

PATRICK RICHARDS

PROPER

Training

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Proper Training
by Patrick Richards

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Chapter One

“Oh fuck!” I moaned out loud, and that even hurt. I lay there in bed and felt like I had been run over by a truck. My head was pounding, my throat was dry and I felt like death warmed over. I half-expected I’d start throwing up any time soon. When I tried to open my eyes, the sunshine from my window made me close them tight. Let’s face it, after last night’s partying I was not ready to start my day. I turned over away from the window, pulled the pillow over my head and tried to go back to sleep.

So much for that thought. I had to piss. I could feel the pressure on my cock and couldn’t put it off any longer. I really didn’t want to get out of bed but figured that I’d never get back to sleep if I didn’t. With much trepidation I rolled over, opened my eyes and clumsily headed into my bathroom. It wasn’t easy since I was rather hung over. I stepped up close to my toilet and pushed my boxers down enough to pull out my cock.

“Holy fuckin’ shit!” I exclaimed. “What in hell is this?”

I had reached into my under shorts, expecting to grab a fairly hard dick to take my morning piss just like normal. What I grabbed was a hand full of hard metal bars. At that moment I was totally awake and was staring down at a shiny steel cage of sorts. There was a quarter inch thick, solid steel ring tightly circling my cock and balls. My dick, however, was even more confined and inaccessible. Rigid curved metal bars with numerous rings around them held my dick in a tight little prison. Through bloodshot eyes I closely examined the strange device, not knowing where it even came from. The cage was maybe an inch in diameter and not about two inches long at the most. My soft cock completely filled all the available space, even pushing through the narrow openings between the bars.

Upon closer examination I found a small cylinder-type lock with a very strange looking key slot. Then I tried to get it off. No matter what I did, there was no way to extricate

my pecker from this hideous prison. It seemed that there was no way out.

“God, I don’t know what this is, but I’ve got to get this fiendish thing off,” I told myself.

I pulled and pushed on every part of the device. Then I tugged and even twisted it, but the only thing I did was hurt my balls. Before long the realization of my dilemma sank in. There was no escaping the monster that had gobbled up my manhood.

Suddenly I heard my mother yell. “Are you finally up?”

“Yes, Mom.”

“Then get some clothes on and get out here.”

“I’ll be there in a minute.”

I pulled on a pair of sweat pants and headed out into the kitchen to face the music. My mother sat on a stool at the granite-topped island drinking her coffee.

“Sit down... we have to talk,” she calmly told me.

“Have you looked at yourself in the mirror this morning?” she calmly asked.

“No not yet,” I responded.

“Well, maybe you should. Where were you last night?”

“I went to a party.”

“So what happened?”

“Not much.”

“Not much!” she exclaimed. “So why did I find you sleeping on the front porch at two o’clock this morning?”

“Asleep... on the front porch?” I asked in total confusion. Hell, I don’t remember even leaving the party.

“I was kidding about the sleeping part. You were totally drunk and passed out cold. You reeked of marijuana, and you’ve got a hickey the size of a golf ball on the side of your neck. And you respond by saying, ‘Not much.’”

“I have no idea. Let’s talk later. I’m going in and take a shower.”

“Not right now you aren’t?”

“Why?”

“Because we aren’t through. Sit back down.”

“Okay.”

“You missed your curfew, you smoked dope, drank to excess and I have no idea what you and your girlfriend were doing. You’re acting just like your father. So, what do you have to say for yourself?”

“I’m sorry?”

“Nice try.”

“Well, let’s see how sorry you are, since you’re grounded”

“Grounded? How long?”

“A month, maybe more. At least until your B average is an A, and you’ve learned your lesson. The lesson part could take until the end of your first semester.”

“January? An A? Quarterly Reports don’t come out for a better than two months.”

“Then your grounding lasts until then. And if your marks aren’t up, I’ll take your phone away as well. Understand?”

“That’s not fair.”

“Fair? You’re on a very slippery slope and heading down the same road as your father. Is that what you want?”

“No.”

“Then your actions will change. When they do, I’ll end your grounding. Besides, this is your Senior year. You have to apply to colleges right after the holidays and by then you will have a straight A average. Understand.?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Anything else you want to discuss?”

“No, Ma’am.”

“Now you can shower.”

I headed back to my bathroom and looked in the mirror. She was right. I looked kind of bad. Finally I stepped into the shower and let the hot water pound down on me. It helped, but it would take a while for the alcohol and pot to work their way out of my system. I figured it might take hours to get back to normal.

When I stepped out, I stood in front of the mirror once more. On the back of my bathroom door was a full length one. Using a smaller hand mirror, I closely examined the new major problem in my life. No matter what I did, it wasn't coming off. I tried pulling my pecker out of the bars of my jail, but quickly discovered that the inside of the cock portion had little protrusions that prevented it. I quickly realized that I was fucked.

After the usual bathroom stuff I headed back in my room, slipped on my sweats again and sat down at my laptop. It didn't take long to find out the unsettling news. I had a high security chastity cage on my privates. I found the exact one I was wearing. This goddamn cage was no toy. It was the real thing. The reviews were even more damning. The fucking thing was made of triple, case-hardened steel and the lock took a special key. And without that key, the only option was a cutting torch.

Yea, I thought. Like I'm gonna let someone use one of them on my privates. I had to find out how it got on me in the beginning.

I went to the door and yelled, "Mom, I know I'm grounded, but can I have Alex and Johnny come over for a while? I need to talk to them about last night."

"Yea, it's okay," she replied.

I picked up my phone and texted them. "Emergency! Get you f-ing asses over here now! Hurry!"

They both arrived in about a half hour. I turned on some music loud enough that my mother couldn't hear our conversation.

"How'd I get home last night?" I asked them.

"We brought you home. You were pretty drunk, but you said you could make it to your bedroom," Alex replied.

"Well, that didn't work out too well. My mom found me passed out on the front porch about two."

"Shit. What'd she say?"

“Nothing ‘til a few minutes ago, and she isn’t very happy. Besides being drunk on my ass, she smelled the pot and saw this on my neck. I’m grounded for at least a month, and I have to get my grades up. Tell me what happened. Who was I with?”

“I don’t know, Johnny tried to explain. We had some beers and shared a joint. Some guy was passing around a bottle of Southern Comfort and you took a couple shots. About eleven you and Jill Spencer went in the bedroom and were making out and stuff. Later we found you passed out on Jamie’s bed.”

“Who else was in there with me?”

“I don’t remember. Stacy, Ginny and Sherry... I can’t be sure. There were several girls and a couple of guys. Why all the questions?”

I stood up and pushed down my sweats. “How’d I end up locked in this?”

“Holy fuckin’ Christ! What is it?” Alex asked.

“According to the internet, it’s a goddamn chastity cage.”

“A what?”

“A chastity cage, and it’s locked on so I can’t remove it. Someone at the party had to put it on me for a joke. But, it’s not funny. According to the reviews on the manufacturer’s website, it’s impossible to get a boner, jerk off or even have sex. And I can’t get it off without the key.”

“Maybe it was those three girls, or a couple of those guys who were there. All I know is I have to find the key.”

“Why don’t we get some bolt cutters and snip it off. If we’re careful, we won’t cut your little bitty wiener.”

“It’s bigger than yours, ass wipe.”

“Not anymore, it isn’t.”

I wasn’t bashful at this point. I let them examine it more closely. Then I found it on the website once more and let them read all about it.

“Holy shit, Bobby. You’re totally fucked!” Johnny told me.

“No, as long as it’s on, I won’t get fucked. What do I do?”

“Try the bolt cutters or go to a locksmith. How in hell do I know? I suppose that sooner or later someone will joke about it. A secret like that won't be a secret very long. Kids talk. I'm surprised there isn't a picture of you wearing it on the internet already. You know everyone likes to post pictures, especially if they can embarrass someone.”

“Fuck, I hope not!”

Alex picked up his phone and started searching.

We'll just have to watch our phones and keep our ears open.”

“And what am I to do until then?”

“I don't know. I have no fuckin' idea.”

“As I said,” Johnny replied, “you're really fucked. Hell, you can't even whack off! You're gonna walk around campus and have to look the other way every time some girl walks by in a pair of tight shorts. You're gonna be so horny and frustrated by the end of the day it's not funny.

“By the way, did you see that tiny, black thong sticking out of Maggy Thompson's jeans last night. Boy, I'd love to see where that string goes.”

“Same place they all go. You've seen those women in your dad's Hustler magazines,” I responded to his guy talk.

“Yea, but I'd like to see one up close and personal. You know the real thing. I bet it would smell real sweet, just like honey?”

“They don't smell like honey.” Alex answered back.

“How the fuck do you know?” I asked. “You've never been in a girl's panties.”

“No, but I smelled them.”

“You fuckin' pervert! You smelled some girl's panties.”

“It was a scientific experiment.”

Both Johnny and I laughed. “Scientific experiment?”

“Yea, I read in one of the stories on the internet about it smelling like sex and lust. And since I've never experienced sex or lust, I did a test. I sniffed the crotch of my sister's underwear that was in her clothes hamper that she had

worn around for the day. Then I smelled the ones she wore out on a date that night. Trust me, there was a difference and neither were honey. It was more exotic, even erotic. It was... ah... heavenly.”

“You’re sick. I can’t believe you put your nose in her panties and sniffed,” Johnny laughed.

“You know, several years ago my uncle would tell me not to go around sniffing bicycle seats,” I told them. “I was about nine and never knew what he meant. Now here we are, three virgins talking about girl’s panties and how they smell.”

“How do you know we’re all virgins?” Johnny asked.

“You haven’t even got to second base with a girl.”

“Have too.”

“Who?”

“Phyllis Shuttters. Last year I took her to the movies, and we went parking. I rubbed her boob.”

“Sure, she let you touch her little tit! You’re such a lying piece of shit.”

“Well, it’s obvious you aren’t going to get any for a while.”

“Maybe I did last night and don’t even know it. Look at this hickey on my neck.”

“You probably got the cleaner hose stuck there when you were doing your sister’s cleaning.”

“Yea, right! So, what the fuck do I do about this little problem I have?”

Johnny laughed, “Little! Looks kind of major to me.”

“I don’t know. Wait it out I guess,” Alex responded, putting his hands in the air.

“That’s fine for you to say. You can go home and jerk off any time you want. How many times a day do you do it anyway?”

“Three or four, sometimes more. What about you?”

“I used to do it about the same. Most guys do. I guess I can’t any more. At least not until I find out who has the key

to this fucking thing.”

“I read something in one of those internet stories about a key holder. Now I know what she meant,” Alex told us.

“Well, someone out there is my keyholder, and I’ve got to find her.”

“How do you know it’s a girl? Besides, are you going to go up to every girl who was at the party and ask them if they have the key to that thing? You going to just whip it right out and show them or what?”

“No, but what else can I do?”

“I don’t know, but after you ask the first one, everyone in the entire school will know what you’re wearing. Do you want that amount of humiliation?” Alex asked.

“No, but what other choices do I have?”

“I think you just have to wait it out. Sooner or later some girl is going to ask you if you need a key for anything special. It won’t be that long either. They put it on you for a joke. Remember the time Adam Smith passed out and they dressed him up in a bra and panties. Hell, they hid his clothes and put make-up on him as well. Kids do things like that. We all laughed about it. The only problem is, now you’re the victim. I’m sure someone will release you within a week. Wait and see.”

“A week... I sure hope so.”

“Hey, wanna go to Marty’s and get a slice of pizza?”

“I can’t. I’m grounded, remember?”

“Just ask your mom. Maybe she’ll let you.”

I walked out into the kitchen. “Can I go to Marty’s with the guys for pizza?”

“You’re grounded, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“I’ll make an exception this time, but that’s the last break you get. Just to Marty’s and back. It’s two-thirty now. Be home by four or you lose your phone for a week. When you get back, were going to talk some more.”

The three amigos headed down the street to Marty's Little Pizza Joint. It was just a few blocks away. He made a good pie and the price was reasonable.

We ordered a large buffalo chicken pizza and some cokes. Then our discussion continued.

"Maybe you could post something on Facebook or Messenger like, 'Looking for a key from Friday night. Get in touch,'" Johnny suggested.

"I think I'd better wait it out and see what happens. If those girls put it on me when I was passed out on the bed, someone had to see them. Sooner or later someone will talk. Until then, like it or not, I'll just have to deal with it."

"Well every time I'm shooting my load, I'll be thinking about you - all locked up and no place to blow," Alex joked.

"Thanks, bud."

"So, does it hurt?" Johnny asked.

"Only when my goddamn cock tries to get hard. Then it's like getting your junk caught in a fucking bear trap."

"Just then MaryAnn Riley and Susan Evens walked in."

They looked at us and said hello. Immediately I got the feeling they knew something. It was just the way they looked at me. Maybe it was Susan's little grin. Let's face it. I'm not the most popular guy in school. It's not that I'm not good looking enough. I don't play sports. I'm not a jock. I keep my grades up. These girls can have any guy they want. They're smoking hot.

Johnny whispered, as they took a table a ways away from us. "I'd give my right nut to spend a night with either one of them."

"Yea right. I just gave up both of mine. I couldn't do anything even if both of them stood naked in front of me and offered. Heck, there's no way I can even date a girl until this thing comes off. And as far as a night is concerned, you'd be done in less than a minute. What do they call it - oh yea, pre-ejaculation. You'd blow before you ever got it in.

Let's face it, none of us are man enough to fuck one of them or we'd be getting it all the time.

Shortly after that our pizza arrived. We ate and joked around much like usual. Then it was time. I had to get home.

My mom was in the family room when I got there. She was watching Dr. Phil or something, so I headed right for my room.

"Not so fast, young man. Come in here and sit down so we can talk," she said, as she shut off the television. "Sit down."

"I don't know what got into you last night. I know you've had a beer once in a while. Kids your age do that sort of thing. But, you were totally wasted. And as far as the pot's concerned, you'll never try that again. I don't like drugs. They screw up your mind.

"You've got a great future ahead of you, and I don't want you screwing it up. No more drugs. no drinking and no cigarettes. And as far as that hickey is concerned, sex is definitely also out of the question as well. We don't need some little Bobby running around here with me having to take care of him."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Yea, you can go out and just have fun. You don't have to get so drunk you pass out and make a fool of yourself. You've got one more year of high school before you go off to college. If you have good grades, you can go anywhere in life and make a lot of money.

"Not that your father is a good example, but he was smart, got a good education and makes a lot of money, probably better than a million a year by now with his law practice, maybe even more."

"Yea, and I get a measly fifty dollars a week from him."

"Be thankful you get that. He gave me this house when he left, so you kids would have someplace to live. It's totally paid for along with very good child support which is never late. Without his help, I'd have to go out and work to

support you. He'll probably pay for all your college as well, so ease off a little.

"But there are some rules that you will follow as well as a few additional chores."

"Oh come on; more chores. Don't I do enough now?"

"Hey, doing some of the cleaning as well as the laundry and the dishes is not my doing. I made it so you did them every other week with your sister. She took those pictures of you doing boy things in the shower."

"You knew about that?"

"Of course I did. Sure she blackmailed you, so you ended up doing all the chores. But let it be a learning lesson in life. There are people out there who will use you if you let them. You have to be smarter than they are. All you had to do was come to me. I understand guys have certain needs just like women do. It's normal. It's life."

I gave her a funny look.

"What do you think - men have a monopoly on sexual pleasure?"

"Women have... oh never mind."

"But..." I started to say.

"To be very frank with you. Yes, women have orgasms very similar to a man. Hopefully you'll learn how to satisfy their needs instead of just your own when you get old enough."

"I'm confused."

"We can talk about that when you're ready and able to have sex."

"Okay," I said, "let's get back to the laundry. Mindy can take over and do her share? I don't have to be afraid that she'll show you those pictures."

"That's not the way it works. You agreed to her proposal. Laundry, changing beds and cleaning your section of the house is still your responsibility. You do a great job of it. If she did it every other week, it would probably be a pig sty. You know how she keeps her room."

“Yea, she can’t even put her dirty clothes in the hamper. I have to pick up everything. So what’s being added to the list.”

“I’ve decided to add cooking our meals to your list while you’re grounded. This is not a punishment. It a schooling tool so when you get out on your own you can take care of yourself.”

“That sounds reasonable.”

“You’ll plan all the meals, make your grocery list and every Sunday morning we’ll go shopping. You’ll get what you need and prepare the dinner every night. When you’re done you’ll also do the dishes and clean up the kitchen.

“You’ll spend ample time doing your homework and studying every day to get your marks up. A B average will not get you into a good college. I expect you to have a straight A average by the end of the semester. There is no excuse.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes. You’ll practice your piano at least an hour every other day. You’re very gifted. Don’t let it go away. I love hearing you play, and you’ll appreciate it someday.

“Now those are my rules. If you break them, I’ll take other measures.”

“What else do I have. You’ve pretty much occupied most of my free time.”

“I can put a limit on your use of your phone or the time you spend on the internet. There are other things, so don’t push your luck young man.

“Now is there anything else you’d like to talk to me about?”

“Nope. You’ve just about covered everything.”

“I’m going out to dinner with Joyce and Ruth tonight, so kitchen duties start tomorrow. I suggest you start working on your menu and grocery list. We’ll go shopping in the morning.”

“Am I excused?”

“Yes, you can go.”

“Anyplace?”

“No, to your room if you’d like.”

So that’s what I did, but I went right through my bedroom and into my bathroom. I pulled down my pants and just sat there on the pot staring at the monster that took control of my life.

I’d heard of chastity belts before. Actually from stories I read on the internet, I knew about these chastity cages as well, but not in my wildest dreams did I ever think I’d be wearing one. It seems that some dominate women like to keep their husbands or boyfriends in them. Maybe Mom should have done that to dad many years ago.

Hell, he had three affairs as far as I know and maybe more. God only knows how many other women he slept with. When I was in the seventh or eighth grade he came and announced he was divorcing my mother. He was in love with his twenty-two year old secretary. When I saw her, I knew why. She was a tall, beautiful blond with big boobs. Her skirts were so short they hardly covered her panties, and she had a beautiful ass with really long legs. Now, I’m no expert, but she was like a Ferrari rather than a Chevrolet. I’m not saying that my mother isn’t good looking and has a decent body for her age, but this girl even got my interest. Hell, what good looking female doesn’t. That’s when we started doing chores around the house, and my sister tricked me into doing all her work.

As I sat there, I smiled. I suddenly realized I was actually living one of those stories I had fantasized about. I was the guy locked away. I may not have been hanging from chains getting my ass whipped, but I was actually being control by a woman.

I took my dirty clothes and put them in the laundry room. Mindy’s clothes were a little more of a problem. None were in her laundry hamper. They were right where she stepped out of them. I picked them all up as usual, tucking her stuff

in under my hand and arm. Then I noticed a little pink thong. I looked at it with more interest than usual and held it to my nose. God, it smelled wonderful. Again I sniffed the silky treasure. The cotton patch in the crotch still held that sexy female aroma. It made my cock and balls tingle just a little. As I gathered the rest of her dirty clothes, I felt my cock trying to escape once more.

Once in the laundry room, I separated the clothes as I had been taught and put in the first load. Before starting the washer I fondled and sniffed her panties once more. Finally I went back to her room, made her bed and straightened things up. I'd change the beds and do the sheets tomorrow.

While things washed, I went back into the bedroom, turned on my laptop and typed into Google - stories about men in chastity.

Several websites came up. I clicked on the first one. There were dozens of stories. I read about cuckold men who were locked up much like me. They never had sex. The guy in the story had a very small pecker and couldn't satisfy his wife. He had money, so rather than divorcing him, she locked him up and had numerous other lovers. She handcuffed him to their bed every night and made him watch her having sex with her boyfriends.

Then I found a story about a young guy who was put in a chastity cage so he couldn't have sex. It was his mother's way of controlling him. She could make him do anything she wanted. He did it with the hopes of jerking off or having sex with a girl someday.

Holy shit. That got me thinking. I wondered if my Mom did this to me. If I was in a cage, just like I am wearing, and couldn't jerk off or even go out with a girl, wouldn't I do just about anything she wanted. Shit! I'm doing exactly that right now. I'd have to give that some serious thought.

Then I thought... she asked me two different times today "if there was anything else I wanted to talk about." Then there was the comment about "being ready and able to

have sex.” I have to think about this some more. But if I confront her with it and she knows nothing about it, I could be opening a whole new can of worms. Maybe I’ll keep it in the back of my mind, my mouth shut and see what happens.

Just then my phone buzzed. I got a text from Alex. “Word’s out.”

What the fuck? Quickly I texted him back. “What do u mean, word’s out.”

He got back to me. “Someone said they had a special key.”

“Who was it?”

“Don’t know. Get back to u.”

I opened up Facebook and checked out Messenger, looking at every posting, but couldn’t find a thing. Well, that ruled my mother out. She doesn’t use either one of them. Now we’ll just have to find out who posted it.

Then I texted him back. “Come over tonight. Mom’s going out to dinner.”

“K”

I was excited, but I was also horny. I need to jerk off. For some reason reading those stories excited me. I opened my laptop and read some more, increasing my excitement. My cock tried its damndest to get hard. It pushed and pried so hard on those bars, it hurt. My reading about chastised men led me back to those Femdom stories. There were whips and chains as well as the chastity cages. Bondage and discipline always got me even more excited. A whole new world opened up to me several years ago, but I needed to know more. I immediately realized that if this chastity thing is real, so is the rest of it. As I continued to read a pop-up appeared on my screen. “Join the fun at The Devil’s Palace” with an address in New York City. There was a video playing in the background of a guy locked to a frame shaped like an X. A woman in sexy, black leather was behind him holding a whip.

God, my cock was trying to get hard. It continued to fight the solid steel bars, trying to get erect, trying to escape its bondage. It actually hurt, but for some strange reason I liked it. I slid my hand into my shorts and rubbed the steel and the flesh that was squeezed through the bars. I could feel a tingle deep in my balls and rubbed them as well. Quickly I click out of that site and closed my computer.

"Fuck!" I screamed.

"What's that dear?"

"Nothing, Mom."

"Okay. I'm going out for dinner. See you later."

By the time my mother was backing out the drive way, Alex was coming in the back door.

"So who has the key?"

"I don't know yet. All it said was, 'I have a special key that someone desperately needs. Call me.' But there was no number. Who do you think it is?"

"How the fuck do I know. You got the posting on your phone, not me. I couldn't find it."

"Calm down."

"Well, you gotta find out. Click on it. Message them back."

"Hey, I'm working on it."

"You know... I even wondered if my mother did this to me."

"You've got to be kidding. Your mother?"

"I read a story...."

"Stop! Wait a minute. Those stories are totally fiction. There's no way your mother is going to touch your stuff. Give me a fucking break. No way. Not your mother."

"Yea, I guess you're right. It has to be some girl at the party."

"Don't rule out several girls. But what puzzles me is where they got the cage and why'd they pick you?"

"Because I was drunk at the party, and I keep trying to date some of them and get in their pants. It's their way of

making me back off. I'm sure they're laughing their asses off right now because of what they did to me. They control my life. It's total Femdom."

"What's Femdom?"

"Female domination. Women controlling men."

"Do you actually think they brought the thing with them and intentionally got you drunk?"

"I don't know. I didn't think I had that much to drink. As far as I can remember I had three beers and a couple shots of liquor. Even smoking a little grass shouldn't have put me out like that. Do you think someone put something in my beer?"

"I don't know; it's possible. A roofie maybe?"

"Who helped me in on the bed. Maybe it was all planned out from the beginning."

"I suppose it's possible."

"I don't know. Do you have any other ideas?"

"Yea... your sister showed up for a while at the party."

"My sister? Yea, right."

"Hey, I'm only saying."

Finally I drew up the site that excited me so much. A video ad popped up with a whole new scene. This time a guy was tied over a saw horse or something like it, and a woman was beating his ass with a riding crop. We watched it intently, and it had the same effect on me. I was so turned on. Again my cock tried to break out from the solid solitary confinement of the cell that held it. I was so hot that pre-cum dripped through the end of the cage and ran down onto my nuts. God, I needed to rub my dick and make it spurt its juice.

Alex laughed. "Nobody can take a whipping like that. His screaming is so fucking fake."

"I know, but I wanted to show it to you."

Deep inside, I knew it was real. I saw the whip hit his ass. I could see it pound deep into his flesh, instantly leaving a dark red stripe across his tender butt. He thrashed in his

bonds from the immense pain she created. Time after time she left streaks of pain across his ass cheeks. He couldn't escape, and she didn't stop the brutal beating.

I never moved my eyes from his ass. The whipping excited me so. God, I wished it was me locked over that torture thing. I learned later from one of the stories it was actually called a horse. My balls churned, filling themselves with spunk. Before long I knew what they meant by blue balls, but I also knew there was no way to end my discomfort.

The video continued, and my cravings grew deeper. I wanted to be that guy, dominated by those women. I wanted to be locked over that horse. I wanted to be whipped by that woman.

That lust for domination raged through me. I've never felt anything like it. At that moment I understood. My cock and balls were no longer mine. Some woman, somewhere, controlled me, and I craved more.

I never let Alex know what I was feeling. He wouldn't understand.

Finally I shut off the site.

"Can you find that posting again?"

He looked for a couple more minutes. "It's gone. It's taken down already."

"Are you sure it was there and you read it right?"

"Of course I'm sure. Do you think I'm fucking stupid."

I didn't answer that.

"People post things all the time and take them down. It was done for effect. Whoever holds you key will contact you before long."

"I sure hope so," I told him, but deep inside I wanted to stay in the cage for a while longer. I wanted to feel what it was like to be totally controlled by a woman."

"There it is!" he shouted. "There it is!"

"Key, key, who's got the key?" appeared on his screen. We both saw it. Someone was playing a game with me. We

had to find out. Moments later it too was gone.

Alex hung out for a while. We talked about our normal stuff.

After a while Alex left, and I put together a menu and grocery list. When Mom got home, we discussed it. She removed several of the items on the list. She had them in stock.

“Well, this is a good start for a teenage boy,” she commented, but pizza and burgers isn’t going to cut it. Think about the meals I fix and modify your list a little. I don’t expect perfection the first week, but you’ll get there by the time we get done.”

I added baked chicken and asked her, “I put lasagna on the menu. Will you show me how to make it?”

“That’s why you’re doing this. You have to learn, and I’ll help you. After a few weeks, you’ll be able to handle it all by yourself.”

“Why isn’t Mindy learning this as well?”

“She helps out in the kitchen quite often.”

That’s funny, I thought. I seldom ever see her there unless she’s pawing through the refrigerator looking for something to eat. Then speaking of the devil, she walked in the front door.

“Rough night, last night, squirt?”

“A little.”

“Hear you’re grounded.”

“Yea, for a while.”

“Taking over the cooking too, I heard. You’ll make someone a really good wife someday. She can just lie around in leisure, sipping a little wine while you do all the housework. Heck, you do all the laundry and cleaning, and now you’re cooking. I know who’ll wear the panties in your family. I sure hope I can find a guy like you in the future.”

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll try. You can always blackmail him with some pictures you took in the shower.”

“Alright you two.”

Mom stopped it before it got any further.

“By the way, slave boy,” she emphasized. “Did you wash my new jeans?”

“Of course. Don’t I always? They’re folded and in your drawer rather than kicked in the corner of your room.”

“Stop it now,” Mom said.

Mindy disappeared into her room.

On Sunday morning we went to the market and I had my list. We bought everything I needed plus a few other things that Mom said would help.

While driving home she asked, “You alright with this?”

“It’s okay. I don’t mind. It’s definitely a good thing knowing how to cook. After all, I’ll be going off to college next year. Besides It gives something to do while I’m grounded.”

That night I made the lasagna for dinner with a tossed salad and Italian bread. After we ate, I was expected to do the dishes and clean up the kitchen. Thank God for dish washers.

I headed for my room after that and got on my laptop. Those Femdom stories really excited me, but then I discovered X Tube and all the videos available. It was easy to find lots of guys being used and abused by their Mistresses. About midnight I finally shut off my light and went to bed, but sleep was difficult with the pressure in my balls and all those images on men being tortured and beaten. Tomorrow was going to be a very trying day. It would be my first day in school wearing the cage. I wondered how many people knew I was locked up tight.

Everyone lingered in the hallway waiting for the bell to ring. I tried to see the expression of some of the kids who were at the party, but nothing seemed any different. Alex and Bobby joked with me a little, but it was all in fun. Just before the bell rang Jill came up to me.

“Some vampire bite you on the neck?”

“Yea, I wonder who that might have been.”