

The Mystery Belt

Fiction by: [Jessica Six](#)

Another Saturday night and I was at home, at my computer. It seems that I live to surf. Being single, and with no girlfriend, I have a lot of time to myself. Most people would call it a waste of time, but it was cheap and kept me out of trouble, for the most part. Most people that I meet in chat rooms are a lot like myself, and there are very few women. Perhaps many peoples' names would lead me to believe they were women, but more often than not they are just men in disguise.

There are simple ways to find out whether someone is truly a woman. A question like: "What is the difference between a size 7 and size 8?" If they reply: "1." It's probably not a woman.

Most of the people out there are searching for some sort of "net-sex". It's amazing, really. Nearly always, the first question a stranger will ask is: "R U M or F". The translation of this message is: "Are You Male or Female?". By using letters instead of words, these people can literally save hours of typing every night, since they ask this question several thousand times to every new person they encounter.

Over the years, I find myself drawn to the female domination groups. Although it's often difficult to tell who is who, it can be interesting at times. Generally there will be a bunch of guys and what appears to be a few dominant women. Whether they're women or not is hard to say (see earlier paragraph). I am never very aggressive in the channels, and I usually just watch in the background. If I find what appears to be an interesting woman, I may send a private message to her introducing myself and trying to strike up a conversation. Many times they will reply with some silly answer in the public channel for everyone to see. An example might be: "radman, talk to me in public channel. Don't send me private messages." I never quite understood why they would do this, when they could simply ignore me if they wished not to converse. But the Net is often a pretty silly place.

My personal information which anyone chatting could see points to the web address of my own personal web page. I've included about everything describing myself and even my name, phone number, and address. It seemed to me that if someone visited my page and learned that I was near them, they

might like to meet. Nothing ever came of it, but I thought I had nothing to lose trying.

One of my favorite topics of discussion was chastity belts. I've read many stories of men and women wearing them, and have always wondered what it would be like to wear one for myself. The good belts (from what I've read) are a bit costly, so I've usually decided against getting one for myself. Besides, it would take another person to measure me for a correct fit, and I had no other person. I've had several public discussions and conversations with people in the channel indicating my interest in chastity belts, but I never met that dominant woman who I always dreamed would have me wear a metal chastity belt for her.

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Friday finally arrived and the week finally over. It was good to finally get home; the week had been a bit rough and I'd been looking forward to a nice quiet weekend since about Tuesday. When I got home I found a package at my door, with no return address or postal information indicating an origin. I picked up the package and entered my apartment. Since I was not expecting any packages, I was a bit curious as I immediately headed for the kitchen to get a knife.

I sat down on the living room floor and opened the package. Finally getting to the contents, I couldn't believe my eyes. My hands were shaking like never before as I pulled the 2 metal pieces from the box. It was a chastity belt! The design was unfamiliar to me, but I knew it had to be a chastity belt. It was shiny silver, and extremely smooth with no sharp edges at all. The thickness of the pieces was probably about 3/8" thick. When I lined up the 2 pieces they fit together perfectly, but there was no locking mechanism to be found. There were no hooks, notched surfaces, or holes which would keep the belt together. The 2 pieces slid into each other about 1/2", but there was no lock to be found. When I held it together, it looked like a pair of briefs, except the back was not completely covered; there was an elliptical opening at the bottom. The front piece was flat, and inside was a hole molded into the surface which was actually a tube which went downwards to a small hole at the very bottom where the 2 pieces would meet. From my knowledge of other belts, I deduced that this was for the penis to slide into and point downwards if the belt were worn.

I brought the pieces together once again, trying to understand how they would lock together, but after about an hour gave up.

There was nothing else in the box which might explain the function or how the belt would lock.

The whole time I examined it, I was getting quite turned on. I wanted to try it on, but I couldn't get the thing to lock shut. Finally, I decided to try it on and hold it in place to see how it would feel. My heart was racing as I undressed completely. Being fully erect would make it impossible to slide myself down into the hole in the front, so I tried to relax a bit. Finally, after about 15 minutes, I was limp enough to give it a try.

As I held the front piece to my crotch and tried to insert myself into the hole, it appeared that it was going to be a snug fit. Setting down the front piece, I went to the bathroom to get some lotion. I returned to the belt and applied a little bit to the inside surface of the tube. It was time to try again. This time I was able to slide myself down into the tube completely. It felt so slick and snug I felt myself beginning to get hard again. I held the front piece tightly against myself so that my erection wouldn't prevent me from holding the 2 pieces closely together. Then I picked up the 2nd piece and reached behind myself to hold it in place. The 2 pieces were just barely touching each other. I knew I'd have to push harder to get the extra 1/2" to make the 2 pieces come completely together, but it wasn't a simple task. Finally, I leaned against the wall to hold the back piece as I pressed with both hands firmly against the front piece. It was working! The slots lined up better and I finally knew how it felt. If only there was some clasp to keep it in place! It was difficult to hold the pieces together. After about 30 seconds, my arms were getting a bit tired. Just as I was beginning to release the pressure, I felt a vibration and a humming sound from the belt for about a half second. Immediately following that, the 2 pieces quickly tightened together and clicked loudly as the metal pieces came together.

I jumped away from the wall and looked down at the belt. It was staying in place, without my hands holding it! It was quite snug and recessed into my skin. I tried to pull the pieces apart, but they wouldn't budge. There was no way to get my fingers under either piece for leverage to pull. It was locked tight. As I struggled with the belt, I could feel myself getting quite turned on inside the tightness of the belt, but the belt was holding me down tight. There was no relief for myself.

I ran into the kitchen to get my toolbox. There had to be something to help me pry the belt open. Searching for the right tool, I found a pliers. With great difficulty, I managed to insert one of the handles under the edge of the belt. But there was nothing to pry against. Withdrawing that, I tried for a different tool. There was a flat screwdriver, which I tried to insert into the crack between the 2 pieces, but there was no room to insert.

Everything was happening like in some of the fiction stories I read on various chastity belt pages. I couldn't even think straight. Finally in desperation I found the hacksaw and tried cutting into the side of the belt. I sawed for about 20 minutes, but there wasn't even a scratch on the shiny surface. After trying several other tools to scratch the surface, the only option left was a drill. My hands were shaking as I plugged the drill into the outlet and began drilling downwards into the surface of the belt. Several minutes of drilling yielded no success. Not even a scratch was left on the belt.

I lay in bed unable to sleep. This was too much for me to take. I reached down and felt the hard slightly curved surface; my heart began to race again. After several hours, I got out of bed and powered up the computer to log into my chat channel, hoping to find an answer. There were the regulars. Didn't these people ever sleep? Nothing unusual happening here. No strangers except for the occasional net-sex-seeker popping in and out. Finally, I crawled back into bed around 4am and fell asleep.

Around 10:30 I woke up and instinctively went to the bathroom. As I stood at the toilet, I was reminded of the belt. It wasn't a dream. The chastity belt was tightly wrapped around my waist and crotch area. From the stories I've read, I knew I had to sit to go to the bathroom now. Still in disbelief over the whole thing, I sat down and tried to relax. After a few minutes I was able to begin to go to the bathroom. It felt strange sitting and having this tight device around me, yet going to the bathroom. I reached for the toilet paper and dried a small few drops along the bottom.

There had to be someone on the Net who had the answers, and I had to find out. The computer was still on from last night, so I joined my chat channel. There was a chastity belt conversation going on, so I observed as I usually do. The conversation was starting to turn me on a bit but I was quickly reminded that I couldn't get erect. Reaching down to grab the front of the belt, I pulled and tugged -- trying to get some stimulation. It was useless. For over an hour I tried to get myself off, but the belt was too tight and no stimulation was

possible. I was unable to have an orgasm as long as this device remained on me.

The weekend passed with no hint of a solution to my dilemma. Several futile attempts were made to pry the belt loose, but it wasn't going to come loose. When Monday came, I was wearing my slacks over the top of the belt and heading for work.

The day was very unproductive. My mind was not on my job, but on my belt. I was scared to death, trying to figure out how I was going to get it off. I couldn't seek help anywhere or it would all be public. Besides, I tried some serious tools and couldn't even scratch the thing. I did my best to get through the long day.

When I arrived at home, there was a letter at my door. No return address or postage marks. I quickly entered my apartment and locked the door behind me. My hands were shaking tremendously as I tore open the letter:

"Thank you for putting on the chastity belt I designed for you. I was hoping you would. There is no way for you to remove the belt. Accept it. Your life will be different now. I own you. I know where you are at all times. You will receive a demonstration of my power over you at 5:30 today."

I quickly looked at my watch. It read 5:15.

My head was spinning as I collapsed to the couch. This had to be a dream. How could anyone create such a device? There is no such metal that can't be cut! What is this? My thoughts ran as I kept track of the time. One minute to go. I sat and waited for my fate. Then, a few seconds later, I received a shock in my crotch. I screamed and reached down for my crotch, but it was no comfort. The shock continued as I beat my fists against the front of the belt. Never before have I felt such pain. Then after what seemed an eternity, the pain stopped. Only 1 minute had passed.

After I was able to think straight again, I went to my bedroom and removed my clothes. There was still a dull pain in my mid section as if someone had kicked me. The words in the letter were going through my head as I reached down to feel the belt again. The hard smooth surface pressing tightly against my body. What was I going to do? There's nothing else I can try. Who owns me? Why?

The next few days were quiet. There were no letters, no packages, and no word from my "owner". Several times every day I tried something different to get the belt off, but they were all in vain. The letter was right; there was no way for me to remove the belt. I put on the belt, and now I'm trapped.

My only hope was the Net. My address and interests must have been obtained here, and someone had taken advantage of the situation. Most of my free hours were spent in my channels. There was no trace of anything out of the ordinary until Thursday night.

"Hello"

Rarely would I receive a message from anyone unprovoked. Maybe this was the one!

"Hello", I replied back. I waited for 10 minutes for the next reply.

"How are you doing?"

There was still no way of knowing if this was my owner. I tried to think of the correct answer. But what?

"I've been better." was all I could think of typing.

"You'll get used to it."

It was the one! It had to be! The name was Sonya.

"Why are you doing this? Who are you?"

"You can call me Sonya. It's what you want, isn't it?" was the reply.

"I don't know! I want it off! I can't stand it!" I replied.

"Too late for that. I like it on you."

My heart was racing and my hands shaking where I could barely type.

"What do you want?" I had to ask.

"You're doing fine. I haven't decided yet. However, the belt you're wearing was costly. I think you should pay for it."

"Why would I pay for this thing?? I don't even want it! Get it off me now!"

I about hit the roof when another shock attacked my crotch. Just a small shock, about 5 seconds.

"That's why.", was the reply.

I couldn't believe this was happening. This person had total control over me, and there was nothing I could do. I had to do whatever was requested of me, or be tortured by this belt.

"Are you still there? Or do you need more?", she typed, as I felt another shock.

"I'm here!", I managed to type after recovering from the shock.

"Good. We'll do this in increments. I want \$100 every week. On your way to work there is a post office. In the back there is a dumpster. Put the \$100 in an envelope and place it on the ground below the dumpster every Friday."

Sonya then logged off.

This was too much for me to handle. I decided that I wasn't going to pay for this. I didn't even want it!

My week went slowly as I began to adjust to the belt. No more standing at the urinal to go to the bathroom. No more getting myself off 3 times every day. I was getting more and more turned on by the smallest things every day. Finally, Friday arrived. On my way to work, I passed the post office and continued on my way to work. Everything was normal until 9am. As I sat at my desk consumed in my work, I received a shock that caused me to jump up and kick my desk loudly. I quickly sat back down again and tried to hide my pain. Another shock arrived. Several people noticed I was in pain and watched as I tried to hide the source.

"Are you ok?", asked my boss from behind.

I turned around and found my boss, Judy, standing behind me. She was a beautiful woman in her mid to late 30s, standing there in a fairly conservative suit and 4" heels.

"Yes, I'm ok.", I managed to fabricate. I was not ok. "I think it was that nasty breakfast I had.". Finally, the pain stopped.

"Well, ok. If it gets worse, maybe you should take the rest of the day off.", she replied with a smile as she turned to go back to her office.

"Oh, by the way.. could you come see me when you get a chance?", she stopped to ask, then continued to her office.

After my pain passed, I got up and went to Judy's office. The door was closed so I knocked.

"Come in.", I heard her say from inside. When I entered, I found her sitting at her desk with her feet up on her desk. At this angle I had a good view of the bottoms of her pumps. She obviously did a lot of walking in these shoes, from the looks of the worn bottom.

"Please close the door behind you.", she said as she brought her feet to the floor and sat upright in her chair.

She motioned for me to take a seat which was about 3 feet in front of her desk.

"I'll get right to the point. I've noticed something about you since the day you've started. You seem to be fascinated with my shoes. You really like high heels, don't you..", she said with a smile.

I was totally speechless and certainly began turning red.

"It's ok. I think it's fun. In fact, I'd like to ask a favor.", she said as she stood up and approached me. She really was a beautiful woman. Always dressed in a fairly conservative business suit, but always in black pumps with heels no lower than 4". Her observations were correct though; I look at her in her heels a lot. This whole ordeal was getting me very aroused, but I was quickly reminded of the chastity belt as the tightness in my crotch increased. She sat on her desk, facing me, and placed her left foot on my lap.

"Could you give me a foot massage?", she asked. I was completely caught off guard. Her foot was resting between my legs -- the heel only inches away from my chastity belt. I brought my hands down to her forefoot then behind the heel, and slowly pulled the shoe towards me. It was quite tight but slid off her black nyloned foot. The belt was causing me extreme discomfort as the metal restrained me inside. As I inspected the shoe more closely, I noticed the heels themselves were actually metal but heavily worn. This woman must have walked dozens of miles in these heels. The inside of the shoe had wear marks where her feet had spent so many hours. The tightness in my crotch was driving me insane. If I could just bring the heel to touch myself under the belt I would explode in an orgasm instantly.

Her foot was small -- I guessed about size 6. It was beautiful encased in the smooth black shiny hose. As I began to rub her foot, she closed her eyes and rocked her head back. If only this could have happened a few months earlier! I continued to rub, and rub, getting more and more aroused, and frustrated. She withdrew her foot and gracefully slid it back into the shoe on the floor. Then she raised her other foot slightly. I pulled the pump off her foot and heard her sigh with relief as I began to massage her foot being careful not to let it touch my belt. As I rubbed her foot I couldn't help notice how aroused she was becoming at the same time. Her face was one of total bliss. I didn't notice how close her foot was getting to my belt until it was too late; her heel landed right on the front plate. She woke from her state of relaxation and pulled her foot back looking at me with surprise. She brought her foot towards my crotch at tapped the belt with the ball of her foot, and immediately brought her foot to the floor and slid the other heel on.

"What are you wearing under there?!??", she said excitedly. I was totally terrified. What was I going to do or say?

"I've got to see. Stand up...Please?", she said in a voice that made me melt. I stood up, barely able to do so in my state of arousal and fright. She slowly approached me and tapped on the belt with her knuckle.

"Oh my God! Is that metal??", she said laughing.

I didn't respond at all.

"Please, let me see!", she said, taking a few steps back.

Not knowing what else to do, and being more turned on than ever in my entire life, I slowly undid my belt and lowered my pants-- revealing the shiny metal belt in all its glory. Her eyes lit up with joy as she smiled and opened her mouth with awe.

"Oh my... ", was all she could say as she walked around me in a complete circle. She brought her hand to the belt and felt the surface. I about collapsed with arousal as her fingers slightly glided across my skin.

"How do you remove it? There's no key hole!", she said giggling.

"I can't. I'm stuck in it.", I said in a shaky voice.

She looked up at me with a look of shock.

"You're 'stuck' in it? How? What happened?", she said as she continued to inspect the belt.

I started to tell her my story, as she continued to rub the surface of the belt, and then my thighs. Before I knew what was happening, she was close -- rubbing herself against the front of the belt. I pulled her closer as she thrust her crotch into mine trying to slide up and down against me. She pulled me around and pushed me against her desk and pressed herself into me. Her hands pulling on the metal back side of the belt covering my butt. As she continued to thrust herself into me I pulled her close and we locked together. Finally she screamed out as orgasm consumed her.

"That was incredible. That belt turns me on like you have no idea.", she managed to say as she tried to catch her breath.

After a few minutes she came out of her daze and asked me how it was for me.

"Can you get any sexual relief in that thing?"

I shook my head.

"You've got to get that thing off! What are you going to do?"

"I have no idea. I've tried everything and can't even scratch it. I don't know what else to do.", I said as she just stared at me with her mouth open.

"Well, that's too bad. I sure would love to have you out of it, or at least in control of it myself!", she said laughing, as she straightened herself out from her release.

"Good luck with it. I hope you find a way out.", she said as she sat back down at her desk. I turned around and left her office.

The rest of the day passed and it was finally 5pm. As I arrived at my residence, I found an envelope.

"Now you understand? I will not tolerate this again. Leave \$500 next Friday, and \$100 every Friday. I'm dead serious."

My mind was spinning as I sat down in the living room. I had no choice. She had complete control over me.

The weekend passed with no incident. When the following week passed, and Friday arrived, I left the envelope under the dumpster with \$500 in cash. I knew she was watching, so I didn't bother to monitor the envelope; I proceeded to work. No shocks were delivered the whole day, so she must have found the cash.

That weekend, I was on-line again, hoping to find Sonya. On Saturday night, she was there.

"Hello", she started.

"Hello", I replied. What do I say to this person?

"I'm glad you came to your senses and decided to cooperate.", she said.

"Well, what choice do I have?", I asked.

"None. Those shocks were minimal compared to what I am able to deliver to you. Just hope that you never find out what your belt is capable of doing."

Sitting speechless, I tried to come up with a reply. There was nothing I could say.

"Also, the belt is capable of doing other things. Let me demonstrate."

A sense of terror hit me as I prepared for her next punishment. But I felt something different. The belt was sliding inside, slowly up and down. I was getting turned on almost instantly. I reached down to assist, but my hand met the wall of steel and was of no use. For about 1 minute this continued. Just as I was almost ready to orgasm, it stopped.

"How was it?", she asked.

"It was wonderful! Please give me more!", I tried to type as quickly as I could.

"No, not now. Try again tomorrow.", she said coldly and immediately logged off.

I pounded my fists against the belt. "Damn it!!", I screamed, as I tried to get myself stimulated again. But it was no use. She had control over that as well. My frustration slowly dissipated as I awaited the next day -- when maybe I would get some relief.

My system was logged into the channel all day, but there was no trace of Sonya. Finally, around 8pm, Sonya had joined the channel.

"Hello", she greeted.

"Hi, I'm glad to see you.", I replied.

"Are you? Why might that be?", she asked.

"I was hoping you could do what you did yesterday before you left."

The belt then came to life. The motion was identical to yesterday; it felt wonderful! I quickly became aroused and nearly approached orgasm when it stopped.

"No! Don't stop!", I typed as quickly as I could.

"No! ? Are you trying to tell me what to do?"

Just as the words appeared, I felt a slight shock. It was enough to turn me off quickly.

"Now, what were you saying?", she asked.

"I'm sorry. It just felt so good. Please, could I have more?", I pleaded.

"Very well", she replied.

The motion started again in the belt, and continued. I felt myself approaching orgasm and finally it happened! I exploded hard inside the belt, somewhere. It was painful having an orgasm in that position, but the pleasure outweighed the pain -- barely. I reached down and found a stream of fluid from the opening at the bottom of the belt. The only way that came to mind to clean myself was to sit on the toilet and go to the bathroom. It proved to work well to flush out the belt. When I returned to my computer, she was gone.

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A few months have passed since I stepped into this chastity belt trap. My boss taps the front of the belt from time to time to see if it's still there, and walks away with a smile. The belt ended up costing me \$900. I pleaded with Sonya several times to remove the belt, but she would provide me with a shock whenever I mentioned it. We chatted every weekend at least once. Since my first permitted orgasm, I received 2 others. After the last, she told me things would be changing for me soon and to expect a package. Today the package arrived. When I opened it all I found was some sort of electronic AC power supply with an outlet on one end and a flat blade about 1cm x 1cm long on the other end. The note included read:

"Be online tonight."

After about a half hour of inspecting the device and having no idea what purpose it would serve, I put it back in the box and decided to wait for tonight. It would be another 3 hours before we would chat, so I decided to take a nap.

My computer beeped, waking me from my sleep.

"Hello", she began.

"Hello, I got the package.", I said.

"Good. Here's what you do. Plug it into an outlet, and plug the other end into your belt. It will slide into a small slot at the very bottom of the belt between your legs.", she explained.

"What's it for?", I asked.

I received a shock.

"Just do what I tell you.", she ordered.

Having no choice, as usual, I removed my jeans and followed her instructions. The slot was practically invisible. As soon as I slid the adaptor into the belt it made a small click sound and wouldn't come back out.

"Ok. It's plugged in.", I replied.

"Good. The purpose is to keep the belt charged. You will need to do this every 3 months. The charging will take about 8 hours, so you can do it before going to bed. The adaptor will come free from the belt when it's fully charged.", she explained further.

I started thinking.. what if I didn't recharge it? Would her control over me be over?

"In case you are wondering or thinking about not charging the belt, I suggest you cooperate. The belt will deliver a small shock when it needs to be charged. Your shock would have arrived in a few days had you not started charging tonight. If you ignore the first shock, another will follow 10 minutes later much more intense. This will continue for however long it takes. The 5th shock would be more intense than any I have ever delivered to you. By the time the 10th shock comes around, it will probably electrocute you.", she said.

"If you ever want to receive an orgasm again, wire \$200 into this bank account."

She then provided me with some bank information for an account overseas.

"Be in this chat room the following night so I can verify and give you your reward. If I never hear from you again, I'll assume you're doing fine without sexual release. I hope you can get used to all this, because the belt will remain on you for the rest of your life. Once again, thanks for putting the belt on."

The Mystery Belt - Part Two

Submitted by: bound-by-love{M}

It is a good thing my beautiful boss, Judy, went to the party in the cafeteria for our Human Resources Manager who just accepted a promotion and transfer overseas. My mind has not been on my work all day. I am trying to decide whether I will comply with Sonya's ultimatum.

Why did I put on this damn chastity belt a month ago. Now Sonya, who I have only talked to on-line, controls me. She can make the belt deliver punishing shocks or the only orgasms I am likely to ever have again and there is nothing I can do about it. Her latest demand is that I wire money every month into her Swiss account. If I don't she said she will end all contact with me. Maybe it is worth it. At least the shocks would end, but so would the orgasms. So far she only made the belt do that twice. The shocks have been much more frequent.

I decide to try to get back the report I should have finished this morning and it is already almost three in the afternoon.

There, almost done with the report, just another paragraph to wrap up the conclusions. Conclusions, at least I forgot about my own problem for...What time is it anyway? The tap on my shoulder just about makes me jump from my chair. I turn around quickly to find my boss, Judy, standing behind me smiling down at me. Everyone else had left. Well that makes sense since the wall clock shows it is well past six on a Friday night. I never did date much and now that I am stuck in this belt I really have no reason not to work late. "I'm glad you stayed. I wanted to discuss that report I see you just finished before I take it upstairs on Monday." "Bring it with you into my office." I watch her walk, swaying ever so slightly, toward her office. That must have been quite a party.

Out of habit I shut her office door behind me. She is sitting in her office chair with her feet up on the desk. I take the hint and pull the guest chair to the side of her desk. Once seated she pivots her chair and puts both of her feet on my lap. She taps the sole of one of her high heel pumps against the belt under my trousers. "Still wearing it I see", her smile is somehow different than the last time she had me massage her feet when she discovered my chastity belt.

I remove her beautiful high heel shoe and get to work on her right foot. She plants the heel of her left shoe hard against my belt. "Actually the report can wait. There is something else I wanted to discuss with you and this is as good a time as any". Her smile broadens and suddenly I receive a very hard shock from the belt. I cannot hide the pain and I squeeze her stocking foot with both hands. After the initial shock from the pain I also feel the tube of the belt

moving. I feel arousal building despite the pain. After a minute the shocking and the motion of the tube stop. "I had a long talk with my old friend, our former Human Resources Manager, at her going away party, did I mention her first name is Sonya"? I could feel all the blood drain from my face. What is Judy saying? What is happening?

Judy continued, "After Sonya's husband ran out on her last year and left her with a pile of bills she sold everything she could and moved into an apartment. I helped her move and visited her from time to time. While consoling Sonya I told her that what happened to her was the reason I never married. I also told her there was one man that might meet my needs, YOU, but I needed more control. Well to make a long story short, her apartment was one floor below yours and Sonya took it upon herself to capture a man for me, YOU! She gave the controls to your belt to me an hour ago. Sonya had planned to send me the controls anonymously later but changed her mind. Too much champagne may have had something to do with it."

Judy suddenly leaned forward and yelled at me to keep massaging. I immediately began again and She leaned back slowly into Her chair. "I have decided to make some changes. First, you are now My very personal secretary here at work. Second, you will also be My maid at My home. We will get your French maid's dress and ballet boots with the extreme high heels for you to wear as My maid tomorrow. I have seen you staring at My high heels often and very soon you will have even higher heels to wear yourself. You have two weeks to end the lease on your apartment and sell your furniture. That will give Me time to have contractors make some changes to My house to prepare for your arrival. I need a place to lock your work clothes away when you are My maid and I am sure other ideas will come to Me within the next two weeks."

I was in a daze. I could not believe what I was hearing. It was a dream come true but in nightmare form. I had often dreamt of being controlled by a beautiful Woman and Judy was at the top of that list since the day I started to work for Her. But now it seemed it was about to become a reality.

Judy removed Her feet from my lap, placed them on the floor and pulled up the hem of Her skirt. "Get to work with your tongue. I feel like having an orgasm and you need to start learning how to do it well. It will be something you will be doing several times a day slave."

I got down on my knees and crawled toward Her spread legs. I felt the tube of the belt start moving again and my own arousal start to build. "To help you learn to please Me if I don't have an orgasm before you I will severely shock you. NOW GET TO WORK."

"By the way Sonya did tell Me how to release your chastity belt. When I become convinced that you will put it back on when ordered I may do that sometime in the future. So if you ever want even brief freedom from that belt I suggest you work on becoming the best slave maid secretary you can be."

As I prepared to please my new owner I decided I would do exactly that!