are to be. I will also remove the belt once per week for cleaning. You will have to be restrained during the procedure. And before you restrain yourself, I would very much like you to clean and tidy my house - do the laundry, wash the windows, clean the sinks, in brief terms: Make my apartment sparkle. Or else, you may have to go without cleaning, and people may start asking what the foul smell is."

I was about to verbally lash out at her again, but thought better of it. I mumbled some politeness phrases, and was about to hang up when she responded:

"Friday the 12th at 07:00 am sharp. Be there!"

"But that is in two weeks," I objected.

"That is correct. I promised you to add an extra week if you phoned me before the agreed week was up. Have a nice fortnight. And don't be late on Friday the 12th."

The Second Bet

One year had passed since Jen locked me into the diabolical chastity device. Every week I had visited her house to get cleaned. Every week for the first half year I had locked myself into the steel restraints, she had removed the belt, cleaned it and me, and then relocked it. Sometimes she would stroke and tease a bit, other times it was just business. Twice within the first month I had asked to have an orgasm, and had been allowed to jerk off with one hand. Afterwards she made me eat the semen. The orgasms were totally unsatisfactory and left me depressed and highly frustrated. Besides, I had used up my yearly two orgasms quickly, and had a really long wait for next opportunity.

About half a year ago, she had introduced a change in the cleaning procedure. Before locking myself hand and feet, I had to put on and lock on a terrible rubber hood. It was heavy, black and cold, and it had a built in penis gag that represented the absolute maximum of what I could take in my mouth without choking. On the outside, it had a huge penis shaped dildo sticking out. There were only two small breathing holes, the eyes were kept in total blackness, and my ears were wrapped by multiple thick layers of rubber, so I could hear absolutely nothing inside. The whole thing was locked in place with a single padlock in the back. After Jen had finished cleaning the belt, she would ride the dildo on my face until she was exhausted and well satisfied. During this procedure, I was required to nod my head up and down and from side to side, or she put a hand over my air holes until I cooperated.

On the 51st cleaning, (my one year jubilee) she decided to change the game again. I was actually hoping she would take pity on me and let me come - just once. That thought never entered her mind.

Unlike the normal procedure, she removed the rubber hood herself after claiming her fun. As usual, my head was drenched in sweat. She held the hood up, studied it and spoke:

"It seems like you are becoming used to this hood. You know, I could make it harder for you by halving the size of the nose holes. That way each breath would be a real struggle, like breathing through a straw. Wouldn't that be fun?"

I had learnt not to speak without permission, and she had not directly addressed me, so I kept my big mouth shut. She looked at me and smiled: "I bet you would LOVE that - Imagine how slippery the inside would be if you sweated even more! Your face would probably look like a blue shrunken prune by the time I had my rightful orgasms. Maybe that would be too cruel. Or maybe not. Depends a lot on how you behave. I've been thinking a lot about our relationship lately. You are probably worried most of the time over the springs and spikes and knives and if they can release by accident. And you are right, there are always chances of design errors or accidents. The belt has not exactly been crash tested you know. But I have a solution: A new belt without any knives, spikes or tension springs. And I bet you it is totally escape proof. In fact, I bet a "double or nothing" for your time in the belt - and I'll give you a generous month to try to get out. Now, don't answer me right away. Just relax, and try out the new breathing holes in your mask for a while. Then you can tell me your decision."

She started putting the hood back in place. As I was still restrained hand and foot, there was nothing I could do to stop her. The wet interior of the instrument of torture, encased my head, and was locked on. I could immediately feel the effect of the reduced breathing holes. For a while, I concentrated on breathing, and managed to stay calm despite a strong feeling of gradual suffocation, but then panic overcame me and I trashed around wildly until I passed out. When I woke up, I still had to fight for every breath of air, and only barely managed to hang on to the edge of sanity. I was getting just enough air - but it felt like I was suffocating.

Eventually, she released me from the hood, and let me lie and rest until I had stopped shaking.

"That was 15 minutes. Imagine what an hour would be like," she spoke. "Now for the bet: If you humor me by wearing the new belt, I may decide not to make the new breathing holes permanent. You may answer me now, but I warn you: You are only permitted to speak one word, and you must answer me without hesitation or the new breathing holes get permanently installed: Do you take me up on my bet?"

"YES!" I shouted in pure desperation.

"Now that was not very polite, but you gave a wise answer. Remember that being impolite will cause you to be punished. Now just relax, while I get you your new belt... "

It only took her a minute to put on the new belt. Then she released my shackles. I went to the mirror and studied the new chastity device. The new belt was slimmer and definitely lighter. Its surface was pitch black, and there were no visible seams. The front plate was wide, and covered my groin fully. In the back, a thin wire ran up my crack.

"It is made of a titanium alloy, that is resistant to but not immune to most cutting tools. It will not rust. Now you have ten minutes to ask me any question about the belt. I may and may not answer the questions, but that is up to me."

I did not waste any time:

"Dear Mistress, thank you for the new belt, it is a real work of art. But what is preventing me from just cutting it off at the hinges?"

"The belt has a security system. Inside the metal, there are sandwiched glass fiber optical 'wires' that constantly transmit light around. If one fiber breaks, you will get a shock like this one... " She pushed a button on a remote control. It felt like a mule had kicked me in my privates, and I doubled over on the floor, tears streaming from my eyes, desperately trying to breathe, trying to dig my fingers through the front shield to massage my jewels to get some relief. "Oh, sorry about that, that was a level 3 shock. If you tamper with the belt, you will get a level 10 shock. My mistake. Did I tell you that the voltage doubles for each level I move up? Do you want to try out the level 10 shock - you may answer any way you find appropriate?"

"No please, Mistress, don't, please, I'm your servant. I'll do anything you require." I got on my hands and feet in front of her and started licking her feet - the most humble response I could think of at that moment. She seemed to enjoy my response, and I missed out testing level 10 there and then.

"On your feet - you are so pathetic. No tolerance for pain. You still have seven minutes to ask questions - I suggest that you use them well."

"Dear mistress. Thank you for showing me how the belt works. This belt clearly comes with batteries included. What happens when the batteries run out?"

"Now that is a sensible question indeed. There are two batteries, one on each side of your penis tube. They have in total enough capacity for about one day of uninterrupted punishments. Quite frankly my dear, judging from your pathetic reaction to a simple level 3 shock, I doubt very much that you will be alive by the end of a day of uninterrupted punishments at levels higher than 3. Should the batteries ever get below 50% capacity, they will start delivering continuous shocks at level 10 until they are recharged. You will of course be warned. It will start with level 1... "

It felt like a wasp had stung my penis, and I doubled over, more in surprise than in pain.

"... rapidly moving on to higher levels... " The pain became unbearable, and I was rolling around on the floor, clutching my groin, screaming a silent scream, because my vocal cords felt like paralyzed.

"Since you really haven't done anything wrong, we will stop here," she announced. You should be proud. You made it to level 4!"

It took a while before I spoke again. I never got off the floor, because I was not sure that my legs would carry me.

"Dear Mistress, you are a genius, I worship your skills. Please tell me how I can recharge the belt!"

"Oh, that is simple. Just take this 12 volt battery charger and attach the plus lead to the connector at your right hip, and the minus lead to the connector at your left hip. Be advised that you cannot use these connection points to short circuit the belt, as current can only flow one way. The belt will be fully recharged in six hours. In fact I recommend that you charge the belt whenever you go to sleep."

"Dear Mistress, that is absolutely brilliant. What about water and swimming?"

"That will be absolutely no problem, because all electronic components and the batteries are sealed inside water proof cylinders. The hip connectors can only lead

current into the belt. Since it is light and not current that travels through the alarm wires, then they too are not affected by water."

"Dear Mistress, you are truly superior. How do you open and close the belt?"

"It is all in this remote control. Communication with the belt is fully encrypted, so there are no chances of false signals. Maybe you would hold it and see if you can figure it out?" She handed me the remote, and stupid as I was believed that she had made a mistake. I dove for the red button marked "Belt Release", and pressed. For a few seconds, nothing happened, then I started receiving stinging shocks from every part of my body that was covered by the belt. I screamed and jumped, and the shocks were increasing in frequency."

"You have initiated punishment cycle number three. It lasts for fifteen minutes. Once started, it cannot be interrupted. Have a pleasant day!" a female voice announced from inside the belt.

The control fell out of my hands as the stinging worsened. Soon I was on my knees, crying, clutching my groin, begging for mercy. But the shocks kept climbing. Then I had another mule kick in my groin and doubled over, screaming at the top of my lungs. Before I knew it, the rubber hood was back on, and I was sucking the penis gag. Fortunately she had put back the normal nose holes.

I passed out, woke up again, cried, and screamed but above all: Suffered. I swore to myself that I would never get within ten feet of the remote control if I lived to be a thousand years. Then it stopped. She let me cool down in for quite a while before she removed the hood.

"Your ten minutes are long gone. You will need twenty five minutes to get home. The belt is programmed to start a punishment cycle in thirty minutes from now. You didn't think I had forgotten that you shouted to me? So off you go - better for you to be at home when you are rolling around cursing like that, making obscene movements. And don't forget to take the battery charger with you! Now get dressed and get going. Behave and you will be able to live a reasonably normal life. Misbehave or tamper with the belt and you will suffer. But I am sure that a genius like you will find a way out of the belt within a month, so you may be a free man soon now. Otherwise, you are mine for nine more years to come."

I just missed my bus, so I started running home. I made it through the front door with minutes to spare. Not quite knowing what to expect, I dug into my toy chest, and brought out a head harness with a solid gag that could silence any scream. Seconds after I heard the voice from the belt:

"Punishment cycle number fifteen will start in thirty seconds. Once it is started, it cannot be interrupted. It will last for sixty minutes. Have a pleasant day!" I quickly put leather cuffs on my ankles and wrists. The ankles I locked together. The wrists, I locked behind my back. I really needed to prevent myself from trashing the house while I was being punished.

I fell down to my knees and rolled over to my side.

"Punishment cycle number fifteen starting in ten, nine, eight,... " the belt coldly announced. I bit on to the gag and started crying.