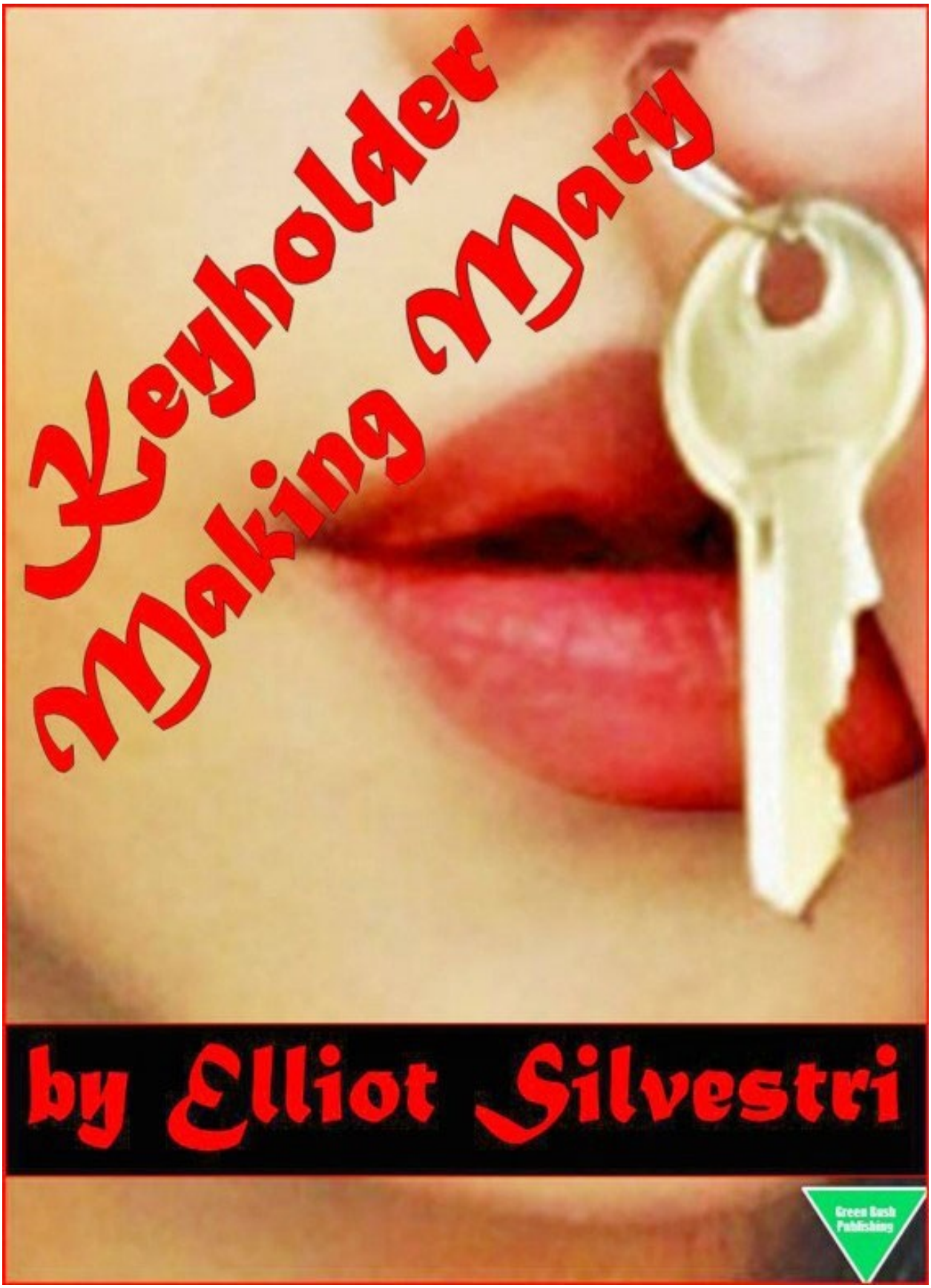
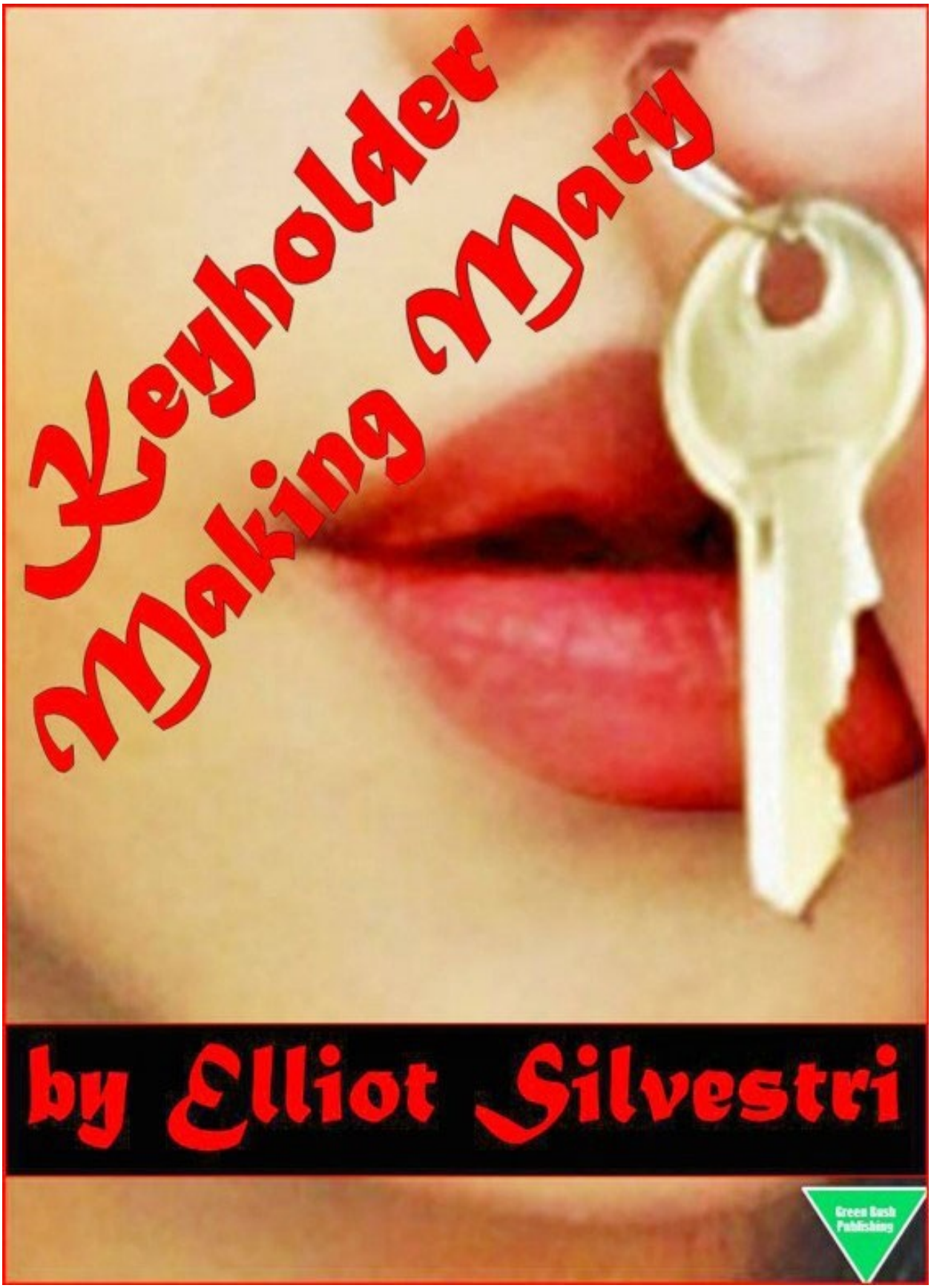

Keyholder Making Mary
by Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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Prologue

It was all Sam could do not to cry. Debra had walked out and he had such hopes for her.

“Shh, shh,” Kathleen consoled him. “We’ll find you someone. I’m not going to be your keyholder forever.”

Sam angrily wiped away the tears that were threatening to spill out of his eyes. He was mostly angry at Debra, the woman he had hoped would be his new keyholder, but she had a change of heart when he had confronted her with his situation. He was also angry at himself for getting himself into this situation. He never would have thought that someone having control over his cock was something he desired, but it turned out that it was something he needed more than he could have imagined.

Chapter One

Friday night Kathleen gave Sam's key to Thom and Thom's key to Sam. At first the men were puzzled at the strange gifts and then they were nervous. "I'm feeling horny tonight," she told them as dinner was finished. It was the first full and relaxing weekend she and Thom would have together in their new house. Since she was still Sam's keyholder, she had invited him over for dinner. He didn't always get released from chastity when he was invited to their home—he had moved into his own apartment a few weeks before they had bought and moved into their house—but he was always ready for it when Kathleen wanted him cock instead of her fiancée.

Sam considered the relationship between his cousin and Kathleen to be a little strange. Not the chastity thing—he was fully on board with that—but the fact they had been engaged for over a year and hadn't yet set a date for the wedding. Kathleen proudly wore the diamond ring on her finger, but neither seemed concerned about the actual wedding. Sam wondered if it was somehow related to Kathleen keeping her fiancé in chastity and being Sam's keyholder and continuing an occasional affair with some guy at work. But it wasn't Sam's business so he didn't bring it up.

"How horny?" asked Thom. He flipped Sam's key back and forth between his fingers. He knew at once the key Kathleen had given him wasn't his own; Sam's was a traditional small padlock key while his was a more modern barrel bolt design.

Kathleen smiled at her fiancée and said, "I've had my princess plug in since I got home from work and I want both of you tonight."

Sam grinned and felt himself trying to get hard inside the plastic chastity device. His erection didn't abate at once because he knew the cage was coming off soon. "One at a time or both of us at once?"

"Both at once, of course," she replied as she stood up and started walking to the large master bedroom. As she moved, she also started unbuttoning her blouse. Her intention was to be all but naked by the time she reached the top of the

stairs.

The two men looked at each other. “You’ve got my key,” Sam pointed out.

“I don’t think that was a mistake,” Thom said. “We’d better not trade.” He headed to the stairs. “Coming?”

“Yeah,” Sam said and then added under this breath because his cock wouldn’t stop fighting the cage. “I hope to be soon.”

When Thom arrived in the bedroom his fiancée was naked and on the bed with her vibrator between her legs. As he quickly stripped her could just see the blue jewel on the base of her princess plug winking between her buttocks. When he joined her on the bed, taking away the vibrator and replacing it with his tongue —to which she only voiced a small complained, Sam walked in the door and started undressing as well, but much more slowly than the eager couple.

He watched them on the bed a minute before speaking, “You’re going to have to release our cocks, you know,” he said to Kathleen as he anxiously readjusted his tool inside the cage.

She pushed Thom’s face away from her pussy. “That’s what I gave you each other’s key for,” she told them. “I want to watch you two unlock each other.” She grinned eagerly and picked up her vibrator from where Thom had dropped it on the bed. She twisted it turning it back on, and slipped it up into her pussy. “Go ahead.”

Normally Kathleen wasn’t all that interested in humiliating her two lovers, the men she was keyholder for. It was enough for her to be in control of their sexuality, she didn’t need to make little disparaging remarks or cutting insults about their masculinity or the size of their cocks. She was in charge and they knew it. But she did occasionally hear the siren call of feminine superiority and making the second cousins have to handle each other’s cocks tickled her fancy.

“No pussy for either of you until those cages are off,” she told them as she ran the pulsating tip of her toy gently over her clit.

Thom wasn’t going to pass an opportunity to be released. He knew what his partner wanted and he was willing to do whatever it took to please her. Snatching up the key from where he had dropped it on the bed he called Sam

over. “C’mere, Sam.”

The tall, handsome blonde did as requested, mostly because Kathleen was watching with great interest. Thom wasn’t the least bit intimidated in handling another man’s cock. He sprang the lock, opened it up and in a few seconds had slid off the plastic sheath and removed the retaining ring from around the base of Sam’s penis. As always when he was released, Sam immediately got a boner, and an impressive one. He looked at the bit of precum pooling at the tip of his cock and desperately wanted to plunge it into Kathleen’s pussy, but she wasn’t going to allow that to happen until he had fulfilled his obligations.

Already Thom had rolled to his back and, lying next to Kathleen, splayed his legs open to give same access to his steel cock cage. With some reluctance, Sam put one hip on the edge of the bed and started to release Thom. Since his older cousin had a more complicated steel chastity cage that was held in place with a PA piercing through the head of his cock, it took Sam longer to release Thom. Plus, the plastic cage that Sam wore had originally been Thom’s. He was familiar with how it worked. Sam wasn’t squeamish about handling Thom’s equipment, but it was strange to hold another man’s cock.

Just like his, as soon as Thom was released, he popped a boner as well. “Ready?” Thom asked as he turned to Kathleen. Sam was unsure who the question was directed to, but there was serious—and fun—work to be done. “How do you want us, Kath?” Thom asked. “Who gets sucked and who gets fucked?”

She shook her head at him, but not because he was acting like an over-excited teenager. “No sucking tonight, dear. I want you in my ass.”

Thom’s eyes went wide. “You’re kidding.” They had tried anal sex a few times but Kathleen had decided it was not for her. This was a most unusual change for his fiancée.

“Nope.”

“Why?” he asked. It was a stupid question, he realized after he asked it, but it was already too late.

“Because I want to be able to say that I’ve had two cocks at once,” she told him. Thom briefly paused and considered pointing out that Kathy had been the center

of attention between him and Sam before; Thom fucking her from behind while she sucked on Sam's cock, but this was obviously something different.

"Okay. How do you want to do this?"

Kathleen turned to Sam. "Lay down on your back," she ordered. "You get my pussy. You get the lube, Thom." Seeing what the plan was, Thom went to the toy box and got out what she wanted as Sam got into position on the bed. Kathleen straddled him and lowered her already wet pussy down on him.

"Oh. Wow. I can really feel the plug in her," Sam commented as she adventurous blonde sat down all the way on his cock.

"You should. It's solid steel," Kathleen said as she leaned forward and dragged her tits over his chest. She didn't move up and down because she knew how sensitive recently released cocks were. She wanted this game to last a little while. "You can go ahead and take the plug out of me, Thom."

She adjusted the angle of her hips so that her ass stuck up in the air. Thom wiggled his fingertips under the metal edge of the setting that held the blue glass jewel on the base of the princess plug. It took him some effort to get a grip on the little charm, but once he was able to slip a couple of fingers into place, it was easy to pull on it and remove it from Kathleen's anus.

It didn't want to come out, partly because Kathleen was teasing him, holding it in, making him wait for his reward, and partly because it was being held in place by Sam's dick that was firmly planted in Kathleen's pussy.

"Oh," she complained as Thom removed her toy. "Be quick and put your cock in me. Lube up and fuck me."

Before Thom considered putting his dick into her ass, he rolled a condom on and applied plenty of lube to his latex covered cock and plenty more on his fiancée's anus, pushing his finger inside her tight sphincter to make sure she was fully ready. There was still lube left over from where she had lubed herself prior to inserting the plug in her ass.

"What's taking so long?" Kathleen complained. "Sam's going to cum or lose his hardon." She grinned down at her fiancée's cousin and wiggled her hips a little to keep him on edge.

“Hold on a second,” Thom replied. “I haven’t used a condom in a long time. And it’s been a pretty long time since I’ve been in your ass.”

“This girl’s feeling fickle,” Kathleen declared but willingly leaned forward when Thom was ready and placed a hand on her back. She offered up her ass for him and suddenly he was worried about pleasing her. He could see Sam’s hard cock firmly wedged between her labia. It was a neat trick kneeling behind her, trying not to tangle his legs with theirs or knee on the wrong body part, hold his cock with one hand to guide it into her ass while also holding himself upright with the help of the other hand. Always before when Kathleen had wanted to be used by the two of them it had been with one of them still in chastity, or her holding one cock while the other fucked her.

It was difficult, but she was open and willing and with just some effort—and a lot of pent up desire—he pushed past her semi-open sphincter and penetrated into her ass. As he opened Kathleen up and started delving deeply she started panting, “Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.”

“Want me to stop? Pull out?” More than anything Thom didn’t want to hurt his fiancée. He wanted to please her, not just because he wanted to be out of his cage and free to fuck, but because he loved her so much for being his keyholder and controlling his sexuality.

“No, no, keep going. It’s just I’m full.”

“Full?”

“Yeah,” she moaned. “Twice as much cock as normal.” She paused and sighed. “Too much. I can’t stay up.” Slowly Kathleen lowered herself down to Sam completely, letting him take her entire body weight. In response Sam started thrusting his hips up into her, using his cock for its intended purpose.

Realizing that perhaps his cousin would cum before him, Thom started moving his cock slowly back and forth inside Kathleen, not much, just an inch or so, but it was more than enough to keep her panting and groaning in pleasure. “More,” she sighed.

“I can feel you cock in her,” Thom said over Kathleen’s shoulder to Sam.

He grunted. “I can feel your cock ring,” Sam replied. “It’s weird.”

“You like using her like this?” Thom asked as they continued to pleasure Kathleen who had turned into little more than a woman only interested in taking pleasure from the two men she controlled.

“Fuck yeah!” Sam declared. It had become too much for him and he thrusted hard and fast for a few seconds before coming. Thom was certain he could feel the pulse of his cousin’s orgasm through the thin tissues that separated his cock from Sam’s inside Kathleen. There was a certain hot flash in Kathleen’s body alerting him that she had cum after Sam.

“Keep fucking my ass,” she told Thom. Her weight had fully pinned Sam to the bed and he couldn’t move, which was fine by him. Taking care Thom continued to fuck her ass until it was all too much and he ejaculated and came as well.

Using great care he pulled out of her ass and, holding the condom to his cock so it would slip off, cleaned himself in the bathroom, flushing the used condom away. When he came back into the bedroom he saw that Kathleen had slipped to her side so she wasn’t resting all her weight on Sam. On his way to the bed Thom picked up both his steel device and Sam’s plastic one. Joining them on the bed he asked, “Do you want to put them back on or should we do it?”

Kathleen kissed Sam’s shoulder—the gesture was just intimate enough to get a literal rise out of Thom but not so intimate that she was showing actual emotional love for Sam, just physical—and turned to her husband-to-be. “You can leave them off for the moment.”

“Want to get fucked again?” Sam asked. From his vantage point Thom could see that Kathleen had moved her hand down to Sam’s cock and was holding it. He wasn’t hard but neither was he fully flaccid either.

“Always,” she said. “But neither one of you is hard enough right now. I’m feeling like a sex weekend.”

“Every weekend is a sex weekend for you,” Thom pointed out.

“Extra sexy sex weekend.” She cleared her throat. “I’m going to let you two off the leash this weekend. Let’s see how many times you can fuck me before Monday morning.”

True to her word Kathleen did attempt to see how many times she could have

sex with her lovers in the next forty eight hours. An hour after their double penetration of Kathleen she gave Sam a blowjob, letting him cum in her mouth. Immediately after that, because he was hard after watching his fiancée blow Sam, Thom fucked her in the most boring missionary way. He was proud of himself for lasting a good ten minutes inside her wet and messy pussy.

The three went to bed together, on the engaged couple's king-sized bed. Thom was woken in the middle of the night from the bed shaking gently. He saw Kathleen on top of Sam, riding him. Thom rolled over and went back to sleep.

In the morning, just to see how much leeway she was giving him, when Thom woke up with an erection—a strange event for him because Kathleen insisted that he wear his chastity tube unless he was fucking her or washing himself—he grabbed Kathleen's still sleeping body, rolled on top of her and without permission or initiation he shoved his cock into her. He was pleased to see her pussy was still wet—maybe it was always wet—and she slowly woke up to tell him, "This is a nice way to wake up." Sam was out cold and didn't stir as they fucked next to him. Kathleen didn't object at all when he came first and rolled off her.

Thom was fairly certain that Sam fucked her in the shower while he was downstairs making breakfast. That was fine with him because when Sam went out late in the morning to run a few errands Thom pushed Kathleen down to her hands and knees in the middle of the living room. She had dressed casually in a skirt and oversized top and Thom was thrilled to find out that she had purposely left off her panties. He wanted Sam to find them fucking on the living room floor, but that wasn't to happen.

After he came a sudden, worrisome thought occurred to Thom. "You're going to put me back into chastity, aren't you?"

Kathleen laughed and kissed him. "That's beautiful," she told him. "You want me to have complete control over your cock, don't you?"

"Yes," he admitted too quickly, too eagerly.

"I'll lock you back up. Should I lock up Sam too?"

"Yes."

She laughed again. “Then I will.” She grinned mischievously at him. “When you were a teenager did you think that you’d want your cock turned into something all but useless and completely controlled by a girl?”

He shook his head at her. “No. Of course not. Teenage boys just want to jack off, or fuck any girl who says yes. Being in chastity is an adult choice, something only a mature man could want or understand.”

“We have to find Sam a girlfriend who wants to be his keyholder,” she told him seriously.

“Why? Is your pussy getting tired from too much dick?”

Her mouth twisted in annoyance. “Never, but it’s a lot of responsibility and I think he’ll be happier with a keyholder who isn’t beholden to another man.”

“I thought you liked having two lovers,” he told her.

“Three,” she corrected him. “You, Sam, and Cliff.”

“But you don’t like Cliff and say he’s a lousy lay.”

“True, but he’s got a big dick and I like that. And I also reserve the right to fuck anyone else along the way. Is that okay with you?”

“You know it is.”

By the end of the weekend the final tally for Thom was once in Kathleen’s ass, twice in her mouth, once in her hand, and four times in her pussy. The total for Sam was five times in her pussy, twice in her mouth and twice by her hand.

“Sam’s the winner,” Kathleen declared Monday morning as the three ate breakfast together.

“Do I get a prize?” Sam joked.

“You sure do,” she told him with a kiss on his lips just to make Thom jealous. It worked. His cock tried to get hard but he was back in his cage already, courtesy of Kathleen. She hadn’t allowed either of them breakfast until they were locked safely away. “I’ll give it to you this afternoon.”

“Do I get to fuck you again?”

She laughed lightly. “Of course not. You’re a boy in chastity. A treat for you would be not letting you have sex for a month or so.”

When Kathleen met Sam at his apartment after work he immediately asked her where they were going. “It’s a surprise,” she told him. “But you’ll figure it out if you’re smart. If not…you’ll figure it out when we get there.”

They had to park just off Lark Street and as soon as Kathleen started walking Sam had figured out what was going to happen. “I don’t want this,” he said quickly.

Without replying Kathleen reached into her shirt, pulled out her necklace and started to slide his key off the chain. He watched silently, unable to stop her but also unable to say yes. When she proffered the key to him, he kept his hands at his side.

“Take it,” she urged him. “You can go home and unlock yourself and not have to worry about me controlling your cock any longer.”

“I want you to be my keyholder,” he said. He felt out of place in this section of the city but the strange people passing them by barely glanced at them.

“Then you won’t make another objection. You have an appointment in ten minutes with Trixie. She knows what she’s doing.”

The young looking woman with multi-colored hair and many piercings in her ears along with tattoos on her arms was thrilled when Kathleen walked into the parlor, Sam in tow. “I wasn’t sure if your boyfriend needed a second piercing or what,” she said to Kathleen with a quick glance at Sam.

Kathleen displayed her engagement ring. “Thom’s my fiancé now, not boyfriend. And this is cousin. He needs to be fitted with a PA.”

Trixie raised up her eyebrows. “Two men under your thumb? You’re a strong woman. I like that.”

“I like it too.”

The two women exchanged knowing smiles which made Sam even more nervous in addition to making him feel an outsider which was strange because he thought he was supposed to be the center of this little exchange.

“Come on back to the treatment room,” Trixie invited them. “I’ll take a look at your piece of property and we’ll go from there.”

The two women went back into the depths of the store leaving Sam to bring up the rear. He wasn’t sure if the property Trixie referred to was him or his cock. Either way it made him unsettled.

“Just drop your pants and let me have a look at your penis,” said Trixie. When Sam walked into the room she was already seated on a rolling stool. In front of her on what appeared to be an old doctor’s office bed were laid out a pair of nitrile gloves that she was putting on. Kathleen was seated on an office chair in the corner watching intently, a bemused smile on her face.

When Trixie said “penis” it made the whole situation seem a little more clinical, like he was at the doctor’s to have an exam or minor procedure done. Doing as he was told—Sam had gotten used to taking orders from Kathleen and it was easy to transfer that authority to Trixie—he opened up his pants and pushed them down along with his underwear. He was all but naked before he realized he still had the plastic cock cage on.

“Well I’m not going to be able to do anything without the key, am I?” asked a very amused Trixie.

“Shit. I forgot,” laughed Kathleen. “It’s so normal for him to be wearing it, I forget he even has it on.” She reached into her shirt and pulled out the necklace and key.

“Mmm-hmm,” Trixie absently agreed. “Do you like being in charge of two men? What do you call it anyway? Are they your slaves—I know people who really get off on that label—or do you call them your cuckolds?”

Kathleen paused as she was about to unlock Sam’s padlock. “I don’t really know. I call myself their keyholder. They aren’t slaves, not really. Not in the way that those in the BDSM community like to consider themselves bound to one person.

And Sam's not my cuckold, we aren't married or even dating. Thom might be a cuckold, but he's only my fiancé and I'm not really into the humiliation part of the chastity game. I just like having a cock or two under my control." After her short speech Kathleen popped open the small padlock and quickly removed the plastic device. She stepped back to place the cage on the counter.

Being mostly naked in front of two women, along with the familiar sensation of having his chastity cage removed, caused Sam to immediately get an erection once he was freed.

"Oh my," commented Trixie. She said it not because Sam was especially large or because she had never seen a man pop a boner in her treatment room before. It was to humiliate him. She liked teasing men when they were most uncomfortable.

Kathleen clucked her tongue. "Sam, how could you," she admonished him. Then she said to Trixie, "I'm sorry. He's so used to having sex after being freed that he automatically gets an erection right away." She sighed. "Do we need to get some ice or should I just smack you in the balls a couple of times?" she asked Sam.

"It'll go down, it'll go down," he said anxiously as he stared at his dick. He hated the ice and the pain that Kathleen occasionally used on him was unsettling.

"I can't do a proper exam—or piercing—if he's erect," Trixie complained, helping to humiliate Sam even more.

"A couple of slaps will take care of it," said Kathleen stepping forward.

"No, no," Sam insisted, turning half around and shielding his cock and balls with his hands. "It's going down."

The two women giggled at him.

"Take your pants all the way off," said Trixie. "You might want to take off your shoes as well."

Sam did so as his erection slowly abated and then he stood in front of Trixie as she examined him with her gloved hands. "He'll be fine for a piercing," she said. "Just lay down on the table. I'll be right back."

Kathleen watched as Sam lay down on the table. “Don’t embarrass me,” she told him.

“Sorry. I’ve just never had a woman look at my dick before with the intent of shoving a needle through it.”

“Just stay soft.”

“I’m trying.”

When Trixie returned she was carrying a small bag of ice. “I don’t need that,” Sam insisted.

“Just lie down and let the ice do its work,” Trixie insisted firmly. “I can’t have you getting hard again in the middle of the procedure.” She laid the bag on top of his manhood and busied herself with other preparations while she talked to Kathleen. “I just broke up with my boyfriend—well, sort of boyfriend, the guy I’ve been seeing for a few months. And here you are with two men.” She grinned at Kathleen. “How do you do it?”

Kathleen shrugged. She had lucked into having Thom wanting to be beholden to her and Sam just naturally followed suit. “I think keeping them in chastity is a good idea. Keeps them under control. The piercing just reinforces that idea. Maybe you should have pierced your boyfriend’s cock.”

Trixie emphatically shook her head. “I’m better off without him. I dumped him. I don’t need him mooning around me wanting me back because I’m his keyholder.”

“Why’d you break up?”

“Too much drinking and drugs,” she sighed as she examined the needle to be used on Sam. She lifted the bag of ice, noted that he was small and soft enough, and picked up a marking pen to make a few dots on the underside of his shaft. “Everyone thinks that just because you have piercings and tattoos, you automatically want to shove a pharmacy into your body at every occasion. Not true. My body’s a temple,” she insisted. “I’ve decorated it to honor the goddess, me.”

Kathleen nodded in agreement. “If he’s a drunk, you’re better off without him.”

“Too true. But goddess he was good in bed. A great cocksman. Maybe if I had pierced him I would have taken it out and let him know that way we were done. He keeps texting and calling me.”

“You can block his number.” During the short conversation Trixie had carefully inserted a hollow plastic tube into Sam’s urethra. A bit of KY made it slip in easy. He marveled at how little he felt, just pressure.

“I think I’m a masochist,” she said and without any warning to Sam she forced the needle through his flesh. He didn’t feel anything at first, then there was an intense burning and he wanted to pass out. Sam moaned and closed his eyes, unable to look at the needle in his cock. “Or maybe a sadist. I always get those two confused,” she said with a wink at Kathleen. “Almost done now. Just let me get the ring and bead in place.”

Sam felt a lot of uncomfortable tugging on his cock combined with occasional sharp flashes of pain mixed with steady burning. “There,” said Trixie, flopping his cock back and for a few times, showing it off to Kathleen. “Very handsome. He’ll be up and in condition to fuck in just a few weeks.”

“Or in his case, he’ll be safely locked up in a few weeks,” said Kathleen. “Thank you for your services. Where does Sam pay?”

“Out front. I’ll meet you there when you’re ready.” She pulled off her gloves and dumped them in the garbage.

“You’re going to make me pay?” Sam asked her as he looked at his pierced cock. It felt otherworldly, like his cock wasn’t part of his body any longer, but was still attached to him.

“Of course. Now put your pants on and let’s get going.”

At the front counter Trixie was waiting for them. When Sam swiped his debit card through the reader Trixie handed a punch card over to Kathleen. “What’s this?”

“Piercing punch card,” she answered. “My boss’s idea. He thought it was funny. Get enough holes punched and get an extra hole for free.”

“I’m paying,” Sam said. “Why don’t I get the card.” He had no intention of

getting more piercings done, but he was still offended.

“She’s more likely to get use out of it with other men,” Trixie said with a wink.

Chapter Two

MaryJo passed Sam as she walked down the hallway in their office. After their initial exciting start, their relationship had petered out but they were still on friendly terms at their job. She had been uncomfortable in the odd confrontation between her and Kathleen, Sam's cousin's fiancée. She just nodded and said hello, focused on her task at hand, but he barely looked at her. When she gave him a second glance, she saw he was pale and seemed to be sweating more than usual for the office which was kept too hot for almost everyone's taste.

"Are you okay?" she asked, pausing mid-stride. "You look like you're coming down with something. I hope it's not the flu."

"It's not the flu," Sam replied. He was holding his stomach and leaning against the wall.

"You aren't hung over, are you?" she asked. "It's generally a bad idea to show up to work on a Tuesday still hung over from Sunday."

"I'm not hung over," Sam clarified. "Just in a bit of pain."

She smiled. "Pain's not normal. What's wrong?"

"You don't want to know."

"If I didn't want to know, I wouldn't have asked. Do you need help or something? Are you hurt? Need me to call 911?" She smiled at the last suggestion, kidding with him.

Figuring the only way to get rid of MaryJo was to shock her with the truth—plus his pain was distracting him from clear thinking—he looked her straight in the eye and said, "I had a piercing done yesterday and I got it caught in my clothes just a now."

MaryJo worked her mouth a second and then said, "What kind of piercing? You don't seem the type."

He glanced up and down the hallway. It was still empty. “My cock. Do you want to see it?”

For half a second MaryJo didn’t react at all, but then she let out a quick, barking laugh. “That’s quite an elaborate way to try to convince me to ask for a dick pic.”

Sam took in a long, deep breath. “How long has it been since we had sex that time?”

“About nine months. And I got an eyeful then. I don’t need a second look.”

“Well I’ve got a ring in my dick now. I got it yesterday and it hurts.”

“Isn’t that the sort of thing you’re supposed to do in Vegas when you’re drunk?”

“Kathleen wanted to do it yesterday when I was sober.”

“You still fucking her?” MaryJo asked.

Sam considered lying, but didn’t see the point. “Yeah. Occasionally. Why?”

“I’d have kept sleeping with you if you weren’t doing her as well.” She smiled sadly at Sam.

That revelation surprised Sam. “Really? I’m not dating her, you know.”

“Right.” Sarcasm dripped from MaryJo’s mouth.

“It’s true. She’s engaged to my cousin.”

“And you’re having sex with her as well? Not my scene.”

“I’m only having sex with her because she insists,” Sam all but whined.

She nodded her head in false empathy. “Right, right. Every man has to” be convinced to have sex with a woman. It’s a little sleazy to be boffing your cousin’s fiancée behind his back.”

“I’m not doing it behind his back,” Sam insisted. “Usually he’s there watching or in the next room.”

“Yeah. I don’t believe you.”

“Then come over to his house and I’ll prove it to you.”

“That’s a strange way to ask me out on a date, Sam.”

“You’ll see I’m not lying.”

“Uh-huh.” Despite her skeptical attitude, MaryJo found herself both fascinated by what Sam was claiming and more than a little intrigued. She hadn’t been seeing anyone recently and even a casual date with Sam might be fine. His strange relationship with his cousin and the fiancée made him both forbidden and mysterious, both of which attracted her to him.

The next night found MaryJo at the door to the house supposedly occupied by Thom and Kathleen. She recognized Sam’s car out front so maybe he hadn’t been lying. She knocked on the door and held up the bottle of wine she brought with her. If nothing else, she’d have something to get drunk with if the dinner turned out to be a disaster.

It was Sam who opened the door and invited her inside to meet Thom and reacquaint herself with Kathleen. Much to MaryJo’s relief Kathleen didn’t mentioned their previous meeting when she was naked in bed with Sam. The dinner proceeded like a perfectly normal social gathering among friends.

Until it was almost over and MaryJo sensed that dessert was going to be served. The bottle of wine she brought had long ago been finished along with at least one other bottle among the four of them. She had a pleasant buzz in her head, was slightly dizzy, and didn’t expect anything out of the ordinary when Kathleen said to Sam, “Why don’t you bring out the after-dinner surprise for our guest?”

She expected him to go to the kitchen and return with some cake or pie. Instead when Sam stood up he instead opened his pants and pulled out his cock. MaryJo was just drunk enough not to look away, not that she was all that shocked at seeing a man’s cock—she had seen and played with plenty in her time—but she didn’t really expect it at the dinner table.

“As promised,” Kathleen said after MaryJo let out a little yelp of surprise, “he is

pierced as he told you yesterday, is he not?"

"Ohmygod, I thought you were kidding," laughed MaryJo. "You weren't lying." She didn't want to stare but couldn't help herself. His cock wasn't huge, but that corresponded with how she remembered it from their one romp in bed, but that might have been because it was soft. Apparently Sam didn't get off on exposing himself to semi-unsuspecting women. It was much like any other penis she had seen in her life, though this one now had a rather impressive ring piercing the head. It was strange seeing the shiny metal erupting from the hole at the end and circling back underneath his shaft. It was strange and different and oddly erotic, though MaryJo was reluctant to say or do anything about the situation.

When she became aware that she had been staring at Sam's cock for a longer period of time than could be deemed acceptable under the circumstances, MaryJo looked to Kathleen. "I wasn't expecting this exactly," she said with a nervous laugh.

"Why not?" Kathleen replied. "Sam said you thought he was lying about getting pierced."

"I just didn't expect it at the dinner table."

"Where were you expecting to see his PA?"

MaryJo blinked. "PA?"

"Prince Albert. It's the name of the piercing he has. Tradition has it that it was named after Prince Albert of England because he had such a big cock that he needed to be pierced so there was a ring he could use to strap his cock down to his thigh so it wouldn't show through his riding pants when he was on horseback."

"Really?" MaryJo found this story revealing.

Kathleen laughed a little. "That's the story. Like many good stories, it's complete baloney. But it sounds really good, doesn't it?"

MaryJo nodded.

"And I think I prefer a cock with a ring in it now," Kathleen offered up. "That's

what happened to Thom. Right Thom?" She patted her fiancé on the thigh and he nodded in agreement.

"Right," he agreed. "Well, that's a shortened version of the story."

"It is?" MaryJo asked, suddenly intrigued.

"Why don't you show her?" Kathleen suggested to Thom.

When he stood up, MaryJo realized that Kathleen's suggestion was actually an order. Since she was eager to see what he was hiding, MaryJo said nothing. Just like Sam, he lowered his pants and displayed his cock.

Only she couldn't see his cock. It was completely encased in bright, shiny steel. It wasn't at all large, just enough to contain him, MaryJo figured. His balls hung free but that was the only bit of his sex organs that were exposed. She realized after a moment that he was completely lacking any pubic hair. "Wow," she breathed. "Is that real?"

It was a stupid question, she realized, and it only made sense that Kathleen laughed at her. "Of course it's real. A nice little chastity cage for my fiancé's cock. I don't want him using it when he's not supposed to."

"I thought you said he was pierced," MaryJo said. "I can't see a piercing."

Kathleen laughed at herself. "I'm sorry. You're right. Let me show you his PA." She reached into her shirt and pulled out a pair of keys on a long necklace. MaryJo watched, fascinated, as Kathleen fitted the key in the lock that was part of the chastity device. After springing the lock, Kathleen slid the curved shaft off Thom's cock to reveal an average looking penis that was indeed pierced with a thick PA ring; it was larger than Sam's. There was a curved rod that went through the PA ring and then along his shaft to connect to the thick ring encircling Thom's balls and penis.

Almost the moment after the steel tube was removed, Thom started getting hard which, oddly pulled the retaining rod out of the groves where it hooked to the retaining ring. "Pardon his erection," laughed Kathleen as she absently ran her finger along Tom's length. He wasn't huge in length or thickness, but the ring made it look very impressive. "I've trained him to get hard the moment he's released.

“Wow,” MaryJo breathed which caused Kathleen to smile.

“You like it?” she asked, stroking Thom’s cock as if she were getting him ready to have sex. MaryJo’s higher thinking functions had shut down and she was just going along with the moment. It was very exciting; she was embarrassed to realize her panties were getting damp. “He’s not that large but the ring makes a cock handsome in my opinion, don’t you think?”

“Yeah,” she agreed absently. Thom’s eyes were closed and he was enjoying the attention he was receiving from Kathleen. The moment she realized that he was starting to get off on her treatment, she stopped.

“Sorry,” Kathleen apologized. “I have the bad habit of teasing him when he gets released. Sam, go get some ice. We’ll cool Thom off and put him back where he belongs.” She smiled apologetically to MaryJo. “He had quite a few orgasms this weekend. He’s not really ready for another one just yet.”

“Oh?” MaryJo didn’t know what to say or how to react. Sam went to the kitchen and she heard the freezer open.

“If you want to keep a man, you have to keep him in chastity,” Kathleen told her new friend. “When the woman controls the orgasms, she controls the relationship.”

“This is wild,” MaryJo said. “I never would have imagined.”

“You never really know what someone has under their clothes,” Kathleen agreed.

Sam returned with ice in a bag. “Just let me shrink him down and we’ll lock him back up.”

“Isn’t that going to hurt him?”

Kathleen shook her head as she pressed to bag of ice to Thom’s privates. He tried to shrink away but it was a largely useless gesture. “Not at all. This is actually the most compassionate way to get him soft. I’ve had to slap his balls before to get his erection to go away.”

A smile tugged at MaryJo’s lips. “Wouldn’t the most compassionate way to get

rid of it be to make him cum?"

Her suggestion made Kathleen laugh. "No. Of course not. He had eight orgasms this weekend. Another would be too much for him. At most he should be allowed one a week." She briefly pulled the plastic bag aside and saw that Thom was steadily losing size and firmness; after a second she reapplied the bag. When she glanced over at MaryJo a thought occurred to her. "Oh, are you horny? I understand of course because Sam's cock is out of commission right now and Thom's been spent this weekend and needs to be locked up. Do you have some other way to get off? It was very rude of me to just whip out their cocks and not offer you a chance with either man."

The whole proposal that Kathleen made was ridiculous and MaryJo laughed nervously at her suggestion. "I didn't come here to have sex with Sam or Thom," she said quickly, nervously.

"You could if you want to," Kathleen said in all seriousness. She set aside the ice pack and slipped the retaining rod back into place through Thom's PA. This was obviously something she had done many times before because she lined up everything in the complicated device with an expert touch. MaryJo watched with rapt attention.

"I don't think you want me having sex with your fiancé."

"I wouldn't mind," Kathleen said. "I get to have sex with Sam and Thom…and I have another guy as well. I suppose I shouldn't limit Thom to who he has sex with."

"But…you've got that thing on his dick," MaryJo pointed out.

"This is just to keep him from having sex without permission," Kathleen said as she slipped the key back into the lock. "With my permission he can have sex with whoever he wants." She couldn't help but grin. "With my permission," she stressed. Thom pulled his pants back up into place.

"I don't think I could sleep with someone else's boyfriend. Fiancé. Whatever."

"I'm open-minded, though," Kathleen told her. "The offer remains. If you want a little relief while Sam is healing, I offer you Thom's services."

“I wasn’t really looking for a guy just to have sex with,” said MaryJo. “I’m looking for a relationship.”

“Then Sam will be perfect for you,” Kathleen declared. “Once we get a steel chastity tube on him, he’ll be the perfect romantic partner.”

MaryJo wanted to laugh, but realized that Kathleen was serious. She didn’t have to say anything further because Sam came out of the kitchen carrying a dessert cake. The rest of the evening seemed very ordinary, but MaryJo couldn’t help but glance at the men’s crotches from time to time and wonder at their cocks.

When she got home, MaryJo was exhausted and ready for bed, but her body didn’t want to sleep. The only thing that would help her out was her trusty purple vibrator. And as much as she wanted to banish the idea of pierced, caged cocks from her mind, she couldn’t. When she came to the steady vibrators from her BOB visions of Sam and Thom desperately trying to get out of their chastity devices filled her mind.

Chapter Three

The next day at work MaryJo hunted down Sam and told him, “You can take me out on Friday night.”

“I can?” He was confused.

“Yes. I’m not sure yet where we’re going with this, but a date would be nice.” She was standing outside his cubicle and he was seated. She liked the way it made her feel to look down at him, especially since she had an excellent vantage point to look at his crotch. There wasn’t a noticeable bulge.

“And you know about my…” he gestured to his lap as he lowered his voice and looked around at all the other worker drones. No one seemed to notice them. “And I won’t be able to…”

It took all of MaryJo’s control not to smile. “That was one of the reasons I’ve decided you can take me out.” She spun on her toe and marched away, glad she was wearing a skirt that was just a little too tight, but not so tight as to be inappropriate for the office.

Sam’s was terrible at planning dates. He took MaryJo to dinner. “What are we doing after we eat?” she asked him with a wink.

“Whatever you want, I suppose.”

That didn’t impress MaryJo. “That’s the best you can do? Huh. If I was you, I’d be desperate to take me to bed.” She paused. “Or can’t you do that yet.”

Her question made him look nervously around, but no one in the restaurant seemed to take notice of their conversation. “I could, I mean…I’m not caged, if that’s what you mean.”

“All healed up and ready to go?” she teased him. MaryJo couldn’t explain why exactly, but knowing his cock was supposed to be under Kathleen’s control made

her want him all the more.

“Not just yet,” he answered. “A few more weeks.”

“Well, maybe we can think of something,” she hinted.

She went back to his apartment. Her mother had always told her go back to the man’s place after a date because it was safer. The logic went: if they went back to her place, he could just kill her and leave the body. At his place, he’d have to get rid of the body. Upon hearing this advice MaryJo wondered why her mother would know this and realized she didn’t want to know how her mother knew.

“Invite me in for a drink,” she told him.

“Sure.”

She didn’t let him get beyond the front door before she was grabbing and kissing him. Sam not only didn’t resist, he pressed her against the door and thrust his tongue deeply into her mouth. She could feel his cock getting hard against her body and when they shifted positions she cupped her hand against his crotch, feeling his cock.

“You like that?” she asked him, gently rubbing him through his clothes.

“Uh-huh.”

“Are we going to fuck tonight?” she asked him.

“I don’t think so,” he complained. He cursed under his breath. “You’re so beautiful,” he gushed. “I want to but I can’t.”

“Can’t because you’re suddenly too moralistic, can’t because you can only fuck when Kathleen gives you permission, or can’t because you’re not healed yet?”

He groaned in the back of his throat. “Because I’m not healed. She actually gave me permission to have sex tonight because she knows I physically can’t.”

“Let me see your cock,” she begged him. “I want to see how you look.”

He didn’t even question her request. Sam just opened up his jeans and pulled out his already erect cock. The silver ring on the end was both beautiful and at odds with the flesh, at least at first in MaryJo’s eyes. But then she realized it was no different from the rings she wore in her earlobes, it was just a different bit of flesh and for a slightly different purpose beyond ordinary ornamentation.

“Okay, I totally get the appeal of a pierced cock, aesthetically, that is,” she said aloud. “I just can’t put it into words as so why I like it.”

“Don’t get used to seeing it,” he told her, “because I know that Kathleen’s going to lock me up like Thom and I won’t get to see my cock let alone touch it.”

“Do you want that?” she asked him, reaching out and manipulating his flesh, moving his slightly left and right.

“Yes. No. I don’t know. It seems exciting, but…it’s such a mind fuck. She’s already done it to me, keeping me in the plastic cage, but this is a serious next step.”

“I think you should do it,” MaryJo told him. “It’s handsome and it shows that you have a real commitment to a relationship.”

“Yeah, with a woman who is getting married to my cousin.”

She gently fingered the ring at the tip of his cock, slipping her thin digit through the hole. “I’d lead you to the bedroom, but I don’t know where it is.”

Sam was actually trembling as she had his cock under her control. He was erect and he was still very sensitive and sore where he had been pierced. “Careful,” he cautioned her.

“I guess I’m not getting any cock tonight,” she sighed. “Luckily you have other means of getting me off. Where’s your bed?”

He led the way with his cock pointing out of his pants, like some strange navigational device. Once they were in the bedroom she was pleased he wasn’t a completely slob even if there was a musty, masculine smell to the space. As he turned around MaryJo was in the middle of pulling her shirt over her head, revealing a thin bra that was, for all purposes, see-through. Sam could clearly see her dark pink nipples through the material. As he ogled her, she unbuttoned her

jeans and shed them as well, but retained her underwear, which matched his bra. He could see the little triangle of black hair that defined the outline of her pussy.

“You’ve seen me naked before,” she reminded him as she let him gaze at her body.

“Yeah, but not like this.”

“Men are such boys. Do you want to put your cock away?” she asked. “It’s too sensitive to use tonight, right?” She grinned at him as a feeling of triumph ran through her body. She was in charge of this encounter and there was little he could do about it.

“Right,” he agreed as he tucked his hard and sensitive cock away inside his jeans, zipping them up.

“But take off your shirt. I want to feel your skin on me.”

Once he was topless she went to him, wrapped her arms around his strong torso, and kissed him. It was as if they were just simple lovers. He kissed her passionately, smoothly removed her bra, and laid her down on the bed. When he tucked his fingers into her panties she opened up her legs, giving him access to her pussy. She arched up her hips and removed her last piece of clothing. He didn’t object; what man would?

Knowing his cock wouldn’t be invading her hidden America, she pushed his head down to her cunt and let him get to work. MaryJo always judged men by how well they ate pussy; as she remembered, Sam did it well on their first encounter. He hadn’t lost any skill in the months they’d been apart.

He knew just when to lick, when to suck on her clit, when to gently tease it with his finger, and when to put his fingers up inside her, searching for that tiny bumpy patch behind the pubic bone. It was when he had his two middle fingers inside her pussy and his tongue on her clit that she finally came. It was a strong orgasm, just hard enough for her to arch up her hips and her pussy to clamp down on his fingers so he couldn’t move them for the half minute it took the spasm to run repeatedly through her body.

As she was coming down from her orgasmic high, she panted, “Oh that was good, that was good.”

“I’m glad you liked it.”

“And that’s just the start,” she told you. “You’re going to make me cum a lot more tonight.”

“I am?” Sam was surprised. He liked the way MaryJo took charge, but he wasn’t sure what she wanted out of him, exactly.

“I’m not a one and done girl,” she said as she climbed off the bed and bent down stretching her limbs. He watched her. She was lithe and limber, her body a marvel to watch. “You like looking?” She had faced the bed when she bent over so he was seeing her back with her ass raised in the air and facing away from him.

“Yeah,” he answered. “When did you get that tattoo?” He indicated the rose on her lower back.

She rolled her eyes. “College. Bad decision. I went along with my friends and… well, I only speak to one of them still.” She turned around so he could get a view of the tattoo from the proper perspective, but then she bent over again, stretching her legs once more, and he was too focused on her sex lips peeking out between her thighs to concentrate on anything else. “Since I can’t see it unless I’m looking in a mirror, most of the time I forget it’s there.”

“Did it hurt, getting it?” he asked when she stood up and moved back to the bed with him. She curled up next to him, feeling his rough jeans on her naked legs.

“No, not really. It was more annoying than anything. It was sore for a day. Did it hurt when you got your penis pierced?” She looked up at him, interested in how he would answer.

“Yes. And I didn’t get it pierced, Kathleen did.”

“But you went along with it,” she pointed out. “It’s your body, you have control over it.”

He didn’t contradict her, but he wanted to. “I know, it’s just…”

“Does it hurt to pee?” she asked.

“Ah, the first couple of times after it was done, yeah. But I’m used to it now or maybe the pain has gone away.”

“Does it hurt when you cum?”

He laughed at her, but there was a nervous edge to his laughter. “I don’t know. I haven’t cum yet with it.”

“Are you afraid to?”

He laughed again. “A little. I was a little afraid to piss with it in, but I had to, right. So I’ll learn to cum with this in as well.”

“I think you’re going to learn to do that tonight.”

“Ah…I’m not fully healed yet.”

“That’s okay. I’m not going to put your dick inside of me. Take off your pants.”

He didn’t move. “I don’t know.”

“Don’t worry,” she told him as she rolled to the edge of the bed and grabbed her oversized purse from where she had dumped it on the floor. “I can make you cum without touching that ring. I’m an expert at this sort of thing.” Sam’s eyes went large when she pulled out a large bottle of lube from her bag. When she saw he hadn’t moved, she said, “You’re acting like the only man in the world who doesn’t want to cum. Get naked.”

Sam couldn’t resist an order from a woman. He undressed and laid on his back, his mostly erect cock pointing up along his body. She straddled his legs and dumped a huge amount of lube on his cock, covering the entire length. “Lube is the key,” she told him and gripped the base of his cock with one hand while slowly, steadily running her fingers of the other hand up and down the underside of his cock. “It’s all about steady pressure and stimulation. Just relax and let it happen. When was the last time you came?”

“A week ago.”

Her hand didn’t stop moving. “Are you afraid to cum?”

“Yeah.”

“Life is all about facing fears,” she told him and then fell silent, studying his manhood and working his flesh. Sam was stuck between the need to cum and the desire not to feel a terrible burning in his cock. But since he was only a man with a naked woman straddling his legs while masturbating him, the climax was inevitable. He tried to hold back, but her slippery, firm massage took control of his body and before he knew it, his body betrayed him.

He cried out in surprise and pain—and relief—as thick ropes of semen burst forth from his cock. The ropes arced through the air and splashed down on his belly and chest, splattering onto his sheets. Other than the usual intense sensations of orgasm, there wasn’t any burning or pain in his piercing.

“Good?” she asked him with a chuckle. MaryJo reached out and dragged her finger through some of his cum, picked it up and tasted it. It was salty with a bit of a chlorine smell behind it. Not wonderful, but not entirely distasteful either.

“Yeah, it was good.”

“Want a taste?” She held up her finger for him to see.

Sam shook his head. “No.”

She laughed at him and crawled up her body. “That got me got. You need to eat my pussy again.”

“I want to clean up first.”

“Nope,” she told him. Semen didn’t scare her away. MaryJo lowered her pussy to his face and he reacted automatically, licking and sucking as she rode his face.

Ten minutes and two orgasms later she rolled away from him, her thighs trembling from the exertion. “When Kathleen puts that cage on you, maybe it never has to come off. Your tongue is almost as good as a cock.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.” He rubbed his jaw. It ached from being used so roughly.

“I want a little rest and then you need to really make me cum.”

“I didn’t already.”

“I want to squirt tonight. I love squirting. And it takes a lot of effort to do it just right for me.”

She was right. It took a good deal of effort from Sam to make her cum hard enough to squirt. He had to kneel next to her, one hand resting on her hip and the other in her pussy. Using the two middle fingers of his right hand, he had to all but slam his palm repeatedly—hard—into her pussy with the fingers curled upwards. She clutched at the sheets and squirmed her legs around as he worked on her. She became incredibly wet and panted heavily as she approached the hard orgasm. MaryJo could have just let herself have a few pleasant climaxes, but she knew if she held back she would be amply rewarded. And she was.

When she came, she dug her heels into the sheets, driving them into the mattress to arch up her back and hips. The sound she made was almost inhuman—and for that Sam was glad he lived alone. She squirted, soaking his hand, the sheets, and her inner thighs with the sweet thin expulsion that was girlcum.

“Oh, you’ll do fine as a boyfriend,” she told him when it was finally over.

Epilogue

Sam wasn't at all nervous at being naked in front of Thom; he was used to that. He didn't even mind being naked in front of both Kathleen and MaryJo. It was a new situation for MaryJo, but she was enjoying it. No, what made him nervous was the box that Kathleen had put on the table but hadn't opened. He knew basically what was in it, but not the exact contents.

Thom was wearing his usual steel chastity cage which both hid any attempt at an erection and prevented his cock from growing. Sam however, was completely free which was disturbing when he was naked and the women were dressed. They were dressed nicely too, which made the whole situation even more embarrassing. The moment he had stepped into the living room where the other three were waiting for him, he started to get a hardon and Kathleen just clucked her tongue at him.

From that moment on it had been a struggle to stay soft. He kept looking down at his cock with the big steel ring erupting out of the end, knowing what was going to happen, and both wanting it to happen and wishing to hell that it wouldn't.

"I'm glad we don't have to use ice on you," said Kathleen. "A cold, wet, shriveled up cock is such a sad sight."

That made MaryJo giggle. "C'mon, Kath. Let's see it. He's been waiting for it for a month now."

Kathleen looked at her friend. "You need to work on the art of the tease. But there's also something to be said with getting on with it." She picked up the box and handed it to MaryJo. "Open it."

The package was easy to open. When MaryJo revealed the cage, Sam was confused. "How does that work?" he asked.

"Very simply," Kathleen replied. "Would you like to put it on him?" she asked MaryJo.

“You’d better the first time. This is all new to me.”

“Well, not all new,” Kathleen laughed.

The device was little more than a steel tube about an inch and a half long with a ring similar to his PA ring integrated to the lock and tube. Kathleen fitted the tube over the shaft of his cock and then carefully worked the ring of the PA up through his hole and out the urethra, just like he was used to. Sam was trembling as she did this and wanted to faint when she took the key away.

The chastity device pulled heavily on his cock. His balls were completely free and most of his penis was exposed. He started to get hard but was immediately stymied. His cock wanted to get hard, but the tube constricted too tightly for him to make any progress. It hurt and he wanted to sink to his knees.

“Comfortable?” Kathleen asked him.

“No.” His voice was shaky.

“Good, good.” She kissed the small key used to lock him away and handed to over to Sam. “Who do you want to have this?” she asked him.

For a minute Sam was confused. Kathleen was his keyholder. But after a second’s reflection, he realized he was being given a choice and there was only one correct answer. Immediately he passed the key to MaryJo.

“Congratulations,” Kathleen said to MaryJo. “You’re officially his keyholder as of today.”

MaryJo took the key and put it on a necklace that was in the tube jacket’s box. She slipped the necklace over her head and gave Sam a kiss on the cheek. “Happy?” she asked him.

“Yeah?”

She laughed at his confusion.

“And I have another present for you as well, MJ,” Kathleen said, disappearing into the kitchen and returning with a plain cardboard box. From it she removed a rather large dildo, bright red, and a series of straps. “Take of your skirt,”

Kathleen instructed. “You can leave on your panties. I’ve got plenty of lube. This will be the first time Sam’s been fucked in the ass. It’ll be a special night for him.”

To be concluded

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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