
Keyholder
Keeping Kathy
by Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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Prologue

Sam was on his back, his legs spread wide, as MaryJo carefully pressed the head of her strapon dildo against his anus. Both the toy and his opening were already well-lubed so just a bit of pressure let her slide inside of him. She reached down and held onto his soft cock. “Don’t you want to get hard for me?”

He let out a plaintive little sound. “Yeah. I can’t. Not with the tube still on me.”

The steel tube jacket that surrounded the inch of shaft behind his corona was security enough to make sure that Sam’s cock never got hard when it was locked up. The tube was held in place by the PA ring through the underside of his penis. The most frustrating part of the tube jacket design for a male chastity device was that it left the sensitive head completely exposed so he was subject to external stimulation which MaryJo was always willing to provide. It made his cock always want to get hard, but then he couldn’t because the steel tube around the shaft prevented an erection.

It was blissful denial.

“Did I ever tell you I get off on pegging your ass?” MaryJo wasn’t speaking metaphorically. The harness and dildo setup she wore actually penetrated her pussy a few inches and when she fucked her boyfriend, she actually did cum, usually more and harder than he did.

Sam didn’t mind. “Lots of times,” he said between breaths. “Are you going to make me cum?” When she pegged him with his chastity device on and went through the effort of making him cum, it was either a weak orgasm because he couldn’t get an erection or was really just nothing more than some feeble ejaculate, cleaning out the tubes connecting his balls to his cock.

She laughed and shook her head. “Nope. Got to save you for after Kath and Thom’s wedding.” She quieted down as she kept up her steady thrusting into his ass, still holding onto his useless cock. It was amazing the pleasure she received just rolling her hips back and forth, using her boyfriend’s body. Before she had been indoctrinated into the life of being a chaste man’s keyholder, she had been

happy to lie on her back and get fucked by a man. Now she always wanted to be in charge in some way, either pegging his ass or riding on top of his cock. She wasn't content to lie back and take it.

While getting pegged felt good to Sam, it wasn't nearly as good as actually cumming, which was the point, he knew. Looking up at his girlfriend, MaryJo's eyes were closed and her small breasts were bouncing pleasantly, he knew she was near her climax and it would be over soon. He didn't want it to be over, because that would mean she wouldn't release him and let him cum, but it also meant when she finally did release him, the orgasm he had would be a hundred times more powerful. He had to tell himself to wait.

After she peaked and pulled her fake cock out of his ass, MaryJo asked Sam, "What does Kath have in store for Thom at the after-wedding ceremony?"

"I don't really know."

This was the private ceremony that Kathleen wanted to have with MaryJo and Sam and a few others. It was to be the day after the formal wedding with all the relatives. MaryJo was very excited by it because she had never been to a chastity wedding before and Kathleen wouldn't tell her what the plan was. She had only been told to bring Sam wearing his tube jacket on his cock under his clothes. That wasn't a problem. She didn't let Sam out of the house without it.

Chapter One

Thom contemplated his encased cock as he showered. It had been a long while since he had seen his own cock in the wild. Either it was in the cage, being used for sex, or being washed. He was never dangling free unsupervised. The skin around his cock and balls was completely smooth, not from shaving, but from permanent hair removal. He had lost control of his body and he didn't mind it at all because he was in love with his keyholder, his fiancée, Kathleen.

She wasn't in the bathroom with him now. She trusted him, but only because his cock was secured in the cage with his PA ring. There was no way to remove the cage and masturbate—let alone anything else. Only Kathleen could take it off him and she did that oh-so-rarely, which he appreciated. He had grown to hate how beholden he was to jerking off every day. When the choice was taken away from him, he was happier.

"Hurry up, honey!" Kathleen called as she breezed into the bathroom to grab some supplies. "We're going to be late. You don't want to be late for our wedding, do you?"

A smile pulled at his lips and he directed the spray of water at his limp dick, wanting to make sure everything under the steel was clean, but also knowing he wasn't going to be let out of the cage just because he was getting married.

The wedding itself was a simple affair. They had chosen to have a Friday evening wedding and kept the party somewhat small, less than a hundred guests. It wasn't overly formal, they weren't that sort of couple. He wore a new suit; she wore a white dress that wasn't a ridiculously overblown gown. The simple ceremony was done by a justice of the peace and over in less than fifteen minutes, much to the disapproval of many members of Kathleen's Catholic family. They wanted a full service with communion and a priest; that was never going to happen with Kathleen involved.

The reception afterwards was a merry affair. Thom met a few members of

Kathleen's family that were new to him along with some friends and coworkers whose names he knew he wouldn't remember in the morning. Sam was there with MaryJo, which made Thom relax a bit knowing another man at the party was wearing a chastity device on his cock. They were second cousins by blood, but under their clothes they were brothers in chastity.

After drinks, dinner, and dancing the whole thing was over by midnight and everyone was sent home. Thom and Kathleen collapsed into the bed they had been sharing for the past years. The wedding was just a formality of their relationship. He was wearing nothing but his cage, as usual when they were in bed. She was wearing a new white silk nightie. She was beautiful while he was handsome and neither had the urge to have sex.

"I'm exhausted," Thom said into the darkness.

"Go to sleep," she told him. "You'll need all your strength for tomorrow."

The drive up to the private estate only took a couple of hours. It was in the middle of nowhere, a big converted farmhouse with a free standing barn. The location was beautiful; a bucolic setting that was completely different from their semi-urban home. "How did you find this place?" Thom asked his new wife.

"Lots of internet searching. They do private sex parties here."

Her flat statement made him laugh, but then he realized she wasn't kidding. "You're serious."

"Of course I am. You know why we came here."

It was Sue who led the ceremony. She was the woman who had been feeding all sorts of information about the lifestyle Thom and Kathleen had entered into. Thom knew that her husband Barry was chaste as he was, but had only met the two of them at the wedding the day before. Thom was not surprised to find that Trixie, the young woman from the piercing and tattoo parlor was there, along with a few new faces of the men and women in the lifestyle as well. Trixie had brought along a date who was taking in everything with wide, eager eyes. She

had also brought along her piercing equipment. Kathleen pointed out Cliff to Thom. They weren't surprised to see he was stag, no wife or date. As always, Sam was there with MaryJo

Once Kim, the owner of The Farm resort, had settled everyone into the room where the ceremony was to take place, it was Sue who took control of the party.

A pair of The Farm's attendants wheeled out a heavy wooden table. It sort of resembled a medical exam table, except it was made of wood instead of metal and was heavily padded with leather cushions for comfort. There were leather straps designed to hold down the occupant, if needed, but Kathleen knew those wouldn't be necessary tonight.

Standing in front of the table Sue called those in attendance to order—a few had to be encouraged to leave their drinks at the bar on the far side of the room—and made a semi-circle facing her. Kathleen had put on her wedding dress and was waiting at the table with Sue. At the signal Thom was brought into the room and paraded through the crowd. He was naked but for his metal chastity cage but he felt no shame.

Sue opened the ceremony by saying, "Kathleen and Thom have already entered into a blessed union when she first put a cage on his cock. They redoubled that union when they married yesterday. They'll reinforce that union again, tonight, as they formalize their arrangement."

There was a murmur of anticipation from the crowd.

The ceremony was simple and straight forward. Sue said, "Do you, Kathleen Herald, wish to declare your rights and control over your husband here tonight?"

"I do."

"Do you take Thomas Stone as your chaste husband to cherish and control?"

"I do."

"To tease, frustrate, and deny him as you will?"

"I do."

Sue smiled. “Do you, Kathleen, promise to pursue physical congress with other men and to enjoy yourself with anyone you desire?”

Kathleen couldn’t help but smile back. Thom felt his cock try to swell. “I do.”

“Do you, Kathleen, promise to let your husband watch you with your lovers or tell him every detail of how they please and satisfy you while he is caged?”

“I do.”

Sue turned slightly to Thom. “Thom, do you accept Kathleen’s decision to place you in chastity in body, and mind, and spirit of your own free will?”

At first Thom couldn’t find his voice, but then he managed to declared, “I do.”

The crowd tittered slightly at his awkward hesitation but Sue pressed on.

“Thom, do you acknowledge the fact that sexually you cannot provide Kathleen with all of the sexual pleasure she needs and deserves?”

“I do.” The words came easier the second time.

“Do you, Thom, accept the burden and delight of chastity with the understanding that Kathleen has complete freedom to have sex with whoever she wants while you must remain completely faithful to her?”

“I do.”

“And do you, Thom, promise to love and support Kathleen’s extra-marital affairs be they long-term, short-term, or one-night stands?”

This answer was easy for Thom. “I do.”

“Thom, do you promise, if asked, to help find competent lovers for your wife Kathleen that will provide her with the sexual pleasure that you cannot?”

This was the easiest answer for Thom. He loved seeing his wife have sex with other men. “I do.”

Sue inhaled and continued. “Normally this would be the time for caging the cock, but Kathleen has already done that for Thom.” She smiled, excited by what

was about to come. “She has also had Thom’s cock pierced because they are committed to the lifestyle. She is so committed that she has opted to make a sacrifice here tonight.” She turned to Kathleen. “Please expose your breast.”

MaryJo took the cue and helped Kathleen open up the front of her dress, pull down her white corset and expose her left nipple. Everyone looked on in fascination as Trixie readied herself. There were already marks on her nipple where Trixie had prepared her while she was dressing for the ceremony. She had never pierced anyone while they were standing but Kathleen assured her she had the willpower to stay on her feet. She didn’t want to embarrass herself by having to sit down for such a simple procedure.

Everyone moved around for a better view of what Trixie was doing. Kathleen looked at the little woman and whispered to her. “Do it quickly.”

Trixie just nodded, attached the clamp, and shoved the sharp needle through Kathleen’s nipple. Thom’s wife stayed on her feet and didn’t flinch; she was proud of her performance. Trixie didn’t stop or hesitate. She quickly threaded a ring through the new hole. There was a small heart-shaped charm dangling from the ring.

Sue announced, “Kathleen has chosen a nipple piercing over her heart to show her love for her husband. On one side of the charm is Thom’s name and the other is his title, “cuckold.”

The crowd applauded politely.

“If you would please release Thom, MaryJo?”

This was unexpected but Thom didn’t protest. He didn’t know what Kathleen had in store, but she trusted him. MaryJo knelt down in front of Thom’s cock and pulled off his elaborate cage. “Stay soft,” Kathleen told him as he was freed. Despite her command, he started to swell. Trixie took over from MaryJo, using a pair of special pliers she removed the captive bead of his PA ring and slid it out of his hole.

“We have ice to make the swelling go down,” joked Sue. The crowd laughed along with her. “Kathleen is giving her husband and cuckold a present. A new PA ring engraved with his title.” She held up the ring. No one could see it but Thom and Kathleen. “It’s nice to hide the word ‘cuckold’ inside a ring. If you

would, please, Trixie?”

Kim had brought in a bucket with some ice in it. Trixie first applied this to Thom’s cock to make it go down. Then she slipped the thick, silver ring through his flesh and used the pliers to carefully clamp it onto the captive bead. The ice went back on and in short order MaryJo placed the steel retaining ring and sheath over Thom’s cock.

Once this was over the ceremony was complete. “And now the full celebration,” Sue announced to the crowd with a few calls of approval from the women. “Help her undress,” Sue told Thom.

Her left breast was already exposed after having been removed from the corset she wore. Thom stepped behind his wife and unhooked all the tiny fasteners that ran down the garment right over her spine. When he knelt down behind her to lower the white thong from her hips, he lightly brushed his lips on her buttock. She glanced down and behind her to smile at Thom, but that was all the attention she gave him. Kathleen wasn’t the least bit shy about being stripped in front of the small crowd. She had been naked in front of many—but not all—of them before, and she wasn’t shy about her body anyway.

Thom, under Kim’s directions, helped his wife onto the table. She didn’t need or want the straps to hold her down, but she happily put her heels into the stirrups on the table’s corner which opened up her sex. Thom’s heart was thumping in his chest, his cock tried to get hard inside his wonderfully rigid cage, but was foiled as always, for which he was eternally grateful. As he started to step back, Kathleen took her hand from the grip at the table’s edge and grabbed his forearm. “No, stay,” she told him.

“You want me to watch?” he asked.

“Of course, but first I want you to get me ready. Make sure my pussy is wet for Cliff.”

He had known it was coming, but to hear her put it in words made his mouth go dry. Thom just nodded, knowing what was expected of him, and knelt down on the little pad placed on the floor at the base of the table between her legs.

As always, Kathleen’s pussy was a delicate mixture of salt and musk and slightly sour perfume. She was damp and swollen already, her labia bulging with the

neatly shaved triangle of pubic hair at the top of her slit. Just the scent of her cunt would be enough to get him hard, but his cage kept him under control. He wrapped his arms around her thighs and started licking. Right away he realized cunnilingus was not necessary. She was incredibly wet already; she just wanted the crowd to see him go down on her. It was a gesture of submission.

When she pushed his face back from her sex, his face was smeared with her juices. Cliff was standing just to the side of the table and Kathleen gestured him over. He had already pulled out his cock, but was all but fully dressed, which Thom found odd but Kathleen declined to comment. “You don’t need any help getting hard,” she commented to her lover, looking at his cock.

“Never,” he grinned.

“Too bad. Either MaryJo or Thom would have been happy to help you out.” Thom shivered at these words but didn’t contradict his wife because he would have served her however she wished.

MaryJo was right beside the table, holding Kathleen’s hand, a nervous but eager grin on her face. “I can’t believe you’re doing this,” she said.

“I can’t believe I waited so long for it,” she replied. She held MaryJo’s fingers with her left hand and first grabbed Thom’s sheathed cock with her right, but then switched to holding his hand as well while Cliff stood between her legs and introduced his cockhead to her pussy.

Thom gasped. He had seen Sam fuck his wife—then girlfriend—more than once, but to see her longtime lover about to do it made him go lightheaded. Kathleen pulled her friend down to her face and gave MaryJo a quick kiss on the lips as Cliff pushed his cock all the way inside her pussy. There was no resistance. She was wet and slick with desire. Thom was glad he was holding his wife’s hand because he all but fainted at the sight. It was beautiful to see his wife penetrated by her lover.

Cliff’s cock was impressive, not huge, but nicely sized and proportioned. However his once shortcoming was that he didn’t seem to have much stamina. After bottoming out, he pulled back a bit and started to fuck her without any real rhythm as far as Thom could tell. He held Kathleen’s hips and happily fucked away. There had been no restrictions placed on any of the men and Kathleen and Cliff were long-time lovers. After only perhaps two minutes of fucking, Cliff

gasped and jerked. He came with a low growl, his balls tightening up and forcing spurts of cum into her pussy.

“God yes,” Kathleen moaned as he came. Since he was done, Cliff stepped away

“Would you like to be cleaned up?” asked Kim. Thom was brought back to reality. He knew his wife was the center of attention and those gathered for this celebration had formed a rough semicircle around her to watch the show, but Kim’s words were strangely startling.

Kathleen dropped Thom’s hand and felt between her legs. “Not yet. I want another cock first.”

Kim gestured to the crowd. “Who do you want next?”

She searched the small crowd for a second and then pointed. “Him, Sue’s husband.” It wasn’t a surprising choice, Sue had been the woman who had been the greatest help in guiding Kathleen through her first year of being a keyholder for Thom—and Sam. She didn’t know how long Barry had been in chastity—and at the moment she didn’t care—she just wanted more cock.

“Strip,” ordered Sue. Barry was happy to comply. He was slightly overweight but still held enough muscle to be an attractive man. Of course he was wearing a cage on his cock; it was a traditional birdcage design. Thick wires ran from the base ring, along the curved shaft and to head. He didn’t have a PA ring, which surprised Thom. Either his wife trusted him or he was completely obedient to her. Sue had his key on a bracelet and when his brass padlock was removed, he quickly hardened.

“Good boy,” Sue complimented him and smacked him on the ass. “Do you duty. Better enjoy it too, because this is the only pussy you’re getting for a month.”

Thom had no way of knowing how long Barry had been in chastity without any release but it must have been a good amount of time because less than a minute after he mounted Kathleen, he was already on the brink of orgasm. He stopped moving momentarily because he wanted their copulation to last as long as possible. However, he was being closely watched by his wife. “Already?” Sue said with an exasperated sigh. “I’m so sorry,” she apologized to Kathleen.

“Hard and fast,” was all Kathleen said.

Sue smacked her husband again. “You heard the lady.”

Barry started thrusting as he had been ordered. Just a few seconds later he was cumming, his tight purple balls getting the sort of relief they hadn’t had in far too long.

“Yes, yes,” Kathleen encouraged him. When he was done cumming, Barry stepped back with shaking legs. Kathleen’s hand went to her pussy, holding in the cum. “Now you can clean me,” she said to Thom. It was a task he had done many times before, both with his own cum and that of Sam. He was both excited and nervous to now perform his duty in front of the crowd. It was impossible to tell which drips of cum were Cliff’s and what belonged to Barry. Not that it mattered to Thom. Her scent was still strong and the salty sourness of the other men’s cum didn’t bother him at all. He was hardly the first man to eat another’s cum and would hardly be the last.

He didn’t just concentrate on her hole. Thom spent time attending to her clit as well and made sure his wife climaxed from his oral attention before going back to the cum still seeping out of her.

“Don’t swallow it all,” Kathleen told him as he sucked on her pussy. “I want a good taste as well.”

That was easy enough to do. He filled his mouth with the thick, sticky liquid that seeped from her pussy, then stepped away, walked around the table, and pressed his lips to hers as she lay back on the inclined table. Her tongue went between her lips and scooped out the semen. Thom feed his wife and he did so happily, proudly. There was no shame here.

When his mouth was empty of semen Thom pulled back and saw out of the corner of his eye that Sue was still in the process of locking Barry’s cock. Apparently he wasn’t all that trustworthy at a social gathering such as this.

“More,” Kathleen begged. “I need more.” She gestured vaguely and picked a man from the crowd. In short order he was undressed and unlocked by his partner—Thom didn’t know if they were married or not. He was pierced, which Thom only thought was proper, but his PA was to the side of his corona not through the underside of his shaft which made Thom wonder how that worked inside his cage, but it didn’t matter. He needed only a few strokes to his shaft by his partner before he was hard and pushing his cock into Kathleen, who laid

back and enjoyed being fucked by the third man of the evening.

“I’m jealous,” MaryJo giggled to her friend.

“You should be,” Kathleen said between little sighs of appreciation. “I never would have thought a gang bang would be so wonderful.”

“Makes me want to get married,” MaryJo confided.

“Get a lover first,” Kathleen advised as she climaxed on the third man’s cock

And so it went with every chaste male in the barn. Kathleen would pick her next lover and he would be unlocked by his keyholder so he could fuck Kathleen. When he was done he would be locked up again and Thom would clean Kathleen’s pussy. He wasn’t sure how much semen he swallowed but Kim and one of the attendants came around with bottles of water, one of which he gratefully took. Thom got the impression that this was hardly the most perverse thing that Kim had seen in her lifetime.

When it was Sam’s turn everyone had had a go at Kathleen except Thom. His cock actually hurt. It wasn’t unknown for him to have pains in his cock and balls when he wanted to get hard and couldn’t but tonight was just a long series of throbbing and burning pain for him. Thom knew it was expected of him, he was a cuckold now and would only be released from his cage at his wife’s request, and since she had so many other cocks to choose from on this night, why would she want his when she could have it any time she pleased.

Despite his pain—both physical and emotional—Thom couldn’t help but grin at his second cousin—and best friend—as Sam sank his cock into Kathleen’s pussy.

“Back in the saddle?” he asked Sam.

“Uh-huh.” Right away Thom could see that Sam was concentrating on not cumming. Like all the other chaste husbands and boyfriends, he had undoubtedly been kept locked up and teased as much as possible over the last few weeks. His cock was on a hair trigger and Sam was certainly under orders to please Kathleen, make her cum before he did. Being a distraction was actually helpful to Sam; it would increase his endurance.

“Think about the queen,” Thom advised.

“Huh?” Sam was puzzled.

“Keeps you from cumming,

“Don’t distract him!” Kathleen hissed at her husband. “I’m on the edge.”

“Sorry.”

A few seconds later she cried out as she climaxed. She gripped Sam with her thighs and pulled him in to her making him cum as well.

“Lock him back up,” Kathleen said to MaryJo. She looked at her husband. “And for your distraction you don’t get to be released for a long time.”

Thom didn’t know if he should be pleased or upset. He was both at once.

All during this long process where Kathleen was fucked and all the men blew their loads in her, Cliff had stood off to the side, watching. He was by equal measures fascinated and repulsed. Only after Sam finished did she look for him again. Once their eyes met, she called out to him. “Since you’re the only one with a free dick, do you want a second run?”

His first instinct was to say no, but since his cock was already hard inside his pants he heard himself saying yes. This time instead of just whipping out his tool he actually pulled off his shirt and dropped his pants so she could feel his skin on her body. She was warm and sweaty which slightly repulsed him, but Cliff gave in to his baser cravings. Her cunt was open and ready for him; he had no trouble pushing inside her.

“God that feels good,” she complimented him. “Fuck me. Make me cum.”

And he did. Their session lasted the longest of all and he made her peak twice before he came.

“Your husband must be a sissy if he gets off on this,” Cliff commented as he pulled out and pushed himself off her body.

Kathleen’s immediate response was to slap him across the face. Kim’s assistant,

the big one who always looked unhappy, was at her side in flash, not saying nor doing anything, but ready should something amiss occur. He glowered at Cliff.

“What was that for?” Cliff was truly offended.

“Never insult my husband. It’s only by his good graces you get to fuck me at all. And for that sort of comment, you might never get to fuck me again.”

Properly chastised, Cliff frowned and stepped back and all but faded into the crowd. Kathleen turned to her husband and pulled him to her. “I love you,” she said and gave him a kiss. Thom’s cock swelled inside his cage once more but he didn’t complain. This was the life he had chosen and he was happy with it

Chapter Two

“I have to wear thicker bras now,” said Kathleen. “I don’t want anyone at the office seeing my nipple ring.”

They were dressing for work and Kathleen had changed her top and her bra three times already. She was getting frustrated with finding something appropriate for the workplace.

“Why not?” kidded Thom. “I’m sure someone has guessed what I’m packing in my pants.”

She rolled her eyes at him. “Yes, but I have to be respectable.” She turned and examined herself in the mirror. Her latest choice was a cable knit sweater over a padded bra. It made her look bustier than usual, but that was okay. She was a little intimidated by her new piercing.

“Does it still hurt?” Thom asked.

“A little. Mostly it’s just sore. I’m still getting little crusties from the lymph. But it’s not like someone is going to be grabbing my tit at work.”

“Except maybe Cliff.”

“That asshole will be lucky to lick my shoes,” she shot back at her husband.

He paused as he knotted his tie. “I didn’t think you were into that sort of domination thing.”

“I’m not. But for him, I’m willing to make an exception.”

“I’m not sure I like this change in you,” Thom said. She wasn’t sure if he was completely serious. “You’ve become very…dominant.”

She straightened her back. “I think I like it.” She patted him between the legs, feeling his steel cage over his cock.

It was actually two days later before Kathleen saw Cliff again. Since he worked outside sales that wasn't unusual. She wasn't particularly thrilled that he approached her desk. "Care to go to lunch?" he asked her.

She gave him a steely gaze for a long moment before answering. "You're paying," she informed him.

"Of course."

It was a typical business restaurant in the downtown, just busy enough and private enough to suit both their purposes. "Did you enjoy our little ceremony?" she asked him after they ordered.

"I can't believe you went through that." He lowered his voice slightly. "You looked quite the slut on that table."

Her tone was dismissive. "You call me a slut like it's an insult. A slut is just a woman—or man—who enjoys sex with many partners. I'm not sure if you're a slut, but you're certainly the beneficiary of one."

For a moment he considered that. "Touché. You are correct."

She smiled.

"Are you still wearing that tit ring?" he asked abruptly.

"Of course. It was my husband's gift to me for our wedding."

He shook his head. "Strange gift. I've never seen someone get pierced before. That was…strange."

"Did it make your cock hard?"

He grinned. "Yes."

"I'm glad."

"Want to go fuck someplace?" he asked her.

“Not particularly,” she said dismissively. “The bathroom doesn’t appeal to me and I’m certainly not doing it in your car. There are a couple of hotels close by.”

“We could do that.”

“But not today. Next week works better for me. Tuesday afternoon?”

He half-laughed and then quickly agreed. “Sure. You are very forward, you know that?”

“I know what I like. Does your wife know about you and me?”

The question caught him unaware. He snorted. “Of course not.”

“You should tell her.”

“Hell no.”

“If you don’t, I’m going to stop fucking you.”

“Yeah, right.”

Kathleen leaned forward, giving him the opportunity of a view down her blouse. He couldn’t help himself and glanced down into her cleavage. “I’ve learned in my time that men are eager to fuck a willing woman. There are plenty of men out there willing to fuck me the way I like, but you’re not a bad lay and finding another is a pain in the ass. You’ll tell your wife one way or another.”

Once more he chuckled at her. “I doubt it.”

“Would you like me to tell her for you.”

“Not in a million years.”

“Time passes quickly,” she said as their food arrived.

Tuesday afternoon couldn’t arrive soon enough for Cliff. Kathleen arrived on time at the hotel room that he had texted to her. When she walked in he greeted her with a kiss which she allowed. “Does your husband know you’re here?” Cliff

asked her teasing her about how she controlled Thom's sexuality.

"Of course he does. Have you told Kelley yet?"

Cliff froze. "How do you know my wife's name?"

Kathleen brushed a few stray hairs out of her eyes and then sat down on the edge of the bed. "There is so much information available online to even the most average of people." She smiled. "Facebook."

"You shouldn't snoop."

"You shouldn't lie to your wife. But I'm not here to discuss your marital problems. Take off your clothes."

He looked at her. "You want me to strip for you?"

"Yes."

With a shrug he started undressing while she watched. Being naked in front of her wasn't anything he hadn't done before, but it felt a bit clinical now. When he got to his boxers, he paused. "Everything off," she said.

Finding a bit of courage considering that she hadn't moved to even take off her jacket, Cliff dropped his underwear and displayed his cock that was slowly growing. "Very nice," she said. "Come over here and let me suck it."

Kathleen proceeded to give him an exquisite blowjob. She liked sucking cock. She liked making men excited and more than willing to do anything she wanted. She could feel his blood throbbing through the veins in his cock. The curly nest of hair at the base of his cock was so different from Thom because she had his lasered off when he went into chastity. But that was minor. As much as she loved knowing Thom was completely under her control because of the PA she had installed in his cock. But it was a nice switch to not have ring in her mouth while she was sucking cock.

"Stop," he moaned when he sensed he was getting close.

"Why?" she asked. Just by talking she was giving in to his request, but that was fine. She loved the art of the tease. "Don't you want to cum in my mouth?" As

she spoke, she continued to stroke his cock with her hand.

“I want to cum in your pussy, not your mouth.”

“I swallow.”

“I know. I still want to cum in your pussy.”

Kathleen released her grip on his manhood and stood up to remove her jacket. Cliff eagerly helped her out of her clothes, but in some ways was more a hindrance than assistance. When she was down to her bra, panties, and thigh high stockings with her shoes still on, she turned around and placed her hands on the desk. “Fuck me from behind.”

Cliff stepped behind her and quickly unhooked her bra. “You can leave that on,” she complained.

“I like you naked.” He knelt down and pulled down her panties over her stockings and shoes. He didn’t say a thing about her nylon-encased legs. As he stood up he pushed her legs further apart and bent his knees to insert his cock. She grunted a bit as he entered. As always, she was wet and easily penetrated. As he set up a rocking to his hips, Cliff circled his hands around to her tits.

“Careful!” she warned. “My nipple is still sore.”

He shook his head. “I still don’t get why you did that to yourself.”

“Because it’s sexy and it’s what my husband wanted. Now shut up and fuck me.”

He did and it was very satisfying. She liked how he finished in her pussy with a straining grunt with each spurt of cum.

When he pulled out she closed her legs and kicked off her high heels. They had been the perfect height to match their sizes so he could easy fuck her from behind. She walked to the bed and pulled back the covers to lay down to rest. Cliff joined her. “Now what?”

“Now we rest a bit until you can get it up again. Then we have one more throw. Then we go back to our spouses.”

“That’s it?” he joked.

“And if you tell your wife I’ll fuck you again on Monday afternoon. I’ve already scheduled it.”

He wasn’t sure if she was kidding or not.

At home that night as they were undressing, Kathleen put her husband’s hand into her panties. “You’re wet.”

“I’m always wet around you.”

“You’re really wet,” he told her and wiggled the first digit of his finger up into her pussy.

She sighed in contentment. “That’s because Cliff fucked me today.”

Thom kissed the side of her neck and slowly rubbed. “You didn’t tell me you were going to do that.”

“I wanted to keep it a surprise for you.” She pressed her body against his. “You need to clean me up.”

“Okay,” he quickly agreed and pulled her over to the bed, laid her down, and slipped off her panties. They were moist and sticky. She opened up her legs and displayed her used sex that was still slowly seeping Cliff’s cum.

“Don’t ask to be released,” she warned him. “It’s not time yet.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Thom replied as he pressed his face to her cunt.

She sighed in contentment as his tongue dipped deeply between her lips searching out the salty treat she had been hiding from him. “I’m meeting him next week. I need something from you.”

It was the same hotel they met at Monday afternoon, but a different room. In the end that didn’t matter because the room was arranged largely the same. After a

quick, intense makeout session Kathleen told Cliff, “Lay down on the bed. I want to ride your face.”

Always willing to take whatever Kathleen was willing to give, Cliff kicked off his shoes and lay down on the bed while she pulled off her clothes. Underneath her blouse and skirt she wore a form-fitting pale yellow basque that covered her from hip to breast. While Cliff watched she reached up between her legs and pulled down her panties that were matching yellow. She tossed these aside and grinned at him. He was focused on her left nipple, barely visible through the lacey material, but he saw the ring in her flesh. Because of her unusual choice in undergarment she wasn’t showing much flesh.

“Ever have a woman ride your face before?” she asked him.

“Once or twice.”

“I want to suck your cock while I ride you.”

“Sixty nine? Sure.”

“But I don’t want you touching me.” She dipped her hand into her large purse and produced a set of leather restraints. “Put your wrists together.”

Cliff hesitated, but then gave in. She tied his wrists together and then attached the long lead between them to the corner of the bed. “I can get out of these if I really try,” he told her.

“I know. That’s part of the fun.” She pulled another set from her bag. “These go on your ankles.”

“Okay,” he agreed without hesitation this time.

Once he was trussed up, Kathleen kicked her purse next to the bed and pulled up the basque high enough so she could open her legs and straddle Cliff’s face. Once she lowered her pussy to his mouth, he eagerly licked and sucked on her sex while she opened his pants, pulled out his cock, and started licking and sucking on him. It wasn’t much of a blowjob, just enough to keep him interested in her pussy.

She ground down on his face and offered her clit for his attention, trying to get

him to eat her pussy exactly the way she liked. Normally Cliff didn't have much in the way of cunnilingus skills but Kathleen was excited by her plans and just the attention was enough to event eventually get her off. When she came she squeezed her thighs around his head and let her body shake pleasantly.

"You came," he announced.

"Thank you. I suppose it's your turn now." Kathleen set in earnest to sucking his cock. Cliff started moaned with great enthusiasm. He loved a woman's mouth sucking on him. It made him feel powerful; it made him feel like he was in control of her.

Kathleen wasn't surprised when he came after only a couple of minutes of fellatio. He was that of man. She swallowed his load; it was easier and less messy that way. "That was good," he groaned.

"Eat my pussy some more," she encouraged him as she wiggled her sex down to his face.

"You want to go around and around?"

"I want you to keep me interested. I want you hard again so we can have sex."

"Okay. Sure." His second effort at oral sex was almost pathetic, but Kathleen was fine with that. She wasn't all that interested in his mouth on her sex, she was just keeping a close eye on his cock. When he started to rise again she applied her mouth to him and started sucking. The moment she did he stopped licking her. She expected that.

Circling the fingers of one hand around the base of his cock, she used her other hand to hold and stroke him as she bobbed her head up and down. Cliff was so predictable. He didn't care how he got sex as long as he got it. As he approached a climax he started grunting and moaning. "Stop, stop," be begged but she didn't. Once more he came in her mouth and Kathleen sucked down his spunk, swallowing every drop, making him shudder with the after-tremblers of orgasm.

"Oh fuck that was good!" he said when she was finally done. He moved his limbs a bit. They were starting to get sore after being tied up for so long.

"Better that my pussy?" she asked. Kathleen didn't bother moving off him. She

liked holding him down, but she did reach over the edge of the bed.

“Not better, necessarily. But definitely different. Definitely.”

“I want to play with you some more,” she told him as she manipulated his cock.

“I’m gonna need a couple of minutes. Think you can loosen these cuffs?”

She licked his cock, making it slick. “Not yet,” Kathleen told him. She worked quickly. It was old hat to Kathleen to control a man’s cock, especially if he was bound and pinned down by her weight. She wasn’t a heavy woman, but neither was Cliff especially strong.

“What the fuck are you doing?” he asked. He could feel her doing something to his cock but he couldn’t see exactly what. He could only see her pussy which wasn’t that much of distraction at this point.

“Hold still,” she insisted. It was harder to get him contained while he was struggling. She had the minor problem of fitting the shaft over his cock, but she knew exactly what she was doing and eventually fit everything into place.

“Stop it!” he struggled, trying to get her off his body. But it was already too late. Clicking the lock was simplicity itself.

“All done,” she said with a laugh and rolled off his body onto the mattress. “It’s much safer now.”

Cliff looked down at his cock and saw that she had put a plastic chastity device on him. He reached down and attempted to pull it off, but he was too swollen and it was too tight to pull off. “Give me the fucking key!”

She giggled more at him. “Sorry. Can’t. I left it at home.”

“You’re fucking lying!”

She tossed her purse at him. “Look through it. Search my clothes. I didn’t bring it.”

“What’s fucking wrong with you?”

“I don’t trust your cock,” she told him. “It’s time to be honest. Go home and tell your wife you’ve been fucking me. That’s the only way you’ll get the key to get that off your dick.” She rolled off the bed and started dressing.

“What are you doing?”

“Dressing. I’m done.” She looked at him and his caged dick. “It’s not like you can do anything else today. You aren’t that good at eating pussy.”

He jumped off the bed and made to push her back against the wall, but thought better of it. He wasn’t a violent man, he was just under stress. “Take it off. Now!”

She shook her head, pushed his hand off her shoulder and picked up her blouse. “I told you, I don’t have the key with me. Go home, tell you wife about your problem, and we’ll set up a time to meet.”

As she finished dressing Cliff anxiously pulled and manipulated his cock, trying to get the plastic cage off his body. “This is fucking ridiculous,” he complained, starting to panic.

“Do you really want to be married to a woman you lie to constantly?” she asked as she slipped on her shoes and put on her jacket. “She deserves better. I’m just forcing the issue.”

Kathleen walked out the door with a smile on her face. She gave him a nine o’clock deadline, and then she’d push the game even further.

Chapter Three

At nine fifteen Kathleen sent a quick text message to Kelley. It had been easy to get her cell phone number from Cliff. He often left his on the desk or table when they had sex. I just wanted to let you know I'm the one having sex with your husband. Kathleen only gave the message a final second of thought before sending it out. She had considered all the possibilities and at this point realized she wanted Cliff under someone's thumb and it was too much work for her to control him and Thom at the same time.

Two minutes after her text was sent, she received a reply. Who is this bitch?

Kathleen ignored the missing comma and smiled. Have you found the present I gave to Cliff?

What the fuck is wrong with you lady? The response was not unexpected. Kathleen couldn't help but smile.

"Who are you texting?" Thom asked her.

"A new friend."

Thom grinned next to her. They were lying in bed, reading like an old married couple. "Male or female?"

"Does it matter?" she asked.

"Not really, I suppose. But if you're going to have sex with a woman, I'd like to watch that."

She reached down and playfully tugged on his caged penis, soft and secure inside his its metal tube. "Not that you'd be able to do anything about it." She gave him a kiss and replied to Kelley.

I have the key to Cliff's little toy. If you'd like to meet me, I'd be happy to hand it over. She included a time and location of where to meet before putting her phone away and turning to Thom. "All done." Her hand went back to his cage. "I'd

like to have sex tonight but it looks like you're all tied up," she teased. "Oh well, that doesn't mean that I can't have sex." She pointed to her pussy. "Down, boy."

Thom happily complied.

The next day Kathleen waited for her counterpart at Madeline's coffee shop. She wasn't really surprised when the mousy woman sat down next to her at the counter that ran the length of the shop. Kelley was plain and unremarkable, a complete contrast to herself and the women that Cliff claimed to have slept with. "You must be Kelley," Kathleen said politely and enthusiastically.

Kelley didn't return her chipper attitude. Kathleen couldn't blame her. "I hate you," were the first words that she spoke.

"I understand," Kathleen said. She kept a calm demeanor, but inside her chest her heart was thumping. It was one thing to put her boyfriend, and now husband, in chastity and do the same thing to Thom's cousin, but it was another entirely to do it to a married man who probably didn't want to be in chastity. She pulled a small padlock key on a ring from her purse and placed it on the counter between them. There was a bright pink leather fob attached to the ring. "This belongs to you."

The other woman snatched it up from the counter and started to leave, but Kathleen grabbed her wrist. "Just give this a thought: he cheated on you with other women besides me. That little device is the only thing keeping him from cheating again."

Kelley started to pull away, but she hesitated and sat down.

Kathleen let her sit a minute while she sipped at her coffee. It really was the best in their small city.

"My husband wears one too," Kathleen revealed. "Not because I make him, but because he wants to."

That stunned Kelley. "What? Why?"

Kathleen kept her expression neutral. "It's more of a game we play. But he had a

serious problem playing by himself…" A smile tugged at her lips. "He's happier keeping it on than not"

Kelley couldn't fully process what she was being told. "But you cheat on him," she hissed at Kathleen.

"It's not cheating if he knows about it."

"That makes no sense!"

Kathleen shrugged. "It makes us happy." She sipped her coffee again. "What makes you happy? Having Cliff cheat on you?" She paused. "Or would you be happier if you knew he couldn't cheat on you?"

Kelley sat there in silence a long time. Kathleen let her sit. There was no hurry. She was processing a lot of information in a short amount of time.

"Are you going to continue to fuck him?" Kelley finally asked.

It took all of Kathleen's restraint not to laugh at her new friend. "Of course not. You have his key now." She paused and took a final sip of her coffee. "Unless you want me to." She got up to leave the shop.

This time Kelley grabbed her wrist. "Don't go yet."

Kathleen paused. "What do you need?"

Kelley swallowed her pride. "I know he's been cheating on me forever. He tells me I'm wonderful in bed, but he still cheats. What do I do?"

"Do you want to stay with him?"

The small woman looked away. "Sometimes I think I should hate myself for it, but I still love him. I want to stay with him."

"Well the answer is easy then. Don't use the key." She smiled and patted Kelley's hand.

"He says he can cut off the lock with some bolt cutters from Home Depot. He just wants the key because he's afraid of getting hurt."

At that question Kathleen laughed. It was a true laugh, not the sort of polite laugh used at cocktail parties. “I know of a way to keep his cock under your complete control.”

Kelley shuddered. “You do.”

Kathleen nodded, eager to share her knowledge and experience with other women. “I certainly do. But you’ll need to trust me a bit.”

Days later Cliff came home to find his wife sitting at the kitchen table with Kathleen. His first reaction was shocked surprise. His second reaction was a quick flash of anger. But it was his third reaction that revealed so much about him. “What’s this?” he asked. “Are you two friends now?”

Kelley looked nervously at Kathleen who took the lead. She had nothing to lose. “Isn’t it every man’s fantasy to get to fuck his girlfriend and his wife at the same time?”

He was close enough to her for her to see his pupils dilate with the idea she had fixed in his head. Cliff, however, was nobody’s fool. “Yeah, that sounds great. Except the last time I was alone with you, Kathy, you locked a fucking hunk of plastic to my dick. I don’t trust you.”

“And you shouldn’t trust me,” agreed Kathleen as she stood up from the kitchen table. “I’m going to the bedroom to have sex,” she announced to no one in particular. “I’m more than happy to have sex with whoever wants to join me.”

She left the room and headed to the couple’s bedroom as if she owned the house. She didn’t, but she had already secured Kelley’s permission. “What the fuck is this?” Cliff demanded of his wife.”

All Kelley could do was to look away. “We talked. I’m going to the bedroom.” She found the words almost impossible to say, but it was Kathleen’s plan. Cliff’s mouth hung open as his wife left the room.

In her bedroom Kelley found Kathleen on the bed with her clothes already off and the vibrator plugged into the wall. It was the noisy—and powerful—model that Kelley used when Cliff was out late at “business meetings”. Even this little

scene made her jealous. The vibrator was for her and her rival—and friend—was using it.

“Take off your clothes,” Kathleen urged her in a stage whisper. “Before he gets here.”

“What makes you think he’ll come?” Kelley asked as she started stripping.

“Two women naked and alone in his bedroom? He’ll show.” She gently applied Kelley’s vibrator to her pussy. It was strong and she had it on the lowest setting. It still sent a thrill through her body.

Kelley had gotten down to her bra and panties by the time Cliff showed up. “Holy shit!” he exclaimed. Seeing that Kathleen was correct Kelly pulled off her bra and sat down on the edge of the bed but kept her panties on. She rested a hand on Kathleen’s shoulder and gently rubbed. Her skin was soft. Kathleen’s body was completely different from Kelley’s. Kathleen was soft, round curves. Maybe a few pounds overweight, voluptuous and a feast for the eyes. Kelley was athletically skinny with tiny breasts and a flat stomach. They were contrasts in a woman’s body.

As Kathleen plunged the vibrator in and out of her pussy she managed to gasp, “I’d rather have your cock than this.” Kelley’s eyes were riveted to her friend’s pussy. She had never seen a woman masturbate before, not counting the occasional porn she watched. It was strange to see such a common human activity up close, but oddly she wasn’t disturbed by it.

Cliff was cautious. Getting to fuck Kathleen in front of his wife was a wild possibility he could never have imagined. If he didn’t take the opportunity now, he knew it would never be presented to him again. His logical brain started to shut down, but he wasn’t a complete fool either. “Is this okay with you?” he asked Kelley.

She was prepared for that question. Kelley nodded. “Yes. It would be…exciting, I think.”

Because he was so easily controlled, Cliff was out of his clothes in a flash. His large cock was already hard. Kathleen didn’t stop using the vibrator while he undressed. Kelley found she wasn’t jealous, she already knew she was sharing Cliff with other women. Now she was going to get to witness it.

“Are you sure?” Cliff asked one final time as he started to get on the bed with the two women.

This time Kelley didn’t give a verbal answer. She bent her head down and kissed Kathleen lightly on the lips, and then pulled the vibrator away from her, turning it off. She nodded to her husband and intertwined her fingers with Kathleen’s. Cliff climbed on top of his lover and she reached down with her free hand, guiding him into her pussy. It was wet and well warmed up. His cock was nice, but the vibrations from Kelley’s toy had been better.

Kelley’s heart thumped as she saw her husband’s cock disappear into Kathleen’s pussy. He thrusted a few times and she felt her heart start again. What they were doing was oddly sensual and arousing to Kelley. She kept a grip on her friend’s hand—Cliff barely seemed to notice this—while she slipped her free hand down into her panties. They were sopping wet and she was secretly ashamed at what she was doing—all of it—but she didn’t stop. The shame was part of what she was enjoying. The vibrator would have been better than her fingers, but she didn’t have the dexterity to use it with only one hand.

As she watched Kathleen and Cliff fucked like any other couple. They moved, they sweated, they groaned. It was all so human and so arousing at the same time. It was Kelley who had the first orgasm. She didn’t think her husband even noticed her little cry of passion. He was too wrapped up in fucking Kathleen. When he came it was with his usual heavy grunts.

Oddly, Kathleen didn’t feel any jealousy as he finished. A bit of shame over what she was participating in, but no jealousy.

“Oh fuck that was good,” Cliff complimented Kathleen—and by proxy—Kelley as well.

“Did you cum?” Kelley heard herself asking Kathleen.

The curvy woman shook her head. “He was a little too fast for me.” She smiled. “That sometimes happens. Can I borrow your vibrator?”

“Give me a minute,” Cliff said from his side of the bed.

The women ignored him. “No need for that,” Kelley announced and reached between Kathleen’s legs. She rubbed the other woman’s wet and already well-

stimulated pussy. Less than a minute later her hips were bucking as Kelley brought her to orgasm. When it was over, Kelley pulled her fingers back and tasted them. Kathleen's pussy didn't taste all that different from her own, and she was well familiar with the flavor of Cliff's cum.

"That's beautiful," Cliff moaned from where he was watching the women.

"Would you like to do this again sometime?" Kelley asked him.

"Hell yes," he answered too quickly. Already visions of watching the two women play together were spinning through his head.

"Good," said Kathleen. "There's only one condition."

"No," was Cliff's response. "No way."

Epilogue

Kathleen led the way through the storefront's door. Trixie greeted her with a smile and a wave. Kathleen had booked the appointment weeks ago and so was expected. The couple that accompanied Kathleen wasn't one that Trixie recognized. "Trixie, please meet Cliff and Kelley."

Kelley held out her hand to shake Trixie's. Cliff just stood there almost catatonic, not believing his situation.

"Should I even ask who the piercing is for?" Trixie asked.

"Not me," Kelley said quickly.

"Do you have your punch car, Kath?" Trixie asked as she ushered the small group behind the counter.

"Of course."

"And is this big, strong man your boyfriend?"

"He's my husband," Kelley said quickly to establish her position in the group.

"Great," Trixie smiled.

"And my occasional boyfriend," Kathleen added. The two women laughed together. "We just need to establish who can have him and when."

"That sounds like a lot of fun."

End

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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