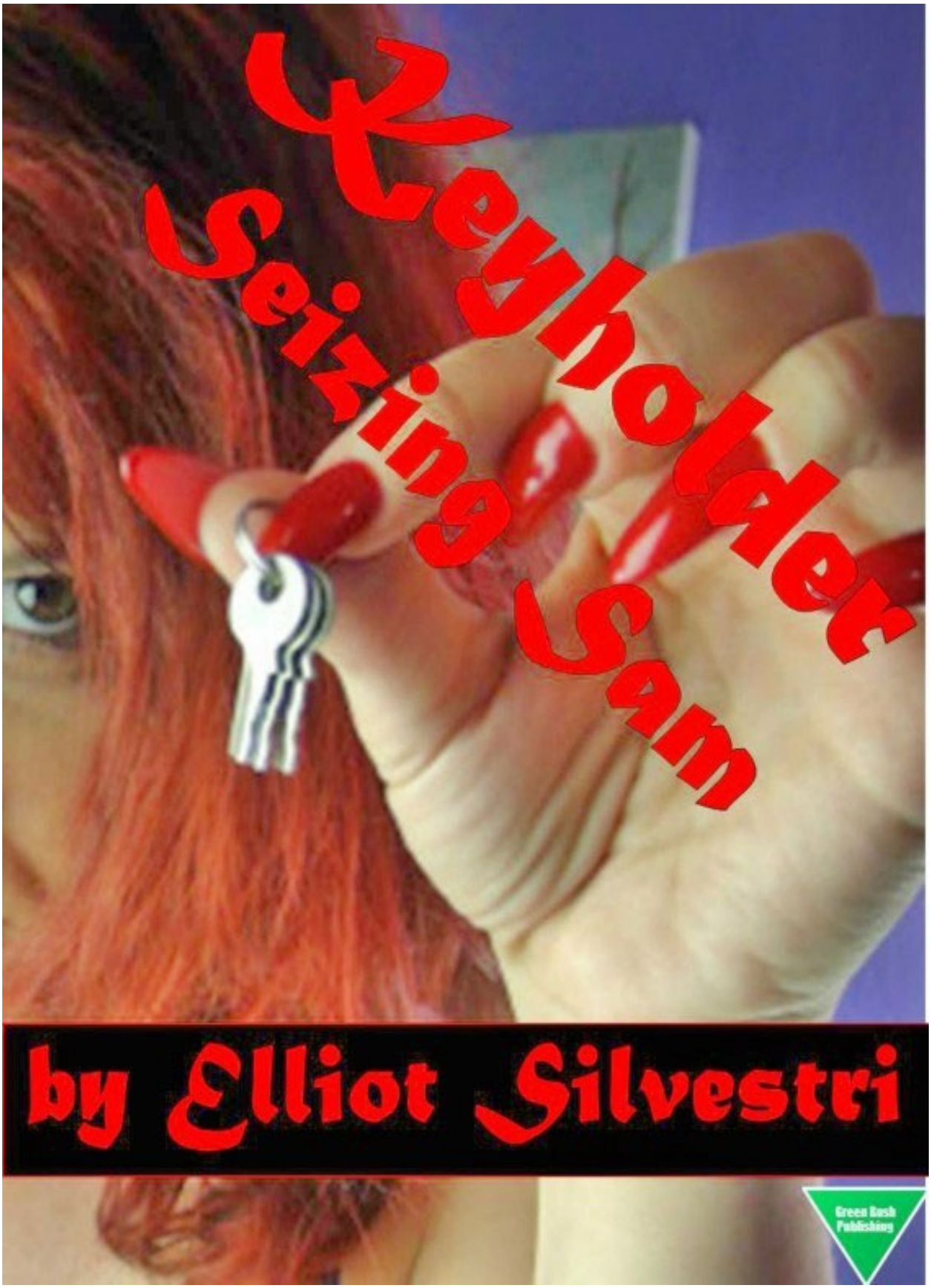
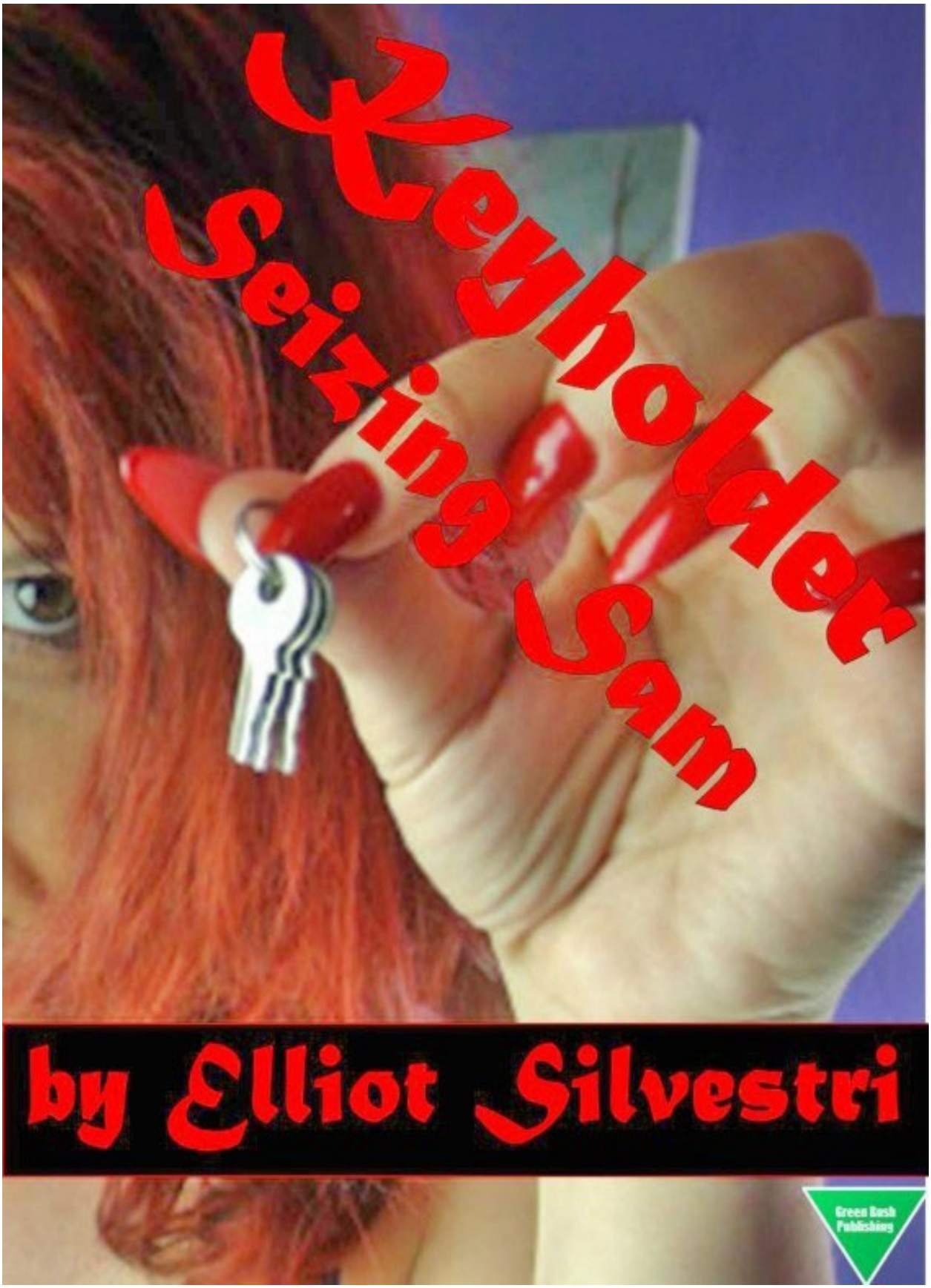

Keyholder
Seizing Sam
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Keyholder: Seizing Sam

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Smashwords Edition

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Prologue

“What the fuck?” exploded Debra. “You were going to tell me why the fuck Sam is wearing that on his dick, and instead you tell me about convincing your husband to let you put a cage on his dick. What the actual fuck?” she repeated.

“Patience,” said Kathleen. “I just can’t say Sam’s a chronic masturbator who needs to have his cock taken away from him otherwise he’ll keep hitting the pleasure button until his brain fries. You need background.”

“I need to get the hell out of here,” muttered Debra.

“Thom and I had been engaged six months before Sam came to live with us,” Kathleen said, ignoring the other woman’s complaint. “This is where things get strange…

Chapter One

“My cousin Sam is going to visit us for a few weeks,” Thom told Kathleen.

“What cousin Sam?”

“Second cousin, actually. When we were growing up we were pretty close. It’ll only be for a couple of weeks.”

“Um, this isn’t an overnight thing?” she asked. “Where’s he going to sleep? We only have the one bedroom.”

“Couch.”

“Couch? For a week?”

“Maybe longer.”

“Why?”

“He’s moving back to the area and needs a place to stay for a little bit so he can find a place of his own.”

“This will severely cramp our lifestyle,” she told her fiancé as she gently twisted the steel device around his cock.

“I know,” said Thom trying to focus on anything but his fiancée’s manipulation of his steel-covered cock which tried to swell up inside the device, but was defeated as always.

“Tomorrow is your last treatment with Indra, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

Shortly after getting pierced and placed in the steel cage, Kathleen had insisted

upon Thom undergoing laser hair removal treatment. While he wasn't an especially hairy man, when he looked down at his lower abdomen, Thom was always surprised at the band of nearly naked skin that would normal be covered by his underwear. His leg hair stopped at the tops of his thighs and everything from there nearly to his waist was bare skin. It wasn't terrible, just…different than what he was used to. Esthetically, he could understand why Kathleen wanted him to be hairless around his sex. It was more attractive against the steel and it was easier to maintain good hygiene without his natural body hair.

It had been almost humiliating to go to Indra the first time, have her shave him and then continue with the laser treatment all around what other might refer to as his "private area." It wasn't so private any longer. He had been worried about how the treatment would go while he was wearing his chastity device, but Kathleen, who had set everything up, had planned ahead. As soon as Thom had dropped his pants, Indra, the woman who owned and ran the beauty spa, displayed the second key to his cage.

"Kathleen gave me this," she told him upon seeing the cage. "I only half believed her. She wasn't lying, was she?"

"No."

"Do you like wearing that?" she asked.

"Sort of."

Indra laughed at Thom's half-hearted answer.

"She told me to take if off during your treatment, and to make sure it went back on when I'm done." The dusky-skinned woman grinned. For her job she had obviously seen more of people than the average American. Thom quickly figured out that nothing would surprise her. "She also told me that you were not to have an ejaculation during your free time."

Thom couldn't meet her gaze. As much as he liked being in chastity for Kathleen, he didn't like being humiliated by a woman he barely knew. "I know the rules," he said.

"I've seen a lot of cock rings in my time," Indra said conversationally as she put on nitrile gloves and inspected the steel cage, "but this is the first time I've seen

a guy in full chastity."

"Really?"

"Oh yeah. Lots of gay guys get pierced." She glanced up at Thom right before slipping the key into the slot. "You aren't gay, are you?"

"No!" he said a little too vehemently.

Indra laughed. "I didn't think so. Few gay guys want to get married to a woman. I've had a few gays pop a boner on me, so maybe they were bi, who knows? But never had one cum. I'm under specific instructions not to let you cum."

"That won't be a problem," he promised as Indra opened the lock and slid the shaft off his penis. Almost at once he started growing an erection.

"Uh-huh," Indra said doubtfully. "I'm not so sure."

"Just some ice," Thom begged.

As it turned out he managed to keep control of himself and didn't have an ejaculation with Indra that time or any of the times he visited her to continue his hair removal program. Obviously his fiancée got a report from Indra every time he went to the spa. Every time she report he had been a gentleman and if his penis hadn't stayed soft, it hadn't cum either.

Kathleen ran her finger over his mostly hairless groin. "When does Sam arrive?"

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"Jesus, thanks for giving a girl sufficient notice," she complained.

"Sorry. It was sort of a last minute thing."

"Sam doesn't plan very far ahead, does he?"

"No. Sorry."

"You're the one who is going to be sorry," she vowed. "Get my toys."

After reading about the many ways that she could use Thom to enjoy her sex life, Kathleen had started on a personal quest to try as many of them as possible. She kept up her occasional affair with Cliff, the salesman at work, having sex with him perhaps once a month. The sex was fine, exciting because she was cheating on her fiancée and he was cheating on his wife, but it was hardly mind-blowing. Cliff thought he was better in bed than he actually was and he was hiding the affair from his wife rather than being honest with her.

Kathleen had purchased on the internet a variety of sex toys. Beyond the standard vibrators and dildos she opted for some nipple clamps that had been used on her and Thom, but those weren't the thrill she thought they would be. She had also bought an anal plug but had figured out anal sex wasn't for her after she had Thom go down on her and give her an orgasm with his mouth. The orgasm was intense, she didn't realize how much her sphincter contracted when she climaxed. It was almost too intense and a little painful.

Seeing that it was intense and painful, she put it up Thom's ass.

"Fuck," he complained as he held his knees up to his chest to let her approach his ass.

"Too much?" she asked.

"Sort of. It feels like I need to take a shit even though I know I don't."

"Put your legs down and keep your hands away from you cock," she told him as she started unlocking his cock. This was unexpected by Thom. Normally she gave him plenty of notice as to when he would be unlocked and allowed an orgasm, which were generally about once a week if he behaved himself. This was an unexpected release.

"What are you doing?" he asked even though he knew exactly was she was doing. The silver shaft came off and, as usual, he got hard right away, but she left his retaining ring on.

"Tell me if you like this," she asked as she poured some lubricant over his cock and carefully, lightly, and quickly started rubbing his cock.

“I like it,” he told her right away.

She laughed at him. “I know you like it,” she said. “You need to tell me if you like the orgasm, is it better with the plug in or not.”

“Don’t ruin it,” he begged her as she continued lightly stroking him. She was using just her fingertips running over his cockhead and down the underside with just enough pressure to feel it but not fully enjoy it.

“Ruin an orgasm, never,” she teased him. “But I don’t want you to have one that’s much for you to handle. I don’t want to expel all of your energy at once.”

Thom didn’t reply he was vacillating between wanting to cum and wanting to draw out the experience as long as possible. As usual, he didn’t have much control over his cock. Kathleen made him cum with her hand. It was a firm orgasm, not one that was a whisper of a tease. It was intense enough that when his muscles contracted against the plug in his ass, it truly hurt. The pain wasn’t terrible, but it served to make the orgasm—of which he had precious few—that much more powerful.

“Did you like cumming with a plug in your ass?”

“Yes,” he admitted. If he had been talking to anyone else, he would have been ashamed. But this was Kathleen, his fiancée and the woman he loved, telling her the truth never hurt.

Thom brought her the wooden box they kept under her nightstand. They had come to call it the toy box because it contained their toys. Their adult sex toys; there was nothing childish about it at all. He wasn’t surprised to see her pull out the harness. What was new was when she pulled three different dildos of different sizes and styles and placed them on the bed.

“Choose,” Kathleen told him as she stepped into the harness and tightened the straps around her hips. The harness was designed to hold a dildo, of course, but on the inside of the leather device was a small dildo along with some ridges placed in the exact right spot.

“Which one?” he asked.

“Do you think there’s a wrong answer?” she asked as she fitted the interior dildo into her pussy which brought the ridges into contact with her clit.

“No,” he said cautiously.

“Then pick the one you want to be fucked by.”

Eventually Thom chose the one of medium length but had large, firm ridges.

“Don’t feel like having a huge cock up your ass tonight?” Kathleen asked him as he handed the toy over to her and she carefully adjusted it into place.

“The ridges look exciting,” he told her and she laughed.

“You’re a liar. Hands and knees,” she told him as she rubbed lube onto the dildo. Once Thom was in place she applied more lube to his anus. She definitely liked that Indra was aggressive in her hair removal. Her fiancée looked much better hairless around his ass.

“Don’t you want to take off my cage?” he asked as she positioned himself behind her.

“Not tonight, dear,” she replied absently. “And don’t ask for it either or I won’t let you out this weekend.”

“Sam will be here anyway,” he said.

“Another reason we need to do this tonight.”

Before when Kathleen pegged Thom, it was for one of two purposes. If she left his cage on, it was because she wanted to essentially masturbate and make herself cum. He was just the device she was using. If she took the cage off it was to pleasure them both, but only if she also opted to reach around his body to stroke his cock. He was forbidden at all times to touch himself to make himself cum.

Thom had taken well to being pegged. He was built for such activity. While he might never be able to admit to friends and family that he liked it when his fiancée fucked his ass, he would take great pleasure in being used by Kathleen in that way.

Once the head of the dildo was pushed by his sphincter, it was easy for Kathleen to push it all the way in. He felt each and every ridge as it went in and then pulled back out. He groaned with each expansion and contraction of his ass around the silicon shaft.

“Good?” she asked him.

“Uh-huh.”

She didn’t bother with any warmup for him. Kathleen just started thrusting her hips like a man would, feeling the shaft inside her pussy and the ridges rubbing on her clit. She came quickly and exultantly. The orgasm shook her body for half a minute and then she slapped Thom’s ass. “Was it good for you?” she teased him.

“I didn’t cum.” His voice was muffled by the pillow.

“Do you want to cum?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t see how that’s going to happen if you’re wearing that tight cage,” she told him as she proceeded to fuck him some more. She always felt powerful when pegging her fiancée. While she knew it was unnatural, it felt wonderful.

She was coming down from the peak of her third orgasm when she heard him whining terribly. “Did I hurt you?” she asked. Thom normally didn’t mind being treated roughly, but she didn’t want to cause real damage to his body.

“No. Feels really good.”

“Well then, I’ll keep fucking you.”

What happened next was new to them both. She plowed his ass for another minute and somehow he managed to have a contained climax. Semen splurted from his cock spattered onto the sheets. It clung to his PA and the cage. His body shook uncontrollably; Kathleen kept firm hold on his hips so he wouldn’t shake free. He tried to vocalize the stress and delight he was going through, but his voice failed him. Speaking was momentarily beyond him.

“Did you just come?” It was half an accusation and half a question.

“I think so,” he gasped.

Kathleen unceremoniously pulled her cock from his ass so she could easily reach around and grab his still-caged cock. The stickiness of his semen was all over the end giving evidence of what had happened, but he was—thankfully—still caged as well.

“You came without getting hard?”

“Yeah, I’m still soft.”

“Prostate milking,” she told him. “I didn’t intend that, but that’s what happened.” She shook her head. “Enjoy the moment and then clean up. I’m not sure if I want you to cum like that. I like your balls heavy and full.”

“Oh god,” he moaned as he slipped down to the bed, his legs still sprawled open. “I don’t ever want to do that again.”

Kathleen found it impossible for her not to smile. “I think we’ll definitely have to do that again.”

Chapter Two

Thom's cousin Sam was slightly taller than him, handsome, blonde, with a fantastic bold chin. Almost immediately Kathleen started calculating how she was going to get him in her bed without Thom knowing about it.

The couple had dinner with Sam, spent some time visiting with him, and then went to bed. "He's cute," Kathleen told her fiancé as he stripped down to his bare skin while she put on a silk nightgown.

"Don't get any ideas," Thom warned her.

"It's been two weeks since I've fucked Cliff," she told him.

"That doesn't mean you get to fuck my cousin. He was like a brother when we were growing up."

"Now I really want to fuck him," she teased as they slipped into the bed. "It's not like you're getting out of chastity any time soon."

"Thanks," he said glumly.

She grasped his cage, holding the shaft like a handle. "Don't be sad. I fucked you last night and you had a nice little orgasm, didn't you?"

He grunted in memory. "It hurt."

"I didn't expect that," she reminded him. "I can take this off you forever if you like?"

"No," he said too quickly and she laughed at him.

"It's for your own good, you know."

"I know. I just don't want you fucking my cousin."

She twisted Thom's caged cock as a reminder of who was in charge. "I can fuck

whoever I want." She let go. "But I won't fuck him. The last thing I need to do is get between two cousins. How close were you two anyway?"

"I'm the youngest in my family, he's almost two years younger than me and he's the youngest of all my cousins."

Sam had only been staying with them two days when Kathleen came out of the bedroom in the middle of the night to use the bathroom. She was quiet and it didn't astonish her at all to see Sam with his sweatpants down around his thighs and his hand anxiously working his erect cock. His face was scrunched up; he was obviously concentrating on some fantasy and she wished she knew what he was thinking.

Many thoughts flooded through her head. The first one was to stand there silently and watch until he finished so she could see the spurt of his cum fly through the air and land on his belly. The second was to interrupt him by placing her mouth on his cock and sucking him off. That wouldn't really be fucking him, so she wouldn't be breaking her promise to Thom.

Her final thought was that she needed to get a bag of ice and place it on his cock to make is shrivel up so it could be properly placed inside Thom's old chastity device. That idea made her pussy wet and she whispered to herself, "Male masturbation is a filthy habit."

If he heard the words, Sam gave no indication. A second later he came with a few soft grunts. Kathleen silently faded back into her dark bedroom where Thom was snoring on his side of the bed. She fell to her knees and fretfully frigged herself. When she came she only allowed a small squeaking moan to escape her lips. There was no noise from the living room where Sam was sleeping and Thom barely stirred on the bed. "Female masturbation should be a sacrament," she declared softly.

The next day before Sam returned from his job and apartment hunt, Kathleen told her husband what she had seen.

"You watched my cousin jerk off?"

"I wanted to stop him."

“I suppose I should be glad you didn’t fuck him.”

“I want to,” she said boldly and took a deep breath. “Can I?”

He goggled at her. “I already told you no. You can fuck other guys, just not my cousin.”

She smiled and put her hand on Thom’s thigh. “But he’s so cute,” she told him. Kathleen didn’t put her hand on his steel-covered cock, but the implication was there, along with the insinuation if Thom gave her permission, then perhaps he would be rewarded as well.

Thom kept his resolve strong. “It’s a bad idea. Just imagine how fucked up and complicated things will get if you start having sex with Sam. Is that what you really want?”

“I really just want cock,” she told him.

He gave her a small smile. “You have the key to a cock you can use any time.”

“Maybe I want two cocks at my disposal,” she said.

“Three,” he corrected her. “Me, Sam, and Cliff.”

“Oh yeah,” she said breathily. “I forgot.” Her pussy was getting wet and she wanted to breathe heavily. Thom started to get hard inside the cage but was instantly defeated by the unyielding device. The quick stab of pain brought him back to reality.

“Do you really want a slutty reputation?” he asked her.

“I really want to get laid more often.”

Thom ran his finger along her neck, touching the long necklace. Instead of a charm or pendant hanging from the chain, it held his key. “There’s a way to do that. Just release me.”

It was tempting for Kathleen, so tempting. And she wanted to. But then she remembered she was in charge and Thom was begging for something he hadn’t earned. “No,” she said firmly, stepping back from her fiancée. “I should make

you wait at least another day for release now for that little trick."

"It wasn't a trick," Thom protested.

"It doesn't matter if it was. You were trying to get release when you haven't earned it. And just because of that, I've made a decision. Every man who lives in my home is either in chastity or is fucking me." She grinned triumphantly.

"I'm doing both," Thom told her.

"You only get to fuck me when I say so. Tonight Sam's cock is either going to be in my pussy or in a cage. Your choice."

The three sat down to dinner that night. Thom was nervous throughout the meal, but Kathleen was exuberant because she knew she would be getting exactly what she wanted by the end of the night, even if Sam didn't realize it. Sam was distracted in regaling the couple with his busy day chasing down a job and apartment.

"With any luck I'll be out of here by the end of the week, end of the month at most," he said.

"That's great, Sam," Kathleen said. "Not that we don't enjoy having you here. But Thom and I have come to a decision about living arrangements here."

"Living arrangements?" Sam asked nervously. "I'll get you some money if you need it as soon as I start working."

"No, not that," Kathleen said. "As you know, Thom and I are getting married next year. But we have a special relationship currently."

"Okay," Sam agreed, not knowing what else to say. He glanced at Thom who was silently gazing at his wife, unable to meet Sam's gaze.

"Show him, Thom," Kathleen told her fiancé.

"Are you sure?" Thom asked her after an uncomfortable pause.

“I’ve never been so sure of anything in my life. Show him.”

“Yeah, cuz. Show me,” Sam half-laughed.

Thom sighed and stood up. Sam expected him to go get something that symbolized their special relationship. Instead, he abruptly unzipped his pants and pulled down his underwear. “Whoa!” Sam protested and looked away, putting up his hand to prevent accidental visualization of his cousin’s penis. “Don’t need to see your dork!”

“Look at him,” Kathleen insisted.

Despite the awkward—to say the least—situation, Sam turned his head and looked at Thom through his fingers. “What’s that?” he asked after spying Thom’s steel device. He couldn’t help himself.

“Just a little chastity cage Thom wears,” Kathleen told him.

“Things have changed since we were kids, dude,” said Sam, trying to make light of the situation.

Thom said nothing.

“He wears it because Thom has a little trouble with masturbation,” Kathleen explained.

“I always told you that you spanked it too much,” Sam interjected, once again trying to lighten the mood.

Kathleen smiled and nodded. “I agree with you. In order for me to get full enjoyment out of our sex life, Thom’s cock had to be locked up.”

“Okay, I can see that. Can you put it away now, Tom-Tom?” Sam put down his hand and looked directly at Kathleen as Thom pulled his pants back into place. “I didn’t need to know any of that.”

Continuing on as if she hadn’t heard him, Kathleen said, “What we discovered that when Thom is limited to one orgasm a week, they are much better for him. He loves being locked up, don’t you, hon?”

Thom just nodded. His face was flushed with embarrassment but he didn't contradict Kathleen. Still, he couldn't look at Sam.

"Unfortunately that means that I only get to have traditional sex once a week as well."

"There are these things called vibrators, I believe," interjected Sam.

Kathleen frowned at him. "I know. We've got plenty of toys. I have plenty of orgasms. What I don't have is a cock at my beck and call." She paused and let that sink in.

It took a second for Sam to understand what Kathleen was telling him. "You've got to be kidding me," he said.

"Thom and I have made a decision. I saw you jerking off last night. In our home, a cock is either being used in my pussy or is locked up. Which is it going to be for you?"

Sam looked at Thom. "You're kidding me, right?"

Thom spoke for the first time since dinner began. "No joke, Sam. You need to pick one. The cage or fucking Kathleen."

The choice they gave him was incredibly twisted. If he wanted to stay in the apartment he would either need to have sex with Kathleen—which wouldn't be exactly terrible because she was blonde and beautiful, but at the same time she was also Thom's fiancée—or wear a cock cage like Thom was currently sporting. He considered if he was being put on—but their attitude seemed wrong for that. If they were serious, the choice was easy, at least on the surface.

"You've changed a lot in the past few years, Thom," Sam said. "But if you want me to fuck your girlfriend, you should just say so. No problems there." He all but leered at Kathleen. "Do you want to watch or should she and I just go to the bedroom?"

The couple exchanged a glance. They hadn't planned that far ahead. Thom deferred to Kathleen's choice. "I'm horny but you don't need to get any more worked up than normal, Thom. You clean up dinner; I'll take Sam to our bed." She grabbed Sam by the hand and pulled him up from the table leaving Thom

alone in the kitchen.

In the bedroom Kathleen closed the door behind them and all but threw herself at Sam. He didn't resist when she kissed him; he didn't know what to do. It wasn't his fault that his cock started to get hard inside his pants. Right away she felt it and cupped his hardness with her hand. "It's been too long since I've had a free cock," she said and went down to her knees, pulling at his clothes, trying to get him naked as quickly as possible.

"You weren't kidding about this, were you?" Sam asked.

Kathleen got his cock out and was delighted that it stood up proudly on its own. She ran her tongue along his length and engulfed the head with her mouth. "Nope," she said after a moment of sucking. He was already oozing precum which was slick on lips.

"Thom's going to kick me out after I fuck you," said Sam, "but it's going to be worth it."

He pulled off his shirt and helped Kathleen quickly get undressed. In almost no time they were on the bed, skin to skin, kissing while Sam's cock nudged at the entrance to Kathleen's pussy.

"Just put it in already," she begged.

By now Sam had forgotten any guilt about fucking his cousin's fiancée. "Condom," he managed to say, mostly to himself. "I need a condom."

"No you don't," she corrected him. "I'm safe. And you aren't diseased, are you?"

"No."

"Then just fuck me. I love it when guys leave me sticky and wet." That was only a half-truth. She loved the feeling of hot cum inside her pussy when her lovers came, but she didn't like the cleanup afterwards.

Sam reached down, held his cock at the right angle, and penetrated into Kathleen who let out a loud groan of satisfaction. She had a wonderful body, nicely sized tits capped with pink nipples, belly and hips just curvy enough to be sexy and

not flabby. Kathleen was pleased with her new lover as well. Sam's cock was bigger than Thom's, not that she had a ruler with her, but her pussy could tell the difference. He was taller and leaner than Thom who was more muscular. That was fine with her. It was the difference in her lovers that was important, not that they were all the same.

"I can cum in you?" he asked as he started fucking her enthusiastically.

"Yes. But make it last!"

As much as he tried, Sam tried to fuck her as hard as he could while at the same time tried to keep from cumming. It was all too much: the speed, the strangeness of the night, his new lover, the chance he had to fuck his cousin's girlfriend. When he came, he came hard and Kathleen wrapped her legs around his, pulling him deep inside her, as she vocalized her climax as well.

"Too fast," Sam groan afterwards when he rolled off Kathleen's body.

She let out a little sigh of disappointment as his cock was released from her pussy. "Let me ask you a question."

"Okay, what?"

"Can you get it up again and fuck me one more time?"

He chuckled. "I can try."

"I'll give you a little encouragement."

Once Kathleen had one orgasm, she always wanted more and more. Going down on Sam was a pleasure. His scent was the right mix of musky masculinity and clean soap. His cock in her mouth was a combination of his salty cum and her pungent juices. It took some effort, but eventually he got hard again and Kathleen climbed atop his body, holding his cock, directing it into her pussy as she sat down on his firm organ. It fit inside her easily enough; she was still well-lube by her juices and his leftover cum.

Slowly she rode him at first, with every increasing speed.

"This is wrong," he said. "Very wrong."

“But it feels so good,” she reminded him.

The second orgasm he had wasn’t as intense as the first, but that was fine with Kathleen because she had three small peaks before he came and then a fourth intense one as came while pinching her nipple.

“I’m spent,” he said as she collapsed on his chest.

“I could go again,” she mumbled into his smooth skin.

“You’ll have to give me a little while.”

Kathleen shook her head, her soft yellow hair made a haze around her head. “No. You go shower. Send in Thom, please.”

“Are you going to take that thing off his cock?”

She shook her head again. “He has other ways of pleasing me.”

While his fiancée had been fucking his cousin in the bedroom, Thom tried to distract himself by cleaning up the leftovers and washing the dishes in the kitchen. The lusty couple didn’t even try to keep quiet. Thom could clearly hear Kathleen’s passionate cries all the way through the apartment, over the running water and rattling dishes. He wasn’t sure if she was trying to be cruel or was simply swept away by the heat of the moment. Regardless of Kathleen’s intentions, the results were both painful and frustrating. Her passionate sighs and moans were making Thom’s cock hard inside his cage, but a true erection was impossible because of the steel sheath encasing him.

He went through a cycle of common softness, then blood would rush to his cock when he could hear exactly what Kathleen and Sam were doing in bed, his cock would try to get hard but couldn’t. The pain was generally enough to cause him to at least pause in his chores if not actually double over in pain,

Always before her stories—and liquid evidence—of her couplings with Cliff had excited him and caused for passionate sex when she released him. But those were only stories, essentially hearsay. This episode with Sam was concrete evidence she was screwing another guy with Thom’s tacit approval. It excited

him and he didn't know exactly how to deal with that. He wanted to watch them fuck and at the same time he wanted the whole idea to go away. The infuriating part was that it was ultimately his fault he was in this position. He had asked Kathleen to put him in chastity and she was the sort of woman who needed good sex on a regular basis. Inside a chastity cage he could barely do that, but the free-swinging Sam could give her all that she wanted.

At the moment what Thom wanted most of all was to get his cage off and beat off. That wasn't going to happen. His only hope was to be released by Kathleen and that would only happen if he behaved himself.

Eventually it was all over. The groans from the bedroom stopped and the shower in the bathroom started up. Right after the water was turned on Thom heard Kathleen calling him to the bedroom.

Cautiously he made his way there and paused in the doorway. Kathleen was on her back in the bed, knees raised and parted. Her long blond hair was messy and strewn across her face. Sweat was evident on her forehead and the rest of her body. The smell of sex hung heavy in the air. Once more his cock tried to get hard and was immediately defeated.

"You fucked him," Thom said flatly.

"I sure did," Kathleen told him proudly. She dipped her hand between her legs and caught a bit of Sam's cum that had started to leak out of her pussy. "Are you upset?"

"Yes. No. I don't know. Sort of."

Kathleen brought her wet fingers to her lips, paused them there briefly, then stuck out her tongue to just barely taste Sam's cum. In the dim bedroom light Thom could see a tiny string of semen had stretched up from her pussy but had broken and fell to his fiancée's belly. "I need to clean up but Sam's in the shower." They locked gazes and neither was able to say anything for an excruciating moment. "Would you do it for me?"

Woodenly Sam walked to the bed, got on it and between her legs. The scent of her pussy was strong and he could see her dark blond pubic hair was matted and wet. As he lowered his face to her sex he could feel the heat of her body. He moved slowly and deliberately not because he was afraid to perform the act she

clearly wanted, but because he needed to savor the moment and absorb every detail to store it in memory forever.

When his tongue made contact with the apex of her slit he wormed it in, finding the hard nub of her clitoris, and then slid his tongue down, opening her up, tasting her juices. Kathleen sighed in satisfaction. She wanted another orgasm, this one from Thom's mouth, but she was willing to wait for it while Thom cleaned her pussy. That was his job. They both knew it but they had to go through this ritual in order for that part of their relationship to be cemented.

Thom found the flavor of Sam's cum not that different from Cliff's, so obviously his fiancée had been fucking another man like she had told him. While he knew he was supposed to find the act of licking and cleaning her cunt after another man had used it to be humiliating, Thom didn't see it that way. He saw cleaning her sex to be the deed of a man serving the woman he loved. It was a loving gesture and one that bound him to her.

He sucked and licked her pussy, swallowing a combination of her juices and Sam's cum. All the while he felt his cock go through the now-familiar cycle of hardening, pain and defeat, and a period of softness, only to be repeated again. Kathleen was, naturally, naked as he performed her duty, but he was fully clothed. A regular man would have been stripping himself, or at least opening up his pants, so he could mount his lover after he had readied her, but Thom was no regular man and the act of physical love was currently barred to him.

After she was clean Thom set to work on bringing Kathleen off again. It wasn't difficult. He knew how to roll and rasp his tongue over her clit the way she liked. Though she was loath to admit it, Kathleen loved to be held down as he ate her pussy. Since she was already primed by Sam's cock and the mere idea that she had two men at her beck and call to sexually service her, Kathleen climaxed with relatively little effort.

"You aren't going to release me tonight, are you?" Thom asked after her orgasm. He surreptitiously wiped the moisture from his face.

"Of course not. Why could I do that?"

"I don't want you to," he said quickly.

"You don't?" This intrigued Kathleen.

“It hurts, but I don’t want to give that up.”

“It hurts?” she asked him.

He reached down to his crotch. “Physically and emotionally. You don’t know what it’s like to not be able to get boner.”

She chuckled at him. “No I don’t and I never will. But I’m more worried about your emotional state.”

Thom tapped his chest. “You’re not in love with him, but hearing you fuck him, that hurt. But then,” he ducked his head and planted a soft kiss on top of her curly pubic hair, “I get to have this and that makes it better.”

Her smile was half sentimental and half wicked. “You’re such a romantic. You heard us fucking?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to hear us fucking again?”

“Yes.”

She grabbed his face and brought it up to hers. “Do you want to watch us fucking?”

The pit of Thom’s stomach turned to a hard stone. “Yes,” he admitted.

“You’ll get to do that…and more,” she promised.

Chapter Three

Kathleen purposely worked late the next day to give the cousins some time alone. When Sam arrived back at the apartment from his job and apartment search, he found Thom sitting on the couch playing a video game.

“Good, you’re home,” said Thom. “I need a driver. I’ll run the turret gun.”

“Uh, are you sure?” Sam asked. He had barely been awake in the morning when Thom had left for work.

“Sure I’m sure. You’re a decent driver, right?”

“But with what happened with Kathleen last night…”

“Because you fucked my fiancée suddenly you’re a bad driver?”

Sam cleared his throat and edged toward the couch, ready to spring away a moment’s notice. “No, because she and I did it last night, you might be upset and want to kill me. Or at least kick me out of here.”

“Don’t worry about it. She’ll probably fuck you a few more times before you find your own place.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope.” Thom paused the game and tossed a controller to Sam. “Sit down and drive the tank.”

“Okay, you’re relationship with Kathy is just plain out strange. And do you really get off on wearing that thing on your dick?” Sam sat down on the end of the couch, as far away from Thom as possible without making it look like he was afraid of his cousin. He carefully drove the tank down the cobbled road in the World War II game Thom was playing.

“Actually, I don’t get off on having a cock cage. That’s the point.” He grinned a blasted an enemy machine gun nest.

“I don’t get it.” The tank rumbled over a bridge. It was a narrow passage where they were exposed and vulnerable. A few missiles were shot their way, but Sam maneuvered around them.

“I can’t jerk off. I can’t have sex unless Kathleen allows it. I get to have sex maybe once a week and when I do, it is fucking amazing. When I cum, it’s better than getting to jerk off five times a day.”

“I have my doubts about that,” Sam stated.

“I’ve read stuff online about guys who were kept in chastity for months sometimes up to a year, and when they get to have their one yearly orgasm, they say it’s like their minds and their bodies have gone to a different reality.”

“Do you want to do that?” Sam asked as the tank started taking hits from an unseen gunner.

“Back up!” Thom barked. “I don’t know. Actually, I don’t get a say in the matter. My cock is completely under Kathleen’s control.”

“Shit!” Sam cursed as their run came to an end. “Do you think she’ll want to have sex with me again tonight?” Now that he had talked it over with his cousin, he was feeling better about the situation.

“Don’t know. Maybe. But follow my advice, don’t ask her either. That’ll just get you in trouble.”

As it turned out it was three more days before Kathleen wanted to have sex again. Sam took Thom’s advice and didn’t ask her for sex, he only thanked her for the previous night and was looking forward to doing it again sometime. Kathleen teased them both, walking around the apartment in little more than bra and panties, and sometimes less, letting both of the men get a good look at her body, but not access. She continued to sleep with Thom in her bed, while Sam remained on the couch. She knew that he was still jerking off every night, and while that didn’t please her, she knew she didn’t have dominion over his cock so she said nothing.

Thom, of course, continued to suffer inside his cage, but he suffered in silence.

“I want Sam to fuck me while you watch,” Kathleen told Thom. “You’ll like that, won’t you?”

“I think so,” he answered hesitantly.

“I’m sure you’ll like it,” she informed him. “If you’re good and hold my hand while he fucks me, I’ll let you clean me up when he’s done.” She paused and then added, “If you’re really good when he’s done, I might take off your cage and you can have sloppy seconds.”

At once Thom’s face lit up. It was a poor display of his emotional control. They were in bed together. It was morning and they didn’t have to get up to get ready for work just yet. To remind him exactly who was in charge of their relationship, Kathleen reached under the sheets and gave Thom’s balls a firm slap. It wasn’t hard enough to do any damage, but his sack was swollen and sensitive. He doubled over in pain. “If you’re good,” she reminded her fiancé and gave him a little kiss on the forehead. “I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“No.” Regardless of the pain, the answer had to be no.

“Good. You’ll have something to look forward to tonight. If you’re good. And if things are working correctly downstairs.” She gave his balls a little twist and rolled out of bed leaving him behind with a stomach ache and much to think about.

“Clothes off,” she ordered both Thom and Sam as she swept into the bedroom where they waited for her. The two men looked nervously at each other. “What?” she demanded as she started unbuttoning her blouse.

“Uh…we’ve never really been naked in front of each other before,” Thom said with some reluctance.

Kathleen rolled her eyes. “As if I care. You guys never went skinny dipping as kids?”

They both shook their heads no.

The only woman in the room sighed. “Whatever. Get undressed. I’m not in the

mood for your petty problems." She finished unbuttoning her blouse and dropped it the floor a moment later, followed by her skirt, leaving her in stockings and bra. She crooked one finger at Sam and with the other hand indicated the floor in front of her. "Finish undressing me." Kathleen was in her element, ordering men about getting ready for sex.

"Do I really need to be naked?" Thom asked. "It's not like—"

"It's not like Sam's actually going to see your cock," Kathleen finished for him as Sam quickly pulled off his clothes down to his boxers. He knelt down on both knees in front of her and reached for the tops of her stockings. She slapped away his hand. "Boxers off."

Meanwhile, Thom was reluctantly, slowly, stripping. Sam shucked his boxers and started working Kathleen's stockings down. His cock was already erect and stood up from his lap. Thom forced himself not to look at it. Sam didn't extend him the same courtesy. Out of the corner of his eye he glanced at the metal device over Thom's cock and wondered about it.

At the same time he managed to get both Kathleen's stockings and panties off. She completed the process by removing her bra, freeing her breasts. The only thing left on her body was the necklace holding the key to Thom's chastity cage. Sam eagerly pressed his face to Kathleen's sex and started licking and kissing. Thom's cock, against his will, tried to get hard and couldn't. Kathleen caressed Sam's face and held him to her pussy while she backed up and sat down on the edge of the bed. A moment later he was engaged in full cunnilingus, wrapping his arms around her thighs, getting her wet and ready.

Kathleen gestured to Thom who stood off to the side of the bed. "Hold my hand," she pleaded. Knowing refusing would only cause him problems, Thom sat down on the bed's edge and grasped his fiancée's hand. That only lasted a few seconds before she dropped his fingers and reached between Thom's legs to hold his steel-encased cock. "Fuck me," she said.

There was no debate over to whom she had directed the words. Only Sam had a working cock. The two cousins exchanged a quick glance but they already knew what was going to happen.

Thom watched in amazement as Sam crawled up Kathleen's body, aligned his hard cock with her wet pussy, and slowly sank it into her.

It was the most astoundingly beautiful thing that Thom had ever seen. Noticing the expression on his face, Kathleen asked him, “Is watching better than listening?”

Thom nodded vigorously. “I’d rather do both.”

In response Kathleen moaned as Sam started slowly fucking her. She arched her back a bit and wrapped her legs around those of her lover. It had happened many times before, but Thom’s cock tried to get hard in his cage but this time the struggle lasted a long while before his pumping blood and unrelenting libido were defeated by the hard steel.

Just holding Thom’s hand wasn’t enough for Kathleen. She needed more. Extricating her fingers from his, she dropped her hand lower and found the steel sheath around his cock. The metal was warm from his body heat and she gripped it as hard as she could. If it had been only his flesh, her grip would have been painful, but the steel was like adamantium against her fingers.

“You like that?” Sam hissed into her ear. Her face was turned to look at her fiancée who was watching them. At the moment Sam was little more than a sex toy to Kathleen, a device to pleasure her and taunt Thom.

“Fuck yeah. Two men. That’s what I need.”

Though he had been nervous about watching Kathleen having sex with Sam, once it had begun Thom realized his fears had been without any real basis. Seeing Kathleen enjoying herself and knowing what would happen afterwards was more than enough to settle his nerves. If anything, he wanted to join in and pleasure his fiancée, but this was her show and he wasn’t going to do anything without her requesting it first. He was content to have her hold his caged cock and watch.

Seeing his cousin naked was more disturbing than seeing Sam actually fuck Kathleen. But even that concern fell by the wayside as the two continued their copulation. Thom just kept his eyes on Kathleen’s body as much as possible and avoided looking at Sam’s ass. He wished he had a better view of Sam’s cock in Kathleen’s pussy, but from his position their bodies blocked what he could actually see. Sam was a vigorous lover, slamming his cock into Kathleen’s pussy. Their flesh slapped together. There was little technique to their movements, it was all about speed and power.

The only fucked a few minutes, with Kathleen calling out a couple of small, quick orgasms, before Sam lost control and emptied his balls into her pussy. “Yes, yes, yes,” she encouraged him as he grunted with her spurt of cum. She locked her heels behind his thighs pulling him deeper into her pussy all the while holding onto Thom’s useless cock.

When Sam rolled off her she said, “God I needed that.”

“You’re welcome,” Sam told her with a half-laugh behind his words.

She all but ignored her lover and took Thom’s hand, putting his fingers to her sopping pussy. “Do you want to clean me now, or wait until Sam has given me another load?”

Thom tried to answer, but when he opened his mouth no words would come out. He didn’t know which choice he wanted, which one would be better, or which one Kathleen truly wanted. She grinned at him while he idly fingered her pussy. Sam watched the two, intrigued. He knew he didn’t belong in the bed with them, but was happy to join them for the time being.

“System overload,” Kathleen laughed at him. “I bet you want out of your cage, don’t you?”

Thom only nodded, not trusting himself with a verbal answer.

Her giggles didn’t stop. “That’s not going to happen right now, you know that, don’t you?”

“Uh-huh.” Apparently grunting noises weren’t beyond his abilities.

Seeing that her husband to be wouldn’t be able to satisfy her, Kathleen turned to Sam. “Do you think you can get it up again for me?”

“Right now?” he laughed nervously. “Give me a couple of minutes.

“What if I give you a bit of oral encouragement?” she asked. Before Sam could say anything, Kathleen got on her hands and knees, putting her body perpendicular to his, before lowering her mouth onto his cock. Her ass was in the air and she supported her upper body weight on her elbows. Thom briefly watched the sloppy blowjob she was giving Sam, but then switched his eyes to

her ass and her exposed pussy. It was swollen, of course, and wet from her juices and Sam's cum which was slowly starting to dribble out of her body. The sight was too much for Thom to resist. He had to have her right that moment and since his cock was rendered useless Thom would have to use his mouth to please his fiancée.

"Oh!" Kathleen exclaimed pulling off Sam's slowly hardening cock. He tasted of the mixture of pussy and semen, not at all an unpleasant combination in her opinion, along with a bit of strong male musk.

"What?" Sam asked. His eyes had been closed while she sucked on him. It was a pleasant sensation even if it was taking a long time for him to recover his erection.

With a tilt of her head Kathleen indicated Thom's form behind her. "He's eating my pussy.

"Do you want him to stop?"

Kathleen shook her head and ran her tongue along the underside of Sam's cock. "No. I've just never done a little ménage like this before." She started sucking on him again and tried not to be distracted by Thom's tongue running up and down her labia, cleaning it and leaving her wetter than before. He was even so bold as to circle her tightly puckered anus, pleasing her there as well.

Sam was enjoying his time as the center of her attention, and knowing his cousin was going down on Kathleen for the specific purpose of sucking away Sam's cum while also getting her ready for Sam's cock again did wonders to his ego. Before long his cock was sufficiently hard, in Kathleen's opinion, to be invited back into her pussy. She pushed Thom away from her hindquarters and straddled his cousin. Kathleen had grown fond of the female superior position, especially with Thom so often caged; it made him remember who was truly in charge of their sex life. In all likelihood Sam didn't know that, but few men would object to an attractive woman climbed on top of their body. She kept her hands on his shoulders, but his cock wasn't hard and erect enough to easily slip into her pussy.

When Sam started to reach down so as to insert himself into her cunt, she stopped him and put his hands to her tits. Turning her head to Thom, she said, "Put him inside me, dear." It was said casually, as if she were asking him to pass

the salt at the dinner table.

Thom barely hesitated. He wanted to please her. He wanted to gain her approval so he could be released later on. Any objections from him he knew would result in terrible consequences. It wasn't so difficult steadying Sam's cock with one hand, and carefully parting Kathleen's lips with two fingers of his other hand. She slowly rocked down on Sam's tool, letting it fill her body as Thom watched his fiancée once again be penetrated by another man's cock.

"Thank you, hon," Kathleen said pleasantly over her shoulder as she started rocking up and down on Sam's manhood. It was a casual comment, as if it were something she uttered every day, as if it were perfectly normal for her to be having sex in front of him with another man. And not just another man, but his cousin.

Thom didn't want. He didn't object at all. He just wanted her to be happy if for no other reason than for her to make the determination he had been good enough to be released from his sex prison for his one allowable orgasm.

Their second coupling was much longer. It started out slowly but the tempo picked up steadily. Thom watched every movement of Kathleen's body: the way her tits bounced as she went up and down, the fall of her hair down her back, her pleasant squish of her buttocks on Sam's thighs, the aching shudder each time she came, the way his chastity key banged against her skin. It took Sam a long time to cum, but neither Kathleen nor Thom minded. When he finally finished, the hot spunk jetting into her body forced another orgasm out of her.

"Fuck that was good," she declared as she rested her forehead on Sam's heaving chest.

"Yeah," Sam agreed. "You're a dynamo."

She chortled against his body. "That's probably true. I don't suppose you can do it some more right now, can you?" she asked too eagerly.

"I'm spent," he told her. "I need some time."

Disappointed, Kathleen said, "I thought so," and dismounted from her, her pussy separating wetly from his cock. She reached for the chain around her neck. "I suppose you'll have to do, Thom." She beckoned to him, reaching for his cock

which Thom happily presented.

It was easy enough to slip the key into the lock and separate the tumbler from the device which parted the shaft from the retaining ring. After she slipped of the shaft, Thom's cock started to spring free, but was still partially held in check by retaining rod. This Kathleen slipped free from the base ring and slid the retaining rod from inside Thom's PA ring. Sam watched all of this in rapt attention but was drawn in when he saw the silver ring in his cousin's cock.

"Holy shit, you have a piercing?" Sam marveled.

Kathleen grinned wickedly at her lover. "It's the only way to be sure that a man doesn't try to slip out of chastity." She ran her fingers over Thom's denuded skin. "I much prefer a lack of hair." She glanced at Sam's thick, dark blond pubic hair. "We might have to change that in the future." With a glance up at her fiancé she said, "I want smooth flesh tonight. Let's get your ring off."

"No," Thom said, but she didn't hear him and he didn't stop her from proceeding.

The problem with the silver ring around his cock was that it wasn't hinged like the plastic cage's retaining ring. Thom's flesh might yield, but only so much when he was hard. Kathleen wasn't rough, but like a good teacher she was firm, and she forced first one testicle and then the other back through the ring. Thom whimpered with each unnatural compression of his most tender flesh, but he retained his erection, even as Kathleen slipped the ring off his cock leaving him free…except for the PA through his cock head.

"You're welcome to watch," Kathleen told Sam as she pulled Thom on top of her, guiding his cock into her pussy with her hand. Sam watched with great interest as the couple performed the most basic rite of physical love. If not for Thom's piercing and bare skin around his sex, they would appear to be a perfectly normal couple. Sam wondered what the small ring felt like to Kathleen as Thom thrusted his cock vigorously inside her pussy. Did it enhance the sensations or was it an annoyance?

Thom didn't last very long, but that was to be expected, Sam reasoned. As his cousin shot his heavy load into Kathleen's already well-used and swampy cunt, his balls were engorged and heavy, Kathleen cried out with another orgasm. It was short and intense and somehow made Sam feel inadequate.

“That’s how it’s done,” Kathleen said to Sam and Thom panted heavily, his body resting atop hers.

It wasn’t often that Kathleen got migraine headaches. It had been a while since she had one which Thom attributed to her being on a regular schedule of orgasms. She wouldn’t necessarily disagree with him, but didn’t want to give him ideas as to what she needed to be happy either.

When her most recent one hit, she needed to leave work because of her inability to focus combined with the unrelenting need to vomit under the bright fluorescent lights. Figuring rest was her ally she went home. Upon entering the apartment she missed all the obvious signs which didn’t make her any happier.

Finding Sam in her bed with another woman was upsetting. She didn’t initially begrudge Sam for having another partner besides herself—after all she had Thom and Cliff plus she and Sam didn’t have any agreement over any sort of exclusivity for him. It was the fact she caught him in her bed that was distressing—especially when combined with her migraine.

She startled the couple when she opened the bedroom door. She didn’t catch them in flagrante delicto but they were naked and the room reeked of sex. After gasping and then catching her breath so see the two bodies as they covered themselves with the sheet, she said disdainfully, “In my bed, Sam? Really?”

“Sorry, Kathy.” He glanced nervously at the woman next to him. “This is MaryJo. We both just got hired at Stekman-Stedman. We were…uh… celebrating.”

“I can see.”

For her part MaryJo was mortified. “I’m so sorry,” she quickly apologized. I didn’t know Sam had a…girlfriend?”

“I’m not his girlfriend,” Kathy replied icily. “He’s my fiancé’s cousin. I would appreciate it if you got dressed and left since you are in my bed.”

MaryJo waited a second and then realized that Kathleen wasn’t going to leave. She hopped out of bed and quickly put her clothes on while Kathleen watched.

MaryJo had a nice body that was a little skinny for her taste, but Sam obviously didn't mind. She had a rather large rose tattoo on her lower back which Kathleen didn't approve of. Once she was dressed she all but ran out the door telling Sam, "I'll see you at work next week."

"I'm very disappointed in you, Sam," she said when they were alone. Her head was still pounding which didn't help her mood. She realized she sounded like a prissy schoolteacher which upset her even more.

"I made a mistake," he admitted.

Kathleen continued on as if she hadn't heard him. "We've welcome you into our home. I've welcomed you into my pussy. I feel like I can't trust you, Sam."

"I'm sorry," he said meekly. She sensed that he meant it, but that didn't matter.

"There needs to be a consequence."

"I'm starting a job next week. I'll have an apartment shortly. I can stay at a hotel until then," he said.

She already knew what his punishment was going to be and somehow that helped ease the pounding in her head. Without replying to Sam she went to her dresser and removed Thom's old plastic chastity cage from the drawer and showed it to Sam. "Do you want to stay with us?" she asked him displaying the device.

"Uh…what are you asking, Kathy?"

"I think you know what I'm saying. You have a choice right now. You need to make a decision if you want to stay here."

The two looked at each other. Kathleen's headache was almost gone now. Sam could feel his dick shriveling up under the covers. "You're kidding, right?" he asked her.

"Get up, go to the bathroom, wash your dick, and come back here. I'll be waiting for you." When Sam didn't move she added. "Or you can start packing your bags and leave now."

He tumbled out of bed and trotted to the bathroom. Kathleen seated herself on the edge of the bed and opened up the chastity cage. She knew Sam was a little bigger than Thom, but the cage would be fine on him for a few days at least. The keys and lock were still in the drawer. There hadn't been a need to get rid of them. Kathleen was a strong believer in always having a backup plan.

When Sam came back from the bathroom he had a towel wrapped around his waist. Silently he went to Kathleen who pulled it off and used it to dry his still slightly damp cock. As she did so he started to get hard. That annoyed her so she grabbed his balls from where they hung from his body and twisted them sharply causing him to double over in pain. He gasped, unable to speak.

"Don't you dare get hard," she warned him. "I'm not in the mood to go get ice to keep you small, do you understand?"

"Yes," he meekly whimpered out.

She let go of the painful grip and set to work. It was easy to remember all the old tricks in getting the device onto his cock. The hinged retaining ring was easy, of course, and apparently Sam and Thom needed the same amount of spacers. Before he knew it Sam was looking at his cock through the translucent plastic, safely and securely locked away. His mind wasn't functioning. He didn't know what to think.

"There. Now you and Thom have something else in common besides having fucked me."

Epilogue

“I could have figured all of that out,” snapped Debra. “Though I didn’t think Sam was such a slut.”

Kathleen nodded in sympathy. “That’s why he took so easily to the chastity cage. He knew he needed someone to take control of his sexuality. He wants that person to be you.”

“You two are a bunch of sickos,” Debra declared. “I don’t need this weird, kinky shit in my life.”

“Give it a second thought,” urged Kathleen. “It’s made Sam a happier person, and for the right woman, it’ll give her a sense of control and well-being you won’t have with a man whose dick is ready to fuck any woman he sets eyes on.”

“I’m out of here,” Debra said without further conversation. Kathleen and Sam watched her leave the apartment. Sam kept a brave face until she was gone and then he heaved in a heavy breath, not yet sobbing or crying, but on the brink.

“Don’t start crying now,” Kathleen reprimanded him. “It’s not like I’m going to let you stay out of your cage tonight just because your date isn’t a strong-willed woman.”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t apologize. You just need someone who knows how to control a man. Someone like me.”

“I know.”

“We’ll find you someone. I’m tired of taking care of your dick along with Thom’s.”

To be continued

About the Author

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

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