

Cary's Frustration

(By: Rosie Kreps)

Part One

"I give a great handjob, all my boy friends have said this" whispered Lalani "The difference with Cary is I don't let him cum." Lalani walked into the bedroom where Cary was lying on the bed as ordered.

"Poor Baby," crooned his lovely wife "Is your poor wee-wee still in pain from all those bad crops?"

Earlier that morning, Lalani's hairdresser, Mike, and his friends from the Leather House had beaten Cary's poor cock, making him dance at Lalani's pool party.

"Yes, Mistress, said Cary miserably.

Alyssa, Lalani's college friend, was sympathetic. "Jesus, Lalani, his dick has whip marks all over it and what's that weird red blotch?"

Lalani chuckled. "Oh, this morning I was finishing a Lucky Strike, and all the ash trays were full, so I put it out on his dick." Lalani paused, chuckling "Cary, baby, you'll remember to clean the ashtrays next time, won't you? she asked in honeyed tones.

"Yes ma'am Cary responded, through his tears.

"Let me put some lotion on this poor cock of yours." Taking a bottle of baby oil off the nightstand, Lalani poured some into her right hand, and began rubbing it over Cary's damaged member. Cary watched Lalani's red nails working over the head of his penis and rubbing the underside of his shaft. He began to moan, shifting his pelvis into her grasp; but his clever wife in turn began stroking with only one or two fingers.

"Poor thing" she said in honeyed tones. "Look at him, Alyssa, watch him trying to get friction in my hand.

"Maybe you should get him off "suggested Alyssa. "Make up for the drubbing of his poor dick"

Cary looked hopefully at his wife-mistress, who was now tickling his scrotum. Lalani began laughing, which caused her pointed breasts to jiggle in the small black bikini in a way that hypnotized her poor husband.

"Cary, tell Miss Alyssa how long it's been since Mommy let you have an orgasm."

"Forty-two days, Mistress Alyssa" responded Cary in a kind of breathless voice. He was holding his thighs very still, and precum was pouring out of the head of his now purple-ish member, as a nail flicked a big vein.

"Forty-two days?" asked Alyssa disbelievingly. "What?" What kind of a sex life do you two have?"

"Oh, I have a great sex life!" laughed Lalani, as she gripped Cary's meat, baby oil seeping around her knuckles. "I'm dating two different guys-one that Michael introduced me to -- you gotta see him, Lys, he's so cute, and besides them, I just gave Fernando, our pool man a blowjob last night." Lalani casually took off her bikini, and stretched before returning to the tortured penis.

"I promised Fernando that I would blow him if he could make Cary cry by razor-stropping him, and boy did that Hispanic hunk deliver."

Cary looked like he was going to cry.

"Yes sir, Lalani gets laid but Cary, on the other hand, wears a chastity belt when he isn't in the house. "Lalani stroked faster and Cary moaned louder. "He's allowed to jerk off with his own little hand once and spurt his seed every sixty days, unless I get pissed, and add a week or so." Lalani suddenly let go of Cary's thrashing penis as if it were a hot poker. "Which is eighteen days from now."

"Lalani!" protested Alyssa, "The poor guy was about to cum. Look he's so frustrated he's, Jesus, crying." Alyssa pulled one of her strawberry curls. "To think he was captain of the Rugby team at Stanford."

Cary lay back on the bed weeping harder from Lalani's cruel tease than he had from being beaten with the faggot's crops. The veins in his schlong looked as if they might burst. Lalani looked at Alyssa, covering her mouth with beautifully manicured fingers. Alyssa could tell that Lani was trying not to laugh. "You mean to tell me" said Lalani, her voice rising, "That while I was trying to soothe his bastard's miserable beaten-up dingle with a nice massage, he was AROUSED?" She snarled viciously, but it was clear that her 34DD chest was heaving with mirth.

Lalani picked up her riding crop and began thwacking her poor husband's now stiff penis as hard as she could. "This (strike) is (giggle, strike) an insulting (strike) outrage. And he's been staring at my breasts too! (strike)" She tossed Alyssa a ruler, and her friend joined in mauling the tumescent toy, its owner now screaming, in a fresh burst of tears

"PLEASE, STOP, I'LL NOT COME FOR ANOTHER MONTH!" He looked miserable, but his cock was never harder...

Part Two

"Did you know those mashed potatoes are made with horseradish?" Lalani, spoonful of Herb Roast Chicken and mashed potatoes en route to glossed burgundy lips, looked around casually. A short man in an ugly plaid jacket was smiling at her.

He was a regular at Lenny's. She remembered him telling one of her girlfriends that he owned "five gas stations". Lalani sighed, her chest heaving in the white cashmere sweater.

Alyssa chuckled. This wouldn't be the night for Lalani's hubby to earn his "squirt"...

Sorry Cary, I'm not bringing this one home...

Cary moved again in the clothes closet...his legs were aching. His hands and feet bound behind him, he'd been trapped on his knees for seven hours now, and his penis was swelling against the chastity tube.

God it hurt, though the precum seemed to lubricate the tight area around his frenum...

And there was this horrible fox coat that belonged to Lalani's bitch of a mother right in his face! It made him sneeze, repeatedly.

While serving his beautiful wife eggs Florentine in bed that morning, Lalani had informed Cary that he should leave work at noon, and return home, and clean the living room and all the bathrooms... the company would have to do without its Creative Director today.

About three that afternoon, John Wells, a former golf caddy of Cary's, now dating Lalani, had come over, and apologetically asked Cary to strip.

"What?" Cary asked, stunned. "What the fuck'r you--"

"Sorry, Mr. Moore, but Lalani told me that I'm supposed to tie you up naked in the closet. Man, she says if I don't, she'll cancel our trip to Cancun this spring."

Oh, yes...Cary had seen the charge for two tickets on his Visa Gold... Undressing before the kid and getting tied up was horribly humiliating, watching the little bastard smirk at his tube... usually Lani put him in the closet and then went out, but from three p.m. to one a.m.?

The usual closet stay was only four hours or so... and Johnny really knew how to tie those knots!

Last week was worse in a way, though, Lalani had given him an assignment to eat laundry soap chips out of a dog bowl filled with water (hard to bend down while bound) and when he only ate half of them, gagging and then throwing them up,

Lalani'd blistered Cary's bottom with his father's old razor strop...

Oh! Cary heard footsteps outside the closet door. Was it her? His cock swelled, painfully. The door opened, and Cary shut his eyes tight against the rush of electric brightness...it'd been dark for a long time.

"Out!" Her purple nails grabbed Cary's hair, and he shuffled out on his knees... As his eyes adjusted to the light, he gazed lovingly at his wife/mistress. Five seven, large breasts pushing against a tight cashmere turtleneck, tucked into a micro leather miniskirt he'd given her for her last birthday.

"Look at your dick, I can almost see veins pulsing through the tube, Jesus." Lani towered over her prone, nude husband in high heeled sealskin boots purchased a week ago at Neiman Marcus by an out of town lover, a cocaine dealer, who kept his bitch in style. Lalani bent down, showing more of her net stockings, and pulled her charm bracelet off, using the little key on the end to open the tube...

Cary's cock sprang free! Cary quaked with joy.

Lalani was alone tonight...in the past few months, she had only let him wank off after he'd cleaned the house, done a few hours in the closet, and then sucked off one of her many pick-ups...even the most hetero man would allow a blowjob from poor Cary, for a couple hours with his fabulous wife!

"Oh, Mistress, thank you..."Cary was puzzled. Where was the guy? "

I know what you're wondering, Cary. I only let you whack off once every sixty days after you've cleaned the house PERFECTLY and sucked off one of my bar pick-ups...you hate that don't you?"

Cary winced. He did, but the terrible, terrible need to cum came first, Two months was a long time to be in the tube.

Lalani undid Cary's legs, and pulled him to his feet, picking up her Licorice Whip, a springy crop made of dyed red leather, from the coffee table.

Whack!

Ooh...right on the head of his poor penis...

"What kind of a job did you do on the house, pig-boy?" "Mistress" Cary whined.

"I cleaned everything--the living room, kitchen dining room, all the guest rooms, the bath--

"Whack!

"Shut up" Lalani looked at her sniveling husband, his tears dropping on the head of his tortured cock.

"You look ridiculous standing there... Lalani took Cary's bulging, violet penis by two crimson tipped fingers, leading him into the first floor bathroom.

"There are three bathrooms, ma'am" Cary said "I tried to..."

Whack!

Lalani hit him on the cock again. "If you don't shut up, I'll beat your ass and your dick!" She looked over the bathroom, most of it was sparkling. Cary had done a good job. That weekend with his head locked in the commode had convinced him.

"What's this?" Lalani asked, as she lowered her compact into the toilet to see the inside. to view the inside of the toilet. "There's a spot." Lalani began beating Cary's penis in earnest, and he buckled over, and then she began hitting him on the back with the Licorice Whip.

Then she paused, giggling. "Wait, there's no spot, I forgot to clean the mirror."

The next hour was very painful for Cary, as Lalani took him through fifteen rooms of their large suburban house, punishments rained for real and imagined mistakes in the cleaning.

Finally, Lalani took Cary to her bedroom, and after she'd worn his bottom out with her hairbrush, paddle, razor strop and buggy whip, she turned him over so he was lying on his scorched rear and manacled wrists. Lalani began massaging Cary's penis with her soft hands.

"Well, you know our rule, sweetie--" Lalani rubbed the tip of Cary's cock. "I want you to really appreciate your very rare orgasms, so I usually make you blow some guy who I bring home... but there wasn't anyone in the bar."

"You...you didn't find anyone, Mistress Lalani?" Cary looked sadly at her, though he was tremendously aroused. His bruised cock hopped about in her enthusiastic fingers.

"Well, you're always complaining about having to suck off men, I heard you telling the neighbor fag jokes, honey..." Lalani rubbed her forefinger up and down the thick vein on the outside of Cary's throbbing member.

"You looked kind of sick back in November when you serviced those Marines I brought home." She began quickening her pace, rubbing her fingers up and down the shaft quickly. Taking the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, Lalani gently pinched the base of the penis just below the head and began twisting it back and forth, as if she were unscrewing a child-proof cap.

"Sweetie, I don't want you to suck off men if you don't want to..." Lalani smiled gently and fluttered her eyelashes at Cary, while she gently twiddled the head some more, and then took her hand off and began scratching the tip.

Cary moaned, and began shifting his hips "Oh, but Lalani...it's been sixty days, I-I"

Lalani parted her lips and protruded her tongue slightly... "You're a big, strong, ex-Marine captain..." Her long fingernails played around his foreskin "...Cumming isn't as important as maintaining your hetero honor is it?"

She began tickling the underside of the cock.

"Oh, please, Mistress Lalani...could I just come anyway?" Cary begged. "I cleaned the entire house, and eaten you to orgasm for the past sixty nights...even after you were with your lovers..."

Lalani smiled and slowly rubbed her forefinger against the vein again. "You're used to the taste of male cum now, aren't you, sweetheart? Licked semen out of my quimmy too many times...and sucked it out of how many dicks now? Twelve?"

Lalani began lightly brushing the tip of his cock with her fingers again, and chuckled as his hips began moving feverishly. "I know you must be sick of the fellatio; and you'd like to just whack off without a dick in your mouth first, baby; but that's what the plan is... you have to EARN your orgasms..."

"But couldn't you just-" Cary took a deep breath, he felt his cum rising from the testicles. He knew if he squirted without permission, Lalani would make his life hell.

"Stop for a minute please, Mistress... I'm about--"

Lalani stopped immediately, and folded her hands in her lap in a ladylike way.

"Couldn't I suck someone off tomorrow, since you haven't brought anyone home yet?"

Lalani smiled. "I never said I didn't bring anyone home, did I?" She looked at the straining organ. "Is it still too close to cumming?"

Cary nodded weakly. Lalani picked up her glass of iced tea and drained it, dropping the ice in her hand..."I just said I didn't find a nice guy at the bar for you." She then rubbed the ice briskly up and down the organ, and Cary shivered."

That doesn't mean I didn't find anyone outside the bar-still hard?" Lalani picked up a wooden ruler from the night table (they'd played Schoolmarm the night before) and...

WHACK!

WHACK!

Hit now-wet penis, and Cary screamed. "Please Mistress...don't hit me anymore. If you don't (sob) want me to cum, I can wait (sob) til--"

Lalani smiled, and began again stimulating the now limp, sore penis. It was quite bedraggled with the welts, scars, and cigarette burns of seven years of femdom marriage. Still, it surged at Lalani's touch...She stroked with two fingers, then squeezed the base with her hand, and began playing with the foreskin, as Cary gasped..."

Don't worry, my prince. I do want you to cum tonight...if you'll agree to the terms."

"Terms?" Cary gasped, and closed his eyes...Sixty days...of nightly milkings, his penis surging in its prison watching young girls walking down the street, seeing his beautiful wife in her lingerie, teasing him, twiddling his exposed testicles... unlocking the tube to play wiggle the wee-wee for a while, then re-imprisoning it, poor Cary unsatisfied, hours later... A former varsity fullback, it'd taken time for Cary to accept cocksucking, but he'd learned that the desire to cum was more, much more important than heterosexual male pride... though he was completely, completely straight..."

Between Lalani's vicious beatings and her torrid stimulation, and the agony of chastity... Cary had finally collapsed, training his mouth on Lalani's gay friends before moving on to bar pickups, who would do anything to sleep with a girl as beautiful as Lalani... Sometimes, to insure that the guy would allow the blowjob, Lalani would bring home fairly average guys, who had never been with a former model..."

Lalani's fingers were brushing the shaft just a bit more, and the long red nail of her middle finger was drawing tiny pictures just below the cockhead..."

"Well?" Lalani smiled.

"What--what terms, Mistress?" Cary begged. Rubbing his left testicle gently, Lalani looked into Cary's eyes.

"It took a lot for you to suck your first cock, baby...I had to whip your ass every night for a week, and come into your office for afternoon ass-whippings, and keep you chaste for nearly ninety days..." Lalani bent over, and blew a little sweet air on the top of the purple cockhead with her glossy burgundy lips.

Cary sighed, and remembered her blowjobs from their first few years of marriage...Oh God...

"But now, we need to take it to a new level...you need to change." Lalani rubbed his penis vigorously, and Cary began undulating his hips...

Lalani removed her fingers swiftly, leaving the poor guy humping thin air. "So I brought someone home for you, and if you suck his pee-pee, I'll let you wank!"

Cary looked up. "I thought you said you didn't..."

Lalani looked up from the penis vein she was now tickling. "No, I said I didn't bring home one of my regular middle-class bar pickups... but I got someone. Let's get up."

She untied Cary, and led him into the living room on tottering legs..

"Here he is!" Lalani pointed into the living room... The old black homeless man who spare-changed in front of Cary's office building was relaxing on the Naugahyde sofa with a cold brew. He gave the naked ad exec a toothless grin, and unzipped his stained blue jeans.

Cary looked at Lalani, who smiled...

He looked down at his own dick, which looked as if it might burst...Cary licked his lips and shuffled into the living room... THE END