

The Side Gig: What's in a Happy Ending?

By Novus Peregrine



I try to suppress a yawn as I pad out of the bedroom. It's early, much earlier than I'd really like, but I need to make breakfast for Aria. That thought, with my somewhat sleep-fuddled mind still wandering, brings a smile to my face, as thoughts of my girlfriend almost always do. Aria and I have been together for almost three years now, since that summer where I took the crazy job as a Chastity Belt Tester. We fell pretty hard for each other, with Tammy's effusive help egging us on...and Aria had surprised everyone with her determination to continue the relationship passed a mere summer fling. It had been a bit rough at times,

being long-distance at first. Though it was surprisingly actually made a little bit easier by the chastity belts I continued to test for another year after we first met. Some of them had enabled remote play...and the others just built-up anticipation in me. We always arranged our visits with each other to be during the few short days my pussy would be unlocked between testing one belt and the next, after all, which led to some *spectacular* weekends and holidays that made up for quite a lot.

Then, around eight months after we met, Aria surprised everyone again by suggesting we go exclusive, save for a occasional threesome with Tammy, who both of us enjoyed including from time to time. Aria had put her money where her mouth was, proverbially, picking up her yoga-instructor business and moving it to the college town Tammy and I had lived in, having done some more work at the strip club first to build up quite a bit of savings. I had been delighted, of course...though it did bring my side gig as chastity belt tester to an end a few months later. Once I'd moved in with Aria, I didn't need the extra money as badly...and we'd gotten a little frustrated at Aria's lack of control. Not mine, I'd grown to love the lack of control...but I wanted Aria to have that control instead, not the needs of the Elysium company. Don't get me wrong, Elysium had done good by me, it has simply been time to move on, and they'd understood completely. Though I'd invited Elizabeth to come have fun with Aria and I whenever she wanted. She'd taken me up on it, but only once, having gained a steady boyfriend again shortly afterward.

Of course, by the time I quit my unusual side gig, the control exchange of the belts had become a cornerstone of Aria and I's sex life. One that we both very much enjoyed. So, instead of stopping with them entirely, we simply bought one of the more advanced models. We even got a pretty steep discount on it as a thank you from the program director. I'd been one of the better tester's they ever had. As evidenced by the familiar feeling between my legs, cupping my sex, I still wear an updated version of that belt today. For just a moment, I let my hand wander down to it and smile again. The C-Belt is very minimalist in a way. And technically, if I really wanted to, I could get myself off with it on without *too* much effort. But there were sensors in it that would let my girlfriend-cum-loving-mistress know I'd disobeyed her if I did. Meanwhile, besides the low profile that let me wear it all the time...it had other features. It is held on by the mix of a toy and suction, with both providing a constant low-level of stimulation. The toy is an inflatable ball on a much thinner stem. Once it is inserted deep inside me and inflated, it isn't coming back out easily! That could be overcome, but it also used a light grip of suction. That is, the suction is *normally* light. If I tried to remove it without disengaging the electronic lock its suction grip got a *lot* more intense, to the point of being a bit painful, preventing it from being pulled away. Again, technically the system wasn't totally secure. I could overcome it if I really wanted to...but Aria would be alerted by her smartphone app the moment I did and I'd be needing to explain myself...



As I finally reached the kitchen and started to focus a bit more, I gave the belt just a tiny tug, sighing as the shift of suction and toy sent a small jolt of pleasure through me, finally waking me up fully. With a relaxed smile, I pulled out some eggs and the frying pan, beginning to prep breakfast for my love. We actually traded off weeks making breakfast, rather than it being any sort of submissive chore I did for her as my mistress. I suppose it's possible that that sort of

thing might work for someone, somewhere, but for Aria and I our relationship worked in such a way that we treated each other as equals in every regard *except* sex. There, I was pretty much wired to be a pure submissive anyway, and while Aria was technically a switch, she leaned far more dom than sub. Of course, sexuality wasn't *just* for the bedroom for us, hence the continued control exchange with the chastity belt...but that was something we both loved and had defined clear boundaries for. Not that there were many boundaries, but there were *some*. Like never turning my toy on if I was driving! One near-accident when I was startled certainly made me make that very clear...

I jolted a bit just as I set down our breakfast on the table, the aforethoughtof toy inside me vibrating for two seconds before stilling again. I knew what that meant and quickly turned to smile at Aria. She'd snuck up and was leaning on the kitchen counter, eyes wandering my body appreciatively, seemingly never tired of doing so. Which was probably why I wasn't allowed to wear clothes in the house...save for the belt of course.



Not that my closet-nudist of a girlfriend was very fond of clothing herself. I returned her appreciative look as she sat down to breakfast with me after a brief kiss. Every bit as hot now as when I'd first seen her working a stripper pole...if we ever adopted kids or something we might have to leave out the story of

how we actually met. Not that either of us had ever really mentioned the desire to do so. Maybe someday...for now, we both wanted to focus on our lives together and our professions! Aria still had her yoga studio, even if we'd moved cities again after I graduated...and I'd gotten a job in my own industry!



After breakfast, the two of us retire to the bathroom. This is the only time of day, outside of Aria's random and unpredictable desires to unlock my pussy and have her way with it, that my belt ever comes off. Though, as her most important rule for me is that I am *never* allowed to touch my pussy, showers are something we take together...with handcuffs for me. To be honest, I think I actually got the better side of this deal. Sure, it can be frustrating when Aria

inevitably leaves me horny and locks me back up for the day...but I get to feel pampered as she lovingly washes every inch of my body, almost worshipping it every time, no matter how often we do this. I can personally attest that a girl can very much get addicted to that sort of loving attention! And, really, given the effects of the suction the toy when I move around...I've honestly gotten used to being constantly a little aroused and a lot horny. It's my own dirty little secret...and gives me more social confidence than I'd ever had in my life before I took that side gig three summers ago. Under the influence of my near-constant low-level arousal, I now tend to walk, talk, and act just a bit more *vibrantly* than I ever did before, and it has been remarkably good at wearing away the awkward social edges I'd had when I was younger. I've often wondered if it was Tammy's secret for all those years. I mean, I know she's a horny little thing, so maybe her absurd energy and confidence is the result of being ready to jump everyone at a moment's notice? Well, honestly, it could also just be her coffee addiction. Who knows, really.



After our shower, it was time for both of us to get to work. For Aria, that was pretty fast and easy. She runs a yoga studio not a beauty salon, nice clothes and makeup would only get in the way. For me, it involves a bit more dressing up. Between graduating at the top of my program and a few contacts of Aria's

that had surprised me, I'd actually managed to get my foot in the door in the industry I really wanted to work in...which was saying something. It's not at all easy to get into the film industry...even if you're NOT trying to be an actress!



The job I landed in is a pretty fun one, I think. I manage a lot of the on set assets for a small film studio. The studio really only makes B-movies and independent films, rather than big Hollywood productions, but it's actually created a couple of cult classics which have grown its reputation. I can even say that I was part of that! Just after graduation, I started as just an Art Department Production Assistant. About as low on the totem pole as it gets for the art crew. But

these days I've manage to claw my way up to a role as the Key Scenic. You know, the poor soul that is responsible for making the surroundings and sets of a film look realistic once it gets on screen. I love it...even if I sometimes feel a *little bit guilty* that I had a bit of an edge coming to the director's direct attention.



Pamala is awesome...but she's also fully away of my little secret and has limited access to the app that controls any toys I'm wearing. She finds teasing me to be a *great* way to bleed off the stress that comes from dealing with prima donna actors and assholes producers that think they are God's gift to film. The *super frustrating* part of it for me is that 'limited access' bit means she can't actually make me cum. The toys will always turn off before I reach the finish. So, a

rough day for her, when she needs a lot of stress relief, is a day I'll be crawling up the walls and ready to fuck anything that moves and has approximately the right number of appendages by the time I get home...

She also happens to be the source of my tiny voice of guilt. She was apparently a stripper with Aria one summer, to help when she needed to scrap together enough money for the film-pitch that got her hired at the studio, and they'd stayed good friends since then. She, thankfully, isn't the sort to engage in blatant nepotism. She may have helped get me in on the ground floor and I may have had more of her personal attention than a regular low-level crewer might have had...but she'd never have promoted me if I didn't perform my job well. In truth, I think my very first promotion may have been the result of her being impressed by my ability to hold it together and do my job perfectly despite her forcing me to the edge of climax half a dozen times in the same day, back in my second month with the studio. When a position above mine had opened up when some idiot got himself fired for drinking on the job, I'd been the one that she'd indirectly arranged to slip into his former role. And I'd like to think that I did a good job at it! Certainly, I've been a serious asset in the intervening time, helping our sets really pop despite a limited budget...



Of course, Aria is still running her Yoga studio, now complete with a rather popular at-home version people can stream. Given that my girl is freaking *hot* I don't blame her half a million or so subscribers! Though I have my doubts that all of them are there for the yoga! Her last class for the day usually ends about the same time filming does, but she needs time to clean up and do some social media stuff, so I typically head to pick her up rather than the other way around.

The fact that she owns the building outright now also means that, if Pamala has driven me straight up the wall, I can try seducing her into letting me cum...it works maybe half the time.



The *other* half of the time, she makes me go out to eat, shop, or just walk the local park with her while she teases me farther, making my seduction attempts into a risky-but-fun proposition...that I find myself falling into the trap of at least once a week.



I've never been *quite* comfortable with exhibitionism. But Mistress Aria wasn't a stripper for no reason...she gets off on it. Which is exactly why she preys on me when I'm wound up sometimes. She knows that, after a certain point, I'll do virtually anything to convince her that I deserve to cum today. Like have some fun in a quiet corner of the park's garden maze.



Of course, she knows my own limits and doesn't push me past them too hard or far. She's usually the one that ends up naked or half-naked in public, with most of the risk being on her if we're caught. Which is exactly what gets her off, of course... Well, that and the tongue that she's helped train into knowing every one of the most sensitive spots...



Back home, clothing isn't so much 'optional' as 'banned.' And not just for me. Aria's exhibitionist streak means she's basically a nudist when she can get away with it...and we keep the window blinds closed specifically so she *can* get away with it. And, at home, under my Mistresses orders...I admit I get a thrill out of it too. It does cause a bit of trouble sometimes with unexpected visitors, of course! But Aria usually takes care of it...often in very little clothing.

Again...exhibitionist. Though she *does* at least use the doorbell cam first to make sure it's not, like, a girl scout or something. Our neighbors already think we're a little weird without getting *that* sort of reputation...



One of the reasons I love Aria to bits is that she somehow knows where the line is, by an instinct I'll never understand. She understands that if she teases me mercilessly, particularly on a 'Pamala Day,' I really do need to actually get off at some point or it will do serious damage to my mood and, eventually, mental health. Sometimes, when she's intent on keeping my pussy locked away for a long time, it will just be the remote toys she uses to finish the job...but she also has

the remote key to take my belt off and fuck me senseless at her own discretion now. Of course, she always makes sure that the One Rule is *never* broken. My pussy is *hers* to touch, not mine. I'm not allowed to touch myself there, even when the belt is off...and she has plenty of restraints to make sure that her One Rule is enforced. I think a single touch once last year in the gynecologist's office was the only time I've even mildly broken that rule in the three since meeting her. She forgave me that one, thankfully, as it had been at the doctor's request...



When she binds my hands up, I know that I'm going to at least be touched down there. She does, rarely, just tease me and lock me back up. But, usually, she can't resist the temptation herself once the lock is released! Which doesn't mean she doesn't make sure to reinforce just who is in charge of my sex and orgasms...



Usually, on days like this, she'll make sure I get her off more than once before she does more than tease me. But...there's an upside to that. For Mistress Aria is *fair*. For every climax I give her...



...She'll make sure I get one in exchange. The fact that she often makes sure those happen all at once, until I pass out...and even sometimes waiting for me to wake to do it all over again...well, that's just an extra bit of amazing as far as I'm concerned!

The two of us might have an odd relationship. This may not be what little-girl me thought of when I imagined 'happily every after.' But, you know what? This *is* **my** Happily Every After...and I couldn't imagine a better one. And I hope that everyone else out there is given a chance to find theirs too, strange or normal as it may be. (Psst: I highly recommend strange!)

Now. If I can just get my soon-to-be-wife to stop trying to convince me to open a porn studio with her. Just because I have the skills and she has 'sexy flexibility worthy of the whole kama sutra' does not mean that's our destiny, darn it...

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