

# Incredibly Frustrating

(By: Unknown)

The first month that Robbie wore the "Thimble" was incredibly frustrating... Although Karin was letting him cum about once every three days, the shot-glass shaped metal object now covering his dick was incredibly frustrating... Part of this was because, of course Robbie was a compulsive masturbator... He'd see some girl with big hair, the kind he'd never have a conversation with, walking down the sidewalk by his firm, or have a few flirtatious words with the legal secretary of one of his partners, and then he'd run off to the firm public restroom, squirt a little pink soap from the sink into his palms, and dive into the stall, and wank, pausing impatiently as people came in and out of the lavatory, having irritatingly long conversations. Robbie's closet was jammed with porn tapes and empty Astroglide containers...

Now Robbie was horny all the time... he was stupid enough to watch his favorite porn tape "Inspector Fellatio" once with the "Thimble" on, and realized the metal cap wasn't actually big enough to hold his erection... he'd had to shut off the tape and jump in the shower immediately. He now tried not to look at the teenyboppers at the mall, but he still did, and sometimes tried to release by humping the "Thimble" against the bed at home... but it was just painful. Karin now had taken to inviting Robbie over more and more to dinner, and she was always wearing either a tiny, clinging shirt, with a push up bra that bulged her cleavage, or some sort of lingerie—a lace teddy or a Merry Widow, and thigh high stockings with garters, and spike heels, patting him on the cheek... you'd think she wanted to get it on, with all that, but she had locked him into the damn belt!

"B-but why?" Robbie had asked Karin as she'd locked on the chastity belt. "I don't jerk off that much, and I love you." If she really was eager for Robbie to be horny, why the hell wouldn't she let him sleep with her after nearly three years of dating and six months of engagement?

"Robbie, I just want to know that you're not easing your tensions elsewhere." Karin responded, patting his metal crotch. "When you jerk off and think of some other girl, or even think of me when you're away from me, it's like you're cheating on me... I know that I am still seeing other men, but I'm so used to regular sex! You've really not slept with that many real-time women, have you sweetie?"

Robbie shook his head, his neck scarlet. Robbie had been so astonished and pleased when Karin had agreed to go out with him the first time, and she was only his second girlfriend in about ten years.

Karin still tied Robbie down once or twice a week and played her "massaging" games on his cock Rub, rub rub, stroke stroke... "This is how I like you, darling, " she'd say, playing her fingers along the underside of Robbie's straining cock, as he moaned and shook, stark naked with the cuffs behind him.

"See, you haven't cum in what is it? Four days? No, I played with you Sunday,

but we didn't have time (giggle) for you to come. Six days! You haven't cum, and look at your enthusiasm! It's incredible!"

Robbie's dick was soaked in pre-cum, and it was rather purple that day. His balls were incredibly swollen—sometimes he'd have to go home and ice his testicles after one of their marathon massages...he couldn't rub it on his cock as Karin would've already locked on the belt! And today, as he rang the doorbell, Robbie was thinking to himself... he'd heard Karin discussing a possible reduction in orgasms... a "behavior modification" program, she called it.

Karin smiled and hugged Robbie as she opened the door for him... " Oh, baby... have I got a surprise for you!" Oooh.

Karin hugged Robbie, pressing her boobs against him, giving him a long tongue kiss, and then pulled him into the apartment... "Let's shut the door, honey, I'm not really dressed."

A tall guy in the apartment across the hall came out to get his newspaper, and caught Karin's eye. Karin stepped back, and Robbie saw what she meant—she was wearing a violet bustier, her cleavage practically bursting out of it... this was usual of course when he came to see Karin. She didn't seem upset that the guy across the hall noticed—She smiled at him

"Hey Greg... nice bathrobe." The guy, a big dark haired guy, about three inches taller than Robbie, winked at her

"You like it, Karin? I got it went back to the Opp Shop, check out the back." The guy turned around and Karen and Robbie read on the back of the fluffy white robe that it had belonged to "Caeser's Palace", and this written in gold letters. "This is Robbie, my fiancée, Greg."

Karin nudged Robbie, and he nodded at the guy weakly. "Oh, yeah... right."

Something made Greg chuckle, "Robert?" he asked, looking at Robbie. "No, Robin" replied Robbie uncomfortably.

Greg grinned. "Oh, Robin... that's a guy's name?" "It was my father's" Robbie said hotly.

"That figures." Karin and Greg both began laughing, and Greg took his paper back inside the house.

"What's the Opp Shop, Karin, where did you go with him?" Robbie asked, as they came into the apartment. "Oh, it's called the Opportunity Shop, and it's a thrift store at the National Cathedral...

Greg and I go shopping there sometimes... rich Episcopalians like you donate your stuff, and we proletarians benefit." Karin laughed.

"But, why are you going with him to thrift stores?" Robbie shook his head. "I mean, you are dating some guy, I know, but we ARE engaged... do you have to have all these friends? Do you like those gym-rat types, anyway? What do you have in common with him? Robbie felt like a nagging old woman.

Karin began playing with Robbie's shirt. "Oh, you don't want to go to a

thrift store, Robbie... you have lots of money. I like it when you take me to Neiman Marcus... Greg's a thrift-shop pal, that's all... ROBIN."

Karin coughed. "He and I got up early this morning and went to the Opportunity Shop and got some stuff—you like my top?" Robbie stared hungrily at the violet bustier.

"Then we went to the Steak and Egg Kitchen, that little place down the street, and had breakfast, that's all." We got up, Robbie thought what's she mean by that? Did they get up together, or in separate apartments? Should I ask? Karin was beginning to look irritated. She could always read Robbie's mind. She breathed deeply, and Robbie quaked, both thrilled by her heaving bosom, and fearful of the temper tantrum that might come. Last time she had a tantrum he'd had to buy her a diamond bracelet and wash her car as well.

"What's the deal, Rob-Bin? Can't I have friends?" Karin stopped playing with Robbie's buttons... he'd really enjoyed feeling her fingers toying with his chest. "I mean, how are we going to spend the rest of our LIVES together—" Robbie's heart stopped—"if you are always mooching around at me?" Karin spun and walked to her window. "I mean, what's the fuckin' point?"

Don't beg, Robbie thought. Last night in one of his rare nights with the guys, his friend Kevin had said "When she throws a fit, dude, just walk out. Fuck her... she'll come after you. You're the youngest litigation partner at your firm, you make money, just tell her to chuck it, that's what I tell Maurissa" But Maurissa was a pig next to Karin. "Karin please..."

Robbie wrung his hands and walked up behind her. "Don't be that way... I just was asking. I mean, you know I am committed to this relationship, honey... I understand about the other guys, the guy friends, you need your freedom, and I let you put a chastity belt on me... how many guys allow that?" Karin turned around and looked at Robbie. "Oh, yeah... let's take a look at that. Strip down." She said.

Robbie obeyed, folding his clothes up neatly and putting them in a corner as his mom had taught him. He stood before Karin in only his chastity belt, that peculiar thing she called the "Thimble" and had a shot-glass shaped piece of metal around his cock, preventing his masturbation or any other action when he was alone. Sure he could pee out of it, but that was all the action it allowed. Karin examined it, dropping to her knees. Robbie thought of something else she could be doing down there, but didn't think for long, as his penis could not swell to a full erection inside the Thimble.

He felt the familiar pain as his dick pushed in vain against the hard metal... he'd almost had a seizure that morning, watching his sixteen year old neighbor, wearing a bikini and necking with the boyfriend on her front lawn. Karin tapped the tip of the Thimble with a long nail. This didn't help.

Karin's nails were incredibly provocative to Robbie's penis... Sometimes Karin would let Robbie take the belt off and they'd go out into the street, and go shopping, she called it "Window-shopping" but constantly she'd tap his dick, and occasionally grab his bulge, poking it with her long nails through the pants, in this oh-so subtle way... she'd comment on a piece of pottery in the window, a pair of

shoes, some earrings on display at Commodore Jewelers... and he'd go right in like Pavlov's dog, and buy it for her... and then when they were having dinner, sometimes Karin would reach under the table and play with Robbie's dick with her hands the nails unzipping his pants, and whisking out his dick, and fondling the penis head while she asked his opinions of the attractive young waitresses at the Café Deluxe. Occasionally, Karin foot-fondled his crotch, but generally, it was the hand, and the long, French nails.

"She's cute isn't she Robbie?" Karin would whisper in Robbie's ear, pumping his dick just a little under the table, as an American University coed would come to take their order. "Don't you think she's prettier than me?" This would go on throughout the movies, as well... and then when they got home, Robbie would be rarin' to go, and Karin would tie him to the bed, spreadeagled, and gently play with his cock as he found a thousand ways to tell her that he thought she was prettier and lots sexier than any of the waitresses or store clerks they'd seen, or certainly Gwyneth Paltrow in the movies... oh yes... and those nails would just swirl up and down his erection... stroking and petting and rubbing and pinching. "Look at this vein, Robbie... is it pulsating for me, or Gwyneth, baby...?"

"I love you Karin, please, please take off the ropes and let me make love to you... please?" "I don't know about you, perv boy... make love indeed, real guys want to fuck, Rob-Bin.. but don't you really like those hot chicks on `Friends' or that bitch on the Drew Carey Show, you always watch it Rob-Bin..." Then Karin would pretend to get miffed and walk away, with a last flick of her long nail on Robbie's now purplish, soggy, well-veined erection. "I'll just leave that dickie for Jennifer Aniston to enjoy... Jennifer, Jennifer where are you?" the voice would float back to Robbie, as he lay there, humping the air in vain, or vein... ho ho.

This morning, Robbie stood at attention, his penis now in severe pain, pushing, pushing desperately against the unforgiving metal of the Thimble as he gazed down into Karin's heaving breasts as she knelt, tapping the Thimble tip with a French talon.

"You were supposed to clean this thing, Robbie." Karin looked at the tip of the Thimble. She got very close, and then she kissed the Thimble, tenderly, mouthing it a little, before pulling back. Robbie felt like his dick would explode through the Thimble. In the two and a half years they'd been together, Karin had never given him head... and now this! Being sucked through an evil metal prison. "Why didn't you clean this belt thing, Robbie?" Robbie had cleaned the belt and the Thimble thoroughly that morning, but now of course it was slightly tarnished by Karin's strawberry lip gloss.

"Why, oh why... Robbie?" Karin stood up. "It's filthy." WHACK! Robbie's face stung where Karin had just slapped him. This had never happened before. Jesus the girl had lots of muscle.

"Honey" Robbie protested, "I did clean it, I even polished the Thimble, as best I could, since I couldn't take it off, you know."

"What's that shit on the tip, then?" Karin flicked the strawberry stained tip of the Thimble. "That's your lip gloss, baby, you just kissed me down there

you smeared it—"

"SMEARED?" Karin shrieked at Robbie, and gave him another roundhouse slap on the other cheek. Robbie's head bounced like a balloon against a bus stop. "I give you the chance to have MY LITTLE MOUTH on your pathetic organ—and you complain---" Karin's voice grew icy"—complain that I am messing up your pitiful little chastity tube."

Robbie's head was ringing, and then as she said "chastity tube" Karin reached down and smacked the Thimble hard—very hard. This exacerbated the pain of the erection, still pushing desperately against the Thimble, incredibly. Robbie dropped to his knees, and began crying. "I didn't—didn't—" His head dropped to his chest. "I-I... try so hard"

Immediately Karin's voice changed. "Oh, honey..." Karin leaned over and ruffled Robbie's hair. "I know you try." Karin helped Robbie to his feet, and gave him another big, soft hug, pressing her soft breasts to his shaking, narrow chest. "Darling, you're such a good boy."

Karin led Robbie into her bedroom. Taking a tissue from the night table by her bed, Karin told Robbie to "blow". Then she gently pushed Robbie down on the bed, edging him to the middle, and took his right arm laying it next to the bedpost. Karin went into the night table and took out a pair of hand cuffs, and locked one cuff on the bed post and the other on Robbie's wrist. "There you go, sweetheart. Now spread your arm and legs so I can finish up, honey. " After Robbie was secured to the bedposts, Karin put a pillow under his head and sat down on the bed.

"You poor, poor baby." Karin watched her fiancée sniffle. "You just don't know which way to turn, do you?" Karin took the ring of keys that had been used for the handcuffs, and found another key, and reached over and began unlocking the Thimble. "This is why, Robbie, that you need behavior modification... so you can just follow some simple rules for living." Karin took the Thimble off Robbie's crotch area, and playfully twiddled Robbie's penis, which shot up like a metronome gone awry.

Oh, what a relief. Robbie hadn't been out of the Thimble for a teasing in three days—which meant, of course he hadn't been out of the Thimble at all, and it was horribly cramped... Karin had been too busy to tease him, and it was so nice to have his dick waving around in the air, with no painful metal holding it down.

Robbie had never fully appreciated what a freedom it was to be able to have an unfettered erection, to be able to move his dick around... His penis's incarceration in the Thimble had certainly given Robbie food for thought.

"Going to put this in the dishwasher" Karin said, looking at the three days sweaty Thimble with a delicately wrinkled nose. Carrying the Thimble with thumb and forefinger, Karin trotted into the kitchen. Robbie heard the sounds of the dishwasher going. Robbie tried to move his manacled arms. Nothing doing. Karin had cuffed them well. She had apparently dated a police sergeant.

Jesus, she'd dated all the blue collar in Washington, D.C., Robbie thought—and had gotten the best in police handcuffs. Robbie peered across his narrow

chest to his unflagging dick enjoying its freedom. He wondered if Karin would let him cum today. It had been eighteen days since Robbie had last had an orgasm, and it felt like 18 years.

Perhaps it wouldn't have been so bad if Karin hadn't constantly been teasing and tormenting Robbie's poor dick—nightly strokings as Robbie lay tied to beds, coffee tables, Karin's cousin's pool table when they were house-sitting—hassocks, dressers, etc. Then just as he thought tonight would be his night, Karin would ice down his unsatisfied penis and put him back into the Thimble, making fun of Robbie if he began crying.

"Well..." Karin came back into the room, carrying a small basin and warm water, a bar of soap and a large yellow sponge. "Been a while since the old groin got some scrubbing, eh Robbie?" Karin rubbed the Safeguard soap onto the sponge and into Robbie's dick and began rubbing the soap in vigorously, adding water from the sponge now and then. "Like I said earlier, Robbie, I'd love to move in with you now, even before we're married. Maybe really soon." Robbie's genitals were becoming inflamed with the stimulation of Karin's soft rubbing.

"Oh, Karin, that would be wonderful!" Robbie was thrilled. Up until now Karin had preferred him in small doses. Karin generally saw Robbie one or two nights a week, and only occasionally saw him on the weekend. This had gotten even more painful for Robbie than it had been when he just missed Karin; after all, his dick was stuck in the Thimble. It would be wonderful if she saw him all the time, even if she teased him nightly.

"That's right" Karin said as she noticed Robbie's hopeful look "I want to spend more time with my fluffy-wuffy bunny rabbit." Karin was now soaping Robbie's balls, which had become rather heavy of late with all the backed up semen. Not only had Karin stimulated much semen into the testicles in the last eighteen days, but there was still some sperm backed up in there from before Robbie's previous orgasm... it usually took a few orgasms to empty the testicles. She was turned on by the soapy member and wanted to taste him so badly.

"We're getting married in a year, and it would be nice to get out of this cramped apartment and move into my Bunnie-Wunnie's nice five bedroom house, after all you've begged me to move in several times." Now Karin was drying Robbie off—he felt like an infant whose diaper had been changed. "But honey, as much as I love you, you've got some weird habits, poor social skills, and you don't allow me much of a social life, since you are so controlling." Karin carefully put the basin on the floor and reached into the night table drawer, bringing out some sex lubricant.

"I think if we work together on your weird habits honey—" Karin poured lube into her palm—"You will become the ideal boyfriend, and then a good husband." Karin began to slowly rub Robbie's cock with her slippery, wet palm.

"Wouldn't you like that, honey? Then I'd feel better about maybe taking all my clothes off in front of you... wouldn't you like to know if my nipples are pink or brown? Lots of other guys know." Robbie's

throat quickened at the idea of actually seeing Karin naked. Her naked breasts. He'd never seen her naked, though she'd always been in tube tops, string bikinis or skin tight shirts, or crop tops and cut offs in the warm weather, and then tiny sweaters in the winter. And of course it was embarrassing that he was naked in front of her constantly the last few months, and she'd never given him even a little peek at her bare body.

"And we could progress to lovemaking... I mean, Robbie... when was the last time you had a real blowjob, baby?" Karin began rubbing slightly faster. Robbie thought about it. Karin had never given him a blowjob—they'd never gotten past heavy necking with the clothes on in the thirty months they'd been together. Now things had progressed to clothes off, but just Robbie's clothes.

"I mean, I like cock sucking, Robbie... I haven't felt comfortable with you to do it yet, but I do like it, there have never been any complaints from previous boyfriends, hell they called me Doctor Fellatio at my high school... and my lips are great, don't you think they're great?" Robbie nodded. Karin leaned down to Robbie's cock and blew on it a little, and it stiffened even further than it had. Karen laughed. "Yes, these lips could make that little wee-wee feel really, really, good, your Karin thinks, baby."

Karin paused from stroking Robbie and took a lipstick from the night table and a compact mirror and began applying a bright red maraschino cherry color to her full lips. She rubbed her lips together when she was done. "Robbie... you'd really like my blowjobs..." Karen resumed stroking Robbie's purple, engorged penis. "I have a warm, soft mouth... Greg—I mean a guy I know—said my mouth felt like velvet." Karin began rubbing Robbie's frenum, and his hips bucked. "And I always swallow, honey. Up and down Karin's hand went, as if she was handling a truck gear shift around a difficult turn pike. Robbie's cock felt like a guided missile. Karin's ministrations were causing it to get to Louisville Slugger proportions, and all this blowjob talk didn't much help. Why couldn't she suck him off now? But of course, she didn't feel quite comfortable yet.

Again Karin read his mind. "Honey I just don't feel like this with you now—having grown-up sex..." Karen slowed down the manipulation of Robbie's shaft and began just stroking the top of the penis with a lone forefinger, the nail occasionally grazing the pee hole.

"You are just too immature and freaky" Robbie's eyes filled with tears. She'd never want him. He was a freak. Karin looked sharply at him. "And you're a fuckin' crybaby... You're always giving me the waterworks." Karin began rubbing the penis head with two fingers then three, as if she were sanding Robbie's penis with a tiny piece of sandpaper. "You're selfish, you have terrible self-control too..."

"What-what do you mean?" Robbie asked, panting. He could have fucked a hedgehog now. "I'm a good, patient driver, I never missed a day of school all the way through college, studied hard, I've helped you out with bills—Karin honey, how am I selfish with poor control?"

Karin was a fine one to discuss poor self-control. Karen was a former stripper, had been jailed for shoplifting in her youth, and had dropped out

of two colleges and three hairdressing academies. She'd been to rehab and a brother of hers had been in jail for bank robbery. They were all irresponsible in that family, Robbie thought.

Karin looked bemused. "Well—wait... honey, deflate your dickie a little bit. Mommy wants to try something new that will give you some pleasure... a cock ring. I can't put it on with you all hard like that."

Karin did not desist in rubbing Robbie's penis. "C'mon limp up." Karin's tone became impatient, though she was massaging his dick harder now, and playing a bit with the foreskin with a long nail. Her nail began flicking the foreskin back and forth, and Robbie panted.

"C'mon honey, calm down, make your hard-on go away, for Mommy." Karin pulled her bustier down more showing her breasts and licked her lips... but she continued the masturbation. Then she actually reached her head over and licked the tip of Robbie's cock, which was streaming pre-cum. "Robbie, why won't you lose your boner, honey?" Karen then kissed the side of his penis, and then rubbed some more. "Baby, I'm getting irritated. Drop your stiffie, please."

Robbie wondered if Karin were insane.

How was he supposed to go limp under these arousing conditions? Indeed, it was turning even more purple, contrasting sharply with Karin's slender white fingers. "Karin, honey, stop touching my dick and it'll go down maybe... put a jacket over that top, too... it's making me so... I can't calm down like this."

Whack! Karin's palm crashed against Robbie's cheek for the third time that day. "Goddamnit" Karin screamed. Reaching down, she pulled off one of her spike heels. "Haven't you ever heard of mind over matter? Can't you just go limp without giving me orders?" Karin took the shoe by the tip and whacked the heel onto the base of Robbie's straining erection. He screamed.

"Lose your erection, goddamit!" Karin whacked Robbie's dick again, and then gave him a shot with the heel on his scrotum. Robbie burst into tears, but his cock seemed to still be quite erect. Finally Karin began pounding his cock with the shoe like a hammer on a nail, and finally his erection died, and his penis became very small... there appeared to be a tiny spot of blood on the tip. Karin took a Kleenex and wiped it off.

Calming down, Karin returned the evil shoe to her foot... "You see, bunny rabbit?" Karen's honeyed tones asked patiently. "You can't control yourself without discipline. I had to ask you two or three times to drop that boner of yours and then" she giggled. "I had to um, calm it down myself."

Karin held up a small leather strap, a little smaller than a watch band with metal snaps on it. "This will accentuate your pleasure, baby... I just want to give you a good time, honey." Karin chided Robbie, still weeping with all the pain in his groin... "Why won't you let Mommy give you a good time, instead of keeping up that big manly cock? But now you're in for a treat."

Karin gingerly lifted Robbie's cock and balls up and snapped the cock ring



around them, so the blood was constricted and his cock bulged. For the next half hour, Karin played with Robbie's cock and sang lullabies and songs from her Vacation Bible School. Robbie forgot the pain and his penis became quite tumescent once again. He noticed that the strap indeed did accentuate his pleasure as he was stroked, and he resolved that if he ever got out of the Thimble he would buy a strap to masturbate with.

"Now, Robbie, let me tell you a story." Karin was speaking quite gently still. "When I was in my teens I was a hell raiser, probably at the same time you were in the Honor Society and a National Merit Finalist and all that. I got in some trouble, and got sent to a reform school, and while I was gone, my mom and dad packed up their trailer and moved to another park across the country. And it was years before I saw them again."

Bitterness crept into her voice, but this did not interrupt the gentle teasing of Robbie's cock. "So my parole officer helped me get into this girls home, and it was run on a point system... behavior modification, like I was telling you on the phone. We all had these green point cards in the house, and we had to earn seventy thousand points a week to get our weekend privileges and allowance."

Karin bounced Robbie's balls gently in her palm. "And it was real good for me. I got ten thousand positive points for going to school, say five hundred points for cleaning my room, and another thousand for doing my chores, studying, the like... and then if I was bad, like if I stole something, I might get two hundred thousand negative points I had to work off, before I got my privileges back. And boy did it piss me off... but I became much more civilized as a result, you know."

Robbie wondered why Karin was telling him this. He hated it when she talked about her past... he always cringed when they visited his parents because he was afraid that her elbow tattoo would show as she was eating Mother's bisque. Couldn't she just forget that part of her life? Why couldn't she just be a normal girlfriend? Jesus did he want to cum. "Anyway, honey..." Karin went on...

"You're just the sweetest guy, but I think you could do with a little point system yourself. It would make life so much easier, and you'd know whether or not you were pissing me off... wouldn't that be great? I wouldn't be getting mad at you all the time... I think that would be wonderful, really... and if you earn enough points, you'll get MAN privileges, baby!" Karin looked critically at the model in the "before" picture in the plastic surgery ad in Elle magazine. Then she looked at the "after" picture. Clearly, the woman hadn't had surgery at all... she just stopped frowning... do these morons believe the ads... Man. Karin looked around the room. Robbie would have to do those baseboards.

In the eight months since Robbie and Karin had been living together, his "sitting room" as his Mom called it, had begun to look more like a showplace than before... the carpet was so clean now, and you could actually see it, whereas before Karin got Robbie to accept the point system, you couldn't see the carpet for the ashtrays, crushed Schlitz cans, and porn tapes lying everywhere. Robbie's mother, the wrinkled up old cunt, even approved, and reluctantly admitted that she now approved of Robbie's new fiancée.

Robbie's Chevy Chase four-bedroom Victorian was much nicer than the crowded

efficiency that Karin had shared with her boyfriend Toad in in Southeast Washington. It had been awfully cramped, and Karin had called it a deficiency. Toad, perennially unemployed, still lived there, and Karin paid his rent and other expenses out of the substantial allowance that Robbie gave her. Toad also was using one of Robbie's credit cards, but this he assured Karin, was temporary.

The efficiency apartment was conveniently on the subway line for Karin's occasional nocturnal visits, and very near the parole office, the 7-Eleven AND the methadone clinic, all of which Toad had to visit regularly. Karin was a small "d" democrat when choosing who she slept with, so she had a variety of other poverty-stricken lovers who occasionally hit her up for loans

CRASH! Karin cocked her head, giggled, and got up, slipping her feet into enchanting black heels. She began strolling into the kitchen, a corn fed American beauty in snug turtleneck and black jeans. Karin leaned against the doorjamb and sighed. Robbie looked at her, miserable, and perhaps a little chilly.

Clad in thigh high pink stockings, often called "pull ups" and matching pink suede high heels---higher than Karin's, as a matter of fact---he wasn't well covered, except of course for the Thimble, which kept his cock contained, but probably not that warm. At Robbie's feet was a tipped over stepladder and a broken crystal decanter. Karin looked up at the cabinet above the sink, and the other crystal was clean and almost all replaced back on the shelf. That was something, at least... but this broken crockery!

Karin shook her head. "You know, I told you not to rush putting that stuff away... and I bet you were dumb enough to go up the ladder in your heels? You rushed, didn't you Robin?"

Robbie hung his head. "I know, Miss Karin, but I wanted to watch the Phillies game at four. The guys are coming over... you said you didn't mind."

Karin gritted her teeth. "You have two hundred thousand negative points to work off---if I find one more "Swank" magazine, I'll give you a million negative---and if you don't work them off by Monday, you can't cum---again!"

"Fifty-five." Robbie murmured. "I worked off all but fifty-five thousand, Miss Karin. I cleaned the master bedroom, vacuumed the upstairs, cleaned all the bathrooms in the house, washed the windows, I washed your car, I cleaned the garage---wearing just these da-doggone stockings and it's cold, Karin!" Cursing was a ten thousand negative point mistake, and Robbie was getting better. Karin shook her head.

"Look Robbie, I'm sick of your macho posturing and that's why I make you wear pink stockings around the house. Your attitude was awful!" Karin sniffed, then conceded generously, "But it's so much better now, honey... the stockings look good on you. And you did a great job on the house. So here's ten thousand positive points."

Robbie reached over to the counter and got his green card, and bent over the counter to write them down. Karin wrinkled her nose, looking at his zit-laden bottom contrasting with the neon pink stockings.

"But you get 20,000 negative points for rushing with the crystal, and another twenty for breaking that bottle thing—" Karin waved at the broken decanter. "Your mom's crystal, Robbie, I don't want her looking daggers at me. So there's forty thousand plus fifty-five thousand, 95,000 negative points, looks like you're not cumming tomorrow, and if you keep rushing, you'll have to miss the football game. Robbie dropped his pen and began to cry, and Karin spun on her heel and returned to the living room.

It wasn't a bad system if Robbie behaved himself. Karin only required 100,000 positive points a week for Robbie to have the Thimble removed.. he could then lie on the cold kitchen floor, jacking his stockinged legs over his head and whack away, while Karin timed him with a stopwatch. If Robbie didn't cum in three minutes—sometimes he was too excited—Karin would put the Thimble back on, assuming he didn't really want to orgasm.

If Robbie was able to catch his cum in his mouth, Karin gave him a pair of her panties the next time he choked the chicken, generous soul that she was. And what's 100,000 points? Averages out to about fifteen five a day he had to earn. And it was so easy. On mornings when Karin was home, as she stayed out with a "friend" occasionally.. Robbie got 500 points for making her breakfast before he went to work, and another 500 for serving it to her in bed. When an occasional "friend" stayed over in Karin's bed, Robbie got 500 further points for serving him without pouting.

Karin had the master bedroom, and Robbie a smaller room down the hall, but he was hoping that might change, as well as the guests, after they got married. Robbie would come home from work at noon and make Karin lunch just as she got in from her morning classes at the University of Maryland-College Park. Robbie was careful to not have any lunch meetings with clients if he could help it. The clients were annoyed at first, but were much happier with Robbie's energy level since he'd given up his two pack a day Camel habit and all that beer.

Robbie also participated in Karin's aerobics class.. he got a thousand points every time he attended, so sometimes he'd go twice a day. Then after work there were more positive points for housework, giving Karin and her "Friend" back massages, and oral sex on the nights Karin stayed home with no friend.

As Karin was not yet comfortable with Robbie seeing her naked, he had to eat her out with a blindfold on. Robbie also got points for tutoring Karin in her statistics classes, and driving Karin and Toad around, since the Toad had unfortunately lost his license. Yes, Robbie earned his 100,000 points and sometimes a bit more.. as he'd always been an achiever, gold stars from first grade on, he worked assiduously. He knew he'd get an orgasm a week, and if he could get a million positive points by their wedding night, signifying "manhood" they could go on as real man and wife, with Robbie making love to Karin, and Karin dropping all those other guys.

He'd get blowjobs from those pouty lips.. She'd promised! But Robbie was always in the red.. he hadn't had an orgasm in three months.. too many negative points.

to be continued..