

Exchanging Gifts, Exchanging Power

December 2022

"Ahhh- oh, honey... please... I- *hhnnngggghh...*!"

My fists are clenching, the words escaping my lips becoming ever more laughable, ever more broken, ever more punctuated by my own blush-inducing, guttural groans of arousal. I'm shuddering as I kneel here on our shared bed, fingers clutching futilely at the smooth, impervious leather between my trembling thighs. I'm shaking like a leaf, trembling on the brink of orgasm... and all the while, in my ears sounds not just the low hum of the vibrator deep within me, but my husband Carter's delighted growl of laughter.

"Aww, baby-doll – what's the matter? You really seem to be having trouble using your words tonight. I wonder if it has anything to do with... this?"

The low humming ceases – then jars me to life with a pulse – then another, and another, and yet another. "Maybe a different mode will help you think straight, hmm?" he teases, and now he's bending closer, his naked chest looming full before my desperate eyes. "Or then again... Maybe we'd better take out that fun little toy for now? Little girls do need their sleep, after all, and sometimes they just need to have their toys taken away..."

His fingers are brushing now between my sweaty bare thighs, slipping strong and reassuring over the leather straps residing there. "Oh, but honey, what's this?" And now his tone is slipping from infinite condescension to feigned surprise. "It seems like there's something in the way. Something that... hmm, that seems to be keeping us from taking that toy out! I don't suppose you know what that is, do you? Go on, baby. Tell me what it is you're wearing..."

My eyes are squeezing shut in silent mortification, for right now I'm simultaneously more turned on and more humiliated than I've ever been before. Before my eyes are flashing the scenes of this very morning: of the glowing Christmas tree, and the neat little heap of presents beneath, and the soft holiday music and the heart-warming embrace of our favorite blanket and Carter's strong arms around me as we snuggled closer...

"Go on, open that one," Carter had urged, and I'd slipped eagerly free from the blanket and bounded obediently forward. "One for each of us – how's that?" I had replied, and timidly reached

for one from the stack that I knew was for him. "Is that okay... sir?"

Oh, we weren't – and aren't – fully dom and sub and all that jazz. But we do tend to slip a few blush-inducing terms into our everyday language. Carter's such a wonderful guy, and it feels so heart-flutteringly, satisfyingly right to call him "sir" sometimes. And he does seem to take such delight in calling me his little girl, or his pet, or his silly little baby-doll...

"Of course it's okay," he'd smiled, and reached for the gaily-wrapped little parcel, inside of which I had known were a packet of his favorite fancy chocolates. "Now, come here – I want to see my little girlie's face when she sees what I got her!"

Just you wait until you see what I've got for you in that next box, I'd mused silently, but merely smiled and set to work tearing open the paper. It had been something small... almost like... jewelry? No, it had been too weighty, too clunky for that. Surely it couldn't have been...

But yes, it most certainly had been. And oh, how I'd blushed at the sight of the toy slipping free from beneath that innocent wrapping paper! One of those smooth, tantalizing, fully remote egg vibrators – the kind I'd fantasized about for months now. The kind that would penetrate me and fill me and give control of my most intimate recesses over to the grinning wielder of the remote.

If only I hadn't happened to have already wrapped up another naughty something! Another little toy that was going to perform almost exactly the same function, though in a very different way. A little device known as a- a-

"A chastity b-belt," I stammer now, and even as the syllables leave my trembling lips, I feel the heat of my mortification warm my cheeks. "Sir, it's my- my new chastity belt." "Oh, is it now?" Carter chuckles, and his fingers that are currently stroking my hair tighten into assertive control. "A chastity belt? You must be a very naughty, very *horny* little girl this Christmas if you need to be locked away in a *chastity* belt! Goodness, how horny and pathetic are you, hmm?"

"Very! I'm- I'm so horny- so pathet- *ic!*" I'm stammering, blushing, hips now thrusting shamelessly forward in desperate search for release. "Please, sir- please, I'm so horny for you! It- it's the vibrator- I- I can't help it-"

"Of course you can't," he returns, and as he forces my head back to gaze up into his dancing eyes, I

feel my breath hitch in mute submission. "You *gave* me that locking belt, sweetie – remember? That means you *know* you needed to be controlled – under lock and key, as my pretty little prisoner. It's my job now to keep you from humping and rubbing and cumming your sweet little brains out, isn't it? And so... well, beg and plead all you like, but I really think I'd better keep you locked away a little longer!"

My eyes are squeezed shut now, my entire being vibrating along with the diabolical toy within me. God, it's so intense! Carter's got me trapped now, caught between two sadistic toys: the pulsing vibration of his gift to me, and the stubborn, immovable seal of the chastity belt I – of my own free will – have just given him. Sure, I've been longing to have him tease me. I've been fantasizing for months now about the rush of reaching down beneath my panties, of blushing and shivering at the sensation of tight leather and steel around my princess parts, of being so firmly locked away for my sweetheart...

But never in my wildest dreams have I imagined such a combination. Here I am: egged on, quite literally. Driven half-crazy with arousal by the insistent hum within. Having zero control over the maddening sensations sweeping over me. And all while being locked firmly away behind the super-secure chastity belt I myself chose to give him, as a symbol of my submission.

Carter knows damn well – from extensive experience – how badly I need clitoral stimulation to actually cum. He knows that with just an egg within me I'll become horny – drippingly, *achingly* horny – but that I'll never actually climax. Not without his oral ministrations, or my beloved magic wand, or my own deftly working fingers to send me over the edge. And certainly, *certainly* not when I'm sealed so effectively away beneath this pink leather prison.

I'm well and truly trapped.

As the full weight of my situation bears down upon me, a wail escapes my lips: a loud, disconsolate, desperate, and guttural cry of longing. My sordid imagination is afire, my entire being erupting in a flood of pathetic pleading. "Please! Ohh, please, Carter! I- I've been such a good girl- I- I'll do anything you say! Please, I- I'll suck your cock- I promise! I- I'll- I'll do anything-"

"Anything?"

The wry, clearly aroused chuckle above me almost makes me reconsider, but I can't. I'm too desperate. Too horny. Too in love with him... and with the thought of being so utterly humiliated. And so I plunge on, babbling out my submission into the void. "Please- I swear! Anything!"

Anything, please. I- I'll crawl for you- I'll even pee myself! I'll- I'll let you tie me up! Please, sir – gag me, use me, take me, ride me! Please- anything- anything-

But my lover-turned-tormentor merely laughs – warmly. Softly. Lovingly. And even as his fingers twine in my hair once more, and the vibrator slips into yet another moan-inducing rhythm, I hear his voice low and seductive in my ear. "Oh, sweetie, you don't need to do any of that – not tonight, at least. I'm having quite enough fun hearing you enjoy your new presents! And really, right now you're giving me so much more. So many fun new ideas..."

At that, all I can do is gulp. And draw a shuddering breath. And wonder, with a flood of mingled love and apprehension, exactly what kinky fuckery the coming year is going to hold.