

# Kwesny's Diary



- Of course I want to enjoy. Love, please. let me enjoy I need. - begged
- Our. You must be really enjoying your prison outfit, my pretty boy. I did it with great affection thinking of you.

Of course I hated this one in prison clothes. But what could he do being a prisoner from a very young age. I never dared to flee, but I know the consequences of those who have ventured to flee.

My lady along with her lover love to put me in penance.

And living in confinement, deprivation and restrictions while being encouraged and denied is the fate of every slave boy.

All I wanted was to enjoy.  
I've been banned from masturbating since I was very young.  
And only my owners do that to me.

Sex only with permission from my owners and with people they indicate.

My answer was answered by my lady.

I lay down and watched her open the cup and remove my cock caged by a sophisticated electronic chastity device.

Only her fingerprints can open the lock.

So she did.

My cock is always cleaned by her, and it's so amazing to feel her delicate hands touching my cock that was harder than a rock.

I just wish I could handle my cock freely but asking her to do so would be a punishment for me.

My arms are terribly trapped in the prison clothing behind my back, my legs are trapped bent, and my entire body is compressed by the rigid elastic fabric that prevents any normal movement.

But my cock was free, sliding into my Mistress's hands, thanks to an essential oil, the pleasure was explosive.

There are advantages to being a slave.  
you have owners who take care of you.

After I was dominated by lust, nothing mattered to me anymore.

I just wanted to cum and cum and cum.  
Until.... I spouted liters of cum on me.

I was overcome by a tremendous relaxation.

My Dona keeps smiling and even cleans me

He spent minutes handling my cock, and I wanted to come one more time or even force it, but my Mistress didn't allow it.

She squeezed my cock tight that made me contract my legs and I even tried to close.

I tried to play with my cock loose.

But my Mistress was prepared.

She brought an ice pack and a benzene cream that numbs the skin.

It's always sad when she does that.  
With an ice pack she eliminates the erection of my cock,  
in addition to the discomfort of something cold in the  
sensitive part.

Then with the benzene cream my dick went numb for a  
while.

So I see her take the protective cocoon of chastity along  
with the prison ring.

Passing around my sac and penis, I feel an internal click  
from the device latches.

I feel a slight jolt from the electrical punishment test.

Soon my dick was caged again.

My Mistress continued cleaning me and then gave me a  
kiss on the cheek and put me on my knees on the bed  
keeping my body trapped in prison clothes

She looked into my eyes.

- You know it's for your own good. - she said.

- Yes I know. - I answer.

She strokes my hair for a few moments until I see her turn and head towards the door and leave me alone.

In seconds I came back and realized that I would remain trapped in prison clothes for another month.

Desperation took hold of me. But it was too late. It was my choice. No matter how much you stretch the prison suit, it will always be stronger than me.