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The

*Chastity
Games*

A MALE CHASTITY STORY

J K SPENSER

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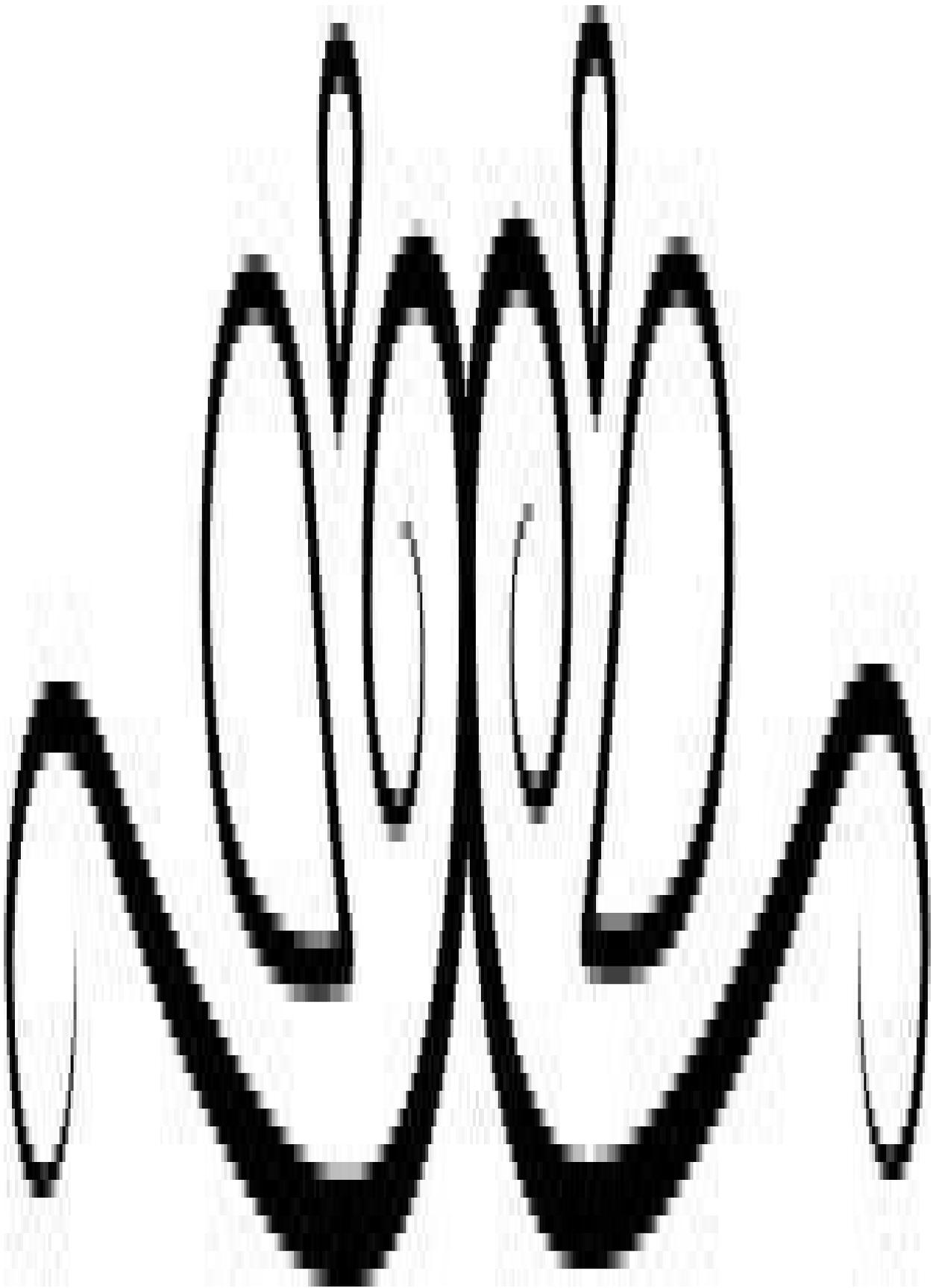
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Chapter 1



The irony is that when my husband came to me recently with his request, it not only stunned me, it even upset me a little. To say it was about the last thing I ever expected would be an understatement. But to my surprise, that all changed very quickly.

We were sitting at the kitchen table having breakfast when Neil handed me a letter he had typed on the computer and printed out. The letter explained that he wanted to add a new sexual game to our marriage, male chastity.

I had never heard of such a thing. After reading the letter, I did what most people do these days when faced with something unknown. I went to the computer and searched the internet for answers to all the questions that filled my head thanks to Neil's request.

I found blogs and websites that explained male chastity. Some of them were very weird, and some were downright pornographic. But I found others that had very helpful information.

It turned out that there are many chastity devices sold that attach to the male genitalia and lock in place. The devices prevent men from so much as touching themselves, let alone masturbating, fully ejaculating, or engaging in sexual intercourse.

It amazed me to learn that many men wish to be locked in these devices and hand over control of their penises to the women in their lives. A woman who agrees to such an arrangement, I learned, is called a key holder.

After finishing my research, I sat on our bed that Saturday morning, re-reading Neil's letter. My initial surprise had turned more toward confusion. For years in our marriage, this man complained nonstop that we didn't have sex often enough and that I claimed to have headaches far too often. I don't believe Neil has ever seriously considered having an affair, but many times I'd caught him shamelessly ogling other women when we were out together. And I knew he spent an excessive amount of time surfing the net and looking at various types of pornography.

Suddenly, Neil had asked me to take complete control of our sex life together and his access to sexual expression and outlets. It was a lot for me to take in and

understand. I struggled to believe that he could want this. Neil had always masturbated a lot, more than most men I had been with before marrying him.

Neil came to the bedroom door and peered in at me from around the door frame. I told him to come in so we could talk a little more about the chastity thing.

“Tell me,” I said, “more about what you have in mind. How do you see this working?”

“I want you to take complete control of deciding when, how, and under what circumstances we have sex. I want you to decide when I’m allowed to have sex with you, masturbate, or have orgasms.”

I couldn’t believe what he was saying. I needed more clarification.

“You want me to take complete control of deciding all aspects of our sex life together as well as yours?” I said. “And you’re ready to agree to abide by whatever I decide?”

“Yes. I’ve been thinking, and well, fantasizing about this for a long time. It is something that excites me, and I think it would be good for our relationship.”

“What sparked your interest in all this, Neil?”

“I realized I’d developed a sexual compulsion and a pornography addiction,” Neil said. “I also realized I masturbate entirely too much. It has wasted and consumed way too much of my time each day.”

I agreed all of that was true because I’d felt that way about his self-pleasuring activities for a long while.

“Listen, Abby, as a woman, you have a calmer temperament and better self-control,” Neil said. “I think you’re better suited for taking charge of our sex life together and can better help me control my sexual impulses.”

I also agreed with that.

“I know my obsession with pornography causes me to focus too much on fantasy images of younger women,” Neil said. “It has lessened my feelings of sexual attraction for you. I’m afraid it has eroded the intimacy between us.”

Like most middle-aged women, I've put on a few pounds over the years and don't look as young as I did when Neil and I married. It always hurt my feelings and made me feel inadequate when I saw images of the younger women Neil fantasized about in his collection of lingerie catalogs and Sports Illustrated swimsuit issues.

Perhaps Neil was right, I thought. Maybe it would be better for us, for him, and our marriage if I took control of our sex lives and regulated his sexual expression. I've often been dismayed by some things the male sex drive causes men to do. I knew how many middle-aged men, men Neil's age, have extramarital affairs and waste excessive amounts of money on strip clubs and pornography.

I've always found it distasteful how middle-aged men leer at young girls and women in public. I remember how disgusting it felt when I was a young girl and was aware of grown men leering at me. I found it hurtful and disrespectful when I was out with my husband, and I caught him checking out women half his age or younger. It's often occurred to me how much more men might accomplish in life if they weren't as intensely sexually focused as most men seem to be.

Suddenly, it occurred to me that my husband was offering me an incredible gift that I should give serious consideration to accepting. Maybe Neil's request made perfect sense, and I should give it at least a try.

We talked for a while longer, and then Neil dropped another bombshell. He confessed that he had already purchased a chastity device from the internet and tried it out.

"Where is it?" I said. "I want to see it."

Blushing, Neil looked at me sheepishly. "I'm wearing it," he said.

I felt a flash of anger that he had gone behind my back and not only purchased a device before we had the conversation but had been wearing it secretly. But I knew getting angry would solve nothing.

"Okay," I said. "I still want to see it."

Neil stood up and pulled his pants and underwear down. I saw that a clear, hard, plastic tube encased his penis. A clear plastic ring behind his scrotum and

encircling the base of his penis attached to the tube. A narrow space between the ring and tube imprisoned Neil's testicles. A small brass padlock secured the ring and tube together. It looked uncomfortable if not downright painful. Neil told me it was a little uncomfortable initially but said he had since become accustomed to it.

"Where are the keys to the padlock?" I said.

Neil showed me two tiny silver keys on a chain around his neck.

I held out my open hand. "Give the keys to me," I said.

Neil removed the chain from his neck and handed the keys over to me. I put the chain around my neck.

"So, you're willing to do this for me?" Neil said. "For us?"

"Yes, on a trial basis," I said. "But you must prove to me you're serious about it."

Neil nodded. "When do you want to begin the chastity program?"

I smiled pleasantly. "There's no time like the present," I said. "We'll start now."

Neil sat on the edge of the bed beside me and snuggled up to me sweetly.

Like a little boy pleading to have a dessert before dinner, he said, "I've been wearing it for nearly a week and haven't masturbated. I thought we might start by fooling around a little, or at least you could let me masturbate one last time before we begin."

"No," I said firmly. "A week is not a very long time to go without masturbating. I often go much longer than that and think you will be fine without masturbating today."

The pout that fell across his face was priceless. He pleaded to know when we would do something sexual.

"I haven't decided," I said. "You must be patient while I try to get my head around all this. You've admitted you focus far too much time and energy on

sexual fantasizing and masturbation. You've asked me to take charge and help you change. So, now I have decided that we will start immediately. You may not masturbate today."

Neil looked at me with disbelief mixed with a little distress. It seemed he hadn't expected I'd wish to start right away.

"Pull your pants back up," I said. "It's time to get started on our Saturday morning chores."

To my surprise, Neil simply said, "Yes, Dear," and got busy.

It felt like a very strange arrangement, but I kept reminding myself that Neil had asked for it. It seemed there were many things to like about the chastity idea. I had long believed that a man's sexual drive and sexual interests do not match a woman's very well. It seems to make it hard for many married men to focus on their marriage and family.

It made sense that as a woman, I was in a much better place to see the big picture and focus on the important priorities of marriage, home, and family. I had often felt that Neil's obsession with pornography and masturbation got in the way of those things. Maybe chastity could be good for us and our marriage.

That Saturday evening, when I announced I was going to bed, Neil surprised me once again. He immediately turned off the television, got up from the couch, and followed me to the bedroom to get ready for bed. Wow! I couldn't recall the last time that had happened.

After I put on my nightgown and slipped into bed, Neil snuggled up against me and tried to kiss me. He was acting very seductively and asked me if I wanted to fool around.

"No, Neil," I said. "I'm tired and need to get to sleep."

"Well," Neil said awkwardly. "Will you unlock the cage and let me masturbate briefly?"

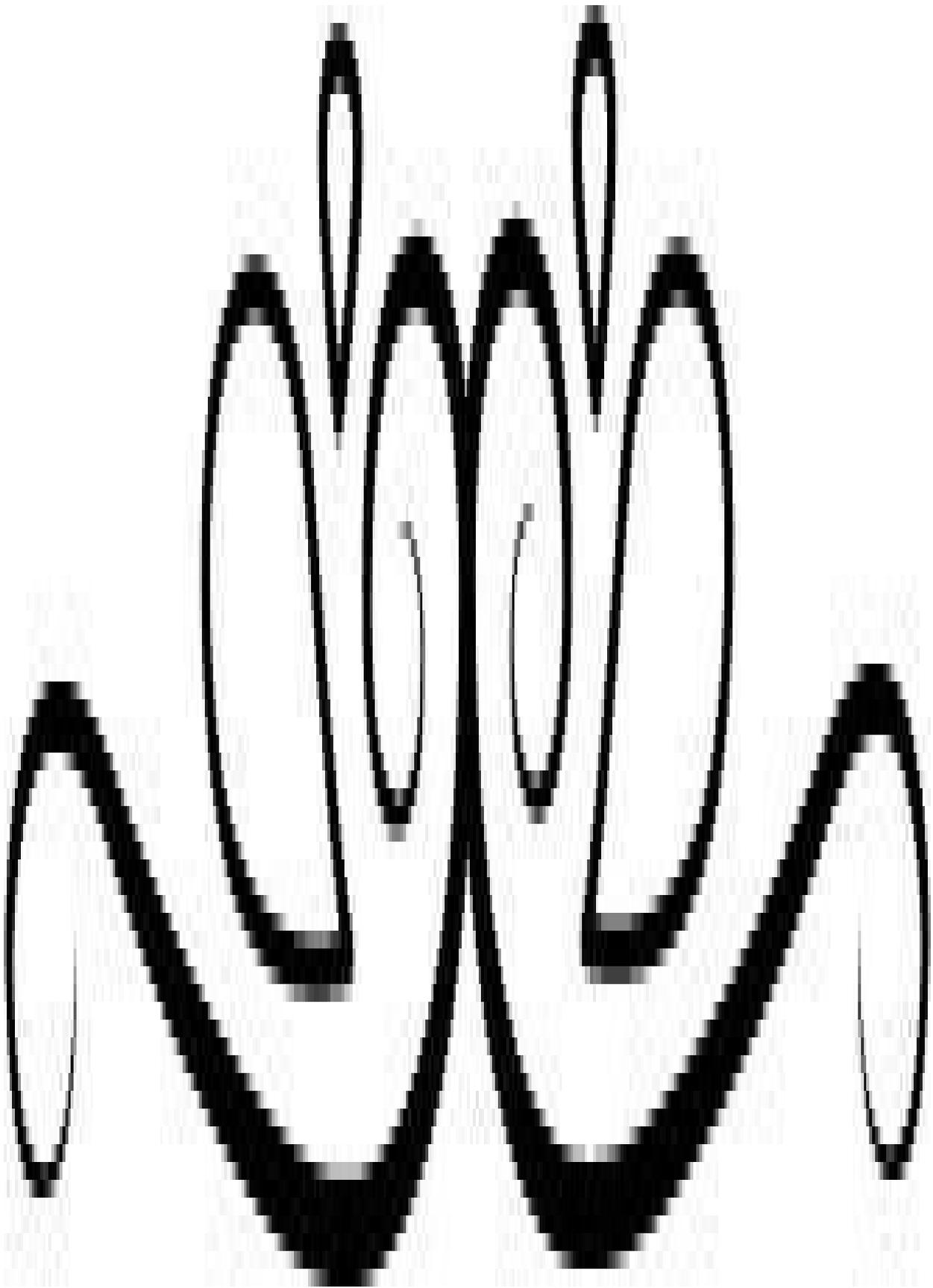
"No, Neil," I said. "And let us be clear. I don't want you bugging me about that constantly, or we'll just forget the entire thing. Now, it's time to go to sleep."

“You’re right, honey,” Neil said. “My bad. Can I give you a back rub?”

Yet another surprise. What a fitting end to a day filled with them.

“Sure,” I said. And that is how I fell asleep. Drifting off, I had to admit the chastity thing felt very intriguing. I thought it might be something I could get used to very quickly.

Chapter 2



To my amazement, I started seeing big changes in Neil with each passing day that he was in chastity. I read on some male chastity website that teasing a man in chastity without allowing him to orgasm produced an attentive and cooperative demeanor. I was skeptical until I saw it in Neil. After reading that, the next weekend, I did a little experiment and tried a technique I'd read on the website.

After tying his hands behind him with the sash from my bathrobe, I removed the chastity tube that had imprisoned his penis for the past week. Neil quivered as I caressed and stroked him. He dribbled a little semen, but I stopped short of letting him come. The entire time I was doing it, his body quivered all over in little waves, and he made these really sweet little whimpering sounds.

It reminded me of the little mini near orgasms I sometimes have when unable to reach orgasm after coming very close. It also reminded me of the whimpering little near orgasms my college roommate used to have when she'd sneak her boyfriend into our dorm room when she thought I was asleep. It was really sweet hearing my husband whimpering and seeing him quiver like a college girl.

Since I stopped before he climaxed and ejaculated, it took a while, and an icy cold, wet washcloth on his genitals before his penis was soft enough to go back into the chastity tube. I thought what Neil had endured would be a good thing for all men to experience once in a while. Maybe they would gain a little insight into how women feel when they get us hot and bothered but they don't close the deal.

The experiment left me very aroused, too. After I'd locked Neil's penis back in the cage, I got my vibrator out and enjoyed a little me time. Neil was on the bed beside me with his arms wrapped around me the whole time, still quivering and whimpering. I felt a little guilty having a mind-blowing orgasm after keeping him from having one for an entire week. But it's what he said he wanted.

Neil masturbated at least once or twice a day, sometimes more before we started the chastity. I hoped he was happy that I'd given him what he desired. But I knew going cold turkey was hard for him, and I felt a little guilt-ridden when Neil begged me pitifully to let him come after I had my orgasm, and I refused. It amazed me how much he seemed to feed off my orgasm, almost as if he was sharing it with me in a way that had never happened before.

Afterward, Neil spent most of the night clinging to me and snuggling. I slept so soundly I don't know if he spent the entire night that way. But the next morning, when I woke up, Neil was in that same position as he was when I'd fallen asleep. He begged me for more caressing and stroking that morning. But I was hungry and wanted coffee. I suggested that instead, he get up and make coffee and breakfast for us. He practically leaped out of bed and excitedly went about the task I'd given him.

I fell back asleep, and in what seemed like no time at all, Neil awakened me with a lovely breakfast and fresh hot coffee he served on a tray. He was so doting and sweet and kept asking what else I'd like him to do. I offered a few suggestions. Neil gave me a full body massage, rubbed lotion on my feet, and then spent the longest time thoroughly brushing my hair ever so gently while I read the Sunday paper.

My husband had never pampered me like that. I thought I could get used to living that way. I almost didn't believe he could keep it up. It was just too good to be true.

Finally, I'd had all the constant pampering I thought I could stand. I got out of bed to start my day and to get something accomplished. Since he could not linger in bed and play with himself as he used to do regularly on weekend mornings, Neil started getting up with me and spending the morning with me. That was also nice.

The second week, with Neil still locked in chastity, each day when I arrived home from work, he met me at the door. Before starting chastity, I almost always found him locked in the bedroom playing with himself when I arrived home from work.

At the door each day, he took my briefcase and purse and put them away. He followed me to the bedroom, helped me off with my suit jacket, and carefully hung it up with my skirt while I changed. He then put away my dress shoes in the closet. One day I told him to wait because I needed to clean my shoes before putting them away. Neil took care of that as well.

Neil stayed by my side, constantly like an adoring puppy. He asked about my day and how I was feeling. I kept thinking: "Who is this man, and what has he done with my husband?"

I knew as each day passed, Neil was getting hornier and hornier. I also knew that was part of the explanation for all the pampering and attentiveness. He hoped his behavior would encourage me to let him out to play. But I wasn't so cynical that I didn't understand that chastity was having an amazing effect on him. Knowing he couldn't even touch his penis unless I allowed it truly motivated him. And, since I'd locked the chastity tube on him, I had touched it but hadn't let him. I loved the state he was in and knew I never wanted to give it up.

I'd read that the hornier a man in chastity gets, the more obsequious he gets and the more things his key holder can demand of him. I wondered how far I could push things. It was all still so new to me, and I didn't know when I should unlock Neil or what I should allow him to do when I did. I felt guilty and even selfish for keeping him locked up, but he seemed so excited and said he was having fun. Oh well, I thought. It's what he wanted, so be it.

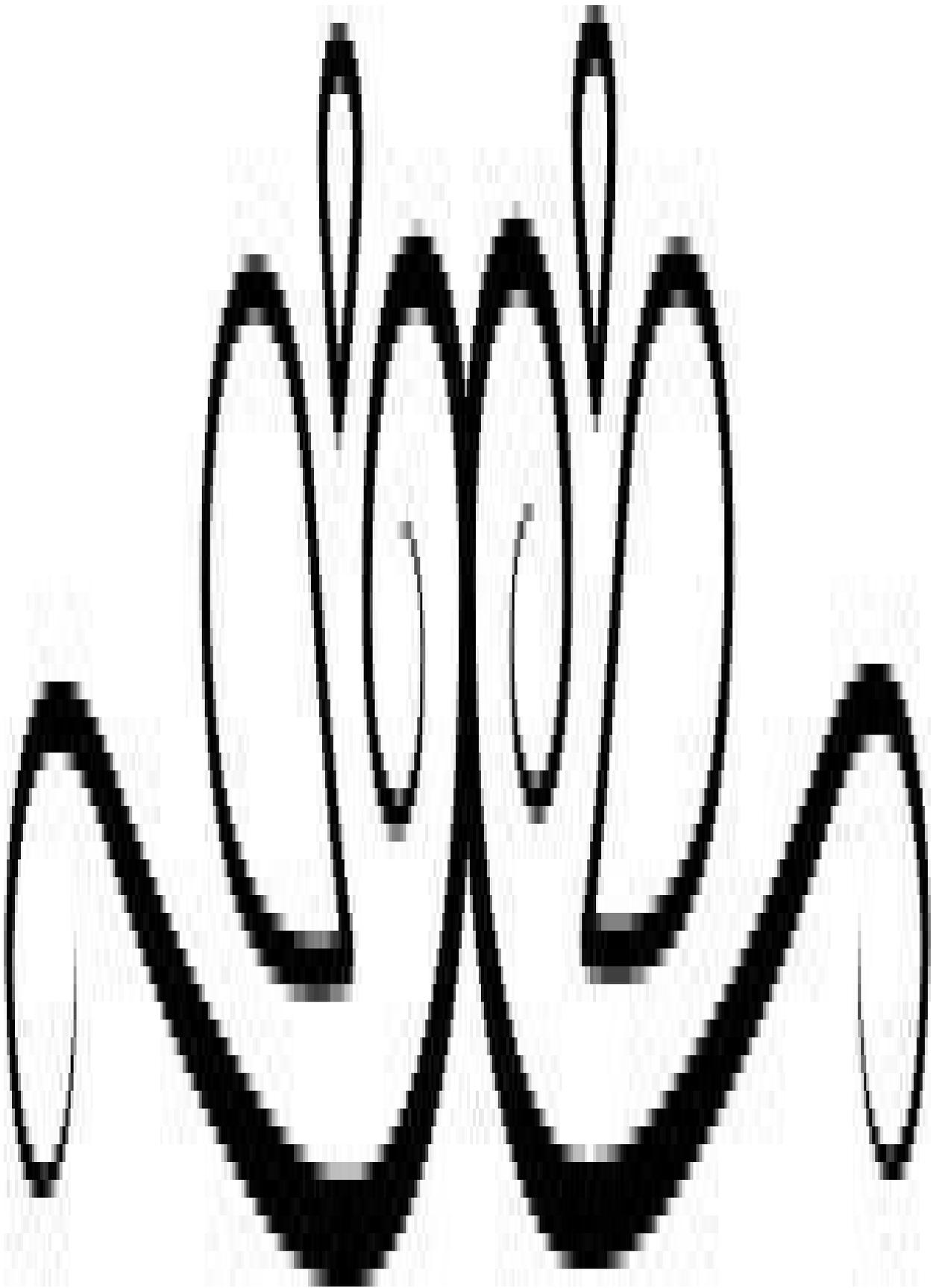
As the days passed, after I'd changed and Neil had put away my work clothes and shoes, he became very sweet and snugly, trying to entice me into bed. But having figured out what he was after, I instead told him it was time for dinner. Neil had taken over the cooking, and I loved that he was cooking for me and always had dinner started when I got home.

I soon learned it was great fun to come up behind him while Neil was cooking and reach around the front and tug on his device. Then I'd whisper in his ear, "Is this why you've been such a good boy lately?" Neil always said, "Yes," and then I'd say, "I guess I must let you out sometime. But I love having an obedient house husband so much that I might keep you locked indefinitely." It's so sweet how that affected him. He would nearly buckle at the knees and crumple to the kitchen floor.

Neil became so accommodating I wasn't sure how much of it was conscious or subconscious. When we watched television, all I had to say was, "May I have the remote please," and he surrendered it immediately. When I settled on some show and said, "Oh, this looks interesting, how about this?" Neil simply replied, "Whatever you want to watch, Dear." He seemed happiest when he was massaging my feet, doing my pedicure, or anything that involved having contact with my body in some way or other. It seemed he couldn't get enough tactile stimulation. All I had to say was, "Honey, want to sit with me and rub my feet while we watch television?" Then he'd be on it like a sweet, eager puppy wagging his tail.

At bedtime, I'd hand him the remote and say it was time for bed. Neil always turned off the television and followed me straight to bed. Since we had started the chastity, he had not spent one late night on the couch in front of the television. There had been no slipping off to the study to surf the internet until all hours of the morning and no stains left on the sheets in the guest room. Neil was going to bed earlier and starting his day earlier. It was hard to deny that chastity truly was good for him and us.

Chapter 3



As Neil and I continued our male chastity journey, I believe we were both feeling our way along with a little uncertainty about what to expect. I continued researching chastity on the internet to learn more about being a responsible key holder. I read on one internet website that as a chastity man gets hornier, he grows more compliant. He will do almost anything his keyholder asks him to do.

On another site, I read that men who ask their wives to place them in chastity have submissive tendencies. The writer said those tendencies might not be obvious at first because some men keep them well hidden, but they are there. That was hard for me to believe about my husband. Neil is a very alpha kind of man. He has a competitive streak and can be very opinionated. Sometimes it seemed like he argued with me just for the sake of arguing.

Neil is also a bit of a control freak. He has very particular ideas about how everything is to be done. And I mean everything. He is insistent on how the toilet paper is put on the holder, how the toothpaste tube is to be squeezed, and even how the cars are parked in the driveway. Dealing with Neil's control tendencies has been one of the biggest challenges of our marriage. I have often felt like I have had to go out of my way to accommodate his preferences. It is one reason that I had trouble believing Neil had latent submissive tendencies.

One thing was certain. As Neil's chastity experience stretched into the third week, I noticed that his penis crammed inside the tiny cage became a reliable barometer for what turned him on.

Often as we sat on the bed talking, I could see how he responded to things I said by how much his penis bulged inside the tube. Sometimes his penis grew until the skin squeezed out the vent holes and the little pee slot at the end of the tube. I knew the more of him that bulged out of the holes, the more something I said had turned him on. The more aroused Neil became, the more of him squeezed out of all the holes.

One day I asked Neil if it was true that men who like being in chastity have a submissive side. As I talked about what I'd read on the website, Neil's penis swelled until the skin was bulging out of all the openings in the tube.

"Could you really stand it if I took charge of more aspects of our relationship?" I said. "Do you want me to tell you what to do all the time?"

Neil's penis bulged all the more. I couldn't believe the discussion about me taking control of most aspects of our relationship turned him on so much.

"Do you really want to be submissive to me?" I asked in disbelief.

"Well," Neil said. "I'm not completely sure."

Maybe Neil wasn't sure, but his penis seemed to know what it wanted. He grew larger and larger inside the tube; the more we talked about it.

I asked if he had limits to how submissive he could stand to be or if there were areas where he might reach his limit. Again Neil said he wasn't sure, yet it seemed his penis was about to split the tube wide open. It looked painful, but he said that it wasn't.

I had read advice that a key holder wife should get things she wants from her chaste husband before granting him any release or play. The writer said that a man in chastity was particularly eager to do tasks that involved his wife's personal care. It seemed so selfish, but keeping Neil in a state of constant arousal and dealing with his constant begging was becoming real work. I felt like I should give him a release soon, but maybe he owed me something for my key holding efforts first.

On the internet, I'd read a tip about making a game of chance out of teasing activities using dice. I'd come up with a game using a single die with a specific activity assigned to each number with only two activities that allowed Neil a release.

1–Neil gives me a one-hour full body massage.

2–I remove the chastity device and bring him to the edge, but without a release.

3–He pleasures me orally to orgasm.

4–I give Neil a hand job with a "happy ending."

5–I use my vibrator to orgasm while he kisses and caresses my breasts.

6—We have sex, and I allow Neil to come.

On Saturday, I explained the dice game to Neil and said he could have one roll, but only after doing something for me first. He was keen to play the game and agreed without asking me what task I wanted him to do first. I told him I wanted all my sandals and open-toed shoes cleaned, polished, and put back in their boxes for winter and my fall and winter shoes and boots taken out, dusted, and polished.

Neil jumped up and got busy with the task. It took him all afternoon as I have a lot of shoes and boots. He did an excellent job. It was so sweet seeing him sitting on the floor surrounded by my shoes, working so diligently at cleaning and polishing them while I read a book as he worked. His penis bulged in the tube the entire time. It seemed it was all so exciting for him. I wasn't sure if it was because my exercising dominance over him turned him on or whether it was his anticipation of the chance for a possible release after he finished with the chore I had given him.

Once Neil had completed the assignment that evening, I handed him the die. He shook it for what seemed like forever before he rolled it. He rolled a three, which meant he would pleasure me orally to orgasm. Yay! But I felt so guilty. It had been three weeks for him without a release, but I was getting an orgasm. So, I made one minor change. I told Neil we would use the sixty-nine position with me on top while he pleased me with his mouth and tongue. That way, I could tug on his cage and tease his balls while he ate my pussy.

After such a nice, relaxing evening of reading while Neil cleaned and shined all my shoes and boots, I felt pretty aroused myself. It didn't take long for my orgasm, and it seemed to turn him on so much, I let Neil continue eating me until I had a second orgasm. His penis bulged to the maximum in the tube the entire time. His response amazed me. He seemed hornier than I had ever seen him in his life.

When I came, Neil seemed to almost orgasm himself. He was feeding off of my orgasm to where we had a sort of simultaneous orgasms. He dribbled semen but didn't fully ejaculate. But his entire body quivered in wave after wave like a woman when she orgasms. It seemed to last for the longest time, long after my

orgasms finished. The whole time, Neil whimpered like a schoolgirl being fingered by her boyfriend for the first time. I just loved that. He had this intense sexual energy going on even though he didn't climax. God, I loved that!

I drifted off to sleep and slept like a baby. It seemed Neil spent the entire night wrapped around me, snuggling like he hadn't done since we first dated. It seemed as if bringing him so close with teasing but not allowing him to climax left Neil with an intense craving to cuddle to get something he needed. It seemed much like what I've experienced so often with him and other men when they couldn't bring me to orgasm.

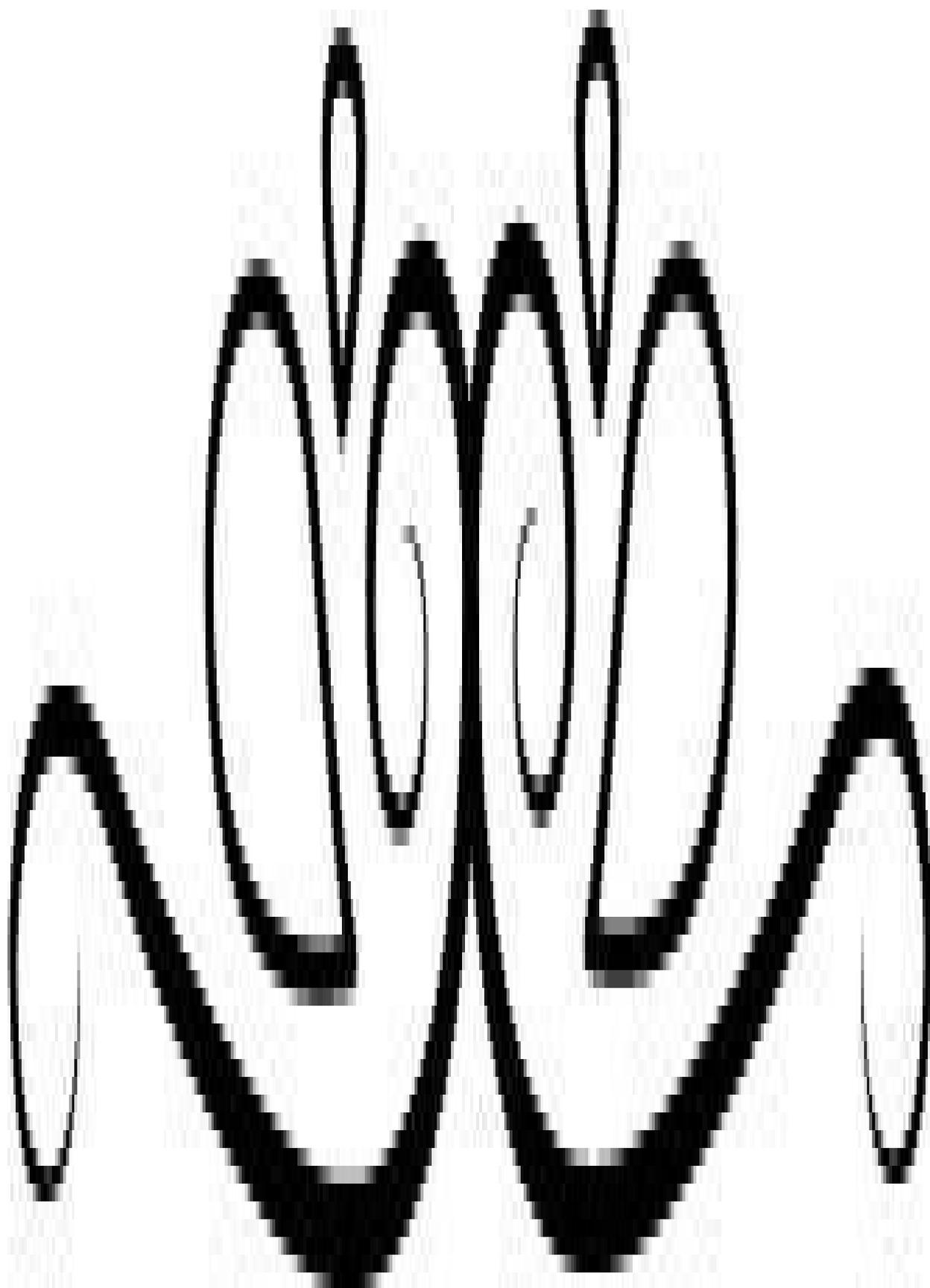
On Sunday, I told Neil to complete some outdoor chores, and again he did an excellent job. I let him roll the die again that evening, and he rolled a five. That meant he got to caress and suckle my breasts while I brought myself to orgasm with my vibrator. Again Neil responded the same way as he had on Saturday. His body quivered, his penis leaked semen, and he whimpered like a girl the entire time. Neil was so cuddly and loving. But again, I felt guilty because he didn't get any release.

The weekend had worked out very well for me, and Neil said he still wanted to continue in chastity. I had no idea where we would go from there.

Each evening the following week, when I arrived home from work, Neil was there waiting for me like an adoring puppy. I sort of liked it, but Neil's intense focus had become a bit overwhelming. He couldn't seem to keep his hands off of me. I never thought that I could get too much affection, but Neil was always looking for any excuse to touch me. He was constantly saying: "Would you like a massage?" "Should I rub lotion on you?" "Would you like a foot rub?" It all got a bit tiring. I needed to channel his energy into activities I found more tolerable. Any time we sat together on the couch, Neil couldn't help pulling my feet into his lap and rubbing them. I thought I could use permission to give me massages or foot rubs to reward exemplary behavior, which seemed a weird concept.

It had been nearly four weeks since Neil had come. He just seemed to get hornier and hornier by day. The more aroused Neil grew, the more submissive and compliant he became. I wondered how long a guy could go. When the next weekend arrived, I decided that I'd unlock the tube and allow him a release without making him roll the dice.

Chapter 4



The fourth weekend arrived since I had locked my husband's penis in a chastity device at his request. It had been four long weeks since Neil had experienced an orgasm, although I had missed none of mine. Instead of intercourse, all my husband got was a lot of teasing and the chance to help me orgasm. Sometimes I allowed him to worship at my feminine altar and enjoy the taste of my female nectar. At other times I allowed him to cuddle and caress my breasts or ass while I got myself off with my vibrator. The longer Neil remained in chastity, the more interested I became in expressing my sexual side. Maybe because he constantly stays horny and focuses entirely on me and my body and how it looks. During our teasing and sex play sessions, his focus on me has reached a level that seems almost like worship. I love that!

Because Neil had remained so attentive and obedient for an entire month, I planned to reward his performance on Saturday evening with a release. But before we had sex, I had one more task for Neil to accomplish.

While my husband looked at porn on the internet, over the years, he had amassed an impressive collection of lingerie and swimsuit catalogs that arrived in the mail addressed to me, even though I'd ordered nothing from the companies that sent them. That seemed odd, and I wondered how that happened. Not really. I knew he had ordered the catalogs in my name for his use. He used them and a collection of his own Sports Illustrated swimsuit issues as his primary masturbation fodder.

It makes sense that if your husband is constantly masturbating to photos of 25-year-old skinny little size 0/2 models, that it will make him more fixated on girls who look like that. Eventually, he loses his sexual attraction to his 38-year-old wife, who has gained a little weight over the years and wears a size 6. Okay, a size 8. That's how men end up having affairs.

What really disgusted me about Neil masturbating to the photographs of those models in the catalogs and swimsuit issues was that they are so much younger than my 40-year-old husband. It seemed almost like kiddie porn for a man his age. Also, I knew his masturbation habits caused him to ogle young women whenever we were out together, which I found hurtful. So, the task I had in mind for Neil that Saturday was to round up and dispose of his catalog and SI swimsuit issue collections.

“I plan to give you a release this evening,” I said to Neil. “But first, I have a chore for you to do.”

“Anything, dear,” Neil said with a wide smile.

I smiled back at him.

“Dig all the lingerie and swimsuit catalogs and your Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue collection out from beneath the bed,” I said. “Then pull the order envelopes out of each one and tear an address label from each publication. Tape each label to a piece of paper and write: ‘Please remove this address from your mailing list,’ on each sheet of paper.”

Neil looked at me in disbelief. “Get rid of all of them?” he said.

“Yes,” I said. “Put the papers with the address labels taped to them into the envelopes. Seal them and put stamps on each one. I’ll put them in my purse to mail on Monday.”

Neil nodded sadly.

“Then put all the catalogs and magazines in the garbage bin outside.”

My husband looked crestfallen. Monday was trash pickup day, and his collection of masturbation fodder would soon be on its way to the landfill.

The poor thing pouted like a little boy having to say goodbye to his most treasured toys. Neil was already mourning the loss of all of his young girls. I was the only lingerie model he was going to fantasize about from now on. Oddly, once Neil had finished the chore, he seemed blissfully happy that I had taken control of his sexual fantasy life. For a while, he had been telling me more often how beautiful and sexy I am. I hoped to keep his newly expressed devotion growing and growing.

I enjoyed the fun and delicious power that I had over my husband while I had his penis locked in the chastity device. Neil is a big muscular guy, and I’m only average or petite sized. He is a strong-willed and extroverted man at work and in social settings. Knowing I could bring him to his knees with only a look or a comment or by showing him the keys I keep on the chain around my neck made me giddy with delight.

That Saturday, Neil worked hard in the yard and around the house. That evening I told him he had been such a good and obedient husband that day that he had earned a release. We snuggled for a while on the couch while reading and then watched a little television before bed. I poked at his device and balls a little with my feet because he likes that. My husband pulsed with sexual energy for the rest of the evening until I was ready for bed.

When I joined him in the bedroom, I was wearing my sexiest nightie and a little of my favorite perfume. Neil's body was literally vibrating in anticipation as I unlocked and removed his chastity tube. His penis was already almost fully erect by the time I released it from its tiny, plastic prison.

We started the evening with Neil giving me oral sex. The truth is, I love having him pleasure me orally more than I've ever cared about having intercourse. One big bonus of having him in chastity is that the longer he goes without and the hornier he gets, the better he seems to get at eating my pussy. Being in chastity means that he must jump through whatever hoops I present to him for him to earn a chance at a release. And Neil was jumping through them beautifully that night.

He has always loved tasting of me down there. I have always been a lucky girl in that respect. It is one thing that made me first fall in love with him. Neil calls it "worshiping at the temple" and "tasting my nectar." And lately, he had been getting better and better at it. He is always eager to do it, and he seemed to focus all that horny energy he had built up over the four weeks into pleasuring me. I knew part of it was because every minute he spent down there, he was thinking about and anticipating the reward of having an orgasm of his own.

I allowed Neil to eat my pussy until I came a second time. Then, with things feeling too tingly down there to continue, I returned the favor by sucking his hard, engorged cock. Neil's body trembled, and he moaned and whimpered the entire time my warm, wet mouth was bobbing up and down his hard, thick dick. Afraid he might come at any moment, Neil begged me to stop and to allow him to put his cock inside me. I smiled up at him, rolled onto my back, and spread my legs invitingly. He was like a puppy, eager to play.

Neil was all over me with kisses.

"Wow," I said, "Seeing you so hard made me really horny. I love the feeling of

you being inside me.”

Neil got even more excited, thrusting harder, faster, and deeper.

“Slow down and relax,” I said. “As long as it’s been for you and as horny as you are, I’m afraid you’re going to come very quickly.”

“No, I won’t,” Neil said plaintively. “I won’t.” And he continued at the same frantic pace.

“You can’t control yourself when its been this long, and you’re this horny,” I warned again.

Neil only grunted and kept pounding away.

Despite my attempts to slow him down, he was so aroused that he came rather quickly. It was quite a lot that he had stored up for so long. Neil seemed both surprised and a little disappointed at how quickly it was all over.

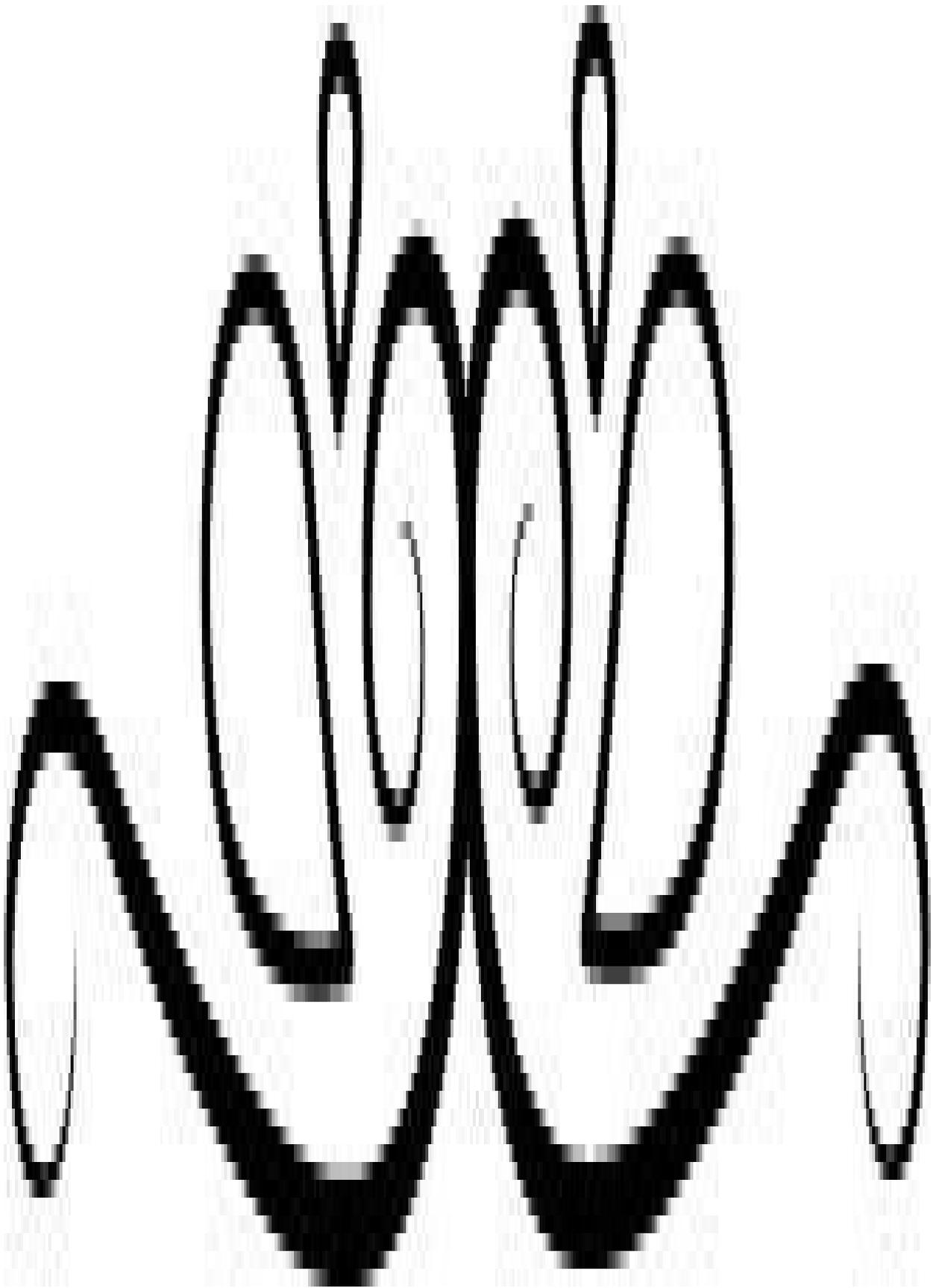
After I sent him to the bathroom to clean up, I put the chastity device back on him and clicked the lock shut. He fiddled with the device and tugged on it a few times. It had been so long for him that his body seemed overwhelmed. His body quivered and trembled with little aftershocks.

Then the unfortunate change set in.

The next morning I could easily see the change in his attitude and demeanor. Neil seemed less responsive to my directives. The rest of the weekend, I noticed an increase in those lazy forms of communication that men often fall into, like: “Uh-huh” and the rude question “What?” that shows they aren’t paying you any attention. I heard a lot less of “Yes, Dear” and “Right away, Dear.” I didn’t like the man he became after his release at all. He was far less attentive to me and slower to respond, and a lot less affectionate.

It astonished me to see the difference in him after being allowed an orgasm. I began thinking of ways to get him back to the level of attentiveness he had been at before as quickly as possible. Also, the experience made me feel disinclined to allow him another release for a very long time. It is amazing how much the ups and downs of their hormone levels affect men. I intended to take the chastity games to a whole new level.

Chapter 5



It took almost a full week before I got my attentive and obedient husband back after I'd allowed him to orgasm. I worked hard, getting him back to the level of obsequious demeanor that he had shown before his release. That strengthened my resolve that it would be a very long time before Neil Brown had another orgasm.

Three more months passed, with my husband's penis imprisoned in the plastic cage. One day I noticed a crack developing in a seam on the tube, so together, we searched some online websites and selected a new one. We chose a stainless steel, custom-made chastity cage as a replacement. I was on pins and needles, worrying that his plastic device might break before the new one arrived. But thankfully, it held up for the several weeks it took before the new device arrived.

Neil was so horny again that I wasn't willing to risk taking off the old device and putting on the new one without restraining him when the cage arrived. So, I first tied his hands behind his back before unlocking the old tube. I then put the new steel ring around his testicles and penis shaft and worked his flaccid penis into the new cage. I really loved how sexy it looked, and much preferred the shiny steel cage to the old transparent plastic one. Neil said it felt heavier, but he liked it too.

* * *

While we were sitting on the couch watching television one evening, just when I thought Neil could never tell me anything again that surprised me, he did. His revelation of another of his submissive fantasies left me speechless. Neil revealed that he had a fantasy to be cuckolded by another man.

I knew little about what cuckolding entailed. I suppose I'd always assumed it involved a guy finding some stranger to come over and screw his wife while he watched. Again, I was back on the internet doing research.

I had no idea that cuckolding was such a big interest for many couples. I found a

detailed description by a Dom Bull about how he grooms a new cuckold couple. As I read his description of the process, I trembled with excitement. My panties were wet by the time I finished reading. It surprised me how much it turned me on. I didn't know what that was about or what to make of the feelings. I didn't know if it was only the fantasy or something I would want to try.

But after Neil had let the cat out of the bag, he couldn't seem to stop talking about it.

"Why on earth would you want me to take a lover?" I asked incredulously.

"Because I know I've never truly satisfied you when we have sex," Neil said. "I always come too quickly. And, well, I'm not very large. Besides, my dick is locked in a cage all the time now. I want you to be happy and have fulfilling sex life, Dear."

I was astonished.

"So, we would remain married, you would stay in chastity, and you would be fine with me having sex with other men?"

"Yes," Neil said. "I think I might be a little jealous at first. Especially if you found a guy with a bigger cock than mine. But, I think I'd grow accustomed to it."

"I don't know if that would be good for our marriage," I said.

Later, in the bedroom, we talked more about cuckolding.

"Would you consider taking a lover?" Neil said.

"I don't know," I said. "I don't picture myself as the kind of person who would take a lover. Maybe if I was out at the club with my girlfriends, I might flirt a little, and maybe I might kiss somebody during a slow dance if he seemed nice."

"What if he was interested in more?" Neil asked.

"I don't know. I can't imagine myself doing anything like that. I don't know."

"Would you do more? If it was someone you felt an attraction for and liked?"

“I don’t know,” I said. “I don’t picture myself as the kind of person who would have sex with another man while being married.”

“If you did, would you bring him home?”

“No, I think I’d want something more private,” I said.

“Where would you go?”

“Well, a hotel room or back to his place, I suppose.”

Neil was lying beside me and caressing my inner thigh.

“If you took a lover, I’d want to watch,” he said, “when he was having sex with you.”

“I don’t think I’d want that,” I said. “But, I’ve heard some guys like to make videos of themselves having sex. Maybe he’d let me bring a sex tape home for you to watch.”

Neil was squirming, and I lifted the sheet and looked between his legs. I saw his swollen penis was straining against his chastity device. I rubbed his balls a little and tugged on the cage. He was really hard and whimpering. I didn’t know if cuckolding was only a fantasy for him he’d never wish to really enact, but it was clear that fantasizing about me having sex with another guy was an enormous turn on for him.

“You know,” I said. “I have the girl’s night out with my girlfriends from work next week. They are hoping to meet men. If it’s what you want, I suppose I might try to meet someone too.”

“I think you should try,” Neil sputtered. “I think you would enjoy having a guy with a nice large cock satisfying you.”

I couldn’t believe how horny the idea made him. He was breathing so heavily.

“Well, I can’t promise anything,” I said. “But if you want me to try it Friday, I will.”

Neil was squirming a lot and pressing the cage against my leg, although I knew

he didn't achieve any real benefit.

"I could wear that new special bra and panty set for him," I said.

"Oh God," Neil said. "Those are so sexy!"

I had only meant to tease Neil a little, but I realized the conversation was making me so wet and horny.

"Can I go down on you and taste your nectar?" Neil whispered.

"Yes," I said, throwing back the sheet. "I'd like that. I'm so horny thinking about a guy with an enormous cock giving my pussy a hard pounding."

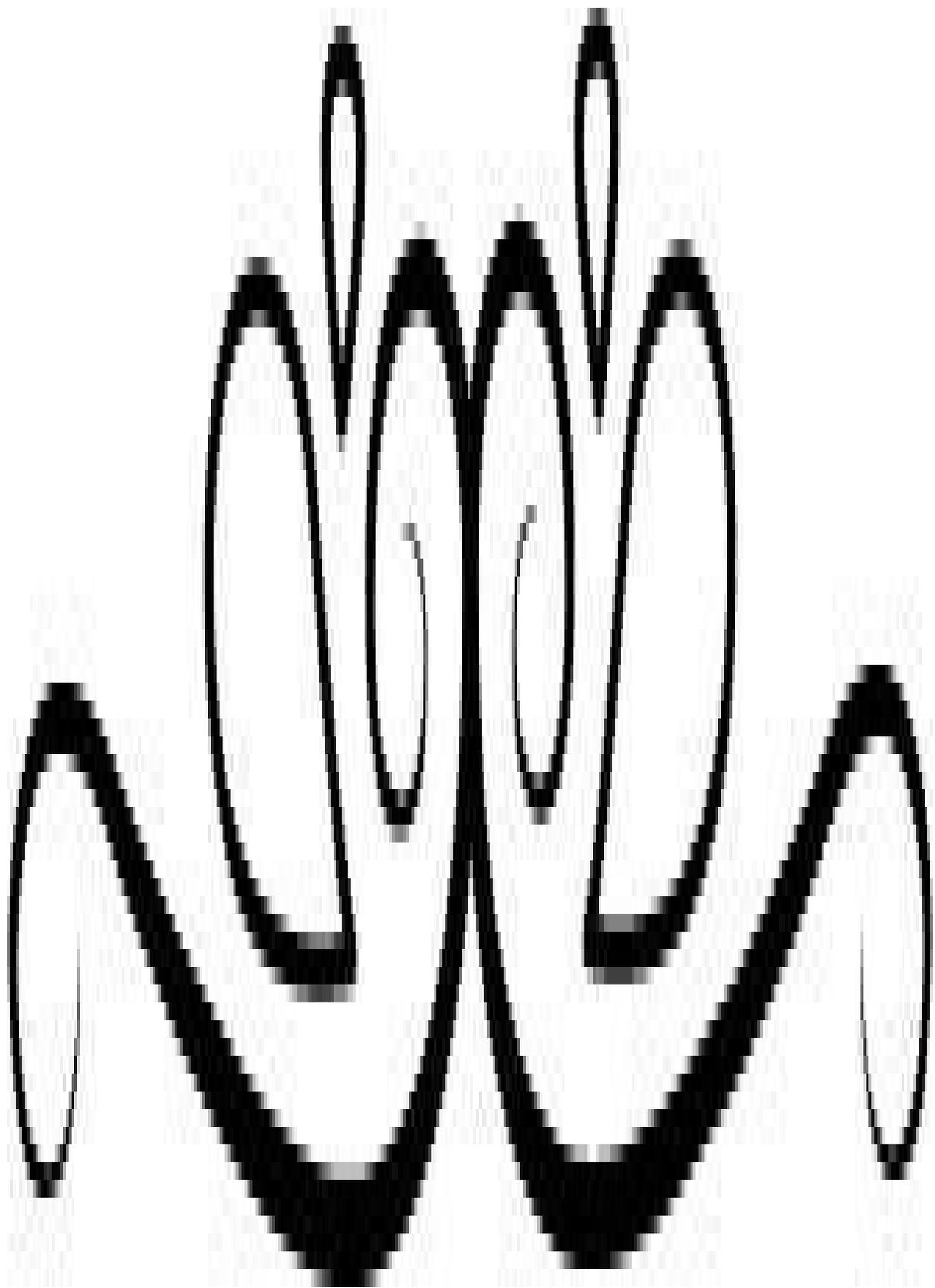
Neil immediately knelt to the task.

Afterward, as I was laying there enjoying that afterglow feeling of a great orgasm, Neil begged me to let him out of the cage to touch himself. I told him, "No, you did a good job eating me but not well enough to deserve to be out of your device."

Neil sighed sadly and wrapped his body around me to snuggle. He rubbed the cock cage against my leg, trying to masturbate but accomplished nothing. He tugged on the cage encasing his still rock hard penis and continued begging. I don't know why he persists like that when he knows the answer will be "no." I suppose it's part of his fantasy to be denied and told "no" frequently.

I drifted off to sleep, thinking about Friday night with my girlfriends. We usually got together once a month and went out to dinner and then to a dance club we all liked. I had noticed guys at the club looking at me before, but I'd never encouraged anyone. I rarely even danced. But I supposed I could meet a guy at the club if I put my mind to it. Maybe I'd give it a try Friday and see what happened.

Chapter 6



Friday arrived, and Neil was waiting for me at the door when I arrived home from work. We sat on the couch and talked for a while until it was time for me to get dressed. I was meeting my girlfriends at a restaurant at seven for dinner.

After I showered, I asked Neil to give me a pedicure and to paint my toenails. He followed me into the bedroom to do as I'd asked.

"You're wearing closed-toe heels," Neil said. "Why do you want a pedicure and for me to paint your nails?"

I had decided to play a little with his fantasy of imagining me with another man.

"Because if I have a reason to take them off later, I want my feet to look good," I said.

"So, you want to meet men tonight?" Neil said.

"Isn't that what you said you wanted?" I said.

I still wasn't sure if his fantasy of me cuckolding him was something he really wanted me to do. I wasn't even sure if I would actually do it. But that didn't mean I couldn't use it to tease him.

"It's up to you, Dear," Neil said. "I think I'd be fine with it if it is something you want."

After finishing with my feet, Neil helped me dress. He continued asking me questions about my plans for the evening. He asked what my goal for the evening was.

"Well, my girlfriends hope to meet guys," I said.

"Are you planning to meet guys too?" Neil said.

The horniness factor was off the charts. I could almost smell it pouring from Neil's pores. It seemed he really wanted me to hook up with some stranger for sex.

“I’ll probably dance with some guys,” I said. “I might flirt a little. But I’m not sure I’ll do anything more.”

“Well, I just want you to know I’m fine with whatever you decide, Dear,” Neil said.

Neil kissed my feet gently as he slipped my heels on and buckled the ankle straps. He walked me to the door as I left to meet my girlfriends. It was a truly wonderful evening, and I felt so relaxed.

I had a fun time with my friends. At the club, I danced with a few guys, and I learned some new dance steps. After the club closed, we went to a late-night restaurant to get something to eat. I got home quite late. Neil was asleep on the couch when I walked through the door.

At the club, I’d realized I couldn’t go through with picking up another guy for sex. Not that I thought I could never do it if it turned out something Neil truly wanted. I only knew I wasn’t ready for it. It would take some time to get my head around the whole cuckold thing. But I devised a little plan on the way home to use the girl’s night out to tease Neil. When I parked in our driveway, I reached beneath my dress, slipped my panties off, and put them in my purse before getting out of the car.

After I woke Neil, he followed me into the bedroom to help me off with my clothes. When the dress came off, I saw he noticed that I wasn’t wearing any panties, but he didn’t mention it right away.

“Why did you get home so late?” Neil said.

“Well, I met this guy at the club,” I said. “We danced together all night. One thing led to another, and I even left my panties behind at his place.”

Neil seemed to get very excited and asked me to tell him about the guy.

“His name is Teddy,” I said. “He an aircraft mechanic. He enjoys doing hiking and rock climbing in his spare time. He’s not really my type, but he is cute and very nice.”

“What do you mean,” Neil said. “That he isn’t really your type?”

“Well, for one thing, he is younger,” I said. “He’s only twenty-eight. And, he is very muscular, the most muscular guy I’ve ever seen with his shirt off.”

“Did you take your wedding ring off?” Neil said.

“No, Teddy didn’t seem to care that I’m married,” I said. “Most guys don’t seem to care much about that kind of thing.”

“So he knew that you were married?”

“Yes, and he asked if we had an open relationship.”

“What did you tell him?”

“The truth. I told Teddy it wasn’t an open marriage,” I said. “But I told him you are submissive and want me to do what I want. He asked me if my husband would do anything if he found out, and I told him that my husband does what I tell him to.”

“Where did you go with him?”

“Teddy took me to his apartment. It wasn’t far from the club.”

Neil had grown so accustomed to our roles with me as the dominant wife and him as the submissive husband that it seems he views dominance as my natural style.

“Were you dominant with Teddy?” he said.

“Oh no, not with Teddy,” I said. “He seems very much like a guy accustomed to taking charge when he’s with a woman. He is a real alpha male type guy, sort of macho, but also nice.”

Neil was tugging at his device, trying to relieve the pressure.

“But you usually don’t care for guys like that.”

“I know,” I said with a giggle. “But Teddy is unlike any guy I’ve ever been with before. He isn’t someone I’d normally feel attracted to, but it was a unique experience for me. He was sort of playfully aggressive with me but sweet about

it. I guess it brought out the girly girl side of me.”

“You rarely like that kind of thing, either.”

“Yes, I know,” I said. “But there was something fun about it in this case. When we got to his place, Teddy scooped me up in his arms and carried me to the bedroom like I was light as a feather. All I could seem to do was giggle like a schoolgirl. He has such brawny arms. He put me in whatever position he wanted me like I was a rag doll. It made me feel petite and a little helpless in an exciting kind of way.”

Neil had slipped off my heels at that point. I had my feet in his lap and could tell that his dick was straining in the cage. The whole thing seemed very strange. It seemed weird he found it all so exciting, so arousing.

Neil massaged and kissed my feet, begging to hear all the details.

I said, “Well, Teddy pulled my dress off and slid my panties off. He told me to get on the bed on my hands and knees. Then he grabbed my legs and pulled me to the edge of the bed. When Teddy dropped his pants, I looked at him over my shoulder, which made me a little nervous. His cock was huge, much larger than any guy I’ve ever been with, and so I was a little afraid.”

“Then what happened?”

“I thought maybe I should use my mouth on him, hoping I might satisfy him with just a blow job,” I said. “But that only made him larger and more excited. He pushed me back onto my hands and knees, grabbed my ass, and pulled me closer. Then he shoved it inside me.”

After hanging up my dress, Neil joined me in bed. He pressed his cage penis against my thigh and rubbed against it furiously.

“What happened next?” he said.

“Well, he pounded me, and it hurt a little,” I said. “His dick was so long the tip slammed against my cervix every time he buried it inside me. But even though it hurt, at the same time, it felt so good.”

Neil was squirming and pressing harder against my thigh, even though I knew he

wasn't accomplishing anything.

"Teddy put me in different positions," I said. "He went on for what seemed like forever. Then when he finished, we fell asleep together for a while."

"Did you come?" Neil squeaked.

"Oh my God, did I?" I said. "I've never come so hard in my life, and honestly, I lost track of how many times he brought me to orgasm."

"Did he come inside you?" Neil gasped.

"Yes, but I'd only just met him," I said. "Of course, I insisted that he wear a condom."

"And, you forgot your panties when you left?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Teddy asked to keep them to have something to remember me by," I said. "So, I let him."

Neil looked absolutely flushed and was panting.

"I wish I could have been there to watch," he said. "Do you think you will see him again?"

Neil was so turned on. He looked like he was about to burst a vein or something.

"I don't know," I said. "My God, he was so huge. The sex was fantastic, but I'm really sore down there now after that pounding."

"God, I'm so horny," Neil said. "Will you please unlock me and let me put it inside you?"

"Would you like to be inside of me?" I said.

Neil got very excited and exclaimed he would.

I whispered in his ear, "I can't right now. I'm so sore from Teddy."

"Well, can I least masturbate?" Neil said. "I'm so horny. I can't stand it."

“Will you be gentle?” I said.

“Yes, I swear!”

“You can’t cum,” I said.

“That’s fine,” Neil said. “I just want to be inside you. Please, Abby.”

“All right,” I said. “But I must tie your hands first. You’re so horny that you might lose control.”

Neil jumped out of bed and grabbed the belt from my robe. I took it and tied his hands behind his back while he sat on the edge of the bed. Then I took the necklace off and unlocked the cage with the key.

Neil was very excited. It had been months since I’d allowed him inside me. His dick was so hard that he yelped when I yanked off the cage.

I laid back, and Neil crawled between my legs eagerly. When his cock was inside me, I said, just to keep up the teasing, “Are you inside of me yet?”

That made him even more aroused. He was going crazy with excitement to be inside me finally. He hadn’t thrust his cock in and out of me for very long until I could tell from his ragged breathing he was about to come. I wasn’t ready to deal with the loss of attentiveness and obedience that happens after he has an orgasm, so I pushed him off me and rolled over.

“I think that’s enough for now.”

Neil moaned and whimpered.

“Why?” he asked plaintively.

“Because I don’t want you to come,” I said. “You know how you acted last time I let you orgasm. There must be a consequence for that.”

That left him a trembling mass quivering on the bed next to me. He apologized and asked what he could do to redeem himself. I told him we would see if his service and obedience lived up to my expectations for the next few days, then we’d talk about a release.

I got my vibrator out of the nightstand drawer and told him he could caress and suck on my breasts while I pleased myself.

As I slipped the vibrator inside, I said, “Now I think I’m going to need a larger vibrator after Teddy.” I could feel Neil trembling next to me.

After a delightful orgasm, I got a cold, wet washcloth from the bathroom and cleaned Neil. Once his raging erection subsided, I put the cage back on him and locked him up. Then I untied him. We fell asleep with Neil’s arms around me and with the penis cage pressed firmly between my ass cheeks.

* * *

Neil’s submissive fantasies about watching while I have sex with an outside lover continue to perplex me. My internet research suggests that it is quite a common fantasy for many submissive men in chastity. They seem to desire being belittled or humiliated. So, I can understand how being cuckolded might be the ultimate humiliation and the ultimate turn on for a submissive guy.

But besides my uncertainty about whether Neil really wanted me to fulfill his fantasy of letting him watch me having sex with a well-endowed lover, I worried that having sex with another guy might be detrimental to the intimacy between us. Thanks to chastity, we are only starting to repair that, and I didn’t want to lose it.

I have found there are some enjoyable benefits of playing with Neil’s fantasies. So cuckolding is definitely not off the table completely. For now, I’ll content myself with my imaginary lover, Teddy. I really love the way Neil responds when I use Teddy to tease him.

But I never say never. Who knows? Maybe I’ll be back again someday to share a real cuckolding story with you, dear readers.



J. K. Spenser



About the Author

J K Spenser is the nom de plume of a multi-genre published author who also curates a male chastity blog, Cut to the Chaste. Besides male chastity erotica, Spenser also writes dark fantasy and science fiction stories and novels.

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Also by J K Spenser

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The Chastity Professor

A law professor by day, Emma Andrews pursues her passionate hobby during her off-hours. She is a woman on a mission—a mission to save the world by locking up in a chastity cage, the manhood of one man at a time.

Professor Emma Andrews has enjoyed seducing men into male chastity since a former college boyfriend first introduced her to male chastity play during her undergraduate days. The only problem is, every time she meets a guy she likes, he ends up succumbing to the siren song of the chastity cage. What's a girl to do? Is there no man Emma can't conquer?