

Denise Denied

A short story about a girl and her chastity belt. (Contains no sexual or fetish content.)

The problems with our oldest daughter Denise are uncommon, to say the least. She has always been a bit of a loner, and we need to put in a lot of effort to get her to socialize and interact with people, instead of spending all her free time in her room, behind her computer. But what happened yesterday is the strangest yet.

Before I get to that, let me first tell you a bit more about her. Even when she was young she was an introvert, and often on her own. It's not like she had trouble interacting with the other kids, and she was not particularly unpopular, but she was just as happy being on her own. Afraid that she would get behind on her social development, we started to stimulate her to meet with friends, plan playdates, and later slumber parties. She would participate and seemed to enjoy herself, but didn't particularly look forward to them, or show any signs of taking initiative on her own. She was also careful, and tended to avoid risks. This had the opposite effect to what you might expect, and whenever something did happen, she was so unused to the situation that she tensed up and did exactly the wrong things. So we visited the doctor and emergency room more often than you'd think.

During her teenage years there was no sign of improvement, and in the end we introduced a rule that she had to go out with friends at least once per week. And when she started to come back earlier and earlier from them, we gave her a sort of reverse curfew: she was not allowed to come home before 9PM, and later 10PM. We also needed to watch that she wore some attractive clothes while going out, instead of her sweat suits or baggy overalls.

At that time we were living in a downtown neighborhood, and one time we heard that a girl was molested, and only just managed to avoid getting raped. Denise knew the girl from school, and took the chance to refuse going out anymore in the evenings. Bringing and collecting her wasn't a good option for us: that would be shameful for a teenager, and we wanted her to feel free and occasionally do something that she would not want to immediately share with her parents, like getting a boyfriend. Searching on the internet for a solution, we ran into chastity belts. We had no idea that those existed in modern times, but it would protect her from rape, and while we wanted her to do a few more wild things, getting pregnant was not one of them. So we talked to her about it, and to our surprise she showed enthusiasm, and even researched the different brands and models. In the end we decided to get her a Fancy Steel hip belt, which we expected would be a bit easier to hide than some other models.

When it arrived we did some training with her to get used to wearing it, going to the toilet, and she even tried a shower with it on. It required some bending multiple times before it fit so well that there were no more pressure points. Denise actually requested that the crotch band was made even tighter, to make absolutely sure there was no chance that it could be pulled aside. When she was comfortable wearing it for most of the day, we were satisfied that she was ready to start going out again, so we started to enforce the going out one time per week rule again. Of course she no longer had to wear it around the house. We always let her have the key, which she left at home when going outside. I kept the other key as backup. She was not thrilled to have to go out again, but knew that it was coming, and she didn't fight us on it.

A few years later we moved to a better part of town, and the belt was no longer needed. She still showed no signs of dating anyone, and we suspected she was using the belt to keep potential

candidates at a distance, because she of course would try to hide it, so it stimulated her to keep her distance. So we decided to put the belt in storage.

But a few weeks ago, when she was going out again, I gave her a hug, and felt the metal belt again. We talked to her about it, and she said she felt safer with it on, because it protected her from pushy boys. She had taken it out of storage without telling us, and started to wear it again every time she went out. Later I talked this over with my husband, and we agreed that this was not a good development; she was 19 by now, and it was high time she got some experience with relationships, and even protected sex. So we forbade her to wear the belt any more, and supplied her with condoms. The next time she went out I checked her, but she was wearing it once more, and actually refused to take it off. In the end we had to use my own key to unlock it and take it off her.

Yesterday was the next time she went out, so I checked her again, and to my surprise she had put it on again; I had expected her to have learned that she wasn't going to leave the house with it on, and not try it again. Once more we had to result to taking it off her. But when I tried to unlock it, the key wouldn't go into the lock anymore. Triumphantly she said she had jammed a toothpick in the lock and broken it off, so we would have no choice but to leave it on. We tried for a while, but the remainder of the toothpick was firmly jammed in there, and we couldn't get it out. A normal girl we would have grounded for that, but that was exactly what she wanted, so in the end we sent her out in her belt.

This morning she was still wearing it, so I guess she hadn't managed to get it off herself either, and had slept in it, which she had not done before. It was clear that it hadn't been a very restful night. The previous evening my husband and I had talked about the situation, and decided to ignore her belt, and not help her out of it, at least not until she asked. So during breakfast we acted like everything was normal. I wonder how long it will take her to come to us for help; we'll probably need to bring out the powertools then. I don't think it will be too long, once she realizes that the belt also effectively blocks any masturbation...