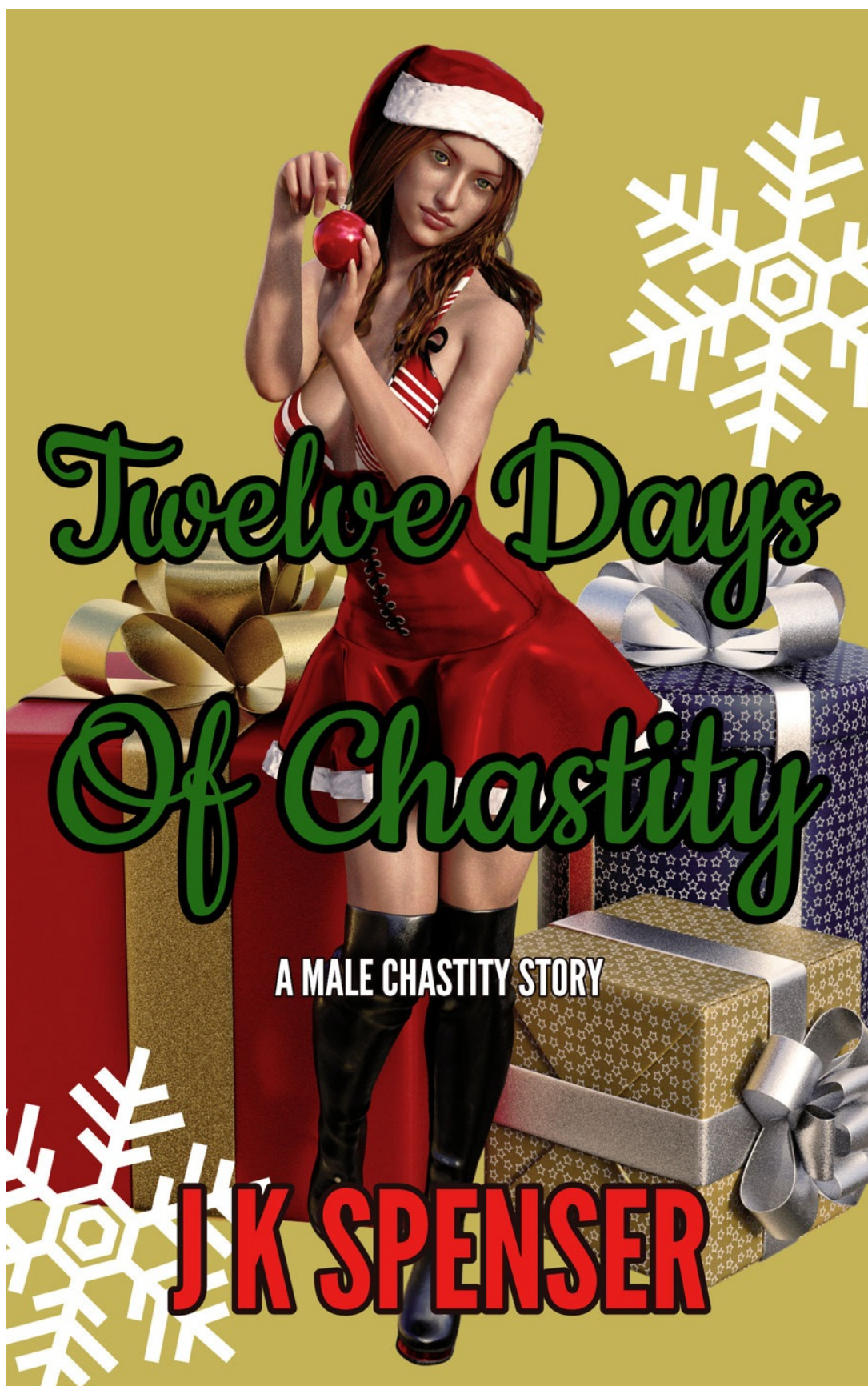


Twelve Days Of Chastity

A MALE CHASTITY STORY

JK SPENSER



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First edition

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Sage Knight

PRESS

2019

On the first day of Christmas

my true love said to me:

Please lock me up in chas-ti-ty.

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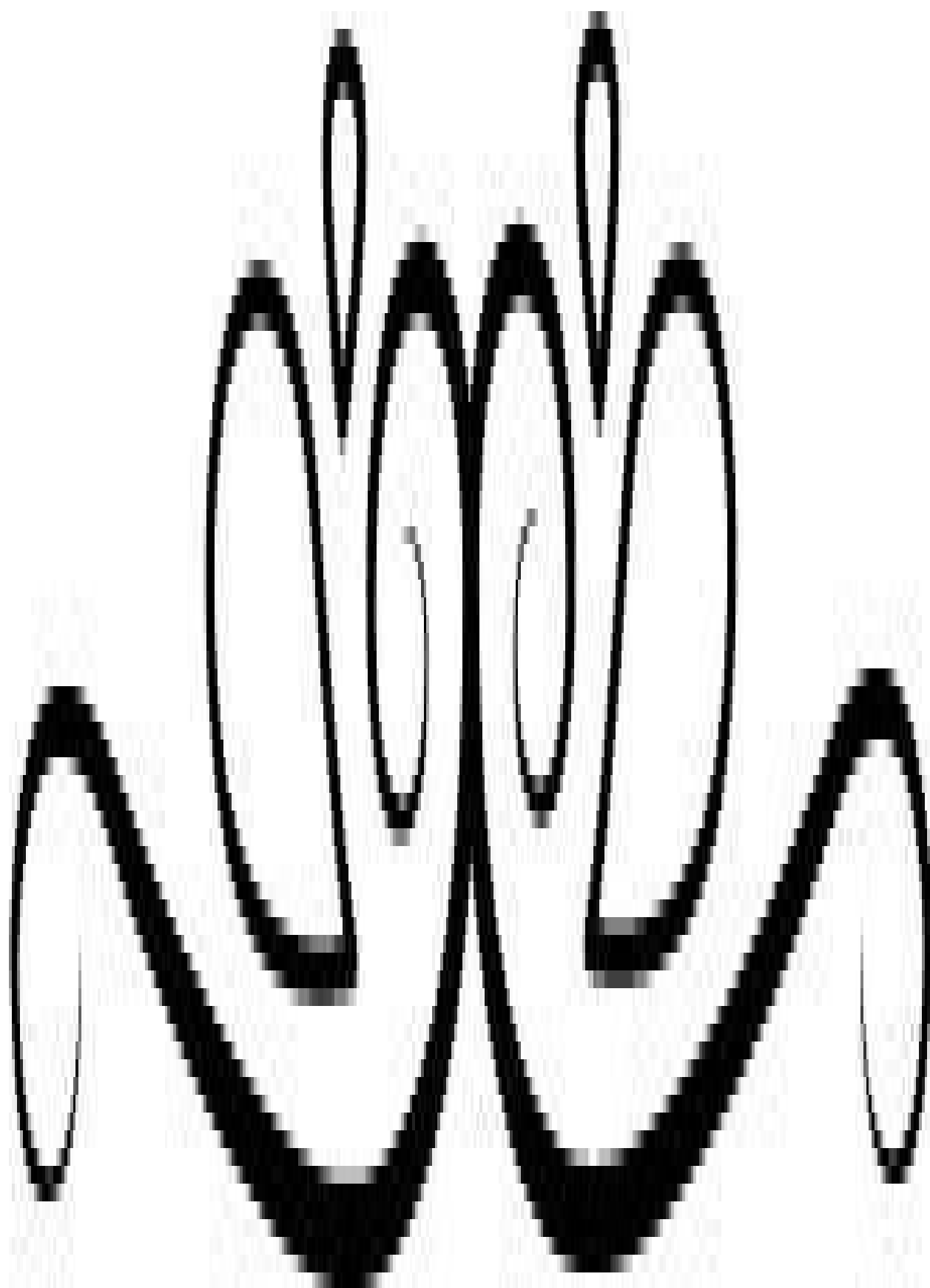
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[*About the Author*](#)

[*Also by J K Spenser*](#)



My name is Juliet Baxter. My husband, Brian, and I married rather young and have been married for a few years now. Brian is twenty-eight. I'm twenty-six. We like to think of ourselves as a fun-loving, active couple. We love running together, watching documentaries on Netflix, and cooking together. We're conservative, somewhat religious, and supportive of education, the arts, and positive community projects.

I consider myself to have a healthy sex drive, but my husband's sex drive has always been higher than mine, unsurprisingly. In college, I was sort of proud of how well I flirted with guys. I thought that skill would come in handy in marriage, but soon realized that flirting with my husband would quickly get him turned on, and he would want to have sex.

I like sex, don't get me wrong. But I'm not always in the mood or ready for it. From my perspective, sometimes kissing can just be kissing, but not for my husband. Once he gets turned on, it's a drive for the goal line. He wants penetration right away and then finishes disappointingly (or sometimes mercifully) quickly. I soon trained myself to stifle my flirtatious nature with my husband out of fear that it would trigger his libido. The cycle we found ourselves in wasn't healthy, and it was killing the romantic aspect of our relationship. Of course, at the time, I did not understand the damage it was doing. I just thought that marriage was going to be one big sacrifice in the romance department.

After reading an online women's magazine article about sharing fantasies with your partner, I thought it would be good for my husband and me to try exchanging our fantasies. One evening, when we had our weekly date night at a favorite restaurant, I brought up the subject of us having a little fantasy exchange night. I thought I'd have to persuade him to go along with the idea. He has never been wildly enthusiastic about having intimate conversations. But once I outlined my idea and made it clear how important it was to me, he readily agreed. And that's where this story begins.

We scheduled a little fantasy exchange night, and I went first. I told him how I enjoyed kissing just for the sake of kissing, taking road trips together, going on runs up in the hills near our home, and other things I found romantic. I thought I had done pretty well explaining the kind of things I found romantic, which put me in the mood for intimacy. Then it was his turn and WHAM!

He laid his fantasy on me, something he had apparently been thinking about for a long while. My husband informed me that he wanted me to lock up his manhood in a small cage. It stunned me. On the one hand, there were my innocent little romantic fantasies, and on the other, his rather scary, kinky sexual fantasy. At least that's how I saw it at the time. I had never heard of such a thing.

Already frustrated with our sex life, when I heard his heart's desire was some weird, kinky sexual thing, I freaked out. I know I should have listened, heard him through, and tried to understand, but I wasn't thinking clearly. And, to be honest, in hindsight, I know now I was only thinking of myself and what I wanted from the relationship.

That night was a long one. I tossed and turned, unable to sleep. My imagination went wild about the man I'd married and thought I knew. Now I wasn't so sure about that. The next day while he was at work, I hit the internet, searching for male chastity information. I was curious whether the husbands of other women had asked their wives to lock their manhood in a tiny cage. Half of me was hoping to find women who commiserated with me, women like me who had felt betrayed by their men. But the other half hoped that somehow I would find out that my husband wasn't some kinky, sex-crazed weirdo. What I found was an amazing blog by a woman who had faced the same situation.

The blogger's husband had made the same request my husband had, and like me, she was as shocked as I had been. Out of the blue, he had handed her a letter he had printed from the internet explaining he wanted to add a new sexual game to their marriage, male chastity. As I had, she had turned to the web for information and had found blogs and websites and other male chastity resources. She admitted some information had seemed very weird, but she had also found some very helpful information. Eventually, she changed her views on male chastity and agreed to lock her man's penis in a chastity cage. She was so excited about the positive changes in her marriage once she put her husband in chastity that it inspired her to start her blog to chronicle their chastity journey.

I spent the entire afternoon reading the woman's blog and made some discoveries that brought me relief. Although not exactly mainstream, I learned male chastity is a somewhat common male fantasy, and many "normal" and well-adjusted couples worldwide practice it. I felt a little silly for freaking out about it and resolved to make an earnest attempt at understanding my husband's desires.

I reconvened the fantasy exchange meeting. It took some convincing because I'd hurt my husband's feelings with how I'd initially reacted. After apologizing, I told him how much I wanted him to feel emotionally safe to share anything with me. Brian was still a little hesitant to talk about it. But I told him since the cat was out of the bag, there was no point in hiding his desires anymore. I suggested we go forward by talking about it. Then I told him about my online research and about some of what I'd read on the blog I'd found. Surprised that I'd gone to such lengths to understand, Brian opened up. We talked and talked. He did his best to explain why he wanted me to lock up his manhood. He even shared some internet links with me to other sites and material he had read, which he thought I'd find helpful.

The conversation continued over the next couple of days. I did more research on the net and understood a little more about Brian's desires. Let me try to explain it here as briefly as possible. When he was in his early teens, my husband started to feel the normal attraction to girls. As we all do, he developed crushes but was too shy, scared, or introverted to do anything about it. It sounds like the girls he associated with were probably confident, attractive, and a little intimidating. As he got older and his crushes turned more sexual in nature, he realized he allowed girls to hold him hostage with his own infatuations.

We've all experienced that to some extent, at some point in our lives. When the person we are infatuated with walks in the room, we freeze up. We can't think clearly or talk to them. We start to sweat and blush, and it's intensely pleasurable and painful at the same time. It's rather common to experience that when we're young. But for some reason, those feelings had sunk deep into Brian's psyche. He came to crave the submissive and erotic feelings he got when a girl exerted sexual power over him.

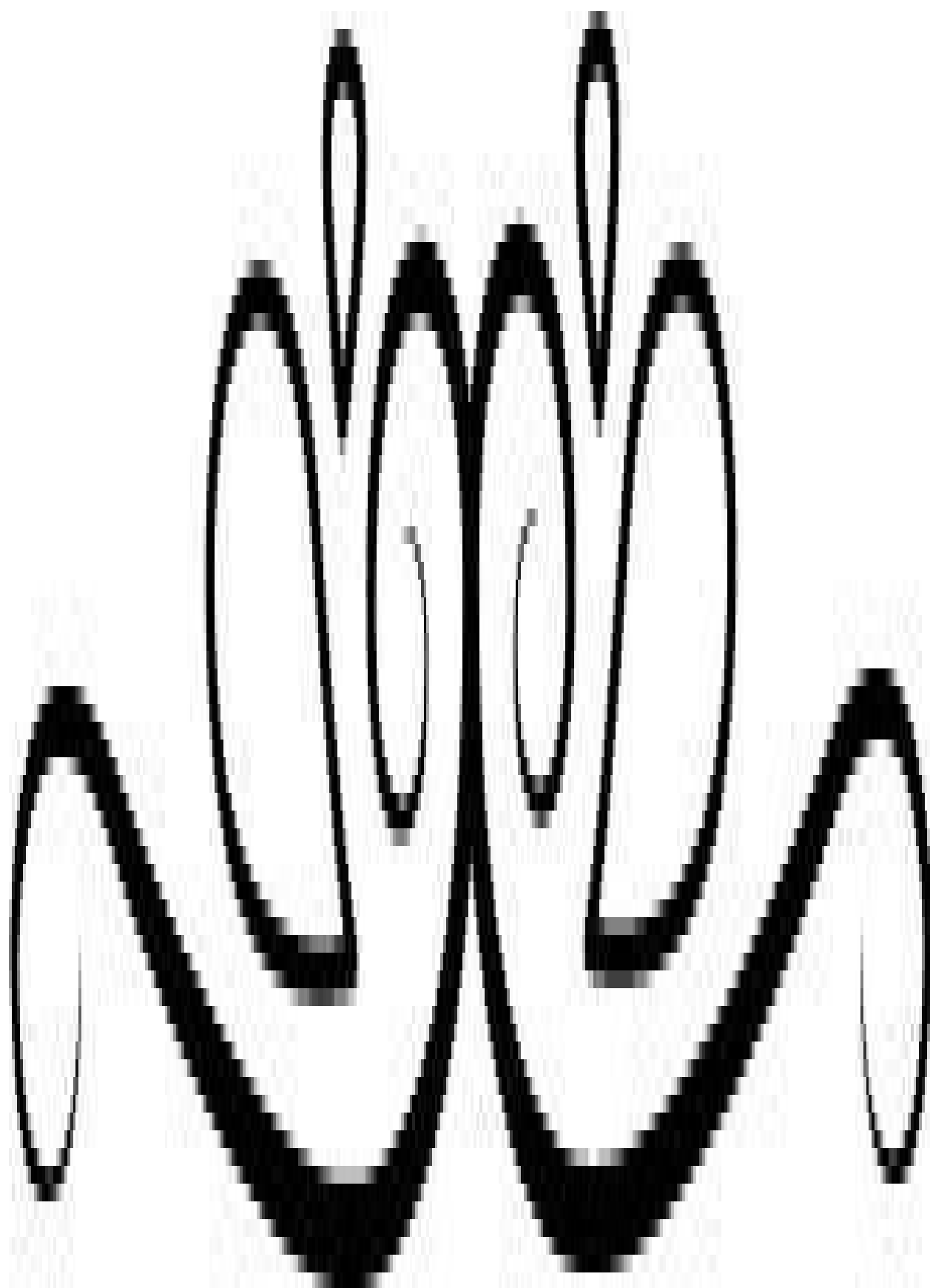
Brian had grown out of his quiet, awkward phase by the time I met him in college. He was an extroverted, confident man. He is now a manager of many employees at a high-profile company. Yet, that deep yearning to be sexually and romantically overwhelmed by a woman is still lurking under his tough, masculine facade. When we incorporated some tame tie-up games in our lovemaking, it rekindled the passion in him to submit to a woman, to me. I was oblivious to it all. I thought we were only playing a kinky little game to spice things up in the bedroom. At some point, Brian discovered the use of male chastity devices among couples, and the idea had hooked him before he even knew it.

Now back to our story. After all the talk and study, I started to feel more confident that I understood my husband and understood his fantasy. Also, I believed I dared to follow through on it if he did. It was nearly Christmas, December 14, when I told him I was willing to give chastity a trial if he wanted it. Brian seemed relieved and nervous at the same time. To my surprise, he produced a chastity cage that he had bought earlier. I realized then he must have been serious about this fantasy for some time but had hidden it from me because he feared I wouldn't understand. That made me sad, and I promised myself that I would be a more open-minded person in the future.

Brian handed me the cage, and I examined it. It was smooth, clear plastic, and didn't seem overly scary. He showed me how it worked and how it fitted together to trap a man's genitals without causing injury or any actual pain. He showed me the little brass lock that kept it securely fastened together. Actually, I found it a very sensual experience as I knew I held a powerful tool in my hands, and I could see the effect it was having on my husband as he watched me examine the device.

I put the cage on him then and practiced putting it on and taking it off him several times until I felt confident I could do it without pinching him. That night we held a little lock-up ceremony that I'd read on the net that other couples have done. We lit some candles, turned the lights down low, and made it as romantic as we knew how. We set a few ground and safety rules. Because it was that time of the year, in keeping with the season, we decided on a trial run of twelve days and called it our "Twelve Days of Chastity" trial.

Brian had put on the chastity device a few times after buying it but hadn't worn it for an extended time. Having learned a guy should ease into wearing a device, I only allowed him to wear it for a few hours that first day. After taking it off that evening, I told him he could try wearing for the full day the next day while at work. If he didn't experience any problems, he could try sleeping with it on that night. If that went well, then I'd lock him up until Christmas Day. We went to bed that night with both of us feeling a little excited to see what the next day might bring.



Morning came, and after we had breakfast, Brian showered for work. It was then time to lock him up. I slipped the plastic base ring on him. It was a little challenging getting both his balls inside the ring, but finally, I had it properly positioned behind his balls and over the base of his cock. I worked his flaccid penis inside the clear plastic cage and mated it to the ring. Then I inserted the shackle of the tiny padlock through the hole in the post that held everything together.

“Go ahead and click the lock shut, honey,” Brian said.

“I think it would be more romantic if you lock it,” I said.

“Okay,” Brian said, clicking the lock shut. Then he handed me the key.

I looked at the tiny key in my hand and thought it was sort of like a token of his devotion to me. I had prepared a simple line to say at that moment.

“Now that you have surrendered your sex to me,” I said. “I take the honored place in your life that your penis once occupied.”

It was a little cheesy, I guess. But it didn’t seem to sound cheesy to the man I had just locked in a chastity cage. Nor did it to me. The look on Brian’s face was priceless. He hugged me tightly. For a moment, I thought he might cry. Then we kissed. Boy, did we kiss! Since we had been married, he had never kissed me for more than a minute or two before the clothes started coming off. Now, with the device preventing an erection, he was brought right to the edge of desire for me without being permitted to go further.

Brian then dressed for his first day at work wearing the device. He was nervous.

“Do you think it will show through my pants?” Brian said. “The bulge, I mean.”

He did some modeling, and I looked him over from different angles.

“As far as I can tell, it seems imperceptible,” I said. “If anyone notices, they will probably think you’re better endowed than you actually are.”

“Thanks for that,” Brian said wryly.

We both laughed. After kissing me again, Brian left for work. I thought about him throughout the day and wondered what he must be feeling and thinking. I found a simple, delicate silver chain in my jewelry box. After threading the key onto the chain, I put it around my neck.

* * *

When Brian got home, right on time for a change, he told me all about his day.

“Every time I moved, babe,” he said, “whenever I stood up or walked, the cage constantly reminded me it was there.”

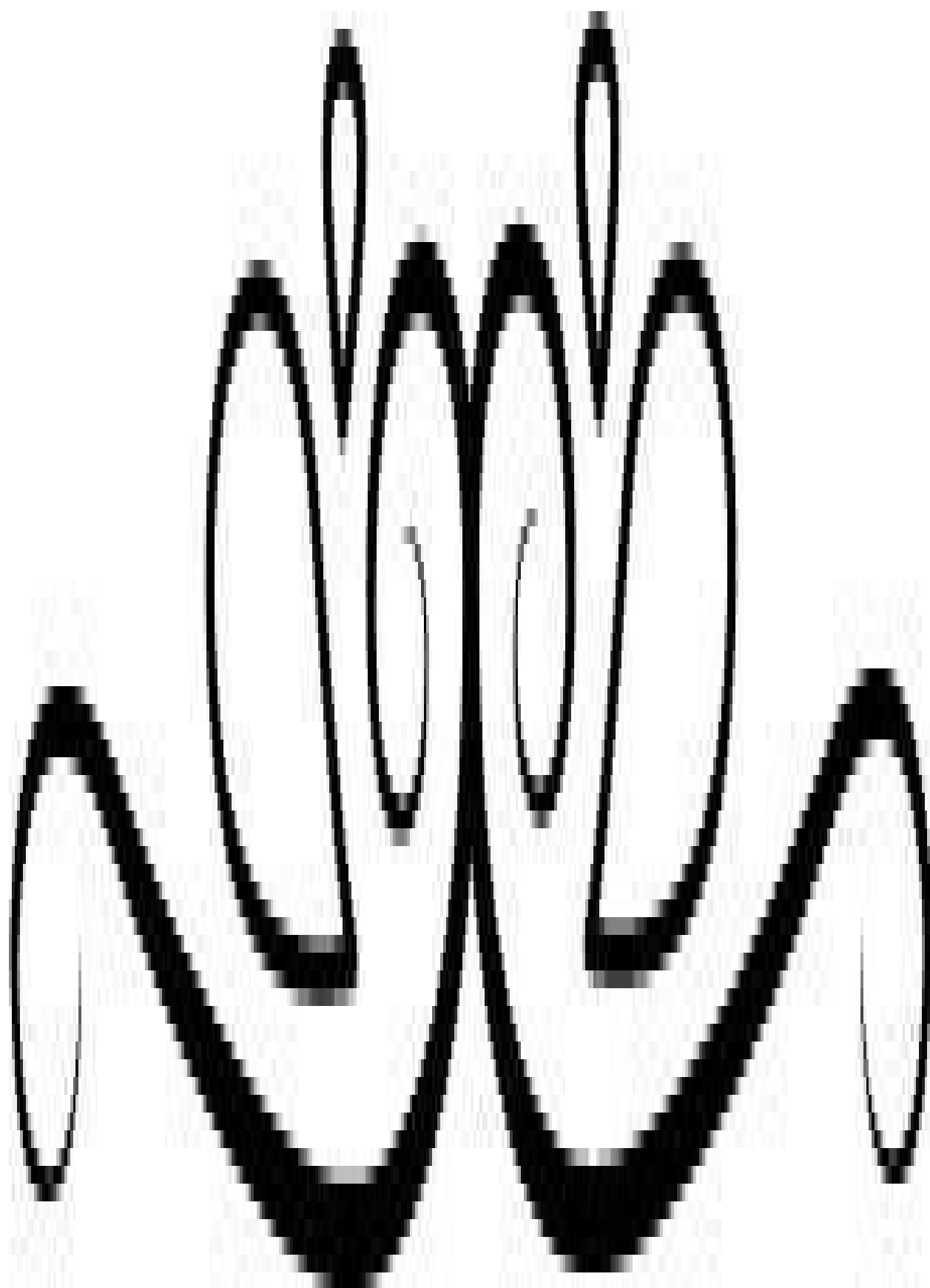
His face was radiant. He looked joyful.

“I could feel the weight of the device like a gentle but firm hand holding me throughout the day,” he said. “Keeping you always first in my thoughts, honey.”

Brian went on to say that he felt like an infatuated schoolboy again. He felt those same butterflies in his stomach as his thoughts of me and desires for me arose spontaneously throughout the day.

That night we made sure the device was still fitting okay. I closely inspected him, especially around the ring, looking for signs of chafing and broken skin. That morning, we had taken the precaution of putting a little lubricant around the inside of the ring before I put it on him. It had paid off, and everything looked fine. Brian said the cage felt completely comfortable.

The evening flew by, and we went to bed. It was like a dream come true for me. We cuddled and kissed and touched each other lovingly. All the while, it felt so romantic and so freeing because, for the first time during our marriage, I didn't feel pressured to go any further.



The first night of sleeping with the cage, Brian learned he had a few adjustments to make. He had always been a stomach sleeper, but the cage made that uncomfortable. Next, he tried sleeping on his back but couldn't fall asleep. Thankfully, he found a comfortable position sleeping on his side since that meant he stopped tossing and turning, and we both got some sleep. But around three in the morning, another problem popped up, literally. Brian had one of those spontaneous erections of the penis it seems guys naturally get during sleep or when waking up. He had started tossing and turning again and it woke me up.

"What's wrong, Brian?" I asked.

"I have an erection, and the cage feels really tight and uncomfortable," Brian said. "Maybe we should take it off. It hurts a little."

I'd read about the issue with nocturnal penile tumescence some men have when first beginning chastity. I knew it wasn't dangerous or anything, and I'd read a suggestion for taking care of it.

"Go to the bathroom and try to pee," I said. "It should make the erection go away."

Brian got out of bed and went to the bathroom. He came back to bed after a few moments.

"How did you know that would work?" he said. "It feels much better now."

"I learned about it from a blog I read," I said. "They say your penis will adjust to it, and the nighttime erections will stop, or you will stop noticing them after a few days."

Problem solved, we went back to sleep.

* * *

Another day flew by. We continued keeping a close watch on things but found that the device was fitting well and causing Brian no problems. From what I'd read on the net, I knew he was lucky. I'd learned that many men required considerable trial and error to get the right fit and to find the right device so they could wear a cage comfortably for long periods. The CB-6000 seemed made for my husband, and I knew it was one of the most popular chastity devices on the market.

Now it was time to play the game for real. I say game because, in many ways, male chastity is a game and can be a lot of fun for both partners. However, neither of us wanted to take it lightly. As with a sport, to keep it fun, you must take the game seriously.

Having thought beyond the 12-day trial, I asked Brian how long he wanted to stay locked up. He had responded that it was up to me to make that decision. He said it wasn't his goal to stay locked up for any specific length of time. He only desired to hand that power over to me and let me decide when he was locked and for how long.

I had done my part by continuing to research male chastity on the internet and felt a rush of confidence as I responded, "Very well. I accept the responsibility," I said. "You will remain locked up for no less than one week at a time. And, I reserve the right to extend that if I see fit."

It was a little hard not to giggle as I said it, but what followed was another marathon make-out session while his cock stayed firmly locked in the cage.

The next few days were like being engaged again. Flowers magically appeared on our kitchen table. Chores got done around the house without me having to ask. He treated me to spontaneous back massages and foot massages, my favorite thing ever. I think what I liked most was the little smiles and glances we started giving each other. We were meeting each other's eyes and connecting in ways we hadn't since we were dating.

As the week went on I kept reading and learning more about the chastity experience. One important thing I learned was you couldn't just lock up a guy's cock and forget about it, expecting him magically to turn into a prince. If he feels abandoned or that the locked chastity cage is nothing more than a tool to manipulate him, then he will lose that erotic feeling that makes it exciting. Then

chastity becomes nothing more than a chore.

Chastity devices are only so secure, and if a guy is motivated to remove one, he may get out a tool of some sort and set himself free. My husband is very white collar and doesn't have tools. For him, escaping would mean a trip to the local locksmith, which isn't something I could ever imagine him doing. He would die of embarrassment. Instead, Brian would probably beg me to unlock him if he became that desperate.

The key to keeping the game fun and erotic, and therefore keeping it going perpetually, is to continue to stoke your man's passions while not allowing him to fulfill them. It's easy to do. The way I see it, it comes down to the three Ts—Touching, Teasing, and Thongs (or dressing sexy). Of course, wearing revealing clothing around your man when no one else is around or doing things like bending over, flashing some cleavage, or going braless is also teasing that is sure to stoke his arousal. Brushing against him as you pass one another or running a toe along his foot while sitting together takes almost no effort and adds to his smoldering fire.

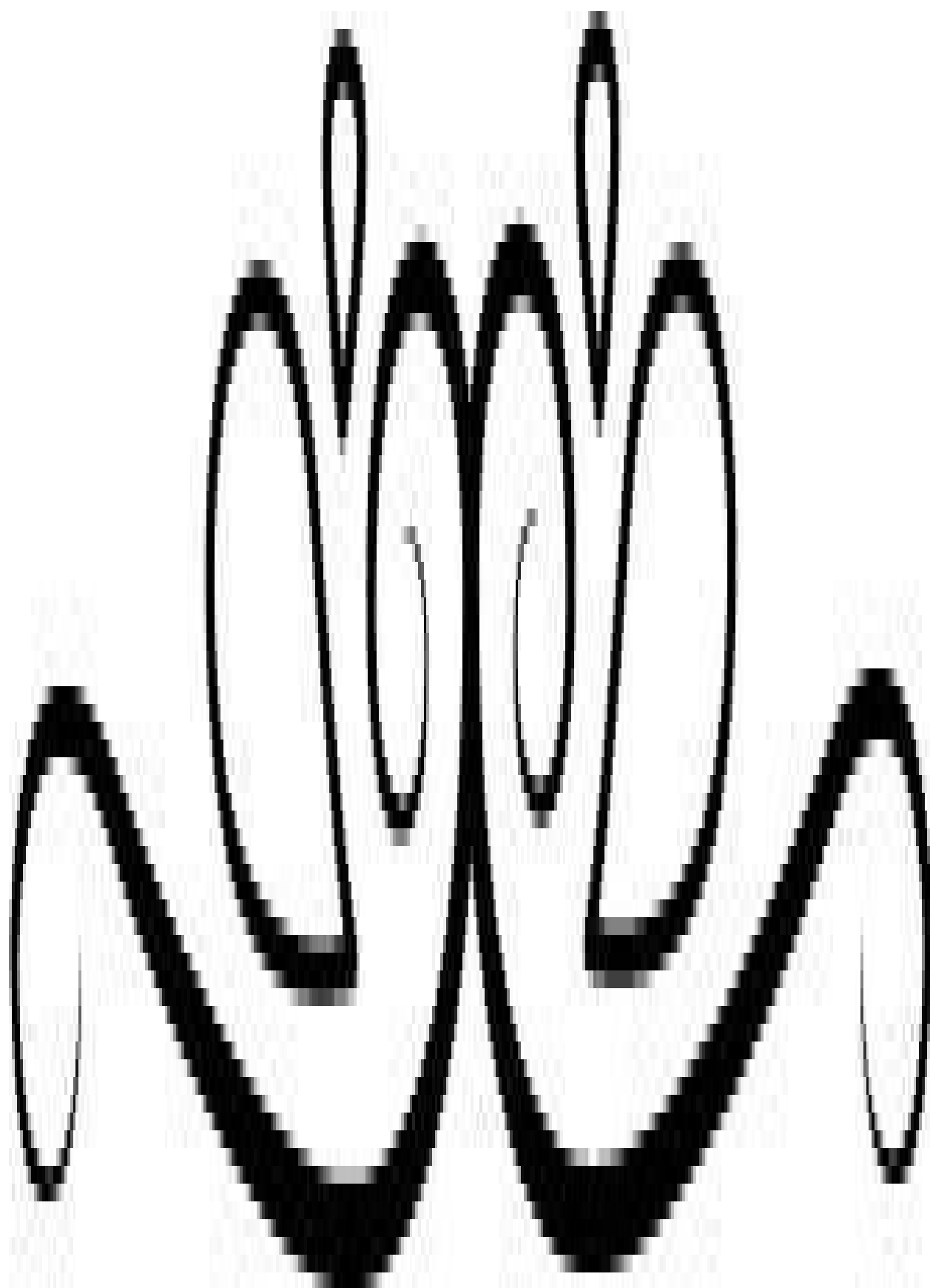
The most effective way to tease, however, is innocently dropping little playful comments here and there. Some might be very straightforward: "How is that cage feeling today?" or, "It's been so long, I wonder if I can still remember where I hid that key," or, "Are you sure we should watch this movie? I hear [insert the name of an attractive female movie star] appears in a sexy scene, and that might get painful for you."

Other teasing I use is more subtle, like pondering aloud what it might be like for me to kiss another girl (another common male fantasy). Or sometimes I even muse aloud about what it might be like to kiss another guy, a hottie movie star, or maybe even one of my husband's friends. That one always seems to get Brian going. I also get a rise out of him by using trigger words like "lock," "key," "device," "trapped," "cage," etc., in casual public conversation. He always blushes when I use them, and I know I've just given him a little jolt where it counts. The key to keeping him locked up and on his toes isn't the little silver key I wear on the chain around my neck. It's the constant teasing that keeps his arousal and his desire for me burning.

Something else I've learned is that male chastity began as a kink in the BDSM community. Many of the links you will find on the net about chastity will point

you toward other related BDSM practices. But you don't have to go there unless you want to explore BDSM. Interest in chastity has grown beyond the BDSM community. If activities like spanking, cross-dressing, forced feminization, or any other activity don't hold any appeal for you, then you're under no obligation to incorporate any of it. Never let someone tell you how you should play the chastity game. That is up to you and your partner. You can make it anything you like. You can be a key holder for a chaste man without being a whip-wielding dominatrix.

Brian completed his first week locked in chastity on a Saturday. We had the entire weekend to spend together, and that's when chastity really got fun for me.



Saturday morning, I removed Brian's cage so he could clean his body properly in the shower and could give the cage a thorough cleaning. The one thing about the CB-6000 is it completely encloses the penis. Over the course of a week, things like urine dribble inside the tube, dead skin cells, and even leaking pre-ejaculatory fluid build up. It is not only unsanitary, but it can smell awful. Based on advice I'd found on the net, we had agreed I would unlock Brian once a week for cleaning and maintenance.

Since it isn't Brian's way to talk about such things and I've never asked, I really know nothing about his masturbation habits. But he is a guy, so I assume he does it sometimes or did before we started chastity. Knowing how horny he was, I warned him not to even think about wanking in the shower, which made him blush.

Once Brian had showered and sanitized the cage, I put it back on him and locked him up. That is, once I had used a cold washcloth on him to return his erect penis to flaccid again.

There wasn't any doubt how horny having his cock locked made Brian, but what surprised me was how aroused I felt that Saturday morning after getting him back in the cage. I suggested we go back to bed for a while for a little make-out session, and Brian quickly agreed. He was still naked, and I got undressed. We kissed and touched each other for a while, and we both got pretty worked up. Out of the blue, Brian asked me if he could give me oral sex. His request totally shocked me, but I quickly agreed. Here is why I was shocked.

I dated a guy in college before I met Brian, who introduced me to oral sex for the first time. The best part about it was he enjoyed giving it as much as receiving it. I never enjoyed giving it so much, but I sure learned to love the receiving. I always missed that about the guy when we stopped seeing each other. Then I met Brian. Sadly, he wasn't that interested in oral sex. Since he didn't expect me to suck his cock, it seemed selfish to ask him to eat my pussy. Brian had rarely gone down on me even after we married. So, I learned to live without it. Obviously, it wasn't a deal-breaker since I married him. But I still missed it because it was a way I could reliably reach climax during sex. Not to belabor the point, but I think I've mentioned Brian had always finished rather quickly whenever we had sex. I had come during penetration with guys I dated before I

met Brian, but never since. Just when I was getting close, it would be all over.

Anyway, here is what happened that delightful Saturday morning.

“Can I lick your pussy?” Brian whispered.

“What?” I exclaimed. “You want to?”

“Yes, please,” Brian said. “You’re giving me what I wanted so much, and I want to make sure I meet your needs.”

My pussy clinched. I licked my lips.

“Yes, you may,” I said, flopping over on my back and spreading my legs wide.

Brian crawled between my legs, gripped my thighs, and positioned his mouth over my pussy. I squirmed at the mere feel of his warm breath on my sex. He swirled his tongue over my clit, and he ran up and down the moist slit between my labia.

“Fuck!” I squealed, my mouth hanging open as he lapped at my pussy, while drawing a fingertip around the opening.

Brian’s tongue rippled over my clit, sending jolts of pleasure coursing throughout my entire pelvic area. Then he thrust two fingers inside me, causing me to arch my back, crying out in pleasure.

“Why have you never been interested in going down on me before?” I asked.

“I could never wait to be inside you,” Brian mumbled.

“Well, if you had done this more, I might’ve wanted sex more often—ah!”

His tongue fluttered across my clit again, making me squirm at his feather-light touch.

“Relax,” Brian said. “Let me make you come.”

I lay on my back with my eyes closed as Brian’s tongue undulated over my clitoris while his slick fingers thrust in and out of my pussy. He withdrew his fingers and slid his tongue up to the entrance of my pussy. I gasped as he snaked

it inside, teasing and exploring. I moaned. I'd almost forgot how good oral sex felt.

The tip of Brian's tongue glided across my urethra.

"Oh my god," I said. "Do that again."

Brian slid his tongue out of me and fixed his mouth over my clitoris. He licked and sucked, making my entire lower body quake. I embedded my face in a pillow to muffle my cries, making the sounds muffled. He continued to lick and suck and squeeze. My legs felt like jelly. For a second, I was genuinely concerned about passing out from him eating my pussy.

Brian held firmly to my hips, his tongue unrelenting. I clung to the fabric of the bed sheet as the throbbing behind my clit deepened and swelled. Clenching my jaw, I pressed my mouth against the pillow as the orgasm washed over me like a tidal wave. My eyes clamped shut, and every muscle in my body tightened and then released in quick succession. Gasping for breath, I shuddered as Brian tenderly kissed my clitoris.

"Wow!" I said.

"I take it you enjoyed that," Brian said, grinning up at me from between my shaky legs.

"You're a master of the understatement," I said, grinning. "And you're very good at eating pussy."

"I don't know why I didn't do it more before," Brian said. "It's really hot. My cock is straining and throbbing inside the cage."

"Maybe you should do it more now," I said. "You know, to see if you really like doing it."

Brian laughed. "Okay," he said and went back to licking.

I admit I lost all track of time and don't know how long Brian continued. By the third orgasm, my mind had turned to mush. All I know is it was some of the greatest sex I'd ever had with my husband. If this was what chastity was about, I was all for it.

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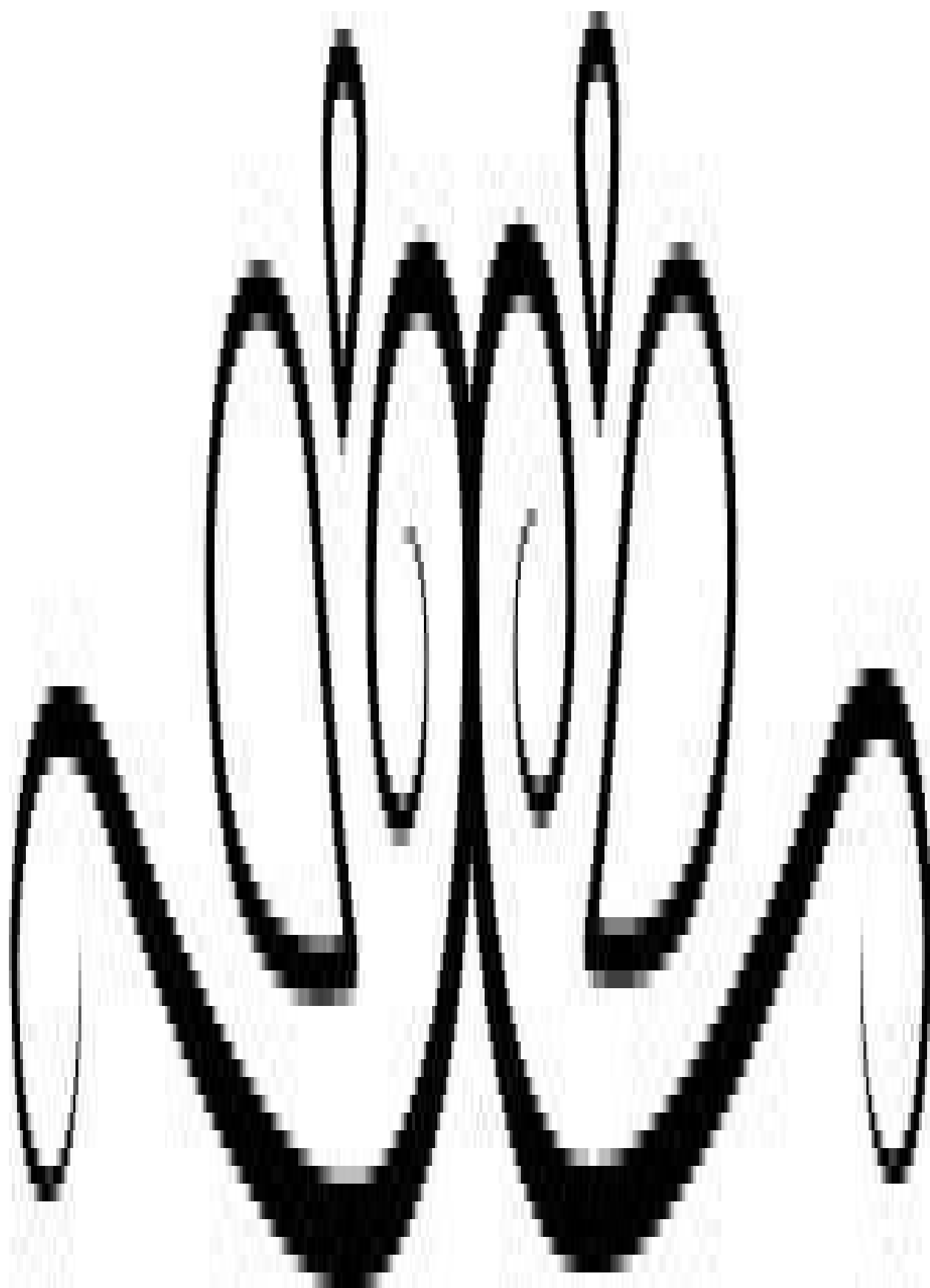
Christmas morning finally came, and our “Twelve Days of Chastity” trial ended. After opening our gifts, Brian and I sat down for another male chastity talk. Frankly, I was a little nervous because I believed keeping Brian’s cock caged had already changed our relationship for the better in so many wonderful ways. I worried a little that chastity might only be a passing fancy for him, and now that he had experienced it, Brian might want to return to the way things were before. Thankfully, that didn’t happen. He told me he wanted me to continue being his keyholder, to continue owning his sex. Feeling a rush of relief, I agreed.

We’ve since made a few changes to our original ground rules. Occasionally, when I’m in the mood for it, we have intercourse. But I don’t allow Brian to orgasm and ejaculate. He knows that when he gets close, I expect him to stop until the urge to come dissipates, and then we continue. As a result, I now sometimes reach climax during penetration. Brian also eagerly goes down on me whenever I want it, and I’m no longer afraid to ask for it if he doesn’t offer. But I don’t have to ask often because Brian truly seems to enjoy doing it now.

I’ve accumulated a few sex toys since we started chastity and I often allow Brian to bring me to orgasm with dildos and vibrators. Candidly, I felt a little guilty at first getting more orgasms than I’ve ever had in my life when Brian’s cock remains locked, and he never gets to come during sex. But it is the way Brian wants it, too. He loves the constant arousal, and I do my part by teasing him mercilessly to keep him horny. We’re both getting what we want from our male chastity journey.

We’ve since exchanged the CB-6000 for a custom-made stainless steel cage that truly looks like a cage. Brian loves the extra heft of it, and I find it more aesthetically pleasing. It’s an open-type cage, sort of like a tiny birdcage that fits over my husband’s cock. That makes it easier for Brian to keep the contents clean during the week.

I’ve seen many positive changes in Brian since our initial 12-day trial. Let me tell you a little about how he has changed and how he hasn’t.



How has male chastity changed Brian? Let me begin with this. Contrary to some of my initial fears, chastity has not transformed him into a sissy or a freak. Brian is the same macho, confident guy I feel in love with. He is still the boss at work, and he is still very outspoken and influential among our friends and in our community. Brian has changed in many positive ways, though. He now knows how to show his love for me, and how to please me sexually. Perhaps it's not so much a matter of knowing how, but a matter of feeling the urge to do so.

I think that the biggest change has been his change in character. Brian has always treated me well, but now he puts my romantic and sexual needs above his sexual needs. Let me rephrase that. His sexual needs now include putting my romantic needs first, if that makes sense. It's not only a manipulative thing either. It's not: "I want sex, so I better do what Juliet wants so she will unlock me." Brian knows it doesn't work like that, and he wouldn't want it to work that way. He seems to have submitted something to me on a deeper level, and he gets pleasure from giving me pleasure on my terms. He now seems to get as much satisfaction from giving me orgasms as having them himself.

I have changed too. I am far more confident in my sexuality and feel the freedom to express myself without fear of Brian expecting me to submit sexually as a result. I can flirt with my husband and tease him and be sexually liberated as I wish, knowing I am enhancing my husband's chastity experience without giving anything up. I think that confidence is spilling over into other areas of my life as well. I never would have had the courage to share this story only a few months ago.

There is truly one great irony in all this. As we have pursued what I first believed was some weird, kinky sexual fantasy, it has fulfilled all of my romantic yearnings beyond my wildest dreams. All of our kissing is now done solely for the sake of kissing because for Brian, that's as far as it goes. Besides our fitness runs together, we now take romantic walks in the hills. We do all those things I've always wanted, and we do them because it pleases Brian too.

I don't know how well I've described it, and frankly, I'm still learning about male chastity myself. I don't know where or how far it may lead us or whether someday it might end. Brian has never faltered in his commitment to remain locked in chastity yet. But I suppose there is a chance that someday he may

decide he no longer desires it. I hope that never happens because I know we're having a lot of fun right now. We're both more sexually fulfilled and closer than ever. Our marriage feels so much more solid.

My advice to any woman whose husband or partner comes to her and asks her to lock up his cock is this. Please try it! It has an amazing potential to change your relationship for the better. It has certainly put the romance back into my marriage, and I now have what I consider the perfect husband.

Let's face it, ladies. A man uses his penis for three-things—to impregnate, urinate, and please his partner. He can pee while his cock is locked in a chastity cage, although he may have to sit on the toilet instead of standing as he is accustomed to doing. So, unless a woman wants to get pregnant or have intercourse, I think it's best to keep your man's cock caged. I encourage every woman to give male chastity with her partner a try. I believe you will be glad you did. I know I am. Agreeing to fulfill my husband's fantasy is one of the best decisions I've ever made.



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

An unassuming IT systems technician encounters a devastatingly beautiful woman one morning at his regular coffee shop, he finds it unsettling when she shows an interest in him and starts asking intimate questions. But the gorgeous, assertive woman persists in pursuing him.

A photograph of a woman's legs from the knees down, wearing black high-heeled sandals with multiple straps. The legs are raised and bent at the knees, with one leg positioned higher than the other. The background is plain white.

THE AGREEMENT

A Male Chastity Story

J K SPENSER

The Agreement

When an unassuming IT systems technician encounters a devastatingly beautiful woman one morning at his regular coffee shop, he finds it unsettling when she shows an interest in him and starts asking intimate questions. His first inclination is to rebuff her when it seems she senses the submissive nature he has tried hard to hide and suppress. But the gorgeous woman persists and invites him for a drink at a local nightspot.

At first, he has no intention of keeping the date, but like a moth to flame, he finds himself reluctantly drawn to the woman's assertive nature. The next thing he knows, he winds up inside her luxurious waterfront penthouse condo. Things get steamy, but the sex he had expected doesn't go quite the way he thought it would, and he ends up locked in a chastity cage.

As the guy discovers the intricacies of tease and denial and the challenges and rewards of being the submissive boyfriend of a stunning dominant woman, he finds being kept under lock and key in submission to female authority might be what his nature suits him for best.