

The Installation

Justin felt a strange icy sensation in the bottom of his stomach. He couldn't remember having been this nervous before about anything -- or, at least, he couldn't remember being this *kind* of nervous. He clenched both his hands around the steering wheel, following the directions carefully; the place he was trying to find was a little out of the way, not in a bad part of the city, exactly, but definitely in a place that Justin wouldn't normally go.

He finally found the address. It was just a square-looking office building -- it was situated neatly between two lonely warehouses, and only a single porch-light gave any indication that there was anyone inside. His going in, at this late hour, would hardly be noticed by anyone, but the appointment he had made was going to be life-altering. He wasn't here for a drug deal or anything equally sinister, but neither was this something innocent, like a doctor's appointment.

Justin was there to have a chastity belt installed. This wasn't just *any* chastity device, though. It was a permanent, irremovable device, one that no amount of tampering with would help him remove. As Justin parked his car and turned off the engine, he sat for a moment in the darkness. He could easily start his car back up, drive off, and forget about this whole endeavor. He could...

No. He *had* to do this. Resolutely, Justin removed his seatbelt, got out of his car, and closed the door. The bright-blue porch light hummed quietly, guiding Justin towards the gray door.

Before he could touch the doorknob, the door opened on its own. The lights on the other side were too bright, and the smell that wafted out was antiseptic, like a hospital -- Justin wanted to turn and run, but he was captivated by the woman who had answered the door. Blonde, blue eyes, she smiled casually and looked Justin over.

"Mr. Smith?" she asked.

"Um, yes," Justin replied. He couldn't help but look away from the gaze of the beautiful woman. What must she think of him?

"Enter of your own free will," she said, and Justin stared at the barrier between the darkness of the night-time and the too-brightness of the hallway inside. Finally, mustering up his courage, the ice in his stomach growing colder, Justin took a careful step into the building, and then another, until he was completely inside. The woman shut the door behind him.

The inside was completely white. He decided that it didn't look like a hospital at all, but like one of those mental wards from the old movies -- everything inside was bleached looking, and there was hardly any color in the place at all. The woman, in her blue dress, was the only colorful thing he could see.

She led him to the end of the hallway, which had a staircase -- they went down what must have been three stories before finding a door. She took him through another hallway to an office.

The office was the first thing he had seen with any color in it. The walls were painted green, and there was blue carpet on the floor, and the desk was made of dark walnut with three matching chairs. The woman sat in the chair behind the desk, and asked Justin to sit on the other side.

"Before we proceed," she said, "my name is Jessica."

"I'm... pleased to meet you," Justin replied.

"Yes, well. Let me tell you what the procedure involves." Jessica then reached inside one of the desk's drawers and pulled out a shiny-metallic object -- Justin realized, suddenly and with no small terror, what it was.

It was his chastity device.

"You have the frenum piercing, correct?"

"Yes," Justin said. "I had it done a month ago, just like you asked."

She nodded. "And you've been keeping it clean?"

"I have."

"Good." She placed the shiny object on the desk. "First, this circle -- see the hinge here -- will be fitted behind your testicles. We will try several sizes to make sure

we have the smallest ring possible. After that, this tube will be placed over your penis. This cord -- it looks flimsy, but it's completely solid and would shatter any wire cutters you placed on it -- will go around your waist, and this rod will go through the frenum. Once the rod is inserted in place, the entire device will become self-locking. See these grooves here?" Justin nodded. "This will work like a doorknob. It will require some pressure to put it in place, but once it snaps into place this entire device is irremovable. You will never be able to take it off."

Justin couldn't take his eyes off the device. He was fascinated by it -- he wanted to put it on immediately, to feel the cold metal against his penis, to feel the rod go through his piercing --

"Mr. Smith?"

He blinked. "Yes?"

"May I ask why you want this?"

He hesitated. "You said there wouldn't be any questions," he replied.

"Oh, I'm sorry. It's just... you're not like our usual clients," she replied. "Most of them, quite frankly, are gay. The rest think of it as a great way to get off -- which, of course, it isn't. You don't meet our stereotype -- and you're very young. What are you -- 25?"

"I'm 24, actually," he said.

"Why... if you don't mind... why so young? Why do you want to be locked up -- forever -- *now*?"

"I guess it does seem strange. I... can't stop masturbating," Justin replied. "It... I was married for about a year. It ruined my marriage -- I never had any energy for my wife, and she eventually left me. I don't go out with friends -- I sit at home and jerk off. I'm constantly late to work, and I take too many breaks so I can go to the bathroom and squeeze one out.

"In short, my dick is ruining my life -- and I want to change that. Forever."

Jessica nodded. "I have something for you to sign. Think about it carefully -- once you sign this paper, there's no going back."

The contract was six pages long -- and Justin was too impatient to care what it said. It seemed stupid, but the device -- it made him *horny*. He wanted it on so badly -- he quickly flipped to the last page and signed his name, placing the contract back on the desk.

There. It was done. Jessica smiled at him, picking up the device from the desk. Justin couldn't take his eyes off it -- he was very, very nervous.

"Come with me, please."

She took him to the room across the hall. It was white like the hallway, except it had, in the middle of the room, a black chair made of iron. It was high-backed -- it had to be to accommodate what was clearly a locking collar, and there were two small wrist irons on the back of the chair that would lock his wrists behind him, facing down at an angle, and two ankle irons on the sides that would hold his legs in what looked like a very uncomfortable position. For the first time, Justin felt genuine apprehension.

"I... I don't... "

"This is for your safety," Jessica said, "and also for mine. Please sit down, Mr. Smith."

He did not move at first. He was transfixed in terror -- once he sat down in that chair he would be completely at Jessica's mercy. She glared at him, though, and his sluggish feet were prompted finally to move.

His heart skipped a beat as he sat on the chair. Even though he had not yet been restrained, there was something terrible and final about it. He felt he must know what prisoners who were sentenced to death must feel like when finally sitting in the electric chair.

"Now, Mr. Smith, please place your hands inside the restraints."

He obediently did as he was told. Jessica pulled out two small locks and clasped the irons closed, locking each in turn. They were cold, and very snug, around his flesh -- gently he tested his restraints, and he found them quite secure.

His neck was next. He had to hold his head up high, at which point she locked the collar closed. The ankles were last, locking his legs parallel to the floor. Pain immediately shot through his legs, causing him to wince -- he had been right about how uncomfortable this would be!

Then there he was, bound to a chair, his legs open in front of him, unable to stop what was about to happen.

"Oh, drat -- I forgot something. I'll be right back."

Jessica darted from the room before Justin could say anything. She returned a moment later carrying what looked like a leather gag.

"I'm not wearing that," Justin said immediately.

Jessica stared at him blankly. "Very well. We can sit here until you do, but I get off in three hours, and I'm not coming back until Monday."

Defeated, Justin parted his lips and allowed the gag to fill his mouth. The gag was huge, and the outside of it covered half his face -- the taste of leather was a little unpleasant, but he found himself completely unable to talk.

Or complain. Slowly, Jessica began to take off his pants, or at least as much of them as she would be able to take off in his bound state. She undid the belt first -- and then she began to unzip his jeans, slowly pulling them down to his knees and revealing his boxers. These Jessica didn't bother to pull off -- she ripped them down the middle, revealing Justin's suddenly erect penis.

He had never wanted to cum so hard in his life. He was completely at this woman's mercy -- and she *was* beautiful, with blonde hair and pale, milky skin. She glanced at his penis, and a trace of a smile came over her lips.

"This will never do," she muttered. "I'm no whore, Mr. Smith, but I think I can render one final service for you... "

She took his penis into her mouth. Even if Justin had wanted to stop her, he couldn't move because of the restraints, and he couldn't talk because of the gag -- he was helpless as she wrapped her tongue around his cock. Part of him wanted to resist -- he wasn't sure he would *want* the chastity device anymore, not just after having a fantastic orgasm!

The orgasm came. It came, and so did he, much more quickly than he might have liked. His whole body convulsed, and he could feel semen shooting from his cock. He breathed heavily through his nostrils, and he moaned uselessly into the gag.

A moment passed. Jessica smiled -- Justin nearly choked on vomit when he realized that this beautiful woman had just swallowed his load -- and pulled the device out from behind her back. His eyes widened in horror. No!, he wanted to yell. I've changed my mind! I don't want this! But his penis was already going flaccid. He would be horny again in a matter of minutes -- he always was -- but in the short term, no matter what he tried to think of to turn him on and keep his dick too big, it was effectively useless.

She slip the cold, metal ring around the back of his testicles. "This seems to be a perfect fit!" she announced. Next she pulled the metal piercing out from his flaccid penis, and she shoved his saliva-drenched cock into the unforgiving metal shaft. Next she fastened the metal chord around his waist.

Justin started screaming into the gag. She had the rod, and once it was inserted through his piercing, the device would never come off again. He tried his best to escape from his restraints, but hideous pain shot through his legs every time he shifted his weight, and of course his hands were being held uselessly behind him.

Jessica chuckled. "This is always the part I like best," she said, "the Moment of No Return. I can tell from the look in your eyes that you don't want this -- but that's too damn bad. You signed the contract, and you're *getting* what you wanted. I *told* you the restraints were a good idea."

Justin couldn't bear to look any longer. He closed his eyes tightly, hoping against hope that she would change her mind and release him. But a moment later, a terrible *click* reverberated through the room, and Justin could feel the mechanical bits of his device locking permanently into place.

It had just happened. He would never cum again, not for the rest of his life.

It was at that moment, of course, that he was instantly aroused. Despite himself, he *did* like the feeling of the device on his cock. He tried to grow large inside the tube, but he encountered only pain as his penis was twisted at an unnatural angle.

"Now, of course, there is the matter of payment. Don't look so confused -- you should *really* read what you sign. You have already paid the \$800 for the device. You have *not* yet paid for the blowjob you received. That is going to cost you much, much more than money!"

She disappeared again. She came back a moment later with a pair of wrist irons, a pair of leg irons, and an iron collar, not dissimilar looking from the ones he was wearing, except that the leg irons were held together by a foot of chain, and the wrist irons by only a few inches.

"One year of service as my slave," she said. "As soon as you're ready for your new... uniform, I will release you from the chair, but you don't look all that docile at the moment... a few days without food or light should cure that."

With that, Jessica left him in the room, his pants still down around his knees and his neck, wrists, and ankles still firmly secured. A moment later, there was nothing but darkness.