Once upon a time, there was a fair bunny princess named Luster, her fur as golden as the sweetest honey. This noble bun, beloved by all of the citizenry who were fortunate enough to live under her rule, had a secret yearning that burned deep in her heart: she wanted a chastity belt more than anything in the whole wide world. She wished upon a shooting star that one day, perhaps someday soon, her Mistress in Shining Lingerie would come to her with a beautiful, gleaming pair of lockable underwear, which Luster would gratefully accept with all the affection in her heart.

It just so happened that the shooting star she wished upon was no star at all, but a passing angel! Now, it is of course common knowledge that angels are amongst the most holy of all creatures, yet do you know that many are also in possession of quite a mischievous streak when given the chance for some innocent fun? And this celestial being, the angel Antareal, was perhaps the most curious, most playful, and most impish of all her benevolent kin.

Thus it was that Antareal came floating down from the heavens on widespread wings, directly onto Princess Luster's balcony, wearing a thin, tight, glittering skin of stardust across her otherwise unclothed body.

The bunny princess fell upon her knees before such a divine visage. "Oh, angel from on high, to what do I owe this honor?"

Antareal stepped forward to place her hand upon the princess's head. "Rise, dear Luster, and be filled with good cheer, for I, Antareal, am here to fulfill your fondest desire."

Luster looked up and did not yet rise. "Oh? Could it be true? Could you have been sent down by the almighty one to grant my heart's dearest wish?"

Antareal chuckled and said simply, "Something like that." In her opinion, what the almighty one didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

The bunny rose then, stripping off her deep blue robes and baring herself, for who amongst us would be embarrassed for a divine being to look upon their naked body? She stood with her arms out wide and said, "My wondrous new friend, my heroine from the skies, I am grateful, and I am ready!"

The angel shook her head slowly, though her kind smile did not fade. "Though you do not mean to speak a mistruth, I am afraid that you are not, as of yet, quite as ready as you believe yourself to be."

Luster looked down at herself, then back up, her brow furrowed. "However do you mean, madam angel?"

Antareal reached forward and gently nudged the tip of Luster's nose with a finger, whispering an arcane word in a language that few mortals have ever heard and fewer could recite. She then said, "For the chastity belt to truly mean the most to you, you must crave something else just as much as you wish to wear the belt..."

By the time the angel's wise sentence was complete, Luster felt the warmth of celestial power surging from her nose and down her body, her veins throbbing with energy. The bunny's very form was overcome with heat, and she gasped, the visible evidence of arousal becoming apparent to any who might look upon her! "Oh, Antareal!" Luster said. "What is this feeling?"

The angel reached into the empty air, and a miracle was performed before the eyes of Princess Luster that night. Stardust and affectionately playful intentions merged together to form a beautiful chastity belt, the metal stronger than steel, yet almost as light as paper. It glittered in the candle light, and Antareal's personal seal was emblazoned into the belt's front plate, three feathers fluttering delicately from the sky.

"This feeling," Antareal finally answered, "is that of a bunny princess who will soon long for something that she already has, and yet, by then, will have willingly given it away in exchange for this..."

Luster wasn't quite sure what that meant as she stared at the chastity belt which floated into Antareal's hands. The bunny's mouth was open wide, her hands reaching out... And yet, another wave of divine need swept through her, and Luster gasped again. Her cheeks did blush then, for the thoughts that filled her mind were of acts that no good bunny would perform in front of an angel! She looked at the floor. "Oh, madam angel," Luster said, her voice heated, yet tremulous, "I am afraid that the purity of my heart may not be strong enough to withstand this ordeal you have set before me..."

Antareal stroked her hand down the back of the princess's head and smiled lovingly at her. "Fear not, fair bunny, for if you were not equipped for this task, I would not have appeared before you. The very fact that I am here means that you are capable. I believe in you!"

Luster's body quaked as she pressed into that touch upon her head, her mind aswirl with ponderings. Was her delight and heat at the feeling of Antareal's caress merely a reaction to the attentions of an angelic avatar of holiness, or was Luster being swept up by the thoughts, the fantasies and waking dreams, of the angel treating her like the pet she secretly longed to be? She could not know, not with magic sweeping through her body and a chastity belt floating within reach...

And then, the beleaguered bunny moaned aloud as the angel's powers made her flesh tingle and yearn for touch, the dew of her royal essence dripping forth upon the carpets of her private quarters. Luster was nearly disheartened once again, and she looked up, to finally gaze into the luminous smile beaming down on her from above. Her chest swelled and she smiled back, nodding wordlessly, for in a moment such as that, finding mere words to describe how she felt was beyond mortal capacity.

Antareal giggled sweetly and said, "So, dear Princess Luster, please tell me what it is that you want?"

Those words were punctuated by a gasp, as yet another burst of sensation flooded Luster's being. Her hands curled into fists, for if she did not, they would have flown to touch herself in all the most rewarding, naughty, and embarrassing of places! "I... I..." Luster was still lost for words, yet she knew that soon she would need to speak her mind.

But, what would she say? Could she tell an [i]angel[/i] that she wanted to satisfy her carnal needs? That she yearned even now for the angel herself to give her that very satisfaction?! No, she couldn't say such a thing. And yet, it was the one thing in the room that warred with her other desire...

And that's when the solution to the angel's earlier statement struck Luster's mind and heart. She longed for relief and release, and yet, she still wanted the chastity belt. The scales were tipping as each moment passed, and she knew it was time to give away something that she already had in exchange for something else...

"Please, give me the chastity belt," Princess Luster bravely cried out, "before I am able to change my mind!"

"So be it," Antareal said, and if Luster had been slightly less overwhelmed by her mystical situation, she may have noted the rare occurrence of raw emotion in the tintinnabulous voice of an angel.

A second miracle was performed that night, silver beams shining through the room as Antareal leaned forward. The chastity belt did not merely gleam, it glowed with internal light that poured forth, and Luster was forced to close her eyelids, her earthly orbs lacking the stamina to withstand such brilliance. The bunny gasped and arched her back when something neither hot nor cold shocked her system, the stiff surface of smooth metal pressing against her hips, then somehow melting over them. That sensation shifted and spread as Antareal worked...

Then, it was done, and the angel took a step back to admire her work. Luster's eyes opened slowly, fluttering to blink away a few small tears, and then she looked down upon herself. "Oh!" she cried, her hands flying to her waist, for there was the chastity belt, fully upon her without a single seam or lock!

"Do you like it, my dear?" Antareal asked, smiling widely, the answer clear for all who might have seen the joy on Luster's face.

"Oh, oh [i]yes[/i], madam angel," the princess whispered, not trusting her voice any louder, not when she was so consumed with the urge to feel every last inch of her beautiful new belt. Her hands did their best to satisfy this need, stroking over the crotch, the waistband, the crack of her hindquarters, and back again. It was perfect...

That was the only urge the chastity belt would be satisfying, though, and Luster was reminded of that harshly when another intense wave of angelic desire swept through her veins. Her hand pressed tight to the front of the belt. The tiny, insurmountable distance between her fingers and her royal crotch felt like leagues upon leagues... "Oh, madam angel, however shall I remove the belt when the time is right?"

Antareal chuckled sweetly and touched Luster's chin with a fingertip. "Oh, you precious thing," she said, tilting her head to the side, "the time may never be right for [i]that[/i]..."

Luster's eyes grew wide as the full moon itself, a new wave of feelings rushing through her, one that came not from magic but purely from her own reaction to hearing such words. "M-madam angel, surely I must remove this at some point? I'm certain you're aware of the biological needs of mortals?"

"Ah, yes." Antareal raised a finger and noted, "Fret not, for the essence imbued into this artifact will ensure that all of your true needs that would require its removal are resolved."

Princess Luster bit her lip, worried that if she did not, a whimper might slip out. After all, princesses are well versed in hiding their reactions behind courtly graces. "Is that so?" she asked, lacking anything else to say in response to such news.

"It is!" Antareal said, her smile growing a smidge wider, an iota richer. "And yet none of your base, obscene desires will be catered to, as is befitting of a device such as this."

Luster trembled all over at this news, imagining the weeks, the months, the [i]years[/i] that she might find herself wearing the gorgeous chastity belt. These thoughts were driven straight into her soul by one more burst of angelic heat radiating from her very core, leaving her shaking and moaning. She very nearly tended to the aching, throbbing pinnacles of her royal bosom in full view of an angel. She curled her fingers into shaking fists, resisting the urge at the very last moment.

"M-madam angel, I... I..."

Antareal leaned forward to kiss Luster on the tip of her nose. "You are most welcome, Luster. I shall come back in a month to check upon your health and happiness. Fare thee well!"

Before Luster could reply, Antareal was gone, well before Luster could tell the angel the truth: rather than expressing her gratitude, Luster had been trying to build up the courage to ask for the belt to be removed, so she could perhaps have one last chance to reach the heights of pleasure before it was locked on!

The diabolical knowledge that that option was no longer available made Luster drop to her knees on the plushly carpeted floor of her bedroom, one hand pressing between her thighs, the other finally soothing (and encouraging) the taut, tingling needs of her royal nipples. She was in the perfect position, the fingers of her right hand finding out that there was no possible way she could reach beneath the belt, to receive another overwhelming surge of passion from within, even with the angel well gone!

And that is how Luster's life progressed from that day forth, regularly consumed with urges that she had to learn how to bury beneath a calm facade, eternally grateful that the belt always kept her crotch dry despite how she felt. Days turned to weeks, and Luster grew more competent and confident at living her life with her shiny new friend about her waist, though there were still many times, sometimes multiple times within the same day, where she would frantically try to find some way, some method, some arcane trick, that would allow her to find satisfaction...

And so it was, thirty full days later, that Luster waited on her balcony with nothing but her chastity belt on. There she waited, all night long if she had to, for Antareal to return.

Antareal did not. Nor did she the next night, nor the next! Luster's anger quickly melted into helpless excitement, and unbidden daydreams of the angel [i]never[/i] returning...

A fortnight did pass before Luster was able to consult with the famed Alchemist Gavin, who was eager to share two facts of import to the needy princess.

The first? That nothing on the mortal plane could harm the skymetal that the chastity belt had been constructed off, and no magic he'd ever seen could circumvent the heated power that coursed through her senses.

And, the second? That a "month" for an angel is quite a bit different than Luster expected, for the celestial year is still divided into twelve months, yet their years are much, [i]much[/i] longer than a mortal year...

What Luster did not yet understand, even then, was that aging itself was another "need" that might require the removal of the belt, and so it too was banished from her realm of possibilities. Many years later she would be known as Queen Luster the Undying, the ruling rabbit who brought a golden age of peace, prosperity, and progress to her people.

And when Antareal did finally come to visit an older, wiser, more self-assured Queen Luster those many mortal years later, the bunny fell onto her knees and pleaded, begged, and groveled, not for the removal of the belt, but for Antareal to be the Mistress she'd dreamed of all along...

For, given years to consider the angel's curious words, Luster discovered that the thing she craved even more than the chastity belt itself was the firm, loving hand of the one who would lock it around her hips.