

# *Submissive men*



ORLANDO

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by

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## Special Services

"Well, Bradley, we're officially man and wife," my new wife said.

"Finally!"

"Oh, are we a tad bit frustrated, Brad?" she laughed, patting my crotch.

"You've had me locked up for the past two months, Susan," I said. "Of course I'm frustrated."

"I didn't want you cheating on me," she said.

"I wouldn't have cheated on you, Susan," I pouted.

"I count masturbation as cheating," she said coldly.

"But...I..."

"How many times did I catch you?"

"Susan...I said I was sorry."

"Every time you were sorry and every time you said that you would never do it again, didn't you?"

She was right. I hung my head.

"Well, just keep on being the good little boy you've been today and tonight I'll unlock you and we can make love."

"Susan, couldn't we just sneak off somewhere right now and have a quickie?"

"Bradley, it's my wedding day and I want it to be perfect," she said. "I want to wait until we are all alone and have plenty of time to enjoy each other."

"But, Susan I'm so..."

She ignored my pleading and walked off down the hall toward the room where we were having our reception. I followed her. The hallway was deserted and I was having fantasies of us doing it in the hall or one of the rooms we were passing when she dragged me into a janitor's closet.

*"Great minds think alike, she wants a quickie after all,"* was my first thought.

I grabbed her and kissed her. My hands found her breasts and started playing with them. She pushed me away.

"Bradley, stop!" she said sharply.

"But I thought..."

“I have to pee.”

“Huh?”

“I have to pee, Brad,” she said, “get down under my skirt.”

“Susan, I don’t understand.”

“Look, Brad, in this wedding gown it is a huge production for me to use the toilet so I want you to take care of it for me.”

I looked around and saw the mop bucket and figured out what she was driving at. I pulled the bucket over and started working it under her dress.

“Bradley,” she said sternly, “what are you doing?”

“I’m getting the bucket in position for you.”

“I’m not peeing in that dirty bucket,” she said distastefully.

“What am I supposed to use then?”

“Your mouth, Bradley,” she said softly. “Now that we are married I’m going to expect special services from you.”

“Susan, you can’t be serious!”

“Brad, I need you to hurry,” she said urgently, “I really have to go.”

“No.”

She looked at me with narrowed eyes. A flush was creeping up her neck. Her gaze dropped to my crotch.

“I really wanted to make love tonight, Brad,” she said shaking her head.

“What?”

“I’m afraid that you are going to be spending another week in that belt,” she said.

“Susan, what are you talking about?” I asked.

“Brad, I’m not going to start off our marriage with you defying me right off the bat,” she said. “I told you I needed to pee and I needed your help and you challenged me. Your punishment is another week before we consummate our vows.”

“Susan, that’s not fair! You can’t expect me to...”

“I can and I do,” she interrupted. “It will be one of your duties. Now, do you want to try for two weeks or are you going to help me?”

She was serious. I fell to my knees and slipped under her gown. There was enough light to see that she wasn't wearing any panties and in spite of the degrading act I was about to perform my dick got painfully hard in its prison.

“Put your mouth on me and make a seal,” she ordered. “I'll go slowly and give you a chance to swallow.”

I did as she asked and within a few minutes we were in the hallway walking toward our reception again. I thought about another week in the belt. I had to try.

“Susan, I'm sorry that I...I mean it was just such a surprise and all and I'm sorry I balked a little. Please forgive me.”

She turned to me with her winning smile, “Bradley, I love you and I do forgive you.”

“Oh, thank you, honey,” I said happily, “I'm so looking forward to tonight.”

“Brad, I said I forgive you,” she snapped, “not that I am taking back your punishment. It will hurt me as much as you but you need to learn to be obedient.”

“But, honey, I said I was sorry,” I whined.

“I'm sorry too, Bradley, but the belt stays on.”

\*\*\*

The reception was torture. I was pissed. Part of my bad mood was because I was faced with another week without sex and part was because I didn't know anyone. None of my family or friends had attended because of distance. In fact James, my best man, had been picked for me by Susan and when I complained that he was her old boy-friend she chided me for being silly. “We're just good friends,” had been her dismissive statement.

I ended up following her and her girl-friends around and working hard to keep her from flirting with my best man. About two hours into this horror show the girls went into the

restroom leaving me standing alone in the hall. I had just started toward the bar to snag another drink when Susan stuck her head out of the bathroom.

“Bradley, come in here,” she ordered.

“Susan, that’s a women’s restroom,” I complained.

“Get in here damn it. I need you.”

*“Surely she wasn’t going to make me serve as her toilet in front of her friends?”* I thought as I entered.

“Hurry, I need to pee,” she said urgently, pushing me down to the floor.

I crawled under her dress. I was embarrassed and didn’t want to come out when she was done. I didn’t want to see the look in her friend’s eyes so I just sat there.

“Bradley, what the fuck are you doing?” I heard Susan say. “Get out here.”

I pushed my way out from under her dress and started to get up. Her hand reached out and pushed down on my shoulder.

“All of my friends have the same problem with these huge gowns that I do,” she said. “I need you to take care of them.”

I looked at her disbelievingly. She stared back with flint in her eyes. I wasn’t getting out of this but perhaps I could get a concession.

“Susan, will this mean that I can earn back the week you took away?” I asked hopefully.

“What it means, Bradley,” she said angrily, “is that if you give me any more shit I’m going to leave your little pecker locked up for another month.”

There were gasps of astonishment from her friends. I wanted to throttle her for baring our secrets so cavalierly but I scurried under the nearest dress before she made good on the threat.

“Susan,” I heard her friend Jill exclaim, “whatever did you mean about having his...uh...thing locked up?”

“He wears a chastity belt,” my wife said smugly.

“You’re kidding,” Jill said. “However did you get him to agree to wear something like that?”

“I caught him masturbating and gave him an ultimatum,” my wife said.

“Susan, all men masturbate,” her friend Sally laughed. “They can’t help it.”

“Not mine,” my wife said with finality.

“How often do you let him out?” Sally asked.

“I haven’t yet.”

“So, tonight’s the big night for him, huh?” Sally chuckled.

“No, not tonight.”

“What?”

“We had a little disagreement earlier and he’s being punished,” my wife said.

“But...it’s your... wedding night,” Sally blustered.

“He’ll survive,” my wife said coldly.

“I was thinking of you, Susan,” Sally said.

“Oh,” she snorted, “don’t worry about me. I have plans.”

\*\*\*

We got home around midnight. I had spent the rest of the reception being dragged off to the bathroom by one or another of the bridesmaids who liked the novelty of having a human toilet. I was tired but I still hoped that Susan would take pity on me. She had a rule since I had started wearing the belt that I was to be naked at all times when we were home alone so I stripped down and waited for her in the bedroom. She came in and had me help her out of her wedding dress. She looked great in just her bra so I reached out but she slapped my hands away.

“Get in the closet, Brad,” she ordered.

Lately when she was mad at me or wanted to punish me for something she had taken to tying me up in the closet and leaving me. I looked at her pleadingly.

“Honey, please, it’s our wedding night.”

“I’m not the one who screwed that up, Brad,” she snapped, “now get in the closet.”



I crawled into the closet and positioned myself in front of the post she had made me install. She manacled my hands behind me and then pushed my head back into the cradle and ran a strap across my throat to keep it there. She casually stepped up and planted her crotch on my mouth and relieved herself. Next she pulled her black sheath dress from the clothes bar and slipped into it. It looked like she was getting dressed to go out.

“Honey, what’s going on?” I asked.

“Brad, just because you’re being punished and not allowed to have sex doesn’t mean that I should have to abstain,” she said matter-of-factly. “I have a date.”

“Honey,” I whined, “that’s not fair.”

“No, Brad, what’s not fair is you forcing me to do this on our wedding night.”

I started crying. She laughed and then leaned in and licked a tear off of my cheek.

“Tell you what, Brad,” she said softly. “If you lick James’s cum out of me when I get home without any complaining I will take one day off of your punishment.”

Tricked

“Come here now, Michelle”

Michael moved from the corner as fast as he could to stand next to Julie, one of the two cruel bitches who now controlled his life. He curtsied and sung out the mantra, “Yes, Miss Julie.”

His life had taken this hard turn almost by accident. He had been living in an apartment and down the hall were Julie and Debbie. Hot chicks, really smoking girls who lived on his floor, close by, but unfortunately clearly lesbians. It was impossible not to watch them in their skimpy bikinis in the pool just below his window, his mind and dick drooling as he imagined all sorts of perverted acts they could perform with him. Acts that he knew were never going to happen, but the fantasy was irresistible.

The hard turn was completely his fault. One day, when they were frolicking in the pool, instead of peeking out the window and rubbing his dick raw as he usually did, he decided to sneak into their room. It was easy, almost too easy, as they hadn't even locked their door. The next thirty minutes were heaven. The visual display of their bras and panties thrown carelessly around the room, the smell of their perfumes and their soap, the dildoes in their drawers, and the huge strap-on got him so hard his mind went into a stupor. Grabbing the first pair of panties he could find, he used them to blast off into his own personal heaven.

When he returned to sanity he tried to put everything back like he thought it had been and slunk back to his room. Peeking out the window he could see that Deb and Julie were still at it in the pool. He breathed a sigh of relief and vowed never to take a chance like that again.

Hubris, of course, as it soon became a regular occurrence. He became addicted to the sights and smells in their room and especially the smell of their dirty panties. Placing the crotch of one of the girl's sweet flimsy cotton undergarments over his nose and using another to

manipulate his penis he found himself in a place that he never wanted to leave. A masturbation addiction that consumed him, he needed it and he needed it every day. It caused him to take more and more chances which meant that at some point he would get caught. Even so the day it happened it caught him by surprise.

“Michael, what are you doing?” asked Julie sweetly, walking into the bathroom, finding him frantically beating his meat with his face buried in a pile of their dirty underwear.

Michael had just been approaching the peak of an exceptionally incredible blast-off and Julie’s words caused a hideous deflation and brutal pullback in his pleasure level. *“Shit shit shit,”* he thought, *“he had been so close. Dam it anyway, why did she have to come in now?”*

Frantically trying to pull up his pants he said, “I came over because I thought I heard water running and...”

Ignoring him as if he wasn’t standing there with his pants down and his dick sticking out Julie said, “Deb, he’s in here with our panties again.”

Debbie walked in with a huge grin on her face, looked at Michael and then back to Julie and said, “Got him with his hand in the cookie jar did we?”

Michael, who was still trying to pull up his pants, was confused by how casual the girls were acting, almost as if they had known he was in here and what he was doing. No matter, he had screwed up but it was time to get out. With his pants still only halfway up, he waddled toward the door.

“Where the fuck do you think you are going?” Julie asked.

“Back to my room, um, I thought I heard water but I guess not so I’ll see you....”

“Shut up and put your hands behind your head, Michael.” Julie demanded.

“What...I, uh, what...?”

Debbie walked over and held up a photograph. It was a picture of Michael with a pair of panties on his face, jeans