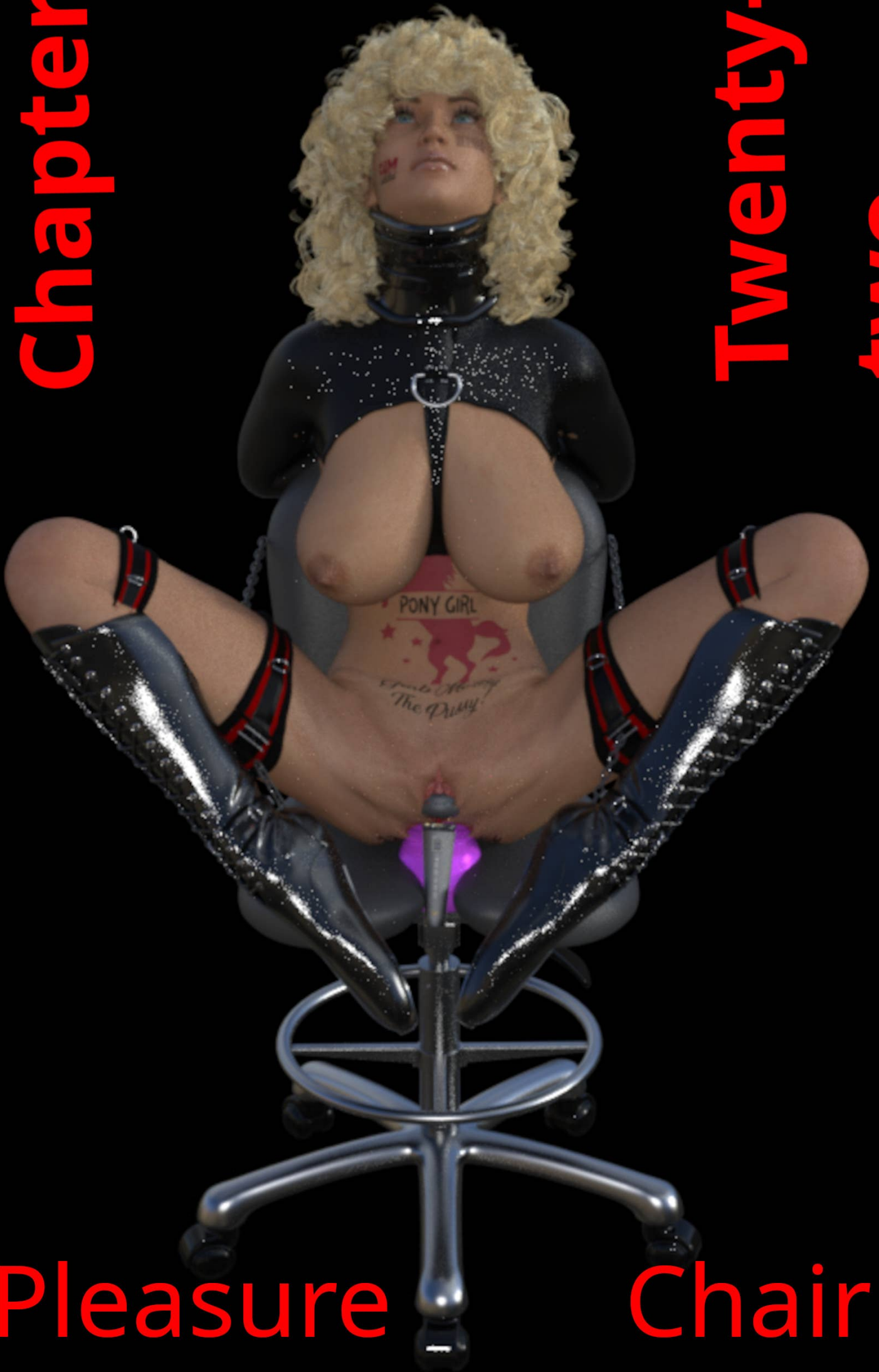


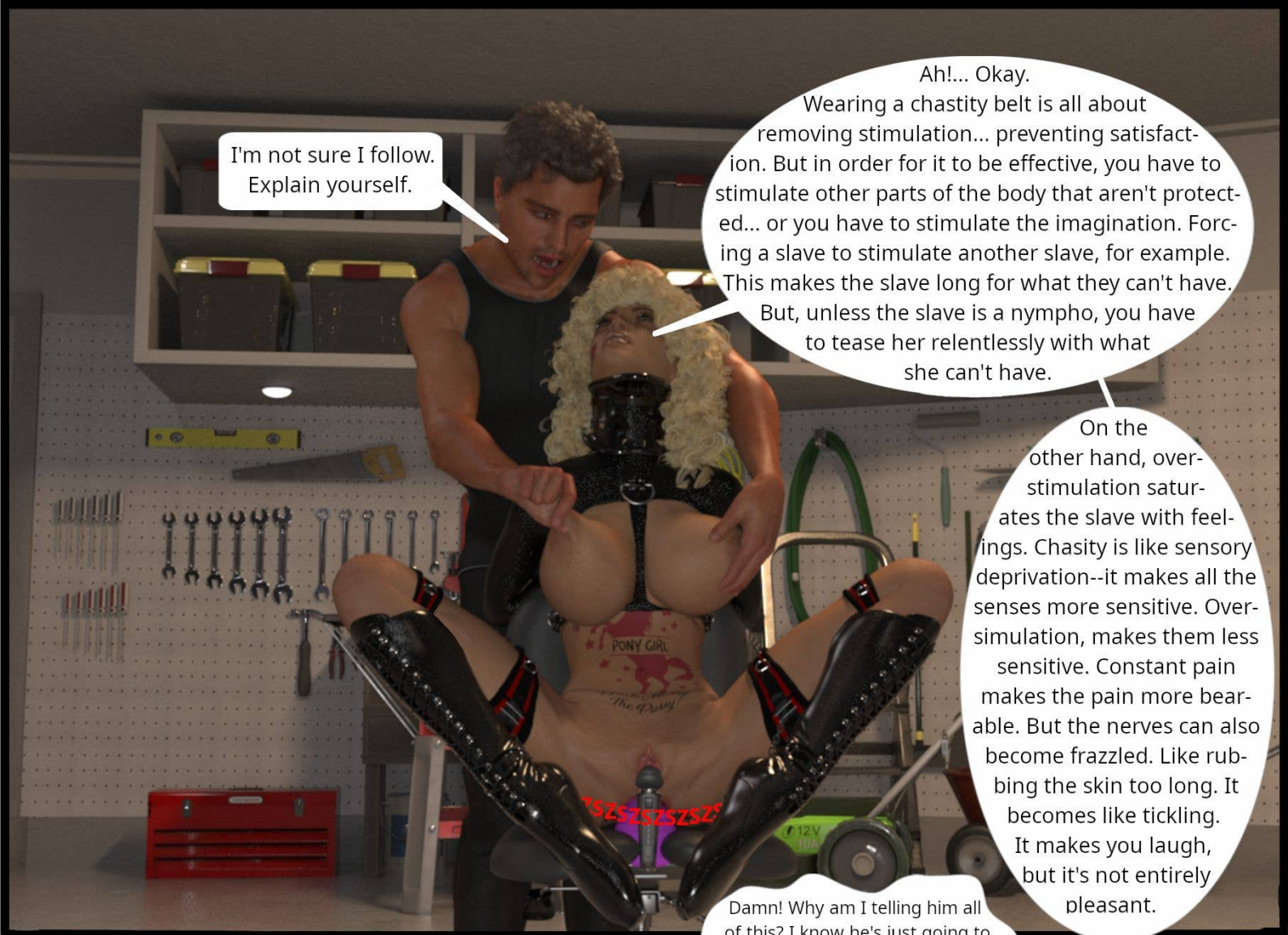
Chapter

**Twenty-
two**



Pleasure

Chair



I'm not sure I follow.
Explain yourself.

Ah!... Okay.
Wearing a chastity belt is all about removing stimulation... preventing satisfaction. But in order for it to be effective, you have to stimulate other parts of the body that aren't protected... or you have to stimulate the imagination. Forcing a slave to stimulate another slave, for example. This makes the slave long for what they can't have. But, unless the slave is a nympho, you have to tease her relentlessly with what she can't have.

On the other hand, overstimulation saturates the slave with feelings. Chastity is like sensory deprivation--it makes all the senses more sensitive. Overstimulation, makes them less sensitive. Constant pain makes the pain more bearable. But the nerves can also become frazzled. Like rubbing the skin too long. It becomes like tickling. It makes you laugh, but it's not entirely pleasant.

Damn! Why am I telling him all of this? I know he's just going to use it against me, eventually. But I can't seem to help it. It's like I've been quiet too long--and now I have to speak. Or maybe I've been conditioned, like Pavlov's dog.

It's painful and humiliating and...

And? Go on. Give me your detailed analysis.

And... it's like there's a spider web of lines running through my body. And when you pinch my nipple... it sends a signal of pleasure out along those lines. Spreading to my other nipple, to my... my cunt. Even to my face, although that's more embarrassment--but that just feeds back into those same lines too. Amplifying and intensifying. I still feel the pain, but ... the pleasure is beginning to be more intense, at times.

Hum... interesting take. It's almost as if you've given this a lot of thought. He, he. But I guess you've had a lot of time to think about such things. Hummm? So, what about these perky nipples of yours. What does it feel like when I give them a squeeze, like this?





Sorry, Love. I didn't mean to spoil your surprise. It's still a wonderful anniversary present though.

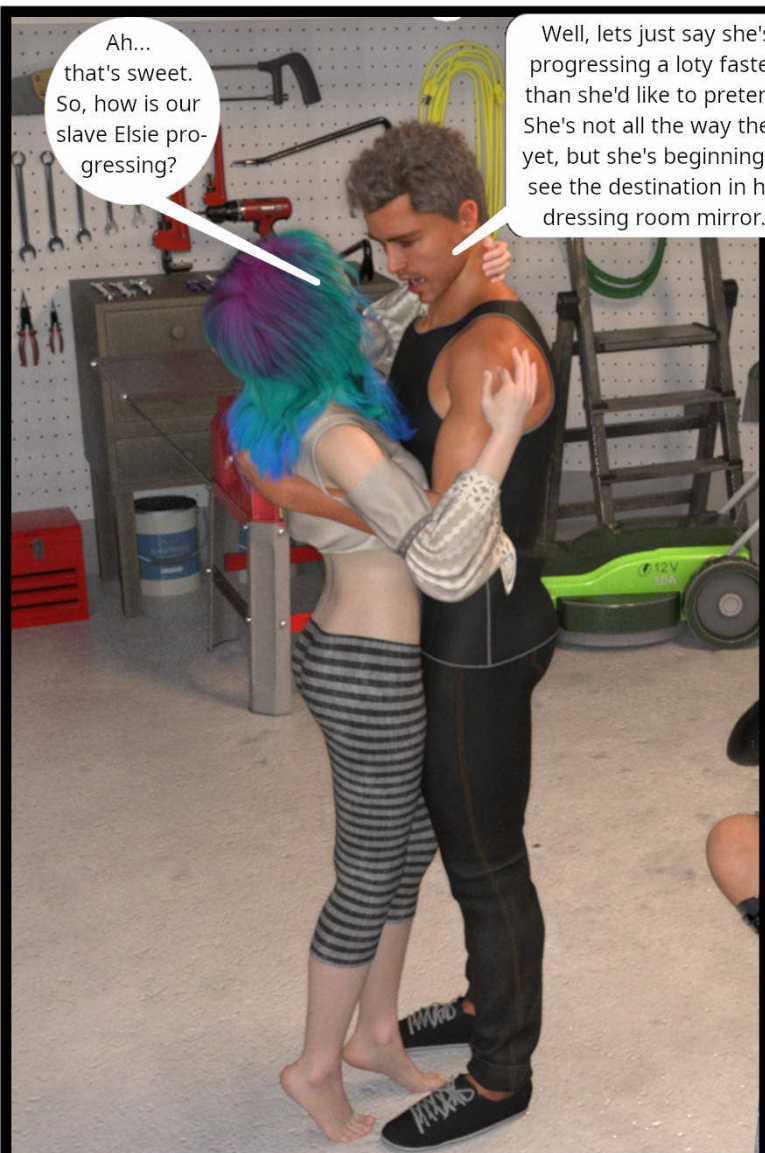
Well, since I missed our six-week anniversary, I figured I probably ought to do something special.

Tee, he,he! I can't believe you still remember that.

How could I forget? Your present was so creative and generous.

Actually, the truth was that turning his chair into an anniversary present had been something of an accident.

He'd already designed the chair and farmed out the larger, more complicated pieces to an industrial scale printer... that was when he began looking for a good date to present some of his creations at a public showing--when he happened to notice their anniversary was coming up. Dez was quite proud of his latest creation and he was certain that Kirstin would love it too. So why not kill two birds with one stone. He was sure she wouldn't mind if he showed her her chair--especially if he let her be the Mistress of Ceremonis.



Ah... that's sweet. So, how is our slave Elsie progressing?

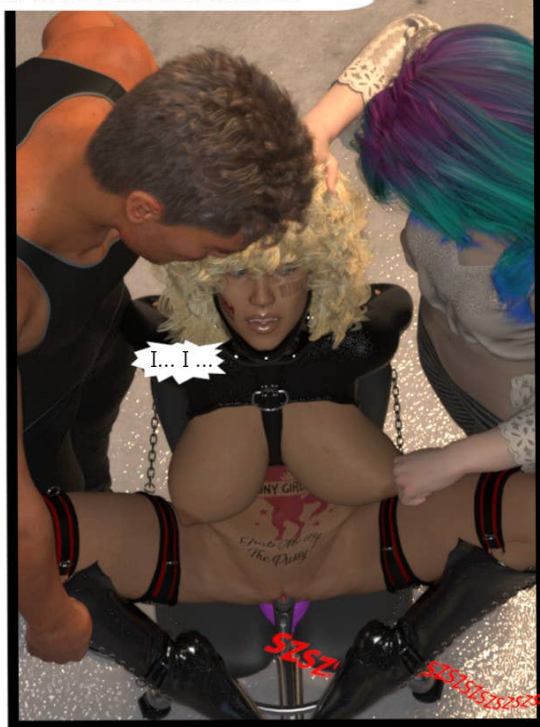
Well, lets just say she's progressing a loty faster than she'd like to pretend. She's not all the way there yet, but she's beginning to see the destination in her dressing room mirror.



In other words, she may not want to want it just quite yet... but she does. She can't help it. She was born to be a slave.

Oh God! I have been drugged. I hope she doesn't start asking me questions too.

Do you really think you've been a good enough slave that you deserve to cum? Or have you been thinking nasty thoughts about your master and your mistress?



See? Just like I told you. She's getting close, but she still has a way to go before she's done. She hates being humiliated, but she loves the way it makes her feel. She loves being forced to come in front of us, particularly in front of you, because she finds that more humiliating. He, he, he. Nastily little slut. But she can't help herself! She loves it, but she doesn't want to love it. She's still trying to think of herself as an actual human being. But it's getting harder for her.

Please!
Fuck me
harder. Let
me cum!

I just love seeing her like this.
She always thought she was so high and mighty...
and now she's nothing but one gaping sexual wound.
Throbbing in the cold air.



Well, I've still got a little time to waste before I have to leave for work. How about you? Time for a quickie?

Sure, I've got a few minutes. To bad we don't have a mattress in here... I'd love to have Elsie see us having a good time at the same time that she's having too good a time. He, he.

OOOOOOOH!

So long, slut. See you when I get back... and then I can decide if you've had enough or not.

Stop your teasing, babe.

Don't be silly, darling. It's the teasing that makes it so much fun.

At least for me, he, he, he! By the time we get back I suspect Elsie will be extra well done.

NNNNNGH

