

To Have and to Hold

May 2021

"Wait, bro. You've gotta be fucking with us. She did *what?*"

I'm blushing, I know it. Though fortunately for me, in this darkened Uber there's no way either Jake or Corey can possibly see. *If only I kept my mouth shut!* But then again, when your groomsmen ask you point-blank about what you're planning to do at your informal bachelor party tonight...

"What was I supposed to do?" I protest. "I mean, come on, guys! You know what girls are like the day before their wedding! I'm not going to piss off my bride-to-be and risk having her calling the whole thing off..." Jake snorts in derision from the front seat, and Corey is shaking his tousled blond head in mock sympathy. "Oh, yeah, sure. Man, she's really got you wrapped around her little finger already, doesn't she?"

I shift uncomfortably on the leather seat, trying as much to ignore their snickers as to get accustomed to the heavy sensation of the thing clamped fast between my legs. Oh, yes, it's precisely where you think – and it's completely unlike anything I've felt before down there. The thing is cool, and slippery, and yet so uncompromising and hard against my flaccid penis...

But April demanded I wear it. And well, when she retorted that she knew what bachelor parties were like, and that she didn't want me on our wedding night being all worn out from shagging a stripper the night before... I guess it only made sense. I could and did make promises, of course. But as even I had to concede, promises were all well and good until massive amounts of alcohol were involved...

So, yeah. Here I am: an attractive young guy on the eve of his wedding, headed out with his two best friends for one last night of partying... and with his cock securely locked up in a blush-inducing pink cage. But hey! Doesn't it show what a great guy I am? how sweet and dedicated to my dear bride I must be?

Or perhaps how firmly I'm under her thumb.

The music is blasting, bass thumping and vibrating through my chest as the beat drops and the crowd erupts in discordant cheers. There's two chicks on stage, a blonde and a brunette, both

wearing the flimsiest little excuses of panties and tops. They're spinning, gyrating suggestively around the poles, now slipping suggestively down their polished length, now thrusting their hips with the music, and all the while wantonly grinding and swaying to the beat. I'm no pole dancer connoisseur, but I can't deny they're hot as hell.

And yet, with every movement I feel my locked member straining and pulsing unhappily in its restraints. I've never before realized just how frustrating and painful it can be to be denied even the possibility of an innocent hard-on. *Damn it, April - this thing hurts like a bitch!*

Maybe some more alcohol will deaden the discomfort.

It's a good bit later, when I'm downing my third Jägerbomb that I hear it: my name being slurred out in a good-natured shout. "Terry, where the fuck are you? Terry, man, get the fuck over here!" It's Jake, and he's worming his way through the crowd, grabbing inelegantly at my arm and hauling me forward. "Dude, bro, where the fuck've you been? They need you up there, so get that stupid ass of yours in gear!"

What the actual hell?! I'm definitely buzzed, and the din of the music and the garish lights are overloading my senses as I'm dragged forward, stumbling up the steps toward the platform and the now-topless strippers by their poles. "Jake, no, no, I don't- you know-" But he's grinning tipsily as he thrusts me forward and sends me stumbling toward the blonde. "Go on, man - whaddya waiting for? Let's show 'em what you got!"

I'm frozen, blushing as she lithely steps forward, her bare breasts swaying provocatively under the neon glow. "Hey there, babe," she coos, and then her cool hand is on my burning face. "Your friends told me you'd like to play with us tonight. You're getting hitched tomorrow, aren't you?" I try to stammer out a response, but her fingers are already tugging at my shirt buttons. "Oh, but you've got far too many clothes to be up here, babe! Here, let me help you get more comfortable..."

My entire body is quivering as her brunette friend sidles over with a smirk and begins assisting. My shirt's off, and then my shorts are slipping down, puddling around my ankles... "Oh, you are a pretty one, aren't you?" I hear them purr, and I gulp at the touch of their hands, stroking my now-bare limbs. *No, please, don't go for the boxers-*

Of course they do. And of course, the sight they disclose is one that sends them into a gale of husky laughter.

"Oh, well, then! What's the matter, dearie? You must've heard that you're not allowed to fuck the dancers here, huh?" I'm petrified, but my lips are stammering out incoherent words. "No, my fiancée- she- she asked- she put it on-" "Oh-o?!" The brunette is simpering, running her manicured nails along my inner thigh and eyeing my exposed and caged penis. "Look, Jazzie – we've got ourselves a real treasure of a guy tonight, huh? So *sweet* of him to let his girl lock him up like that, just because she asked real nice..."

"Oh, he's a cutie, to be sure!" comes the response, as a long-nailed hand runs affectionately through my hair. "But that just makes it all the more fun, don't you think? Come on, honey – why don't you show us just how you plan to please a woman when you can't even use your little willy?" And with that, I find myself teetering, reeling unsteadily forward as her hands pull me in- in and down-

"That's right, open up, baby," the blonde orders, and I find my trembling lips opening obediently as the massive swell of her bared left breast swims dizzily before my face. "Aww, that's right! Now this is just perfect for a sweet little guy like you, isn't it? I bet you're gonna learn to love sucking your woman's titties for her! Make her go crazy!" My mouth is full, and I'm quivering as I feel the brunette's hands slipping possessively over my vulnerable ass. *God, what the hell are they doing to me-*

Swack! I start with a stifled cry, but the blonde merely pulls in me tighter with a laugh. "Oh, don't worry! It's just that Starr there loves how sweet your ass looks. It's just so fucking spankable, isn't it?" "It is," purrs the brunette, and I can feel her hands running up and down my ass-crack, exploring every intimate crevice of my anatomy. "Aww, I bet he's never had someone take him from behind, has he? Such a cutie... and such a pity we don't have more time to play with him!"

It's fast becoming a blurry nightmare: the incessant music, the derisive jeers and yells from the crowd, the stinging swats that kept falling on my bare ass, the reeling stage and lights around me, the scent of the blonde's womanly body so close to me, the soft bulk of her ample breast filling my mouth and pressing against my nose... And yet, above it all persists the sharp cut of pain from my caged cock. For much as I am quivering and blushing with embarrassment, my poor caged cock is doing its utmost to show me – much to my chagrin – that some sordid part of myself is actually reveling in this incredibly humiliating treatment...

It stops – eventually. The girls tire of their fun, and with burning cheeks and reddened ass I shamefully pull up my boxers and wobble off the stage in a daze. It's there that I find my erstwhile friends, drunker than ever and cheering me on for being such a dirty, tit-sucking, sissy-ass little

pussy. Their words, not mine, of course.

And it is only late the next evening – the night of our wedding – that my dear April, flushed with the adrenaline and stress and beautiful exhaustion of the unforgettable day, receives a little email. "Congrats from Jake and Corey. Hey, don't forget to check out these pics from our unforgettable bachelor party!"

Let's just say that, judging by the smirk on her face as she scrolls through them, those photos are giving her some decidedly unusual ideas about how I can please her in the bedroom tonight.