

Megan and I attended grade school together, but I was never part of her clique. Not that she was a snob—she wasn't—I just never felt comfortable rubbing elbows with the kids whose parents belonged to the country-club set. In high school, she dated Brad Dawson, the quarterback. I mostly didn't date but worked flipping burgers to pay my way through school. After graduation, I went on to get a master's degree in Mathematics and a teaching certificate from the local state college, while Megan left town to attend one of the Seven Sisters and from there to Georgetown Law school. We essentially lost contact after high school.

That all changed last summer when I attended a charity ball held at my alma mater. I couldn't afford to donate much to charity, but I occasionally, as a lonely bachelor, forced myself to get out and be seen.

I stood in my usual position—on the sidelines, nursing a scotch, observing the couples out on the dance floor. Years ago, I made more of an effort to mingle, but it was always painful for all concerned. For me, because of my lack of self-confidence, and for others because.... Let's face it, I have zero social skills. I'm okay in the classroom talking mathematics to a room full of kids, but put me one-on-one with their mothers, and I'm a wreck.

So, I stood there, waiting for sufficient time to pass so I could leave without drawing attention, when the most beautiful woman in the room walked up and said, "Would you like to dance?"

It was like a bad movie. I actually looked over my shoulder to see to whom she was speaking.

She laughed, took my drink from my hand, put it on a table, and, taking firm control, led me by the hand onto the dance floor. In low heels, she stood as tall as I. Before we started dancing and my awkwardness was revealed, we must have looked like an attractive couple.

"I'm not really much of a dancer," I said, as she placed my right hand on her side just below her rib cage and raised my left hand to the proper position.

"I'm sure you're much better than you think you are, Robert."

While moving with the music, I mostly tried to guess what moves she expected me to make and avoid at all costs stepping on her toes.

“I know you, don’t I?” I said.

She laughed again. Not a mocking laugh but an expression of simple delight that lit up our small portion of the room. “Yes, Bob, you know me. Does the name Megan Breen ring any bells? I’m back to using my maiden name. Adopting the Dawson surname was a huge mistake. I dropped it when I dropped Brad, the self-centered, chauvinistic asshole.” She said all that while maintaining the warmest smile for me. “Do you remember me now?”

“Of course. Sorry, I did not expect to see you here.”

“I don’t know why not. Our firm supports all the worthwhile local causes. But then, you and I have been out of touch for more than a few years. Are you familiar with the firm, Breen, Breen and McCarthy? We handle litigation of all types.”

“Oh, sure. I’ve seen your adds.”

We made it through that first dance, and while I may have bumped the side of her foot once or twice, I never actually stepped on her toes. When it was over, Megan took me by the hand and led the way to the pay as you go bar.

“You were drinking scotch, right?” she asked, and when I agreed, she ordered a scotch for me and a Manhattan for herself. I fumbled to pay, but she was quicker, so I stuffed a few bills in the tip glass.

We sought a quiet corner. I have a hard time talking to women. Hell, I have a hard time talking to people of all classifications. But once we got started, I found it very easy to talk to Megan and we brought each other up to date.

Megan married the quarterback—then a car salesman at the Volvo dealership—and gave birth to two daughters. When the girls were old enough, they went off to college, and Megan’s husband went off to... Well, they’re divorced, and the last she heard, he was working the oil rigs in the North Sea. [Apparently, he chose to get as far away from Megan as possible. Should I have taken that as a warning?] At present, she is living in a four-bedroom home on her own except when the girls come back for holidays.

My story is shorter and less filled with drama. I never found the right girl. To be fair, I’m not very good at looking. It has always been

difficult for me to seek out and approach women. So, I lived in a two-bedroom apartment, using the spare as my study.

We danced and talked into the evening until Megan said she had to leave. She was involved in a deposition (or disposition, I get those two confused) early the next day. We exchanged phone numbers; she gave me a quick kiss on the cheek, and she was gone.

I got on the internet the next day and learned Megan controls the firm, Breen, Breen and McCarthy, the biggest law firm in town. That second Breen is Megan. The first one her father, deceased seven years ago. Her mother is still alive and apparently very active socially. There wasn't much on McCarthy. Being the biggest law firm in town may not sound like much, since our town is not all that big, but her income has got to be several times mine as a high school math teacher. Well, let's be honest, it's surely over ten times as much as mine.

I thought about calling Megan the next day, Saturday, but did not want to seem pushy. Besides, I figured she probably used me at the dance to discourage the attentions of someone else in the room. Nothing personal.

Tuesday evening, I got a call. After the "Hello" and the other establishing-contact phrases were completed, Megan said, "I thought I'd hear from you by now. Are you committed to someone else?"

"No, I just didn't..."

"And you're not gay?"

"No!"

"It's okay if you are. It would just mean this phone call was wasted. So, you seem reluctant, but my evening is open tomorrow. Would you like to have dinner? I'll understand if you don't."

"No, I mean, yes, I'd like that very much."

"Good. Since it's mid-week, we'll have to go a little early. Why don't I pick you up at seven-thirty and we can go from there?"

That set the tone for our relationship, and we went from there. Megan no longer waited or expected me to make the first move. She took firm control, and the moves she made were great, as far as I was concerned.

We'd been seeing each other on a regular basis for about a month when she invited me into her home and, after a glass of wine, took me to bed. She giggled when she saw my equipment. Never having made a comparison, I always assumed I was about average size for a man.

"No, lover," Megan said, "you're well down the scale from average, but don't let that bother you. I've had enough of big dicks for a while. All too many of them are connected to big assholes like my ex. Besides, as they say, 'It's not the tool but the craftsman that makes the difference.'"

You may have guessed, but I don't have a lot of experience pleasing women. Megan greeted my feeble attempts and premature results with compassion and words of encouragement. I made my apologies and suffered the humiliation.

She kissed me that night before I left for home, but I did not expect to hear from her after that disaster. Three nights later, she took me to bed again.

"Let's do things a little differently this time," she said.

"Yes, please," I said. "Last time did not work out so well."

"No, it didn't, but it's not your fault. You've no experience with a woman like me. So, place yourself in my hands. Let me teach you a few things."

That's how my education began. Megan took firm control and taught me when, how, and where to touch her, how to ignite and fan her passion, and how to bring her to an earth-shattering orgasm. I always ended with my face between her thighs, using lips, tongue and teeth (gently) until she came. More times than not, she kept me there until she'd come three or more times. Like a teacher rewarding a clever student, Megan would then invite me to caress and nibble my way up her body and thrust deep (no giggles from the reader, please) within her. Of course, by this time, I was on the edge before I even entered, so I never lasted long. It didn't seem to matter to Megan.

Not often, but now and then, my efforts did not impress the teacher, and she cuddled with me in front of her like a pair of spoons. Pre-cum dribbled across my thigh down onto the bed as my penis deflated, and I tried to fall asleep, unsatisfied.

We'd been seeing each other for about six months, and were snuggled on the couch one evening after sex watching a movie on her big screen. With no lead-in I was aware of, Megan asked me to propose marriage. That really caught me by surprise. Why would this good-looking, successful woman want to marry me? That question passed through my brain for about one second, then I dropped to one knee in front of her and asked her to marry me, quick before she changed her mind.

Megan's response: "Gee, this is so sudden. I'll have to think about it." Then she laughed at my complete befuddlement and said, "Yes, I will marry you."

"I have a couple of conditions, though," she added.

I was so delighted by the idea of marriage to this beauty, I could only say, "Yes, of course, what are they?"

"First, I want us to sign a pre-nuptial agreement. Nothing exotic, just the basic protections for us both."

That seemed okay to me. She's a lawyer with one failed marriage behind her. Of course, she'll want a prenup, and it's not as if I have anything to lose. I don't own my apartment, have less than a grand in my savings at any one time, and drive a Toyota I bought used.

"Second, if it's alright with you, I'd like to have a short engagement period. This won't be like a first marriage between two kids where their mothers have a million things to arrange. Is one month okay with you?"

"One month sounds perfect for me. There really isn't anyone I need to invite, other than my sister, and she's local."

"Good, that will work. You'll be on summer break, and I'll keep my calendar clear so we can take a short honeymoon trip."

"Finally, and this condition will require commitment on both our parts, beginning tonight, I want us to remain chaste until after the wedding. Before you answer, let me explain. We will still hold each other, kiss each other, occasionally sleep together, and do all those physical things that strengthen our bond. We just will not engage in any penetrative sex for the next month. That will make the event of our marriage much more special. Can you live with that?"

"Um, yeah, sure, I guess."

“I’m not sensing a firm commitment,” she said with a frown. “It’s only for a month.”

I’ve been living alone for most of my life and getting sexual release through the efforts of my good right hand whenever the mood struck me. Megan is not aware that for every time we have sex together, I have sex alone in my bedroom or in front of my computer at least once, twice or even three times. But no one could call that “penetrative” sex. So...

“No, you’re right. That would make our wedding night special. So, yes, let’s do it.” There, that should be enthusiastic enough.

“Good,” she said, beaming. Megan pulled a small purple bag with gold drawstrings from between the cushions of the couch. “Take off your pants, and we’ll see if this fits.”

“What’s that?”

I’ve been cruising the web long enough to know exactly what she held. I never thought I would see one in real life, and certainly not being offered to me.

Megan laughed. “After nearly twenty years with Brad, I know all about the naughty things you boys can get up to. You and I agreed chastity before the wedding was a good idea. This chastity device will make it easier for you to keep your word.”

“That isn’t really necessary, is it?”

“Well, honey, you tell me. Without this aid, how hard will it be for you to remain my chaste fiancé? Properly contained, chastity will be a snap. No amount of temptation will cause you to break your promise to me.

“Let’s do this. Take off your pants and try on this device. If it fits, you can decide whether to wear it. Of course, if it doesn’t fit, you’ll need to take the more difficult, self-control approach. What do you say? Are you willing to give it a try?”

Her tone and expression were so reasonable, so reassuring, I couldn’t refuse outright. Besides, with luck, the cage she held wouldn’t come close to fitting. Her first husband, from what she tells me, had a dick several sizes bigger than mine. The cage she’s holding may be sized for him. If so, it would fall right off me.

“Okay,” I said and removed my pants. “I’ll try it.” I still wasn’t sold on the idea, but Megan’s manner was so considerate. It would be boorish of me not to play along until it became obvious to both of us it wouldn’t work.

She opened the drawstrings and, with a metallic clatter, dumped the contents on the coffee table. I’ve read about this brand, it’s stainless steel, with a tube on the short side, and, if I remember right, comes with several base rings of different sizes. This one only had one ring.

“Do you know how it works,” Megan said. “Would you like me to help?”

“I think I can manage,” I said with a smile.

I ran the ring down my penis and pushed my balls through one at a time. The ring was snug around my cock and behind my scrotum, but not too tight. It fit perfectly. My mood shifted toward apprehension. I picked up the tube, a mesh of steel bars with a distinct downward curve and examined it. Aware I was stalling, and not wanting Megan to get involved, I worked my penis inside. Still flaccid from our earlier romp, my member filled the tube comfortably. It was neither too long nor too short. The entire assembly fit, in Goldilocks terms, “just right.” It fit as if designed specifically for me.

The only part left on the coffee table was a small but sturdy looking padlock. Wearing a warm supportive smile, Megan picked it up and offered it to me.

I took a deep breath, plucked the lock from her hand, and snapped it in place. I can always claim mysterious pains in a day or two and take it off. The thought of being caged already made me feel a little randy, but I can last a couple days.

“My hero,” Megan said and enfolded me in her arms. “I wasn’t sure you would be sufficiently committed to our union, so I borrowed that lock from mother, rather than buying a new one. But I should never have doubted you. You’re my man. And mother agreed to hold the key until our wedding.”

“Your mother knows about this... this chastity thing?”

“Yes, but don’t worry, mother can be very discrete. Mostly. She’s just happy for us. I told her you were likely to pop the question

tonight, and she was delighted. Brad was a macho chauvinist and never one of her favorites. She hasn't met you yet, of course, but I've told her all about you and she thinks you are a much better fit for me.

"Tomorrow, let's give notice to your landlord and move you in here with me," she said. "There's no sense you paying another month's rent. Now," she continued, in firm control, "let's go back up to the bedroom and celebrate our engagement. You can demonstrate your proficiency at making me cum."

I was okay for about two days. It was amazing! I never thought of myself as some sort of sex crazed maniac, but with a steel cage hanging from my package, I could think of almost nothing else. In its original velvet pouch, the pieces seemed to weigh no more than a hundred grams or so. Fastened around my balls, the weight grew to more than a kilogram. Okay, not literally, but it did pull down more than I expected. To support it, I had to dig to the bottom of my underwear drawer to switch from boxers to briefs.

I started complaining to Megan (she called it whining) on day four. "I've been wearing this chastity cage for almost a week," I said, "and I don't think it is a good idea. It's not very comfortable, and I find it distracting when I'm trying to work. Today, I was discussing multiplication of matrices with my advanced math class, and set up an example on the whiteboard that could not be accomplished with classic methods. There were more rows in the second matrix than columns in the first."

Megan looked at me for a moment, then said, "I have no idea what you are talking about."

"In order to multiply two matrices, they must... Oh, it doesn't matter. The point is, we've got to remove the chastity cage."

"It sounds like you just need to give it time, so you'll get used to it. I'm sure before long, you'll forget you are wearing it."

"You don't understand," I said. "It's very uncomfortable."

I elected not to say it's especially uncomfortable when it pulls at my pubic hairs, or when I have an involuntary erection. Or rather, when my body *tries* to form an erection. It's impossible in the cage. The cage fits snugly when I'm flaccid. There is absolutely no room in it for expansion. Plus, with the cage's downward curve, there is no



possibility of my member overcoming the grip of those steel bars and turning upward. Do you have any idea how many erections the average adult male has per day? It seemed my optimistic penis was trying for one every twenty minutes. I'm exaggerating, of course, but that's how it seemed. Anyway, back to the question. Would you guess three erections per day? Five? I looked it up. The average adult male has an erection ten or eleven times a day! Plus, another three during the night! I, on the other hand, for the past four days, enjoyed precisely zero.

"It shouldn't be uncomfortable," Megan said. "Is it rubbing or pinching somewhere? Drop your pants. Show me."

It's embarrassing for a man to drop his pants at the command of a woman, even if the one commanding is his fiancée. But I undid my belt and the button at the top, pulled down my zipper and let them fall.

"I meant to ask you why you are wearing tighty-whities?" Megan said and giggled. "They look kind of juvenile on you."

"I'm wearing briefs because the weight of steel pulling at my testicles makes them ache after a while. Especially when I'm on my feet, which is how I spend most of the day in class. The briefs help support the weight."

"I see. Just wondered. So, let's take a look." Megan waved her hand to indicate I should drop my drawers.

I shoved my briefs down, and she beckoned me closer. When I stepped up to her, she took the chastity cage in her hand, raised, lowered, and twisted it from side to side. "I don't see any signs of inflammation. Does it hurt you now? Can you show me where it is rubbing or binding?"

"No, it's fine at the moment, but when I try to have an erection, it squeezes too tight and the ring pulls against my testicles." I was blushing, talking about my intimate area like this. Megan knows I am socially inept. I can get embarrassed talking to most people about the weather. Usually, I'm great with Megan, but this examination was way too personal.

Megan dropped my package and said, "Well, dear, try not to encourage any erections. There, problem solved."

“No, the problem is *not* solved,” I said. “I don’t want to wear this anymore.”

Megan’s visage grew stern. “Mind how you speak to me, Robert. You and I agreed a chastity device would make it easier for you to keep your promise to remain chaste until after we were married. You put the device on and locked it yourself. I did not force you. Now, after just a few days—well short of a week—you want to give up on it? If you don’t possess the self-control to take the easy approach, securely locked away, how can you possibly exercise the control needed to remain chaste without it?”

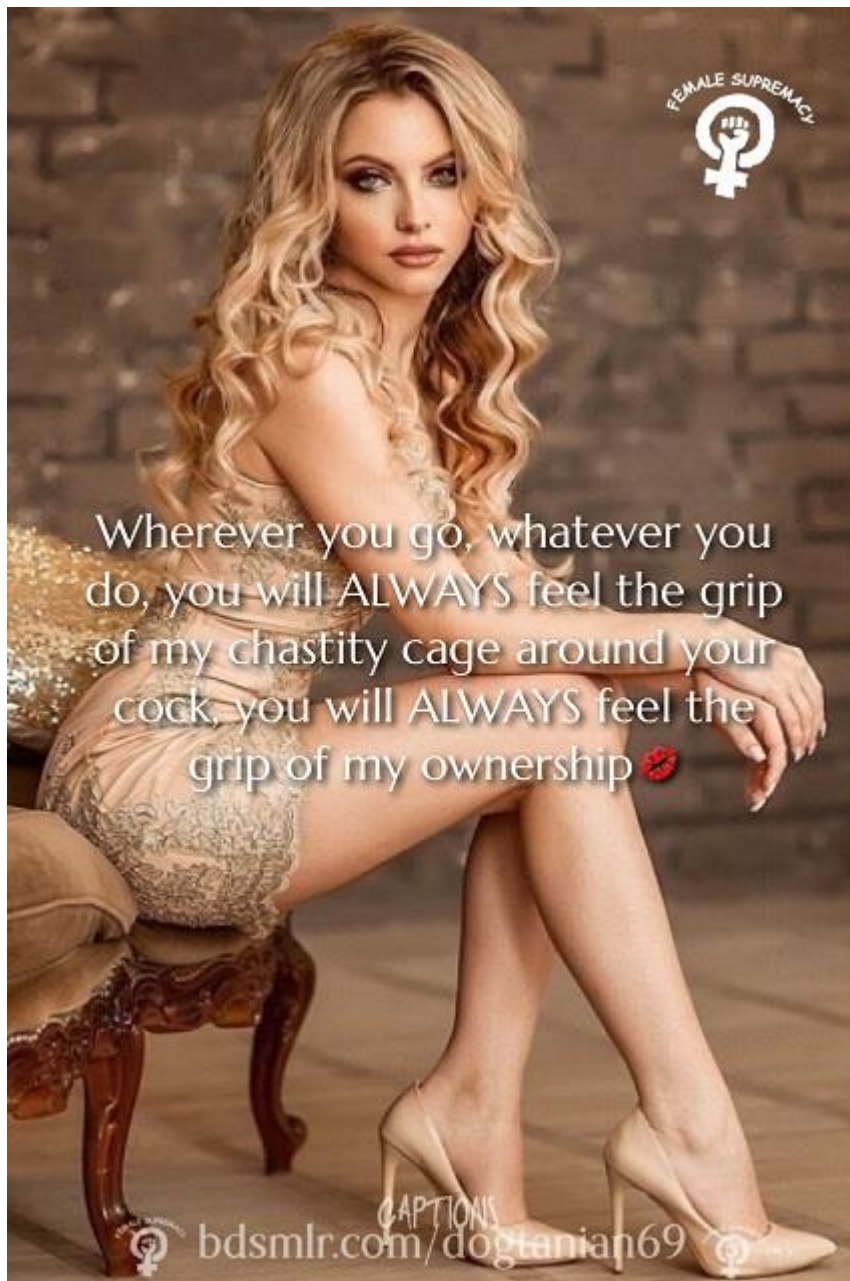
The force of Megan’s statement set me back. I had no idea what to say.

“I told you when you locked yourself into the cage that mother is holding the key. Do you really want me to go to my mother and tell her my fiancé isn’t man enough to remain chaste for more than a few days and needs to be set free? What do you imagine she will think of you then?”

I have not yet met Megan’s mother, but as Megan described it, asking her for the key now really would make me appear weak.

“Okay, okay, I’ll keep wearing this damned thing, but I’m not happy about it.”

“That’s better, darling,” Megan said, and took me in her arms. “I’m proud of you for accepting this minor inconvenience in order to make our wedding night special. Pull up your pants and let’s take this discussion to the bedroom. Seeing you like this, your little man all put away and protected, has got me in the mood.”



I finished moving my things to Megan's house the next weekend and hired a crew to clean my apartment before I sent the keys to the landlord. I donated my furniture to Goodwill, which was where I got most of it. It wasn't needed in Megan's house. We could have found room for a few pieces in her partially finished basement, but they certainly would not have fit in with the general décor of the place. Living with Megan was much more convenient than travelling back and forth between her place and mine. Especially since we were spending so many evenings together in her queen-sized bed. It seemed she wanted sex now even more than she had before I put myself in chastity.

Megan was sympathetic when I mentioned my balls ached after one of our cunnilingus sessions (Megan 3 O's, Robert Zero). It was worse when she tried to give me pleasure by pinching and sucking on my nipples and massaging my balls. But when I pointed this out to her, she said, "You give me so much pleasure, darling, it's only fair I do something for you in return." Then she went right back to teasing me.

Friday, I came home to Megan's house at the end of a hectic week dealing with teenagers in my math classes. I was determined to try once again to bring Megan to reason. She just did not understand what I was going through. It had been two weeks, two long, long weeks! At an average ten-point-five erections per day, plus three per night, the chastity cage prevented me from having one hundred eighty-nine erections! That's assuming I am an average male with an average libido, and I am far above average in my current condition. With the constant awareness of my caged cock, my sex drive is turbocharged. Surely Megan will remove the chastity device immediately once I go over the numbers with her and explain the problem more clearly. I was climbing the walls. Who would have guessed abstinence from sexual release could be this difficult?

My workday ends earlier than does Megan's, so I had at least an hour to get ready for her return. I decided to fix dinner. Fill the house with delicious smells to put her in a good mood as soon as she comes in the door. My mother used to do a wonderful Chicken Cacciatore, and I had her recipe. Using the proper red wine, fresh herbs and shaved Parmigiano-Reggiano cheese helps to keep it authentic. I like to start with a whole chicken, parted into recognizable pieces instead of the small mystery chunks called for in many recipes. This makes the cooking time longer, but when you are trying to appeal to your partner's olfactory senses, that's a plus.

My plan was coming together. The chicken was simmering on the stove, the pasta measured and ready to go, asparagus rinsed and waiting on the side. I even had garlic bread set to go under the broiler. The environs of the kitchen smelled wonderful, when I heard Megan's car pulling into the garage. She did not enter by the garage door into the kitchen, but I soon heard her coming in the front door. There were two female voices.

"What smells so wonderful?" Megan called from the foyer.

I waited for her to reach the kitchen before answering.

“Oh, just something my mother used to make. I have her recipe for Chicken Cacciatore.”

Megan pulled me into her arms and kissed me. When she pulled back, she said, “You’re a man of surprising talents, lover. I think I’ll keep you.”

She let me go and introduced her companion, Kathy, the notary from her office. I thought the woman glanced at the crotch of my pants when I stepped forward to shake her hand. The chastity cage doesn’t form much of a bulge in my pants when I’m wearing briefs, so it shouldn’t show. I fought against looking down to verify its invisibility and maintained eye contact. I also had to concentrate on not looking directly at Kathy’s boobs. She is a very nicely proportioned blond, maybe ten years younger than Megan and me, with just a bit of cleavage showing.

“I’m pleased to meet you,” I said.

“It’s very nice to meet you,” Kathy said. “Megan has told me so much about you.”

“You can stay for dinner, can’t you, Kath?” Megan said.

“I’d love to.”

“Is there enough for three, darling?” Megan said.

“More than enough. I’ll just add to the pasta and the asparagus, neither of which is started yet, so it’s no problem.”

“Wonderful,” Megan said.

“Where would you like me to put this?” Kathy said, raising the briefcase she held in her left hand.

“Over there on the floor, out of the way,” Megan said, indicating a corner near the kitchen table. “We’ll take care of it after dinner. I’m going upstairs to get out of this suit and into something more comfortable. Do I have time, lover?”

“Sure,” I said, “the chicken is fine on the simmer, and I can delay the rest a few minutes, no problem.”

“Good, I won’t be long. Kath, you want to come with?”

The women came back down about fifteen minutes later. Megan was in her sweats, and there was one more button undone on Kathy's blouse. (Men notice these things, even though they may deny it when questioned by their wives.) I fired up the rest of the meal, put another place setting on the kitchen table, and poured three glasses of the chianti I'd opened earlier to breathe.

Megan and Kathy did most of the talking over dinner—largely office gossip—which was fine with me. The only topic I was interested in was the one that inspired me to cook. Namely, getting me out of chastity as soon as possible. I could not raise that topic in front of another woman.

When we were all done filling up the corners, Megan said, "Bob, would you clear the table, please, so we can spread out some paperwork. The reason I brought Kathy home tonight was so we could go over the prenup and she could witness and notarize it. I know you don't mind. It's just a legal thing lawyers do."

"Oh, okay." With three glasses of the chianti and a glass of the cabernet we opened several days ago, I was not at my sharpest for going over legal documents. But I'd already decided a prenup was no threat to a person in my fiscal condition. I rarely drink so much, but I had this issue with stainless-steel crowding my cock and was frustrated not being able to bring it up.

I put all the dishes in the sink for later attention and wiped off the table while Kathy retrieved her briefcase.

"As we discussed," Megan said, "this is a standard pre-nuptial agreement including property division, debt division, waiver of support, all the standard clauses. Read it over, then we'll initial each page and sign at the end."

I took the sheaf of papers and skimmed through them. At the end, there were tables listing each of our current assets and liabilities. I was amazed at Megan's assets. I mean, I knew successful lawyers did well, but damn! The detailed information under my name also surprised me and I said so.

"Well, darling," Megan said, "I asked our firm's investigator to look into your history and current situation before you proposed to me. I hope you don't mind. A girl can't be too careful these days. You're actually in pretty good financial shape, considering your income."

Once we're married, we'll pay off your old student loan. That should do a lot to improve your credit rating."

Well, yeah, I was thinking. Based on the figures I was seeing in the tables, Megan could pay everything I owe out of her investment account and she'd hardly notice the impact.

Nothing else caught my attention, so we both initialed, signed and dated, and Kathy applied her stamp and signature.

Well, it's not entirely true that nothing caught my eye. Kathy definitely opened a button on her blouse since she first arrived this evening. The smooth pale mounds defining her cleavage, while still only partly disclosed, were a definite distraction. BC (before chastity), I might not have noticed. I'm not normally a lech, but my horniness meter was bumping against the upper limit, and my dick tried to inflate every time I glanced in Kathy's direction.

"There's also a codicil of a sort," Megan said. "In a prenup, any terms that impose obligations upon a spouse, such as delegating chores, are basically unenforceable and, as a result, can undermine the whole contract. But you know me and these legal things. I like to have it all spelled out up front so there are no surprises later."

I nodded. Megan does like to be in control. I seem to remember that about her all the way back in high school when she ran the cheerleading squad.

"So," she continued, "I've laid down some basic conditions for our union in a letter of intent. Like the prenup, it's all pretty standard stuff, reflecting our individual characteristics, like my preference to be in the lead, and yours to acquiesce." She handed me three pages of legalese. "Read it over. We'll sign and Kathy can witness and notarize it."

While what she gave me may not be a binding contract—I'd take Megan's word on that—it looked every bit as formal as the agreement we just signed. Near the beginning, it declared a partnership between "Megan Eloise Breen (hereinafter MEB) and Robert Lewis Stanton (hereinafter RLS)" hereinafter referred to as "The Partners." It then designated MEB as the "Dominant Partner."

Okay, I agreed with that. From the first days of our relationship, I've been happy to let MEB, I mean Megan, decide where we'd go and what we'd do when we got together. Thinking it over, I've always

been comfortable with that arrangement. Outside of my teaching environment, I much prefer to not have to make all the decisions.

The codicil then went on in some detail stating, for example, The Partners will decide upon their routine living arrangements, the division of chores, the exercise of sexual relations, the acquisition and expense of funds, the uses and administration of discipline (that seemed like a strange one, but okay), relations with parties external to the partnership, the pursuit of recreational activities, etc., etc. It seemed to me this “Letter of Intent” covered everything about our budding relationship other than whether we breathe in rhythm. And even that may be in there somewhere and I just missed it.

The next section was labelled “Resolution of Disputes” which included a statement to the effect should there be a disagreement between The Partners, the Dominant Partner shall make the final decision. Should the problem persist, the issue may be taken to arbitration before Lisa J. Malloy, Esq.

“Lisa J. Malloy?” I said.

“She’s a highly regarded attorney specializing in family law. Don’t worry about it. It’s standard practice in a document like this to describe how disputes will be handled. I almost didn’t bother putting it in, since you and I would never reach that point. But still, it’s there if we ever need it. It’s a legal thing.”

The final section addressed “Remedies and Breach of Contract.” This was a brief section essentially referring back to Resolution of Disputes, and added that either of The Partners may terminate the contract at any time, allowing for a “two week cooling-off period during which the agreement would remain in force.”

This all seemed way too formal to me. As mentioned, I’m comfortable with Megan calling the shots, but if it makes her happy for me to acknowledge her leadership in writing, why not? At this point, the wine I drank with dinner was making me drowsy. All I wanted was to finish with the silly paperwork, say goodbye to Kathy and have it out with Megan before I nodded off. I picked up the pen, started signing and passing the sheets to Megan to sign. As before, Kathy witnessed and notarized.



I watched Kathy stuff all the paperwork back into her briefcase. Megan noticed where I was looking, grinned, and winked at me.

Kathy looked up at us and said, "What? Did I miss something?"

I felt my face turn red, and Megan said, "No, you didn't miss anything, and neither did Bob. So, now that's all taken care of, how about dessert?"

"I should go. I've taken enough of your time. When the office opens on Monday, I'll make you both copies. I'd better call a cab to take me home. I've drunk way too much wine to drive."

"Nonsense," Megan said. "You can crash here for the night. We've got more than enough room."

"Are you sure? I don't want to impose."

"It's no imposition at all, is it, Bob?"

"Uh, no, of course not. You're more than welcome to stay."

Damn! I've been waiting all evening to be alone with Megan to get her to agree to take off my blasted stainless-steel prison. My smile may look a little forced at this point, but I doubt either woman noticed.

"There's some cheesecake in the fridge," Megan said. "I'll break that out, and Bob, why don't you take care of the leftovers from your wonderful dinner and put on a pot of decaf."

While I was fumbling with Megan's fancy coffee maker (It has more controls and options than my Toyota.), Megan came up behind me, gave me a hug, and whispered in my ear, "I don't want the whole office to know we are sleeping together before the wedding. My law partner is our parents' age and a real prude. So, would you mind terribly sleeping in one of the guest rooms tonight? Just go to the one at the far end of the hall as if that's what we do every night. Thanks, Bob, I really appreciate it." She kissed the back of my ear, gave me a final squeeze, and returned to the kitchen table.

As we were finishing our dessert, Megan said, "You seem really knackered, darling. Why don't you pop the dishes in the dishwasher and head up to bed. It's a good thing it's Friday. You can sleep in tomorrow." Both women looked at me as though expecting me to jump at that suggestion.

“I am tired,” I said. “It’s been a tough week.” I desperately wanted to tell Megan how tough, but rose from the table, cleared the dishes, rinsed them and put them in the dishwasher.

“You can leave the pots and pans until morning, if you like, dear,” Megan said. “Just put the lids on so they do not smell up the house. The aroma of your cooking was wonderful to come home to—we’ll have to do that more often—but the aroma would be a lot less wonderful to wake to in the morning.”

“Right,” I said. Instead of leaving the pan, I scraped the residue of the cacciatore into the bin, filled the pan with water, added soap and left it in the sink. I may have banged it around more than necessary, but I was pissed (as well as tired). No chance to talk to Megan, and now virtually sent off to bed “at the far end of the hall.”

“Well, I’m done for the day,” I said. “Good night, and glad to have met you, Kathy.” I gave Megan a kiss and headed for the stairs.

“Nice meeting you, too,” Kathy called. “And thank you for dinner.”

All of Megan’s beds have good mattresses. I stripped, leaving my clothes on the floor and crashed into the bed in the room “at the end of the hall.” I was asleep almost instantly, and did not hear the women when they crept up the stairs shortly thereafter.

I slept poorly Friday night. The other side of the bed was empty, and I could not adjust to sleeping by myself in the room at the end of the hall. Megan banished me there so her office mate, Kathy, would not know we were sleeping together before our marriage. That struck me as silly, but apparently the partner in Megan’s law firm is old school and she did not want that news to find its way to his ears.

The other reason I slept poorly, of course, was the presence of the cage confining my cock. I’d screwed myself up to talking to Megan about removing it on Friday, after two weeks of enforced chastity, but Kathy’s presence prevented me from opening that very personal topic. My penis tries to harden several times during the night, and it is prevented from doing so. It is prevented by the superior rigidity of stainless steel. When this happens, my dick aches, my balls ache, the cage pulls at my pubic hair, and my slumber is interrupted.

I was the first one of us up and about on Saturday morning. This was not uncommon; Megan frequently lies abed on weekends. She works long hours during the week and keeps the weekends free to

recuperate. I was tired and irritable and could not lay in bed any longer, so got up earlier than normal. My irritation rose once I was up. I, along with Megan, would usually start Saturday mornings dressed comfortably in sweatpants and t-shirts, but I was forced to put on what I wore the previous evening. My sweats, all my clothes, were in the master bedroom with Megan.

I walked down the hall to the stairs, grumbling quietly, and passing the room Kathy would be in and the master bedroom housing Megan. I did not want to awaken the women, although part of me felt they deserved to be awakened. Why should I be the only one discomfited by the night's arrangements? Kathy seemed nice enough, and I shouldn't blame her. It was just the situation I found myself in.

*Why should Megan care what old man McCarthy thought? I wondered. How would he find out about us if Megan asked Kathy to keep our secret? And in today's world, is there anyone who does not expect mature adults to engage in a little premarital sex? We're pushing forty, for god's sakes, we're not teenagers discovering sex between the sheets.*

Scratch that. I'm not enjoying premarital sex. I'm two weeks without an orgasm, although Megan gets as many as she wants. *Kathy needs to leave so I can have it out with Megan!*

I put on a pot of coffee, using the few controls on Megan's coffee maker I've mastered. Then I gave some thought to breakfast. Neither Megan nor I would want Kathy to go away hungry. I do a pretty decent waffle—again, my mother's recipe. That woman knew how to cook. Of course, she followed no recipes, and the only reason I can claim to have her unwritten formulas is that I watched her concoct the dishes I enjoyed the most and took detailed notes.

Thirty minutes later, I heard the women's voices as they came down the stairs, so I put a pan of bacon and sausage on the burner. The goal is to get a decent meal into Kathy and see her on her way so I can confront Megan. I can't very well do it in front of her co-worker. I expected the... discussion... to get rather loud.

"Ah, coffee!" Kathy said. "Megan, you must keep this man on the payroll."

Megan walked up and hugged me from behind. “Good morning, darling. Sleep well?”

“No,” I muttered.

“Oh, that’s too bad. I had one of my better nights.”

“We need to talk.” Even I could hear the anger behind those words.

“Attitude,” Megan whispered in my ear and smacked me on the ass.

I spun to face her, but saw Kathy was watching. “I’m making my mother’s special waffles, Kathy. Interested?”

“If your mother made waffles half as well as she did chicken, you bet I’m interested.”

“Good. I just need to beat the egg whites and combine the ingredients while the iron is heating. Should have the first ready for testing in about ten minutes.”

“He says ‘ready for testing,’” Megan said, “but I have never had a bad waffle from Mother Stanton’s little boy.”

I turned back to my bowl of egg whites and blushed at Megan’s praise. It was not lost on me, her compliment cut both ways. She has never before referred to me as a “little boy.”

I noticed something else during that brief exchange. Megan was in her usual Saturday morning outfit—t-shirt, sweats, and comfortable mules with a sports bra underneath. She is determined to forestall sagging as she ages (an attitude I appreciate). Kathy was similarly attired, without the bra (which I also appreciated, or would have if not for the cage I wore). What struck me is what Kathy wore fit her snugly. Her nipples pressed against the material of the t-shirt, forming two distinct bumps. Megan is eight inches taller than Kathy, and larger proportionately. Kathy was not wearing clothing she borrowed from Megan.

*How is it I am in yesterday’s clothes, and she is not?* I thought.

*It may be that Kathy was carrying her gym clothes home from the office. That would explain it.*

*She must not sweat much when she works out. Her clothing looks freshly cleaned.*

*That's another clue. She may have picked up her laundry at a dry cleaner on her way here last night. That would also explain it.*

Two possible explanations. I needed to pay attention to the waffles; the temperature of the waffle iron almost got away from me. Still, something bothered me about Kathy and her comfortable clothes. I thrust the question aside.

*As I served the first waffles, it struck me. Who would have pink, fuzzy mules at the gym or just from the dry cleaners?*

As we were finishing a successful breakfast—Kathy loved my waffles—Megan said, “We don’t have anything special planned for this weekend, do we, dear?”

“No, not that I remember,” I said.

“Good. Kathy has an empty apartment to go home to, and since we’re just planning to kick back and put our feet up, I invited her to camp here for the weekend—enjoy the comforts of our home and more of your great cooking.”

I dropped my fork onto my plate with a clatter, glared at Megan, and said, “We need to talk.” There was no sound of agreement in my tone.

Megan glared back and said, “Very well. Go to my office. I’ll join you shortly.”

“If this is about me staying,” Kathy said, “I really should go run some errands and leave you two in peace.”

I left the table—almost tipping my chair over when I slid it back—and headed down the hall to Megan’s home office. Behind me, I heard Megan say, “It’s not about you. It’s about a little boy who was never forced to become a man.” There was more, but I stopped listening after that.

*How dare she talk about me like that?* I thought. I entered Megan’s office and slammed the door behind me.

Megan kept me waiting for seven minutes and forty seconds (it’s a math teacher thing), pacing back and forth across the room.

“How dare you?” Megan said as she entered the room, her voice low and menacing. “How dare you display that childish tantrum in front of my co-worker and friend?”

With that simple opening, Megan took and held the high ground. But I was not ready to capitulate.

“I’ve wanted to talk to you since yesterday afternoon. You never gave me the chance. You bring a friend home from work and just expect I’ll be able to come up with dinner for three instead of two. And you sent me to bed at the end of the hall as if our relationship is something to hide, something to be ashamed of.” To my own ears, I sounded like an aggrieved housewife. It made me angrier.

“This isn’t about any of that, is it? It’s always a pleasure when you cook, and you always make extra when you do, but there was no way for me to know you would choose last night to have a meal ready when I got home. I’m glad you did. I enjoyed it, and so did our guest. But if you hadn’t cooked, we’d have made do.

“As for our relationship, I’m not the least bit ashamed of the fact I love you and have agreed to marry you. No, this isn’t about that. This is about that thing dangling between your legs. You regret the promise you made to wait until our wedding night. You lack the self-control to tough it out for even one month. Well, we’re two weeks out from that event. Time enough to put a stop to the preparations we’ve made. So, make a decision, Robert. Do you want to call the whole thing off? There’ll be no hard feelings if you do, but decide. Decide here and now. I’m tired of the incessant whining.”

*Decide whether to marry Megan? I’ve never wanted something so strongly in my life. How could she think otherwise?* “No, I don’t want to call off our wedding. I love you.”

“I love you too, Robert. At least I love the man who has the strength of his convictions. The you who stands by his word. I admit I love a little less the Bobby who whines about his inability to play with himself whenever he’s in the mood.”

“That’s not fair...”

“Life is not fair, my dear. As a lawyer, I am faced with that fact on a daily basis. You have no idea just how unfair life can be. The question is, are you a man of your word? Do you keep your promises?”

“Yes,” I said with a sigh.

“Then we have one more problem to deal with,” Megan said as she walked around her desk. She opened the bottom drawer on the left-hand side and withdrew a glossy wooden paddle. “You acted like a child in front of our guest, upsetting her, making her believe whatever difficulty you were having was her fault. That was both childish and churlish, and it’s time for you to pay the price for that behavior. Drop your pants and lean over my desk.”

“What? You can’t be serious. You can’t hit me with that.”

“I’m not going to hit you, Robert. I am going to paddle you long and hard. You made some additional promises to me last night when you signed our letter of intent. One of which was that I, as the leader of our union, would be our family disciplinarian. That decision went into effect when we both signed our names. It is a stand-alone document, not dependent upon our marriage. As the disciplinarian, I will decide whether discipline is required, and what form discipline will take.

“You acted like a child. You hurt the feelings of one of my dear friends. The price for your actions will be paid bent over my desk, your bare ass in the air for a punishment paddling. Now, drop your pants, unless this is yet another promise you wish to break.”

The clause on discipline caught my attention when we were going through the paperwork last night, but I didn’t question it then. I just signed the damned thing. “Wait,” I said, “wasn’t there something in the agreement about settling disputes? I mean, if I don’t agree with your decision, I can take it to a higher court, or something?”

“Yes, Robert, if you wish, we can take this matter up with Lisa Malloy, but I warn you if we do, and Ms. Malloy finds in my favor—which given your actions in front of Kathy is likely—I will then paddle you right there in Lisa’s office with both her and Kathy in attendance. So, what will it be, Robert? Shall I see if we can get onto Lisa’s calendar some evening this week?”

“No...”

“Then drop your pants, please, and bend over the desk.”

She stood there with paddle in hand, watching me. The look in her eyes was one of inevitability, of one in firm control. I think it is the lawyer in her. She’d made her judgment, was confident with the

verdict, and only waited for me to get into position to allow her to carry out the sentence.

I've never met Lisa Malloy, Esq. but I'm sure Megan's confidence in the outcome if I appealed to her was well placed.

*How bad can it be? I thought. I'm pushing forty and I've never been paddled, but lots of men and even women survive it. Actually, it might even be sort of fun. Don't some men hire women to spank them? I'd never do that. I mean, a total stranger and all? But still...*

I unfastened my belt, undid the button, and lowered the zipper. As I pushed my pants to my knees, I felt my member try to stiffen in its prison. *Hope you're right, I thought, and this is like some kind of sexy game. I have my doubts, but we'll both discover the truth soon enough.*

Megan had not moved. Her expression remained the same. I faced her desk, slid the marble block holding her Montblanc pen set out of the way, and bent over, resting on my elbows.

"Lower your chest to the desk; reach across and grip the far edge with your hands."

*This is starting to get a little embarrassing, I thought.*

"You forgot something," Megan said as she reached for the waistband of my briefs and yanked them down to join my pants.

"Now spread your feet a little, arch your back and stick your bare ass in the air for your punishment paddling."

*Okay, definitely embarrassing.*

"So, this is how this works, Robert. I'm about to light a fire in your backside with this paddle. You will remain in position, gripping the far edge of the desk, your ass in the air. If you get out of position, I'll extend the duration of the punishment. Any questions?"

"Uhm, how many?" I asked.

"How many? As many as it takes to convince me you've learned this lesson. Before we start, tell me why you are in this position?"

"Oh, come on, Megan, just get it over with."

Megan stood hovering over me, paddle in hand, waiting.



With the tension building, I finally said, “I’m half crazed by the chastity cage I’m wearing, and you wouldn’t give me a chance to discuss it with you.”

Megan remained silent.

“And I was rude in front of your friend.”

“You acted like a petulant little boy and threw a tantrum in front of our guest,” Megan said.

I sighed. “Yeah, that too.”

“When we’re done here, I’ll give you some time to compose yourself, then you will return to the kitchen, apologize to Kathy, and beg her to stay the weekend. While you’re at it, why don’t you ask her what she would like for dinner tonight? That will be a nice touch, I think.

“Hold tight, Robert, you’re about to receive your first punishment paddling as an adult.”

*My first...?*

WHAP! I heard it before I felt it. The strength behind Megan’s stroke propelled me forward a few inches. Then, it stung.

“Shit! Not so hard!”

“Language, Robert.” WHAP!

Megan delivered six hard strokes, then paused. I felt her hand gliding across the surface of my ass. “Are we done?” I asked and pulled my hands under me to push myself off the desk. *That wasn’t too bad*, I thought. *I wouldn’t pay some woman to do it to me, but still...*

Megan pushed me back down and said with a laugh, “We haven’t started your punishment paddling yet, Bob. Stay in position. I’ll let you know when it’s done. It won’t be for quite some time yet.”

I reached back across the desk, spread my feet a little more, and resigned myself to more of the paddle. I wasn’t having a great deal of fun, but it wasn’t all that bad so far.

WHAP!! Megan delivered the hardest stroke yet. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her wind up for the next. WHAP!! She was putting her whole body into it. WHAP!!

“Ouch!” Now that stung! I gritted my teeth and waited for the next.

Megan swung with authority, pivoting her hips, driving with her legs, delivering each stroke to a narrow area centered around the crease where ass meets thigh. WHAP!!

I collapsed onto the desk. Megan did not expand her target area, but a fire seemed to extend from my knees to my lower back. Several times I'd wanted to jump up and run from the room, but I held on tighter and endured.

*Would it have been this bad if I'd chosen arbitration with Ms. Malloy? I thought. Probably. Maybe worse. At least there's no audience to witness this punishment paddling.* That image scared me. Megan's paddle was not quiet as it delivered agony to my backside. *Could Kathy hear the paddle land from her seat at the kitchen table? Probably not. But was she still in the kitchen? Could she have come down the hall with Megan and now stood listening outside her office door?*

My knuckles were white from gripping the far edge of Megan's desk. I did not cry, but my breathing was ragged, and my eyes were tightly shut to forestall any tears.

I don't know how many strokes I received in this first and hopefully last punishment paddling, surely more than thirty.

Megan put the paddle on the desk, stepped up against me, and while one hand pulled my hip against hers, the other explored the scorching heat from the burn site that was my ass.

"Did I successfully take your attention away from that pathetic dingus caged between your legs?" she said, extending her fingers between my thighs to brush her painted nails lightly against my balls and caged penis.

"Y-yes," I managed. It was true. For the past... however long, I had not thought once about my imprisoned cock.

"Can you be a good boy for a while now and honor your promises without complaint?"

"Y-yes," I repeated.

"Given our current relative positions, Bobby, perhaps a 'Yes ma'am' would be appropriate. What do you say?"

"Yes, ma'am. Whatever you say... ma'am."

“Good boy,” Megan said. “Now, up on your feet. I want you to stand in the corner for half an hour before you join Kathy and me in the kitchen to apologize for your behavior.”

Megan helped me to my feet and guided me so my nose was pressed deeply into a corner of the room.

“I’ll set a timer on my computer. You are to stand here, hands at your sides, and not move from the corner until the computer announces that time is up. And no rubbing your bottom or fidgeting. Stand still. I’ll know if you break these rules.

“When the timer times out, you may pull up your pants and join Kathy and me. Stop by the bathroom first, though, and wash your face. You look a little worse for wear.”

I stood where Megan left me, hands at my sides, and not moving, too much. Thirty minutes is a very long time to stand with no visual or auditory distractions. My ass burned and itched. I wanted so badly to rub it, but I believed Megan when she said she would know. I don’t know how she could possibly know, but she’d know.

As time passed, I began to dwell on the humiliation ahead. *What can I say to Kathy to get her to stay the rest of the weekend? Maybe she’ll already be gone when I come out. Oh lord, I pray she’s gone. I don’t want to face her. She’ll know Megan gave me a punishment paddling. I’m sure of it. I have a hard enough time talking to women as it is. But with this humiliation hanging over my head...*

Long after I convinced myself that Megan’s computer had gone to sleep, a sexy female voice announced, “Your time has expired.”

*Cute*, I thought as I bent over and retrieved my briefs and my pants from about my ankles.

Informed by a sexy female voice from Megan’s computer my corner time was up, I pulled up my briefs and slacks. The slacks felt tight over my bruised and swollen ass, but at least I no longer stood in the corner with my ass on display for anyone who might enter the room. I wanted to go upstairs to the master bedroom to get something more comfortable to wear, but I wasn’t sure how Megan would react. She’d told me to return to the kitchen after a brief stop in the hall bathroom to wash my face. In her words, I looked a “little worse for wear.” I didn’t doubt it.

I'd spent a good part of my corner time imagining and rehearsing what I would say to Megan's friend, Kathy, to get her to stay with us the rest of the weekend. Megan thought that was only polite, because she'd planned to stay until I made my little scene at the kitchen table that morning.

I spent the rest of my corner time dwelling on the pain and humiliation of being paddled. Before Megan first set wood to bottom cheeks, there was a sense of the unknown added to by random writings on the internet about the joys of being spanked by an attractive woman. Having experienced it, I now have one thing to say, "Bullshit!!" There was nothing the least bit sexy or enjoyable about Megan with a paddle in her hand, and I NEVER want to go through that again.

Of course, when I got to the bathroom and closed the door, the first thing I did was drop my pants and check out the damage in the mirror. My ass exhibited a red glow, with some spots shading more into purple, but to be honest, it did not look as bad as I expected. I'm not sure what I expected, but at the least, more visible signs of carnage. Swelling wasn't obvious in the mirror. *Was my ass always this big? Hell, I've never had a reason to check.* The color looked like it would fade before the end of the day.

My face was a mess, with obvious tracks on my cheeks running down from my eyes and dried mucus from my nose. I took Megan's advice and scrubbed my face. After I'd toweled off, I looked as good as I ever do. No visible evidence of what I'd gone through remained as long as I kept my pants on. And I was not about to drop my pants for Kathy. *(Not sure where that thought came from. Of course, I would not drop trou in front of Megan's younger friend and co-worker.)*

I took a deep breath, checked my smile in the mirror to make sure it looked genuine, then left the bathroom to walk down the hall to the kitchen. I may have looked a little stiff, overcompensating to ensure I walked normally and did not limp or anything that might be a clue to having my butt paddled.

When I entered the kitchen, my attention was captured by Megan raising the remote to the small flatscreen in the corner of the kitchen counter. Just before the image blinked off, I got a glimpse of a visual of Megan's office—a wide-angle shot covering her desk over

to the corner where I had been standing. I felt my face flush. So much for not lowering my pants for Kathy. She must have seen me standing like a little kid in the corner. Then it struck me, *It's entirely possible she witnessed the entire punishment.* The only question was, did Megan turn on that monitor when she returned to the kitchen after paddling me so she could monitor my corner time? Or did she put it on earlier for Kathy to watch before she entered the office to apply her paddle? I remembered the seven and a half minutes I'd waited for her. More than enough time. It could have gone either way. I was not about to ask in front of Kathy.

I returned the smile to my face, walked over to Megan's space-age coffee maker, lifted the carafe, and said, "Anyone need a refresher?"

Megan said, "No thank you, dear," while Kathy said, "None for me. I really should go."

"Please don't go," I said, putting down the carafe. "I want to apologize for my actions earlier. I didn't mean to cause a scene. There was a subject I wanted to clarify with Megan, and I let my emotions get away from me. That's rare for me. It's just unfortunate you witnessed it. At any rate, Megan and I are going to relax at home this weekend, and we'd both like it if you spent the time with us."

The words tumbled from my lips. That was the longest monologue I'd delivered to an adult woman other than Megan for... Well, for a very long time. Couple my natural social timidity with the strain of not staring at Kathy's nipples, which pointed so earnestly against her t-shirt, and it was a new social record for me. My member strained in its cage again. I tried not to flinch as it pulled at my pubic hair.

I refused to let thoughts of Kathy watching Megan paddle me on the TV enter my mind. So, of course, they did. I had no idea there was a camera in Megan's office. *Is there an audio pickup as well?* I wondered. *Kathy would not have had to stand outside Megan's office door to hear the punishment being delivered—the smack of the paddle and my cries of distress—if there is. She'd have had a front-row seat right here in the kitchen. Shit!*

"Well," Kathy said, "I don't know if I should."

"Of course you should," I said. "Right Megan?"

“Yes, Kath, you are most welcome to spend the weekend here.”

“Good,” I said. “Now, there is just one more topic to discuss. What would the two of you like for dinner tonight? We have the ingredients for most things, and I am in the mood to cook.”

“You should take him up on the offer, Kath,” Megan said. “Whatever he cooks, it will be far better than eating Cup-O-Pasta alone in your apartment.”

Kathy laughed and said, “No way I’m going to turn down such an appealing offer. How about... pork chops. I haven’t tasted a decent pork chop in ages.”

“Excellent. We have some in the freezer. Mom used to do a pork chop in a red wine, soy sauce and brown sugar gravy. I think you’ll like it. I’ll pull the chops out to thaw, but first, are you sure I can’t top off your coffee?”

The women took their coffee mugs into the lounge while I washed the breakfast dishes. Once done, I snuck up the stairs to the master bedroom to change out of my teacher’s garb and into sweats. Megan left the bed unmade, which was typical. On workdays, she leaves the house earlier than I do, so I usually straighten the bed and put any dirty clothes left on the floor in the hamper. It’s not a big deal, and it just makes the home nicer to come back to. I must have forgotten to do it Friday morning; both sides of the bed retained impressions of a sleeping body.

I don’t bother on weekends, but it irritated me I’d forgotten the day before, so I fluffed the pillows and pulled the duvet into place. As per usual, Megan left some articles of clothing on the floor, so I gathered them up and put them in the hamper. The hamper was overflowing.

I was pulling up my sweatpants when Megan came in the bedroom door. “Ah, there you are,” she said. “Before you finish dressing, let me have a look at your bottom. I want to check on your bruises. Is it still sore?”

“I’m okay. Yes, it still throbs some, but it hurts no more than the chastity cage does when it stops erections and pulls on my pubic hair.”

“Let me see. Bend over and grab your ankles.”

I stared at Magen for a moment, then did as directed, sort of. I haven't been able to touch my toes or grab my ankles for several years. It was embarrassing, but my ass did still ache some. Not a good time to start a fight. As I stood, hands on my knees, Megan lowered my briefs and ran her fingers over my ass.

"Not too bad," she said. "Did you learn your lesson? To not raise a fuss just because keeping a promise was more difficult than you expected?" Her fingers dove between my legs to tickle my scrotum with her nails, then trailed up the crack of my ass, brushing my anus. "I've read some men shave their pubic hair when they are in chastity. That would relieve part of your problem, without you having to break your promise by removing the cage before we're wed. It's up to you, but you'd look nice if you shaved this hairy ass at the same time." She gave me a swat that would have been playful if delivered to a pristine ass.

My temper rose again. I stood and pulled up my briefs and sweats. I faced Megan and said, "Did Kathy get to watch me being paddled on the kitchen TV?"

"It's not usually your job, darling, but would you mind doing the laundry today? I'm running low on things to wear."

"Did she?"

"Oh, and please wash my bra and panty sets by hand. The washer and dryer are too hot and rough for those delicate fabrics."

"Did she?"

"And about lunch today. You make a great tuna salad sandwich. I'm sure Kathy would appreciate that. Don't linger in this room too long. I don't want her to come to the correct conclusion about our living arrangement." Megan turned and left the room.

After the women finished their lunch of tuna salad sandwiches with chips and spears of pickle on the side, I straightened up the kitchen again. I was being far more fastidious than I usually am on a weekend. Normally, Megan and I share the Saturday chores, but she left them to me since Kathy was with us.

While I hand-washed Megan's delicates in the laundry room off the kitchen, the women watched some old movie. I could hear the dialogue but could not place it. Obviously a chick flick, and pretty

sure it was either “When Harry Met Sally,” “Sleepless in Seattle,” or “You’ve Got Mail.” I get those three mixed up. They all star Meg Ryan. I strained to listen to take my mind off what I was doing. Aside from the humiliation of being told by Megan to do the laundry and doing it without complaint, I don’t usually handle Megan’s underthings. I am not like some sicko who gets off on sniffing women’s panties. Still my balls ached and the damned chastity cage pulled at my short and curlies.

*It’s not “You’ve got Mail,” I thought. That’s with Tom Hanks and Brinkley, the dog. It’s not “Sleepless in Seattle,” that’s also with Hanks. Just then, I heard Meg Ryan do her famous faked-orgasm scene in the New York deli. Megan and Kathy both laughed and commented about how clueless men were. Ah, I thought, “When Harry Met Sally” with Billy Crystal, definitely.* Atop my handling Megan’s panties, the sounds Meg Ryan made did not help me with my problem. How had I come to this? I’m pushing forty, and have never been as obsessed with sex as I am now. I can’t seem to get it off my mind for more than a few minutes.

Megan kept me busy with an extended list of Saturday chores. It seemed I would just finish one job around the house or out in the yard, when she would appear and ask me nicely to do the next. It was like she had a long list of cleaning, arranging, mowing and trimming tasks and she was working her way down it. Each time Megan approached me, Kathy was close enough to hear if I made any strenuous objections. After what happened that morning, I was not about to risk a repeat. Besides, Megan was always so pleasant, always thanking me when I agreed to do... whatever. I was approaching exhaustion as I fixed dinner that evening. I hadn’t been off my feet since breakfast that morning.

Over dinner—the women raved about the pork chops—Megan said, “You look exhausted, Bob. After dinner and the dishes are done, why don’t you make an early night of it? Go to your room and crash.”

She placed a subtle emphasis on the words “your room,” which I took as a clear reference to the room at the end of the hall. With the trauma that started this day, and the non-stop completion of Saturday chores, I was beat. An “early night of it” sounded all too appealing.



I took care of the dishes and put the kitchen back in order, wishing I, as the cook, might have gotten a pass. But then I'd spent the day doing what Megan asked of me. It would have required too much effort to reverse the trend at this point.

I dried my hands and stepped into the lounge to bid the women good night. When I bent to kiss Megan, she offered me her cheek. I trudged up the stairs and snuck into the master bedroom for a change of underwear and a fresh t-shirt. I needed a shower but did not have the energy. The change of clothes was for after my shower in the morning.

Megan's queen-sized bed was in disarray. She must have taken a nap while I was outside mowing, edging, and trimming the yard. Megan has a good-sized back yard, and it takes a while to get it looking the way she likes it. If Kathy were not here, we might have napped together, instead of Megan napping alone. Naps on a weekend were a special time for us. Although, they were more special for me a couple of weeks ago before I put myself into prison. Tempted to put the duvet back in order, I mentally slapped myself—it was that kind of day, a day of Saturday chores. I snuck back out of the bedroom and continued down the hall.

I stripped down to my briefs and was about to climb into bed. It wasn't even nine o'clock, a ridiculous time to hit the sack, but the day had caught up with me. There was a soft knock on the door, and Megan stepped in, closing the door behind her.

"I feel I've neglected you today," she said, taking me in her arms and giving me a long, full kiss. "Well, not this morning," she added with humor in her voice. Her hand traveled down my back and into my briefs to clench my left cheek. "Hopefully, we won't have to repeat that very often."

"How about never," I said.

Megan did laugh at that. "I doubt you can be that consistently good, my dear. My guess is more like two or three times a month. Could be more, we'll see."

For some reason—perhaps having her hand on my recovering bottom was part of it—I dared not contradict her, but two or three paddlings a *year* would be two or three too many as far as I was concerned.

Megan kissed me again and slid her hand from back to front to caress my balls and the cage above them. This elicited a groan from me.

“Imagine,” she said, “what it will be like when you get to free this little guy after we are married. The pleasure you’ll receive will be indescribable.”

“Are you sure we can’t make one little exception between now and then? I’m getting a serious case of blue balls. It’s not healthy for a virile man of my age to go too long without release.”

“You may be right. I’ve been doing some reading on the subject, and the advice on that topic is split. Some sources say a man can go for months with no ill effects, while others say as little as two weeks. We may want to relieve your accumulated juices just to be on the safe side.”

“That’s a good idea. Why don’t you call your mother tomorrow and arrange to get the key?”

Megan laughed again. “That won’t be necessary, darling. We can extract your excess cum without removing your cage. And I know how serious you are about keeping your promise of chastity, especially after this morning’s reminder.”

My ever-optimistic member tried to straighten up again, and I winced at the discomfort. Megan noticed.

“Do something for me and for yourself when you shower in the morning,” she said. “You do plan to take a shower, I hope. You definitely need one. While you’re in there, shave the hair around your package so you won’t suffer the effects of your cage pulling your pubic hairs. I don’t think you realize it, but I see you wince about a dozen times each day, and you don’t want to be doing that in front of your teenage students. It might give them the wrong idea. I’ll leave a disposable razor in the hall bathroom for you. And since you’ll be shaving anyway, a few passes over your hairy ass would be a nice touch.” Her hand moved back to my left cheek, where it gave me an almost, but not quite, painful squeeze. “I was tempted to shave you myself when I had you in position this morning.”

Megan gave me one last, long kiss, then said, “Hop into bed and I’ll tuck you in.”

I did, and she did.

I slept better than the previous night. Attempts at erection only brought me part way up to consciousness before I slipped back into the void. I did wake once that I remembered. The women had the TV volume up a little. I heard some kind of slapping sound, but the rhythm of it soon lulled me back to sleep.

I was up and moving at my regular time Sunday morning. Well, regular for a school day, earlier than normal on a Sunday. Usually, on Sunday mornings I would still be relaxing in bed with Megan, but since I slept last night in the bedroom at the end of the hall... At any rate, I figured I was up plenty early to monopolize the hall bathroom to take a leisurely shower.

I should take the time to describe Megan's house to make things more clear. The house has a total of four bedrooms, and four-and-a-half baths. On the main floor is the expansive kitchen, a dining room (which is not often used), a lounge or family room with a large flat-screen TV, a bathroom and Megan's office down the hall. There is also a laundry room and a half-bath near the door leading to the two-car garage. Up the stairs, are the master bedroom and en suite bath, two guest bedrooms and a bathroom off the hall. The basement is mostly unfinished, but walls are roughed in to form a large open space, the fourth bedroom and a basic bathroom. The basement bedroom is useable, it has the minimum required furniture, and the door closes, but the walls are un-taped sheetrock and there is no ceiling, leaving the floor joists for the main level exposed.

Megan's home is situated on a cul-de-sac in a gated community. The front yard is small, but the house is on one of the pie-shaped lots, so the back yard is large with a tall fence, and a swimming pool framed by an expanse of grass and flower beds.

I was in the upstairs hall bathroom. Kathy would also need to use this bathroom when she got up, so I wanted to vacate it before that happened.

True to her word, Megan left a disposable razor on the counter for me—a pink, women's disposable razor. She'd noticed, or I'd mentioned, how the chastity cage I wore had a tendency to pull on my pubic hair. If you think that sounds amusing, get a good grip on three or four of your short and curlies and give them a good yank. It

is not a fun sensation, and causes me to wince when it happens. Still, I debated with myself on whether I really wanted to be as bald as a pre-teen down where all the action takes place.

Damn! Every time I try to describe these things I am faced with contradictions. My groin hasn't seen any "action" for more than two weeks. If action were possible, I wouldn't be wearing a chastity cage and it wouldn't be trying to yank my pubes out by the roots.

I stood contemplating that little plastic razor while I waited for the shower to warm. *Maybe next time*, I thought. *I would not want to inconvenience Kathy by hogging the bathroom.*

I was not long in the shower, when someone tapped twice on the door, then walked in.

"Oh, good," Megan said, "you haven't started shaving yet. I heard you get up and thought it would be fun to do that for you."

I heard the rustle of Megan's nightgown settling to the floor, and she stepped in behind me in the shower. This stall wasn't designed as a shower for two, unlike the one in the master bath, so we were a little crowded. Being crowded in the shower with a naked lady is not necessarily a hardship, however. My cock tried to rise, and the cage yanked on my hair, again.

"Hand me the soap," Megan said, "and turn to face me."

Megan put the razor on the soap rack and took the soap from my hand. She worked up a lather and massaged it onto my groin, taking care to fondle my balls. She also ran a soapy finger under my perineum as far as my asshole. When I was thoroughly lathered, she traded the soap for the razor and began gliding it down my body from my bellybutton.

"I think you only need to shave a small space at the base of the cage," I said. There was no sense trying to make her stop completely, she was having too much fun.

"I know darling, but this will look so cool with you smooth as a baby's butt from your navel down. For a moment, I feared she planned to do my legs as well, but that wasn't the case.

Megan was very thorough, taking multiple passes to get every last pubic hair. The cage was extended by my aborted hardon so it stood out away from my body, making it easy for her to shave that area.

Still, she pulled, twisted and turned the metal grillwork to get at every hair. I was a little nervous when she started pulling on my testicles to shave my scrotum, but the razor neither nicked nor castrated me.

Satisfied with my groin, Megan said, "Turn around and bend over. I want to take care of your hairy ass while we're at it."

"Is that really necessary? I mean the chastity device does not pull on those hairs. Besides, I'm not that hairy back there."

"You say that," she said, "because you do not have to look at your own butt. Trust me, darling, you will look so much cuter with a smooth, hairless bottom." She gripped my hips and turned me, then bent me at the waist. Definitely not a shower for two, my face was pressed into the corner of the small space.

"Turn off the shower for a moment, darling. It's streaming across your buns so I can't lather them up properly."

I turned off the water, and felt Megan's soapy hands massaging my cheeks. More than once, a digit slid across my anus, until about the fourth pass when Megan inserted her soapy right index finger to the hilt with one quick thrust. I started to straighten and object, but Megan grabbed my balls with her left hand, squeezed and said, "Stay down, Bob. You've got to let a girl have some fun for all the work she puts into helping with your hygiene."

I felt a cool draft as Megan's elbow pushed the shower curtain out on her side. With the water turned off and my body still wet, the shower stall was starting to cool.

Megan worked her finger around inside my ass, then started pumping it in and out. After a minute or so, she added a second soapy finger, which elicited a groan from me. She continued to pump and said, "You like that, don't you?"

"No," I said, "not particularly."

"No? Then why is your cock threatening to burst from its stainless-steel cage?"

I looked down, and she was right. My member was trying desperately to erect. "I, I don't know," I said, "but this is very uncomfortable. My balls want to explode."

Megan still held my testicles, and she began to roll them around in their sack. “These little things?” she said.

“Little! They’re twice their normal size. They may well burst if they’re not relieved before our wedding.”

“Well,” she said, “we can’t have that.” Her invading fingers found my prostate and pressed against it as they persisted in pumping in and out. I groaned.

Megan continued to work on me, pressing ever harder on my prostate and maintaining a steady fucking motion with her fingers. I fought against groaning with each thrust, then started to feel the urge to pee. When I told her, Megan said, “Cup your hand under your cage. Catch every drop.”

*Every drop of what?* I wondered, but I did as she ordered. My right hand was against the wall of the shower, holding me steady, my left cupped under my cock, which had given up on forming a boner, and gone flaccid in the ironwork.

My sense of peeing intensified, and I looked down to see gobbets of cum dribbling out of my deflated penis. Each firm rub from Megan’s fingers sent another pulse of semen to add to the small pool in my hand. The cum was not shooting out, manfully. There was no feeling of an orgasm, just the vague sense of taking a pee while my gism dribbled.

“Catch every drop,” Megan repeated. “Such a good boy for mommy. Mommy knows how to care for her good boy.”

*This is crazy, I thought. Why is Megan, my fiancée, calling herself mommy. I’m almost forty years old, and she’s got to be about the same. Now that I think of it, I’ve never asked when’s her birthday. That could be a problem, if I miss celebrating it with her. Regardless, I’m not a little boy and she is definitely not my mother.*

The flow of semen was slowing. Megan continued the pressure, and added a rhythmic squeeze of my testicles. “We want to get every drop to relieve these poor blue orbs. Wouldn’t want my little boy to get all backed up and uncomfortable.”

Megan continued to rub, although the flow of semen had ceased. I’d ejected a palm full of cum, but I’d gotten no pleasure at all from the act. Although my dick was soft, I felt as sexually frustrated as ever.

Megan eased her fingers out of my ass, took the bar of soap to work up a lather, and went back to massaging my ass with her soapy hands. “Hold on to that deposit, Bobby, while I get back to work. We got a little sidetracked there,” she said. “I still need to shave this hairy bottom.”

I’ve never liked the diminutive form of my name, Bobby, but generally don’t reveal that to anyone lest they see it as a weapon to use against me. (Paranoid, I know, but remember my innate fear of dealing with people, and my frequent exposure to high school age teenagers.) I’d bring it up with Megan but had second thoughts about doing it now, given she was about to scrape a sharp blade over my vulnerable ass. Similarly, I kept my hand cupped to preserve my cum. If I just dumped it on the floor of the shower, would it wash down the drain when I turned the water back on? I could hardly wait to do that so I could rinse my ass and my hand.

With her right hand, Megan shaved my ass. Her left returned to my testicles, massaging them gently. When she was done, she put the razor back on the soap dish, tightened her grip on my balls and gave my ass a good slap causing me to start.

“There,” she said, “smooth as a baby’s bottom.” Not relaxing her grip, which was on the verge of painful, she said, “Go ahead now, Bobby, slurp up all that creamy goodness.”

It took me a moment to process that command. When I worked it out, I said, “Do what?! You’ve got to be kidding me.” I felt humiliated by the way Megan milked me. (That’s the term for what she did. She did not use it, but I’ve seen it more than once in online stories.) I was not going to add to the humiliation by licking up my own cum.

Megan laughed, “Yes, of course, darling,” she said, giving my nuts a final squeeze then letting them drop. “I was just playing with you. You do owe me one, though, for relieving the pressure in your testicles.” She slapped my ass again and said, “Turn the shower back on so we can rinse off.” The cool draft disappeared as Megan resealed the shower curtain.

As I turned the taps back to their previous setting, I thought I heard a door close, and I could almost swear a woman giggled out in the hall.

Megan and I rinsed the soap from our bodies and the... discharge from my left hand. She turned me to face her then rose on her toes to give me a world class french kiss, rubbing her tits with nipples hard as stones against my chest. My penis tried to rise, but his little heart didn't seem to be in it. The pressure the cage put on my nuts did not cause near the discomfort it did before.

I guess I really did owe Megan one, although, if she'd gotten the key from her mother and unlocked me so we could have relieved the pressure in a more traditional manner, I'd have owed her a couple dozen.

Megan pressed down on my shoulders, and I sank to my knees in front of her. She moved her hands to the back of my head and urged it toward her. As I sealed my mouth to her pussy, she swung first one then the other leg over my shoulders, hooking her ankles together and squeezing my head with her thighs.

I supported her, her back against the shower wall, her weight on my shoulders as I worked her with my mouth, my lips, my tongue. My cock was back to straining against its prison, and I noticed with some satisfaction there was no pain of pubic hairs being uprooted. Trying to erect was still uncomfortable, but not nearly as much with deflated balls and a smooth groin.

It was hard to breathe with my face buried in her muff, held in place with her hands and thighs, water from the shower cascading down her body. It was like being waterboarded, but far sexier. I brought Megan to two hard, shuddering orgasms before she dismounted, taking the strain off my back and allowing me to gasp for air.

"I'm getting too old for those kinds of positions," I said, standing up and rubbing my back. Of course, with my complete lack of prior relationships with women, I had virtually no experience with any of the known sexual positions.

"Nonsense, darling, you were wonderful. Imagine what it will be like when, in only two weeks, we are married, and I can return the favor." Her hand slid down my body and cupped me. "I do so like you all smooth down there. Like a little boy. My little boy."