

The Punishment

After having my dick rest on ice-cold water for about a minute, I was ready for the last measurements: "Length – 31mm, Circumference – 46mm".

Yeah, it looked tiny as fuck, that's what you get with super cold water.

Anyhow, the measurements were taken and I was told that I would now be getting my chastity cage, the one I'd wear for the following 20 months and 6 days.

I was fitted with the "ChastMicro S", rated for cocks up to 30mm in length and 40mm in diameter, and I had to dip my dick into the water once again as it proved to be way too small as soon as it started to warm back up. Once I was locked in, my stepmom Tiffany applied the soldering paste on the locking mechanism and turned the machine on.

A few seconds later it was all done and I was locked up for good. Now you might wonder why the hell I was going through with this, right?

It's a long story, but in short, my dad married Tiffany a few years back. She is the owner of a sex shop, and he moved in with her and her daughter Tracy. I was living with my mom back then, but she remarried as well and moved to France, and honestly, I don't like Frenchies, so I decided to go and live with dad, at least until I turned eighteen the following year.

I like to think I had a good relationship with both Tiffany and Tracy, they are both cool people, but Tracy is, without any exaggeration, the most promiscuous girl I've ever met in my life. She even has a diary of how many different guys she's fucked and it's currently on three digits. And she's just sixteen.

Anyhow, I'm not very much into chubby girls, but Tracy has quite the pretty face and to be honest, she's fucking horny all the time, so it was quite hard to resist the temptation to fuck her and obviously I ended up fucking her. This went on for a couple of months but one day Tiffany caught her depthroating me in the shower and the party was over.

Tiffany threatened to take legal action because according to her I must have forced her virginal and innocent daughter to do that kind of stuff. To not get into problems, and to keep it a secret from my dad who was otherwise sure to kick me out and send me to baguetteland I was basically forced to get a chastity cage until Tracy turned 18 so Tiffany could be sure we weren't messing around.

So, chastity cage was on and I was off to a very disappointing discovery: It was uncomfortable as heck.

It didn't help that my stepsister was constantly teasing me and trying to turn me on, and after a week I was basically going crazy because of this, and because it just hurt so damn much whenever I got an erection (like, in the morning or even the middle of the night).

I investigated about the chastity cage hurting and read that spending a long time in chastity and having orgasms while in chastity can hurt the sponge tissue in the penis and create scar tissue, which would make future erections harder to obtain and a reduction in penis length and girth.

This freaked me out quite a bit, since I was proud of having a big dick even if I never flexed this out in public (I mean like telling people I have a big dick, not literally flexing my dick out and about, that'd be illegal).

Tracy was determined to keep having sex with me, and honestly I was so horny after a few days without any action (hormones and stuff I guess) that I was always up to have some fun.

Tracy loved to "vibe" me, which was playing with vibrators against my cage to help me cum after turning me on multiple times and edging me or making me eat her fat pussy out.

After two weeks or so of this, I explained to her that a chastity cage could produce penis shrinkage and that the more she turned me on and made me cum the more it would shrink, and instead she started teasing me about it and edging me even more, saying stuff like:

"You look so tight in there, imagine if your dick shrinks to that size permanently... You'd go from having one of the biggest dicks I've felt to the tiniest dick I've ever seen..." and because she had seen SO many dicks I was afraid she might be right.

Nonetheless, this didn't stop us from having our fun, and Tiffany seemed okay with us showering together on one occasion when she suddenly barged into the bathroom just because I was still wearing the chastity cage. Was she expecting me to remove it magically?

As weeks and then months went by, my erections were less painful. Tracy liked to tease me by telling me that it was just because my dick was getting smaller. This thought, while it was shameful at first, slowly became hotter and hotter, to the point where I would sometimes fantasize about me having a super tiny dick after it was all done.

The main thing I noticed that had changed, however, was how easy I was getting turned on. As I said earlier, I'm not into chubby girls, but because Tracy was the only girl I had hopes of having some intimacy with I guess my brain worked with it and rewired itself to come to accept her flabbiness as the standard of beauty.

She loved the fact that with each passing day I was more turned on by her, despite the fact that she had been gaining weight and was proper fat now, and that she had been skipping removing her bodyhair or doing her skincare. Why bother about dieting, having a hairy pussy or a face full of acne if you have a horny guy available 24/7?

I must say, though, that I can't complain too much about her gaining weight. While I used to be quite fit, hitting the gym about four times a week, there was no chance I would allow anyone to even suspect I was wearing a chastity cage, so I just stopped going to the gym altogether. As a result, I had lost basically all muscle definition and had put on a bit of weight.

I wasn't fat by any means, but I wasn't fit either, and it didn't help that Tracy and I were having fast food for lunch every single day, since instead of using the high school's cafeteria she always convinced me to get some fried chicken, pizza or a burger with her outside in exchange for a quick vibe in the bathroom afterwards, which quickly turned into me cumming uncontrollably while eating thanks to a remote-operated cockring attached to the cage that made the whole setup vibrate, which she had bought for herself for her seventeenth birthday, just to tease me and have fun with me.

Honestly, during this time I was coming more times in one day than what I used to come in a week before the cage thing. Sometimes I was creaming just from eating Tracy's juicy pussy while she snacked on some ice cream, or from her making subtle contact with my dick between the rings of the chastity cage. She could just put the thing in her mouth and I would be leaking precum already.

Almost a year had gone by and it was my eighteenth birthday. Only one more week of class before summer break and then... Well, then it dawned on me that I couldn't possibly go to the beach or the pool. I couldn't be seen in public in a swimsuit!

If I was honest with myself, there was also the fact that I was getting kinda fat and ashamed of my body, too. I wasn't morbidly obese like Tracy, but I was pretty fucking chunky. However, part of me loved it and hence I was stuffing myself for Tracy because she was getting off on it, too.

A side effect of my gain is that I started developing a fat pad that tugged on the cage, making it even tighter, and Tracy teased me about that as well.

I was now fully onboard with the idea of having a micropenis, as shameful as it is to admit, and I had even researched ways to reduce my dick if after the cage was removed it went back to its normal size.

The following year would be my first year in college but I decided to defer this until Tiffany removed the cage from me nine months from then, as I didn't want to go alone to the other side of town by myself wearing a fucking cage in my dick. The explanation we gave to my dad was that I wanted to focus in getting back in shape first, and because he is an "alpha lifestyle" douche he believed us.

During the summer I mostly stayed home with Tracy drinking beer since I was now able to buy it, and Tracy had to work on some assignments because she was dumb as a rock and had failed most of her subjects.

Tracy had to retake the whole year again since she only managed to pass one of the seven subjects she had failed, and she decided to give up altogether and just wait to turn 18 and work at her mom's business. Tiffany was all too happy that her daughter would want to work with her, and having a "plus size" girl in the store might help broadening their customer base.

If I was cumming plenty of times a day before, imagine how much fun we were having now that we were alone at home all day long...

For me, it was basically a blur of days becoming weeks and then months. And then, one day, as Tracy lifted my small apron of a belly with her chubby hands while I ate the chocolate cake she had prepared for me, she asked: "Aren't you excited that I'm turning eighteen tomorrow?" And then added: "You will finally be free!"

She said this last thing touching my dick accidentally through the cage and I came instantly, making me stuff the remaining cake as quickly as possible while I was still orgasming, as I loved to do.

I hadn't even thought about what I would feel the moment it was time to remove the cage. For some reason the cage now felt comfortable, as it had always been a part of me. It wasn't tight anymore and I suspected I only filled it up on my hardest of erections, so it was quite possible that my dick was permanently reduced and me transformed into a fat premature ejaculator.

I told this to Tracy, and she smiled; her fat, round and pimpled cheeks lighting up and her double chin giving her an even cuter look. She was just so cute and fat.

The day had finally arrived, and when it was time Tiffany made a comment on how fat and disgusting I had become. The process of removing the cage was even faster than putting it on, just de-soldering a bit and it fell on the floor. I suddenly came and I felt helpless and ridiculous but also hot. Tiffany had a disgusted face and told me to clean it all up and go home.

So I did, or tried to do, but I just couldn't help it and I came once more from the feeling of my dick in my underwear. I had come two more times by the time I made it to my room, luckily almost nothing came out.

Now I had time to inspect and assess the damage, and Tracy was eager as hell to get her hands on me. The final measurements were:

Flaccid length – 2.1cm Flaccid circumference – 2.5cm

Erect length – 4.1cm Erect circumference – 2.9cm

However, we expected these numbers to grow considerably. Only time would tell, but in the meantime we had plenty of fun, and measured my dick again one month later to find out some small growth:

Flaccid length – 3.0cm Flaccid circumference – 3.9cm

Erect length – 5.2cm Erect circumference – 4.2cm

Three months later:

Flaccid length – 3.1cm Flaccid circumference – 4.0cm

Erect length – 6.6cm Erect circumference – 4.8cm

And even six months later, there wasn't much growth, so I had definitely shrunk my dick quite a lot:

Flaccid length – 3.1cm Flaccid circumference – 4.1cm

Erect length – 6.6cm Erect circumference – 4.9cm

I had a micropenis and I was quite proud of it. Tracy loved to bring it up every now and then especially with her friends, complaining and humiliating me for my tiny member and lack of stamina, as I never quite managed to last past the first two or three pumps into her, or a couple of licks from her tongue.

Me, I loved to complain to my friends about Tracy's hairy pussy and ass, her acne, her fat gaping pussy and her gross way of being, always eating in a messy way and burping. However, whenever my friends asked why I kept fucking her, I just had to reply the same thing: "She's just too good in bed."

And damn right she was. And she was also the only one that would take me in bed... Who else would like a fat guy with a micropenis that cums in seconds? Nobody. Just my fat cow of a stepsister, my horny sex machine. My bag of cellulite with tits. Yeah, we called each other very romantic names.

So in the end, what had begun as a punishment, ended up as the best thing that had happened to me. I discovered a whole new world and became a different person. Who know where we would be if Tiffany hadn't done such a drastic thing?