

The Side Gig: The Third Belt  
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My second round as a chastity belt tester had been, if anything, even more amazing than the first. Admittedly, at first, I had been so frustrated at being utterly unable to cum but constantly teased that I'd nearly hit my limit and given up. But the inclusion of Tammy into my secret side gig had changed that. Not only was she able to find a way to make me cum, which just incidentally earned me a healthy bonus when I revealed the means to the design team, but the two of us had also moved from 'best friends' to 'best friends with benefits.' She'd been more than happy to keep up our little arrangement through the weekend I was free of any belt...and I discovered then that I enjoyed submitting even when the belt wasn't involved. Tammy proved to own a few basic restraints...and unquestionably loved using them on me. Though, the one downside of this is that she also loves teasing me, meaning I didn't get to cum quite as often or as freely as I had that first weekend between belts. Still, the quality of the experience made up for that...as did the fact that I'm not chaffed and sore now that I'm heading back into the lab. Because yes, I agreed to test another belt...in large part because the one they want me to test now requires a trusted partner. Tammy had been...eager to be that partner for me.

I'm still not actually sure how I feel about that. Tammy and I haven't really discussed what we are or what we're doing...and she does seem awfully eager to have me back in a chastity belt. Still, so far my experiences have been fun...and this one has the potential to be the best yet, since it's going to be happening over the course of our break from college. I can't help but shudder every time I realize what that means for the duration, as I will be locked away for the *entire* three-month break. But...at the same time, Tammy has arranged for us to spend a good chunk of that break out of the city, at her family's vacation villa. It's only a few hours away by high-speed rail, but it's in the small town its located in is the next best thing to a paradise. I've been there before, sometimes with her family and sometimes just the two of us, but it's been a few years since the last visit. Of course, even a few months in paradise wouldn't be worth it...except that I'd also been assured by Doctor Myria that this new belt wasn't intended for the same sort of teasing torment as the last one had been. Well, not *purely* for that, at least. So hopefully it will be okay...even with the longer duration...hopefully...



That was the thought that kept running through my mind even as I checked in with Marcus at the front desk. I was almost grateful when, unusually, he spoke to me to give more than simple directions.

“Third time, huh? I guess you must like whatever they have you testing.”

It was a bland comment...but I still couldn't help but blush. Thankfully, he only winked when he saw it and gave me the usual directions to the lab. I still don't know if he has any idea what I've been testing and I'm experiencing mixed feeling about the idea that he might. Though that might just be because I'm horny. Which might not be the best start to what's about to happen...



It seems I lucked out again, as Elizabeth is the technician today! That makes me relax quite a bit when I spot her, something she seems to notice. She smiles and explains.

“Hello, Sam! Given that you are upping the stakes today, so to speak, the Boss felt it was probably a good idea to put you with a familiar face. I hope you don’t mind?”

“Of course not! Actually, I’m kinda relieved.”

Elizabeth nods understandingly, then waves me toward the usual lab table.

“If you’d go ahead and get undressed, we’ll get started. And just to confirm again, you’re aware that the duration of use for this test is set for three months, correct?”

Gulping as I strip, I nod just a bit jerkily. Elizabeth frowns just a bit when she sees it.

“Please don’t worry. While I know it’s a big jump in time period, this belt is *designed* to be a bit more...entertaining...for the wearer. While you definitely aren’t going to be touching your pussy at all for the next three months, you shouldn’t have any problem cumming...provided your partner for the test is willing to allow it.”

I take a deep breath at the reminder, nodding more smoothly and mounting the lab table. Elizabeth steps up next to me quickly.





“Alright, sweetie, just the usual check to make sure you aren’t smuggling anything extra. As well as applying the hair-growth suppression cream and such. Though...”

Elizabeth pauses as her lubed fingers press inside me, looking at me closely enough that I can’t help but blush.

“...it looks like you didn’t run your pour pussy ragged over the weekend, like last time. That means I can offer you a last ‘goodbye’ if you want? It will just be me fingering you, but it’s a more pleasant way to start your months in chastity that starting off horny...which you clearly are by the amount of moisture I’m feeling here.”

I swallow, hard. Somehow, I'd forgotten about that offer from the first time...and the second time she hadn't been able to offer it. I unconsciously squirm a little...and moan as it makes her fingers move inside me. She chuckles a moment later when the burst of pleasure makes me blurt out a 'yes, please!'

"Alright. I find it works better if I do this without the gloves, though. Do you mind?"

Given how much more turned on that statement just made me, I doubt she really needs a verbal response, but I figure I have to respond anyway.

"That would be lovely, please?"

Elizabeth simply smiles and draws back, first stripping off her gloves, then taking off her lab coat. A moment later, her fingers are back and I'm moaning again...





There's none of her usual cool professionalism in her touch now, she's clearly trying to give me pleasure rather than just doing her job, and she's *good*. My eyes close as she rubs little, teasing circles around my clit, even as she pistons two fingers in and out of me with increasing speed. The buildup is slower than I expected...but in all the right ways. I can't help but let little moans and mewls slip from my lips as she expertly builds me towards a powerful climax. There's no rush at all in her actions, no sign that this is anything impersonal. Then, after a few minutes of building me up...she stops merely teasing my clit and starts rubbing that most magic of buttons with firm circles that rapidly build in speed. I hit the point of no-return almost immediately, but she keeps escalating right until I cry out, my entire body shuddering and my spine warping as my pussy clamps down and my hips thrust up. She somehow manages to follow my movement, drawing out the climax for long



seconds as she keeps up the effort on my clit...and then my hips are dropping down and her hands are withdrawing. She gives me a long few moments to catch my breath, before speaking with a grin in her voice.

“Well, that was exciting. Did you enjoy yourself?”

I weakly nod and she chuckles.

“If you’re not too sensitive, I’ll go ahead and put in your control unit, okay?”

I nod again, only a little less weakly. I’ve always recovered quickly. Almost to the point of being genuinely multi-orgasmic. And better she gets on with it while I’m still sated...otherwise I’d be back at square one by the time she locked the belt on.



She re-gloves and quickly applies lube...which I don't need *now*, but which will help things settle in later. I barely manage to crack my eyes open to see the simple-looking egg-vibe that she pushes inside me. Unlike the previous toy, this one goes all the way inside...and immediately proves it's not so simple by moving of its own volition to nestle in *just the right* spot to feel nice.

“I believe you were sent the specs on this one already. It’s got a kinetic charger that will help trickle-charge the battery. But even so, and with the best battery tech we can give it, expect to get less and less out of it as you go through the months. I was an early tester for this myself and by the end of the three months, I could only get maybe ten minutes a day of vibration out of it. But that, in itself, was a fun challenge for myself and the partner I chose that time.”

I squirm, imagining how that might be a fun trial...having to go without for a few days, perhaps, in order to get enough power to cum on another day. Elizabeth chuckles, seeming to read my mind.

“Yeah, that was something of an entertaining exercise in self-control.” Shaking her head, she continues more seriously. “I’m sure you’re also aware of the other feature of this toy? The one that makes this combination so experimental?”

I gulp and nod, even as she moves over to grab the belt itself. I don’t protest as she indicates for me to raise my hips, complying as she slides it under me.



A bare few moments later, the belt, already fine-tune to my measurements, clicks shut. The sound makes me shudder, the feel of the advanced polymer that makes this particular belt up pressing against my pussy reminding me that I've just been sealed away for a full 90 days...

"The belt itself can, in conjunction with the toy, admit a neural signal that makes it hard to cum. Technically not impossible. But, I can tell you from personal experience, that without access to your pussy and clit it's pretty much not going to happen while the signal is turned on. That signal, of course, along with the vibration controls of the toy, are controlled from the secure app your partner has already received."



I squirm some more, unable to help myself. *This* is why I'm a little...wary...of this experience. I *know* Tammy will make use of that feature to make me beg and plea to cum. Possibly for days, given how much she seemed to enjoy watching me squirm both with the belt and after it was off. On the other hand...I also trust her not to take it too far...though my and her definitions of 'too far,' might be a little different at time..."



Shaking that thought off once again, I slide off the table as it comes back upright, standing and facing Elizabeth as she goes over a few final things. Safety features and such that honestly help put me at ease. Just before I dress again, however, she also offers a personal anecdote that I carefully take note of.

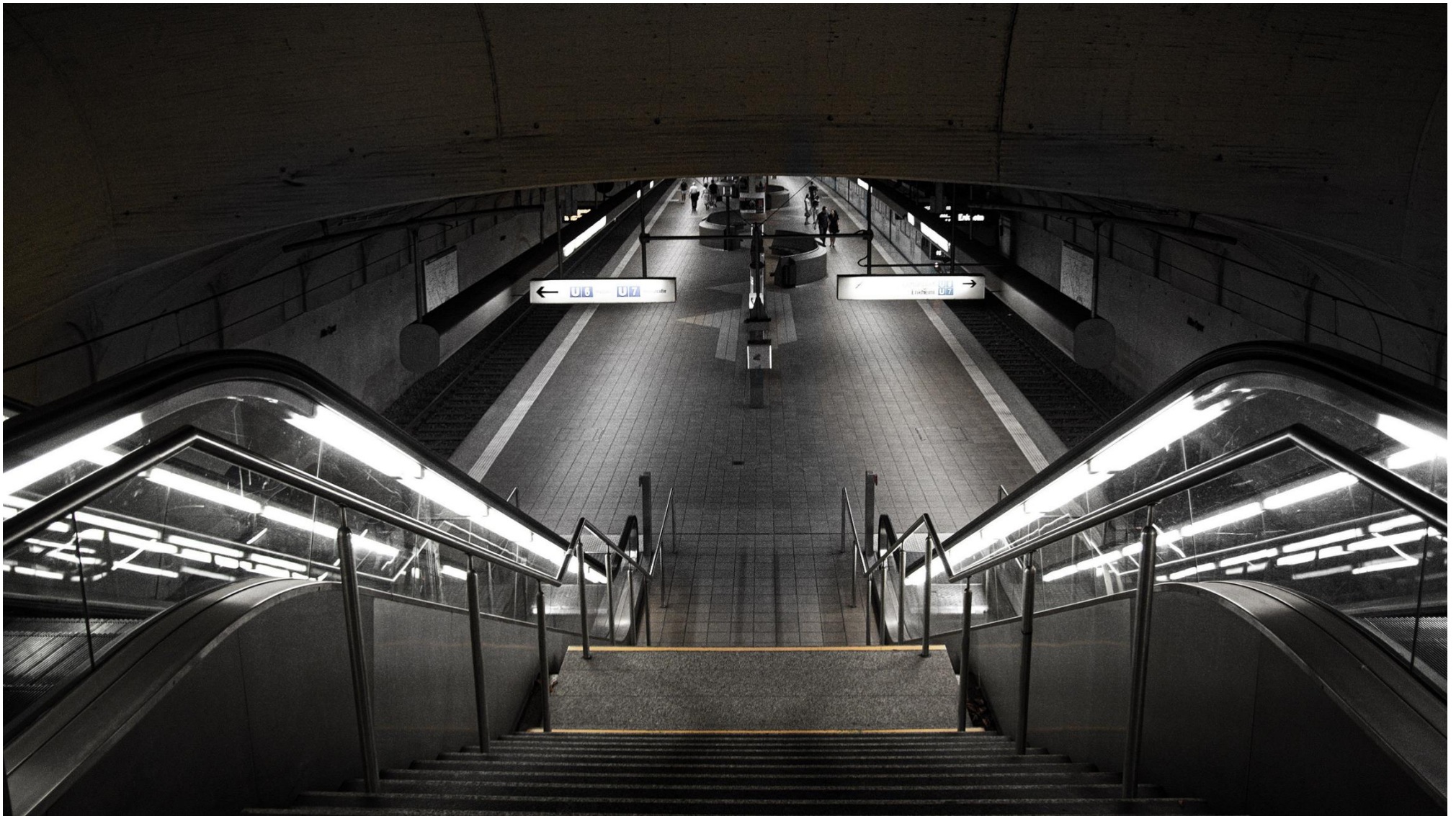
“While it might be different for you, when I was part of the earliest full-term tests for this belt, I found that the toy alone wasn’t actually enough to make me cum. It’s not super powerful, in order to preserve space for both the best battery we could squeeze in and the kinetic recharger. It does intentionally move itself a bit to try and target your G-Spot, but without clitoral stimulation I found that I needed something else to reach orgasm. Some powerful vibes will get through the polymer for that clit action to toy doesn’t provide...and looking at your physical stats even nipple play might be enough for you. Just keep in mind that you’re likely to need *something* else, alright?”

I nod, actually a little relieved at her comment about powerful vibes being able to get sensation through the belt.

“Well than, good luck, Sam! I’m sure it will be fun and frustrating in equal measure!”

I shake my head and can’t help but smile at that cheerful goodbye. Now dressed, I wave a farewell to her as I head out...





I didn't actually see Tammy for a few days. This had been part of the plan from the start, of course. With her having already been done with classes, she'd gone ahead to the vacation home to get everything set up. Which doesn't mean nothing happened. I admit I hadn't considered that, since the toy is app-controlled, that she'd still be able to mess with me at long-distance. And she most certainly had, sending me steamy selfies and promises of sinister planning along with jolts from the toy. Thankfully, she'd known I still had a few tests, and hadn't pushed things enough to distract me from revising. And I had thought ahead enough to extract a promise from her not to play with the toy while I was riding the train three hours out to her family's vacation villa. I knew I wouldn't be able to avoid her playing with me in



public...but I insisted I wanted her to be physically present if she did, so she'd know if it was dangerous. Something she'd thankfully agree to once I pointed out the sort of things that could easily go wrong.



The moment she picked me up from the station, though...she'd turned the vibe on low. I'd let out a surprised moan that only she had heard, given that she'd been tackle-hugging me at the time. And then the two of us had headed out to the house...with me secretly trying not to squirm as the toy buzzed away on low inside me. From her smirk, I knew she hadn't just forgotten to turn it off...



We arrived after a quick ride from Lyft, the driver seeming none-the-wiser...and Tammy quickly ordered me into the house. Telling me to strip the moment I'd put my luggage away. I would like to say I was shocked...but that would be a lie. More to the point, I wasn't exactly against her eagerness. I'd been aroused by the situation as much as the toy, which was still on a very low setting. When I got to the living room, though...she *did* manage to surprise me. Once I was naked, she presented me with a collar, grinning hugely as she did. I gulped as she slipped it around my neck...



I smiled a bit uncertainly as she solemnly informed me that I was wearing that until she felt like taking it off. And that I wasn't allowed to do so myself...or she'd punish me by not letting me cum for a week. I swallowed hard, somehow knowing that she fully intended to make me wear it out in public. At least no one here in town really knew me? Then again, that was probably part of her planning. And while part of me was uncertain...another part of me liked it. Though why that was so I don't think I could tell you. Maybe it was just the symbol of the thing?

“Alright! Go out and sun a bit, pet. I'll join you in a few minutes. I don't have plans for us until a bit later. Make sure you put on the sunscreen...and nothing else!”

I accepted that far more easily than the collar. Both of us had sunbathed nude here before, the high privacy wall giving us courage even when we were quite a bit younger. Though, it had been a few years...





Since I was already undressed, I beat Tammy outside easily, despite the need for full-body suntan lotion. I was a little surprised she passed up the chance to put it on me, which is something both of us had enjoyed a bit too much in our more...exploratory phases...years ago. But, I suppose she figured we had plenty of time for that over the coming months. Obediently, I headed out and sat in a lounge, waiting for her. It was only when an odd feeling passed through me a few seconds after I sat down that I realized she must have been watching. I knew what that feeling was...it was the neural suppressor that made it almost impossible to cum with the belt on. She'd tested it out of curiosity the very first day, though only to ask what it felt like. Knowing she probably had something more sinister in mind now, I gulped as I waited for her to come out and join me...





She was just as naked as me when she did. More, really. While the polymers of the new chastity belt were somewhat teasingly transparent, they still covered me more than her utterly bare body. And from the way she immediately sat, legs lewdly spread and teasing her inner thigh with one hand while she held her phone...I knew she was about to *experiment* with the toy more fully. I'd expected it...but I'd really hoped she'd let me cum. Clearly, I'd hoped in vain...

For the next forty-five minutes, Tammy insisted on playing with every single feature of the toy, repeatedly. I lasted only a few minutes before reaching to maul my breasts and press a hand futilely against the chastity belt. I tried to cum, as hard as I could without toys to help, and my body reached a point right on the cusp of it



repeatedly...but with the suppressor doing it's fel work, I couldn't reach climax. Finally, when I started to whimper and scabble mindlessly at the belt, Tammy let up...but she didn't turn the toy completely off, nor undo the suppressor. Still, with it now at it's lowest setting, I slowly regained my sanity...

Just in time for her to announce we were going out. Gawking at her as she stopped playing with herself (the traitor!), I scrambled after her on wobbly legs as she headed inside...



'Going out' wasn't as bad as I'd thought, at least at first. Tammy insisted on picking out my clothes, choosing something fairly revealing...and just barely able to hide the belt. Distracted as I was, I didn't really protest...and she certainly kept me farther distracted as we walked down the boardwalk of town, stopping in a few shops before finally getting a cheap meal at King Donalds. She cheerfully tormented me the whole time, playing with the power and pulse pattern settings of the toy at random intervals. Though, thankfully, it wasn't until the meal that she really pushed it, bringing me to the forcefully-suppressed edge again...twice. Thankfully, she did eventually let me eat. And even laid off long enough for my *very* wobbly legs to support me again.





It was the next destination Tammy led me to that almost made me balk. I hadn't even known there *was* a strip club so close to the boardwalk...but between the sign and the literal red light hanging above the out-of-the-way door, this couldn't be anything else. It was only my incredible arousal, combined with Tammy's whisper that my only chance to cum tonight was if I went in with her, that got me through the door...





The club was a small hole-in-the-wall, but no dive. Quite the opposite actually, it was well appointed and well-maintained. With only a few small stage areas...and a lot of private booths. At least a few of the guys inside were clearly as interested in watching us as they were the dancers, which wasn't helped by the fact that my nipples were *very* visible and I couldn't stop squirming...for good reason...



After all, Tammy had taken out her phone, and the remote app on it, the moment we sat down. If anyone had gotten a look up my skirt, I'm sure they could have seen the dull red glow of the belt, a feature that indicated when the toy was on. And...she'd turned off the suppressor. Unfortunately, even as painfully turned on as I was, Elizabeth's warning was proving true. Not matter how much I squirmed, or how Tammy played with the toy, it simply wasn't enough to get me off by itself...





... but my squirming did draw the attention of the gorgeous redhead that had been dancing. The fact that she spread her legs right before me, playing with her own exposed pussy, felt like the most taunting sort of torment yet. Not that she could have known...but she certainly could tell how turned on I was. And then...to my mixed elation and horror...Tammy ordered me a private dance with her. The dancer actually giggled and readily agreed, seeming more than just professionally interested, if the look in her eyes was anything to go by.



“Hmmm, it’s not often we get women in here...and almost never unescorted by a boyfriend or husband. I think I’ll enjoy dancing for you two...particularly the squirmy one over here...”

I blushed horribly at the comment, unable to speak...and only partly out of embarrassment. Tammy had just maxed out the toy and left it on that setting...





I couldn't keep my eyes off the dancer's perfect body as she swayed and shimmied, her muscles twitching in a fascinating way that set all the softer parts of her moving in a sexy jiggle that I swear was hypnotic. Even Tammy forgot to mess with the toy, caught between wanting to play with me, and watching the dancer with desire of her own in her eyes.



Of course, when the thong came off and I was given a perfect shot of the redhead's pussy, Tammy just had to remember the toy, setting it going at an aggressive pulse. The dancer, when she came back around, had an interested looking expression on her face...and that was all the warning I had.

"Hmmm, I think I just heard something *interesting*, I'm not really suppose to do this...but I just *have* to check~!"





With that unexpected comment, the redhead slid onto my lap! I was too shocked, not to mention painfully turned on, to say anything, even as she pressed her pussy down into my lap. Speaking up with a grin a moment later.

“Yep! It’s faint, but I can totally feel the vibe you’re rocking, dear. No wonder you couldn’t keep still during my show! I wonder, is your poor mistress actually going to stop teasing you and make you cum?”

I made some sort of choked, confused gibbering sound...but Tammy barely batted an eyelash.

“Sadly, the toy is only *almost* enough to make her cum. And the chastity belt she’s wearing makes it bit of help hard to give. Still, she’s sensitive, so a little more stimulation *somewhere*, might just push her over.”

The redhead’s eyes widened as she ground down with her pussy.

“Huh. So that’s what I’m feeling. Well...I definitely *shouldn’t* do this...but what the hell, this is waaay too hot!”





A bare instant later, she leaned in and captured my lips in a searing kiss! I moaned unconsciously, leaning into the extra pleasure. Hoping, hoping...and then she grabbed my breast and started mauling it, her thumb darting over my painfully-hard nipple. My eyes blew open wide for just a moment, then screwed closed as I came, *hard*. I positively *howled* into her mouth, the lip lock thankfully muffling the noise as my orgasm extended for what seemed like forever...and then, just as I was about to black out, the toy finally stopped. I was left there, only half aware and panting, as the dancer stood and tossed me a smirk.

“*Cum* on back if you ever want to do that again, sweetie...or find me when I’m not working if you want more~.”

With that parting comment, she sauntered out of the room...leaving me with my wildly grinning best friend-cum-mistress.

“Well, that was fun! Just think about what I’ve got waiting for you tomorrow!”

I groaned...but my whole body tingled just a bit with renewed interest as well. Maybe I should have updated my will before I agreed to this...since it seemed obvious now that Tammy was *absolutely* going to be the death of me over the next three months...

End Part 3