

The Side Gig: The Second Belt

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My first experience as a Chastity Belt Tester had been amazing. Utterly frustrating too, of course...but amazing. In particular, the day the belt had come off had been one of the best days I've had in years. I took the day off completely to 'spend time with myself,' and the results were more than I could have ever dreamed. I was *sensitive* when the belt came off. So much so that I actually had to take my first session slow and gentle despite painful levels of desire...and the resulting climax was explosive, the single most powerful of my life. And the follow on orgasms were almost as good, I counted the first time 'super-peak,' before I kind of lost track. I know I passed out at least twice, and the memories of the rest of the day are a sort of a haze of pleasure. The following day hadn't been as good, given how sore my extreme masturbation left me, but it was still pleasant, even just being able to casually touch my pussy had sent a weird sort of thrill through me, making me excite easily. Before that weekend was over...I'd already determined that I would be going back. In truth, the only thing that really disappointed me is that I don't currently have a lover. That would have made my weekend of freedom even more enjoyable, I suspect. As it was, the third day of my little three-day cum-vacation was almost as amazing as the first, the thrill of anticipation over the thought that I was going to lose access to my pussy again the very next day built desperate sort of need to get off properly, while I still could. I was a bit more careful, though, not to leave myself too sore. It could suck to be irritate when I won't be able to soothe it.



On Monday, I made my way back to the Elysium Center, far less nervous when I spoke to Marcus this time. He waved me through fairly quickly after check-in and I headed toward the research labs. I'd talked to Dr. Myria this morning and she'd been excited that I'd agreed to come back for another round of testing, this time with a belt that they truly needed feedback on. She'd gone over the details of my increased pay and a few bounties on any design flaws, then arranged for me to come in and see Elizabeth. As she wanted me to be comfortable and wasn't available to greet me herself, she'd at least arranged that I'd be dealing straight with my first lab technician, though she warned that such might not always be the case.



“Hello, Sam! I’m glad to see you decided to stick with our program! Did you enjoy your first test?”

I blushed, fighting not to look away as I nodded a bit. Elizabeth giggled at my reaction.

“No need to be shy, dear...I admit I’ve enjoyed using some of the belts enough that I’ve bought a couple. Though I don’t use them all the time like Dr. Myria does.”

I blinked, nonplussed at the revelation that the doctor wears a belt all the time. That's...making me blush for an entirely different reason. One that seems to cause more amusement in Elizabeth as she giggles again. She quickly waves her hand afterward, despite still grinning.

"But let's get onto why you're actually here, okay? From the feedback you gave, I think you'll either love or hate the belt we have for you this time. Or, more likely, I think you'll love to hate it! Why don't you strip down and lie on the table? I need to do a quick check on you, and I can tell you about the new belt while I do."



I quickly obey...and equally quickly find myself trying not to moan as the technician explores my pussy with lubed fingers.

“Hmmm, I little irritation. Not unexpected from the...ah...need for relief you probably had. I’ll add some simple ointment to speed up repair while I tell you about the test, okay?”

I nod...and fail to suppress a moan as the fingers return with a warm, soothing cream that Elizabeth begins applying everywhere, inside and out. She merely winks at my moan and begins talking as she works.

“The belt you’ll be testing this time is a much higher-tech model, designed to do more than just keep someone chaste. In addition to features like a digital locking system and countdown timer...it also comes with a paired toy that we insert beforehand. The toy has the latest in battery tech so it should last the whole duration, though that’s one thing you’ll be reporting back on.”

Elizabeth finishes applying the cream, frowning at you a bit regretfully.

“Normally, I’d offer you a last climax before belting you up...but you were a bit chaffed already. Best we not aggravate that right before locking you up, particularly since the duration is a full month this time. Well, a few hours short of a month, I guess. We have your follow-up appointment already set up and it’s earlier in the day next time.”

I nod at that, a bit disappointed that she didn’t offer help this time, but understanding why she didn’t. And the duration is no surprise, Dr. Myria having warned me ahead of time.



Elizabeth walks away for a moment, then returns with a pink toy in hand. Thankfully, it doesn't look that big...

"Now, I've got to warn you what this little monster is for...because it isn't to make you cum." Elizabeth grins a bit wickedly. "Instead, it's purpose is to tease you for the duration. At random intervals you won't be in control of, it will turn on for random time periods. Its constant movement will generally help keep you wet enough that it won't be uncomfortable when it does...but what it actually does do is worse in a way." She taps the toy against your pussy teasingly, seeming to enjoy herself a bit. "It'll rev you up...but it's linked to a sophisticated sensor suite in the belt that can tell if you're about to cum...and it will stop shy of letting you."

I blink, gulping as I stare at the innocent looking thing, remembering a few stories I'd read while stuck in the first belt. "It won't...do anything to prevent me from cumming, will it?"

Elizabeth quickly and firmly shakes her head. "No! Nothing like that. Though you'll find that the belt it's paired with is considerably more secure against you pleasuring yourself than the first one was. Since you've reported that you can't cum from pure breast stimulation, you'll find it pretty hard to actually cum at all...in fact there's a bounty this time if you manage it. Report how you did it and you'll get a bonus. This system is designed specifically for prolonged teasing, so any ability to cum with it on is a design flaw."

That's...a bit concerning. But I'm hardly going to back out now. I'll either find a way and earn a bonus...or be even more gagging for it when I get out this time than I was with the last. Maybe I should try to find a boyfriend...or girlfriend...or something? I've never been casual about that sort of thing, though, so that doesn't feel quite right...

"Alright, sweetie, time to get this little devil inside you, alright?"

You nod and Elizabeth applies some extra lube to the toy...





There's no way I can hold in a moan as Elizabeth eases the toy into my pussy. It's not a large toy, which is both disappointing and probably a good thing. Even so, I was already more than primed by her earlier efforts to spread first ointment, then lube. She merely smirks at my moan...and takes her time posing and repositioning the toy a few times. Part of me wants to regret that, knowing I wouldn't be getting off before the belt was in place...but the rest of me couldn't care less, simply reveling

in the pleasure.



The belt comes next and I gulp, trying to suppress the shiver of...arousal? Anticipation? Fear? Even I'm not sure exactly what it is. But the feel of the belt being fit onto me, followed by the click of the lock and the ignition of that little countdown time did something powerful to my body and mind. I was only barely aware as Elizabeth began talking again. Thankfully, she seems to have realized that and is repeating herself.

“Just a few things to know, sweetie. The belt has a pretty long-lasting battery, and both it and the toy will feed a bit off the kinetic energy of you moving around. Even so, make sure you report it to us if the low battery light for either the belt or toy appear.” She smirked wickedly. “That’s the official bit out of the way...the less official bit is just a bit of information regarding the belt. You can go ahead and stand first though, get a feel for it.”



I quickly do as she suggests, standing and instinctively reaching down to feel the metal locking away my sex. I quickly realize there is something odd. While it feels *sort of* like metal, it has give to it in places and the texture isn't quite right? Elizabeth grins at my confused expression before launching into an explanation.

"That may look like metal...but it's actually an advanced metallic polymer that conforms to your body while still allowing some flex for movement. It's designed for long-term wear and you'll find that you can even move it around a tiny bit at the waist to keep it from always digging into the same place all the time. The shield portion is a different story, though. It's far more advanced than your last belt, with multiple layers of protection. In addition to the obvious shield, there are layers of kinetic-dampening materials designed specifically to suppress vibrations over and around your clit, making it effectively impossible to get any sensation through it even with something like a Wand. That protection doesn't extend down to your pussy itself, since doing so wouldn't let us put the needed holes for urination in it, but you're still going to struggle a lot to get enough sensation to matter."

Part of me is thrilled...another part horrified. Am I really going to be teased for an entire month and fail to cum even once? I gulp and shudder at the thought. I wonder, if I really can't manage to beat the belt, what touching myself afterward is going to feel like this time...maybe I'll even be too sensitive to cum right away? That's...I don't know how to feel about that, actually.

Elizabeth talks me through a few more details, mostly safety concerns and features, before finally sending me on my way with a few sympathetic words and encouraging comments...



As happened last time, I needed to rush off to class shortly after getting the new belt. This time, however...I was greeted midway through the lecture by the teasing buzz of the toy inside me. A gasp escaped before I could stop it and I had to quickly pretend to have struck my elbow on the seat arm. After the mild curiosity of those around me turned away, I had to bear down on my will to keep my voice in as the toy continued to buzz. Thankfully, it only went on for a couple of minutes...the first time. The bastard thing activated once more, for even longer, before the class was over!



Worse, it wasn't the only place it happened. It didn't matter where I was, at completely random intervals, the toy would turn on and tease me...sometimes even pushing me right to the brink of cumming before shutting down, driving me slowly insane with need...



And worst of all, I quickly discovered that Elizabeth had been right about it being impossible to cum in this fucking belt! The bar that ran between my cheeks was enough to prevent anal penetration with anything more than a crooked finger...and even with the finger I couldn't get any thrust. The wand I'd used before couldn't get the slightest sensation through to my clit...and the vibration on my pussy itself was not going to be enough to cum anytime soon. Two weeks of increasingly desperate efforts for relief from the teasing had me constantly horny and willing to do almost anything to cum...



And then it got bad enough to distract me at work, my strength of will unable to keep in the moans when the toy was feeling particularly mean and edging me repeatedly. So I had to find a corner to hide in when that happened...and that's where Tammy caught me.





“Hey, sugar tits! What you doin—wait, did you just moan?”

Fuck! Tammy doesn't work shifts often, despite having gotten me this job...but her mother owns the hotel, so she's around fairly frequently. And right now, I can't open my mouth without moaning, as the toy has been edging me on and off for an hour! I can't even find the strength to pull away when the grinning she-devil that is my best friend gets closer and cocks her head, leaning down to listen.

“Heeeeyyy, I hear buzzing? Are you masturbating right now?!”

Despite my mortal embarrassment, her discovery of me when I was desperately trying to cum...almost made me do just that. Which, of course...turned off the toy. A curse spilled passed my lips, startling Tammy.

“Woah, sugar tits! I can totally leave you alone to cum, no need to be angry!”

I sighed, reaching out to hug her on instinct. “I cannnnn”tttt.”

She blinked in confusion even as she hugged me back. “Uhhh, why not? I mean, I won’t tell anyone.”

I rocked back and forth, undecided for a moment...then decided ‘fuck it.’ This is totally her fault for sending me that job ad anyway! At least this way I can vent to someone if she knows!

“Not here! Come on.”

I grab Tammy’s hand and quickly drag her towards the supply and maintenance closet...



When Tammy had shut the door behind her, I tentatively face her and reach to raise the hem of my skirt.

“Um, you know that job ad you sent me a while back...the...tester job?”

Tammy looks blank for a moment...until the glint of metal becomes visible as I just barely raise my skirt high enough. With that visible clue, her eyes light up with recognition...quickly followed by fires of unholy glee...

“The *chastity belt* tester position? Is that...?”



“Holy shit, it is! You actually did it! Wait...double holy shit! Is there a toy locked inside?!”

I nod, trying not to moan just from the situation...let alone the dull feeling of her hands exploring the belt, occasionally grazing my inner thigh.

“It’s a prototype they wanted me to test. The toy teases you but won’t let you cum. I’ve been trying *so fucking hard* to cum since it got put on two weeks ago...and nothing.”

Tammy blinks up me for a moment, clearly thinking...then grins wickedly. “Two weeks? And its been teasing you constantly? I bet you’re fucking gagging for it...hmm I wonder just what you’d do to cum at this point?”

“Anything!” I blurt the thought out, not even thinking of its implications until after it was out...then I blush, even as Tammy’s moment of surprise morphs into a smirk.

“Anything, huh? How about everything? As in, I promise to help you cum... I even have an idea how to do it...but only if you obey my every order.”

I blink down at Tammy in shock...wetting my lips unconsciously. Tammy and I have...fooled around a bit, a few times, mostly when we were younger. Even to the point of making each other cum with our fingers...but that was about it. Was I really desperate enough...scratch that. I was *definitely* desperate enough. But could she even manage it?

“I’ve...tried just about everything. Not even a Wand can get vibrations through it...and this one blocks anal pretty well.”

Tammy just grins, cocky. “Yep, I felt that metal bar thing, bet you can’t thrust in the backdoor even if you get something in there. But I think I’ve got a solution...so what about it, princess? You do everything I order, however I order it...and I do everything in my power to make you cum?”

I’d like to claim I hesitated to answer.

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But that would be a lie.



My shift had been almost over and, somehow, Tammy wheedled the boss into letting me go early. By the time we reached her apartment, I might have gotten cold feet...if the blasted toy hadn't triggered twice for brief flashes of teasing while we were on the subway. And...also if Tammy had kept her hands to herself. Which she *definitely* hadn't. Not that I was really in the state of mind to complain. Even with my desperate arousal, though, I falter inside the door, looking to Tammy for courage and guidance. She grins, jumping down into the sunken area of the living room, and confidently gives me her first order.

"Well? What are you waiting for? Come down here and strip! I need to get a better look...and feel...for what I'm working with!"

That...isn't anything major, really. Tammy has seen me naked plenty of times. This time, it does feel different as I obey though. Perhaps...because I'm obeying? Or maybe just because of the situation. Either way, she whistles appreciatively as she gets a good look at me, swaying around me in a circle. Surprisingly, she only pays a little attention to the belt...though she does wince in sympathy for a moment at the amount of time left on the display. She spends the majority of the time simply looking at...me. She gently trails fingernails along my stomach and over my breasts, softly grazing my nipples before finally stepping up and embracing me from behind.



“You’re beautiful, you know? I always kinda of wondered what it would be like...and now I’m going to find out. Well...mostly. Maybe I’ll have to capture you again when your pussy isn’t locked away...though maybe not. Having you helpless to cum without my help like this is kinda a turn on.”

I whimper at the wicked tone of her voice at the end, another unknown, half-understood thrill running through me at her words...at her breath on my ear, her body pressed into mine. My breath hitched even as she begins to lay gentle kisses along my throat, pulling me slowly back toward the couch.





I'm not quite sure when she lost her top, though I vaguely remember her shimmying out of her skirt and kicking it aside as she crawled on top of me. Then her hand is at my breasts, her teeth gently nibbling at my nipple, her own breasts pressing into my skin all around the belt. I'd love to say I'm composed and sexy...but I'm nothing of the sort. My pussy is on fire under the cold embrace of the belt and I moan like a horny slut with every touch. But all of it is torture...because she can't do anything more. She seems to understand the frustration in my eyes, as she pulls back and speaks.

"Oh, don't worry, I've got a plan. Now, up! Into the bedroom with you!"

She slides off of me, letting me stand, and after a moment to gather my scattered mind back into one piece, I stand on unsteady legs. Tammy helps steady me for a moment, then slaps my ass to get me moving. With a yelp, I moved toward her bedroom.



This apartment belongs to Tammy's mother, of course, one of a number of properties the formidable woman has throughout the city. As such, there's a lot Tammy isn't allowed to change...but the things she has added or modified stand out all the more strikingly. The very same bed who's sinful feel originally made me buy

my own copy, the pink laptop and silly neon sign on one wall. It was all familiar, all of it matching my friend's quirky personality far more than the grey walls and carpet of the high rise.

“Sit on the bed, sugar tits! I've got a little something to make this more fun...”

I obey silently, eyes only widening when she comes back with a pair of handcuffs! I start to protest, but she puts her finger to my lips.

“Nope! You promised to obey my every command if I would just make you cum. So, turn around and gives me your hands! If that belt is making you horny...I can only imagine that being my helpless little toy might make you cum all on its own.”



I gulp, but can't deny that her teasing suggestion had sent another of those half-understood shivers through me. Part of me wants to be helpless...and all of me trusts her. Not to do what is smart or wise, maybe...but she'd never actually do anything to hurt me. Not even on accident. I shuffle around and hold my hands silently behind my back, presenting them to her.

"Good girl! I'll make sure you get alllll the treats~!"

It's embarrassing that her sing-song comment actually felt kind of good, so I merely remain silent as she cuffs me...then pulls out a blindfold! I open my mouth again to protest...but this time I closed it without a word from her and let her tie it in place. Once tied, she gently lays me back onto the bed. I can feel the weight of the bed shift as she climbs onto it with me a moment later.



There was no warning when she pinched my nipple. And none when she withdrew. Tickling and teasing strokes fall all over my body for a few minutes, then I feel her straddling my right leg. I shudder as my scrambled brain processes the feel of her drooling pussy rubbing on my body. I whimper as I ache for that sensation for

myself. Her hands return and this time don't leave, groping and kneading as moans spill from my lips. Not knowing where it was going to come from, not being able to see her actions, all of it was enhancing my sense of every touch...but I know it still won't be enough to cum. Then...I feel a much stronger bite on one nipple.

I cry out with mixed pleasure and pain as first one, then the other nipple is secured in clamps. Clamps which, mere moments later, begin to lightly vibrate, sending a constant wave of stimulation through my breasts. Tammy's weight disappears for a moment...then she's back, touching something to the bar between my legs.



“I knew the solution the moment I felt the bar, you know. I realized you couldn’t get a regular toy in your ass. But this one is a fun little favorite of mine I picked up a while back, thoroughly cleaned, I promise.”

I feel a finger slip around the bar, covered in thick lube. It rubs the lube into my ass, then the finger penetrates to get a more through coverage. I groan when the finger disappears, then make a noise of pure confusion as the feeling of wobbly latex between my legs replaces it.

“It’s an inflatable toy. I bought it when I first thought of trying anal, figuring it would be easy to insert then pump up to my comfort level. I was right, of course...and even better, it’s flexible enough completely deflated to get it around that belt bar.”

I moan again as she puts action to words, slipping it inside me. Then I let out an explosive groan as she gives the bulb a pump, then two, three...she doesn’t stop until it is almost too much. Then, just as I’m starting to get use to it, she powers on a vibration unit built into the plug. It wasn’t very good at translating its power, but I can definitely feel it! I squirm, realizing that yes, this might actually be able to get me there...if only she could add a little bit more! Just a bit! Anything!

She seems to read my mind...but her response almost make me hesitate again. I feel her swing her legs over my body...and pressed her pussy into my face. It isn’t quite touching yet, but I can feel moisture dripping from it onto my lips. I lick my lips nervously at the escalation, noting absently that she actually tastes pretty good.

“Now, if the good girl want’s to cum...she’s going to have to make me cum first. You have *no fucking idea* how horny this has made me!”

I rather think I do, given the literal dripping pussy almost against my lips. And...at this point...I just don’t care about the consequences any longer. With a lunge forward, I spear her pussy with my tongue, reveling in her quivering cry of surprise!



For the first few second she couldn't do anything but moan...but as I have to let up a bit to breath, she takes action. A powerful thrum, a familiar one, fills the air...and I feel the teasing pulse of a Wand pressing against the shield of the chastity belt! It isn't much, still unable to reach my clit...but with everything else! Just maybe! I began to squirm and moan, desperately eating her out, trying to earn just that little bit more pleasure from her! She moves the toy around a lot, seeing what works, and even frees up a hand to tug at my nipple clamps. The coiling spring of my climax, tightens, tightens still more...and then snaps!



I *howl* into her pussy as I cum! Harder then ever before it my life, so hard that spots dance in front of my eyes! And then...they are more than just spots...and I can't fight them back...



I wake sometime later, just for a few minutes. I'm still on Tammy's bed, still feeling a deep need inside me...but it isn't as bad as before. And the toy seems to have gone into rest mode, a feature I'm deeply thankful for, one designed to at least make sure I could sleep. Tammy is nuzzled into my side...and my hazy mind wonders if I'd managed to make her cum or not. Well, if I hadn't...I could always pay her back in the morning. With that half-muddled thought, I drift back to sleep...

End Part 2