

# Too Quick to Click

## Chapter One

Samantha moaned softly into her pillow, cursing the sun's rays as they seemed to follow her around the bed. One eye cautiously opened to check the time, reading just after noon on her nightstand display. It would be several more hours until her first appointment. She moved her pillow once again to escape the sunlight and the faint creak of leather escaped from under the satin sheets as she settled in for a few more hours.

*ding dong*

Her eyes darted open. "Who the hell is that?" she wondered, running through the possibilities in her mind. Begrudgingly, she removed the sheets and sat up on the edge of the bed. She yawned deeply, rubbing her eyes and working the kinks out of her muscles.

*ding dong*

"Yeah, yeah" she grumbled. Standing up she walked to the bedroom door and yelled down the hallway "Just a moment, I will be right there!"

More alert now she took a few steps back and stood in front of a full body mirror. Before her was a woman of only 24 years still wearing the previous night's attire. The tight black leather corset could barely restrain her large, pert breasts; eye candy that her clients always enjoyed. Samantha's eyes traced her hourglass figure, past her corseted waist. A garter belt held up her black seamed stocking, surprisingly still in good shape from recent activities. She smiled at herself, never doubting for a second the power her lightly tanned perfect body gave her.

Normally she would have answered the door dressed as she was but thought better of it. "With my luck it will be a little girl standing there with her Mom selling cookies" she mused to herself.

Sam reached for her bathrobe and draped it over her body pulling the belt

tight as she walked to the front door. Looking in the mirror near the door one last time she fixed her hair and makeup as best she could before opening the door.

A handsome FedEx man stood before her holding a box in his hands. "Are you Mrs. Stephenson?" he asked.

"Yes I am, but Sam is fine" she answered. In her profession her clients often did not look nearly as good as the man before her. His muscle toned body left her mind racing with what she could do to him.

"Great, I just need you to sign here Sam" he said handing over a small tablet.

Sam started to sign the box highlighted on the display. "This is a really nice house, are you a lawyer or doctor?" he questioned, tilting his head a bit to look inside.

"No, I typically fall into 'Other' on survey forms" she cryptically answered, returning his tablet with a smile.

"Oh... OK. Well you have a great day Miss. Stephenson, err... Sam" he cheerfully replied returning to his truck.

She stepped back inside and closed the door behind her. Sam tried to recall what she had ordered recently as she brought the package into the dining room, setting it on the table.

"Now I wonder who sent this?" she asked herself noticing there was only an anonymous return address listed. "ACME Corp, that's original" she quipped under her breath.

Using a knife from the kitchen she sliced the tape open, setting it down next to her. She opened the flaps of the box open and began sifting through the foam peanuts. She felt something hard and pulled it out of the box.

She recognized the item immediately; it was a brand new and very shiny chastity belt. Sam had researched many in the past to use on various clients, but this was unlike anything she had seen before. It had a presence to it, an evil that she couldn't put her finger on.

Sam rotated the belt in her hands, examining the construction. Her first realization was that it was female and not male. The second was the absence of a lock, only small hooks that would hold it in place. "Maybe it is only a demo model?" she questioned.

It was not uncommon for her to be shipped items like this; nowadays she hardly ever bought her own equipment. Some were from vendors looking for endorsements but most were from her clients; her male clients. The irony of most gifts was they were never really for her. The very corset she wore was really for the benefit of last night's appointment. Sam allowed them these simple pleasures in exchange for some form of punishment.

The question filling her mind now was who would have sent a chastity belt, a female belt at that. She had a few female clients but none of them have expressed any interest in chastity. Then it dawned on her, "Is this belt for me to try?" she wondered, scowling at the prospect.

Sam thought about just setting it aside, but true to her nature, she was curious as a cat, leaving it alone wasn't really an option. Quickly she unhooked the crotch plate and separated the belt, easing it over her corset pulling it together in front. To Sam's surprise the belt was a bit too small forcing her to tighten the laces on her corset another inch. "I must be down to 23 inches, it's a good thing I haven't had breakfast yet!" she joked to herself.

With the laces tighter Sam took a minute to adjust her breathing and the belt hooked together after a few tugs, not leaving a millimeter to spare. She spread her legs a bit and carefully covered her latex panties with the crotch plate, hooking it to the center of the waist band.

"A perfect fit!" she said, somewhat surprised and a little worried the belt was obviously for her.

Playfully she tugged at the belt, digging her fingers under the cover plate over her pussy. The contoured steel and rubber lining prevented all but a fingernail from getting close to her sex. It didn't take long for the surface of her panties to become slick with arousal. Closing her eyes she imagined the torment her female clients would feel, denied once of life's most basic pleasures. As the minutes passed, her breathing becoming labored, but not from the corset.

Images of their pleading eyes flashed in her mind's eye as she continued to deny them release. Days turned to weeks, weeks to months and months to years.

The grandfather clock in the room chimed loudly, snapping her out of her fantasy. Sam looked at the clock and could see she still had 5 hours before her first client would arrive. Wicked thoughts filled her head and how it would feel to spend the afternoon actually locked in the belt. With flashbacks of her recent fantasy fresh in her mind; the decision was already made before she consciously realized it herself.

"How the hell do you lock this thing?" she pondered.

Reaching into the box she found a small remote. It was no bigger than a small TV remote with an LCD display, a few buttons and a keypad. It seemed pretty straightforward to her with buttons labeled "Lock, Unlock, Torment, Timer, Tease, Punish and Random". With brazen ambition, Sam quickly pressed the lock button.

"No Plug(s) detected" scrolled across the small screen.

"Hmm, interesting" she thought before reaching into the box again, "Maybe I should read the instructions."

Searching the box she found the plugs in question and started examining their design, forgetting about the manual. The butt plug was medium size with steel plates on either side of the shaft and a flared base. It appeared to have a small hole, not much bigger than a straw, down the middle with a small rubber stopper at the base. The dildo had similar metal plates but more in the shape of what looked like a 7" penis. At the base was a nub that looked like a clit stimulator. "Yummy" she thought, licking her lips.

Disconnecting the crotch plate and letting it hang down it became obvious where they went. At the base of the band were two sockets that matched the base of both plugs. Unsure if she would need both of them or just one, she screwed them both into the belt's crotch plate.

"I guess I don't need these" she thought, sliding her panties down her legs, the wet latex gleaming in the sunlight.

Sam used her fingers to rub her swollen vagina, parting her labia to reach her juices. With her fingers dripping she rubbed the 7" dildo and anal plug, spreading her juices liberally over them. Her breathing quickened in lock step with her arousal while 'accidentally' rubbing her clitoris in the process. Moans of pleasure escaped her lips as her fingers soon focused solely on her clit; her mind returning to her fantasy world.

She savored every moment, careful not to send herself over the edge. Both plugs were dripping with lubrication, poised for entry. Her legs spread a bit more to squat, using one hand to ease the anal plug in.

"Arrrrghhh" she groaned, feeling the plug invade her anal cavity. Anal play fell into the 'willing to try anything once' category and was quickly relegated to a failed experiment. If the gritting expression on her face was any indication, her opinion of it wouldn't be changing anytime soon.

Out of breath and recovering from the anal invasion, Sam was still teetering on the edge with her will power to continue all but gone. She started to countdown in her head, "3....2....1...."

With almost practiced ease, she pulled the crotch plate into position, thrusting the dildo deep inside her pussy. "mmmmmmmm" she moaned softly. The clit stimulator nestled into its proper place and she double-checked everything was in its proper place before picking up the remote. With baited breath, her finger slowly pressed the lock button ... *\*click\**

The faint sound of gears emitted from the belt and Sam could feel the whole belt tighten slightly around her waist and pussy.

*beep beep*

The remote signaled the belt was locked. A wave of exhilaration washed over her causing her to close her eyes, returning to her favorite fantasy. For this round she fantasized she was one of her clients, horny as hell, willing to do anything for release.

"Please Mistress, I need to cum... I need it so bad it hurts!" Sam murmured.

Her left hand began caressing her breasts, teasing her nipples; throwing more fuel on the fire. Setting the remote on the table her right hand dove towards her crotch in another vain attempt to bypass the steel prison. She noticed the belt seemed tighter than ever, contouring every detail of her body.

Out of breath again she blindly reached for the remote. "God I am such a horrible slave" she muttered, thumbing for the unlock button.

With her eyes closed and mind thoroughly engrossed, she didn't see the new messages on the remote. Sam however pressed buttons wildly hoping for release without having to open her eyes and ruin the fantasy. What she didn't realize was the remote was upside down and pressed the timer button first.

"Enable Timer? (1=Yes, 2=No)"

Sam's thumb grazed over the contoured buttons, realizing they were all the same size. 8...4...7...1

"Duration? (1-9, Random)"

"Ohhhh God.... please just unlock already!" she moaned, continuing to fondle her breasts. Wildly pressing buttons again, her thumb continued to miss the unlock button and eventually hit the 'random' button.

"Tamper Proof? (1=Yes, 2=No)"

8... 3... 'random'... 'lock'... 1

"Digital Mistress? (1=Yes, 2=No)"

... 0... 9... 4... 1

"Aaaaaarrrrrrggghhhh!" Samantha screamed, darting her eyes open. "Why won't you bloody open ALREADY?"

"Confirm? (1=Yes, 2=No)" displayed on the remote.

"That's stupid. Why would you confirm unlocking the belt?" she scoffed in disdain. "Of course I want out! Damn computers..."

Without a second thought Sam pressed 1 on the remote.

*beep beep*

"Options Confirmed. Tamper Protection Activated. Digital Mistress Activated. Timer Duration: Random"

"Random? Digital Mistress? What the fuck is this?" she called out. "I didn't set any damn options!"

Panicked, Sam immediately pressed unlock on the remote only to be met with a new message.

"Timer Activated. Please enter unlock code."

Pondering what it could be, she tried to think of a 5 digit number. Remembering most devices usually are set to all zeros until the code is changed, she tried entering 5 zeros.

"Invalid Code"

"AAAAaaaahhhhhhh!" she screamed, recoiling from the electric shock that coursed through her pussy. "What the HELL was that?" she shrieked at the remote.

A new message scrolled on the remote, "Invalid Code. Mistress has added one day."

Locked in a state of shock, Sam gawked at the remote in disbelief. Panic quickly set in causing her mind to splinter into a barrage of irrational actions. The remote was swiftly tossed aside as her finger dove to the belt in a vain attempt to pull it free. Her 120 pound body thrashed wildly causing her to crash against the nearby walls and furniture. The corset's compression against her chest soon took hold, sharply ending her fight against the belt. Gasping for air Sam discovered her efforts had only resulted in breaking most of her manicured nails.

Not one to give up easily, she dumped the entire box onto the table in search for the manual. With a few firm shakes, the heavy book hit the table with a thud causing the foam peanuts to scatter in all directions.

She sat down at the dining room table, feeling the anal plug push into her a bit deeper. With the erotism gone, embarrassment filled its place forcing her to accept the humiliation of a anal plug stuck in her ass.

As difficult as it was for her, she started from the beginning and hastily read through the pages, skimming over the multiple pages warning her to read the manual before using the belt.

"A lot of good that does me now!" she grumbled.

A few pages in, she found what she needed. Grabbing her mobile phone, she dialed the customer service number.

"Thank you for calling the Utopia X series support line, how can I help you?" a cheerful female voice answered.

"I need help with my belt" she replied.

"Certainly, can I get your name and phone number first?" the woman asked.

"Sure, it's Samantha Stephenson. My number is 323-555-7489." she answered.

"Hmm... I don't see you in our records. Are you the owner or the submissive?" the woman asked kindly.

Samantha sneered, "How dare she!" she scowled in her head before answering politely, "Both... I guess"

"OK, how can I help you with your belt?" she asked.

"I can't get it off" Sam flatly answered.

Stifling a chuckle, the woman gleefully answered "It sounds like it is working perfectly!"



"No, you don't understand. I'm not supposed to be locked in this belt. I got it in the mail today and I thought it was OK to put on and the next thing I know the damn thing is shocking me and I can't get it off!" she began to shout, trying her best to remain calm.

"OK, take a deep breath. Can you get your Master or Mistress on the phone?" the woman cautiously asked.

Sam pulled the phone away for a moment, "I am the damn Mistress!" scoffing at the phone. Putting the phone back to her ear she replied, "I don't have one. The belt just showed up at my doorstep with an anonymous shipping address."

"And you put it on without finding out who sent it or reading the manual first?" the woman asked, already knowing the answer.

"Yes, I'm an idiot. I know that. I just need help now! Please just give me the code to unlock it." Sam replied, raising her voice.

"OK, I'm sorry. I do want to help you. Can you give me the serial number on the last page of the manual?" she politely asked.

"It's been blacked out with permanent marker" Sam answered.

"Unfortunately without the serial number or the owners name I can't look up the Master code. We have thousands of codes in our database; I need something to narrow it down to one code. I'm sorry." she said with concern.

"I'm in LA, does that help?" Sam asked.

"I'm afraid not. What does the remote say now?" the operator asked with more concern in her voice.

"It flashes different messages; the last one said the timer was set for random, what does that mean?" Sam asked with a tinge of fear in her voice.

The woman on the phone paused and took a deep breath, "OK. Just a few more questions and I will answer any that you have. Is there any mention of a Digital Mistress or Tamper Proof mode on the remote? Also, do you have any

plugs installed?"

"Yes, both are enabled and both plugs are being used" she quickly replied.

"Oh dear" the woman gasped.

"WHAT?" she screamed, "You're scaring me!"

Taking a few more deep breaths the woman on the phone started to speak, "Samantha, each belt is configured with present time limits specified by the customer. If say #1 was set for 1 week, selecting timer mode #1 would lock the belt for at least 25% of the maximum duration up to the full duration. In other words, you would be locked for about 2-7 days."

"OK" Sam acknowledged, "How long am I locked up for?"

"I'm afraid your belt is set to random which means it could have selected preset 1-9. Unfortunately there is no way to tell what was chosen." the concern in the woman's voice grew.

"So what is the maximum time? A couple weeks?" she asked, knowing it wouldn't be that easy.

"The most we allow customers to configure presets for is... well... 2 years" she replied, cringing as she spoke the words.

"Oh God! I could be locked in this infernal thing for 2 years?" Sam screamed.

"As long as you keep the Digital Mistress happy, then yes, it will be no longer than 2 years. The Digital Mistress will add time from 1 day to 1 week at random for every indiscretion" the woman replied.

"I know, it already shocked me once for trying to enter the unlock code. The bitch gave me a day!" she growled; furious that someone of her stature was in this situation.

"This will not be easy, I wear one myself. My husband invented the devilish device. I usually spend a week under the control of the DM while my husband travels to trade shows. I encourage you to read the manual and then read it

again. It will make your life much easier."

"You will need to keep the remote with you at all times as it will beep from time to time with instructions. There are over 100 unique tasks that the belt will choose at random at semi-random intervals. These include various exercises, sleep schedules and even simulated sex" the woman explained.

"Simulated Sex?" Sam questioned.

"Yes, sensors and accelerometers in the belt can detect most movement such as standing, sitting, lying down, running, jumping; the list goes on. Simulated sex requires you hump a stationary object. The belt will stimulate your sensitive areas, but rarely does it ever allow for an orgasm I'm afraid" the woman said with disappointment in her voice, "I know from experience"

"So I would have to hump something, like a dog?" Sam asked with disgust.

"That's one way of putting it. There are several sex modes simulating a variety of positions. They are all listed in the manual. I highly recommend you learn them and how to perform each one accurately. The Digital Mistress will continue to shock you for the duration of the task at one minute intervals or until you get it right" the woman explained.

Sam sank into her chair looking at the belt below her in disbelief. She wanted to believe this was a dream with all her heart. After several minutes of silence the woman on the phone spoke, "Sam? Are you still there?"

"Err... yeah. I can't believe this is happening. How can I live my life like this? How could anyone? This is too much. I considered for a moment trying to wait this out but screw that! I'm just going to cut the damn thing off!" Sam exclaimed.

"NO DON'T!!" the woman screamed, "Whatever you do, don't cut the belt Samantha!"

"Why not?" Sam meekly asked.

"When you locked the belt, you also enabled the Tamper Proof security. There are wires that run inside tracks on the belt. If any are cut... the probes and clit

simulator will push enough juice through you to fry every nerve. You would never enjoy the pleasure of sex again" the woman spoke with deep concern.

After a good long pause, Sam asked "Great. How the hell do I use the bathroom?"

"You can urinate as you normally do. It will take some extra effort to dry yourself off however. With the anal plug installed, you will need to give yourself enema's on a regular basis I'm afraid" the woman replied.

"I think I need some time to myself. I may call later." Sam sheepishly replied.

"Please do. You will need plenty of support; please don't hesitate" the concerned woman answered.

Saying their goodbye's the magnitude of the situation was starting to come together. Tears started welling in her eyes as she gripped the remote in her hands; starring blankly at the scrolling messages.

As a dominatrix by trade, how could she explain she was under anyone or anything's control? Of her sex no less! What if the belt decided to issue a command during a session?!? "God, how humiliating!" her thoughts sending a chill down her spine.

Numbers flew through her head. "24 months max, minimum time of 25% is... 6 months?!?... maybe it is only a year, 3 months is not horrible. I could take a few months off..." she calculated before a noise broke her concentration.

*beep beep*

A new message scrolled on the remote "Missionary Training"

Without missing a beat, Sam grabbed the manual and vigorously started flipping through the manual until she found the page detailing the command:

### **Missionary Training**

The belt wearer must simulate an on top missionary position. Energetic and accurate simulation is required to avoid discipline. Pressure, movement and audio is evaluated.

"Well that's pretty damned informative." she scoffed sarcastically. "What the hell am I supposed to do, hump a pillow?!?!"

"aaaaaaaoOOuuchhh" Sam screamed, her legs involuntarily closing as her pussy coursed with electricity. "Damn this infernal thing!" she gritted through her teeth.

Sam dashed into the living room and quickly mounted the back of her couch using her hands in front to support herself, setting the remote on the nearby end table. "This is so fucking humiliating" she grunted, slowly grinding the crotch plate into the couch.

The dildo started to slowly vibrate inside of her, slowly stirring the juices within her once again. It was a pleasant sensation, however in her mind the humiliation detracted from the experience.

"aaaaaaahhhHHHaaaaaa" Sam painfully moaned, receiving another shock in her ass this time.

The remote scrolled a new message "Energy and Audio UNSATISFACTORY - Missionary Training Active"

Gritting her teeth Sam cursed the anonymous person who gave her this belt. With reluctant vigor she began to ride the back of the couch wildly screaming, "Ohhh... Ohhhh.... Yessss...." The vibrator buzzed once again, seemingly matching her own effort. Sam closed her eyes and imagined herself riding the delivery man from earlier today, grinding her crotch harder and harder into the pillow top ridge.

Feigned moans turned real as an orgasm started to build. Biting her lower lip she pounded harder. Her limbs began to shake from muscle fatigue while the light colored hairs on her arms stood straight. Her restricted breathing from the corset left her labored, but she remained determined to achieve some gratification from this whole ordeal.

*beep beep*

"Missionary Training Complete" scrolled across the screen, shutting down the

vibrator.

Samantha lost it, instantly welling up in tears "Nooooooooo... Please.... just give me this. I will do anything!!! Please!!!" She pounded on the belt, digging her fingers under the crotch plate in a pathetic attempt to finish the job.

"AAAAAaaaaaaaaahhhhhh" she screamed; a more powerful jolt coursing through both plugs.

"Self Simulation Prohibited. Mistress has added one week."

Defeated, out of breath and speechless Sam rolled onto the couch to lie down.

"AAaahhhh Gawd freakin' dammit!!!!" screeching again from another jolt, jumping up from the couch.

"Sleep Currently Prohibited. Mistress has graciously not added any time."

"Graciously my ass" Sam said resentfully at the lifeless remote. Cold, unforgiving steel surrounded her body and sex forcing a state of submission unknown to even her longest clients. While loyal, in they end they still had a safeword, one they used too often by her standards. The belt knew nothing of human compassion however. It didn't care if she was exhausted, battered or bruised.

Samantha sat on the couch with trepidation, careful not to upset the Digital Mistress. She traced her fingers along the rounded edges of her belt; reluctantly accepting her new role. She was going to need some time to adjust and realized the sooner she adapted to life with the belt, the better off she would be.

She hated that she had already managed to tack on 8 days to her unknown sentence in a matter of hours. Despite her anger, her eyes grew heavy with from the mental and emotional rollercoaster of the day. Her eyes closed as her mind slowly dipped into the depths of unconsciousness...

*beep beep*

... her eyes flew wide open. "Nooooooooo!"

## Chapter Two

For the eighth morning since the mysterious belt came into her life Sam squinted at the sunlight pouring into her bedroom. Uncomfortable and wide awake she obsessed over her situation. Part of her had hoped the person who sent it would have contacted her by now if only to know why. Memories of sessions past played over and over in her mind. She tried to find some clue as to who would have done this to her and a client seemed like the only reasonable answer.

As the sun continued to partially blind her she softly begged the belt to allow her to stand. Like so many of her clients, she was given a simple choice. To obey or not to obey. She knew she could endure the pain but the psychological and mental torment of adding more time to her sentence was unbearable. It had taken considerable willpower to finally get back to zero again. Sam wasn't about to lose any more ground in her quest for release.

A small bead of sweat formed on her forehead as her clenched thighs trembled from exhaustion. Under the steel belt her bladder throbbed in agony but Sam was determined not to wet the bed for a third, demoralizing time. She knew she needed to stay positive; the task at hand however continued to be more difficult than she could have ever expected.

*beep beep*

"Oh thank god" she mumbled; tossing the sheets aside and racing to the bathroom.

A stream of urine soon passed through the well designed steel paths built into the belt. After a full 30 seconds Sam wiped herself and turned on the shower. Glancing at the clock, she hopped in before the water had even warmed. Lukewarm water poured over her breasts and past her chastity belt spilling onto the tile floor under her feet. Reaching for the removable shower-head Sam made short work of washing around the belt, stomach and breasts which was a much simpler task since she cut off the corset. Part of her wished she could have kept it on as it prevented the belt from digging directly into her sensitive waist, but the smell had become unbearable.

Putting the shower nozzle back in place she finished by washing her hair and rinsing before stepping out and drying herself off. As she did, memories of her 'normal' routine played in her head. A warm bath, slow meticulous shaving, hair and makeup. All in all, at least 90 minutes of effort each afternoon in preparation for her clients, now compressed to 15 minutes.

Sam pulled her hair back into a pony tail and went to her dresser to pull out her blue track suit. Looking in the nearby mirror she sighed at the frumpy sight before her. The loose fitting track suit had no chance against the army of fetish clothing in her closet. She felt like a party girl turned soccer mom overnight, trading sexy for comfort and practicality.

*beep beep*

"Ugh... right on schedule" Sam groaned.

Casually she picked up the remote can looked at the screen. Sam's disinterested look soon turned to shock as she read the message on the screen. She had memorized the manual's commands but wanted to be sure. She ran to her nightstand and picked up the manual, opening to the page.

## **Hogtie Training, Level 2**

The belt wearer must fit a large ball gag, pulled tightly. Ankles and wrists must be tightly secured to the rear belt ring. Keys are placed inside the remote and placed 100 feet away from the belt. Orgasms are not permitted and will result in very strict discipline.

Out of all the commands, Sam was particularly interested in this one. No other command specified that orgasms were not allowed. She had wondered how the belt would know she was indeed locked and secure. "I could always fake gag noises, how would it know?" she asked herself rhetorically.

Without realizing it, Sam already knew the answer. The psychological toll the belt had caused her for over a week had done its job all too well. Steadily the belt no longer needed to enforce the rules, she would follow them out of fear.



The choice in her mind was terrifyingly simple; the discomfort of the gag was not worth the possibility of a single demerit day.

With the clock ticking she pulled a plastic bin from under the bed that contained several gags and restraints. A flurry of restraints flew from the container. A bright red ball gag trainer, short chains, padlocks, wrist and ankle cuffs formed a pile on the floor next to her leg.

Ensuring the locks were all keyed alike, she opened the back of the remote to find a small compartment where the keys easily fit. Sam had decided to secure herself in the bedroom but soon realized her first problem. The house was only 70 feet from corner to corner. With no time to spare Sam resorted to running into her back yard leaving the patio door wide open. Standing on the edge of her property she estimated that she had to be at least 100 feet away from her bedroom and hurried back.

Sam's anxiety was causing her to become winded, but she knew the belt wouldn't care. With practiced ease, she filled her mouth with the large 2" ball gag pulling the various straps around her head and under her chin tight.

She secured her ankles next, connecting them together with padded leather cuffs and a short 6" chain. Beads of sweat built up on her forehead as she strained to pull the chain close enough to the ring on the rear of the belt. Her nostrils flared, fighting for air as she bit down hard on the gag. Rocking slightly she was able to hook the lock around the chain and belt hasp, locking it shut.

Fearing a punishment was near, Sam swiftly locked leather cuffs onto her wrists and with a sighing breath, locked them to the back of the belt.

While a dominant by trade, she did love the feel of restraints on occasion. Self-bondage was a guilty pleasure she didn't often indulge, but always loved every minute of it. Sam closed her eyes and playfully tugged at the restraints; the hi-pitched metal echoing her every move. Somewhat relaxed, she decided to make her way to the remote.

With practiced skill, Sam started to work herself upright. The journey would be much quicker on her knees rather than her stomach. With a final push from Sam forehead she leaned back and teetered onto her knees.

"MMmmmMMmmMppphhh!!!!" she screamed.

The shock from the belt took her by surprise, causing her to lunge forward. Her hands instinctively tried to break her fall but it was no use. Sam held her head back to save her face as her chest and breasts smashed onto the ground.

"I should have known the damn thing wouldn't give me any shortcuts" she scowled spitefully through the large gag.

Quickly recovering from the fall she began rocking side to side to began her trek to the back yard. It wasn't long before she noticed the vibrator tremble slightly. Curious, Sam continued taking care to keep a slow, steady pace.

Ten minutes had passed and she had worked her way into the hallway and was met with a pleasant surprise. The vibrator sped up again. Laying her head down to rest, she playfully tugged against the restraints again enjoying the warmth building in her pussy. She knew it wasn't enough to bring her to orgasm but was making the best of her situation.

Several minutes passed and the vibrations had all but drifted away and pulses of electricity started to grow in intensity. Samantha snapped out of her trace and lifted her head, noticing the pile of drool on the floor.

"That's a first" she mused to herself.

She continued her journey down the hallway flirting with the belt's vibrator. Time passed quickly and in just over a half hour she reached the main hallway to the house leading to the front door.

Sam groaned as she stared at the path before her. Cold, hard ceramic tile beautifully lined the hallway and spilled into the kitchen. At the far end of the kitchen was the sliding doors to the back yard.

The vibrations had faded from the most recent movement and she knew she didn't have much time before the shocks began. The side to side trek began again.

"Shit this is cold!" Sam scowled at the cold seeping through her tracksuit onto

her breasts and stomach.

*ding dong*

Samantha froze on the floor at the noise before realizing it was the front door. With fear in her eyes she glared at the door.

"It's that damn delivery guy" she scoffed.

Realizing the penalty of going back she decided to race to the kitchen before being seen. The tracksuit did not cooperate much on the tile floor and provided no traction. Desperate, she haphazardly doubled her efforts. Rocking with all her might, her breasts painfully crushed beneath her forcing the occasional grunt from her gagged lips.

*ding dong*

*ding dong*

*ding dong*

The delivery man was becoming impatient and could hear noises on the other side of the door. Glancing at his watch, he knew if he waited much longer he would be behind schedule.

Sam refused to give up; her nostrils flared while she bit down on her gag trying to manage the pain.

Frustrated, the man leaned over and tried looking through the window beside the door. He could have sworn he heard noises in the hallway but it was empty. Looking down at the package in his hand he knew he didn't need a signature, he just wanted an excuse to see Samantha again. Setting it down on the porch he jogged back to his truck before driving away.

Winded and exhausted Sam laid on her side; the cold kitchen floor now a welcome relief. A faint buzzing from the belt's vibrator could now be heard, but the glazed expression on her face said it all. The pace in her breath was now out of desperation as she tried to stave off a much needed orgasm. Her mind waged war with every yearning nerve in her body, losing the battle as

the minutes passed.

"Ooooooooooh....mmmmmmph....oooooooooh" Sam moaned into her gag, trying to distract her from falling into the abyss. She had finally worked off her demerit days, she would be damned if she was going to tack any more on.

After nearly 20 minutes the vibrations slowed to a dull trickle leaving Sam in a sweaty exhausted pile. Tears flowed from her eyes as she realized what she had done. For over a week the belt had teased her relentlessly, bringing her to the verge of bliss but never able to cross over. She tried to convince herself there really wasn't a choice and that it had mentally forced to deny herself the simple pleasure of an orgasm while simultaneously taking another step into submission.

Despite her internal demons, it wasn't long before the pleasant vibrations had turned to painful shocks. Lazily she slowly raised her head from the floor, straining to see through her sweat drenched hair stuck to her face.

"uuuumphhh" Sam groaned, straining her muscles to get moving again.

Leaving the recently warmed tile, she wormed her way to the back door careful not to advance too quickly. Unwilling to orgasm and in need of a distraction Sam decided to make the best of it. She started racing a few feet letting the vibrations build and stopping to fight them off.

Sam couldn't help but think how her actions were somewhat analogous to playing Russian roulette. In her current state, she had a hard time deciding which fate would be worse. The physical and mental distractions finally paid off as she soon approached the back door.

"Son of a..." she screamed into her gag.

Over the course of the past hour, a thunder storm had started to brew and the skies had turned pitch black. A little rain wasn't much to worry about, but lightning was a different story.

Cautiously she worked her sweat covered body over the painful metal door threshold and onto the slightly dampened wooden landing.

*Craaacckkk*

Sam practically jumped out of her skin from the nearby lightning strike, recoiling back a couple feet into the house.

"Shit!" she screamed again, thrashing slightly from fright and frustration.

Sam studied the task before her and would have punched a wall if she were able. She could slowly crawl to the remote under a tree wearing her steel chastity belt, in the rain, with lightning nearby through her open backyard. The alternative was not any more promising; staying in the house would result in increasingly painful electric shocks and the risk of the rain destroying the remote and possibly trapping her forever in the belt.

"Mmmmmmmmm" Sam scowled into the gag as she made her way back outside.

The cool mist felt nice on her skin as she continued to play roulette with the belt. Dark clouds continued to growl around her threatening to release their fury.

Sam made it a quarter of the way there when the heavens let loose. Rain poured down, drenching the ground and herself in seconds. Lifting her head like a snake in the grass she could see the tree was still providing some shelter for the remote but knew it wouldn't last long.

Taking a deep breath Sam made a break for it. Shifting her body side to side through the grass; ignoring the increasing vibrations in her pussy. For the moment they only fueled her efforts. Water splashed from small forming puddles as she rocked back and forth.

"Come on... almost there..." she thought to herself.

As Sam approached the remote the ecstasy building in her loins started to spread. Unable to stop it she doubled her efforts, throwing herself onto the remote as if it were a landmine.

Sam was now breathing so hard her nostrils were occasionally sticking closed. The instinct to survive kicked in and she tried breathing around the gag. The rain however had now soaked her head was streaming down her face causing

her to aspirate the water into her lungs.

Asphyxiation combined with the vibrator had now pushed her on her way to orgasmic meltdown; one that was no longer avoidable.

Sam's body began to twitch and convulse; the impending orgasm felt like nothing she had ever experienced before. Darkness crept into her vision as she valiantly tried to control her breathing.

... click, lights out.

The sound of birds chirping startled Sam from her slumber. Her body spent and mind in a fog, several minutes passed before she could put the pieces together. She finally deduced that it was the next morning and she had remained unconscious throughout the storm.

"The remote!" her inner voice shouted.

Sam's body ached terribly from the long term bondage. She groaned as she carefully rolled over and made her way back to the remote, grasping it in her hands. Exhaustion made the task especially difficult, but the notion of freedom served as a good motivator. Easily opening the remote compartment she released her hands and made short work of the leg restraints as well.

Painfully sitting up, Sam started to release the jawbreaking gag from her mouth when she noticed a message scrolling on the remote's screen.

"Orgasm Detected - Mistress has added two weeks."

"AAaaaAAAAaaarrrrrrrrrrhhmmmmppppphhhh!!!" Sam screamed into her gag before erupting into the first of many breakdowns for the day.

Minutes passed and through the tears she managed to remove her gag leaving her jaw sore, almost unable to move. Sam tried hard to compose herself only to finally notice she was sitting naked in her backyard within view of her neighbor's second floor windows.

Quickly gathering the restraints into a pile, she picked the remote up off the ground and gave it a good long stare.

Rage filling her thoughts she began to shake the lifeless device. "Why!?! You stupid piece of shit! Why? I passed out for God's sake! Don't give me two more weeks... you win OK? You win. Name whatever you want..." Sam yelled at the scrolling display, trying to stifle her sobs. "...just name it. I just can't take two more weeks of this!"

*beep beep*

Sam quickly averted her gaze and paused for a moment. Her heart-rate doubled as she gritted her teeth and cautiously glanced at the screen from the corner of her eye.

Immediately she turned her head towards the remote and drew in close for a better look. Disbelief washed over her. "Oh God..." she whispered, dropping the remote in the grass.

### **Chapter Three** *(added: 06/10/2009)*

"Hey hon, check this out" Jim said to his wife.

"Uuuhhh" she grunted.

"Hurry, you don't want to miss this" he exclaimed, giddy with his discovery.

With one eye open she rose from her bed and shuffled to the window. Not another word was spoken, the two just stared at their neighbor below.

Sam wiped another bead of sweat from her face. She was sure not to make eye contact with her neighbors who were now burning holes through her with their glare. She hoped they would eventually go away but as she continued to grind her pussy into the lawn chair arm while moaning wildly, she didn't hold her breath.

The belt's intruding vibrator and butt plug continued to do a masterful job of

keeping her on the edge for another 5 minutes before the program ended. Sweating and frustrated as ever she picked up her ball gag and restraints off the ground, leaving the small remains of her dignity on the grass behind her.

"Well if they didn't think I was a whore before, they do now" she sighed to herself.

Setting the gear on the kitchen counter she made a small breakfast and sat down in the dining room to reflect on the past 24 hours. As the events played over and over, what angered her most was that she made no mistakes. She didn't disobey, at least not from her own viewpoint.

Pulling the remote from her pocket, Sam gave it a long hard look as if she was choosing her words.

"Why?" Sam whimpered. "Why two weeks? I was saving you from the rain!" she said raising her voice, unconsciously squeezing the remote harder.

With the remote gripped in her hand, Sam finished her breakfast. She reminded herself that the belt is just a machine driven by the data it is given. It didn't understand compassion or a greater good, just the rules of the game.

Putting away her dishes Sam walked across the hallway towards her bedroom and noticed a silhouette through her front door. Curious, she opened up the door and was surprised to see a package waiting for her. In the commotion of yesterday's events, Sam completely forgot the delivery man had stopped by.

With a quizzical look on her face, she brought the package inside to the dining table. Using her fingernail, she cut the tape on the box she peered inside. Hints of polished metal peeked past the packing peanuts causing Sam's heart to skip a beat.

Taking a deep breath she pulled a pile of heavy metal and chains from the box spilling peanuts on the table and floor. Setting the items on the table she noticed an envelope inside the box taped to the side.

Opening the letter Sam was pleased to see it was from Jillian, the woman from the belt manufacturer. Sam knew she wouldn't have survived this long without her help and support. Just having someone she could tell all the



horrible things the belt did to her was extremely therapeutic. She had sworn she would find a way to get her out of the belt, but Sam never expected something so soon.

Hello Samantha,

I probably should have warned you before sending this package but thought I would surprise you instead. I convinced my husband to come up with a workaround for your situation. In the box are two prototype add-ons for the chastity belt. The chastity bra should look pretty familiar. The bands of metal are thigh bands.

Both items connect to your chastity belt using the appropriate chains. Working in tandem, the computers in the thigh bands and bra will add points (think of them as brownie points) to your chastity belt. As the points build, days will be removed from your belt.

You don't need to use both for this to work, but your belt will come off faster if you do decide to use both. We can't know for sure, but if all goes as planned and you use both you should be out in two weeks! With only one installed it could be a few months still... I'll let you decide.

Love,  
Jillian

PS - You will feel a pinch if you put on the bra, don't worry, it's normal.

"Wow" Sam gasped, collapsing into a nearby chair from shock. "I can't believe she went to all this trouble for me. I'm actually going to be free of this thing! "

Sam re-read the letter a few more times before standing up and sorting out the contraptions before her. She wanted to be out of the belt more than anything, but didn't want to rush into anything. She tried to make a mental pro and con list, but her mind couldn't help but recall the humiliation in her back yard not long ago. "Assholes have probably told half the neighborhood already" she scoffed in her head.

It didn't take long before she 'decided' to put on both devices. Sam shed her tracksuit leaving herself naked in the cool dining room air. Smirking she held her ample breasts in her hands, "I'm not going to see you for a while. Don't worry, it's only for two weeks" Shaking her head back to reality, Sam reached for the pile of steel on the table.

Detangling the thigh bands proved to be a bit of a challenge but soon had them free. Closer inspection showed they had a similar locking mechanism as the belt, only a smaller scale. Sam carefully encircled each band around her thighs hooking them in place taking note of the short chain between her thighs.

"Really Jillian? 4 inches of chain? What is it, a dollar per foot?!" Sam cursed aloud.

Disgruntled, Sam tried to finish. Two chains dangled down the side of each band with clasps on the ends. She picked each one up and with a little trial and error was able to get one to fit around the waistband, fitting into a grooved connector she had not noticed before. She felt the underside of the belt for the groove on the other side and slid the clasp on to the belt.

*beep beep*

"Damn it, not now!" she yelled.

Gritting her teeth, Sam yanked the remote off the table and glared at the screen.

"Activate Device - Thigh Bands?"

"Oh!" breathing a sigh of relief, Sam thought long and hard before pressing any buttons.

Even though the letter didn't mention in, Sam was pretty confident that removing these additions wouldn't be possible unless the belt was deactivated.

Closing her eyes, Sam pressed '1' on the remote. Instantly the familiar sound of locks engaging filled her ears. The bands tightened mercilessly around her thighs causing her skin to bulge around them. She didn't feel any pain, but she

certainly wouldn't forget their presence.

Playfully she pulled at the bands to see how secure they were. Even without the help of the chains, they were not going anywhere. The chain between her legs was naturally pulled tight as her stance was usually wider than the bands would allow.

The new restriction left Sam feeling uneasy. With anxiety building, Sam decided to walk to the kitchen for a stiff drink. "It's after noon somewhere" she mused, taking her first step, instantly hitting the chain's limit.

*clink*

"Oohh!" Sam yelped, reeling from the shock in her pussy.

Puzzled, it took her a moment to realize what happened. It was mild in comparison to others the belt had administered before, but certainly not pleasant. Cautiously Sam continued towards the kitchen, almost shuffling across the floor. After a few feet without any shocks she increased her stride more and more before reaching the limit of the chain again.

*clink*

"SON OF A..." her scream trailing off from a more intense shock in her ass.

With only a few more feet to go, she shuffled the remainder of the distance to the bottle. The nearby fridge grinded out a few ice cubes into her glass before she poured a generous amount of whiskey into it. Sam quickly drank down the glass and poured another one.

"What the hell Jillian? You didn't mention getting shocked for just walking around!" Sam sneered in frustration to her empty Kitchen.

A few drinks later her nerves eventually started to calm down. Leaning against the countertop careful not to evoke the wrath of her new restraints Sam started to reconsider the bra. She tried to think of the torments it could inflict and if she was up for dealing with them.

"Two weeks of total hell or 3 plus months of not much better?" Sam said

aloud, trying to build her courage up.

Sam helped things along with a few more shots of liquid courage, now convinced the bra can't be worse than spending even a month locked up. She poured a fresh drink and carefully shuffled into the Dining room.

Sam set her drink on the table and picked up the bra. Examining it in her hands it gave her a chill. The design seemed to envelop the breast instead of just cover it. Every detail seemed to be accounted for, even small wells for her nipples to fit.

She downed the remainder of her drink and took a deep breath.

Holding the shiny steel in her hands it seemed quite formidable in weight, almost as much as the belt itself. Making sure she had it right side up Sam held a bra cup in one hand and squeezed her left breast inside with the other. Little by little her flesh was forced past the metal ring. It took a bit of finesse but Sam eventually able to get her now hard nipple into the well.

"I don't think I could get this thing off without the lock" Sam thought, grimacing at the weight of the bra.

With a bit of practice under her belt, the right breast was a bit easier and soon her tits were suspending the device in the air. The effects of the alcohol were blurring her judgment more than ever now. Without a second thought Sam clumsily pulled the strong chain behind her back and connected the lock. Two final chains dangled from her armpits down to the belt were left to connect.

Her drunken state made it difficult to connect the chains to her belt. After several attempts the connectors clicked into place. Right on cue, the remote beeped and displayed a new message.

"Activate Device - Training Bra?"

Scrunching her nose in disdain, "What the hell, am I 12 years old?"

Sam knew full well what 'training' the remote was referring too but still resented the wording. Unceremoniously, she pressed '1' on the remote.

The bra came alive, much more so than with the thigh bands. Sam expected the lock to engage in the back, but was surprised when the band encircling her chest slowly tightened causing the cups to dig uncomfortably into her chest.

Reactively, she reached around the bra trying to loosen its grip before it crushed her. Panic and alcohol working its magic, Sam immediately felt lightheaded and put her hands on the table for balance. Catching her breath she noticed the screen on the remote.

"Stage 1 of 3 Complete. Starting Stage 2."

No sooner did the words register when Sam felt the base of each cup starting to get smaller. Sam was now consumed with desperation and dug her fingers into the bra trying to stop the process but with met with disappointment. She couldn't even get a fingernail behind the cup.

Sam cupped the steel globes wishing she could soothe the ache of her now bulging tits. Her soft and tender flesh was left crushed against the bra's inner surface. Squeeze, pull and prod as she might, she could barely feel the vibration of her efforts through the hard steel.

"Stage 2 of 3 Complete. Starting Stage 3."

Now hyperventilating from panic and pain Sam screamed "Oh God, What the hell else are can you do to me !?!"

"EEeeeeieiiiiiiiAaaaaaahhhhhhhhoowwww!!!"

As if responding to her query, the bra's final stage was done milliseconds after it began. Sam clenched the steel globes in a vain effort to protect her enflamed nipples. Two heavy gauged rods easily pierced her firm nipples, further securing her breasts inside the bra.

Sam continued to paw at the bra with renewed vigor, desperate to find a flaw in its design. It seemed tighter than the belt itself and despite her best efforts, it didn't budge an inch. The pain and shock started to slowly fade; the alcohol having a hand in that small bonus.

"Small pinch my ass Jillian. I'm going to kill that bitch! You couldn't disable the

final step? Hell, all the steps!" Sam angrily screamed to the empty room.

Arms shaking with anger she had to stop herself from running to the phone in her bedroom. Looking down at the thigh bands, Sam gritted her teeth. The sobering reality of her new situation eventually started to break through her inebriated fog. She knew the next two weeks would be hell, but knowing what the devices would do probably wouldn't have stopped her. At best, it would have delayed her a few days until she suffered the next humiliation.

"It's only two weeks... tops. I can do this." she reminded herself.

Glancing into the hallway, Sam could see a partial reflection of herself in the tall mirror. Carefully she shuffled closer to get a better view. Before her stood a broken version of her former self, her eyes said it all. If that were not demoralizing enough, her body looked more like a cyborg than the sexy mistress she was mere weeks ago.

Sam closed her eyes and started to daydream thinking of happier times again "In a couple weeks I'll have men groveling at my feet once again; maybe I'll keep the piercings. I know a few clients that would enjoy them."

*ring ring*

Startled out of her trance, Sam perked up her ears to listen for her mobile phone.

*ring ring*

Shuffling as fast as she could she made her way to the bedroom.

"Oouch!" she yelped, extending her stride a bit too far.

Rounding the corner the phone was still ringing on her dresser and picked it up before it went to voicemail.

A little out of breath Sam answered, "ahhh \*exhale\* Hello?"

"Hi Sam, it's Jillian" her friendly voice responded, "I haven't heard from you yet, did you get a package from me yesterday?"

"Yeah, I did. You call that a pinch?" Sam answered with a tone, still a bit angry for the deception.

"I'm sorry about that. I figured if I told you, you wouldn't put it on. I'm glad to hear that you did. How about the thigh bands?" Jillian asked.

"Yup, shocking the shit out of me with this little chain that's on here" Sam spat, now realizing her tone. "Look, I'm sorry. I had the worst day so far with this fucking belt yesterday. This morning I humiliated myself in front of my neighbors, and now my tits are pierced and I get shocked if I take a step!"

Taking a deep breath, she continued "I'm very grateful for what you have done and the support you have given me every day since I locked this thing on me."

"Well, it sounds like you have a lot to get off your chest... err, sorry. Tell me everything starting with yesterday" Jillian asked sympathetically.

Sam detailed her adventure from yesterday until she was interrupted with a new command on the remote. Luckily it was only a short exercise routine of sit ups and push-ups. Quickly finishing the required repetitions, she continued her story, giving every agonizing detail.

"My God Sam, that's horrible. I don't think I have ever had it that bad in my belt. I'm sorry I couldn't make the additions easier on you, I was in such a rush to get them out to you I didn't even think of how hard they would be on you." Jillian said with sadness in her voice.

"It's OK... in a couple weeks I'll be able to forget about all of this right?" Sam asked, trying to lighten the mood a bit.

"Yes, and we'll have to celebrate!" Jillian said, perking up.

The two said their goodbyes and Sam laid on her bed to continue her daydream.

"Only 14 more days. I can't wait!" she thought closing her eyes.

## **Chapter Four** *(added: 07/23/2009)*

*Bzzzz Bzzzz Bzzzz*

Samantha tapped the alarm button on her clock, praying it wouldn't be long before the belt released her from her bed. Unlike most morning where the urge to urinate was painful, Sam was simply hoping to escape one of its newest torments.

For the past 8 hours the belt had mercilessly kept her in a state of arousal. In the past the belt would simply vibrate and tease her during a training session, but never while she slept. Through the night the belt performed more like a skilled lover than a machine. Using a combination of nipple teasing, light anal shocks and pulsing vibrations in her pussy. Sam was not only awake, but left drenched in sweat and her own juices.

She tried everything to bring herself over the edge from rubbing her crotch plate to pulling her legs apart sharply hoping the shocks would do the job. Nothing worked. After 8 hours of unthinkable frustration and exhaustion, she was at her limit.

"Aarrrrgh!" she groaned, "let me up already!"

Despite her protest, each passing minute the belt continued to keep her on edge. For the twentieth time in the past hour she glanced at the clock.

"Ugh, it's been almost 9 hours. Something's wrong" she told herself. The wheels of desperate reasoning started to turn once again, trying convincing herself she should just get up. "Since the timer is accelerated with months converted to days, 8 hours should take minutes to elapse... maybe it already went off?" Sam thought angrily for not making the connection sooner.

"3... 2... 1..." she counted out loud, sitting up in her bed.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhmmmmmmppphhhh!" she screamed, quickly biting her pillow to stifle the noise. Quickly, she threw her body into its previous horizontal position causing the assault to halt.

Beads of sweat formed on her forehead and Sam was left panting heavily. The



pain set a new record, assaulting her pussy, tits and ass for a full 2-seconds before she laid back down.

*beep beep*

"Ooohhh, how many 'days' are you going to punish me for now?" mocking the remote under her breath.

*Sleep Period Over*

"Son of a bitch!" Sam growled gritting her teeth, "you shocked the shit out of me for sitting up a minute early?"

Begrudgingly she set the remote on her nightstand and went to the bathroom. She sighed as she grabbed her enema bag and started to fill it. It was a degrading process that she hated to do, but did faithfully every day. Sam could think of nothing worse than to be trapped under the belt's control and forced to endure searing abdominal pain.

With her body cleansed, she took a quick shower, shocking herself while stepping in and once again trying to get out. "Stupid thigh bands" she cursed.

Sam dried herself off taking special care not to invoke the thigh bands wrath again. Wrapping the towel around her hair she walked to her dresser to pull out a fresh track suit. Careful not to snag anything on her bra, she pulled the top over her head, pulling it over her body.

"Well that's not going to work" Sam remarked realizing the futility of what she was about to do. Setting the pants down she fished through her drawers in search of a long skirt or dress. Minutes passed and her plain clothes had now formed a sizeable pile on the floor near her bed.

"Awesome. Not a single skirt." she scoffed, turning to her walk-in closet door.

It had been weeks since she had opened her closet and the smell of leather and latex was overpowering. Sam took a few deep breaths leaving her intoxicated as she ran her fingers over the hundreds of outfits perfectly hung, ready for her next session.

Snapping out of her trance Sam started to search for something suitable. "Leather hobble skirt?" she thought sarcastically, "Yeah, more restriction is what I need"

Outfit after outfit was passed up for various issues until she reached her costume area. "Mmmm, this will work. " she observed, holding up a schoolgirl uniform. The white shirt could be buttoned up, hiding her bra and the maroon plaid skirt was just long enough to hide the thigh bands. It wasn't perfect, but she would rather be seen in this outfit than a tight fitting latex dress that outlined her belt, bra and connecting chains.

Putting the outfit on was uneventful and Sam finished her routine by putting her damp hair in a tight ponytail. She grabbed the remote from the nightstand and went to the kitchen to make herself some breakfast.

Breakfast was simple; a glass of orange juice, buttered toast and some bran cereal. Sam fantasized about all the things she would do once she was free of the belt. "Hmm, it might not be a bad idea to call some of my clients and start setting up appointments" she pondered before reconsidering, "with my luck so far, I'll probably jinx the whole thing."

Sam had told her clientele that she had to care for her mother and would be out of the state for an unknown period of time. It was the best excuse she could come up with that gave her a flexible absence, but also garner sympathy and keep them from finding another Mistress, at least right away.

Finishing her meal, Sam returned her dishes to the kitchen and started to clean things up from the previous night when she heard her doorbell ring.

Glancing at a calendar on the wall Sam cringed, "Shit..."

Since traveling outside the seclusion of her house would surely result in disaster Sam was forced to turn to a grocery delivery service for food. Selecting her weekly food from an online menu was much safer than the alternative. Humping a grocery cart in the middle of an aisle would probably land herself in jail.

Sam sighed as she passed the hallway mirror, making sure no signs of the belt were showing before opening the door.

"Good morning Mrs.... ah... Stephenson" the teenage boy politely greeted.

"Good morning Timothy" Sam replied trying her best to keep her cool as the young man drove his eyes over every inch of her body for a second time.

After several uncomfortable seconds, he finally broke from his trance and returned his stare to her eyes.

"Uhhh, Would you like me to bring these inside?" he meekly asked.

"Yes, of course" she snarled.

Without another word, he quickly picked up the bags next to him and brought them into the kitchen. He retrieved two more bags from his van and set them on the counter with the others. Making sure Sam was not looking, he readjusted his now raging erection for the third time before walking to the door.

"All set Mrs. Stephenson" he said, pausing for her to offer a tip.

Still perturbed by having to be on display for a teenager she forgot about his tip, "One second, I'll be right back"

"I really like your outfit Mrs. Stephenson" he said as she walked into the living room for her purse.

Returning Sam tried not to blush and remain calm, "Thank you. It's for a costume party tonight."

"Sweet!" he exclaimed, "but uhhh, it's not even noon."

"Shoo you little twerp!" she thought, but instead politely replied "I wanted to make sure it still fit me. Here's five dollars, thanks for the help."

"Thanks ma'am!" he smiled before rushing out the door. "Have fun tonight!"

"If you only knew..." she sighed under her breath.

Sam closed the door and made her way to the kitchen to put away the groceries.

*beep beep*

"Ugh... you've been good all day." she reprimanded the remote.

"Digital Mistress Says" scrolled across the screen.

"Hmm, I was wondering when this one would come up." she thought.

Wasting no time, Sam rushed to the bedroom and glanced at the manual one more time before the routine started.

### **Digital Mistress Says**

The belt wearer must obey all commands until explicitly instructed to discontinue. Failure to obey will result in two seconds of discipline for every second out of compliance.

"Spectacular!" she spoke with feigned excitement, "Another day of having the shit shocked out of me!"

"Have your fun now" she warned gripping the remote in her hands, "because I'm going to crush you to tiny pieces when I get free!"

*beep beep* "Lie face down on the ground" displayed on the remote.

Sam complied and waited for the next message which came a few minutes later.

*beep beep* "Place hands behind back" flashed across the screen.

Sam did as she was instructed thinking ahead to place the remote in front of her so she could see the screen. After several more minutes of waiting, the remote chirped once again.

*beep beep* "Raise breasts above ground" the remote continued.

"Huh?" she thought puzzled. Before she could stop herself, she mistakenly placed each palm on the ground to push her chest up.

*beep beep* "Violation detected. Return hands behind back." the remote commanded.

"Shit!" she screamed, throwing her hands behind her back once again.

"AAAahhhhhrrrrggghhhhhhhh .... son of a bitch that hurt" Sam screamed out loud, recoiling from the second shock to her pussy.

*beep beep* "Violation detected. Raise breasts above floor." scrolled on the screen.

Sam flexed her arms almost making the same mistake twice. The electric shock was making it hard to concentrate and the belt was not giving her much leeway. Grunting, she arched her back, lifting her chest off the ground and satisfying the remote.

"eeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh" she shrieked from another shock, this one in her ass.

Sam caught her breath and soon realized the precarious position the belt has put her into. A bead of sweat formed on her forehead as she struggled to keep the two heavy steel globes from touching the ground. The added weight and size of her breasts had forced her into a serious arch. Without the use of her arms, the muscles in her back were already starting to spasm.

Minutes continued to tick by and Sam was already at her breaking point. Her eyes stung from the constant flow of sweat that coated her body. Knowing that her muscles were going to give out for good, she slowly tried bending her knees. Hoping to fool the belt, she grabbed her ankles with her hands giving her some leverage to support herself.

*beep beep* "Violation detected. Return hands behind back." the remote directed.

Realizing punishment was inevitable, Sam used the opportunity to grab her

mobile phone on the nightstand before returning to her commanded position. Flipping the phone open, she pressed the speed dial button.

"Son of Aaaaaahhahhhhhhehheeeeeiiiiiihhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh" screamed Sam, recoiling from a 4 second jolt to both her orifices.

"Hello? Is that you Sam?" a woman's voice asked through her phone's speaker.

Still a bit shaken and already struggling to keep her breasts off the floor she answered, "Yes... It's Sam... you've got to help me Jillian!"

"What's going on?" she asked concerned.

"The belt, it's acting strange. It wouldn't let me out of bed this morning and now it's keeping me in this impossible position. If I disobey it shocks the crap out of me!" Sam cried out.

"Mistress Says?" Jillian asked.

"Yeah, how did you know?" Sam asked puzzled.

"I hate that routine more than anything else in the belt's arsenal. There were times when I thought I would actually die" Jillian answered remorsefully.

"Oh God!" she shrieked labored breath, "What is going to do to me?"

"It's hard to say, mostly strenuous core positions that leave your body unable to move after a couple of hours. In my case, I usually succumbed to the shocks and fell unconscious." Jillian explained, "I'm sorry... I wish there was something I could do"

With Jillian dashing any all hope for a reprieve, Sam collapsed onto the floor exhausted and covered in even more sweat. "I'll talk to you soon Jillian. I have to go, I'm about to be punished again." she somberly told her friend.

"Bye Samantha" Jillian responded, hearing the chilling sound of the remote beeping before hanging up.

Sam rested on the carpeted floor watching the remote continue to beep and

warn her of her impending fate if she continued to disobey. Despite the fear welling in the pit of her stomach, try as she might, she couldn't summon the will to comply. Based on what Jillian had told her, she was only delaying the inevitable anyway.

*beep beep* "Violation detected. Final Warning. Return hands behind back. Raise breasts above floor." the remote scolded.

"Ugh. I really should have put a gag in my mouaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh" Sam shrieked.

After a full minute of non-compliance the belt unleashed its full arsenal upon Sam. She screamed at the top of her lungs as voltage from both plugs coursed through her body causing it to spasm uncontrollably. The belt showed no mercy on Sam as the bra tightened its grip further around the base of her breasts while twisting the piercings in her nipples.

The shock to her system was more than she could take. Curled in the fetal position, hands clawing at the agonizing bra, Sam couldn't breathe through the blinding pain. It wasn't long before the all too familiar darkness consumed her vision.

## **Chapter Five** (*added: 08/31/2009*)

*Bang Bang Bang*

The noise woke Samantha from her dazed slumber. Leaving a small puddle of drool on the carpet as she lifted her head, she tried to make out the noise.

*Bang Bang Bang*

"Samantha Stephenson, this is the police, are you in there? Are you OK? Please respond or we will need to break down the door." a man shouted from outside her house.

Sam groggily stood using her dresser for support. The last thing she needed was the police breaking down the door. She quickly made her way to the main hallway using the walls for support.

"I'm coming!" she shouted; her voice cracking.

Passing the hallway mirror she sighed as she was reminded of her attire. Making matters worse, the right side of her face had the woven impression of her carpet. "Fucking spectacular!" she grumbled, fixing her clothes so no metal showed, "this day just can't get any better!"

Opening the door Sam was greeted by two officers in uniform. Lights flashed from the two police cars in her driveway, attracting neighbors like moths to a flame. Some were already standing on the sidewalk but most peered from their steps or windows.

"Mrs. Stephenson?" the younger officer asked.

"Yes, that's me." Sam replied politely.

"We've had multiple reports of screaming coming from your house. Is everything alright?" he asked.

"Yes, everything is fine." Sam quickly replied, but sensed they wanted more; "I uh... was getting dressed and saw a big spider inside my dresser drawer. I must have fainted, but I'm OK now."

"Mrs. Stephenson. Is there anyone else here with you?" he officer continued to question.

"No. I'm here alone." Sam answered.

Glancing behind him at the growing population of observers, Officer Davis spoke for the first time, "Mrs. Stephenson, we have received other reports from your neighbors. Do you know what those might be?"

"Uhhh, no?" Sam answered with feigned distain to the accusation.

"Mrs. Stephenson, are sure there is nothing you wish to tell us?" he asked with distrust in his voice.

"No. Nothing." she curtly replied.



"We would appreciate it if you can give a statement down at the station. It would be much easier than a full investigation" Officer Davis sternly asked.

"I have nothing to give a statement to. I have no idea what you're talking about." Sam blurted in frustration.

"You are not in any trouble. I feel it is in your best interest to discuss this down at the station, less distractions..." the officer trailed off, turning his head to glance at the building crowd, "Wouldn't you agree?"

Sam gritted her teeth, she had never broken any laws in her profession but having the police snooping around wasn't exactly good for business either. Begrudgingly she opted to go with the officers, "I'll be right back; I need to grab some things."

Grabbing her small purse, she stuffed her mobile phone, keys and belt remote inside. Trying to hurry, she quickly put on a pair of black heels and returned to the front door. "This won't take long will it?" she asked the two men.

"Not long at all ma'am" he replied.

Her mind still spinning she realized all too late that 4" heels were not the best choice. Adrenaline started to pump through her veins as she stepped outside her house. Sam tried to hold it together while she locked her front door and followed the officers to their cars.

Sam's level of embarrassment was at a new high. Adrenaline pumped through her veins forcing her brain and senses into overdrive. The murmur of the crowd muffled most sounds, but to Sam each step echoed down the street. She silently prayed that nobody could hear the metallic sound the chain made as it jumped around under her skirt.

*clink*

"AAaahhhhoouuchhh" Sam yelled, the thigh band reaching its limit.

Startled, Office Davis turned to Sam with a puzzled look, "Are you OK Mrs. Stephenson?"

"Yeah, I uh, there's a pebble in my shoe or something. I'll be OK." she hastily replied.

Reaching the car he opened the rear door. "Watch your head" he warned. Sam carefully sat on the seat first and swung her feet happy she managed to avoid another shock.

The officer sat in the driver's seat and pulled out of the driveway and started to drive to the police station in town. Sam looked at all the people who watched her drive off wondering what they were thinking. Looking down at her provocative attire, Sam didn't wonder long.

The officer busied himself with the radio updating the dispatch on his status. Sam simply starred out the window wishing the whole ordeal would be over with soon.

*beep beep*

"YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!" Sam cursed in frustration.

"Excuse me?" Officer Davis asked.

"Sorry!" Sam blurted realizing she was yelling out loud.

The officer continued driving with a raised eyebrow.

"I need to use the ladies room - I should have gone before we left" Sam quickly continued at the same time pulling the remote out of her purse.

"Masturbation Level 1" scrolled across the screen.

"We will be at the station in about 15 minutes, can you hold it until then?" he asked.

"Please, I need to use one right away!" Sam pleaded.

Short of pulling over on the side of the road, the quickest bathroom was at the

station. Without hesitation he flicked on his lights and siren and raced to the station.

Knowing the belt wasn't going to allow her to wait that long Sam decided to capitalize on the officer's distraction. Sliding down her seat to hide her lower body from view, she hiked up her skirt and started to furiously rub her crotch plate.

The vibrator in her pussy kicked in with gusto adding to the symphony of sensory overload. The experience was like nothing Sam had ever felt before, she couldn't quite understand it. The humiliation, fear of getting caught and racing through city streets was making her hot as hell, maybe enough to bring her over the edge. The vibrator was simply sealing the deal.

"Are you OK back there?" he asked after hearing a slight grunt.

"Yessss..... I'm.... uh.... fine!" she gasped, trying desperately to stifle her need to cry out in pleasure.

"We're almost there, just another couple blocks!" he shouted back.

"Nooooo! God no! Loop around, take your time... just give me another minute!" Sam cried out in her head.

Sam doubled her efforts hoping the vibration would increase. To her immediate disappointment nothing changed. Her eyes screwed shut, trying to fantasize about anything sexy to push her over but to no avail. She was too distracted and moments later the police car came screeching to a halt in front of the station forcing Sam to sit upright again and fix her skirt.

*beep beep*

Sam sighed a bit of relief knowing that the session was done in just the nick of time.

Officer Davis immediately opened her door and ushered her out. The station had a long stairway and walkway to the main entrance, almost like a courthouse. With caution, Sam inched out of the squad car, taking the officers hand to get out of the vehicle.

Even for a police station, it was not often a car drove up with sirens on and screeching to a halt. As a result, all eyes were on Sam to see what the emergency was. Dressed as she was, her face instantly flushed red as the dozens of officers and bystanders continued to stare at her. Looking at their faces it was as if she could read their minds, everything from lust to calling her a whore.

The more pressing problem was traversing a football field in distance without the officer noticing the chains under her skirt. Then it hit her, she could use her need to 'urinate' to her advantage. Quickly she smashed her thighs together and began the long waddle to the building's front door.

"Hey Davis, don't spend all your money on her!" one of the officers cackled as he passed the two of them. Officer Davis simply glared at the wisecracking officer.

"I'm afraid that your attire gives the impression you're here for another reason" he said politely, but obviously trying to hide a smirk.

Sam nodded in acknowledgment, her concentration stayed focused on keeping her legs together. A few more people made lewd comments to Officer Davis before they reached the front door. Davis opened the door for Sam and the two walked inside.

"The ladies room is on the left, I'll wait here for you" he said.

"Thank you" Sam answered, quickly exiting into the room.

After waiting for what seemed like the appropriate amount of time, Sam freshened up a bit and went back outside to meet the officer. He greeted her with a smile and ushered her down a nearby hallway.

Sam was able to follow him without incident to what appeared to be 'Interrogation #3'. It was much smaller than the rooms she had seen on TV, just enough room for a small table and a couple chairs.

"Do you need anything before we start? Water, Coffee?" he asked.

"No thank you" she replied.

Officer Davis pulled a voice recorder out of his pocket and set it on the table, pressing the record button.

"My name is Officer John Davis, badge number 7491. Today's date is August 30th, 2009. Ma'am, could you state your full name?" he asked Sam.

Sam's apprehension level skyrocketed at the sight of the voice recorder. Already she was off balance and the interview had hardly begun!

"Samantha Stephenson" Sam answered.

"This conversation will be recorded for the purposes of our investigation, do you understand?" he asked.

"Yes" she answered softly.

"Mrs. Stephenson, your neighbors reported loud screaming coming from inside your house this morning around 11am. Could describe what happened?" he asked in a professional tone.

"It's hard to explain" Sam stammered.

"OK, can you tell me who was screaming?" he asked.

"I was the one screaming." she answered.

"Why were you screaming?" he pressed.

"Ugh... I can't do this. I can't explain why. Sorry." Sam scoffed, folding her arms in front of her and looking off into space.

"Ma'am, if someone is abusing you or mistreating you in any way, you have to tell me. You're in a safe place. Please, give me a chance to help you." he answered sympathetically.

"I wish you could help, but you can't." she answered again, refusing to look at the officer.

"You should know that most women think that, but the ones who trust us, who let us help, are the ones who escape their abusers." he said warmly.

"Trust me, if I knew who it was I would have taken care of them a while ago" Sam scowled in anger before realizing she may have said too much.

"Can you help him?" he continued to question.

Sam took a deep breath and sighed at the naivety of the officer. She could see that he was genuine in his concern and desire to help. She wanted to just blurt out the whole story and spare herself the cat and mouse games and the perpetual lies.

Sensing apprehension from Sam, Officer Davis picked up the pocket recorder and turned it off. Though subtle, he caught a glimpse of her smile as he set it back down on the table. "Anything you tell me doesn't have to leave this room. Whatever it is, I've seen it. You won't shock me." he said matter-of-factly.

Sam started to grin ear to ear, "Fair enough." Her mind raced the consequences of telling her story and realized there were little to none, she had nothing to lose. "Tell me, have you ever heard of chastity belts?" she continued.

For the next hour the officer's face was frozen in a state of shock and horror. He remained speechless as Sam detailed her daily life from when she received the belt until now. She even described in detail the real reason she needed a bathroom earlier.

After a while, Sam wrapped up her story and stopped talking prompting Davis to enter the conversation. "Wow, I... ugh... wow!" he stammered.

She gave him some time to process everything. Even in telling the story it almost didn't seem real. If she didn't know it was the truth, she would never believe such a story.

A minute passed and Officer Davis finally spoke, "I can't imagine how hard that was to tell me. I'll be honest; I expected a totally different story from you."

"Domestic abuse?" Sam quipped with a raised eyebrow.

"It's not a secret what you do for a living Sam" he answered, "It also didn't go unnoticed that you stopped seeing clients. One of them asked me personally to check up on you, which is why you're here today."

Now Sam was speechless and panicked. The officer quickly noticed her sudden unease "It's OK Sam, you are not in any trouble. What you do for a living may not meet the approval of your neighbors, but is not illegal. The concern was that one of your clients turned the tables on you. A prisoner against your own will and it seems that suspicion was correct at some level."

"So what now?" Sam asked with a shrug.

"Unfortunately you were correct that there is not much I can do right now. I suspect whoever sent you that belt will surface soon, so until then I wouldn't mention our conversation to anyone. Anyone could be behind this, not just a client." he told her sternly.

"I can do that" she answered with a slight smile.

"Some of the situations the belt puts you in seem pretty dangerous. Here is my business card; my mobile number is on the back. I want you to text me on anything that can put you in jeopardy. I mean it. Day or night." he continued in a stern demeanor.

"Thank you. I'll do that" she answered, "I hate to rush things though, but I really should get home. It is only a matter of time before the belt decides to have fun again"

"No problem Sam, let me give you a hand" Officer Davis said with a smile.

## **Chapter Six** *(added: 10/03/2009)*

*beep beep*

Sam barely stirred at the sound of the remote on her dresser. With only 4 hours of sleep she was completely exhausted. For thirteen days the belt was

now working off a completely random schedule, sometimes waking her up in the middle of the night to perform tasks. The only consistency had been the lack of a full nights rest and at this point four hours was almost a reward to her.

"Mmmmmmmpppphhhh!" Sam screamed into her ballgag.

Her body reeled from intense shock to her pussy as she found herself in the fetal position. Gathering her wits she reached for the belt's remote and looked at the screen.

"uck!" she cursed through the gag.

A fire could not have got Sam out of bed any faster. In seconds she was on the floor next to her bed on all fours.

She contemplated taking the gag out of her mouth but decided to play it safe. Her jaw had become very accustomed to the intruder over the past couple of weeks and she certainly didn't need another neighbor to call the police.

*beep beep*

"Play Dead"

Sneering at the remote, Sam begrudgingly complied by rolling over and laying on her back, feet and arms in the air.

Even though she was not technically naked, the experience was humiliating nonetheless. The 'Puppy' scenario was just the icing on her cake. It had been used frequently throughout the past two weeks, at least every other day. Aside from the embarrassment and length of the scenario she did see a silver lining. It was one of the few exercises that she tons of practice with and could usually tolerate without any discipline. Usually.

*beep beep*

"Show Dog"

The motions were almost automatic as Sam rolled over and got on all fours



again. Taking a deep breath, she paraded through her house careful to wag her imaginary tail the entire way. She tried to force her mind to wander to happier thoughts but wasn't having much luck.

Sam turned the corner into her dining room and froze. "God, not now" she groaned to herself.

"Well good morning!" officer Davis turned to get a better view.

She quickly turned her head away, unable to look into his eyes. "Why the hell is he here now? It's got to be 4am!" she wondered.

"Sorry if I startled you, I was driving by noticed some lights on. I figured I would check in on you." he answered, reading the expression on her face.

"MMmmmmmmMMmmmmmmpppppphhhhh!!!" Sam screamed without warning, causing Davis to jump in his seat.

Like a crack of a bullwhip, she didn't need to be told twice and continued her degrading prance around her house. She glanced over her shoulder and could see the officer staring at her relatively naked ass as she exited the room post haste.

After their initial meeting, Sam had taken him up on his offer to check in her. A task that he seemed all too willing to fulfill at least once a day. She would have had to be an idiot not to see how much he liked her. Truth be told, he was growing on her as well. Being in a position of weakness was not something Sam was used to. The kindness and concern that he offered was an entirely new experience and one that she was quickly growing to enjoy.

For the next 30 minutes she performed perfectly leaving Davis very entertained.

The remote chimed indicating the scenario was done. Immediately Sam pulled off her ballgag and tried to work the soreness out of her jaw.

"My my, that's quite a tent you're sporting there!" she said, coyly pointing out the massive erection he had been too distracted to notice.

Still on her knees, Sam got on all fours and slowly crawled towards Davis. A sly grin flashed on her face once she saw the erotic display having its desired effect. A mixture of embarrassment and lust filled his face causing his body to squirm with anticipation.

His legs already spread wide, Sam nestled her cheek against his cock while rubbing it up and down. "Mmmmm, I guess it's a good thing that gag wasn't locked on" she purred.

Davis was about to explode; a sensation he was not used to with his pants still on. Involuntarily he gently thrust his hips forward, desperate for release.

Slowly, she slid her face down to the base of his cock, kissing it through his uniform up to the tip. "It wouldn't be right to do this, you're on duty after all. Besides, you deserve a little payback for enjoying my situation a little too much!" she said with a devilish grin.

For a split second he almost dropped his pants and finished the job himself. Seeing her kneel in front of him locked in the belt was just too much. Without a word, he quickly stood up and started to make his way to the door.

"Oh don't be mad. I've been locked up for months without any relief and tormented every day." she said, "Besides, it will be all that much better when I finally get out of this damn thing."

Davis instantly stopped in his tracks. Frustrated as he was, he knew it was only a taste of what she endured every day. Partially turning around, "Does that mean what I think it does?" he asked.

"I don't know, I guess we'll find out in a couple days!" she answered with a smirk.

Grinning ear to ear, Davis said his goodbyes and returned to his car. Sam was hornier than hell and knew that if she gave him what he wanted it would only be worse for her. Sleep being a diminished commodity lately, Sam decided to get some sleep while it was still dark. It would only be a matter of hours before the belt beckoned her attention once more.

Sam drudged through another day before the belt finally allowed her some sleep. Two tormenting exercises followed during the night and by morning she had only been allowed a few hours of sleep. The sun poured in her bedroom window casting its warm rays over her body. She snuggled with a nearby pillow trying to work towards four hours of sleep.

A substantial jolt to her breasts quickly changed all that. The remote had notified her that it was time for calisthenics, but exhausted as she was there was no chance of hearing the muted tones.

Sluggishly, she practically fell out of bed and made her way to the center of her bedroom. The routine was fairly basic but with her exhaustion the past few weeks felt like she was running a marathon. 20 minutes later she was done and wide awake once again.

"I can't complain what the belt has done for my body!" Sam remarked to herself, turning from side to side in front of her bedroom mirror. She grabbed an outfit from her closet and went to the bathroom to get ready for the big day.

*ding dong*

"Heh, the man never gives up!" she smirked.

Sam practically skipped to the door, it was a big day and purposely wore the outfit that Davis had given her. Without a second thought, the front door flung open.

"Uh, Hi, uh... Miss Stephenson? I have a package for you." the young driver stuttered, his brain obviously distracted.

"Shit" Sam cursed under her breath. While Davis had played the gift off as a joke, Sam knew otherwise. Her cheerleader uniform was at least a size too small and hugged every toned curve of her body. Her steel bra enhanced the display by holding her breasts up high as well as add a full cup size. The whole thing was pulled together with tight pigtails and a good dose of slutty makeup.

As the seconds passed Sam grew more impatient. "Are you still here to deliver

a package or stare at my chest all day?" she growled, "Seriously, take a damn picture it will last longer!"

"Uh, sorry" the man stammered.

*click*

Before Sam could react, the man had pulled out his camera phone and took a picture of her standing in the doorway.

"I wasn't serious asshole!" she screamed at him.

"Sorry, sorry. Uh, here's your package. I'll delete it. Sorry, Bye!" he said as he retreated down her walkway.

Slamming the door she gritted her teeth, "That damn picture is probably all over the Internet already." It wasn't the picture that bothered her; she had been taken advantage of yet again. It was another small blow to her ego, one that was starting to convince her that she had lost her edge.

Sam tried to shrug off the delivery man and went to her dining room to open the package. The box was similar to ones that she had received before but was puzzled why it would arrive on the day her belt would unlock. "Surely Jillian would have mentioned sending something. I've talked to her every day for the past couple of weeks!" she thought.

Using her nails, Sam easily cut open the box finding a letter on top of the packing foam.

Hi Sam,

Happy release day! Well almost. There is just one last piece you need to put on before the belt will finally unlock. We made a small error in the programming but this will fix it without any extra time added. Time is of the essence though. If this 'fix' is not put in place before the belt is scheduled to unlock there is a possibility that it will not release you... ever.

There is a last minute tradeshow that my husband and I decided to attend so

will be in the area. I'll give you a call when we land, I'd love to meet in person.

See you soon,  
Jillian

"You've got to be kidding me Jillian" Sam scoffed after reading the letter.

Despite her anger, the desire for release had reached its peak. Sam could no more ignore what was in the box than cut off a finger.

Brushing the packing materials aside Sam found a gleaming steel collar. She pulled it out of the box and was caught off guard by its beauty. The heavy stainless-steel was formidable; at least two inches in height and a quarter inch thick. Her fingers ran over the shiny finish before noticing the engraving on the front. The elegant calligraphic lettering was further accented by two moderate sized emeralds on either side.

"Slave" Sam read aloud, "how appropriate"

Sam sat down holding the collar in her hand wondering what to do. She toyed with it and even put it around her neck. The fit was tight and the thought of having it stuck there terrified her. Panic welled in the pit of her stomach thinking about the possibility of having it locked there for even an extra day. On the other hand, she couldn't discount the possibility of being stuck for good, a far worse fate.

*ding dong*

The noise startled Sam and she jumped out of her chair to answer the door leaving the collar on the table. Learning from her earlier mistake she made use of the peephole and was happy to see it was Officer Davis.

Hand on her hip, she slowly answer the door with a smile on her face "Yes Officer, what can I do you for?"

There wasn't a pill on the planet that could produce the effect on Davis that her sexy pose and outfit was doing at that moment. "Good lord woman, are

you trying to torture me?"

"Mmmm, maybe a little" she purred.

Davis walked in the door, looking Sam up and down for the 20th time. "Damn you look hot" he muttered.

"I got another package today" she changed the subject, breaking his trance.

"Oh really?" he asked surprised.

"Yeah, it's a collar. Come take a look." she said leading him into the dining room.

Davis took a few minutes and looked over the collar and read the note from Jillian. "So what are you going to do?" he asked.

"Being stuck in the belt forever is far worse than a collar for a day." Sam shrugged her shoulders, "I can't think of a good argument against it"

"I suppose you're right. How do you know it is from Jillian and not someone else?" he argued.

"It looks like the same handwriting as before." Sam answered.

"Well, let's see how it looks!" Davis told her, handing her the collar.

Taking a deep breath Sam put the collar around her neck, connecting the clasp together. "Wow, this is pretty tight" Sam said with a slight rasp in her voice, "Can you help with the chain in the back?"

Davis walked behind her and noticed the chain dangling from the collar down her back. "It should connect to the bra" she told him.

"Are you sure you want to do this? Once it's on, that's it!" he asked.

"It's not that bad, I just need to get used to it. Just do it before I lose my nerve." she said with trepidation.

"It seems to be a little short, I need to pull it down a little bit. Just take it slow." he told her reassuringly.

Millimeter by millimeter he pulled the chain closer to the bra connector.

Sam started to speak, "Ok that's a bit..."

*click*

"...too far."

Within moments the locking mechanism came alive and secured the collar in place. Luckily for Sam it didn't pull any tighter but there was no doubt of its presence. Davis walked around front to look for any signs of choking, but she seemed to be doing OK except for the panicked look on her face.

The panicked look was the result of several realizations coming together. The padding on the inside of the collar was far more abrasive than she expected. Moving her head left or right instantly pulled against the chain. Combined with the shortness of the chain, her vision was now limited to the horizon in front of her.

"Are you OK Sam?" Davis asked with concern.

"Yeah, this is going to take some getting used to. Can you help me sit down?" she asked.

*beep beep*

"Heh, no rest for the weary!" he joked before realizing his audience wouldn't see the humor, "um, Sorry"

Davis got the remote and handed it to Sam. Holding it up into her vision she smiled, "Well, I guess it's Karma for me teasing you. What do you say I make it right?"

Davis started to speak but was completely dumfounded by what she was asking.

"In 30 seconds I have to be sucking a cock or get shocked. Now, do I need to get a dildo from the bedroom?" she asked giving Davis a wink.

While often dense in the matters of women, he wasn't an idiot. "I think I may have something that will work even better" he spoke finally joining the conversation, albeit a little red in the face.

Sam eased herself onto her knees and without pause quickly went to work breaking his cock free from its cotton prison. Within moments his pants and boxers were at his ankles. Reaching between his legs she unsnapped the pouch with his handcuffs. Without a word, she threaded them through the hasp in the back of her belt.

"I've been a bad, baaaaaad girl Officer. May I please suck your cock to repay my misdeeds?" she asked playing the role of a scared, wide-eyed schoolgirl to a tee. With two quick motions, the cuffs ratcheted shut on her wrists leaving her truly helpless.

Sam could see the veins on his cock pulse with lust. She joked with herself that she might chip a tooth.

"If you do a good job, I'll think about taking off those cuffs." he smirked.

Fearing the belt's wrath Sam took his enormous cock in her mouth. The collar and cuffed wrists were making things challenging but in that moment she couldn't have cared less. Aside from an orgasm itself, this was the best she had felt in a long time. True passion.

Davis was reduced to speaking in grunts and gasping for air. Never before had he felt so much pleasure and sensation. His whole body grew numb like it was about to fall asleep but felt alive at the same time. As his orgasm grew close he grasped for a chair and pulled it behind him and not a moment too soon.

Sam knew his orgasm was close, took a deep breath and sucked with all her might. His body went rock solid, every muscle on his body straining against his skin. Cum filled her mouth faster than she could swallow and soon spilled down her chin and onto her breasts.

Davis was seeing stars from what easily the best orgasm of his life and



collapsed into the chair. Sam showed no signs of letting up and continued to vigilantly suck his cock dry. In his post orgasmic state his cock was more sensitive than ever and grasped the sides of the chair as if for dear life. The pleasure was so intense it was borderline painful.

*beep beep*

Her lips made a slurping sound as she pulled free from his cock. Despite the rigorous exercise, Sam had a smile from ear to ear. Looking up at Davis he sat almost comatose with the telltale expression 'I just had my brains fucked out'.

Almost 20 minutes passed before Davis snapped out of his sex coma. Sam was still kneeling between his legs staring lustfully up at him. "Did I do OK?" she joked.

"That was beyond amazing Samantha" he said putting his hand on the side of her face, "I could die today knowing that I'll never have a better orgasm than that! "

Sam blushed at the compliment and just continued to smile.

"My shift starts soon. I wish there was something I could do for you before I go" he frowned, pulling up his pants.

"The day's not over yet... Officer" she winked.

"Well you certainly deserve to be free from those cuffs, let me see your hands" she said reaching for her cuffs.

"No!" she snapped, turning away. "I want to wear them today"

Puzzled, he responded "Why?"

"Well for starters, I don't want this feeling to go away. More importantly though, when the belt releases me I will need your help to get free" she responded.

His thoughts drifted for a moment thinking how erotic it would be knowing she was locked up with his cuffs all day waiting for him. The effect was not lost

on Sam. Staring at his growing erection "It seems someone else likes the idea as well." she taunted.

"Only one problem. You have handcuff keys scattered all over your house" he responded with a perplexed expression.

"True, but they don't do much good when the keyholes are facing away from my fingers!" Sam quickly answered, turning to show him.

Reaching down to inspect the cuffs they were indeed facing away. As a precaution, he used his key to double-lock them in place.

"Well done my dear" he said with a grin, "I'm impressed"

Davis helped her stand and the two were soon kissing their goodbyes.

"I'll see you later tonight!" he called out as he walked to the door.

"Mmmmm" she purred licking her lips, "I'll be waiting"

## **Chapter 7** *(added: 11/14/2009)*

"Ugh. This is not as exciting as I envisioned it!" Sam groaned.

Sitting on her couch in the living room she adjusted her position for what seemed like the millionth time in the past few hours. Between the collar and handcuffs no position could be maintained for more than a few minutes before aches or discomfort would resurface.

To make matters worse, growing unrest and boredom were starting to take its toll. Frightful possibilities flooded her thoughts, "What if the belt makes me do something that requires my hands? What if the belt re-locks because I can't undo the clasp? What if the bug wasn't really fixed? What if something happens to Davis?"

*Ding Dong*

"I wonder who... Shit! Jillian!" Sam panicked and quickly rolled off the couch.

Shuffling her way to the door she glanced through the peephole. It was indeed Jillian standing at her door. She recognized her from some photos they had shared over email.

Sam had to turn around and squat a bit to turn the doorknob and open the front door. Before she could utter a word, Jillian stepped inside followed by a man crawling on all fours. A short leash extended from her hand to a collar wrapped around the man's neck.

"My you have nosey neighbors. Surly they have seen a partially naked man an all fours near your house before!" Jillian sarcastically said while shutting the front door. "Oh, it would be best if you got on your knees" she continued, holding a remote in her hand.

Things were happening too quickly and Sam was just beginning to process what Jillian had asked when...

"AAAAahhhhhhhhhhhhhh Son of a bitch!" Sam yelled.

"I don't have all day Sam, you of all people know that belt can do a lot worse" she scolded.

Sam didn't waste another second and carefully lowered herself to her knees. The collar had prevented her from looking down at the man next to Jillian. Once on her knees however, she instantly recognized him.

"Ted?" Sam questioned, "What the hell is going on here?"

"You really haven't figured it out by now have you? I'm not surprised. I spent months working out every detail, trying to plan for the unexpected and it was all for nothing. You're so dumb that you handed yourself to me on a silver platter. You even cuffed yourself!" Jillian enlightened Samantha.

"Wha... How... You did this to me? I... I trusted you!" Sam started to sob.

"Correction, you technically did it to yourself, but if it makes you feel any better I did send the belt" she said with a grin.

Shock and betrayal washed over Sam's face, "Whu... Why?" Sam asked.

Jillian smirked at the puzzled woman before her. For months she had waited for this moment and it had finally arrived. She pulled a chair from the dining room into the hallway and sat down next to Ted who continued to remain still the entire time. Jillian took a breath and started to answer Sam.

"When Ted and I were first married things were wonderful, we were newlyweds after all. We both loved bondage and eventually an affinity for chastity. For years we would play games, sometimes with me locked for weeks in endless frustration. I enjoyed it until one night he locked a vibe inside of me and went out with his friends. On and off all night. It drove me mad. So mad that I spent the next three hours cutting it off of me.

I was upset at what I had done. I knew I could always buy another belt, but the spark was gone. The rush of chastity didn't have the same thrill if someone could still escape on their own. It was then that I set out to design the ultimate chastity belt. Two years later and I had my first prototype albeit primitive compared to what you're wearing now. Ted did a lot of the software programming while I focused on the features and hardware. We were the perfect team for a while.

My love and trust for Ted never allowed me to think he would deceive me. I told you once that I knew the pain of wearing that belt, well that much is true. Ted had written the Digital Mistress component in secret and one day while I was testing the belt he decided to activate it. He didn't even tell me what he had done let alone what I was in for. I could only assume something went terribly wrong in the programming as it shocked the shit out of me. Ted wasn't at home so I desperately went digging through the code and discovered what he had done.

Overnight I went from being his wife to his slave. The Internet and phones were disconnected and a perimeter sensor prevented me from leaving the house. Trapped in the belt, he started going on weekend trips and leaving me at home to suffer. I was a prisoner in my own home for months before I decided to take action. I wrote some letters to friends asking for money and was able to get my Internet connected. Ted had managed to lock me out of our joint accounts but I still had an old savings account in my maiden name. I hired a private investigator with the money to try and recover access to the

primary bank account but instead they led me to you!"

Jillian paused to watch the emotions wash over Samantha's face. She was savoring every morsel of Sam's growing unrest. "I'm feeling a bit parched. Ted, fetch me some ice water" she barked at the still motionless man next to her. Ted sprang into action and raced into the kitchen on all fours. Jillian continued to stare at Sam causing her to continuously avert her eyes. Occasionally she would tug at her handcuffs only to reinforce her vulnerable state. Ted crawled back moments later carrying the water with one hand and skillfully walking with the remaining three limbs.

"Now where were we... oh yes. The private investigator provided pictures and video of the two of you as well as bank records showing he had spent most of our life savings on you. Still, in my position I could do nothing but endure the wrath of my belted prison while my husband was getting his jollies off with you.

Using the little money I had left, I started working on my revenge. If Ted liked to be dominated by a woman, I would give him what he wanted plus more! It took several months to build with my limited budget but eventually I built a male version of the belt. Using a drug cocktail I found on the Internet I mixed it in his vodka bottle during one of his rare visits and knocked him out cold.

Ted spent the new few days chained in the basement gagged and hooded. He wasn't alone; the belt kept him plenty of company. After two days I told him to give me the release codes to my belt or it would be a week before I returned. Suffice it to say, I finally had my freedom!

I considered telling you my story in hopes that you would simply give the money back. I think we both know what your answer would have been. I decided to pursue plan B, to take you and all your possessions for myself.

My goal was to get you into my belt, from there the rest was easy. I made the necessary adjustments for your smaller size, gave it a shine and mailed it to you anonymously. My plan was to have Ted show up and offer you a large sum of cash to wear the belt during a session. I was planning on standing outside and remotely locking it. You can imagine my surprise when you called and told me you locked yourself up... and activating the Digital Mistress no less!

The days and weeks that followed were pure bliss. Every day you would call with another sob story of how horribly the belt treated you. It became a ritual where Ted would diligently pleasure me with his tongue while you spoke of the days tortures. I think I had three orgasms the day you passed out outside in the rain. Gawd that was fucking hot!!" Jillian exclaimed.

"Fuck... You... Bitch..." Sam slowly cursed, glaring at Jillian.

Expectantly, Sam was not accepting the news well. Panic was beginning to overwhelm her as the story set in. Handcuff tugs became more frequent and erratic. The distinct sound of metal on metal filled the hallway as Jillian watched her new slave become more frantic. Out of desperation she tried to stand and run to the door.

"AAaaaaahhhhhh!" she screamed as the thigh band chain reached its limit, coursing electricity through her pussy.

Recoiling from the shock, Sam became unbalanced and started to fall over. Ted reacted and started to reach for her before realizing what he was doing and quickly returned to his statuesque post.

Sam tensed as she braced for impact, completely unable to stop herself from toppling over.

The impact was more than Sam expected and partially knocked the wind from her lungs. As she tried to regain her breath Jillian smiled and said, "Well that was entertaining. Ted, pick her up and bring her to the garage."

Jillian walked out the front door while Ted picked Sam up off the ground. She tried to resist but in her bound state she was no match. Within moments they reached the laundry room which had an access door leading to the garage. Discarding her body on the cold metal washer and dryer, Ted opened the door and pressed a button to open the garage door.

Turning back to Sam, "We don't have much time. If she gets us back to the house we may never see daylight again. I'm so sorry for getting you into this. I've tried to reason with her, but she blames you for everything. She thinks you convinced me to keep her locked up. I wish there was something we could do." he sobbed.

Sam knew she didn't have much time to react; it would only take a minute for Jillian to back her car into the garage. "My mobile phone is on my bedroom dresser. We can use it to call for help." she blurted.

Ted didn't waste any time and ran to her bedroom to retrieve the phone. He returned just before Jillian opened the door to the laundry room, quickly hiding it under some clothes.

"Here, gag her with his. Don't be stingy with it either." Jillian commanded, handing Ted a wad of cloth and duct tape.

Sam instantly clamped her mouth shut upon hearing Jillian's words. Ted let out a soft sigh knowing her resistance would only end badly for Sam. He started by holding her nose shut but she quickly adapted and breathed through her teeth.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiaaahhhhhhhhhhh" Sam screeched while a two second shock coursed through her breasts, pussy and ass.

"The next one will leave you unconscious, but I'm afraid it could take up to 10 seconds before you succumb to the pain. Your choice." Jillian remarked coyly.

With hesitation Sam reluctantly opened her mouth wide for Ted to do his job. With practiced ease, he used the corners of the cloth to pack her cheeks before forcing the remainder into the middle. Ted used a couple strips of tape to keep the wad from falling out before wrapping the tape around her head several times.

"Mistress, I have something to show you" Ted told Jillian as he retrieved the phone from under the clothes. "She was going to use it to call for help"

"Well, that's a transgression we will deal with later Samantha." Jillian scolded, holding Sam's duct taped chin in her hand. "As for you, keep up the good work and I might let you put that dick to good use after all." She took the phone from Ted and slid it into her side pocket.

"MMmmmmmpphhh!" Sam protested.

"Ted's accepted his fate and willing to do anything for an orgasm my dear, don't feel too betrayed. You of all people know men will do almost anything for a little sexual relief." Jillian teased.

"The trunk is open, put her inside and prepare yourself for the trip home." she instructed Ted.

Ted nodded his head and picked up Samantha who was now fiercely struggling and grunting into her gag. He was already regretting betraying the woman in his arms, but his own experience told him that a phone call wouldn't make a difference. Both of their belts were under the control of Jillian. Running away would only result in severe shocks until they returned. He considered the police but couldn't imagine they would believe him. Even if they did, Jillian already told him she would destroy the remotes leaving him locked in the belt forever.

He carefully placed her body on a blanket in the trunk and closed the lid. "Poor girl has no idea what is in store for her" he thought.

He sat in the front seat and put on his seatbelt.

"We don't have all day" Jillian scowled from outside the car.

Ted quickly picked up the large ballgag trainer harness and buckled the straps around his head and under his chin. Grabbing a pair of handcuffs he put them on behind the seat ensuring Jillian would have a peaceful ride home.

"Good boy" she praised, hitting the garage door button.

Jillian jumped in the car and started the engine. As the door opened she couldn't help but smile how well everything had gone to plan.

"Noooooo!" Jillian screamed.

Six police cruisers surrounded Sam's house, front and center was Officer Davis. All officers had their guns drawn while Davis started to speak over a bullhorn, "Turn off the vehicle, step outside slowly and lay flat on the ground."

"You bastard! You called the cops!" Jillian growled at Ted.



"MMmmmmppphhhh!! Mppphhhh!!!" he could only grunt in reply, furiously shaking his head.

"You better find a way out of this, because if I'm in handcuffs your both in for one hell of a punishment." she said, gritting her teeth.

"We have you surrounded. If you do not comply, we will take you down by force." Davis spoke into the horn.

Without any other recourse, Jillian turned off the car, opened the car door and stepped outside. Stepping in front of the door she carefully laid on the asphalt driveway. A few officers approached her and quickly handcuffed her hands behind her back. Once secured, she was lifted to her feet and brought back to a cruiser. A quick body search found Sam's cell phone and two remotes which were all handed to Davis.

"I'm going to check the vehicle. It looks like the man in front is bound to his seat." Davis told the other officers who kept their guns drawn on the vehicle.

Reaching the vehicle he could see Ted's panicked eyes glaring back. Davis opened the passenger door and unbuckled the gag from Ted's mouth.

"Where's Sam?" Davis questioned sternly.

"In the trunk" Ted answered.

Leaving Ted bound to the seat, Davis reached across him and grabbed the keys Jillian left in the ignition. He rushed to the rear of the car and unlocked the trunk revealing a sweat covered Samantha Stephenson. He tenderly pulled her to her knees and removed the tape and cloth gag. A wide grin spread across her face before he leaned in for a long passionate kiss.

"You know, what I'm about to do to you would be considered illegal in my previous profession." Sam said seductively. Below her was her hero and lover who she had securely tied to her bed.

"Are you saying I need to arrest you?" Davis smiled.

"Mmmmmm, maybe I do need to be in handcuffs. I'm a naughty girl, a veeeeeeery horny one at that. I hope you were not planning on sleeping tonight" Sam grinned devilishly.

"You never did tell me... how DID you get Jillian to give you the release code?" she asked, gently rubbing his very erect cock.

"Electric shock has a compelling quality that Jillian quickly succumbed to." Davis mysteriously answered.

"You tazered the bitch didn't you? Won't you get in trouble?" Sam nervously questioned.

"She was putting two lives in danger. Really no different than if she had a gun. I wouldn't worry about it dear." he answered cautiously.

"You're not getting off that easy" she smirked, rubbing his cock with more intensity, "if you catch my drift"

"You are a naught girl aren't you? Remember that client that asked me to check up you? Trust me when I say there will not be any problems. Jillian and Ted will be spending a lot of time in prison. It's a shame that we were never able to get the belt off of Ted though." he said with a wink.

Sam gave him a long kiss before whispering in his ear, "Thank you".