

Orlando



**HUMBLER
MEN**

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Humbled Men

by

Orlando

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A Different Kind of Chastity

“What the fuck are these, Brent?” my wife asked holding up a pair of red panties.

“Uh...a pair of panties?”

“Fuck you, Brent,” she screamed, “I know what they are. What I meant to say is what the fuck is a pair of panties that are clearly not mine doing under our bed?”

“*Shit!*” I thought, “*that god damn Jennifer.*”

“Brent?”

“Carol, I have no idea.”

“Brent, do you think I’m stupid?”

“Carol, please...”

“I want a divorce.”

“What?”

“I’m sick of your cheating,” she said, “I want a divorce.”

She had never said those words before and I knew in saying them that a tipping point had been reached in her mind. She really meant it. I couldn’t afford a divorce. Things had just started to click for us. After years of struggling we had finally made it and were really on the road to wealth but everything was tied up in assets. A divorce would cause the whole house of cards to come tumbling down. I would be lucky to escape going to jail. I had to deflect this somehow.

“Honey, please, I...”

“Brent,” she said coldly, “we’ve had this discussion before and I’m not going to continue like this. I want a fucking divorce.”

“Baby...”

“Don’t baby me you little weasel.”

“Carol, please I promise it will never happen again,” I coaxed.

“Bullshit!” she screamed. “That’s what you said the last time and the time before that and the time before that.”

“But this time I really mean it,” I said.

“So you said the last time and look what I’ve found,” she sneered holding up the panties. “No, no more. This time I want a divorce and that’s final.”

I had never seen her like this. She was livid and fixated on the divorce thing. I had to find some way to change her mind.

“Honey,” I pleaded, “isn’t there anything I can do to make you believe that...”

“That you’ll cheat on me again?”

“No, I mean to convince you that I won’t.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know but something.”

“Like you become a monk?”

“Well...”

“No. Of course not. That wouldn’t work because you’d just be screwing the nuns.”

“God damn it, Carol, that’s not fair.”

“Isn’t it?” she asked sweetly. “So, not the nuns but perhaps another monk? Or perhaps a monk and a nun or...”

This was turning nasty. I had to convince her but I didn’t know what would do it.

“Carol, I will do anything,” I said sincerely.

She stopped rambling and looked at me. A big smile broke her face.

“Anything?” she asked.

“Well...”

“That’s what I thought,” she mocked, “anything as long as it means you can go out and stick that thing into whatever warm orifice you might encounter.”

“Carol, that’s not fair, I...”

“Let’s start with the fact that you are a cheating, no-good, two-timing, adulterer who will drop his pants for just about anyone.”

“Carol...”

“So what we need to agree on is that if I decide to stay, and that it’s a big if, we control that problem.”

“Control?”

“Yes, as in make sure that you can’t use it like that,” she said.

“Like that?”

“Yes, like screwing my friend Jennifer in our bed.”

“*Wait a minute,*” I thought, “*how did she know those panties were Jennifer’s?*”

I started to ask but she brushed me aside with her rant.

“We need some way to control that...that implement between your legs,” she said.

“Implement?”

“Yeah, you’re right. Implement is a bit much. More like a breakfast sausage,” she laughed. “God damn it, Carol,” I barked, “you’ve always thought it was pretty nice in the past.’

“Yes, me and just about every other female that you’ve been able to...”

“Carol,” I interjected, “let’s get back to the control part.”

“Ok, if I’m going to stay we need something, some way for me to be sure that you aren’t going to be able to...uh... use that thing whenever you want.”

“Carol,” I wailed.

“Never mind then,” she said, “I’ll see a lawyer in the morning and...”

“All right, what did you have in mind?”

“I’m thinking some kind of chastity device,” she said.

“What?”

“You know a chastity belt or something like that.”

“But, Carol, that’s barbaric.”

“Is it?”

“Yes.”

“More barbaric than sleeping with any cunt that steps in your path?”

“That’s not the same and you know it,” I said.

“Perhaps, but unless you agree right now to my solution I’m finished.”

“Carol, please.”

“Brent its decision time, a simple yes or no.”

I didn't have a choice and she knew it. I thought about the various chastity devices that I had seen on the net and realized that it wouldn't be so bad. None of the ones I'd seen were foolproof and every one had some kind of a lock. Locks could be picked. I nodded.

“Fine. Now get undressed.”

“Huh?”

“I want you naked right now,” she said.

“Carol, I don't understand.”

“It's simple, Brent,” she said. “I can't trust you not to cheat on me until we can implement what we just talked about so I plan to keep you locked up until I can.”

“Carol, that's crazy.”

“Is it?”

“Yes, Carol, surely you can trust me for...”

“No, I know I can't.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked.

“Brent, how many times a day do you beat off?”

“What?”

“Brent, that was a really simple question,” she said. “How many times a day do you spank your monkey?”

“Carol, I...”

“Three, four?”

“Maybe once or twice,” I said.

“See what I mean,” she said. “You cheat even about how many times you cheat with your hand.”

“Ok, so it's maybe four times a day. So what?”

“I don't want you cheating even with your hand so I'm going to lock you up.”

“Lock me up?” I gulped.

“Yes.”

“Carol...”

“Now, Brent.”

I undressed and stood in front of her. She captured my dick in her hand and led me into the den. There was a new table in the center of the room that she had me lie down on. As she strapped me down I realized that she must have planned this to be so prepared. I thought about protesting but figured that I'd let her have her way. I knew that I would be able to find a way out of any device. She kissed my cheek and left me for the night.

Sleep was a long time coming. My dick wanted some action and the restraints kept me from reaching it. I had lied to her about four times a day as I really jacked off six or seven times if I didn't have a hole to poke and sometimes even if I did. I heard the front door open about midnight but whoever came in didn't come into the den.

I must have drifted off to sleep because when I woke up it was full light and I could smell coffee. I heard voices in the kitchen but I couldn't make out what they were saying. I was hungry and I was tired. I was especially tired of playing this game and hoped she would lock me up in whatever device she had planned soon so I could get on with my life.

It was ten before she came in. Jennifer was with her and they were arm in arm. What the fuck? I smelled a setup.

"Good morning, Brent," Carol said, "did you sleep well?"

"Carol, what's going on?"

"Going on?" she asked, turning to Jennifer and giving her a deep kiss. "Nothing."

Nothing was definitely not what I would have termed the action between her and Jennifer. They acted as if they were...lovers. The two of them stepped to each side of my table and rotated it ninety degrees so that I was upright. Jennifer inspected my dick which was hanging down flaccidly.

"This isn't going to work for the procedure, Carol," Jennifer said, "we need him hard."

“Procedure?” I asked with a tinge of fear, “I thought you were just going to lock my dick up in some chastity device.”

“That won’t work and you know it, Brent,” Carol laughed. “You’ll figure a way to get out of something like that right away.”

“Yes, Brent,” Jennifer chimed in, “we need something more permanent.”

“More permanent?”

“Yes but don’t worry, Brent, Jennifer has already done this once to her husband and he’s fine. Well, I mean he’s...uh...ok,” my wife said.

“Done what, Carol?” I asked.

“Cut his dick off.”

“What? Wait. Wait. Wait! Carol, I didn’t agree to...”

“You said anything, Brent.”

“But...I... I thought you meant to lock me up,” I whined.

“This is just a bit more convenient,” Carol said. “It doesn’t make any difference as I was never going to let you out of chastity anyway and this way I won’t have to worry about you getting it off. Think of it as...a different kind of chastity.”

“But we need you hard, Brent,” Jennifer said playing with my dick.

“So we can be sure to get it all,” Carol purred.

“And because we want a trophy that looks good,” Jennifer chuckled.

“You women are crazy,” I shouted. “You can’t cut someone’s dick off just because you want to. I demand that you let me loose.”

“Oh, and that’s another thing, Brent,” Carol said. “I don’t plan on ever letting you loose.”

“Huh?”

“You are going to be busy,” Jennifer laughed.

“Serving us,” Carol finished.

“Now we need you to get your dick hard for us so we can finish,” Jennifer said sweetly.