

BIRTHDAY BOY

Carmenica Diaz

*Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday dear Ross,
Happy birthday to you...
Birthday Boy!*

01 of 12: Just another Saturday night.

Ross hung his head, his heart was pounding and an overwhelming sick feeling threatened to swamp his stomach. Naked, gagged and huddled on the floor in the corner of his own bedroom with his hands handcuffed behind his back, Ross couldn't believe *this* was happening! He couldn't believe that his wife, Debra was doing *this* diabolical thing to him!

The lights were on in the bedroom but he kept his head turned away from the floor to ceiling wardrobe mirrors to avoid seeing his pitiful appearance. The image was a reminder of his situation and his mind replayed the evening's events in an effort to stop thinking about the humiliating experience that was still to come.

It was, he had thought, just another Saturday night.

Although the evening had begun like many other Saturday nights with Debra playfully tying a naked Ross

onto their bed, it had soon escalated out of control, out of Ross's control anyway.

Normally, once he was willingly tied to the bed, Debra would sit, fully clothed beside him and gently caress his cock into a rigid erection. This was the pattern of many previous Saturday nights after Ross had begged and pleaded with Debra to be a little dominant in an attempt to inject spice into their dull sex life.

It appeared that tying Ross up and teasing him was as dominant as Debra could get or so Ross thought.

At first Debra did it reluctantly.

'He wants me to do some very weird stuff to him,' Debra had told Lara, her best friend.

'What sort of stuff?' Lara had immediately asked, intrigued.

'Tie him up, spank him or tease him, stupid stuff like that.'

'Do you want to?'

Debra had frowned at her friend. 'Get real! What do I get out of it? Nothing! Once he's come he completely loses any interest in sex and I'm left high and dry.'

'Dry?' Lara had grinned, raising an eyebrow and Debra had smiled wryly.

'Well, not completely. I just have to understand what I can get out of this. It's all terribly one way at the moment.'

'Men,' Lara had murmured, rolling her eyes, 'what's wrong with romantic seduction and making love?'

'Exactly,' Debra had agreed, 'but he seems to prefer to be tied on the bed and teased until he begs to come. It's rather pathetic, actually. I much rather have roses and a sexy kiss.'

'You used to be rather good at teasing,' Lara had smiled slyly, 'I remember a certain young man...'

'Oh yes,' Debra had cut her off with a hard smile, 'teasing I *can* do!'

Debra was ruthless in her teasing and, at first that's all it was and Ross enjoyed the helplessness and the denial so much that it became a regular game.

It was just a game, Ross remembered sadly, *just a bloody game!*

Then, Debra began talking as she stroked him.

It became rather embarrassing as Debra began to question Ross about his secret fantasies and hidden desires. He soon confessed his dark secrets while she teased him relentlessly with her skilful fingers, bringing him to the edge but never letting him come until blushing and desperately, he revealed, one by one, all his furtive dreams.

Debra had discovered that men are rather obsessive about ejaculation and will do anything to deposit their seed. Over the past months, the fantasies had become

wilder and wilder as his beautiful wife smiled, nodded and continued teasing, prodding Ross to confess.

Ross had admitted to some deeply humiliating fantasies, just to achieve relief, to ejaculate at last and never at any moment dreamed those dark fantasies would return to haunt him.

Debra had approached the game with innocence and Ross, even though he was the one restrained, always believed that, ultimately, he was in control. Now, there was no doubt in Ross's mind that his wife was a cunning woman.

Now, *this* Saturday night had begun a little differently. As usual and suggested by Ross, she tied him down on the bed in a spreadeagled position but then surprisingly, gagged him with a ball gag. She had never done that before and Ross didn't even know they had a gag!

Ross looked helplessly up at his wife as she buckled the gag tightly around his head, smiling down at him. His cock was already hard, waiting for her to sit down, to begin to tease and he felt a little relieved that she wasn't going to question him.

But Debra didn't sit down and begin the Saturday night teasing ritual.

Instead, she smilingly said those words that struck a deep terror into Ross's very heart, words that rocked the very core of his being!

'It's your birthday tomorrow, darling and I have a wonderful birthday gift for you. You recall that fantasy of yours with the chastity belt?

Ross's eyes widened, he gurgled desperately behind his gag and Debra's smile became a broad grin.

'I'm sure you remember. The fantasy where you're allowed one last orgasm in rather humiliating circumstances and then locked into a chastity belt for twelve months? You *must* remember, darling.'

Of course Ross bloody remembered it! It was the most humiliating and submissive fantasy he had dreamed up and had only confessed after Debra had meticulously brought him to the edge of orgasm over and over again.

'I *was* a little surprised by the idea of it,' Debra continued, 'a little shocked really, but you have been after me to be a little more broadminded so I just accepted it. It does seem a teeny little bit extreme, though, twelve months without an orgasm, the key locked away and no possibility of release?'

Extreme? Ross valiantly tried to make noises but couldn't and at that point, he really began to worry. *Of course it's bloody extreme, it's just a fantasy, it's not real!*

Debra smiled and waited for his desperate movements to subside before continuing. 'At the time you

appeared rather keen on it, in fact you came back to that fantasy for several Saturdays so as a good wife I'm going to give you what you've wanted.'

No! Ross screamed into the gag, drool dribbling down his face, *no, you're crazy, don't!*

'It took me a while to build up the courage to order one of the chastity thingies but I think it'll be a perfect fit.'

Again, Ross protested futilely into the gag and Debra gently kissed his forehead. 'No need to thank me, darling, it's my pleasure as I love giving you what you want.' Debra gave him an enigmatic smile before moving to the bathroom.

When she returned, a shocked and still protesting Ross, watched as his wife calmly removed his pubic hair with the electric shaver and then shaved him with a pink razor until he was as clean as the day he was born, his hard cock throbbing in the air.

'You were very specific that the last orgasm was to be very humiliating and said that having bald testicles in front of people would be terrible. So, once again, I'm just doing what *you* want. I don't understand it really, I think your little balls look better without hair, nice and smooth and rather cute.'

Raising the electric shaver and clicking it on, Debra smiled coldly. 'This is also an opportunity to remove that ridiculous moustache you insist on trying to grow. Hold still.' Ross screamed a meaningless protest that she

ignored. 'The gag pushes your lip up wonderfully so it will be gone in a jiffy.'

Gripping his hair firmly with one hand to keep his head still, the shaver whirred and Ross felt his precious moustache vanish. 'Much better,' Debra said with satisfaction, surveying her work. 'With your bald groin and no facial hair, you'll be just like a little boy again. Will that be humiliating enough, darling? I hope so, I can't think of anything else.'

Debra crossed her legs and adjusted her black skirt as she smiled at him and Ross felt that life, as he knew it, was vanishing. Something had changed with Debra and he hadn't noticed. His wife, dressed for a simple dinner party in skirt, blouse, hose and high heels, pearls at her throat and matching earrings, was smiling calmly as she continued on her diabolical path.

After cleaning him, carefully avoiding his stiff cock, Debra snapped a cock strap around the base of it and then rolled four condoms down in quick succession.

'I think we should have one last ceremonious fuck before your twelve months,' she smiled. 'Not that it will be *my* last fuck for a year but this will be the last time I'll have your cock inside me. This is your fantasy not mine so I'll just have to go elsewhere. I'll just have to make do with some young men while you're enjoying your fantasy year. So this will, of course, be your last fuck for twelve months.'

Suddenly, she blindfolded him and he heard the rustle of clothing. 'I'm not wearing panties, darling, just stay-up nylons under my skirt. I believe that was one of your earlier and tamer fantasies?'

In his sudden darkness, Ross felt the bed move and his wife's flesh came in contact with his. She began moving but didn't feel any enjoyable sensation! Debra was riding him, her cunt sliding up and down his deadened cock and he couldn't feel it! His last fuck for a year and he couldn't feel it!

After being pounded into the mattress for what seemed an eternity, Ross heard her groan, then cry out in an orgasmic tone or, so he guessed, and collapsed for a moment, then disengaged with a wet plop!

Debra left him alone for a while and his mind raced, his cock pulsing in its condom layers. *She couldn't do it, he reasoned, she's just teasing me, it's a game, and she's playing with my mind!*

Ross felt something being buckled around his neck and when the blindfold was removed, saw a wide black leather collar padlocked around his throat and a leash hanging from one of the collar rings. *Where did she get this stuff? Who has she been talking to?* Again, Ross tried to talk but the gag effectively reduced his pleas to incoherent gurgles.

Rattling the handcuffs against the bed-head to gain her attention, Ross shrieked and unintelligibly begged

through the gag and Debra laughed softly. 'Calm down, darling, it *will* happen so don't fret. I know you're excited, you've wanted this for a long time and I'm pleased to give it to you for your birthday. Of course, I'll have to make some sacrifices but that's what wives do, isn't it darling? It's what I seem to do, anyway,' she muttered.

And then she brightened up, grinning almost as she peeled the condoms from his red and straining cock. 'I hope you can last until your appearance in front of my friends,' Debra said with mock concern as she undid the cock strap. 'It would be terrible if you came here without enjoying your humiliation and my friends are so looking forward to your performance.'

Debra smiled brightly at him. 'Now, I have to get your hands cuffed behind your back and I'm sure you're going to co-operate because you *do* want this fantasy, I can tell by your hard cock. I can tell this is a wish come true for you, isn't it, darling?'

No way, Ross screamed silently, *once you undo my hands, I'm stopping this crazy scene!* He rattled the handcuffs again and jerked around on the bed, screaming into the gag.

Debra looked at him thoughtfully and, Ross suspected, a little mockingly. 'Hang on a minute; you did say that *you* wanted to be *forced* so perhaps I should play along? I'll pretend to force you, all right, darling? That's what you want, isn't it?'

She rummaged in her handbag and produced a small glass vial that was held under Ross's nose. 'Luckily, Lara is a nurse.' Debra cracked the small glass vial and Ross inadvertently took a deep breath, collapsing into unconsciousness.

When Ross groggily awoke, he found, much to his horror that his wrists were handcuffed behind his back and had shackles connected by a chain on his ankles. He was also on the floor and the leash was locked to the bed. *She must have rolled me onto the carpet,* he thought wildly, his side tingling with carpet burns, *she just rolled me off! No, she can't be doing this, the crazy bitch! She can't go through with this,* he tried to calm himself, *she can't!*

Ross heard noises downstairs, the doorbell rang a few times and there were voices. Music was filtering up the stairs and he dully recognised the music from *Grease*, such innocent songs while his wife was about to perform a diabolical thing upon his person!

He hung his head, his heart was pounding and he felt sick to his stomach. Ross couldn't believe this was happening, that Debra was making a cruel fantasy come true and he turned his sad face away from the mirror where the reflection mockingly showed a cock that continued to stay hard.

It was then he realised, she was really going to do it!

Debra poured champagne for Lara and then raised her own glass in an ironic toast. 'Here's to chastity.'

'Are you really going through with this?'

'Of course,' Debra smiled, 'he wanted it, begged for it and now he's getting what he wished for. It will be a relief that I won't have to play those stupid games with him. I can't remember the last time we kissed or made love properly. I can do without the sex, god knows, it's not all it's cracked up to be.'

'Won't you feel bad about it after a while,' Lara suggested, 'I mean, if I put Reggie into...'

'Reggie hasn't cheated on you,' Debra calmly reminded Lara. 'What would you do if he had?'

'I'd castrate him,' Lara said calmly, 'I *am* a nurse,' and they both dissolved into giggles. 'Are you really going to keep him in it for twelve months?'

'Absolutely but I may let him out on special occasions and we can watch him have a quick wank. It should be fun.'

Lara shook her head admiringly and sipped the champagne. 'I suppose he deserves it.'

Danni joined them and asked, 'deserves what?'

'Ross deserves what's in store for him,' Lara explained.

'I can't wait,' Danni said cheerily. 'Are we waiting for anyone else or can we get started?'

'Sharon,' Debra said with a knowing smile.

And the other two women grinned. 'Does she know?' Danni asked.

Debra shook her head. 'No, she doesn't and she doesn't know that *I* know either!'

'She's got a nerve coming here when she had it off with your husband,' Danni said hotly.

'Yes, she should realise that people talk and they were seen. But,' Debra repeated patiently, 'she doesn't know that *I* know.'

'She's in for a surprise,' Danni giggled.

'Here's to your next twelve months,' Lara said with a cheeky grin, raising her glass, 'May you find some dishy young men...'

'Sweetie, I've already begun looking.'

The three women giggled just as the doorbell rang, Debra winked and said, 'Showtime,' as Olivia and John sang of *Summer Love*.

Sharon nervously stood at the door, listening to the music and female laughter and wondered for the umpteenth time why Debra had invited her. *She can't know*, Sharon reassured herself, *she just couldn't*.

Once again, she regretted having that stupid one night stand with Ross, a work colleague. It was *such* a tired cliché! They had been on a conference, the wine

began to flow and before she knew it, Ross was kissing her.

His kisses had felt rather soft and sweet but maybe that was the wine. Anyway, one thing led to another and Sharon regretted it ever since, especially since the sex had been pretty wretched. It was especially pathetic when, the next morning, he had pretended not to remember anything! *That*, Sharon thought, *was incredibly insulting and so typical of a man!* To make things worse, Ross had been seen leaving her hotel room and she had been plagued with worry since.

'Sharon,' Debra greeted her, 'how good of you to come.'

'How good of you to invite me.'

They air-kissed and Sharon followed Debra in, smiling nervously and nodding to the other women who were drinking and talking. Taking a champagne glass from Danni, Sharon watched as the other women began arranging chairs in theatre style.

'What's happening?' Sharon asked.

'Just a little performance, why don't you sit with Danni and Lara?'

Ross looked up with sad eyes as Debra entered the bedroom. 'Time to go, Ross.'

He shook his head and tried to talk, drool dripping from around the gag. *Please*, he wanted to beg, *please don't do this to me! Please!*

'It must be terribly exciting for you, now that your dreams are becoming reality,' Debra said, unlocking the leash. 'I was a little shocked when you confessed you wanted your last orgasm to be in front of my girlfriends but, it is, after all, *your* birthday fantasy so I've arranged it for you. It's quite a crowd.'

Ross's face was pale and he shook his head desperately, over and over again.

'Don't think they've all come to see you, though, they've all seen a man wanked before. I suppose, usually, they do the wanking and we all know that it's, frankly, not much. No, they're here for the wine and the chocolate cake. Any excuse for chocolate cake. Come on, darling, time for fun, time to get your birthday gift, birthday boy.'

Ross shook his head again and Debra smiled. 'Of course,' she said as if she had suddenly realised, 'you *still* want to pretend I'm forcing you. It's part of the fun for you, isn't it? Debra said, jerking hard on the leash but Ross leaned back, refusing to budge, frantically digging his bare feet into the grey carpet.

'So you want me to *really* force you?' Debra dramatically rolled her eyes. 'You must, I suppose, your cock is still hard.'

Ross looked down and to his horror saw that he was.

'I suppose I have to pretend to be dominant again,' she said with a small sigh. 'Look what Danni got for me,' Debra grinned and showed him a small grey object shaped like a pistol with metal points at the end of the muzzle. 'It gives an electric shock.' Calmly and to Ross's horror she pressed the metal points against his flesh and squeezed the trigger.

Ross yelped into the gag and jerked around hysterically as the painful charge flowed through him. 'Now, if you really want me to make you, I could put it against that hard cock?' Debra asked sweetly, waving the gun and Ross struggled to his feet, shaking his head feverishly.

'Good boy.' Debra smiled and Ross tried one last time to make her understand that he didn't want this humiliation or the chastity belt but the bloody gag blocked the words.

'They're waiting,' Debra said cheerfully and Ross cringed at those words but followed her when she jerked the leash. 'Be careful going down the stairs, darling, take baby steps. I'll take this,' she said showing the stun gun, 'in case you want me to *pretend* to force you again. Am I being dominant enough, darling?'

His face was burning as his wife led him down and the conversation stopped abruptly when she led him in. Ross stared miserably at the floor, standing naked before the grinning women. Sharon was not grinning and sat

between Danni and Lara with a horrified expression. Ross's cock had a mind of its own, would not go down and bobbed in front of him under the living room down lights.

Debra was now taller because she was wearing high-heels and he was bare-foot and, of course, stark naked. 'Didn't he have a moustache?' Danni whispered to Lara across Sharon.

'Not any more,' Lara smiled, 'he's lost a *bit* of hair, hasn't he?' They giggled while Sharon stared open mouthed and horrified at the scene before her.

'Ladies,' Debra said calmly as she stood next to the small card table on which the chastity tube and keys were lying, together with a pink hand towel, 'this is, as many of you would know, my husband Ross.'

Ross's face was now red-hot as giggles rippled through the watching women. 'Turn around, love,' a female voice called, 'show us your bum.' Laughter rippled around the room and Debra suppressed a smile.

'My husband likes to play bondage games, asks me to tie him up and play with him. He likes this very much,' Debra said with a sly smile pointing at Ross's hard cock, 'as you can see.'

The watching women laughed loudly at that and Lara called out, 'it's not very big, is it?'

'No,' Debra sighed mockingly, 'it's not, but size doesn't really matter, does it?'

'Of course it bloody does!' a big woman down the front called out and Sharon wished she could slide down on the seat and hide.

'Tomorrow is Ross's birthday and I'm going to grant him a special birthday gift, I'm going to give him the fantasy he wants. It's a wife's duty after all. Listen,' she said, producing a small recorder and the women leaned forward to hear.

'Are you sure, darling?' It was Debra's voice, so calm and concerned.

'Yes,' they heard Ross gasp. Of course, they didn't know that Debra had mercilessly teased Ross's cock for half an hour before switching the hidden recorder on.

'You want me to put you in a chastity belt for a year?'

'Yes, yes,' he gasped.

'No orgasms for a year?'

Yes, none!'

'And you want your last orgasm to be special, perhaps with my friends?'

'Yes, yes, oooh god,' his voice moaned on the tape and all the women nodded their heads knowingly, guessing he had come.

Debra switched off the tape and smiled at the women while Ross wished the floor would open up and drag him down to hell. Unfortunately, his small cock was still hard and twitching, much to the delight of his audience.

Waving a folder with papers towards the audience, Debra said, 'I have transcripts of most of his fantasies and there is a contract he signed that gives me permission to enforce his fantasies.' She smiled coldly at Ross. He remembered signing that stupid letter! *It had been a game, he recalled, at least, at the time it was! With a sinking heart, the fact his wife was a solicitor, hit him like a ton of bricks!*

'Look up, darling,' Debra said, tilting his chin and Ross unwillingly looked up at the smiling faces in front of him. His eyes bulged when he saw Sharon seated in the second row and his heart sank as he realised that all the women in the town would soon know of his plight.

'Everyone's here to watch your last orgasm and to see the chastity belt go on. Happy birthday,' she said softly, kissing his cheek and slipping her hand around his cock. 'I hope you really enjoy this because it's your last for a year.'

Looking up at the audience as she held the pink handtowel under her husbands cock, Debra said conversationally to the group, 'he won't take long, he never does, especially when he's getting one of his fantasies.'

Her fingers were relentless and some of the audience clapped in time, giggling as they watched. Ross tried to will himself not to come but her hands were too much and with a grunt and a round of applause from the audience,

he came shamefully. Debra milked him into the towel with a businesslike manner. 'There,' she said, cleaning him up, 'that was his last for a year.'

Ross tearfully watched as his wife began to apply a lubricant to slip his shrinking cock into the metal tube and wondered if he should try to protest again but knew it was too late, far too late. He clung to his last hope that this was all a terrible prank and Debra would say it was a joke, just a bit of fun for his birthday.

The women watched with avid interest as his cock was pushed into the tube, some grinning while Sharon stared miserably at her feet. *She knows, Sharon realised, Debra knows she's letting me know she does. And Ross likes this stuff, he's submissive? Wish I'd known.*

'Now girls,' Debra said as the chastity tube was locked, 'let's keep this a secret between ourselves; we don't want the men helping him out and destroying his fantasy, do we? And we'll have another party in twelve months time for Ross to have his next orgasm.'

There were murmurs of agreement and Ross felt more tears form in his eyes as Debra removed the key.

'There, all done. There's your fantasy, birthday boy. Now, Millie is going to take the key and put it in the vault at the bank.' Ross watched as Debra handed the key to a mousey woman who was a teller at the local bank branch. 'Now, Millie, you keep that key safe and sound for a year, won't you?'

Millie smiled coldly at Ross. 'You can count on me, Debra,' and Ross instantly regretted all the times he had snapped at Millie when he had visited the bank.

Ross, of course, had no idea that Debra had another key hidden in the back of her lingerie drawer and had plans for further humiliations for Ross over the coming year, humiliations he would be grateful to endure so he could achieve orgasm.

The women applauded as Millie waved the key in the air like a trophy and Ross stood there, his head hanging as the women milled around Debra to congratulate her. 'He's going to get awfully horny,' one woman said, glancing at the humiliated and sorrowful Ross.

'Yes,' Debra said cheerfully, 'he is, isn't he?'

'Is it healthy for him not to have release for that long?' another woman asked. 'My husband uses the old 'blue balls' thing to get me to have sex.'

'Lara has been very helpful in that regard and I think you'll find your husband has been manipulating you.' Debra said and Lara smiled. 'Lara explained to me how to milk his prostate once a month for health reasons.' Ross looked at her with a horrified expression but Debra ignored it and sailed on. 'Apparently, the discharge leaks out, he's drained but doesn't experience orgasm, he won't even feel it, and there won't be any enjoyment.'

'Can we watch?' a woman asked eagerly.

'Why not?'

'What about your sexual satisfaction...'

'Don't worry, I intend to be satisfied,' Debra said with a hard glint to her eyes. 'If Ross doesn't assist me properly,' she said, tracing Ross's lips with a red fingernail and everyone knew exactly what she meant, 'I'll simply go elsewhere. I think I have another fantasy of his on tape somewhere, the one where he wants to watch me make love with a another man.'

Danni and Lara had brought Sharon to the front of the room and she desperately tried to avoid Ross's eyes. She needn't have worried as Ross was staring pathetically at the floor, trying to control his tears, spittle dripping from around the gag.

'Sharon, I hope you won't tease him your office,' Debra said with mock concern, 'it would make life unbearable for him.'

'No,' Sharon mumbled, 'I won't.'

'Then again, perhaps you *could* tease him a little?' Debra said with a hard stare. 'Short skirts, a glimpse of stocking tops, even knickers? You could do that to make amends, if you get my drift?'

Sharon swallowed hard and looked wildly around the room. 'I have to go,' she said desperately and Debra, Danni and Lara laughed as they watched Sharon bolt to the door.

'I'm sure she'll come round,' Lara said with a grin, 'with a little persuasion.'

'She does have nice legs,' Debra added, 'and a nice figure so it will be painful for poor Ross.' They smiled and Debra turned to her defeated husband.

'Come on, Ross,' Debra said, leading him back up the stairs, 'I'll unlock your handcuffs so you can get dressed. We have a cake for the birthday boy to cut.' Debra fought to keep a smile off her face as she saw another tear roll down Ross's face. 'Come on birthday boy, you can thank me later in a *special* way for bringing your birthday fantasy true. I suspect,' she said coldly, 'you'll be thanking me quite a lot during the next twelve months.'

**End Part 1 of 12 Parts of Birthday Boy by
Carmenica Diaz**