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## CHAPTER ONE

James was busy.

He was always busy these days. Things at the office had blown up and he was in damage control mode - more stressed than usual and didn't have time for activities that usually relieved him, i.e., spending time in the loft with me and Sebastian.

This had never happened before while we were with him, and it was unusual and unsettling for James to be constantly distracted and not really there for us. Of course, as adults we understood that this would happen occasionally, that none of us would like it (least of all James), but that we'd have to get through it without letting it cause any serious problems between us.

So far it hadn't. The benefits of living in a poly relationship meant there was always more than one option. So Sebastian and I had spent more time together exploring our relationship and each other, playing as Dom and sub while our true Master was too busy to join us.

But now that December was here, Sebastian found himself busy with his course load and studying for his first set of finals. He'd found his courses interesting and challenging so far, but was determined to ace his exams and show his profs, James and me that he was serious about this endeavour.

And that left *me*. Yeah, work was busy enough what with my promotion and the fact that New City Marketing had gained some new contracts, but it was nothing I couldn't handle within a Monday to Friday, nine-to-five, work schedule most of the time. Alison Halabi was adamant about her staff having enough time for family and friends, so didn't pressure us to work overtime unless absolutely necessary. I loved that about her, especially given the issues I'd had at my last job.

Trouble is, that left me at home with nothing to do but think about the approaching holiday and devise numerous plans for how to spend the two weeks post Christmas we'd managed to all book off to enjoy the season un-interrupted.

I also spent most of my time cooking supper and cleaning since the others were so busy. But it wasn't the kind of domestic servitude I enjoyed. You know, where it was all part of an extended punishment or play session and usually resulted with me bent over the spanking bench and getting fucked out of my mind. I mean, I didn't really mind it,

since it meant ensuring that James and Sebastian had healthy meals to shore their energy resources, but it wasn't an ideal situation. James didn't get home now until seven or eight so by the time we sat down to supper it was nine. By the end of the meal we were ready for bed. And by that I mean, ready to go to sleep to prepare to do it all the next day.

Don't get me wrong, we found time for a quick blow-job or three-way fuck here and there. And most of the time we slept in James big bed, since we didn't spend many of our waking hours together. So at least I had the comfort of their naked bodies and the warmth of their embrace at night. But I missed the long leisurely sexual encounters. And the intense sessions in the loft.

James missed it too. He told us he hated not having the time to attend to us properly and he was sorry about it. It was only temporary, he said, and I believed him. But how would I survive?

###

One night during the second week of December after I'd served up supper, James and Sebastian, as usual, fucked off to work/study so I dug the decorations out and set up the tree without them.

Nobody noticed until ten thirty when James came into the living room looking for me.

"Tate, have you seen — Oh!" He looked up over his glasses at the fully trimmed and lit tree, then at me, sitting cross legged in front of it like a kid. He was silent for a moment. Then said, "Why didn't you wait until Sebastian and I could give you a hand?"

I raised my eyebrows. "Because it probably wouldn't have gone up until Christmas Eve," I said, trying to keep the bitterness out of my voice. I might not have succeeded.

James took off his glasses, laying them on the coffee table, and sat down on the floor beside me. He looked silently at the splendour of the artificial tree for several moments.

"I'm sorry I'm so busy, Tate."

"I know you are."

"I know this hasn't been easy for you. What with Sebastian caught up in his studies as well."

I shrugged. "It's okay."

He looked at me but I kept staring at the tree.

"Well, it's obviously not. You seem upset."

I shrugged again. "Just a little bottled up. I miss playtime." I glanced over at him only to see him quirk the corner of his lip.

He met my gaze. "I know the feeling."

I nodded. "It's fine. I'll survive."

"I'm not sure *I* will. But I have to get this situation under control. And then I'll be able to relax enough to take my mind off work and focus on you and Sebastian. Can you make it until the weekend?"

"I'll try. Getting pretty bored of my own hand though."

"Naughty boy. You shouldn't be doing that. *I* should be doing that *to* you."

"Tell me about it."

"This weekend. I promise."

###

But by Friday night it was obvious James wouldn't be able to come through.

"I feel terrible about this," he said to us on Friday when he got home, "but I'm going to need to go into work tomorrow and Sunday. How's the studying coming along, Sebastian?"

Sebastian shrugged. "It's under control but there's still a lot to cover." He glanced at me.

James looked my way and the contemplative expression on his face made me very nervous.

"What?" I asked, with some trepidation. I'd seen that look before.

"I've been thinking over your predicament, Tate."

"My what?"

He smiled slightly. "That comment about your hand got me thinking. Because I don't like the idea of you getting yourself off all the time when that's really my job."

*Oh shit.* Me and my big mouth. It wasn't the first time I'd regretted saying something in front of James. "What exactly are you implying?"

He smiled a slow, devious smile, turned and walked away. "I'll be right back," he said over his shoulder as he took the stairs two at a time.

I glanced at Sebastian who seemed to know or suspect something. He looked down at his crotch and shifted.

Suddenly, realization dawned.

"Are you in chastity right now?" I said in a hushed voice.

He was good enough to look a bit sheepish before he replied. "Yes."

I looked at where James had gone, then back at Sebastian.

"Fuck."

Cock cages were like crack for Sebastian. He loved being under James' complete control for days, sometimes weeks at a time. It was harder to keep him *out* of chastity sometimes than *in* it. You'd think he hated to jerk off but he loved it so much he needed the cage to stop him. And when he hadn't been able to satisfy himself for days he became more and more willing to do anything for some attention. Sebastian was a natural sub and chastity made him even more obedient.

I, on the other hand, did not crave chastity most of the time. For me it was more of a punishment than anything, and James had only requested it of me on a couple of occasions. Something told me he was going to request it of me now.

Sure enough, he came back holding something out towards me cradled in the palm of his hand like a precious jewel. I stared at the stainless steel device that glinted in the light from the overhead bulbs, then glanced up at him.

"What if I say no?"

He shrugged. "Your loss, really. But, if you do accept my request this will ensure that you behave yourself while I'm caught up in this unusual frenzy at work and that you are ready to celebrate when I can break free."

I raised my eyebrows. "And when do you suppose that will be?"

He grinned. "By next weekend. I promise."

My chin dropped. "A WEEK?"

James nodded. "You can think it over. Talk to Sebastian. He'll tell you all about it."

"I know all about it."

"No, you don't. You've only ever had one of these on for a day or two, at most."

I nodded. "Yeah, and I almost went insane."

"You're exaggerating," James said, amused. "I'm sure you can handle it."

I took the steel cage from him and looked it over, skeptical. Part of me wanted to prove to him that I *could* handle it. But another part of me was scared.

"Can I safe word if it's just too much?"

"Of course."

"And you'll take it off right away?"

"Yes. But if that happens I won't reward you. You'll have to reward yourself." He smirked.

"Fuck, James. You and your mind games."

"You love them."

We stared each other down for several moments. Then I gave up. I always gave up.

"Fine. But with one condition."

Now it was James who raised his eyebrows.

"If I can do it, if I can wear this stupid thing for an entire week without safe wording, then you will give me a fucking stupendous reward like nothing I've ever had before. I don't know what it will be, but I'd better get to come at least five or six times in an afternoon if I do this. My orgasms will be the soup-de-jour for both you gentlemen for a day next weekend. Or at least an afternoon. Capiche?" I was completely serious.

James only smiled. "I do like it when you challenge me."

###

I took James' advice and discussed it with Sebastian before I made up my mind.

"Do it," he said.

I stared at him. "Are you telling me to do it because you want to watch me suffer? Be honest. I know you aren't the innocent angel you pretend to be."

He laughed. "Well, I kind of want to see you suffer. But, oh Tate. What exquisite suffering it is. I don't want you to miss out on something you might *really* enjoy."

"I know *you* enjoy it. I've seen you enjoying it. I'm not convinced that I'll enjoy it as much as you do."

"You've never done it for very long."

"No, I haven't. I haven't ever wanted to. I don't really want to now. But..."

"James wants it."

"Yeah."

"And you like to please James. We both do."

I nodded. "But I don't want to disappoint him. What if I can't hold out?"

Sebastian smiled. "Well, he told you what will happen."

"You mean what *won't* happen."

"Exactly. Listen, if you don't make it this time, I doubt he'll give up. He'll get you to try again, maybe for a slightly shorter time period. I wouldn't worry about it. Besides, I think you'll be fine. Once you give up and accept the situation, which is easier to do

when you're committed for awhile, there's a certain pleasure to be had from self-denial. The religious leaders all know that. It's kind of like fasting. It's pretty hard for the first few days but then your mind clears and things that were unclear before become plain as day."

"You did not just compare orgasm denial to religious fasting."

"I believe I did." Sebastian shot me a smug smile. "Plus the pleasure just intensifies. Each day, each hour that you don't get to orgasm makes your body so much more sensitive and anything he does to you, anything *we* do to you, is going to give you that much more pleasure. Until you think you'll die from it. But you don't die and you don't orgasm, and it wanes and builds up, and wanes and builds up, until you think you'll go crazy. You want the pleasure to stop but you want it to go on. It's a maddening but incredibly intense headspace."

"I really wonder sometimes if you should go back into sales," I said.

"Trust me. Trust James."

"I want to."

"Then do it."

###

James had given me the device to look over. He'd also sent me a link to an educational site on male chastity which I'd perused with ever increasing fascination. The next morning, wrapped in nothing but a towel, I knocked on his open bedroom door.

"Come in," he said.

He stood before his mirror, buttoning up the blue dress shirt he'd decided to wear with his black belted slacks.

"Good morning," he said, turning to look at me. His quickly saw the metal cock cage in my hand.

I stood there silently.

"Have you decided?" he asked in a soft voice.

I cleared my throat, suddenly embarrassed. "I guess so."

He stepped forward and held out his hand for the device, which I gave him. "So. What would you like me to do with this? Put it back in the playroom or ..."

I swallowed and shook my head.

He put the cage down on the dresser top. "I want you to tell me what you want," he

said, finishing with his buttons and tucking his shirt in.

*Oh dear God.* He was going to make me say it.

"I want...I want you to put that thing on my dick."

He shook his head. "If you can't say it properly, you're not ready."

My eyes flashed to his. It had been his idea. Now *he* was going to make *me* beg? Of course, now that I'd decided to do it, I really wanted to. And he knew it. Somehow, he knew it.

I let out the long sigh of a perpetual martyr before saying, slowly and clearly, "Please put my cock in this metal cage, Sir."

The slow smile that spread over his face was all the reward I needed. A warm flush spread on my skin and I felt myself responding to his look.

"Will you be a good boy?"

I looked down at my feet. "I guess I'll have to be, Sir. I won't have any choice."

He nodded. "Which is what makes this exercise so enjoyable, for both of us."

"Yes, Sir."

"Come here."

I walked over to him. He reached out with one hand and took the towel from me so that I stood naked before him.

"Hmm."

"What?" I asked.

"We need to do something about this." He tapped a finger on my semi-erect cock. "I can't very well cage you when you're hard."

A sudden hope that caused my dick to swell even more sprang up in me as I gazed at James with growing excitement.

"No, that's not what I mean."

I frowned. My cock didn't seem to understand that it was all pointless.

James drifted his hand down my torso and along my hip, then under my cock to wrap around my balls.

"Breathe," he said calmly as he began to squeeze.

"Fuck, James!" I protested as the uncomfortable sensation quickly became painful.

"Ow, that hurts."

"It's supposed to."

We watched my poor penis deflate obediently under this cruel attention.

“Good boy,” he said. I couldn’t tell if he was addressing my penis or me. “Now stay still.”

I obeyed, watching with fascination as he let go of my balls and deftly fastened the cage onto me. It took a minute or two to get it just right. It felt heavy and strange and looked bizarre.

“James?”

“Mmm?”

“I’m a little scared,” I confessed. Looking down at my junk in the steel cage was kind of terrifying.

He chuckled and looked at me while he wiped the lube off his hands. “I know you are. But trust me. I’ll take good care of you.” He held up the tiny padlock and key in front of me. “Are you ready to give me absolute control over your orgasms, Tate?”

I didn’t realize I’d been holding my breath until I let it out in a rush. “Ah hell, why not?” I said, shrugging my shoulders. “Sir.”

“That’s the spirit. You won’t regret it. Trust me,” he said again.

I fondled the cage and looked down at my trussed member. “James, trusting you has gotten me into all kinds of trouble.”

He took my chin in his fingers and kissed me hard on the lips. When he pulled back and gazed into my eyes he smiled and whispered, “You love it.”

I gave him a feeble smile in return because I couldn’t deny it.

As he walked past me he gave my bare ass a slap. “You might want to get dressed.”

## CHAPTER TWO

Glad it was Saturday and I didn't have to wear the cage to work yet, I decided to go get some groceries. As soon as I stepped out of the car I regretted my decision. I couldn't shake the feeling that everyone around me knew what was going on in my pants. Which wasn't fucking much, considering. I felt like my eyes gave it away or something. It was crazy.

I talked to Sebastian about it when I got home.

"It's only because you're so new to it. After a few days you won't even remember you have it on."

"I very much doubt that."

"Well, you won't think about it so much."

"I very much doubt that too."

"Oh God, Tate, would you relax?" he said, starting to sound a bit annoyed.

"How am I supposed to fucking relax? D'you know how I usually relax, Sebastian? I jerk off!"

He stared at me, perhaps shocked at the veracity of my reply. "Well. Maybe it's about time you explored some other avenues of relaxation. Why don't you take a bath?"

"It's the middle of the afternoon!" For an unconventional guy I had some weird-ass standards of propriety.

"So?"

"Take a bath with me?" I said, channeling all my pent up energy into sounding sweet and innocent.

He eyed me warily. "Do you really think that's a good idea?"

I huffed. "Probably not. But I'm lonely and distracted."

"I've got to do some more studying. But I can hang out with you after supper. Okay?"

I rubbed my hands over my face. "Sure." I hated being so needy but that's what the cage was doing to me.

Sebastian kissed me on the cheek and went downstairs.

I decided to take his advice and have a bath. But not just *any* bath. I would have the awesomest, most indulgent, most relaxing motherfucking bath ever. Hell, I'd probably

stay in it all afternoon. My dick and balls would get so shrivelled they'd probably slide right out of that damn cage. It was possible.

I found everything I needed except the bubble bath. Looking in the storage cupboards and the linen cabinet yielded no results and I didn't want to bother Sebastian. I picked up my phone from where I'd put it on the counter and texted James. Yeah, he was busy but he was also the orchestrator of the predicament I was in right now. Fuck, he deserved it.

*Where is the bubble bath? I can't find it. I've looked everywhere.*

I put the phone down and stared at it, wondering if he'd be mad or if he'd even see my text or reply to it. After several minutes he sent the following:

*Try the top shelf, over the sink.*

Hmm. He didn't seem to be mad.

I'd already looked on that shelf but I checked again. Sure enough, I found it behind the extra bottles of shampoo. I texted him back:

*Thanks.*

I waited for a minute but didn't get an answer.

I poured a fuck ton of bubble bath in the giant soaker tub while the hot water poured in. There was only about a quarter of a bottle of it left and it smelled so damn good I just poured it all in. The more bubbles the better, right? What could possibly go wrong?

When the tub was about half full - it was a big tub so that actually took awhile - the bubbles had taken over and I couldn't wait to get in. But it wasn't *quite* full and I wanted one of those big fluffy white towels we had. When I couldn't find any in the linen cabinet I remembered I'd seen them in the clean laundry in the basement, waiting for someone (I guess me) to bring upstairs.

I'd already taken my clothes off but I really wanted that towel so I marched downstairs, waving to Sebastian merrily as I passed him at work on his laptop at the breakfast bar, and down the stairs to the laundry room. I grabbed the towel and went back upstairs, waving again to Sebastian who actually noticed me this time and rolled his eyes, getting back to his studies without a word.

Goddamn it, everyone was just working too damn hard around here — or *not* around here because they were too busy working somewhere *else* — and I was sick of it. Why couldn't we all just relax for once?

When I got upstairs and walked through the bathroom door there were fucking bubbles everywhere. The tub had overflowed.

“Oh shit!” I exclaimed, slipping on the wet floor and falling on my naked ass.  
“Goddammit!”

I pulled myself up and managed to get to the taps to turn the water off without further incident. Luckily, James’ bathroom was set up as a wet room in case we wanted to play in his doorless shower all day, which did happen often. The water was already going down the drain in the middle of the slightly sloped floor. It wasn’t a major disaster.

In fact, the tub, with water right up to the edge and bubbles piled high, looked incredibly inviting. In a very fortunate turn of events the towel I’d gone to great lengths to retrieve had ended up hanging over the dirty laundry bin when I’d fallen, and was still dry.

I had not bungled my relaxing bath. In fact, I’d unintentionally made it even more epic.

“Fuck you, James. I may not be able to come but I can enjoy the fuck out of this goddamn ridiculous bathroom.” I think the orgasm denial was starting to affect my brain. And it had only been five hours.

Feeling cocky and a little bit angry I texted James again:

*Bathtub overflowed. Good thing there’s a drain. I’m soaking in the tub now. Have fun at work. Whoa, there’s so many bubbles.*

I laughed at myself and got into the tub.

Sebastian was right. Having a decadent midday soak in a tub full of bubbles proved incredibly relaxing. I stayed in there for at least an hour, until the water got cold and the bubbles had dissipated somewhat. When I got out I wrapped the luxurious towel around myself, grabbed my phone and padded into the Master bedroom. I checked my penis in its little prison. Wrinkled and small, it seemed to reflect how I felt about this whole situation and my weird mood returned.

I checked my phone. No reply from James. God I missed him. I texted him again. I couldn’t help it:

*Hey there, just hanging out naked in your bedroom. I wish I could message you that I was jerking off onto your pillow but, alas, I am prevented from that because of a strange device you attached to my privates. So, cheerio.*

After I hit “send” I felt a little sheepish. It was pretty childish what I was doing. I sent another text:

*Sorry, James, I just can't seem to stop texting you.*

Honesty was the best policy. I put the phone on the dresser and wiped the water from my body with the fluffy towel, enjoying the feel of the soft Egyptian cotton on my sensitive skin. My phone chirped.

I checked it to see James had replied:

*Stop texting me. Or I'll make it two weeks.*

Oh crap. A shiver went through me. What had I done? I texted back:

*Am I in trouble?*

He replied quickly: *A boatload.*

*Fuck.* As usual, I tried using humour to disarm him:

*Oh God, don't say "load".*

It didn't work.

*You are testing my patience, Tate. I am trying to work. I am trying to get this done so I can come home to you. If you send me one more text I'm introducing you to the joys of a good caning when I get home. I don't like to use canes because they hurt like fuck, but...*

I made a noise like a scared deer in the silence of the bedroom. *Oh dear God.* He really *was* mad.

Instinctively I typed *Sorry* and hit send before I realized my blunder. Would he count that as *one more text*? My head whirled with panic. I ran stark naked, again, down the stairs to Sebastian. I was losing my mind.

“James is mad at me,” I said, skidding to a halt beside him.

“What? He’s at work,” Sebastian said, not even taking his eyes off his laptop screen.

“Yeah. Well, I —”

Sebastian looked at me finally, took in my nakedness with narry a reaction and arched his eyebrow. “Did you bother him at work?”

“Um. Well, I couldn’t find the bubble bath and...”

He almost smiled but held himself in check. He was becoming more like James all the time. “You couldn’t find the bubble bath.”

I nodded. “It does seem kind of silly now.”

“Exactly how much trouble are you in?”

I passed him my phone.

He read through the texts, glancing up at me once or twice, then passed it back.

"You shouldn't have bothered him at work," Sebastian said.

"Well, I realize that *now*," I said, irritated and whiny. I was starting to hate the sound of my own voice.

Sebastian looked at me for a few moments. He seemed to be considering something. He closed his laptop and stood up, taking my hand. "Come with me."

"Why? Are you going to give me a massage or something?"

He grinned back at me. "Yeah, exactly. A massage. You'll love it."

Fifteen minutes later I lay squirming on the bed with two of Sebastian's fingers in my ass as he deftly massaged my prostate. My cock got as hard as was possible in the cage and precum oozed out the slit.

I moaned. "OH, God, Sebastian..."

"Is this better?"

"So much better! Oh God. Oh God." I couldn't stay still. "How did you learn to do that?"

"It's something a friend and I used to do to each other for kicks. When we were tired of regular orgasms."

I gasped. "Tired of regular orgasms? Sebastian, sometimes I just don't understand *YOU!*"

He pressed more firmly while I writhed on the bed. I felt like I did when an orgasm was imminent but my dick wasn't hard. It was a strange sensation.

"What's ... what's happening?" I gasped, unable to control the tremors that began to roll through me.

"I'm massaging your prostate. Huh! *Prostate*. I never noticed that before. Kind of explains a lot."

"I feel like I'm gonna come," I panted. "Am I going to come? I'm not allowed to come." I was so confused.

"Oh, you're going to come all right," Sebastian murmured, the press of his fingers against that wonderful spot making me start to mewl like a nursing kitten. If it didn't feel so damn good it would be embarrassing as fuck.

All of a sudden I felt another small tremor and wetness as what must have been semen oozed out my flaccid cock and dripped onto the bedspread beneath me.

It wasn't quite what I'd been expecting. It felt rather...anticlimactic. *Da dump, dump.*

"Is that...it?"

Sebastian withdrew his fingers and nodded. "Mission accomplished. You'll feel better now."

I did feel better, although I couldn't shake the feeling of disappointment.

Sebastian explained. "Some people call it a *ruined* orgasm. It's a thing you know."

"I felt like I was going to come and then I ... didn't really. It was more like a drippy sneeze."

Sebastian laughed.

"Do you think he'll be even more pissed with me now? Because of this?" I asked.

"I guess it can be our secret. But you need to start behaving yourself and acting your age."

"Fine. Okay."

"Stop being such a baby." He slapped my ass, making me wonder why people kept doing that to me.

"Okay, I get it. Sorry."

Sebastian left me to clean up. I heard the water running in the hall bathroom while he washed his hands. I lay there awhile enjoying the way my body felt with some of the tension drained from it. I wondered if I could do it myself? I'd need a toy and it was probably against the rules but the idea made me feel less desperate. I still felt apprehensive of what James had said in his text. Hopefully he hadn't meant it.

I went to the bathroom and cleaned up, a tricky endeavour that involved putting everything under running water which I finally did, please don't ask me how. I didn't want any evidence of my infraction to tip James off. I did feel a lot better, mentally *and* physically, now that Sebastian had taken the edge off my desperation. I knew it would all build up again but maybe I could handle it this time.

Thinking about what I could do to put James in a good mood when he got home from work, I decided to clean and vacuum downstairs so at least he would come home to a clean house. It would also take my mind off his threat and the cage so it was a win-win.

James had said he'd be home about six thirty or so tonight - a little earlier than normal - but I had the living room, hall, stairs and kitchen spotless by the time he walked through the front door. I wanted to make myself scarce when he arrived so I went downstairs to play a video game. I heard him come in a little while later. Sebastian

had gone upstairs to listen to music, also to be absent when James came home. Neither of us wanted to deal with a grumpy Dom.

I listened as James dropped his keys on the breakfast bar, walked around a bit (hopefully noticing the incredible cleanliness) and went upstairs. He didn't call to us as he sometimes did and I certainly didn't act like I'd heard him come in. I was in total stealth mode. The volume on my video game was turned down a lot more than usual.

After about twenty minutes I heard him come down the main stairs. My stomach clenched because he must know where I was.

"Tate. Come up here please," he said in the distinctly firm tone I knew so well.

I was fucked. I felt like a naughty child as I shut off my game and slowly climbed the basement stairs.

He had changed into jeans and a t-shirt and stood by the breakfast bar with his arms folded.

"Oh, hi James," I said, trying to sound like I was surprised to see him there.

He looked at me, not saying anything. Waiting for me to start, probably.

"How was your day?" I said.

He raised his eyebrows and a muscle along his jaw twitched. "My day? How was my day?" He asked, much too calmly. I felt the power of his unstable mood and quailed before it.

"James, I'm sorry I sent those texts," I said quickly.

He stared at me, waiting for me to say more.

"I'm not sure what came over me. Sebastian suggested I have a bath and when I couldn't find what I needed it seemed like a good idea to ask you." I cleared my throat, feeling ridiculous. "I see now how childish it was."

He nodded, his expression relaxing. But what he said next scared the shit out of me.

"Go upstairs and strip, please."

For a second I couldn't speak. Then I asked, "Upstairs, your bedroom or upstairs, the loft?"

He turned, opening the fridge and taking out the orange juice. He made me wait while he poured a small glass and drank it, all while assessing me carefully.

"The loft. I'm exhausted and in no mood for this but you obviously need it."

When my eyes widened and he saw the excitement in them he quickly spoke again.

"A punishment, Tate. Nothing more." My face fell. He must have seen the fear in my

eyes. “Not the cane. I was joking. Well, I was angry and I wanted to frighten you. I don’t have canes anymore.”

*Oh thank God.*

He continued. “But I want to — no, I *need* to — discipline your impertinent ass for that ridiculous behaviour. For your own good and for my own satisfaction.”

I nodded, suitably chastened. He was right. I deserved it. Hell, I probably *did* need it.

I can’t say that something inside me didn’t feel a little excited about being dealt with in this way. In many ways James was a father figure to me and Sebastian, and when he took our behaviour in hand so assertively it did something to me. Something sexual. I understood that my sexuality was impacted and affected by my relationships — or lack thereof — with my parents. I was a big believer in many of Sigmund Freud’s theories on human sexuality, even though some believed them outdated.

Basically, I knew I had Daddy issues and I really liked the way James addressed them.

“Now get upstairs. I’ll be there in a minute.”

I nodded curtly again. “Yes, Sir. I’m sorry, Sir.” I risked a glance at him.

He nodded but didn’t smile. “I know you are. I’ll take that into account.”

## CHAPTER THREE

James' converted attic loft was the antithesis of the black and red accented BDSM "dungeon". Varnished pine floors, ivory coloured walls, two big windows and a small skylight created a serene space for our scenes. It held all the accoutrements we needed — spanking bench, St. Andrew's Cross, a few non-specific items of furniture and a very basic king-sized bed trimmed with comfortable sheets, blankets and pillows against the far wall.

I waited obediently there, naked, on my knees with my hands clasped behind my neck.

When James opened the door and walked in he didn't say a word. I followed his bare feet with my eyes as he walked to the spanking bench and dragged it into the middle of the room, getting right down to business.

"Come here to me."

I began to stand but James stopped me with his next words.

"No. Crawl on your hands and knees. If you're going to act like a baby you can be one."

The shame that I felt as I obeyed him was immediate and overwhelming. Still, my depraved cock in its metal cage swelled with heat as well. Why did this turn me on so much? We played with domestic discipline all the time but it was usually more of a game. This seemed more *real*. And I liked it.

When I reached him I waited, staring down at his beautiful feet while my heart beat frantically within my chest. The weight and restriction of the cage on my cock became something both annoying and seductive.

Something cold touched my naked backside. I barely had time to wonder at it before it came down on me with a painful sting. A crop. I cried out in surprise and pain. It came down on my other ass cheek. It proved difficult not to react. I waited for more.

"Do you know how busy and stressed I am right now, Tate?"

"Well, yeah, you've been working like crazy," I squeaked.

"That is not what I asked you."

"Oh. Then, no, Sir. I guess I don't." Was it a trick question?

"Obviously not. Or you wouldn't have bothered me today with something so

trivial.”

*Ah. “Yes, Sir.”*

“Do you understand that I’m always available if you really need me, but I’m not to be toyed with for your amusement?”

*“Y-yes, Sir.”*

“Are you unhappy with our arrangement? Do you want out of the cage?”

*Did I? No.*

*“No, Sir.”*

“Did you want out of it earlier?”

*Be honest.*

*“Uh, maybe. Kind of.”*

*“What changed your mind?”*

*Don’t mention Sebastian, don’t mention Sebastian.*

*“Sebastian...”*

*Fuck! What the hell is wrong with me?*

“Uh, Sebastian kind of talked me down from the ledge. And, um, I kept myself busy cleaning the house so you’d be in a better mood when you got home.”

I paused, waiting for him to say something. He didn’t.

“Did it work?” I asked, like the total idiot I was.

I heard James laugh and glanced up. The smile on his face was a welcome sight. He shook his head back and forth, looking at me with an indulgent expression.

“Fuck, Tate,” he sighed. I felt the tip of the crop touch the small of my back, then slide slowly down between my ass cheeks. I groaned at the sensation that gave me.

He continued. “You’ve been *such* a naughty boy.”

“I know, Sir. I know I have.” The tip of the crop rubbed back and forth between my cheeks, scraping across the tender skin there. I groaned again.

“But how should I punish you?” he said contemplatively. “With pain or with pleasure?”

*Oh hell.*

“Both?” I panted, desperate for his attention. I’d had so little of it recently.

“If you insist. But you won’t get an orgasm. So even the pleasure will be a punishment.”

*“Yes, Sir.”*

“Up on the spanking bench.”

I stood, panting and aroused. James looked tired, but I saw the fire in his eyes. He was getting off on this as much as ever.

He fastened me spread eagled onto the padded bench, cuffing my wrists and ankles so that I couldn't move, but he slanted the bench on its pivots so that my weight wasn't crushing against the metal cock cage and so that he had easy access to my naked skin. He still held the crop but I had noticed a small leather paddle and a leather belt on the chair beside him.

I felt the flat of his hand on my ass cheek and heard his sudden intake of breath as he caressed me. “I'm going to enjoy every fucking minute of this.”

“Yes, Sir.”

His hand left me and there was a sucking sound before he grabbed and spread me, his wet thumb pushing against my exposed hole and breaching me with perfunctory purpose.

“This ass is mine,” he breathed, pushing his thumb in further, claiming my most intimate part with the confidence of a Roman slave master.

“Yes, Sir.”

“And that cock too.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Tell me.”

“This ass is yours. This cock is yours,” I murmured, giving myself gladly up to him.

“Good boy.”

His thumb withdrew and he let me go, before bringing the crop down hard on my thigh. The pain surprised me because of its unanticipated location. I swore.

“Count,” he said.

“One,” I said, my wrists pulling on the cuffs as he struck my other thigh. “Two.”

“Three. Four.” He counted with me as the crop came down on my buttocks this time. “Your skin pinks up beautifully, boy.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

He claimed me with his thumb again. It was rough and rude but I loved everything about it. I couldn't keep quiet.

“You like that.”

Instead of replying I groaned. He stopped and slapped my ass with his bare hand.

"Slut," he said, the hitch in his voice betraying his arousal.

He knew me so well. "Yes, Sir. *Your* slut, Sir."

The crop came down again. "Five," I panted. "Six."

It stopped. I heard footsteps as he walked away. Soon he came back and his thumb pushed into me again, this time covered thickly with lube. Then something cold and hard pushed at my entrance.

"Open. It's just a small plug, Tate. You may remember it."

I moaned as he pushed the lubed plug into me. It went deep but wasn't very wide. I *did* remember it. I remembered it well. And I knew I was screwed.

"Remember?" James said as the plug began to vibrate inside me.

I sighed, shifting and fighting my restraints. "Yes. Yes, Sir."

"Does it feel good?"

He knew how good it felt. "Yes, Sir."

"Good. Thank me."

"Thank you, Sir."

"You don't deserve it."

"I know, Sir."

"Thank me again."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Do you deserve to be punished, Tate?"

"Yes, Sir. I deserve it." The toy in my ass, buzzing at a low level, did all kinds of things to my body and brain. The pleasure spread out from the small spot all through me. My cock swelled as much as it could, and when the pain of its confines became too great, it shrank back. This happened repeatedly. The pleasure and pain became one.

James picked up the leather paddle.

"Count."

"Yes, Sir."

When he struck me the first time with the paddle I squealed. It stung like a bitch and his aim and technique were precise. "One!" I squeaked.

"Good boy. Stay still."

I tried. But the combination of the vibrator in my ass and the sharp sting of the leather paddle made me crazy. It was a devious combination and he knew it.

"Two! Three! Four! Five!" I yelled, trying to stay calm and focused. There was pain

and there was pleasure and soon I couldn't distinguish between the two.

"Six! Seven!"

He paused, letting me regroup.

"You okay?" he said in his normal voice.

I nodded, although I felt tears on my cheeks. This surprised me. I didn't usually cry when James disciplined me. "Yes."

"Just one more."

"Eight!" I sobbed as he finished.

Suddenly he came around and stood by my head. I felt his hand on my cheek.

"You're crying," he said, "Are you sure you're all right?"

I nodded again. "I'm awesome. Seriously, James. This is — this is exactly what I need."

He smiled and kissed me gently on my wet cheek. "All right. I'll keep going. We're halfway there."

I nodded, then thought, halfway *where*? Obviously not halfway to *my* orgasm. Maybe to his?

He put down the paddle as I felt the vibrations level up.

I moaned loudly. In a way the cage on my cock made this so much easier. I wasn't trying to hold off all on my own. It helped me not to come. It left me free to enjoy the pleasure and the pain without worrying that I'd come too early. It was incredibly freeing. I whimpered at the heat of my paddled ass, the pleasure from the vibrating plug and the humiliation of being dealt a suitable punishment for my earlier actions.

James picked up the belt. Folding it in his hand he traced the edge along my body, allowing the anticipation to build. Accompanied by the vibrating plug and the aftereffects of the paddling, it pushed me into a headspace that readied me for the remainder of my punishment.

When, again, he told me to count, my entire body tensed. When the belt came down on my ass I cried out and struggled to get away. It hurt. It burned and stung. I panted with the effort to still myself.

"One," I said, already overwhelmed. Maybe I *wasn't* okay.

It came down again, causing me to flinch and yell. I wondered if I should say a safe word. But surely I could withstand it? I'd taken some serious punishments in my time with James.

As it turned out I didn't have to make that decision. James threw the belt aside.

"Okay, we're done. That's enough for your poor backside." His hand was on me, soothing and rubbing where the belt had hit me. "You did very well."

I glowed under his praise and his unfailing ability to read me.

"Thank you," I panted.

"We're not done though. I'm leaving this in." He wiggled the plug in my ass and increased the vibration slightly, making me moan and pant.

Undoing my restraints he had me kneel before him.

"Do you understand why you're being punished?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Will you behave yourself tomorrow?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And the next day?"

"Yes, Sir."

"All right." His hands went to his flies. In a moment he had his cock out. I eyed the prize with undisguised eagerness. "You may suck me. Then I'm going to fuck you."

He followed through with this threat of course. Once I'd got him ready he sent me back to the bench.

"Bend over it." He'd brought the high end back down so it was horizontal. I did as instructed and put my hands on the floor.

I couldn't wait for him to fuck me, but knowing I wouldn't be permitted my *own* orgasm made me incredibly frustrated. But I still wanted it — I wanted him to use me.

He shut off the vibrations and removed the plug. I whimpered as it slid out, feeling empty and needy until he filled me with a cry of pleasure that I savoured and would remember for a long time.

The fucking was long and thorough and I thought I would die from not being able to climax. James made sure he didn't tear a caged orgasm out of me like he had once before. He tortured me instead, extending the enjoyment and taking a long time to reach the culmination of his pleasure.

In the end, he didn't even give me the satisfaction of receiving his offering. When he was almost there he pulled out and brought himself off all over my ass and back, grunting and whining with the pleasure of his release.

"Oh, Tate, there's a lot. I really needed that," he panted.

"Yes, Sir." He didn't need to tell *me*. I had felt its warmth when it hit, seemingly everywhere. I shivered at the delicious sensation of being owned and marked by him.

"Stay still," he said as he cleaned himself. He didn't wipe anything off me. He left me covered in his cooling fluids and inserted the plug again.

"You'll stay here and think about your punishment and the reason for it. I'll be back in fifteen. You'd better be in the same position."

"Yes, Sir." The vibrations began again. I groaned with the agony of being so close but not able to get what I wanted.

Those were a long fifteen minutes, let me tell you. I was already so aroused from the punishment and the fucking that the vibrations were pure torture. It took a lot of self control to stay in the position that was required and not pull out the tormenting plug.

By the time James returned I was in quite a state - sweating, shaking and whimpering.

"Good boy," he said, kneeling down and kissing my ass cheek as he gently removed the plug. I sighed with some relief, my body on edge and humming with constrained energy. I didn't know what to do.

"Stand up," James ordered.

I stood before him, naked and punished and desperate for — something. I knew what I couldn't have but I wanted *something*.

James looked me over with a certain smugness that I couldn't help resenting a teeny bit. He reached out and cupped my caged member in his palm.

"So sad," he murmured. "So sad and unsatisfied."

And the tears came. Suddenly I was crying again. I couldn't help myself. It was the only way my body could release the tension.

James' forehead winked in consternation and he gathered me to him. "Hey, hey, it's all right. I'm done with you for tonight. I'll run you a bath." He stepped back and made me look at him. "Okay?"

I nodded, somewhat soothed.

"You want bubbles?" James asked.

I sniffled like a four year-old. "There's none left!"

James looked like he was mad again for a moment, then his expression softened. He sighed. "Never mind. There are some bath salts in the cupboard. Come on."

I followed him morosely to the Master bathroom where he drew me a bath. I got into

the warm soapy water and watched James light the candles that circled the large tub and dim the lights. The tears had stopped, thank goodness.

"Thanks. That looks nice."

James smiled. "Do you mind if I join you?" he asked, unbuttoning his shirt.

"Of course not. It's your bathtub."

He continued to undress. "It's *our* bathtub. Nothing in this home is just mine. Except perhaps your impertinent ass. But no, I share that with Sebastian."

He folded his clothes and placed them on the chair, then joined me in the tub, sinking gingerly into the warm water next to me as if he'd been the one getting his ass paddled.

"You okay?" I asked.

He nodded. "Yes. Just tired. And sore from sitting in the office all day. I haven't had time for the gym lately."

Settling against the opposite end of the tub from me he grabbed one of my legs and lifted my foot into his lap.

I tried to pull it away but he held me fast. "What are you doing? My toenails need clipping." My feet were a mess.

He smiled. "I'm giving you a foot massage. To make up for tanning your hide earlier." He examined my toes, tickling me between them. "They don't look too bad. How's your bottom?"

"Sore. Thanks to you."

His smile widened. "And your cock?"

"Rebellious."

He laughed. "Like you."

I shrugged and gave him a smirk, feeling more myself. "What can I say? I like to live dangerously."

"And I like to punish you. We're well matched."

I nodded. "Maybe we should invite Sebastian into our little love lather?"

"I did ask him. But he wants to finish his chapter. And I'm in favour of good study habits."

"Uh huh." I leaned my head back and enjoyed his attention. "Sebastian is *so* the good kid and I'm the *bad* kid."

"Yes," James agreed. "But I wouldn't want to do without either of you. You

challenge me in different ways. I like that.”

I couldn't help the smile that spread on my face. “Good. ‘Cause we're staying.”

“I certainly hope so.”

###

The bath relaxed me and even though I couldn't get rid of the feeling that I needed something I wasn't getting, I slept. Of course, I woke a couple times when my cock tried to get hard and couldn't but after going to the bathroom and walking around a bit things settled down. This entire experience proved an exercise in accommodation and I'm not sure I was enjoying it.

The previous evening had been incredible if I was honest. There was something about being punished that way, by James, that touched a need deep within me. It had been glorious to have his undivided attention for over an hour plus the aftercare in the bath. I'd missed that.

James came to say goodbye before he left for work. I'd slept in because of the breaks in my sleep and was lounging in bed, too lazy to get up. Sebastian had gone downstairs for breakfast after teasing me about my punishment. He figured I'd deserved it too.

James sat on the bed beside me. “Good morning.”

“Morning.”

He eyed me suspiciously. “You didn't come in your sleep did you?”

My eyes widened. “Is that ... possible? With a cage on?”

James smiled. “Anything is possible.” He reached under the duvet and examined my caged penis. I felt a jolt of arousal at his touch. “Nope. You're good.” He withdrew his hand. “Thank goodness. I don't have time to punish you today.”

“When will you be home?” God, I missed him. Even after yesterday, I still missed him. I couldn't wait for this issue at work to be taken care of.

James smiled. “I'll try to be here by six and we can eat dinner together. Maybe we can watch a movie after?”

“Sure. That sounds nice.” It really did. We were a family and we needed to have a relaxed evening together. It had been too long.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday passed in a blur of emotions. One minute I was missing James terribly, the next I was cursing him for putting me in this predicament.

At least work helped take my mind off it. I felt weird for a bit on Monday but soon forgot about the cage and welcomed the distraction of being busy and needed. My temper was short because of all the built-up sexual tension but I managed to keep my cool. Tuesday and Wednesday I kind of enjoyed my little secret and wondered what my co-workers would think if they knew. I felt naughty and adventurous and sneaky.

At home the cage was both a curse and a blessing. It made it easier to obey James' instructions but it tormented me to no end, which I guess was exactly the point. I took a lot of baths. James bought more bubble bath and I practically lived in the tub when I was home. Well, that's an exaggeration but I was averaging about two a day plus my morning shower in order to maintain some amount of sanity. At least I was clean. I kept checking the cage for signs of rust but no such luck.

Sebastian said he didn't feel right about massaging my prostate again unless James gave him permission. By Wednesday afternoon I was begging for it.

"I'll just text James and see if it's okay," I said urgently.

"Tate, you are *not* bothering James at work. That's what got you into trouble on the weekend!"

"But I need some release! I won't make it to Saturday, Sebastian, I won't!" I grabbed his shirt and rested my forehead against his chest. "Please."

Sebastian sighed. "Fine. James told me I could do it if you said *please*."

I tightened my hold of his shirt and pulled my head back. "He said *WHAT?*"

Sebastian had the grace to look embarrassed. "He, uh, said I could massage your prostate if you asked me nicely and specifically if you said *please*."

I stared at him, my anger and frustration rising dangerously high. "Why didn't you fucking *tell* me that?!"

"He told me not to. And I'm supposed to make it quick and perfunctory and as unromantic as possible."

"Great."

"So we'd better do it in the bathroom."

“Whatever.”

He had me lean over with my elbows on the counter and it didn't take long. It didn't feel as good as the first time but it definitely took a bit of the edge off. He held a facecloth under the cage so we didn't have to clean the floor.

“Thank you,” I said, embarrassed at being reduced to this.

“You're welcome,” he said, giving me a kiss on the cheek. “You're almost there. Two more days.”

“God, Sebastian, do you really enjoy this?”

He nodded. “Oh yeah. It's the best.”

He was entirely sincere and I wanted to punch him.

###

James worked until seven every day that week but said he was confident things would be back to normal by the weekend. They'd turned a corner and were just tying up a million loose ends.

By Friday morning I was just as horny and frustrated as before. Driving home in the dark at five thirty, I started to imagine what the weekend might have in store and almost crashed the car. I needed out of this damn cage.

I arrived to a note on the breakfast bar.

*Come up to the loft. I got out of work early. J.*

I dropped my bag and sprinted upstairs, joy in my heart and excitement in my pants.

When I pushed open the door it was with surprise to enter a mostly darkened room except for some multicoloured Xmas lights — that I soon realized were wrapped tantalizingly around the naked body of a familiar blond man fastened to the wooden St. Andrew's cross.

“Jesus Christ, James!” I exclaimed, taking in the sight.

Sebastian's blindfolded head turned toward me. He'd been released from chastity — his cock rose, erect and straining, from his groin, the mini-lights wrapped around his arms, chest and thighs giving him an ethereal rainbow glow. Between his lips, a red ball gag glistened with spit.

“He's come once already but it hardly satisfied him, as you can see.”

I started to breath harder as I looked at James who stood, relaxed and happy, still in his work clothes, in front of Sebastian.

"You're home," he said with a smile.

"You're home!" I said with amazement.

"Yes. We finished early, thank goodness. I don't have to go back until Monday. Everything's taken care of."

"Finally!"

He nodded. "Yes. I told them there were some things I needed to take care of here."

"Oh, thank God."

"It's a bit early for Christmas presents, but I thought I'd give you one anyway." He gestured to our captive, naked Christmas angel. "Go and get yourself ready."

I stared back and forth between them, my excitement rising, not knowing if I'd get to orgasm today or tomorrow or Sunday. Suddenly, it didn't matter. "Please don't do anything good until I get back!"

"Of course not. I've just been letting Sebastian in on some of my plans for *you*."

Sebastian groaned and my cock swelled painfully in its steel cage. "I'll be right back!" I said, turning and making for the shower. James' laughter followed me down the hall.

It was the fastest I'd ever done the ritual and in forty minutes I was back in the loft, naked, cleaned inside and out and ready for anything. *So* ready for anything. But maybe not ready for what I *did* see.

James had brought the wooden straight-backed chair to the centre of the room and sat there with one leg crossed over the other while Sebastian, still bound in leather cuffs to the cross and encircled with merry lights, but with the gag removed, sang blindly into the darkness.

*"Angels we have heard on high,  
Sweetly singing o'er the plains  
And the mountains in reply,  
Echoing their gorgeous strains."*

As he keened into the lengthy "Gloria", James saw me and smiled.

"Something to put us in the Christmas spirit." He gestured to the floor beside his chair. "Come. Sit."

I walked slowly over, my eyes captured by the beauty of Sebastian in such seasonal

bondage, my ears entranced by his unearthly tenor. I sat cross-legged on the clean floor beside James.

The horizontal wood blinds James had recently installed on the large windows, to appease my unfounded fear of being observed at play, were pulled closed, making me feel less vulnerable and exposed. They made the space feel cozier too.

"He's spectacular," James breathed. "We really should get him to record something."

"Yes," I agreed. "But do you really want everyone else to know how great he is?"

"Good point. I like having him all to ourselves."

*"Come to Bethlehem and see  
Him whose birth the Angels sing,  
Come, adore on bended knee,  
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.  
Gloria, in excelsis Deo.  
Gloria, in excelsis Deo."*

I felt warmth spread inside my chest as he sang the ancient words, and heat spread downward at the way he looked — sounding so sacred and looking so profane, all at the same time.

James bent down and whispered in my ear. "Time for you to worship on bended knee, Tate." He nodded toward Sebastian and I knew what he wanted.

I stood and approached Sebastian, who had reached the end of the carol and now hung silent, breathing heavily, cock still hard.

"Do you know The Little Drummer Boy, Sebastian?" James asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Sing it please."

As I sank to my knees and wrapped one hand around Sebastian's prick he began to sing again.

*"Come, they told me,  
Pa rum pum pum pum.  
A newborn King to see  
Pa rum pum pum pum."*

Now his voice held an added strain, as he attempted to maintain each note while I bent my mouth to play with his cock. I traced his length with my tongue, poked at his testicles and mouthed the tip, all while he sang in his beautiful tenor:

*“Our finest gifts we bring  
Pa rum pum pum pum.  
To lay before the King  
Pa rum pum pum pum.  
Rum pum pum pum.  
Rum pum pum pum.”*

I licked all over his cock and balls, making it harder and harder for him to sing without panting, gasping or moaning.

*“Little baby,  
Pa rum pum pum pum.  
I am a poor boy too,  
Pa rum pum pum pum.  
I have no gift to bring...”*

As I finally engulfed his prick with my mouth and worked the base of it with my hand, Sebastian groaned. He managed to get out one more “Pa rum pum pum pum” before erupting down my throat with a long, desperate moan that sounded quite out of place.

I felt James’ fingers in my hair as I struggled to swallow Sebastian’s seed and glanced up in time to see him capture Sebastian’s open mouth with his own, muffling Sebastian’s orgasmic cry. I swallowed what seemed like a litre of come before pulling off Sebastian’s softening cock and gasping for air.

“Holy fuck, Sebastian.” I gasped. “You could have warned me.”

It was a moot point. I sat back on my hands and watched as they kissed. They seemed to have forgotten little old me. Was I only a human catch-basin? I looked down at my caged cock and almost cried.

"Help me get him down," James said finally, and I rose to obey, hoping that soon I might be the centre of his attention. My cock throbbed with the pain of its confines and my entire body zinged with barely contained sexual energy.

I helped James get Sebastian down and we unwrapped the Christmas lights from around him, throwing them in a pile at the base of the wall. When he was freed, Sebastian pulled me close and nuzzled my neck, kissing me in gratitude.

"Oh hell, that was wonderful," he panted, holding me close. I moaned in erotic agony as my cock became painful in the cage again. I felt him smile as his fingers slid between my ass cheeks and rubbed there.

"Oh God," I gasped, pressing my steel-caged penis against him and wishing I was free. "I can't take much more."

James chuckled as Sebastian released me.

"Let's see just how much more you *can* take," James said.

They grinned and together fastened me, facing the cross, in Sebastian's place. James put the black blindfold over my eyes and a clean ball gag between my lips. "If you need to safe word, shake your head back and forth over and over," he said. "Got it?"

I nodded, my breathing picking up and my heart beating faster. How much more *could* I take? I wanted to find out.

"Get the flogger."

I heard Sebastian reply in the affirmative and walk away to the cabinet. Soon he came back and the soft strands of my favourite suede flogger began to glide along my back and over my shoulders. I moaned.

For a long time they played with me, teasing and tormenting me with the flogger, then a leather paddle, then the crop. They both knew how I enjoyed this kind of thing and that, in my high state of arousal and repressed release, I could tolerate a lot. I'm sure by the time they were done my ass was a glowing.

"That's enough. Put them away, Sebastian," James said. "And bring me the dildo."

*Oh hell.* The percussion play had put me into a blissed-out state of mind, my entire body humming with sexual energy, but at the word *dildo* I realized that a worse torment was coming. I would have to endure the extreme pleasure of a dildo fuck while caged and without being able to orgasm. Was James trying to kill me?

I groaned and writhed in my bindings, hoping they would take pity on me.

"Be still. Be a good boy and you'll get your reward," James assured me.

“Eventually.”

*Bastard.*

I tried to obey, but as his lubed fingers sank into me, preparing me, I jerked against the wooden cross and moaned pitifully. It felt so good and my body was already a tight wire of desperate need. When I felt the tip of the dildo push against my hole, I tensed involuntarily.

“Tate, relax. Open please.”

I shook my head firmly, once. A protest, not a safeword.

“Oh Tate. Are you going to make me beg?” James said, his voice soft with a tender affection that melted any reluctance.

But I nodded. When would I get *this* chance again?

He laughed softly. “Brat.” The tip of the dildo rubbed my hole, teasing and pushing gently. “Pretty please, Tate. Pretty please let me fuck you with this toy?”

I couldn’t help laughing even though the state I was currently in wasn’t a laughing matter at all. It came out more like a sob. But the medium-sized toy finally slid inside me partway and I made a genuine sobbing noise this time. The exquisite pleasure it caused threatened madness.

“Good boy. Thank you so much, my darling,” James breathed, his lips pressing gentle kisses to my skin while he eased the toy all the way in. “Not much longer. I promise.”

I groaned, pierced and punished and strung out with the anticipation of an orgasm that seemed more and more mythical the longer it evaded me.

“Sebastian, sing Drummer Boy again. It was beautiful and I know Tate likes it.”

“Yes Sir,” Sebastian said, moving close beside me. As James rocked and teased the dildo in my ass, Sebastian sang the ancient hymn again, more quietly, like he was telling me a secret. I remembered what happened the last time I heard I’m sing it, and whimpered.

In a perverted twist, James moved the toy in the slow rhythm of Sebastian’s singing. By the time the carol was done I’d almost lost consciousness from the unending pleasure.

Finally I heard the words I needed:

“My brave boy. You’ve done astoundingly well.”

The tears came then, soaking into the black cloth of the blindfold and coursing down

my cheeks as I sobbed in silent relief. James removed the toy and he and Sebastian set me free and carried me over to the bed.

“Hold his wrists,” James said.

Past conscious thought at this point and only vaguely aware of Sebastian’s strong grip as James fumbled with the cage, I felt the steel confines fall away and the resulting engorgement proved almost painful in its urgency. I groaned loudly and jerked, my body led by my arching prick and reaching for that elusive culmination of everything we’d done.

Then James’ mouth was on me. That sudden wet heat expelled me quickly past the point of no return and I came violently with a scream and sob combined. It went on forever — at least it seemed to — the aftermath a quiet sobbing and uncontrolled trembling that James’ soothed by gathering my naked body to his still clothed one.

“Shhhh. My God, you really made that count, didn’t you?” he said with pride and awe in his husky voice. “I’m going to fuck you now, is that all right?”

“God yes,” I whimpered, still feeling aftershocks of the powerful orgasm but also renewed desire, as impossible as that sounds. It seemed a week in chastity had the desired effect and I would be James’ happy slut for the rest of the evening. And I was totally fine with that.

He fucked me so gently then, so tenderly, that I fell in love with him all over again. As much as his erotic demands and coercions delighted the most profane parts of me, this, *this* was what I lived for. That a man so demanding and firm could the next moment exhibit this kind of emotion and care broke my heart as much as it broke my resistance.

As he took his own pleasure in me so carefully I felt myself swell and respond. When he stilled with a sharp intake of breath and soft keening, I spilled over in a gentler rush of emotion and a soft, satisfying pleasure that soothed every part of me while Sebastian’s loving words in my ear floated me on a soft cloud of contentment.

###

James’ work schedule settled down after that and the week leading up to Christmas felt much more relaxed and communal. Sebastian’s exams were finally finished and we could enjoy getting ready to celebrate our first Christmas as a cohabiting threesome.

On Christmas Eve, after we’d enjoyed a quick supper out and returned home, James suggested we go for a walk to see the neighbourhood all decked out with pretty lights

and decorations.

The stars blinked in the clear black sky and the falling snow lent the evening a peaceful beauty. Most people on our street and the ones near us had put up Christmas lights. Even the Muslim family three doors down had participated in this annual Canadian tradition, so the entire neighborhood was lit up with pretty lights. The blow-up Christmas trees, minions, reindeer, and Santas seemed a lighthearted shout-out to the season and made me smile in spite of myself. We walked for about forty minutes before circling back home.

As we walked down a neighbouring street we recognized a familiar long coat, bright hat and the small dog at the end of its fancy leash — Mrs. Ripley and her dog, Monty.

“Good evening, Louise,” James said, smiling as she turned.

“Oh hello, James!” The elderly lady said. “How are you?”

“Very well,” James replied. “You?”

Louise shrugged. “Well, other than my rheumatism, high blood pressure and arthritis, I guess I’m okay.”

“And how is Monty?”

I bent to pet the fluffy little dog in its festive green and red sweater as Sebastian made cooing noises and let it lick his hand.

“Oh, he’s doing so well, thanks to you! Completely recovered. Vet says he’s better than ever now.”

“Yay, Monty!” I said, standing up. “That’s fantastic!”

Monty had been hit by a car right in front of our home several months earlier and James and I had helped Louise get him to the vet. James had, in fact, lent her the money for his treatment, but she’d paid back most of it.

“I’ll give you the rest of the money next month, James. I’m just waiting for a cheque to clear and —”

James held up his gloved hand. “Don’t worry about it, Louise. Consider it a Christmas gift to a good neighbour.”

Louise blushed, perhaps thinking about some of the choices she’d made before she got to know the three of us. She blinked back tears. “That’s very generous. Are you sure?”

“I’m sure. Merry Christmas, Louise.”

Sebastian and I wished her Merry Christmas before we moved past her down the

street. I put my hand on James' arm. "That was nice."

James shrugged. "It was nothing really. There was only a bit still outstanding."

I nodded. "Downplay it all you want. I know you like doing nice things for people."

"My secret is out then."

"We won't tell anyone," Sebastian promised.

He and James walked on while I stopped and looked back at Mrs. Ripley. She stood there watching us so I gave her a quick wave. "Merry Christmas!"

She waved back. "Merry Christmas, Tate," she said, and tugged Monty along in the other direction.

James and Sebastian had gained some ground on me. As we turned the corner and started down our street I bent and gathered a pile of snow in my gloved hands. When the snowball hit the back of James' black beanie, he froze. Sebastian started laughing while James shook the snow off his head and slowly turned.

"Tate Mackenzie, did you just throw a snowball at me?" His expression was a combination of mock anger and dimpled hilarity.

I nodded, gathering up more snow. "Yes, Sir. It was a good hit too."

Sebastian held his arm in front of his face as I lobbed a second snowball in his direction. It bounced off his hand and then James was after me.

"Fuck!" I swore, turning and running.

I was no match for James. He caught me by the arm and spun me around but instead of shoving snow down my shirt or otherwise getting me back he grabbed my chin and planted a passionate, punishing kiss on my cold lips. I smiled against his mouth and opened, letting him devour me in the street. I didn't care who saw.

Then snow pelted against the side of my face and we broke apart, turning to see Sebastian standing on our front lawn getting ready to throw again.

James looked at me and raised his eyebrows with a silent question.

I nodded eagerly. "Yeah. Let's get him!"

We started after Sebastian who lobbed another snowball that missed us entirely.

"Wait, wait!" he said, holding his hands up.

We stopped short of him, wondering what he would say in his defence.

"If you let me get inside our cozy and warm house I'll let you do whatever the hell you want to me!"

James looked my way.

I shrugged. "I'm sure we can think of a multitude of ways to get him back for this, and at least we'll be warm and dry."

"All right," James said to Sebastian. "Fine."

Sebastian made for the front door.

I patted James on the back. "James, you're a good sport."

He smiled at me, starting forward. "There are ice cubes in the freezer."

I followed as the strains of a familiar carol emerged from a neighbour's slightly open door.

*Come they told me,  
Pa rum pum pum pum  
A new born King to see  
Pa rum pum pum pum.  
Our finest gifts we bring  
Pa rum pum pum pum  
To lay before the King  
Pa rum pum pum pum  
Rum pum pum pum  
Rum pum pum pum.*

## THANK YOU

Find out how James, Tate and Sebastian found each other in my award-winning novel, [Beyond the Edge \(Book 1 in The James Lucas Trilogy\)](#).

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