

Unintentional Contract

The week had been a busy one, with the year coming to a close soon. It was this time of year Jessica dreaded the most, but felt the most relief when over. She was a very successful CEO of a large business, no husband, no family, and a large house in the better part of town. The opportunities for a relationship were there, but she preferred to be on her own. Knowing when she got home from work, it was just her to herself meant a lot to her. She valued that freedom, and wouldn't give it up for anything.

When she arrived home that Friday evening, she put her things away, poured herself a glass of wine, sat down on the living room couch, and kicked off her stiletto pumps.

"Oh, finally..", she said quietly to herself, rubbing her nylon clad feet. After a few minutes, she turned on the TV, flipping through channels without any real goal, and finally stopped on some sci-fi movie. For a brief period, there was a scene with a woman wearing some sort of chastity belt trying to free herself but unable to do so. When Jessica saw this, she sat up and watched with great interest. For whatever reason, it was having an effect on her causing her to become very aroused. As the woman struggled, Jessica brought her hand across the front of her leather skirt. She then stood up, unzipped her skirt, let it fall to the ground, and sat down again. Again she brought her hand to her crotch only covered with her pantyhose now, and started rubbing her hand across her hosed crotch. The thought of the chastity belt aroused her, as she worked her fingers under her hose and underwear, rubbing herself more. She imagined what it would be like to not be able to access herself-- how frustrating it would be-- which turned her on even more. Within 10 minutes, she was turned on like never before, and exploded into a powerful orgasm. "Oh my... what ... that was .. amazing..", she said to herself, nearly ready to do it again. Never before had she been so turned on by some visual aid or thought.

Jessica was a very sexual woman, and her appetite for orgasms led her to masturbate no less than three times daily. She would get herself off at work, in her private office, as well as when she got home for the evening. Several times she tried stimulation of her nipples to achieve some sort of release, but only

had success via clitoral stimulation. This didn't really bother her, since having an office provided her all privacy she could ever want; it was never an issue.

That night, as she laid in bed, she couldn't stop thinking about the woman in the chastity belt. "What would that be like, to not be able to access myself that way?", she thought. The thought got her blood boiling again, as she slid her hand to her crotch and rubbed herself. Like earlier, after only a short period of time, she was moaning as the orgasm exploded. Finally exhausted, she fell asleep.

The next day, Jessica turned to the Internet searching for chastity belts. To her amazement, there were countless suppliers with many different styles. Some seemed a bit weak, and she knew they would never work for her. Finally, after several hours, she found something. The company was in Europe, and seemed to have exactly what she wanted. The design would cover her completely in front, and only left an opening in back about 3" long and 2" wide. The entire belt was solid, with no chains. There was some sort of hinge at the bottom, and the sides would slide into each other through sleeves on each side. When pushed together, the front section would slide into the back section. The lock, a cylindrical type about 1.5" in diameter, and 1" thick - with a round keyhole like those on vending machines, slid into a round hole in front. Behind the lock in the hole were metal pieces which made their way to the lock area when the belt was pushed shut. These pieces had latches which would line up where the lock would be. The lock would then be pushed down into place, preventing the metal pieces from moving back. This would keep the belt locked into place. She clicked through more of the pages on the site, and found some videos of the belt. They were demonstrating the strength of the metal, using saws and drills to try cutting through the belt. Each tool barely left a scratch on the surface. This metal was very hard and nearly indestructible. The only way it could be cut is with very high temperature cutting equipment.

Jessica could only imagine what it would be like to be locked into such a device, and eventually decided she had to have this belt. As she navigated through the site, she learned the price was significant: \$3500. It didn't matter; she could easily afford it. However, there was one thing which might be difficult for her: She needed to be measured in person.

The next few days passed, and Jessica couldn't get her mind off the belt. She had to have a belt - that belt. It was perfect. Just the thought of it got her more

and more excited. She contacted the company for more info, and decided to take the trip.

Her cab arrived at the shop, but before getting out of the cab, she informed the driver she would need a ride back to the airport in a few hours. They exchanged numbers, and he went on his way.

Jessica approached the shop and knocked. A woman came to the door and greeted her. "Oh good, a woman..", she thought to herself with relief. It was difficult to know from the email the gender of the shop owner, and she was leery to have these measurements taken by a male stranger.

"Hello, I'm glad you made it okay!", she said in a strong accent.

"Please come this way..", she said, leading Jessica to a workshop of some sort. There were various tools, strange metal parts, and equipment all over. After they discussed what needed to be done, she had Jessica remove her clothes. The woman took many measurements in Jessica's crotch area, waist, and upper legs. She would often leave, and return with a different tool or piece of metal. After about an hour, Jessica understood why these measurements needed to be done in person; there were so many, and they seemed complicated. Finally, after a total of 2 hours, the woman was finished.

"I have everything I need now. Do you have the 3500 Euro in cash?", she asked.

Jessica's heart sank. She thought it was 3500 US dollars. The woman got a calculator and did a conversion, indicating it would cost nearly 4000 US dollars. Trying to remain calm, Jessica agreed. Fortunately she had an extra 2000 in cash. Normally she would never carry this sort of cash, but not knowing what to expect she wanted to be prepared. She paid the woman, and verified mailing the mailing address.

"It should be ready in about 1 month.", the woman told her as she left the shop.

As the cab driver returned her to the airport, Jessica couldn't stop thinking about the belt. "One month-- this is going to seem like forever!", she thought to herself. She went through all the usual inconveniences at the airport and was soon on her way back home.

The first week passed slowly, but the remaining weeks moved faster. She could hardly stay focused at work, constantly thinking about this belt. The last few days of the 4th week were crazy. She would speed home, hoping to find the package waiting for her. Finally, after 33 days, the belt arrived.

"Oh it's here! Finally!", she said to herself, as she picked up the box and entered her house. She dropped her car keys and things on the table, and started tearing open the box. As she removed the belt, her jaw dropped; it was beautiful. She inspected every inch, admiring the smooth surfaces and craftsmanship. On the inside, where the front would make contact with her crotch, some something unusual-- a device of some sort. She touched it, and it moved a little. But it appeared to have some sort of mechanical logic, because it wouldn't always move the same way when she touched it. She shook the belt, and noticed it would move in various directions but unpredictably. After turning the belt upside down, up and down, inspecting it, the device came to life and started moving back and forth for several seconds-- then stopped. It then occurred to her what the purpose might be. It would randomly stimulate her after the belt moved enough to 'wind it up'.. "How sinister!", she thought to herself, laughing.

The inside surrounding the crotch area had a curved lip, curved toward the outside. After a few minutes she realized this would prevent any tool from sliding under the belt and make contact with the crotch; it would redirect the tool upward where it would meet nothing but metal. Also in the box were 2 of the round locks, each with their own set of keys. A spare perhaps? "Oh, this is too much!", she laughed, excitedly. She couldn't stand it any longer, and had to try it on.

She brought the belt to her bedroom, kicked off her pumps and removed her hose. She took off her skirt, and underwear. Then, with her hands shaking stepped into the belt. It was then she realized she hadn't tested the locks. She sat down, picked up the belt, and pushed the sides together. As the metal parts entered the lock area, she pushed the lock into its home. She had to push with some force.

The lock was in place, flush with the surface of the belt. She tested the strength. It was locked shut tightly. She inserted the key and turned.

The lock jumped out about half way, allowing her to remove it. She smiled, and locked/unlocked each lock several times. They both appeared to work correctly.

She lowered the belt to the floor to step into it again. She raised it, up, past her knees, and up over her hips. Shaking, she pushed the front of the belt back, but found it hard to get the leverage she needed. She walked over the wall, leaned against it, and pushed the front backward. This time she was able to push it all the way as the slots on the sides lined up, but it took a lot of work to get the holes to all line up. Once lined up, she quickly pushed the lock into place.

She released it, and it stayed in place.

"Oh!!", she said with joy, pushing and pulling at it, but it wouldn't budge. It was a very snug fit, hugging her crotch tightly. She couldn't get a finger under any surface. As she was testing its strength, moving around, the small device inside at her crotch wiggled for a brief period causing her to let out a short squeak.

"Oh my God!", she laughed, clutching at the belt but unable to get any relief. She took a few steps, then back. It fit her so well, there was no issue at all. She sat down, then stood up, having no difficulty. Then she started jumping up and down, to get a good idea of how well it stayed with her, and was happy with the results.

"I wonder how it looks under my clothes though..", she said curiously, sitting down. She worked her feet back into her hose and pulled them up over the belt. She then stepped into her skirt and zipped it shut. She stood up, and stepped into her pumps and checked the fit. No lines to be seen. She walked to the mirror and smiled. As she started walking back the device in front wiggled again.

"Shit! This thing is going to drive me insane!", she said, pounding her fist against the front of the belt, laughing.

"I think it needs a test drive.", she said to herself as she picked up her car keys and purse, leaving her house. She got into her car and headed to the mall. After she got out of her car, she realized she had left the key back at her house.

"I can't get out now, even if I wanted.", she thought to herself, smiling, as the excitement boiled inside her. She headed for the mall entrance when the device fired off. She stopped and reached for a railing to steady herself until the stimulation passed, and continued walking-- stiletto heels echoing.

The next couple hours were spent window shopping, and occasionally stepping into a store to browse. It wasn't long before her feet started to hurt. She decided it would be a good time to visit the restroom anyway.

"This should be interesting.", she thought to herself as she walked into the bathroom stall. She lifted her skirt, pulled down her hose, and sat. It was difficult to get herself to go, but eventually she relaxed and was able to go. It felt strange, but the belt design directed the fluids out the bottom through small holes. The material seemed to repel fluids like a non stick Teflon pan, so there didn't seem to be much trapped in the belt. She sat for a while, and rested her feet as well.

Another hour had passed at the mall until she couldn't stand it any longer. The belt would fire off, causing her to stop and regain her composure about every 50 feet, and the frustration was driving her crazy. She could sense how wet she was and desperate for release.

"I need to get home and get this thing off!", she thought as she started heading back to her car to drive home.

She entered her house, set down her things, and unzipped her skirt-- letting it fall to the floor. She pulled down her hose enough to expose the belt, and inserted the key to unlock.

The lock moved forward. She quickly pulled it off and pulled the belt open. Once open, she slid her hand between the belt to her soaking crotch and began rubbing herself. Within minutes she exploded into a powerful orgasm like never before, over and over. Finally, exhausted, she had enough and fell down on the couch, recovering.

"This is incredible..", she said quietly, locking it back shut again with a smile.

That evening, Jessica stood before her bathroom mirror getting ready for bed, wearing only a sleep shirt, 5" wedge mules, and the belt. She brushed her hair, smiling as she caught a glimpse of the belt from time to time. When finished,

she made her way to bed. Sitting down on her bed, she kicked off her heels, slid her legs into bed, and turned out the light.

At around 2am Jessica was awoken when the device came to life.

"What... what's happening..", she said, instinctively reaching for her sex but finding the metal barrier. As in prior times, it stimulated her for several seconds then stopped. She wanted the belt off, but decided she was too tired to get out of bed. Instead, she rolled over and went back to sleep.

The next morning Jessica woke up, initially not thinking about the belt until she sat up. She smiled, running her finger over the lock, curious why it came to life last night. The only reason that came to her was she must have been tossing and turning in bed, 'winding up' the device, until it finally fired off.

After a few minutes, she slid her feet into her wedge heels, stood up, and got ready for the day. She decided to wear the belt to work-- and leave the key at home. The thought of being at work all day without the ability to get herself off got her very worked up.

She got her outfit together for the day and brought everything to her bed. After sitting down, she kicked off her mules and worked her feet into dark hose and pulled them up all the way. The panty section slid easily over the belt. Through the hose she could see the metallic shine of the belt. Next she stepped into a tight knee length black leather skirt, and zipped it up in back. She then stepped into her black patent stiletto pumps, and stood up. Her blue halter top was next, followed by a form fitting jacket. She checked her look in the mirror, and went on her way.

Jessica was a little late arriving to the office, and had to park further away. She got out of her car and started heading for the door. As she expected, the device fired off after walking about 50 feet. She stopped, took a deep breath, and continued. It was difficult to maintain her composure through the morning, and by 10am she was dying to get the belt off. She locked the door to her office, lowered her skirt, and tried pushing/pulling on the belt, knowing it probably wouldn't offer any relief. After about a minute of futile attempts, she stomped her stiletto heel in frustration. She opened her desk drawer looking for something she could slide behind the belt and found a letter opener. She tried for several minutes to slide it behind the front shield but couldn't get it to slide in more than about a centimeter. The belt being so snug and form

fitting, combined with the anti-tampering shape behind the cover surrounding her crotch made it impossible. She threw the letter opener down and stomped her foot again in frustration.

"What was I thinking?!", she said to herself, frustrated, pounding the belt with her fist. Then, with all the movement, the device fired, causing her to let out a short scream. She quickly put her hand over her mouth, and pulled her skirt up, hoping nobody heard her.

"I can get through this.", she told herself. I just need to relax. After a few minutes of calming down, she realized she had to be off to a meeting. She collected her things and headed for the meeting room. As she entered the meeting, the device fired again. She reached for a chair to keep her balance.

"Are you okay?", asked one of her male co-workers, offering her a hand.

"I'm fine. Just almost lost my balance is all.", she replied with a smile, looking down at her heels. He looked down as well, and smiled at her. She then sat down.

Fortunately the meeting went without incident, but she was wet and excited behind the belt. After the meeting, Jessica headed back to her office and realized she had forgotten to bring her lunch. This meant she would have to walk to her car and find something elsewhere.

Jessica made her way to her vehicle, taking a couple stops along the way when the device fired to recover. Once in the car, she decided to go through a drive-through somewhere, to keep it simple. She found something, and headed back to work. As she walked back to the office, she decided to try taking gentle steps to prevent the device from winding. It seemed to work! She gently walked into her office and locked the door. Then, the device came to life, causing her to nearly fall down. She set her back down and fell into her chair as the device continued for more than the usual few seconds. It ran about 3 times as long, driving her insane. She started to moan as the device wouldn't stop, causing her to thrust upward and downward. It eventually stopped, but not enough to give her any sexual relief.

"No, you can't stop now!", she pounded her fist on the belt, but it was finished teasing her. The device activation can't be avoided. It stores the energy longer,

and goes off harder.", she thought to herself, frustrated, as she tried to recover. She was a mess mentally, but making her way through the day.

Anxious for the day to get over, Jessica counted the minutes until she could get home and free herself from the chastity belt.

As she drove home, she was thinking about the extended stimulation from the device after lunch. Apparently there was no way to avoid the device stimulations. It would only build up more if it didn't go off as often. She was learning more and more about the belt; it both excited and scared her at the same time.

Jessica arrived at home, exhausted. She dropped her things on the table and went directly to her bedroom where the key was on her dresser. She unzipped her skirt, stepped out of it, and sat on her bed. She kicked off her pumps, removed her hose, and sat back further on the bed. Then she inserted the key and turned it.

She pulled the lock from the belt and pulled it apart. She then slid it off completely-- for the first time since she put it on. Then, lying on the bed, began rubbing her soaking-- bringing her to a mind shattering orgasm. After she calmed down, she lied on her bed relaxing.

"How wonderful to finally be free of that thing.", she thought to herself.

Over the next several days, Jessica continued to wear the belt all day and night. She would shower in the belt, which seemed to work out; it could be worn indefinitely. However, when going to work, she would bring one of the keys just in case things got too much for her to handle. She used all her will to avoid using the key, but usually she couldn't stop herself. It was then she realized both keys must remain at home, for her own good.

"I can do this, I know I can.", Jessica told herself, leaving for work. She was on her way, but this time without a key to her belt. In fact, the belt had been locked on since yesterday afternoon after getting home from work. This morning she refused the temptation to remove the belt and decided to keep it on for an entire day. By the time she would get home from work, the belt will have been locked on for an entire day-- longer than she had ever worn it.

The day went without too much trouble. The device came alive several times, but Jessica managed to remain in control. She had been in the belt for over a day, which in itself was turning her on more and more as time passed. By the time the day ended, she wasn't sure what would happen when she got home. A part of her wanted the belt off badly, but another part wanted to keep it on-- fueling the burning to get herself off. As she walked to her car, the device came alive. She stopped to let it pass, and told herself, "I don't care; it's coming off when I get home.". After she recovered, she got into her car and drove home. During the drive, her mind was in turmoil. Wearing the belt for all this time, without release, was having an effect on her. By the time she got home, she still didn't know if she was going to remove the belt. She entered the house, set her things down, took off her jacket, and sat down on the couch to read the mail, placing her stiletto booted feet on the table. After a few minutes, she realized she hadn't even thought about taking the belt off.

"Am I adjusting to this? All day today I wanted it off. But now that I'm home, it's still on.", she thought to herself as she stood up, and walked to her bedroom. There, she took off her skirt and top, and put on a sweatshirt. She then picked up the key and pulled her hose down to expose the belt, and inserted the key. Just as she was about to turn the key, she stopped herself.

"No, it needs to stay on. I can do this.", she said quietly to herself as she removed the key and placed it back on the dresser. She managed to keep herself busy that evening, trying to keep her mind off the belt.

Standing in front of the mirror that evening, getting ready for bed, she asked herself, "What's happening to me?", still in the belt, her hose, and stiletto boots. She looked down at the belt, which had been locked in place since yesterday afternoon. If she could keep it on until morning, it will have been locked on for a day and a half. She rubbed her hand across her crotch, feeling the belt through the smooth slick hose.

She sat down on her bed, unzipped her boots to remove them, slid into bed still in her hose, and turned out the light.

The next morning she woke, and realized she was still in the belt.

"I can't believe it's been on this long. This is the longest I've gone without getting myself off in years.", she thought to herself. She got out of bed and tip-toed to her closet where she found a pair of 5" mule heels.

"If I can keep this on all day, it will be over 2 days straight!", she said to herself, excitedly, rubbing her hand across her hose covered metal crotch. She got ready for work, but just as she was about to leave the house she grabbed the set of keys-- both keys now on the same keyring again. "If I have the keys with me, and I keep the belt on, I'll prove to myself I can resist the temptation.", she thought to herself, putting the keys into her purse and left the house for work.

The morning was about as she expected. The device came to life as she walked across the parking lot, but she got better at disguising her frustration. Around mid day, just before having lunch, she had to visit the restroom. As she sat, doing her business, she couldn't help but feel proud of herself for lasting so long in the belt. When she finished, she stood up and flushed the toilet. Just then, her cellphone rang. She quickly reached into her purse to pull it out and accidentally pulled her keys out as well. She reached for them, but they fell into the toilet and were quickly flushed away by the high pressure toilet.

"Oh no!!!", she screamed, reaching for the toilet, but the keys were gone.

"No!! This can't be happening!!", she screamed, pounding her fist on the toilet seat. As terror struck her, she walked as fast as she could out of the restroom and too her office, locking the door behind her. Frantically she searched through her desk for the letter opener, trying to pry the belt open, but there was no way. She pounded her fists on the belt crying.

"What am I going to do? How am I going to get this thing off?!?", she said to herself.

"I'll contact the woman in Europe! She'll have a way!", she thought to herself as she got on her computer to find the contact information again. She sent an email to the address, asking if she could get a copy of the keys. All Jessica could do now is wait. She left work and headed home since she was in no state of mind to be at work. She had to get the belt off.

When she got home, she quickly checked her email, but there was no reply yet. She immediately kicked off her pumps, pulled her skirt and hose down, took off her hose, and stepped into her 5" mule heels.

"The other lock! Maybe those keys will work!", she said to herself running to the drawer where the other lock and keys were stored. She took the key and

inserted it into the lock. But when she she tried to turn the key, it wouldn't budge. She started to cry, trying frantically to turn the key, but it was no use. She ran back to her computer to check her email again, but had no reply. She sat down on her bed, heart racing.

"Calm down. The woman from the store in Europe will know what to do. I'm sure this has happened before.", she tried to tell herself, trying to calm down.

That night, Jessica sat in the couch flipping through channels, with a glass of wine. She needed to get her mind off the belt, but she couldn't help reminding herself that it was locked-- and she had no way of getting it off. It had been locked on for over 2 days. That, combined with the fact she couldn't remove it even if she wanted, made her blood boil. She was so desperate for an orgasm. After her 3rd glass of wine, she decided to go to bed. But first she would check her email again. She had a reply!

"Jessica:

I am very sorry, but I can not help you. The lock and keys are unique, and I have no backup set. I suggest you visit a locksmith. A good one should be able to pick that lock I hope."

Jessica's hands were shaking, as she looked for a locksmith on-line. She found several, but nothing open at this hour. She would have to wait until morning.

Jessica tossed and turned that night, unable to sleep. The belt came alive twice, as she pounded her fist against the front in frustration. Her mind raced, thinking about the video she viewed on the chastity belt website. The metal was nearly indestructible, she remembered. "What if the locksmith can't get the lock off? Will I be in this thing for the rest of my life?", she thought, rubbing her hand across the front metal, finally crying herself to sleep.

The next morning Jessica took the day off work and continued searching on-line for a locksmith. There were several, but one stood out as being the best. The reviews were very good, and the website had a lot of info. She always thought businesses who take the time to have good websites are more serious about their business. She called to explain her situation. It was a bit awkward to explain, but the man was very professional and wanted to see her. She agreed, and said she'd be over sometime this morning.

"What to wear..", she thought to herself, as she decided on a pair of jeans, black knee high stiletto boots, and black sweater.

"This should be an interesting visit.", she thought to herself as she headed for her car to visit the locksmith.

"Hello, come on in!", he said as Jessica entered the shop. She stepped in and shook his hand. "Thanks for taking the time to see me this morning.", she replied.

"No trouble at all. Please, let's go into the back room to have a look.", he said, as he led her to a shop in back. There were lots of odd tools and equipment, similar to the woman's shop in Europe. It was very clean and tidy, which always went well for her.

"Can you show me the device?", he asked as he led her to a bench area.

She blushed a little, then unbuttoned her jeans, pulling them down to her thighs to reveal the belt locked in place.

He came closer for a better look. "I see how this could be a problem for you, but we'll see what we can do.", he said in a professional tone. He looked closely at the lock, then went to another part of the shop to get a small box of tools. When he returned, he sat down.

"Please stand on this stool so I can have a better look.", he said, motioning to a stool he placed in front of his chair. She stood up, with her hand on the wall to steady herself in her stiletto boots. He picked up several small tools and poked around inside the keyhole. As he continued, the look on his face turned to one of great concentration. He continued for about 15 minutes, then stood up.

"This is a very complicated and precise lock. I'm not sure if I can help you.", he said in a sympathetic voice.

Her heart raced with fear, causing her to nearly fall off the stool. He helped her down. "Where did this come from? I've never seen anything quite like it-- the lock I mean.", he asked. She told him the story, trying not to sound too frightened as her voice shook. He nodded, and listened.

"If only I had another lock like it. I could then study the other side and see how it worked.", he said.

Jessica's face lit up, "Oh, I can help you there! I have another lock at home with keys! I tried the keys, but they didn't work. But the lock looks the same!", she said excitedly.

He smiled, "If I could see that, I stand a much better chance. Can you bring that to my office?", he asked.

"Oh yes! I'll get it now!", she said, pulling her jeans back up and zipping them. She thanked him and made a quick stiletto heeled dash to her car. The belt then came to life. She closed her eyes, trying to hold back any look on her face.

"Thank God it didn't fire off while in that shop.", she thought to herself when it finished, and got into her car to head home. She wasted no time and returned to the shop with the other lock and keys within the hour. She greeted him again as she handing him the lock with the keys.

He took them, set the keys down, and inspected the lock with his eyeglass magnifier. After a few minutes, he set the lock down.

"I'll need some time to look at this more closely. Can you call me tomorrow afternoon? I should have some news by then.", she asked.

She looked down at the lock and keys, nodding.

"Don't worry. I think I can figure it out.", he said, comforting her. She smiled, thanked him, and left the shop.

As Jessica drove home, it occurred to her that the belt had been locked on for 3 days. But tomorrow she'd hopefully have some good news. Since she had the day off, she decided to run some errands which needed to be done anyway. Most of the day was spent out and about, but she arrived home around 6pm. She set her things down, went to the living room, sat down, removed her jeans and stiletto boots, and rubbed her feet.

"Tomorrow you're coming off.", she said quietly, with a smile, rubbing the front of the belt. The next day she called the locksmith around 2pm in the afternoon.

"Hi, this is Jessica. I brought in the lock yesterday for you to study and try to unlock?", she asked.

"Yes, I am still working on it. It's a very complicated design, and I'm still trying to figure it out. Can you call me tomorrow morning? I should have something by then."

The day was long, and Jessica was beginning to lose her confidence. She was trying to remain positive, since it was all she could do. The belt has been locked for 4 days, and it wasn't getting any easier. Fortunately it was such a snug and smooth fit, it was not visible under even her tightest clothing.

"What am I going to do if he can't unlock it? Will I really be locked in this thing for the rest of my life?!?", was all she could think about. She thought about cutting it, but remembered the video which demonstrated the strength of the metal; it couldn't be cut.

Jessica tried everything she could think of to get some sort of stimulation, but nothing she tried could get past the metal intrusion prevention behind the belt. The more she tried, the more frustrated and turned on she would get. If she could just touch herself for only a few seconds, she was convinced it would be enough to get her off.

"Tomorrow I'll have an answer, and be free of this thing.", she told herself. But now she needed to keep her mind off the belt. She sat down and turned on the TV, finally setting for a movie. It managed to keep her occupied until early evening, when she turned to a book. She headed to bed early with high hopes for the day tomorrow.

Jessica woke up early the next morning, around 6am. The locksmith's shop wouldn't be open until 9am, so she decided to do a little house cleaning until it was time. The device came alive once as she was walking about the house, so she sat down to wait it out. She never seems to be able to be ready when it happens, and it always feels like a surprise. "What an evil thing.", she thought, as the stimulation passed.

At a little after 9am, Jessica called the locksmith.

"Hello, yes I have made progress. I think we're in good shape. Come over and we'll get to work.", he reported.

Jessica was so excited she could hardly contain herself. She slid into some jeans, a denim top, black pumps, and she was on her way. When she arrived, he led her to the back again where there was a table prepared for her to lie down.

"Before we get started, I need you to sign some paperwork. Basically, whenever I unlock a lock, this sort of thing needs to be done. It guarantees I do not get sued for illegally tampering with a lock, and indicates you permit me unlocking a device owned by you."

She skimmed it quickly, anxious to get the belt off, and signed it in the 5 places he indicated with an "X". He took the papers and left, returning a few minutes later.

"Okay, this is going to take a while, so I thought you should lie down and get comfortable.", he said, directing her to the table. She sat down, then brought her feet up to lie down. She unzipped her jeans and pulled them down enough for him to access the lock, and laid down. He was very gentle, and Jessica could hardly notice he was doing anything at all. After about 45 minutes, she fell asleep.

"Jessica, we're done. I was able to unlock the lock.", he said as he shook her to wake her. She opened her eyes to see him holding the lock in his hand. She smiled.

"Oh thank you! Thank you so much!", she said, sitting up. She looked down only to find the belt still locked but with a different lock. She tugged at it, but it wouldn't budge.

He smiled, "That metal is very strong indeed. I tried several drills, blades, and even some acid to make some small holes but was unable to do so. But fortunately I was able to get the new lock in place."

"What the... what..new lock?? What's this?!", she asked, pointing to the new lock. It looked slightly different, with 2 concentric round keyholes instead of 1, but otherwise a perfect fit. She looked at him.

"That's the new lock, which is much more secure. Even I can't pick that-- nobody can. It's my own design.", he replied with a smile.

Jessica tried to force a smile, "Uh.... Okay... Where's the key?", she asked, frightened. "Well, as you know from signing the documents, the new lock and key are my property. That being the case, it's illegal for you to unlock the lock, or have possession of the key. Only myself or people I authorize are allowed to have a key or unlock the belt. Violation is considered theft and punishable by prison time.

"What are you talking about?!? I didn't agree to this!", she screamed, standing up.

He calmly turned around to pick up a copy of the agreement, and handed it to her. This time she read every word, hands shaking.

"No.. no.. I don't care. I want this thing off. Get this thing off me!", she yelled, throwing the papers on the table.

He looked at them, then at her. "I'm afraid that's not an option. It needs to remain on from this day forward. The only time it will be removed is for hospital visits. Let me know when this is necessary, and I'll arrange for the temporary release.", he replied.

Jessica was completely at a loss for words. She looked around the office for the keys, but they were nowhere to be found. Crying, she grabbed the papers and stormed out of the shop. Once in her car, she sped away and to her house determined to cut the belt off. When she got home, she quickly took off her jeans to inspect the new lock. It was a perfect fit, just like the original. She pushed and pulled at the belt, crying, falling to the floor.

"I don't want this thing! Come off! Come off!", she screamed, pushing at the belt, kicking her heels on the floor at the same time.

Over the next few days, Jessica tried everything to cut the belt off but nothing could even scratch any surface. She made several trips to Home Depot, trying various tools and metal dissolving solutions, but with no success. She called the locksmith and pleaded with him, offering money for her release, but it fell on deaf ears. She re-read the documents over and over. They clearly indicate that she accepted to wear the lock as his payment for removing the original, but would never have possession of the keys. The lock remains with her, but the keys and the right to possess them are forfeit. The lock and keys are not her property, so she has no right to have or damage them in any way. She did

more research, as best she could, and come to the conclusion that she can not get out of the agreement. The belt will remain locked on her at all times, until the owner of the keys authorizes removal under special conditions, and on a temporary basis.

It took her over a week to come to grips with her dilemma.

"Why is he doing this to me? What would anyone have to gain from this?", she asked herself over and over. She thought about going to the police, but even if they threw him in jail I'd be locked in the belt forever. There was no way out for her. She tried visiting other locksmiths, but none of them had any idea how to pick the new lock. They told her to have the lock drilled out, and provided some references, but none could drill through the metal. The belt was on for good, and only the key could free her.

The weeks passed, and months as well. The locksmith never contacted Jessica. She still had no idea why he would do this to her, other than having the knowledge he totally controlled her sex. Despite the passage of time, she still was constantly frustrated and horny as she was at the start. The device would come alive, and it always drove her crazy. When her 6 month arrived, she was due for her annual gynecologists appointment, so she contacted the locksmith.

"Hello, this is Jessica. The belt needs to come off for my gynecologist appointment this week.", she told him in a calm voice. What will he say? She had been wondering this for several days. "Yes, I understand. I'll email you the contact information for an approved gynecologist. You can then make arrangements.", he said in a professional voice.

"Okay, thank you.", she said, hanging up the phone. "Why did I 'thank' him?", she wondered. But it didn't matter. This is her chance to be free of the belt, and she was anxious for the visit. She contacted the gynecologist to set up an appointment for the following week. She was very polite and professional, so Jessica was confident this would be the end of her wearing the belt. Once it was off, she'd not be putting it back on.

Jessica arrived at the gynecologist in the afternoon and was greeted by the receptionist, who handed her the "new patient" paperwork. Jessica filled it all out, handed it back to her, and waited her turn. After about 20 minutes, she was called by a nurse. Jessica stood up and followed her down the hallway, making several turns, and finally ending up in an examination room.

"Please remove your clothes and put on the gown on the table. The doctor will be with you shortly.", she said, leaving her in the room alone. Jessica looked around, not seeing anything unusual. She then looked at the examination table itself and noticed something odd. The arm and leg rests had what looked like metal restraints. Just as she was about to stand up and inspect the table closer, she heard the echoing of high heels on tile as the doctor walked in. "Hello Jessica, I'm Doctor Angela Martinez.", she said, extending her hand. Jessica shook her hand as she sat down. She asked her the usual questions, and recorded everything in a laptop. As they talked, Jessica couldn't help but notice the doctor's footwear. They were stiletto heeled pumps, with short pointed toes and heels around 5" high, with a strap across the top of her foot and around her ankle. At first she thought they were black, but they were a dark silver metallic color.

"Those are really beautiful pumps.", Jessica commented.

The doctor appeared to force a smile, with a slightly stressed look on her face, and thanked her for the comment. Jessica suspected they probably hurt her feet, being in them all day.

The doctor then had Jessica sit up on the table, placing her arms and legs into the stirrups as normal. The doctor then reached behind the arm rests and clamped Jessica's upper arm and wrists to the rests with the metal restraints.

"Wait! What's going on?!?", Jessica asked.

The doctor looked at her with a calming face. "It's okay, this is standard procedure. Don't worry." she replied, as she secured Jessica's upper legs and ankles as well. Jessica struggled a little as the doctor walked over to a cabinet with some sort of keypad safe. She entered several digits to open the door, and removed a key from the safe. Upon seeing the key, Jessica's eyes lit up. The doctor returned to Jessica and inserted the key into the lock on the chastity belt.

Jessica noticed the new lock sounded different when unlocking. More secure?

The doctor then adjusted something below the table causing Jessica's butt to be exposed from below. Jessica sat silently as the doctor removed the lock and pulled the belt apart, exposing Jessica's sex for the first time in 6 months. The cool air gently moved past Jessica, causing her to moan quietly. The doctor

removed the belt completely and set it on the table behind her. "Oh, thank you! I can't believe it's finally off!", she said excitedly.

The doctor smiled, then took a small can of spray from the shelf behind her. She sprayed Jessica's crotch, sending a cool sensation, then waited for the spray to dry.

"What is that?!", Jessica asked.

"It's a numbing spray to prevent you from getting stimulated, which might cause accidental orgasm during the exam. Don't worry; you won't feel a thing when I start probing you.", she said with a smile.

Jessica's heart raced, "What was she going to do?!? Why do I have to be restrained?", she wondered, struggling again against the restraints.

The doctor began to probe as the exam continued, but Jessica couldn't feel a thing. She was certain if she could feel any contact, she would immediately explode into a powerful orgasm, but she couldn't feel anything. The doctor continued, probing deeper, taking samples, and eventually finished.

"Okay, finished.", she said with a smile.

The doctor then picked up the belt and started securing around Jessica's crotch again.

"No!! Wait!! I don't want that thing back on me!! Stop!", she screamed, bucking up and down struggling in the restraints.

The doctor waited for her to stop, then spoke.

"Jessica, it must go back on. We would be in serious breach of contract if it wasn't locked back into place. The contract is very clear on how we have to behave if the belt is removed.", she said as she continued with the belt.

"No! Please! I'll pay you! I'll pay you \$10,000 if you leave it off! Please!!", she pleaded. But the doctor continued with the belt.

"Why are you doing this?!? What contract?? Why are you involved in this?!? You can't do this to me! I don't want to wear that thing! It belongs to me, and I don't want to wear it!", Jessica screamed.

The doctor stopped, and looked at Jessica. "Look, I could be sent to prison, be discredited, have my license revoked, and suffer few other consequences if I didn't put the belt back on. I'm sorry, but it must go back on.", she said in a professional voice as she continued to work the belt back in place. She then pushed the lock back on.

"No!! Oh no!! Please, I don't want to wear this damn thing!!", Jessica cried, as her sex was once again locked away.

The doctor then returned the key to the safe, and locked it.

"Everything looks good from the exam.", she said with a smile, unlocking Jessica's restraints. "The numbing agent will wear off in about an hour.", she said, leaving the room, as the echo of her high heels faded.

Jessica stood up, and immediately tried pulling the belt off, but it was once again locked. She pounded her fists on the belt, "No.. no...", she said softly, sitting back down, crying. "Why are they doing this to me? How could he get a doctor to agree to this?", she thought as she stood up and got dressed. She left the office and headed for her car, noticing the device hadn't come to life.

"Maybe it got disabled somehow?", she though-- hoped. But as she was driving home, she remembered what the doctor said about the numbing agent. She suspected it was probably trying to stimulate her, but she couldn't feel anything.

That evening, Jessica surfed the Internet for any information she could find on the locksmith or the doctor, but turned up nothing. The belt came to life just before she crawled into bed, so it appeared to still be functioning.

Jessica's life went on, and the months passed. She still couldn't adjust to being locked up with no access to herself. All she could do was hope to find a way out. The only prospect which came to mind was Doctor Angela Martinez. There was something there-- something about her, but she couldn't quite figure it out.. yet..