

The Side Gig

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I can't help but stare at the advertisement on my laptop, face struggling between a frown, disbelief, and serious consideration. I never would have even found the unusual job offer if not for Tara. I don't know exactly how my best friend ran across it...though you have some suspicions. However it happened, I'm not exactly surprised that she forwarded it my way when I mentioned how much trouble I've been having getting spending money these days. It's not like I can't pay my rent. My part-time job is more than enough for actual living expenses. Add in the scholarships I earned the hard way, and I'm not *desperate* for money or anything. But...I also don't really have anything extra and side gigs are becoming vanishingly rare in the current economy. Doubly so in a college town where there was already plenty of competition for them. Which...is why I'm looking at the *very* odd little side gig on the laptop's screen. The Elysium Center for Sexual Studies, better known as ECSS, or simply Elysium, isn't exactly an unknown entity. They've been around for the better part of twenty years now and earned a remarkably positive reputation. Their work in educating people about sex, sexuality, and how to engage in all sorts of sexual activities safely has gone a long way toward normalizing sex.

And, all the while, they've come out on top of even public opinion, for the most part, by focusing on safety. No one in their right mind buys sex toys without an ECSS safety stamp anymore, the days of such things being sold as 'novelties' with no legal accountability all but completely erased.

All of which means that the well paid, part-time job as a *Chastity Belt Tester* you're looking at is legitimate.

Now, the question is...what do I want to do about that fact?



After another long moment or two of staring at the advertisements details, I set the laptop aside and lean back, one hand unconsciously moving to my slightly-damp panties as I consider. The money is...good. Considering that it would literally be being paid for *doing nothing*, it's more than merely good, in fact.

But...the problem is precisely with that whole *doing nothing* bit. As it, no sex for the duration of testing. Not even masturbation would be 'realistically plausible,' as the advertisement put it. And, while I may not be a nymphomaniac or anything, I have to admit to masturbating pretty regularly. Usually, several times a week on average, I'd guess...and considerably more than that at times. Could I tolerate being unable to do so? The idea is actually a tiny bit of a turn on. There's no question that I've always enjoyed bondage and being teased...but this is rather more extreme than anything I've ever considered before. And, might not the fact that it's a turn on actually make it *worse*?

Pressing harder on my mons, moaning a bit as I did, I try to focus past my building desire to make a list of pros and cons. This would definitely take care of my spending money issues, it would be a safe exploration of something new and kinky, and...really only the one downside existed. Better yet, the initial trial was only for three weeks. Apparently you could quit after that with no repercussions, since it 'wasn't for everyone.' Though...they also stated that the pay actually doubled if you became a regular tester. I bite my lip for a long moment...then made a decision. I'd set up an appointment...as soon as I cum a couple of times to take the edge off. If I went into this completely satisfied, it wouldn't be as bad, right? Pushing my panties to one side, I moaned as my fingers sink it...I'd set that appointment up in a couple of hours.



My stomach dropped out when I enter the Elysium center and was greeted by a male receptionist. Somehow, I hadn't considered that the people involved in this might be men...even if I knew I probably should have. Still, I supposed I could be forgiven, given how fast they had actually gotten me in. As in, the same day, barely two hours after I sent in the application. Since I'd done that while still naked in my bed, it had been a bit of a scramble to get cleaned up, dressed, and over to the Elysium Center in time. Taking a subtle, deep breath, I stepped up to the receptionist and gave my appointment ID number. He poked it into his console with a bland customer-service smile.

"Samantha Reynolds?"

I nodded my head, not bothering to correct him that it was simply Sam. Normally, I hated people using my full name. But I was too nervous to care at the moment...and he is just a random receptionist. Hopefully.

“Excellent. Dr. Myria is waiting for you. Office is up on floor five. Take a left out of the elevator and she’ll be in the third office on the right. Have a good day!”

I blink and absently return the wish. He hadn’t reacted at all when he saw my appointment. Was he that used to odd things...or maybe it was all anonymous? Even more likely, the Center was simply big enough that he didn’t connect who I was going to see with what I was there for. Whatever the case, I’m grateful, I’m already busy working myself up to an anxiety attack, now that I’ve thought up the idea that I could be dealing with a male staff. Fuck.

Taking a deep breath, I head to the elevator...



I try not to breath a huge sigh of relief when a female voice answers my knock on the office door. Something must have shown on my face despite my best effort, as the welcoming smile on the woman who greets me quickly turns to a bit of a grin.

“Let me guess, Marcus made you realize there could be male staff involved? Oh, come in and have a seat, by the way.”

I quickly entered, closing the door behind me and making for the chair in front of her desk. “If Marcus is the receptionist downstairs, then yes. I admit I was having too much of a sudden anxiety attack to notice his name, though.”



The woman chuckled and nodded as I sat.

“Yeah, I’ve seen that expression on a few faces when they first come in. Which also means I’ll both relieve your fears...and deliver a warning as well, right off the bat.”

She pauses, making sure I’m paying attention, before continuing once she decides that I am.

“The warning is that there *are* male staff involved in the project. And inevitably, a lot of them will set your dataset, as well as possibly interacting with you for questions about the products and such. However, before you panic...the bit about relieving your fears is that *none* of the staff that do your fittings and whatnot are male. We use an all-female team for our fitters and adjustors, in an effort to make this process as non-threatening to our testers as possible. In the worst case, you’ll only ever see male staff in post-testing interviews, and the most they will ever see of *you* is scans of your lower body. Admittedly, the nature of our devices mean those scans will show you nude, but our security is *very* good, and we given a personal guarantee that those images will never be seen by anyone but project staff.”

I mull that over for long moments. That’s...not too bad. I’ve actually done a little nude modeling as a previous side-gig, so the idea of some strange man seeing my naked pictures isn’t really an issue. So if the only people actually interacting with me during the...fitting...are female.... I nod my acceptance, noting that some tension leaves the other woman’s shoulders as I do.

“Oh, good. I have to tell you, it’s been far more difficult than we’d hoped to find and retain testers for this project. And more than one has left after learning that there are any male staff at all, or that we’ll need to file fairly detailed images of their...bits. I admit it’s why I was so quick to reach back out to you. We really need people and it seems better so far not to give people too long to freak out about it and get cold feet. Though, I promise you that we take every precaution. You can even back out half-way through your first testing trial if you are uncomfortable, though you’ll lose any pay if you do. To be honest, we only get a very little useful detail out of the first trial period, since we use a proven model for any tester’s first run.”

That...actually eases my mind a bit. I admit I was a little leery of the idea of testing something like this that was a complete unknown, safety wise. My expression must be betraying me again, as the woman quickly waves her hands.

“Ah, don’t get the wrong idea, please. Safety testing has already been done on anything you’ll be wearing. What we are looking for with you and the other testers is comfort and effectiveness.”

Huh, well, that’s one less thing to worry about, I suppose. Though I wonder what she means by effectiveness, exactly. I don’t get a chance to ask as, a moment later, Dr. Myria pulls out a set of documents and begins going over legal details. It’s only after a long, head-spinning sessions of legalese and form signing that the woman ask for questions.

“What did you mean early, when you said testing for effectiveness?”

The doctor blinks...and actually blushes a bit? She clears her throat a moment later.

“Ah, that has to do with the sort of data we’re collecting on each belt. The technician will go over it with you. If you’re ready to get on with the fitting?”

After a deep breath to collect my courage, I agree, and the Doctor stands to escort me to an unassuming looking lab. She leaves me there, in the hands of a ‘fitter.’



“Hello, Samantha! Or do you prefer Sam? Or is your last name more what you want?”

This time, I firmly respond that I prefer Sam, and she nods happily in acceptance.

“Hello then, Sam! My name is Elizabeth and I’ll be handling your first fitting today, if you’re ready?”

Swallowing my nerves, I simply nod.

“Excellent! Now, as I’m sure you were expecting, I’m going to need you to strip. We’ll be getting some scan data that will both help us learn about the belt’s effectiveness, as well as make sure it’s the best possible fit for you!”

My nerves are come back to the forefront as I nod shakily, reaching for my collar. I stop in surprise when the friendly woman rests a hand on my arm before I can get any farther.

“Calm yourself, Sam. I promise I won’t bite. And remember that everything we do is consent-based. You’ll be able to simply quit at any time...well any time during working hours, at least. It may effect your pay, but we’ll never tell you ‘no.’ You’re completely safe here, alright?”

Something about the woman’s warm smile and touch reassures me. I quietly thank her and return to removing my clothing with far steadier hands.



Once you’re naked, Elizabeth gives you a once over. You blush a bit, even if the gaze is only scrutinizing rather than perverse. She nods and quickly speaks.

“Good, no complications! No piercings and you’re clean-shaven already. I hope you don’t mind, but we’ll be using a topical cream that impedes hair growth. It won’t quite last the full three weeks, you’ll have a bit of pubic hair by the time we remove the belt, but not very much. If you get in on any longer-duration testing, you’ll be given the opportunity to go with some longer-lasting options, if you so desire.”

I blink, not having really considered that part of things. “Um, is it Elysium’s ‘Smooth You’ product line? I already use that pretty regularly.”

Elizabeth’s already warm smile brightens. “Oh? Excellent! It is, indeed, an in-house variant of that cream. And the fact that you already use it means it likely *will* last for the full duration, since it builds up in your systems a bit with regular usage.”

I nod, vaguely remembering the tube’s instructions saying something like that when I first read them.

“Now, we just need to get some starting scans. It’s a bit of an odd experience, but not an unpleasant one. You just lay on the scanner table and let it get a good look at you for a couple of minutes. I’ll answer any questions for you while the scans run!”

I nod acceptance, following the technicians instructions as she sets up the scanner. It’s a bit surreal as it tips back with me on it, the scanner bar lowering into place right over my pussy...which I’m embarrassed to note is slightly wet despite my nervousness. Elizabeth notices my embarrassment and chuckles.

“Don’t worry, Sam. It’s very normal to have a reaction to what we’re doing. It *is* sexual in nature, after all. Just relax and try not to be nervous...I promise you I was pretty wet the first time I tried one of the belts on.”

I blink at that, even as the other woman moves to the laptop on her desk...



“You’ve...tried some of the belts?”

Elizabeth looks over at me, even as a light turns on in front of my eyes and I hear the scanner start to hum.

“Don’t worry about the noise, by the by, it’s supposed to do that. And, as to your question. Yes. All of the fitters are required to try on each belt before we are taught the fitting process for it, so we know what it’s supposed to look and feel like. Now, do you have any questions while we wait for the scans to run?”

I think for a moment, half-distracted by the knowledge of the woman having tried on a bunch of chastity belts. I blush as I realize I’m getting wetter imagining it, and quickly repeat the question I had asked Dr. Myria. “Dr. Myria said something about testing for ‘effectiveness,’ what does that mean, exactly?”

Elizabeth brightens. “Ah! Well, you see, while there are a number of uses for Chastity Belts in various scenes, the most common use is some form of orgasm control play. Usually either denial of the ability to cum for the duration of wearing one...or occasionally denial of the ability to *stop* feeling pleasure if toys are used in conjunction with them. As such, one of the primary purposes of our testing is to determine how difficult it is to circumvent their technical purpose. Depending on the woman and the belt design, it’s often still possible for the wearer to reach orgasm! We actively encourage testers to try doing so, as it happens, as well as to report how they were able to subvert the belt if they do manage it. There’s even an active bounty out for anyone that manages to escape any of the mid-tier security or higher belts without hurting themselves or seriously damaging the belt.”

I ponder on that for a minute as the scanner keeps working. Eventually, I think to ask what tier the belt I’ll be testing is. Elizabeth grins in response to the question.

“Already thinking about trying to escape? Well, the bounty does actually apply to this belt, as it’s our current production-run mid-tier security belt. Since we already know it works well, we use it to establish a baseline for each new tester. We know, generally, the ways in which it can be circumvented. So, if the tester manages to do so, their reports on how they did it are actually really good information for our ongoing dataset. Sadly, since the belt is so well documented already, that’s about the only useful data we do get out of the first pass for new testers. It’s still useful information, though.”

Curious, I can’t help but ask what sorts of things it tells them. Elizabeth shrugs.

“Sensitivity is one of the big ones. I can tell you right now, that if you need clitoral stimulation to cum, you better be darn sensitive if you want to do it in that belt. You will seriously struggle to get any with the design.”

I shiver at that. I’ve...never actually tried to cum without clitoral stimulation. Not always a lot of it, but at least *some*. I honestly don’t know if I’ll be able to cum without it. And now I’m annoyed with yourself that the idea is making me hornier...right when I might not be able to do anything about that, shortly. Trying to shift focus, I ask about some of my other concerns, such as how hard using the toilet is going to be. Elizabeth is quick to give you a, clearly rehearsed, explanation. Apparently, there are holes in the belt for that, and the materials are both hydrophobic and anti-bacterial, making it relatively easy to keep clean despite the...restricted access...I’ll have to your privates. Eventually, the scanner completes its work, and Elizabeth approaches, looking apologetic.

“I’m afraid the next bit is the most invasive and I apologize for it in advance...but I have to make sure you aren’t using any toys. Or any type of insertable birth control and such. It’s a testing validity thing.”

I gulp, but I was warned about this during the earlier paperwork, as well as about the need to take Elysium approved hormone controllers, to prevent a period for the duration of the test. I, like many women in their twenties, already use them...but that doesn’t excuse me from the need for Elizabeth to double check for certain things. I murmur approval to her when she asks for final permission...



I have to work hard to suppress a moan, even despite the light humiliation I feel, knowing that Elizabeth certainly didn't need the lube she used. She simply smiles reassuringly at me as she probes the inside of my pussy gently, also checking my overall responses to stimulation by giving my engorged clitoris a brief rub. It's actually a bit disappointing when she withdraws her fingers.

"Everything seems to be in working order and you're not trying to smuggle any toys! Excellent. Now, some technicians don't ask...but I know how frustrating being horny right from lockup can be. Do you want to...ah...take care of yourself real quick?"

For a heartbeat, I consider it...but I don't have the confidence required to masturbate right in front of a stranger. I jerkily shake your head instead. Elizabeth sighs but nods acceptance.

“You might regret that a little, but few people ever take me up on that the first time. Sometimes not even after the first time. Very well, I’ll get your belt...”

The technician steps away, opening a cabinet on the wall and pulling out a metal contraption. She consults the scanner results and quickly adjusts the sizing of the belt’s fittings to match what it found. Then she’s coming back toward me and I realize it’s finally about to happen...my pussy is about to be locked away from any touch for three weeks...



Elizabeth has me raise my hips, quickly slipping the belt under me. She makes a number of final adjustments to the shield and belt both, asking various questions about how to feels. I answer as best I can, even as I increasingly wonder if maybe I should have taken her up on her offer. I’m about to be locked away

from sex...and I'm already kinda horny as fuck. This might be harder than I'd thought...or just as hard, maybe, as I'd already thought it might be unpleasant. Well, frustrating at least. It's actually quite comfortable, surprisingly.

"Ready?"

I gulp, then nod...and Elizabeth closes the belt, swiftly adding a pair of padlocks and removing their keys.

That's it. My pussy is now locked away. And I already want to touch it. My hand instinctively reaches down...only for me to stop it with a force of will and a raging blush. Elizabeth giggles.

"Don't worry, dear. Everyone's reaction is *always* the same. Go ahead and explore it. Stand up and move around too, if you would. We need to make sure it's not pinching anywhere."



Hesitantly, I obey, standing and reaching down to feel the metal between me and any sort of intimate contact. Seeing a complete lack of judgement from Elizabeth, and remembering that she herself has tested these things and likely understands what I'm feeling right now, I take a couple of minutes to try and squeeze a finger into any gaps. After perhaps five minutes of exploring that, as well as moving around a bit to make sure it's not uncomfortable, I realize that with a slight sinking sensation that I'm not going to be getting access that easily...and that there's no physical discomfort that could let me back out gracefully. Swallowing and accepting that this is my life for the next three weeks, I ask some final questions before Elizabeth has me redress and leads me out of the building. My job as a Chastity Belt Tester has officially started...



Of course, the rest of my life doesn't simply come to a halt because of my new...circumstances. I had to go almost straight from the Elysium Center to my part-time job at a local hotel. Which resulted in my first public experience wearing the belt. That shift proved to be one of the most agonizing of my life so far, as I constantly fought spikes of arousal when I moved and felt the belt shifting. Or when someone stared at me and I couldn't help but feel a spike of adrenaline at the thought that maybe, somehow, they'd realized what I wearing under my skirt. Twice, I'd needed to go to the bathroom to simple take a breather, idly feeling out the metal of the belt...and cleaning up the signs of my arousal that leaked out from under it. That's was more than a little embarrassing...and the fact that I couldn't touch myself despite how inflamed my desires were becoming only made it worse.



By the time I make it home, I'm already determined to try and 'beat' the belt. I'm way too horny not to give it an attempt, and I have a few ideas. The first thing I do, of course, is to strip down and make a more vigorous attempt to get a finger around or under the belt. I completely fail, of course...but I had to try. Still, I expected that failure...particularly as I may or may not have spent far more time than I should have at work, looking into other people who had used this sort of belt. It *is* a production model, after all, so there is at least some information on it out there. Though, it's an uncommon enough...accessory...that it was still somewhat difficult to find a lot of information. Likely, most who use it aren't interested in shouting about their experiences all over the public net.



Still, the main thrust of my attempts to cum were always going to be anal. While I'm not a huge fan, I don't hate it either, and this isn't the first time that I've used my regular vibe on my ass. Though, it's honestly almost too large for me to handle it this way. Still, in this case the extra sensations that brings might just be helpful. Determined to try, I lube my toy up and slowly ease it inside. It takes a fair bit of time to get it fully inside me, though once I do the vibrations when I turn it on ARE pretty intense. Unfortunately...no matter how I twist, turn or thrust, no matter how much I maul your breasts with my freer hand...it isn't enough. In maddened frustration, I hump the bed, pressing my vibrator against the shield over my pussy, trying to get the vibrations to carry through to my clit...to no avail. The isolation gap specifically designed to prevent that is too effective! Much too effective. I can fucking barely feel the vibration at all and it's certainly not enough to cum!

After two hours of trying everything I can think of...I eventually have to give up. Exhausted but horribly horny, I struggle to get any rest. Classes tomorrow are going to suck so much...



I was right. Classes did suck the next day...and so did work the day after where I could barely keep my hands from trying to touch my pussy. Over the next week, I tried with increasing desperation to defeat the chastity belt, trying everything I could think of to cum...short of finding a guy to fuck my ass at least. I'm not quite willing to go that far, given that I don't have a boyfriend at the moment. Or a girlfriend, either...though twice I almost gave up and asked Tara for help. The two of us have fooled around a few times...but I know she'd *never* let this go if she found out I've given this a try! Let alone if she finds out how much part of me enjoys the frustration.

Finally, the second day of my second week in chastity, I found a blog post about the production model of this belt buried on a fetish site. A post that mentions that the girl trying it out had been able to defeat it with a really strong vibrator, one capable of translating just enough sensation past the isolation gap to make her cum. Desperate to cum and not willing to simply give up and have the belt removed early (after coming this far, I want the payoff, blast it!), I scrape together enough money to order a knock-off 'magic-wand' from a reasonably reputable seller. The money was for other things, really...which only means that I've now got no real choice but to finish the full three weeks and get paid. The knockoff doesn't have as many options as the real deal, but it's still ECSS certified and I mostly just need the power...hopefully.



It took another two days for it to arrive, along with the vibrating butt plug I bought in hopes of adding to my chances. I actually swapped shifts with a friend at the hotel just so I can be home when it arrives! I had to wait an absolutely maddening hour for it to charge decently...and then desperately flung myself on the

bed, inserting the butt plug with slightly painful amounts of haste. The sting forces me to take a few deep breaths, taking the time to add some more lube and reinsert the toy. Then, with the plug buzzing pleasantly away in my ass...I put the 'wand' on max power and begin trying to find a sweet spot.



The blog I read was correct, in that at least some of vibration is getting through! But I quickly realize it's not as simple as setting it to max power and hoping for the best. It seems to take forever to find just the right spot and power to get the vibrations to translate through to my clit! I keep tweaking the power, realizing quickly that varying it provides a bit more stimulation. I moan and whine, playing with the power and speed of the vibe, moving it around, tugging this way and that on the belt, for nearly half an hour before...finally...



I came with an explosive cry, shouting out my climax in a way I'm *sure* any neighbor home knows *exactly* what I'm up to. The wand falls from numb fingers as I gasp and pant, exhausted but *incredibly relieved*. I barely have the strength to turn the butt plug off...and then I just lay there for maybe twenty minutes, having just experienced one of the most powerful climaxes of my life.

...and yet...

And yet...I feel empty. My pussy is still enflamed, begging to be touched, aching for relief. I whimper as I realize that, while the climax did dull the worst of my mindless horniness...it didn't grant true relief, despite its raw power. My fingers trace the cruel metal of my willingly donned cage...and I can't tell if I'm in heaven or hell when I realize I still have almost another two weeks before I'm set free. After all...by now I've long since realize that I've found a new fetish and will be signing up for more. Maybe after a few days free to properly scratch that deep, aching, desire...