

The Confession

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My husband confesses a secret that changes our relationship forever.

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"Honey, I have a confession to make." I looked into Mat's eyes as he made this statement, and I could see he was quite serious. Needless to say, I was curious and quite intrigued. I looked back at him, my eyes indicating he should continue. "We both know that I'm not able to meet your needs sexually," Mat began. "I wish I was more well-endowed, and I know you need more than I have to offer." I covered my mouth with my hand so that he wouldn't see me smiling. His four-inch cock has always been a source of frustration for Mat, and a source of amusement for my girlfriends when we would discuss our sex lives with each other. The truth is, I didn't mind his lack of size at the beginning of our marriage. We were both virgins when we married, and quite young, and I had nothing to compare him to. I had always heard other women talk about size with their lovers, but for me, I was more attached to the passion and the love I felt and received from Mat as we made love. He focused entirely on my needs. He was wonderful at foreplay, and loved to suck on my breasts and lick my pussy. And I loved the attention. However, as we got older, and as I became more and more aware of what I was likely missing thanks to conversations with my girlfriends, Mat became more self-conscious. Our love-making became less and less frequent. I'm sure his finding my 9-inch dildo didn't help matters in that regard. I tried to tell him that the dildo was not meant to replace him in any way, but that there were physical needs that I had to have fulfilled. I tried to convince him that my using the dildo was my way of remaining faithful to him while I satisfied those needs. Looking back on it, I think we both knew that I was, in essence, telling Mat that he could no longer meet my needs, but I did sincerely love him and never truly wanted to hurt him. Mat began to speak again, bringing me back to the moment. "Ally, I accidentally found your folder on the computer." The smile left my face, and I felt the color drain. I knew exactly what folder he was referring to. It was a folder filled with pictures and links and stories of men, particularly husbands, in chastity belts and being cuckolded. I had been using these images and stories when I masturbated with the dildo for several years. I had always feared Mat would find it some day, and that I would have to explain myself. In my mind, it was like cheating on him, and I had vowed to remain faithful to him. "Oh Mat, I'm so sorry. I never wanted..." I said softly before he placed his finger against my lips, gently cutting me off. Mat leaned in close to me, taking my hands in his, looking directly into my eyes. I did not see anger or disappointment in his eyes. In fact, I was surprised that I saw relief in his eyes. He squeezed my hands as he softly said

"You have nothing to apologize for, my love. I only wish you had told me sooner." Mat chuckled as he continued, "Had I known what you were thinking, we might have realized how similar our thought patterns have been lately." He lowered his eyes. "This is my confession. I should have expressed to you sooner that I, too, have been fantasizing about chastity and cuckolding. I know I will never be able to satisfy your sexual needs, and you deserve to have your every need satisfied. And as I have come to this realization, I have also discovered within myself a desire to be controlled by you, to be used by you to satisfy whatever emotional need you may have, as well as striving to satisfy some of your sexual needs." By this time, we were both starting to cry, a renewed sense of love and desire emerging within both of us. Mat let go of my hands and stepped back from me. Without saying a word, he pulled his t-shirt over his head. Then he loosened his belt, unbuttoned his jeans, lowered his zipper and let his jeans fall to his ankles, kicking them off. He took a deep breath, placed his thumbs into his boxers and pushed them down over his hips and ass, letting them fall to the floor. I gasped as I saw his freshly shaved crotch and his tiny cock locked up inside a plastic cage, complete with a padlock. Mat then pulled a long, thin leash from the pocket of his jeans on the floor, connected the clasp to an eyelet on the cock cage, and handed me the end of the leash. He then knelt on the floor, lowering his head. "Allyson," Mat said softly, "I would be honored if you would allow me to be your slave." I held the leash, still trying to get over the shock of this surprise. But before I could respond, Mat spoke again. "If you would lead me to the bathroom, I would like to show you the level of my devotion to you." Mat said, a mischievous smile on his face. I squirmed a little, my pussy becoming quite damp with this sudden development. I stood up, and gave a gentle tug on the leash. I watched him place his hands on the floor and crawl behind me as I led him to our bathroom. Once we arrived, I looked around, wondering if there was another surprise awaiting me. As I watched, Mat crawled over to the sink, stood up, and pulled a small key from behind his toothbrush holder. He held the key up for me to see. "This is the key to my lock," Mat explained, as he unlocked the lock to show me before closing the lock once again. "And this will show you how much I desire to be your slave." As Mat spoke, I watched in shock as he dropped the key into the toilet and flushed it. We watched together as the key disappeared down the drain. We stood together for a few moments in silence, allowing the situation to fully sink in. After several moments, Mat broke the silence. "I have another confession, Allyson." I looked at him, my pulse racing at this point, wondering what else he could possibly share with me. But rather than say anything, he opened one of the vanity drawers, and slowly pulled out my dildo. With a silly smile on his face, he held the dildo at his crotch, just above his caged cock. "I found this a few months ago, and I've watched you using it on yourself several times. I see the pleasure you get from it, and I decided I was going to do something about it." He reached back into the drawer and pulled out a leather harness. I watched with a smile on my face as he positioned the dildo into the front of the harness, then stepped into the harness and slipped it over his hips, positioning the dildo just above his caged cock. He then gently turned me around, and guided me to bend over and place my hands on the sink. I felt Mat lift my skirt and gently pull my panties down over my ass, revealing my now sopping wet pussy and ass to him. He placed his hands on my hips and masterfully guided the dildo into my anxious pussy. Pulling my hips back as he thrust the

dildo deep inside of me, my moans began to align with the rhythm of his thrusts. Mat increased the speed and intensity of his thrusts, fucking me hard and fast with my dildo. It was incredible. It was easily the best fucking I had ever received, and I came with a violent orgasm. I groaned loudly as my legs shook, and I clenched onto the dildo with my pussy. My juices flowed easily from my pussy, dripping onto the bathroom floor. Mat pulled the dildo from my pussy, and stood behind me, panting. I could see the pain in his eyes, even through he was trying to hide it. I glanced down and saw his tiny cock swollen inside the confines of the cage, and I instantly realized the level of devotion he had for me. I also decided at that moment, Mat would be my slave as well as my husband, and I loved him even more for it. And that is just the beginning of the story...