

Femdom's Ultimate Submission

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Bill's Problem

The work day is over. Bill enters his cluttered dark apartment and flops down to the computer screen. He clicks his favorite porn site listings. Pulling off his pants, he strokes his dick – he has become quite adept with his left hand – while opening pictures of women fucking. He pumps his cock until he almost cums, then stops. He lets his dick rest for a moment, and then opens a series of mpeg movies of women being gang banged. He starts the routine again, pumping his penis to the brink of cumming and he watches the precum ooze from his peehole.

Bill has learned to masturbate for hours on end keeping his cock in a state of hardness, not wanting to cum, not wanting it to end... Hour after hour... Waiting for the right picture... Waiting for the right porn clip to really get him off... Finally he blows a wad catching it in his hand; heads to the bathroom and washes his cum down the sink. It is midnight and time to go bed – another workday tomorrow.

The next day after work is the same routine searching for another new porn site. He hopes for a site that can really get him off this time. His dick is sore from the previous days jerking but he doesn't care. He just wants another good cum. He spurts off hard watching a woman getting fucked between the tits.

Day after day is always the same boring job and night routine. He examines his cock and sees red blotches and dry peeling skin on his penis head caused by the constant exposure, the pulling of his dick, and the precum that he allows to dry around his peehole. He peels off a piece of dried skin. It is so tender and sore from the continual abuse that a drop of blood appears from where the skin is peeled.

He realizes he has a problem, but he doesn't know how to stop. He knows he needs help... He googles, "sex therapy."

Doctor Childress

Bill nervously sits in the waiting room looking around trying not to make eye contact with anyone. It is not long before his name is called. Dr. Sharon Childress extends her hand that he shakes with a weak grip; she squeezes back firmly. She leads him to her examination office asking him to take a seat. Sitting behind her desk, she reads the questionnaire Bill has filled about his pornography addiction.

"Bill, the first step in getting help is admitting to the problem, whether it is alcohol, gambling, drugs, or sex. The first step is the hardest and I congratulate you for taking it." Sharon says to him in a professional sounding voice smiling at him. Bill starts to feel at ease smiling back at Sharon slightly, but he only makes momentary eye contact. "I do want help," he says quietly.

"Now I need to get to know you. This means a lot of questions about your personal life, your childhood, your parents, and your friends. Some of the questions might be difficult, but the more you can open up the more I can help. If you feel at ease and trust me, we can make progress quickly. I find if my patients lie down, they relax making it easier to talk freely, but if you prefer to sit that is fine too. Sharon points to a massage table at the far side of her office.

"Lying down will be fine." Bill responds, and lays on the cushioned table his head up in the head rest.

Sharon questions Bill for over an hour but finds nothing particularly out of the ordinary. Parents divorced, no contact with his father, little contact now with his mother, introverted but not overly so as a child, recently finished college, moved away from home to work a computer job, has not made new friends, and doesn't keep contact with old friends. The solution seems to be to get Bill involved with activities outside of work and establish a social life.

Bill starts meeting Sharon once a week, but try as she does to get Bill to develop a hobby, play sports, or any activity to meet people, nothing seems to last. He quits everything she has him start and continues spending time alone after work.

She has a hard time to get him to open up to more personal questions, until it gets to the point where she tells him, "We are not getting anywhere Bill. Either you tell me more or I just can't help you." It is then that Bill explains

in great detail his obsession with masturbation and how he jerks his penis for hours on end until he has to stop because his penis becomes too sore.

"Show me your penis," Sharon asks directly. Bill hesitates... "I am asking as a professional, Bill. If you are doing bodily damage to yourself, I need to know", Sharon tells him in a very authoritative voice. Bill, feeling very embarrassed, unzips revealing his self-abused penis. Sharon sees the dry skin and red blotches on his penis head. Sharon tells him how important it is for him to limit this masturbation. He agrees that he will slow down the self abuse. She says she will inspect him again at their next session.

The following week, Bill shows Sharon his penis again and there is no improvement. "You are over masturbating still, aren't you? This has to stop," she says while handing him a box. Inside the box he finds a chastity belt. "Try it on Bill." Bill has seen male chastity belts before, but by no means is it any kind of fetish or fantasy for him. Bill says nothing just looking at it... "I am not asking you, I am telling you to try in on." He slips the ring around his balls and his penis through the bend down plastic cage. Sharon hands him a plastic lock with a serial number on it. "Lock it on Bill, and then lie back on the table," Sharon commands him. Bill obeys and lies in his normal position face up in the headrest pillow.

"Bill, I have been seeing you now for over two months and we are making no progress. What I am proposing is very unorthodox but I am out of ideas. I believe it is important that you develop some kind of a more normal sex life, and I am going to reward you if you keep the chastity belt on for 24 hours." Sharon stands up from behind her desk. She is normally dressed in a women's pant suit, but now is wearing a loose fitting short length black skirt that she reaches under to get to her panty waist line. Bill watches as she slips her panties down over white lace-top stockings. She steps out of them over her black high heels. She drops the panties on the desk chair in a tantalizing way as her skirt hem flops back to her knees.

Bill has never thought of Sharon in any kind of a sexual manner. Being about 10 years older, married – photos of husband and children on her desk – and usually professionally dressed in business attire, the idea of a sexual interlude never crossed his mind. All this changes quickly now, and he feels his cock getting hard but only as much as the chastity belt allows.

She walks close to the table where her skirt almost touches the top of his head. Bill is looking up from the table head rest, getting very excited with unknown expectation. He can hardly contain himself. He feels his penis fighting the plastic cage between his thighs.

Sharon has thought out her next step carefully. The only way to keep Bill chastised is to offer a reward, and the best reward would be sexual in nature. "If you come back here tomorrow with the chastity belt still locked, I will reward you.

"Now stay still." Sharon moves forward so that the hem of her skirt trails his face until she has straddled his head. Bill's eyes are fixed on Sharon's shapely inner thighs and her shaved pussy lips. He has seen many pussies in pictures and movies, but this is the first one he sees in real life and it is exhilarating.

"If you keep it on for 24 hours, I will allow you to remove it and masturbate. As an incentive to keep it on, while you are masturbating, I will allow you to lick me."

Bill can not believe his ears. His pulse quickens, breaths shorten, and his penis presses ever so hard against its cage.

"The only way you can take the chastity belt off is by cutting the plastic lock, and if you do I will know. You will not find another with the same serial number. Do you think you can keep it on for 24 hours?" Sharon quickly moves back to her desk.

Without a second thought, Bill answers "yes."

"Come back tomorrow at this same time. Our session is over for today. And Bill, if this works, our sessions will become more intimate. You must remember, however, that the intimacy is for your therapy to progress to a more normal sex life. We will remain professional at all times and you will always address me as Dr. Childress."

"Yes, Dr. Childress."

Instantly upon returning to his apartment, Bill gets on the internet easily finding the brand of his chastity belt and learns that what Sharon has said is true. It is easy to get the belt off by cutting the lock, but he can't order the same serial numbered lock. He reads, "The plastic locks are good for one use. Once locked on, they must be cut to open them. Since each one has a unique serial number, any tampering will be evident." He examines the belt for another way to get it off. Even if he breaks it, and buys another identical belt, he would still not be able to lock on the same serialized lock. He is stumped; either he wears it or he won't get his reward.

Bill thinks to himself, *I have just had the most erotic experience in my life. Would 24 hours be so bad?* He clicks on pictures of naked women, but nothing looks as good as his recollection of the image of Sharon's thighs and pussy straddled over his head. He wants to play with his cock so badly that he starts playing with his balls. After a few minutes of ball playing and not being able to masturbate, he becomes completely frustrated and turns off the computer. He tries reading a book, but his mind is only on Sharon's pussy and what it would be like to taste it. He has a sleepless night tossing and turning.

In the morning he finds he can easily shower between the chastity belt parts. He directs soapy water inside the cage for a good cleaning. At work he eventually gets his mind off the lock box and has a somewhat productive day. He counts the hours until quitting time. He is managing to keep the chastity belt on.

He arrives at Dr. Childress' waiting room. For the first time in months, he has gone an entire day without playing with himself. Sharon is inside changing to a dress without panties. She is having second thoughts and is trying to rationalize what she is starting. *Well perhaps he has not kept it on, and then there will be nothing to continue,* she thinks to herself.

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But he has kept in on, he tells her upon entering the therapy room. "Show me," she tells him. He drops his pants and lies on the table. Sharon examines the chastity belt for tampering and finds the lock is still in place. "You can take it off now," she says as she hands Bills a pair of clippers to cut the lock. Bill gets it off quickly and his cock leaps to full erection. "Lie on the table and don't touch yourself yet."

It is not too late to stop this Sharon thinks to herself, but she sees that his cock already looks better after 24 hours of peace and solitude. She has always had a dominate fantasy streak inside her – which she could never play out with her husband even though she suggested it often. *Besides, if it is only oral – as Bill Clinton defines – it is not sex and she is still being faithful,* Sharon rationalizes to herself as she straddles his head.

Bill has not even touched himself, but the sight of Sharon's pussy again produces precum that oozes from his peehole. Sharon notices and gets

turned from Bill's excited state. *My god he is going to squirt just from looking at me.* As she starts to lower her reward to his lips, he can see the tight slit of her creamy white cunt lips slightly open and he smells her perfumed fragrance. As she settles in, Bill sticks out his tongue and gets his first real taste of womanhood.

What Sharon feels, however, is quite a surprise and she gets off his face quickly. "What is wrong?" Bill questions meekly.

"Stick out your tongue all the way." Sharon tells him in a firm voice. Bill does. Sharon's eyes pop out. What she sees would make Gene Simmons envious; the longest tongue she has ever seen. Not only is it long, but the end comes to a nice rounded point and the mid to the base is quite thick. Sharon wonders how he manages to keep it all in his mouth. "Oh, nothing is wrong, but it looks like you are blessed in some areas more than others," Sharon says as she looks back at his twitching penis.

Sharon mounts Bill's head again, but this time he notices that she is really wet between the pussy lips. The taste is awesome as he plunges his tongue in. She tells him to masturbate, and he grabs his cock. One pump is all it takes and a wad of cum fires up his dick, blasting out like a squirt gun shot three feet into the air.

Sharon sees him cum and she wants to cum too. But realizing now, however, that is not going to happen. Bill doesn't know how to use what he is so well endowed for. "Bill, do you know where my clitoris is?"

"Y-yes, Dr. Childress," Bill answers.

"Touch it with the tip of your tongue." Sharon waits... "That's not it. I believe you need some lessons." As much as Sharon wants to continue, her professional nature takes over. The goal is to break Bill from addictive abusive self masturbation. Now is a good time to stop with just enough sex to keep him wanting more; hopefully, ensuring to keep him chastised longer. *Learning to be a good cunnilinguist will also help him keep a girlfriend – which is what he really needs to find,* Sharon thinks trying to further rationalize her therapy. "We will continue tomorrow after another 24 hours in the lock box." Sharon dismounts Bill's head and hands Bill a new serial numbered lock.

Bill has cum but his cock is still as stiff as a rock. "You will need to do something about that," Sharon points to his penis. "There is a small bucket of ice on the end table. You will need to cool down to get locked up again."

Bill is quiet and doesn't move for a moment... "Go over there, cool down, and then lock yourself up," Sharon says affirmatively.

Back in his apartment Bill can't get the taste of Sharon's pussy out of his mind, and he desperately wants to get hard. Hours pass so slowly until he can no longer stand the chastity belt. Searching through his desk he finds a tube of superglue and has a plan. He carefully cuts the lock off, casts the belt aside, and springs a rigid hardon that he grabs playfully in his hands. He jumps into bed jerking in delight thinking of burying his cock deep into Sharon's hot mound. In the morning before going to work he fits the belt back on gluing the lock together.

Work passes quickly and Bill is back in Sharon's examination office again for their late afternoon therapy. Sharon can see that Bill is nervous and she easily finds the lock tampered. Sharon had been looking forward to this session. She had been thinking about her husband – who believes that oral sex is something that a woman gives a man and not vice versa. But now disappointed, she will really have to push the issue. "Well Bill no reward today. I know this is difficult and I will give you a second chance, but only one second chance." She hands him a new lock. "The penalty is 72 hours, and if you don't make it, that's it, no more sessions; your therapy with me will be over." A new lock is attached to Bill's chastity belt.

Not since puberty can Bill remember going this long without cumming. And struggle as he does this evening, he is determined not to lose his sessions with Sharon. The more he thinks about eating her pussy, the more he thinks about fucking her, and the more determined he is to make it. Today is Friday. He would need to go through the entire weekend without playing with himself. He tries everything he can think of to keep his mind occupied with something other than sex, but always in the back of his mind is the replay of Sharon sitting on his face. He doesn't sleep and he hardly eats. It is the longest weekend of his life. The chastity belt is hell.

It is Monday. He has almost made it. All he has to do is get through the work day. At work he finds it easier to get his mind away from sex, even if only for momentary minutes. He gets to the waiting room early. He is always Sharon's last patient visit of the day. The receptionist informs Sharon that Bill is here. She breathes a sigh of relief. She feared that if he hadn't remained chastised, he wouldn't show. Hopefully, he hasn't cheated because Sharon is thinking of his tongue, and she is in the mood for a good pussy licking.

Bill enters her office, "I don't know how I did it, Dr. Childress, but I made through the entire weekend. I can't wait to take it off." He removes his pants

and lies down on the table in the usual position. Sharon is excited but a careful examination will prove for sure, and after inspection, she knows that his – and her - reward is about to begin.

Sharon removes her skirt revealing her nylon garter belt – no panties – that holds up blue diamond net stockings. She feels that a sexy outfit – business attire from the waist up however – will help encourage Bill to remain chastised until he is cured. And besides, it makes her feel hot too; no reason they both can't enjoy this. She hands Bill the clippers, the chastity belt is gone, and Bill is sporting a stiffer than stiff erection. "Now, no touching yourself until I say ok."

Sharon turns the lights up higher. "We are going to start with some lessons." She mounts his head with her curvy bottom facing toward his chest and in this position she can look down making eye contact with him. Bill can feel the soft back of her thighs pressed lightly against his shoulders. He is looking directly between her legs and can smell the alluring scent of her perfumed vagina. He desperately wants to grab his cock.

"Now we are going to start with the women's sex parts" Sharon points to the lips of her pussy, "These are the outer pussy lips or more professionally called the labia, and if we pry them apart we can see the inner lips." With her index fingers she slowly pulls open her slit. Bill watches as the lips appear to be slightly stuck together with her womanly juices. They pry open like a flower blooming glistening with traces of moisture to reveal the unfolding of her inner lips. "Now if I pull wider you can see inside." She stretches wider to completely expose her treasures. "At the bottom is the opening to my vagina, just a little above is my urethra where I pee and continuing up to the top is the hood to my clitoris. If I pull up on the hood," Sharon keeps her pussy lips open with two fingers on one hand and moves her other hand to expose her clitoris. "See, my clit, it has the most nerve endings and a place where you can really make a girl cum."

"You don't want to head straight for my clit with your tongue; however, you start by licking around the area. Stick your tongue between the folds of my pussy lips and lick. Start just below the vaginal opening and lick upward in one long stroke. Much like a cat does when cleaning itself. When you start, lick so that your tongue comes up just short of my clit and repeat the lick again varying the speed and pressure a little, but always come up short of my clit. This is called pussy foreplay teasing your partner until she is dying for relief. When you really start to feel me squirm, go for it; increase the lick to brush over my clit. Since your head is in a restricted position, I will help by moving up and down your face. You can't touch yourself or cum until I cum first. Ready to start?"

Bill can't believe what he is hearing and seeing, and is more than ready to go. "Yes, Dr. Childress." He opens his mouth and Sharon – in a better position to watch with brighter lights – watches his magnificent tongue emerge. She releases her pussy, sticks her fingers in his hair, and sits on his face. "Now grab and squeeze my bottom and enjoy the ride", she tells him in a sultry voice.

With Sharon's coaching, Bill follows his instruction and Sharon is cumming all over his face within 10 minutes. He listens to her moan in delight while sucking all her juices into his mouth. Straightening her legs she lifts her wet pussy from Bill's mouth. "You can cum now." Bill grabs his dick and blasts a streaming wad across his chest that almost hits Sharon in the ass.

"We are making very good progress," Sharon says now in a more professional voice while handing him a new lock. She should probably keep him locked up longer before their next session, but this is so good that she doesn't want to wait. "24 hours and we will have another lesson tomorrow." She watches Bill cool down before leaving.

When Bill arrives back in his apartment, he has no desire to surf the porn sites. What he sees on the internet doesn't even compare to what he just experienced in real life. Bill sits down and spends the evening reading a science fiction novel. Asleep he dreams of making love with Sharon and wakes in the night from the pressure felt against the chastity belt; he rolls over and falls asleep again.

Sharon eagerly waits Bill return. He took so well to her instructions and there is so much more she wants to teach. Her memories before marriage have returned to lovers, who were more than willing to satisfy her cravings for oral attention. She had forgotten how much she missed the affections of a man's mouth, lips, and tongue on her most private parts.

After Sharon finishes inspecting Bill's belt, she allows him to take it off while she sits down on the edge table. She is wearing no panties and black suspender pantyhose. She has adjusted the level of the table to where Bill will be at the right height on his knees. "Kneel down in front of me, Bill." As he kneels down Sharon leans back to a lying position bringing her legs up to where she can hold her calves exposing herself completely in front of his face.

Bill watches Sharon stretch her legs fully open exposing herself completely. "Same lesson as yesterday, but as soon as I cum, stick your tongue up my vagina as far as you can then pull out and push back in. Do it over and over

until I tell you to stop." In Bill's excitement he goes too quickly to Sharon's clit – not enough tongue foreplay – and she moans softly to a quick climax. Bill feels her contraction and plunges his tongue up her vagina as far as he can. "Oh yes, do it," she cries. Sharon drops her legs and closes her thighs around Bill's head, bending her knees, locking her ankles together against his back. Bill continues tonguing her hole feeling her thighs squeeze against his face as he pushes in; feeling her thighs relax as he pulls out. He learns to take his queues without a word, and Sharon controls the speed and rhythm of the tongue fuck with the muscles in her thighs. Sharon is amazed at how much tongue Bill can get inside her. She climaxes for a second time.

Sharon watches Bill jerk. "Don't forget about starting with licks that come up just short of the clitoris. You went to my clit too quickly. Remember that a girl likes foreplay... Did you surf the porn sites last night?"

"No, Dr. Childress, I had no desire," Bill answers proudly.

"Then we certainly are making progress. I am proud of you. Bill wants so much to hug and kiss her. Ok, same routine this time tomorrow."

With each visit Bill becomes a better – at least in Sharon's eyes – cunnilinguist. For Bill there seems to be no end to the different positions that Sharon plans: He goes down on her in the lying flat position; when she is kneeling on arms and legs with bottom up; and when she is standing legs spread with him in front on his knees. She even buys a sex swing to hang in from the ceiling that allows him to lick her from many different angles. And then she buys a queening stool, which she fits over his head for comfortable face sitting. She plays out all the fantasies missing in her marriage life.

Sharon's instructions continue to become more detailed. She teaches him to use the tip of his tongue to make circles around her clit that become smaller and smaller until he sucks her clit into his mouth. She teaches him how to alternate between the tip of his tongue lick and the full flat tongue surface lick. She also teaches him to be creative, to surprise her, to lick the alphabet; the pussy eating never becomes routine – always a new and exciting adventure.

Bill learns Sharon's body so well that he knows exactly what to do, and when to do it, to bring her to a maximum climax. His confidence builds to the point where he can bring her close to the edge and then just before she cums, deny her by slowing the pace. He knows how to take the foreplay to extreme, and often she screams at him to finish her off.

Bill has jerked off only once each weekday now for two months. He survives the weekends with no relief until the Monday session. He has watched no pornography and spends his free time reading novels. He dreams of having real sex with Sharon every night. He is in love with her and decides to tell her.

Upon entering Sharon's office, he finds her swinging slowly in the sex swing dressed in a grey short sleeve blazer and naked from the waist down. Her long slender legs are stretched wide open in the swing straps. It had been a long weekend for her arguing with her husband and disciplining her children. She is really looking forward to a good orgasm to relieve her tension.

Bill comes in and awkwardly blurts out, "D-Doctor Childress, I-I am in love with you."

Without saying anything, Sharon gets out of the swing... She was afraid of this happening. She had hoped to keep these sessions professional, and to keep the oral sex on a physical therapy basis only. She intentionally avoided calling Bill by any names of endearment (dear, honey, sweetie) even though she often felt it. She is married with children and there is no way she can have any kind of serious relationship with him. She knows, now, much to her disappointment that she must call their affair to an end.

"Bill, I was hesitant on starting this treatment from the beginning. Placing you in a chastity belt and rewarding you this way breaks every rule in the book. If this were to become known, I would lose my license. I must admit that much of this was done in my own and not with your best interest in mind. I should have stopped long ago. But to be truthful, I was taking advantage of your situation for my personal fulfillment. We can't have a serious relationship."

"Please, Dr. Childress, I wish I had never said anything. I so want to continue our sessions. My masturbation is completely under control. I no longer look at pornography. You have cured my sex addiction. I no longer need the chastity belt. Please Dr. Childress don't do this." Bill falls down in front of her kissing her feet. "I will do exactly what you say, and never be a problem. I beg you. Don't do this to me."

Looking down at Bill, Sharon has second thoughts and is torn between her family/professional life and her own sexual desire. But she quickly puts her lusty thoughts aside. She is determined to end this sex therapy, and maybe, hopefully, he really is cured. She turns and walks behind her desk. "If you are cured, you need to prove it. Take off your chastity belt and leave it here. Our next appointment will be in one week."

Bill deeply regrets telling Sharon how he feels about her. It is wonderful, however, not wearing the chastity belt. For over two months, he has not been out of the belt for an extended period a time. Reaching for his erection, the image of Sharon sitting in the swing is strong in his mind. He strokes himself to near orgasm, then stops for a minute, and continues again. After about 30 minutes he cums in his hands and washes the semen down the sink.

Reading does not take his mind of sex. Without the chastity belt he is fully erect again. He looks at his penis twitching almost taunting him to stroke it. He told Sharon he was cured, but this is the first real freedom he has had in so long. A little more play time couldn't hurt. Bill spends the next two hours lying in bed slowly jerking off bringing himself to another two orgasms.

The following day after work in his apartment at the time he is usually with Sharon for their session, he plays with himself wondering what the next session with her will bring. It is hopeless; he is in love with her, and he is in love with not wearing the chastity belt. He spends each evening of the following days masturbating for hours.

The week has passed; Sharon is sitting behind her desk looking down at paperwork when Bill enters her office. "Bill, the first day we met I told you that the first step in getting help is admitting you have a problem. If you can't admit you have a problem you can't be helped. Can you honestly say that your problem is cured?"

A long moment of silence passes... "No Dr. Childress, I lapsed back. It was the first time I was really free from the chastity belt." Bills voice trails off with his head down... Another moment of silence before Sharon speaks.

"I realize that the chastity belt is difficult but it is in your best interest. I did not manage your therapy well and I am going to recommend you to someone else. The person I have in mind is not a licensed psychologist, but she is experienced with enforced male chastity. Her husband, Byron, had your similar problem. She told me he died a year ago in an auto accident. I found her through a friend of a friend and don't know her well. I have reservations about her lifestyle, but I believe she can help you. She is someone, unlike me, with whom you can have a serious relationship – which is what you really need. She is in the waiting room now. Her name is Myra Burns. Would you like to meet her?"