

# Consequences of Discovery

## Introduction

Just one simple slip of the tongue was all it took to change his situation entirely. It must have been the alcohol, he thought to himself once she latched onto his offhand comment and wouldn't let it go. The more he tried to tell her it was nothing, the more curious she became. The only problem was that in telling her what she wanted to know, he would maybe divulge a greater secret, one which would drive her away from him.

They had met nearly Nine years ago at a friends Twenty-First Birthday party. At the time they were both seeing other people. She had just started dating a work colleague of his, while he was at that time almost engaged to his high school sweetheart. Since that evening of the party when they had hit it off so well, Tom and Andrea had always remained close friends. He was a year older than her at 31, she about to turn 30. Apart from her personality, Tom was always aware of her presence. Her looks had always appealed to him in a manner which he couldn't really describe yet was always acutely aware of, almost to the point of distraction. Andrea was one of those tomboy types who grew up in a family with 4 brothers. In her youth, she was one of those gangly types, who scooted about like an overly excited puppy, limbs all over the place still waiting to grow into its body. By the time she was a teenager, she'd finally lost her awkwardness, replacing it with controlled athleticism.

As a woman, she fully developed and had grown to be so very comfortable in her skin. A beach lover, she still had that special outdoors beauty and radiance. Long gone was the gangly kid. At 5'10, Andrea was a striking, alluring woman with the most amazing figure Tom had ever seen. She was the woman who had to put up with men always talking to her chest. Years of sports and fitness activities left her with an athletes body with a lovely swell atop her slender figure, overly full C cups that simply defied gravity. Tom for some reason, could not ever take his mind off Andrea's breasts. This was embarrassing for him as he wasn't the type to usually fixate on the physical aspects of a woman, however he worshipped Andrea - especially both of her perfect breasts.

Now, both single and closer than ever, he knew that after that stupid slip of the tongue, one wrong word could lose him the lady he had adored for years

and had longed to be with ever since they were both single, nearly Three long years ago.

## **Chapter One**

It was late afternoon and they were sitting around the outdoor setting by the pool, celebrating Andrea's upcoming Thirtieth Birthday. Tom was going to be out of town for the official bash, so Andrea invited him around on his own so they could spend some quiet time and talk about the years leading up to this milestone birthday. Both single and without children, they had decided that Friday (being a Public holiday), would be as good as any, plus if they chose to, they could always head into town for something more upbeat if the urge so struck them.

They had been sitting around the pool after he'd performed the manly duties of showing her his skills upon the grill. A few drinks had been enjoyed, as well as an afternoon in the sun. His monumental slip up came after a couple too many very alcoholic Long Island Iced Teas. They'd been talking about their various relationships since their respective separations, when Andrea said the men in her life since her separation must have been looking for either a woman to be mother to their children or a replacement mother to baby them, as she'd been starved of any decent sex - apart from her boss from whom she had recently separated and who wanted her only in the role as his own personal sex toy. Tom had replied with a slight laugh saying, "Well, at least YOU are able to have sex"...

As soon as the words left his mouth he knew he had put his foot in it... He slowly looked away, noticing the tilt of her head and the puzzled look on her face, then she spoke. "What do you mean - at least I can have sex?"

"Ahhh, nothing... ", Tom replied. "What I meant was, it should be easy for someone as gorgeous as yourself to have sex, while, for us guys, well, things are a whole lot more difficult, is what I meant"...

"Tom", she said.. "No you didn't, I heard you specifically say, 'Well, at least YOU are able to have sex', which is an entirely different thing", she said while her eyes bored into him inquisitively. "So, come on, tell me, is something wrong, I mean, why is it that you think you CAN'T have sex?".

Then she remembered... It was over two years ago. They were both single for the first time since they had met and she had invited him to her parents beach side apartment for the weekend, hoping maybe he would make the first move. At that time, they were sitting around the pool, when she noticed he had a stain, almost like blood on his pants. She pointed it out to him and he totally freaked and apologized, then went upstairs to clean up and change. When she asked him about it, he told her embarrassingly that it had happened by accident when he was renovating the bathroom - the nail gun had gone off and had hit him in a most embarrassing place, luckily only requiring a couple of stitches, but that was why he couldn't go swimming, he had said.

At the time it sounded plausible and since then, there'd been no mention of it, but now, with what he'd said, she felt overwhelmed and so very sorry for him. Here she had been flirting with him, almost teasing him sexually for the best part of two years when his accident must have been much worse than he had said... . It must have been severe enough to cause him to lose the ability to become erect and perform sexually.

Andrea instantly burst into tears and raced to his side. She knelt there, her arms around him and began to apologise, confessing everything. She cried while telling him how sorry she was for flirting with him, for teasing him from afar with her phone manner, her carefully selected wardrobe whenever he was around and most of all for not being a better friend so that he felt he could share his problem with her.

Tom was instantly in a state of shock. Here with her arms wrapped about him was the woman of his dreams, rambling on about things which he had no idea about. He held her tightly, then told her to shhhhh... Hoping her tears and confessions would stop long enough for him to understand what it was she was going on about. "Darling Andrea, what is the problem, what are you talking about?", he asked.

"The accident", she said. "Remember when we were down at the beach, just the two of us and you told me about the accident, with the nail gun and how you were bleeding". Tom searched his memory while she continued. "I'm so sorry", she continued. "So sorry that I wasn't a better friend, to be there for you to talk about things, to share with me that it was much more serious." Tom now recalled the lie he had told about the reason for the bleeding and not being able to go swimming. Instantly his face transformed and a look of horror came over him.

Andrea took this as a look of shame and continued. "Why didn't you confide in me, there's nothing you can't tell me", she said. "You should know that I love you, have loved you for some time, you could have told me about the seriousness of the accident, I mean, I am sure there are things which can be done to get things right again - and even if not, it is YOU that I love, I can still love you, even without the ability to get an erection", she said.

With her head on his shoulder, her tears on his chest, he knew there was only one thing he could do - confess to her the awful truth.

He pulled her onto his lap and told her to listen very, very carefully, as she had it all wrong and that he hoped she would still feel even remotely similar about him once she knew it all. Her face turned towards his with a confused look in her eyes. She went to speak and he touched her lips, telling her to shhh, while he confessed the truth about his situation.

His right arm went about her shoulder, her legs off to his left, pulling her close as she sat sideways upon his lap. His left hand cradled her head close to him, so he could almost silently whisper into her left ear the next part of what he had to say... . The words which would most likely change forever the way she felt and thought about him. He took a deep breath and began...

He addressed her as, "Beautiful Andrea". After which he continued, telling her he had been under her spell ever since the night they first met. He told her about how he had been in the bad books with his childhood sweetheart ever since she noticed the way he looked at Andrea. How over time, his wife to be would find reasons why they couldn't come to Andrea's parties. He felt so bad, not just because he couldn't find the time to spend close to the woman who he felt was the one true love of his life, but also he felt like he was always cheating on his sweetheart, as his mind, thoughts and heart were on or with someone else.

He felt Andrea grip a little tighter to him as he spoke these words, so emboldened, he continued. He spoke about how he had longed to hold her in his arms, how he felt sad for her when she broke up with her long time love, yet at the same time it increased his hope of one day being closer to her himself.

At this, she lifted her eyes, teary as they were and told him quietly how silly he was, that she too had felt similarly about him, how although she was with another, she too yearned to discover more about him.

He shhh'd her once again, telling her that he had to tell her the whole story. She laid her head upon his shoulder once more as he continued. He asked her if she recalled how at one time, he had been dating an older woman, he felt her nod upon his shoulder... He then went on to explain how this was when his troubles began.

He told her of his need to experiment a little and how being with an older woman gave him more insights into being able to please a woman. He breathed deeply as he began the next part of his tale.

He told her of his time with this lady and a few years ago, he had helped her out by rescuing her daughter from some older friends who were having a bad influence on the daughter. He felt another intake of breath as he came to one of the dangerous parts of his story. He told how after that, the daughter became attracted to him. He spoke of her advances towards him, who had been her rescuer. He felt Andrea loosen her grip a little as he continued. He told how one day, when the daughter was helping him with the renovations on a project house (for money of course), she had waited till after dinner to show her how thankful she was for the opportunity to work and earn some extra money.

He told how she had bought him a nice bottle of single barrel Jack Daniels, told him to relax as she poured him drinks. He told how he was hesitant, but allowed her to anyway, as it had been a very long hard day to that point. He took another deep breath as he told how 3 drinks became 4, then 7, then how he could not recall very much apart from awakening beside her in the morning.

He told her how he questioned Lorraine about the events of the night before, as for some reason he could not recall them all thoroughly, although he did recall making love to her and now felt so remorseful for his cheating on the mother, with her own daughter of all people.

He then told how the daughter had blackmailed him, saying that if he didn't do everything she asked, she would tell her mother. Although she was much

younger than he was, in fact only in her late teens at the time, it was the sheer weight of his errors which made him cave into her demands.

So began a terrible time where he was sleeping with both mother and daughter for some 7 months.

Tom told Andrea that as bad as this was, worse was still to come. He said that whereas some may carve a notch in their belt for having achieved such a victory, to him it was as if he were a swine rolling in his own muck, unable to escape the situation. He then told her about the beginnings of what was to come, when one night, over at Denise's house (the mother), she seduced him wickedly with a little alluring kinkiness. She told him she wanted to reward him by tying him to her bed, then teasing him until he thought he would die.

Although thoughts like these had been in his head before, both tying and being tied, he had never yet acted them out with any real intensity. So he readily allowed himself to be restrained, very securely and uncompromisingly tightly, to her bed. He told her that what followed was the beginning of his current living nightmare and problems.

>From this point on, the words rapidly tumbled from his lips. He told how she next used make-up wipes to cover his eyes then wrapped some electrical tape about his head, blinding him fully. He told how she began questioning him, about previous relationships, then finally the bombshell, her daughter.

He felt Andrea stiffen at this and once more he shhhhh'd her, telling her he needed to get this off his chest. He told Andrea how when asked if he had slept with Denise's daughter, he at first denied it, trying to protect Lorraine from any form of retribution. But Denise took hold of him and tortured him until the truth spilled out from his mouth.

He related how this truth was still not good enough in her mind and she blamed him alone for cheating on her, with her daughter of all people. He readily agreed, saying that as he was the more mature one, it was all his fault, as in his eyes it was he who should have been able to say NO... The only thing he didn't realise was that Lorraine had drugged him, so basically there was no way to say no, yet he still didn't realise this even until this very day.

He told how Denise asked if he should be punished for this act of duplicity and two timing cheating evilness, to which he replied he should... It was at this point that his life began to change forever, he told Andrea.

For immediately after agreeing that he should be punished, he felt Denise fondling his genitals.. What he didn't realise was that she was fitting the first stage of his punishment, the CB3000 Curve, a chastity device.

At this point, Andrea's head rose quickly from his shoulder, her eyes meeting his only for an instant as if to say something which he did not yet recognise for what it was.. Quickly, she placed her head back upon his shoulder, resting once more, yet her mind was now more alert than ever before.

She listened while he continued, as he told her how she took photos and videotapes of this humiliating experience. How she then showed him copies and threatened him with exposure. How she then made him return weekly, to be tied, photographed and filmed over and over while he begged to be set free, each time being made to admit he deserved this torments and that he wanted to be punished more severely for his cheating ways. He told her how if he didn't do as she said, he was sent home once more, still locked up and without any sexual release. He told her how this played with his mind to the point that he would do anything in order to get free and to obtain any form of satisfaction.

In the end, he said, he was made to do household duties while naked, also to do yard work and such for some of her friends, plus even worse, the only way he was allowed to obtain an orgasm was if he set himself a harsher punishment before his next release. Then, before he was set free, he was tied down to the bed, or a chair, with only his hand partially free to masturbate, before being cleaned up and locked away once more.

He then told her that the worst thing ever happened next.. He was told to visit a specific body piercing studio, with a hand written request to be pierced in a very wicked manner called the Prince Albert style, which was just before that weekend away down at the beach side apartments... That was the reason for the injury he had lied to her about.

She raised her head again, but he gently pushed it back against her chest, telling her she needed to simply listen while he finished his tale... She lay her head upon his shoulder once more as he continued. He told how while this

was healing, he received a visit from a document server, showing him a court order of restraint form, which prohibited him contacting Denise or Lorraine. If he even tried calling them he could be in breach and end up in jail. He told of his confusion, then his dread as he saw Denise one day. She had come to meet him after work. She told him he was to go to the piercing studio once more, to have the size of the hole enlarged by inserting a larger diameter barbell. If he refused, she told him, she would ensure that some of the incriminating evidence about his kinkiness was released and distributed.

He did as instructed. Three weeks later it was clear why, when he received another face to face visit, instructing him to come to her place Friday a week and a half from then, in the evening at 7-00pm. Before she left, she placed a parcel in his hand, telling him to go to his car and put the chastity device back on and to show her that it was indeed locked in place. Worse still, he was to make sure that when the device went back on, he was to ensure that the extra large barbell ends of the curve PA jewellery, were on the outside of the chastity device. She had also given him some superglue, which he was to put on the ends of the threads, then screw the barbells into place. Thus locking his cock against the front of the tube, as well as it being secured from the end closest to his body. His cock would now be well and truly captive in the hard plastic tube of the cage. She waited to inspect it, then, satisfied, she had left.

Tom told her of his turmoil when he realised that she had gone, leaving him locked in chastity, while he still was under orders to go back to have a larger diameter stud inserted into his locked up penis. He told how he dreaded this occasion, yet seemingly the lady in the studio thought nothing of it, she just went about her work, cutting the barbell ends off the piercing, then fixing him up with a larger diameter one, all while he was locked away.

Once more Andrea went to lift her head, once again he held her closer while he finished his tale of woe. He told how the next 10 days were hell, locked away and horny, yet with no relief in sight and an ominous appointment to attend which could land him in Jail if the police were called.

In the end it turned out to be much worse than he could ever have imagined.

He arrived on time, well dressed with flowers and chocolates, anything to try to make things easier on him. She simply directed him to strip naked, then to sit upon a hard backed kitchen chair to which he was tied until he could barely move a finger. She then used the make-up removing circular wipes to



blindfold him, over which went many wraps of tape. Her panties were pushed into his mouth and tape held them firmly in place. Next up he was shaved around the genitals, then lotion was applied to keep him hairless for longer. Next came the surprise.

She went over his previous crimes, having him nod his head to admit to them all over again. She asked if he knew he was being videotaped and asked if he had requested to be taped (to which he knew from past experiences he should indicate Yes to, by nodding his head). So yes, he nodded, he had wanted to be video taped. She asked him if he consented to his punishments, to which he also nodded yes. She asked him if he deserved them for his indiscretions, to which he also indicated that he did. Then she locked his cock away in a fully hardened stainless steel chastity device, one which secured not only behind his balls, but also via a curved steel rod at the front, through his Prince Albert piercing. Thus secured, she tilted his chair back and lowered it until he lay on his back. She removed the gag and made him lick her until she orgasmed, a number of times over. Once the device was fitted, there was no way to extricate himself unless he cut the device off, which posed considerable injurious risks, not to mention the ever present threat of the blackmailing exposure.

Sensing he was about finished, Andrea raised her head, the tears now almost gone and then placed her hand on his crotch, there to feel the hardened stainless steel device which held her loved one captive to another.

She was about to speak when he added that this began almost 2 years ago and that there was no end in sight. He added that every month, he had to bring her gifts, work for her, service her orally, do odd jobs for her and or her friends and every time, tell the video camera how much he loved doing this. Failure to impress her sufficiently meant he would not be permitted his 2 minutes to masturbate and that he would be sent home to suffer without release for another month. Three times, he told her this had happened to him, something which was impossible to comprehend.

Now it was he, teary eyed who said, "That is the reason why although I love you like no other, I am bonded to this wicked lady until she decides to grant me freedom".

## **Chapter Two**

Saturday morning Tom awoke early. This was because it was impossible to stay asleep when the early morning erections occurred. He awoke as the punishment spikes which lined various parts of his chastity device pained him badly and he breathed deeply, trying to abate the pain. He awoke partially disoriented, taking in the scent of warm woman - a scent he had not had the pleasure of awakening beside for nearly 2 years.

He realised quickly that he was sleeping beside the woman of his dreams, which once again increased his arousal, causing him to silently, but quickly extricate himself from beneath her covers so he could douse himself under some cold water. Even as he carefully climbed from the bed, he winced as his cock throbbed against the punishment spikes inside his hardened stainless steel chastity device.

As quietly as he could, he made his way to the main bathroom for a shower, all the while extremely aware of trying not to recall the even more painful time he had suffered last night. For last night the woman of his dreams had discovered his chastity secret, yet instead of being repulsed, she wanted to know all about it, even to the point of being playful with him, teasing him and tormenting him until he simply couldn't stand the pains any longer. He recalled laying beside her, wrapped under the covers as his hands explored her for the very first time. He recalled the way she responded to his every touch, how she in turn simply placed her hand upon his captive cock, causing him to imagine he was free, all the while suffering the terrible pains the spikes were causing.

He recalled snuggling close behind her, kissing and nibbling her neck, the scent of her shampoo seemingly keeping him glued there, drinking in every part of her as his fingers traced the outline of her panties, occasionally sliding one underneath, causing her to suck her tummy in even further, where his finger would touch the trimmed hairs which surrounded an even more enticing region.

Standing in the shower, his hands upon his caged cock, tears in his eyes he longed for the device about his lower regions to be removed. As he began to win the battle to lose the erection, he wondered once again, what it would be like to be free of it. Then he thought deeper, as he had been forced to since being locked away in chastity, to all the things he had learned about both himself and women. He found himself wondering if maybe he would still be as

caring and compassionate, as attentive to the women around him should he be free from this captivity.

Finished with his morning rituals, he looked in on the sleeping beauty and smiled while thinking how incredibly fortunate he was, especially as she had declared her feeling towards him to be similar to his for her. Quietly closing the bedroom door, he went to make some coffee before later sitting outside in the cool morning to reflect upon the past 16 or so hours.

While he waited for the coffee to brew, he idly began cleaning the kitchen and putting everything away from the previous evenings mini-party. Dishes done, kitchen cleaned and outside neat and tidy, he poured his coffee and went to the outdoors setting to enjoy a morning ciggy. Sitting there as the sun fully arose, his mind once more turned to the incredible evening he had just experienced. This time, sitting there in the sunlight he almost welcomed the pain in his penis. After all, it was that part of him which got him into trouble to begin with, sleeping around on the woman he was with, with her daughter of all people, he probably deserved it when you thought about it.

With tears of pain, remorse and even joy for what transpired last evening, he tried to think about how things would be if only he were free. The problem was though, after 2 years of having his cock locked away and being hostage to someone else's whims and desires, he found it almost impossible to recall what it was to be free.

Finishing his coffee, he realised it was only causing him painful distress sitting there with his penis being punished when as it responded to his thoughts, so he decided to take his mind off things by doing something constructive.

When Andrea awoke some 3 hours after Tom, she rolled over in bed to find a freshly cut rose upon the pillow. With it was a note telling her that she should simply dial his cell phone and let it ring once or twice and he would be in to see her. Lifting the rose, she took in the beauty of its preparation, thorns removed, while glistening with a light frosting of chilled water plus the care taken to write the little note accompanying it.

Smiling to herself she held it to her nose as she smiled while clutching the rose with her eyes closed. Never before had she awoken to something as special as this. Sure, there'd been breakfasts in bed, the usual attempts at supposedly romantic early morning sexual romps, but never something as gentle, yes, she

thought - gentle, whilst still very manly and caring as this. Lifting the phone, she dialled his number, letting it ring twice before replacing the handset.

Tom heard his phone ringing and instantly stopped what he was doing, before going up the path to Andrea's house. He had already accomplished much this morning, so he washed his hands, removed his shoes and went to her bedroom. Tom smiled as he took in the vision of beauty before him. Andrea lay on her side in the bed, the rose in one hand as she propped herself up as he entered the doorway. She looked him over and said she wondered what he had been up to since he had awoken. He blushed and mumbled something about pottering around in her garden. He asked if she would like some breakfast. Andrea smiled and said yes, that breakfast would be lovely. She motioned for him to come closer. He moved to the bed and took her hand, kissing it ever so gently, telling her that he had been sweating, so he wouldn't come too close until after he had showered.

Andrea was kind of taken aback by all this, but decided to just revel in the moment of pampering while it lasted. Tom mentioned the breakfast once again, telling her that a menu was awaiting her in the kitchen and that if she would be so kind as to choose her preference while he freshened up, he would then prepare it for her whilst she showered. Andrea nodded and said she would be out momentarily. Tom kissed her hand once more and retreated down the hall.

As Andrea entered the kitchen, she stood still in total disbelief. Not only had the dishes, utensils and other items from last night's BBQ been washed, dried and put away, but the entire area was spotless, well, almost. The only things out of place were the glass of fresh juice, a pot of tea ready to simply add the boiling water and a small menu which had been hand written with a selection of items from which she could choose for her breakfast.

A shiver went right through her body as she thought about the things Tom had done for her this very fine morning. Andrea decided it was time to discover all there was to know about this most amazing specimen of a man.

Later, sitting outside in the morning sun enjoying her extra special breakfast with Tom seated opposite her, she began to wonder more about the predicament he was in and whether it was just as he had said, that over the course of the past two years in chastity, he had learned to serve and obey women otherwise he would be made to go without any form of sexual release

himself. She also recalled how he had mentioned that over time, he had come to cherish this duty yet also dislike it at the same time, due to the manner in which he was being forced to endure his confinement. She smiled as she recalled how he had said he wished it were she who held the keys to his diabolical chastity device.

Andrea asked if Tom would mind pouring her a fresh cup of tea, which he immediately did. As she leaned forwards to lift her cup, she ensured her dressing gown slid off the shoulder slightly, almost innocently, yet definitely in a manner which provided Tom with a glimpse of her precious bosom. Noticing him stealing glimpses, she apologised for her slip and asked him if it bothered him or not. Shifting about in obvious discomfort from the erection which would be tormented by the spikes and other nasty additions to his cock cage, he sort of mumbled that it was no bother and he was ever so fortunate to be gaining even the brief glimpses of her loveliness which she was affording him.

Andrea smiled and simply told him that was good, that he didn't mind, as on lovely sunny mornings such as this, she liked to take advantage of the softer morning sun to maintain her all over tan. She pretended not to notice his reaction as she sat forwards, then let the gown slip off her shoulders, all the way to her waist, her stunningly firm breasts now seeming to come alive in the cool air of the early morning sunlight.

As he shifted in his seat, trying to ease the pain, Andrea asked if he would be a pet and fetch the suntan lotion from inside. As he walked awkwardly on this errand, she smiled as she laid her easy chair back to further relax, while at the same time removing her robe, leaving her in her birthday suit.

When he returned, he almost tripped as he took in the sight of her glorious body laying there in the morning sunlight. Her robe beneath her, she lay back in all her splendour. The lazyboy chair held her at a slight angle from laying flat. Her hair beside her head, sunglasses covering her eyes, one arm up on her forehead as some protection from the sun. Her breasts sat firm and high on her chest, nipples drenched in the morning sunlight, yet still puckered and proud due to the remaining chill in the air. Her flat taught stomach almost curved invitingly inwards, the fine wisps of blonde pubic hairs showed slight glints of reflected sunlight, meaning they were moist with something. He knew it could only be one thing, she was aroused and had stolen a caress of herself while he fetched the lotion. For Tom, it was as if time could end right now, as

never before could he recall such an arousing vision. He stood there gawking like a schoolboy...

Even before he had recovered she asked if he would mind applying the suntan lotion all over her so she could be better protected from the rapidly rising morning sun. By the time he was done, the pains in his pulsing cock had him almost to the point of tears, though this time, unlike with his current key holder, they were tears which made him happy deep down inside.

Later as he massaged Andrea while she lay on her front, his hands worked their now well trained magic and soon her thighs were parted and the scent of arousal was in the air. Soon she rolled onto her back, pulled him towards her, his face between her things as she parted her legs while he kissed her there.

Later that morning as they dried off after a shower, she asked him to tell her everything about his situation and the reasons why he didn't think there was a way out of it. He took her online with the computer and showed her the many resources available regarding the benefits of a loving relationship with chastity involved, versus the one in which he was currently having to endure. He demonstrated both online and by showing her on his body, the true level of control which the device he was fitted with maintained. They talked for hours, interspersed with her questions about his feelings and how different it would be if she were the one who held the key.

Early in the afternoon they went to the mall where he still treated her like a princess. At one point during lunch, one of the men at a table nearby made a comment about him being pussy whipped which he let slide. When another comment was made about how if that "blonde prissy bitch" belonged to one of the guys at the table, it would be her doing the running around for him as well as maybe spending some time servicing him in other ways, like from under the table. This brought a laugh from a couple of the wretches friends. Suddenly, in one fluid motion, Tom turned in his chair, and flung his keys through the air at the speaker of the foul words to distract him. The fool then did the predictable thing and caught them. Tom hopped from his chair and had the man by the throat, lifting him from his chair while telling him to apologise to the lady for his crass comments.

The manager was soon on the scene and the people nearby quickly verified the story and the offensive threesome were soon told to pay up and leave. It was about this time that Andrea realised that although Tom was submissively

enslaved to another woman because of his chastity predicament, he was still a very powerful man and a very protective gentleman to her. He was also more of a real man than she could ever recall meeting in her 30 years of life. When they finally left the restaurant arm in arm, she had made up her mind that she had to find a way to make him hers to keep. The only hurdle being how to wrestle the keys to his chastity device from the woman who currently had possession of them and by way of that, the control over the man she truly loved.

That night as they lay in bed together, Tom told her that he would have to depart well before dawn, if he wanted to avoid severe punishment, as he was due at a farm some 60 miles distant which was owned by one of his keyholder's friends. He was to work there for the day, doing everything they asked, for if they gave an unfavourable report, he would suffer dire consequences. In addition, it would be likely that he would be made to go another week or two without being allowed to orgasm. He explained that often, the women to whom he was given, to do their household or around the garden tasks, delighted in making up stories about how slack he was, then smiling in the knowledge that no matter what, he would suffer for something he hadn't done. He told her how there was no avoiding this wrongful punishment, as to speak out against one of his keyholder's friends was a terrible sin.

When he left before dawn that day, he had no realisation that this would be the beginning of a very difficult period of time, as the friends of his keyholder noticed he had a blemish on his neck which of course had been placed there during his time with Andrea. When they telephoned his keyholder, she had given them some very specific instructions about how this incident should be handled. Tom ended up being bound very securely to an itchy bark tree, quite naked, gagged and eyes open to witness what was to happen next. A shovel was used to stir up an ants nest, the enraged ants then dumped into a plastic bag which was quickly placed over his already tormented cock and balls. The rubber band sealed it shut and the tiny, yet angry ants then attacked the exposed flesh which was on offer.

Although he could not struggle, being so securely bound, his penis throbbed and danced around in protest, making the ants even angrier. Even with his mouth stuffed with rags and his entire lower face very tightly taped, the noises he made seemed to please these two sadistic women to no end. They

even held the phone close so his guttural cries could be enjoyed by Denise, his keyholder and totally wicked tormentress. They held the phone to his head while telling him to listen carefully as she told him that the video of this event is something she would be very much looking forward to enjoying over and over. After a few minutes of this, the bag of ants was then removed and dumped atop his body. They told him that as long as he would remain totally still, the ants would settle and sting or bite him less and less. With this done, they left the video going while they went off to enjoy a refreshing drink while they watched the rest of his torment.

When they thought that the workday was becoming too short for him to accomplish too much, they decided they had time for one last amount of real punishment before giving him some useful tasks for the remainder of the day. Tom watched as they approached, his body already wracked with pain from the ants as well as the tight bonds against the itchy bark tree. It was what they carried in their gloved hands which now had him fearful beyond belief. He tried begging, pleading with his eyes yet he had come to know that as bad as his situation was, if he was the full time slave of these women and their friends, his life would be so much worse than it was as a chastity slave. What made it worse was the way they smiled at him as they decided who would go first. It was Lauren, who lifted the 3ft long branch of shrub, which was something everyone knew to steer clear of, *Toxicodendron diversilobum* - otherwise known as Poison Oak.

Lauren knew how to apply this torment and did so sparingly, wanting only to inflict a nasty period of pain with a slight rash, not something needing urgent medical attention. Only the longest middle leaf was used at first, dragged gently over his nipples. A few deft flicks to his mid-section later, Tom was twisting and straining against his still secure bonds. Yet Lauren was still a long way from being finished with him yet. When Lauren was done, Krista, who stood all of 5'2 yet had an evil streak as wide and tall as Texas, approached Tom and smiled as her smaller, yet red flowered leaves of the shrub were directed lower down.

It almost felt pleasurable as her gloved hand felt around his trapped and chastised balls, until she lifted his metal encased cock slightly away from his swollen and pained scrotum, in order to slide the Poison Oak into the space between his cock and balls. From her waist, she pulled a pair of hand shears which were used to snip the end of the brush, thereby leaving it's little painful



hairs in contact with his balls and the very tip of his semi exposed penis. Another section went underneath his scrotum as she lifted his chastised package away from his body. This also had leafy parts resting upon his upper thighs, tormenting him thus, from all areas. A slow dragging motion of the rest of the leafy ends over the partially exposed head of his cock had his heart pounding and his eyes streaming with tears.

Once again Tom was left to suffer his fate as the girls went to ensure the action was being accurately recorded for them all to laugh at later. Knowing their strains of plant helped to ensure that what they grew on their farm was potent enough to inflict pain, but not so bad as to raise huge welts or blistering rashes. Besides, it wasn't the first time he had been treated with this form of punishment, so his tolerance was well known to them. As they replaced their instruments of torment back into a safer area and removed their gloves, they talked about the things which they would do to him if he were theirs to keep and not just to work like a slave and torment on the rare occasions he was loaned to them.

Their final act before releasing him to do some handy-work about their bondage farm was to have him tell all to the video camera of his relations with this girl called Andrea. Once they were certain he has been truthful and told ALL there was to tell, then they would release him, soothe his wounds and then permit him to carry out his other duties. It didn't take long for Tom to explain all there was to tell. Now his owner would have the information she needed to either punish him further, or to use as a threat should he ever again do something without permission.

That night when Tom phoned Andrea, he lied to her about the events of the day as he didn't want her to worry about the things which had been done to him. He put off seeing her as he still had many marks on him from the ants which had terrorised his stricken body, as well as from the Poison Oak which had left many wounds, all of which would heal in the coming hours and days. The following Wednesday a carefully worded letter arrived, which 'invited him' to attend a kink party on a farm like the one he was at only the weekend before, this one also about 60 miles out of town and he was to be met, then driven to the location. It was for an entire weekend, but not the coming weekend when he was due for his monthly relief. Due to his relationship with this new girl named Andrea, his relief was being delayed for another full month. Time would go by very slowly for Tom as his thoughts were totally

centred not only on his extreme sexual frustration, but also on what may transpire at this event, nothing good, of that he was certain.

### **Chapter Three**

It was the Friday almost two weeks after Andrea's weekend birthday party when Tom heard about her extended holidays. The week after his ordeal at the farm had been one of recovery, with them speaking often by phone. As previously arranged, he didn't attend her official birthday party the week after their encounter, yet he did hear of her excitement at receiving a mysterious gift certificate for a much dreamed about overseas holiday to a remote island off the coast of Thailand. Her boss had of course let her take this mysterious yet gifted trip. Two weeks of fun in the sun, living on a little island, with days spent diving the reefs and such. When Andrea hadn't been answering her emails since the Tuesday, on Friday Tom called her office, which was how he heard the news... Andrea had received special treatment from the tour company and they had offered her an extended stay on the island after their regular Activities Coordinator had slipped over and suffered a broken leg. This left them short a very important employee and so Andrea had stepped in to help and so good at the task was she, that they made her an offer she couldn't refuse. Thus, she was not coming back for another 2 weeks - Tom had been told.

Meanwhile, Andrea was not exactly doing as had been reported, as the offer was of a very different nature indeed. Her time at the first island had been very limited, as she had received an invitation to a 2nd, private island which was to totally alter her life forever, beginning that very night and continuing immediately upon her arrival back home when she had forbidden Tom from greeting her at the airport or seeing her once she was safely home.

The reason for this would soon enough become clear to him, as he received a call from his Mistress, Denise. She had instructed him to go to a certain meeting place, where he would be met by some of her friends and he was to do exactly as they instructed, or suffer very dire ramifications. When Tom had driven to the designated meeting place, he was told to hop into the back of a van and to strip. Once naked, Lauren and Krista, from the other farm had placed him into his now familiar PonyBoy leather upper torso harness. This came complete with the normal straps and buckles plus an inescapable single glove which held his arms in a reverse prayer style, twisted up high behind his back.

One of the things he had learned to endure and be capable of over the past two years was this difficult position which by now he could handle for hours on end. This time though, the girls pulled everything extremely secure, making him wince as they went about their tasks. The head harness and tongue capturing bridle/bit combination went on next, along with the posture collar and clips which dangled, ready to torment his nipples. The part he hated more than any other went last, the addition of knee high, almost ballet boot styled arched hoof pony boots, this time with an additional nasty surprise. Inside the boots had been lined with a layer of that hard carpet protector material, studded side up, so that before long at all, his feet would be feeling more than the pinch of the boots. Once these were laced up, they were clipped together at ankle and just below the knee, effectively hobbling him until they wanted him to be able to walk. As Lauren tightened the straps over his blinkers/blinders, his vision went dark. The final indignation came when the hook shaped butt plug and tail was lubed and slid into place, then tied there via the eyelet which attached to the lower back of his body harness. The trip to the farm took another 20 minutes or so from the time they had completed his preparations, during which he had ample time to come to terms with his already tormenting attire and strict restraint.

At the farm, he was dragged out to stand at the rear of the van. The clips locking his ankles and knees together were replaced with very short hobble chains after which he was led into the open barn by a chain attached to his bridle/bit combo. He ended up standing in the centre of the barn, while his legs were strapped and buckled to a vertical upright pole which ended up between his thighs, with one more surprise in store. The top of it extended, which they did now, as the dildo on the top of this replaced the hook shaped intruder which had previously invaded his rear.

They continued to raise this intruder, until it went a number of inches into his bumhole. He protested as best he could at this intrusion yet still, there was nothing he could do to prevent it as they had already locked his neck into a horizontal set of stocks which kept him standing straight and tall, with absolutely zero chance of escape. More long leather belts were tightened about his legs until he was about as solidly fixed as they could manage. Being secured in this manner left him standing upright, yet without ropes or other things to hamper any punishments they may choose to inflict upon him.

It wasn't until they loosened the straps holding the blinders closed tightly over his eyes that he saw exactly what torments they had in store for him this weekend. For there in front of his eyes, not 10 feet away from him was the woman of his dreams, Andrea, her arms out level with her shoulders, her arms tied almost continuously to a sturdy horizontal chromed steel pole, which itself was fitted into two sturdy upright beams. Her legs were spread wide and chained out to the the lower parts of the sturdy upright posts, while about her loins she wore a very form fitting chastity belt made from what appeared to be a resin coated carbon-kevlar fibre chastity belt of sorts.

His eyes teared up with a mixture of emotions as he blamed himself for getting the love of his life into this predicament. Seconds later they knew they had him as his cry of anguish, anger and other things tried to escape from his still well gagged mouth. Andrea looked at her lover but she herself could not communicate with him, as her lower face was filled and covered with all manner of straps, inflatable gags and such which were well and truly silencing her from any form of speech. As his mind raged and his vocal chords registered his protests, they lifted an evil looking dual-powered pig prod and held it just under Andrea's left breast. Instantly Tom got the message and his protests turned into a head shaking plea for them to spare the helpless girl. The prod was lowered and their smiles of delight beamed for all to see.

It was then that Denise and Lorraine entered the barn, with Lorraine walking over to the totally helpless Andrea from behind, to reach around and caress her vulnerable nipples which Tom now noticed were newly pierced. Denise approached Tom and told him how his girlfriend was beginning to understand how horrible it could be, to be tied, teased and worked up while being locked away in chastity. She added that this was an entirely voluntary situation which Andrea herself had chosen. This got his attention as Denise continued her explanation of the situation.

Andrea had been approached regarding her interest in Tom, the outcome of this meeting had been something they could live with, Denise said. From there, the trip overseas was organised, where Andrea would learn not only more about chastity and how to best torment, tease and please one who is locked away, but she was to experience this first hand, so she could better understand the results of her actions. Currently, she was ending her 4th week of chastity, while he was enduring one of his longest ever, coming up on 8

weeks without relief. Denise went on to explain the choice which Tom was now going to have to make.

From her pocket, Denise removed a pair of thimble like hollow caps. These were to go over Andrea's nipples, held in place to her nipple piercings with tiny internal screws, which were tamper-proof. These went over her pierced nipples and would allow them to breathe, but never be pleased. They would also stretch her nipples away from her body. Enough to arouse, but not torment her. They would stay on until such time as she held the keys to his chastity device. Thus ensuring that at in the beginning of her learning period, both of them would be chastised in some way. Whereas, afterwards, at least one of them would always be locked up in some way - that one being him, of course. The period of internment for her was most likely 6 to 12 months, maybe less, should she prove herself to be trustworthy in continuing the punishments upon him for cheating. For Tom, things would be worse, much worse (she added), should he choose to accept the agreement.

Denise said that they liked Andrea and hoped she would one day fully enter their club of Dominant Females who controlled the cocks of errant males, but for now, she had to earn this right, seeing as she chose to fall in love with one of the said errant males who had grossly transgressed two of their membership. If he chose to stay with Andrea, he was going to have to wear a more extreme chastity device which would truly be diabolical and designed in a way so that the punishment fitted the crime. It would be a constant torment, however if he said yes, Andrea would have her belt removed and be free to experience the orgasms she so dearly lusted after. His decision now, Denise told him, was would he choose to be under the control of the woman he loved, while enduring a more extreme chastity device - or would he decline, thereby deeming that Andrea wasn't worth it, which meant that she would also have to suffer in her current chastity belt. The choice was his to make.

Tom looked over at Andrea, who was writhing while being caressed by Lorraine, her entire body having been aroused until she had almost orgasmed, but each time she had been denied release. Tom looked at Andrea and recognised the need in her eyes and he made his decision on the spot. He looked into Denise's eyes, nodded, indicating he would accept this new arrangement.

Denise took a condom from her pocket, rolled it over the current chastity device securing Tom's cock and hit a switch on the floor. At the touch of the

switch, the top of the pole inserted in his rectum came to life, vibrating and stimulating upon that spot which he knew would before long milk him of his sperm, yet without any form of orgasmic satisfaction.

His eyes once more turned to focus on the love of his life, only to see Lorraine carrying out the other part of the deal, that being the fitting of the thimble like caps with nipple stretchers, which would soon be locked in place over Andrea's nipples, removing from her the satisfaction which comes from nipple stimulation. He watched as this task was completed and finally they set to work on removing the custom fitted chastity belt from about her loins. Even as he could feel his own spunk slowly starting to leak from his chastised cock, totally without orgasm, he could see Andrea almost humping the air as the belt came off and the others joined in, using hands, mouths, fingernails and vibrating devices to give their newest member one totally earth shattering orgasm.

The restraints holding Andrea to the pole were slowly undone and they helped her to become steady on her feet, then led her away to clean up before she returned. While this went on, a trolley was wheeled into view which held the custom made item which was soon to replace Tom's chastity tube from [www.steelworxx.de](http://www.steelworxx.de). It was currently covered, yet from what he could see, the device at least looked like it wasn't a full waist hugging chastity belt, but one which would be less obvious for everyday wear. Less obvious it may have been, more comfortable it was not to be, for it had been designed to punish the wearer severely while inhibiting any attempted erection.

Quite some minutes later, he was still looking at the trolley, wondering about what was hidden from his view when Andrea returned from freshening up. She wore what could almost be classed as street clothes, yet the one thing which stood out were the twin bumps of metal which now encased and protected her nipples. The thought of this caused him to get aroused, but locked away as he was, there was no chance for an erection to occur. Andrea approached him with a twinkle in her eye and a devious sort of smile which was quite new to him, yet exciting at the same time.

He was finally going to be under the control of someone who loved him, instead of being under the control of Denise and Lorraine who simply punished him. What he couldn't know was how quickly Andrea was taking to the thought of having him 100% obedient to her every whim, nor how quickly she had learned the ways of punishing him while making him yearn for even

this form of attention. Her 4 weeks of intense training had taught her much, plus she seemed to be a natural at this, after having been hurt by men so many times in the past, she had picked up the concept and benefits quite quickly.

She approached him with that wicked twinkle in her eye, before removing the now spunk filled condom from over his cock cage, before lifting it up before his eyes and telling him to open wide and not to waste a drop. Tom was fairly taken aback by this, yet he did as he was instructed and held his head back while Andrea emptied the contents of the condom into his still bridled and bit gagged mouth. This cured him of any attempted erection as he stood there, being humiliated by the woman he so dearly loved.

Tom soon accepted his new position, even though he knew not what it may entail, other than he would soon be under lock and key, beholden to a new Mistress, one he truly loved, instead of how things had been. They had simply told him that his new chastity would be far more secure and would remain in place until they deemed Andrea ready to join their ranks. As for his monthly 'service intervals', these would continue, unless Andrea let them know that the interval was extended, due to his misbehaviour, or some other reason. When these were due, they would meet with the ladies so that they could assess Andrea's progress as she became more and more Dominant and in control. Some time in the next 12 months or so, they would permit Andrea to have control of the keys, while Tom was to keep a journal for them to read, along with the video evidence of his trials. Once they believed Andrea was ready to become a fully fledged member, they would remove the nipple chastity forever, at which point he would be 100% under her control, while she was truly free to do as she pleased.

At that time, she could choose her own method and device with which to keep him captive. The delay in this happening being that she had fallen in love with one under their control and she had seemed to be under his spell, instead of the other way around.

He agreed to whatever they had planned for him, so long as it meant eventual control by Andrea alone, with her being free from the confines of either a chastity belt or nipple chastity.

And so it was that they led him away, still under lock and key, to a sterile area about the same as a dentist's office, where his new device would be fitted.

## Chapter Four

When he awoke from his dreamy state of being under a general type sedation, Tom found himself once more restrained. This time, he was laying down, spread eagled upon a bed, in a more private area. With him was his beloved Andrea, smiling, even though she still sported her visible nipple covering (and stretching), chastity devices.

As he regained more of his senses, he felt a deep constriction down below. When he regained full awareness of his situation, Andrea told him he was to be gagged, then watch the video of what had transpired during his sleep time.

She kissed him before affixing a harnessed butterfly pump gag. Soon she lay down beside him, as he stared at the flat screen monitor above his bed, which soon began to show what his true plight now was.

Almost surgical, was the video, as he watched his old device being removed, his penis being now limp and being pushed, then pulled quite forcefully into a very narrow restriction tube until all that was protruding was a little bit of his cock, as well as the circumcised head of it. Next to be slid over was a ring type of thing, half an inch wide and slightly larger in diameter than the tube which constrained the most of his cock. It butted up against the first tube, leaving only his cock head still exposed. Once locked in place, screws were turned, winding in punishing spikes, dozens of them it seemed, close together, almost forming what was a modified KTB (Kali's Teeth Braclet), right behind the knob of his cock.

Next up came the main component of his new chastity device. Similar to the Lady Jenny's Exobelt device, it came in two halves as well, but was made of Stainless Steel, with hundreds of tiny perforations in the shell of it which covered and totally encased him down below. This would allow the skin to breathe, as well as permit him to be rinsed with water for hygienic reasons. Which of course meant the device could stay on much longer than without these thoughtful additions.

He watched as they manipulated his balls into the too small an area before the two halves finally met and became one. Special screws and locks ensured the device captured him behind the balls like any normal A-ring type of fitting, yet unlike the Exobelt device, he couldn't even see his now totally hidden male parts.



The final addition was the special half hollow PA fixing, which was manipulated carefully into place from the underside of the device. The rear part was solid, with the part of it which was up inside his cock being drilled out, to make for easy urination. When the PA fixing was fully in place and locked there from underneath, the hollow part protruded from the front of the totally encapsulating penis tube of his device.

He listened in shock as he heard them talk about his plight. Being that not only was he never going to be able to gain an erection whilst in the device, but that if he failed to live up to their expectations and obey ALL that Andrea said, he could be locked into it permanently.

On top of that, on the occasions when the blood-flow and his arousal overcame the constraints of the first, tiny tube, any swelling of his cock would not only be punished by the in-built KTB like device, but that what awaited his swollen cock head at the end of the penis tube was even more punishing. Thin internal needle like spikes awaited any arousal which occurred. They reminded him that any blood-flow which did arouse his cock head, would have trouble getting back due to the tiny internal nature of the first tube. So it would be a long and painful semi-erection for him indeed - should he ever manage to become aroused, they had laughingly said.

Finally, he heard them saying that he would have set tasks and duties to do for Andrea over the training period and while these were inflexible, Andrea herself would gain an earlier release, for any additional tasks which involved painful and punishing times for him - such as tease and denial, or for teaching him instant and absolute obedience regarding ANY order she may give, as well as any number of other little things which demonstrated his utter obedience to her.

It wasn't until the end of the video, when they slid a ruler alongside his new device, that he realised how confining it really was. As with the very small internal diameter, his penis also had seemed to shrink lengthwise as well, meaning not only was he now much smaller, but also narrower by far in girth, bar the slight expansion allowed only in the tip of his knob.

For even as he looked at the measurements, he could recall the video showing the much smaller internal sizing, meaning he truly would never gain an erection while fitted with this device, nor obtain an orgasm. What was worse though, was anyone who ever fondled, witnessed the device or the like, would

not know that inside, there was a smaller, more constricting one, keeping him truly in a state of distress and awareness of his predicament.

His mind was awash with thoughts of the absolute totality of his chastity. He tried to think what it would be like to reach down and not even be able to feel his balls, let alone touch his cock. He could feel the pressure of the ball sack component and how there was a constant pressure there, as if a hand was slightly squeezing him continuously, but not in a nice way. He knew he was also aroused, but none of this arousal had even managed to elicit even the tiniest transition into a swelling of his cock. He wondered just how much it would take, for him to even obtain the beginnings of an erection. Then he recalled the video showing the KTB spikes awaiting this to happen. Not to mention the dozens of tiny needles which awaited the tender head of his cock, should it swell that far. The thought brought a shiver down his spine as he looked into the eyes of his new Mistress, who seemed totally happy with this new situation.

With the video completed, Andrea rolled atop him, her chastised nipples pressing against him, while she smiled into his eyes, telling him she adored him and loved him for his willingness to become her chastity slave. He could sense that she was clasping her thighs about his locked cock, but with both an inner and outer shell, the only arousal was in his mind and even that couldn't overcome the tiny inch and a bit, inner tube venturi through which his cock flesh had been hauled.

He knew at that moment, that he had to trust Andrea, as he didn't know how long he could stand not getting even the slightest bit of an erection, let alone go without having an orgasm. He knew he would make it his mission to truly please her, in order to shorten her time in training, so they may once again be together, just themselves. He looked at this as the only way he would remain sane, for this level of chastity was not something his mind had ever contemplated, let alone imagined. In addition, he knew that the group of Dominant Females were not lying about the totality of his chastity and even if he managed to get a swollen cockhead, that too would be severely punished.

As he looked at the tiny size of the new device overall, it reminded him of his fully relaxed state, maybe when even a little larger, like the very beginnings of an erection, yet this was the outer shell, not the smaller, inner one. This thought alone brought a tear to his eye as he lay there, finally accepting what was to come.

Andrea slipped a sleep mask over his eyes, before deflating and removing his inflatable butterfly gag. She gave him a sip of water, before telling him he was not to speak. She lowered her left breast to his mouth, telling him to kiss her chastised nipple covers, first one, then the other.

He felt her moving about until her knees were further trapping his already spread-eagled body, one over each shoulder. The scent of aroused woman reached his nostrils as she lowered herself to his face. As he kissed her there, his mouth exploring her womanly nether regions, finally freed from chastity, he thought he heard Andrea moaning, then saying that this is not how she imagined they would be when together, but instead it was much, much better.

With all that was going through his head, his arousal slowly overcame the tiny confines of the inner tube, so that he began to swell slightly against the KTB styled spikes. He groaned as the spikes began to work exactly as intended, before seconds later he writhed in his bonds as his cock head swelled, the tiny needle thin spikes at the front of the tube beginning to penetrate the super sensitive head of his cock.

Immediately he tried in vain to arrest the swelling, but this would take some time, now that the blood has swollen his knob and had little chance of making it back out the tiny constraints of the inner tube. Andrea mistook this writhing for pleasure and pulled him against her pussy by his hair, his tongue now buried inside her.

It was at this point that he finally realised the consequences of discovery. Firstly by Andrea of his situation, then by Denise and Lorraine about Andrea, now finally, the consequences of discovering exactly how much it would torture him to spend his life in absolute chastity with the woman he loved, especially seeing as neither of them knew how long it would be until Denise and Lorraine eventually handed over the keys.