

To Reign at the Phipps Estate

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By Chris Bellows

Prologue - Taylor Phipps

I hear a few bars of Tchaikovsky's first piano concerto. It is the ring tone of my cell phone. I look to see it is attorney Pamela Harrison. We have not tribbed in many weeks and as I press to accept the call must wonder if she's still fucking the young gay associate she hired in her office. When it comes to using her double dildo, tight is tight... as she has so sardonically explained her indiscriminate preference for gender.

So she has no doubt been otherwise getting herself off. And I cannot admonish her for the lack of attention. I in turn have Eve, Maxine and my weekend bull studs... though the latter have been tiring of late.

"Pamela, how are you? My affairs tended to... legal affairs?" beginning our confabulation with some wit.

"Your legal affairs are in good order, Taylor... as I am sure are all your affairs. Maxine still letting down for you?"

"We had her yielding nearly a half pint per day. Then I tired of it. It was fun making her produce for me. But when she too much begins to enjoy it, then it's time to quit. Plus you can't cane a girl when she's letting down for you."

Pamela laughs, well aware of the strict discipline at the Phipps Estate.

"And I so much wanted to milk her again. It's incredibly empowering, Taylor... forcing a man to give up his essence... without ecstasy of climax... just a slow draining of his energy... and his pride of course."

"She..." giving the pronoun great emphasis in reminding Pamela of husband Max's transformation... "indeed slept well after expressing for me. But that can't be why you called..."

"No. I have a thought for you. More like a proposal. I know you're not running a hotel... or a dormitory there. But you've said the Eve Remarque situation has worked out well... for both of you. A modest salary, room and board... and attaining in return the exacting supervision... feminine supervision... which the transformed beta male requires... your words not mine."

No response from me. I need to know where this is going before I witlessly agree to something. So I pause in silence, letting Pamela... in legal parlance... present her case.

“You’ve got many rooms there... and certainly no lack of funds...”

I need not be reminded of the vast Phipps family trusts and the funds at my disposal, of which attorney Harrison is quite aware.

“So you need a place to stay Pammy... or you need money?”

She laughs.

“Oh, Taylor, all these years and you think I would call you with some self serving quest? If I needed money I’d just send you another bill.”

It’s true. Pammy does not charge based on the size of my bank account... and she certainly needs not a place to stay, her modern upscale cooperative penthouse apartment in a way making the quaint Phipps mansion seem like a museum.

“No, I have come across a situation... helping an old classmate... from college. Years ago she married a widower. Not a rich guy... but not poor either. It was... shall we say convenient for her all the same... financially. Still there was affection...”

“So she is one of us?” I interrupt, getting to the gist.

“Yeah... but you know how it is... a girl has needs... and Andrea... her name’s Andrea... like most of us... had to go to the other side... for the stuff only guys can provide in this male dominated world of commerce. A house... food... money... nice clothing... a car.”

“Yes, yes,” encouraging Pammy to get to the point.

“Not all of us were born into millions, Taylor,” Pammy reminds me.

And she does have a point. I fell into the same temptation... marriage... just to cloak my preferences in addressing the need to mingle in high society... a foolish quest long vanquished.

“So why does this Andrea need your help?”

“Well, her husband had a young son... at the time... from a previous marriage.”

“Had?”

“He died... years ago... in an accident. Andrea’s been raising the kid... enough inheritance money from investments and life insurance to live... even put the tyke through college.”

“So no money needed.”

“Well... yes and no.”

“Yes and no?”

“Redmond... his name is Redmond... wants to go to law school. I told Andrea I’d help.”

“So where do I come in?”

“I got him accepted at Cancadia. I used some influence.”

A good law school. It’s local. And I’m beginning to put the pieces together. But before I proceed, I must have some fun with Pammy.

“Influence, Pammy? What influence could you possibly have with a prestigious law school... given your reputation?”

She snickers.

“How about I’ve been fucking the dean’s wife... while he serves us Champagne wearing panties. And after a long night, he makes us breakfast and I let him clean my dildo... with his tongue.”

Blunt. It’s always blunt with Pammy. I cannot suppress my laughter.

“Kudos for your efforts, Pammy. The things you do to advance your profession, ha, ha, ha.”

“Redmond’s a good kid, Taylor. Brought up to... ah... respect women... as you can imagine. But the money’s run out... and since he’ll be coming here from California, he’ll need a place to stay.”

Before I can utter another word, my phone chimes... indicating here is a text message. Of course it’s from Pammy... sending a photo... staged and ready to be sent to me as part of her script.

Do I have a choice but to continue the badinage by opening?

I do have a choice to refrain, but am too curious. I click and onto the screen of my smart phone comes the image of an Adonis... blond, blue eyed, and from what I can gather broad shouldered and most masculine.

“Get the pic?”

I murmur a ‘yes’.

“Turned twenty-one months ago, Taylor. Legal stuff in every state. Obedient. And in need... of feminine guidance if he’s going to be so far away from his mommy,” Pammy so brashly planting sinister thoughts. “And you have so many, many bedrooms,” she sarcastically chides.

“What’s the deal, Pammy? Bottom line?”

“Room, board, tuition.”

“And I get?”

“Whatever. He will need to study though, Taylor. I can’t arrange his grades and take any exams for him...”

“What about his mother?”

“His stepmother? As I said, she’s one of us. And she’s tiring of the drain, emotionally. And financially, what she has left can’t be spent on more tuition.”

“Then if she’s truly one of us, she will understand that I’ll first want photos... more pertinent to making a decision. And you know the poses and the conditions.”

“Seriously, Taylor?”

“Seriously. Feel free to tell this friend Andrea that I am a woman of my word... and that conditions met... I have the means to back it up. You know the poses... you know the size requirements.”

“Oh Taylor, wouldn’t make the call if we... Andrea... could not meet your criteria. She’s aware, been bathing the lad for many years. Still insists on inspecting him from time to time.”

I smile to myself.

Yes, this Andrea woman is one of us.

“Tell her she can cut out the facial features... if that is of concern.”

Redmond Richards

It’s another beautiful California day. Though newly out of college, no job, no responsibilities, I find myself arising early, deciding to surprise Mom by making breakfast.

To the shower, I celebrate, the day care free, feeling spirited in having been anointed with a college degree. Warm water, soap, and as is my usual morning routine, my hand strays. Just a few strokes, proud in bringing myself to firmness. Never to full climax, I save that for potential dates, though there have been few of late.

As usual I both rebuke myself and enjoy, asking why I am so shy with girls and need the comfort of my hand. At six foot three, athletic, one would think I’d be more of a magnet. But something in my deportment, my self awareness, that brings bashfulness. I suppose it’s because without dad, being long gone, there has been lacking a certain masculine influence that brings a more aggressive front when engaging the opposite sex.

Thoughts aside, I rinse. When I open the shower stall door, my surprise breakfast will not be. Instead it is I who is surprised, mildly shocked to see Mom standing there. Never shy to be naked in her presence, after all she's been bathing me for years, still it's startling. Then comes more surprise as I see her cell phone in hand and she begins clicking away.

"Mom!" I protest.

Distressed, I must ask myself... is it her presence... the taking of pictures... or the fact that I remain thoroughly erect?

"Still playing with yourself in the shower, Redmond? Tsk, tsk."

"What are you doing?" quickly reaching for a towel which seems to have been disappeared.

"Arranging law school for you. You can have your towel... after you've calmed down... and have posed for me."

"You can't..." I sputter.

"I can. I am your mother. And I know what's best for you. Besides, the pics will be from the neck down. Now stand facing me, arms at your sides... like the good boy I know I've raised. Then I'll need profile shots, a shot of your backside... and lastly one with you nicely bent over touching your toes."

I comply, always listening to Mom, grateful that my penis slowly deflates to temper the embarrassment.

"You're going to be a lawyer, Redmond," Mom's enthusiasm countering my reluctance and concern.

Taylor Phipps

I have this sense of smugness in viewing the photos of this aspiring lawyer, Redmond Richards. It's that women of our ilk have a certain mutual trust. I informed Pamela Harrison that I needed not to have any facial features in the photos I required... demanded. And I am sure when forwarding my request she passed that on to the assertive mother of my prospective boarder.

But as I postulate, since she is one of us, that certain trust is evident... that I will take care of her boy, maintain household discipline, and keep the extremely explicit photos confidential. For sure enough, the photo sets include the features of the handsome young blond, looking quite chagrined as he assumes the various poses for me.... stark naked... and deliciously wet. The gleam of freshly showered flesh adds a certain allure to the otherwise invigorating depictions.

Of course I focus on the penis. Clever of this Andrea woman to catch the lad surreptitiously playing with himself, no doubt in what he thought was the privacy of his morning shower.

Yes, a full erection, the tip pointing straight up, nicely rounded and shaped. Important, for not only is

length required... any woman will tell you that... but in kneading the anterior fornix... the secret well hidden crevice adjacent the cervix... to bring deep vaginal orgasms the penis tip must be well plumped and engorged.

And the organ of this Redmond Richards is.

I feel wetness just looking at it!

So, it's a deal. Tuition, room, board for him... for me a nice young and virile bull stud who will listen and obey... no more need for late Friday or Saturday nights of expensive dinners and wine... on occasion too much wine if my bull has certain reservations.

The next step, in addition to telling my cohort in feminine governance to have her boy plan his trip, is to ready one of the many bedrooms at the Phipps mansion. My boy will be strapped down at night, something about having full control over the male... and former male... that seems congruous with me as chatelaine of the estate. And therefore certain equipment needs to be acquired and installed.

I'll want his room equipped with video cameras. He'll need Eve's care and I so much enthuse in monitoring. Plus there is the chastity I demand for the kept male. For this things need to be purchased. And I think I'll talk to Dr. Rosen at the clinic... clinic for boys who want to be girls. My envisioned regimen will be a little out of her expertise, but establishing protocols and instilling acceptance in the prospective subordinate male is somewhat within her bailiwick.

So there is planning. But first I must return the text message of Andrea Richards, informing her of my acceptance.

Thank you for the delightful photos, Andrea. You needed not to include the head and face. Your son has a nice penis. And the buttocks are well shaped, athletic. Curious you were so easily able to photograph him. I will take him in hand and provide for him while at Cancadia Law School, tuition included of course.

I add the latter for assurance, the tuition bills enormous... for her... probably less than a day's interest and dividend income for the vast Phipps trust funds.

Within moments there comes a return text, the timing evidencing the excitement.

He is my stepson, so I have always needed to be more assertive with him, stepping into the breech when his father died. And he's been toying with himself in the shower since puberty. Like a typical male, he never realized I was fully aware of his disgusting habit. I suppose I have been lenient with him over the years in that respect. I hope he comports himself better for you.

I smile, wondering if I should inform her of the stainless steel, ineluctable chastity device I will be ordering... and at great cost. Instead, until I know for sure that she is one of us, I offer some moderate words of assurance.

Here at the Phipps Estate I have a strict nurse on duty full time. No more showers. He will be bathed. Be pampered.

And never touch his own penis again, I am wont to add... not while under my tutelage. But I'll let this Redmond boy inform her of that.

That seems wonderful and appropriate, Ms. Phipps. I'm sure he will be well cared for. I will text his travel arrangements and forward the first tuition bill. Pamela Harrison has given me your address.

So that's it. Deal done. And the more I think about it, Redmond will need some closet space, though there is plenty in every one of the dozen or more bedrooms here. But instead I will enclose the cloak room at the front entry and put a lock on the door, making the space only accessible to she with the key. More responsibilities for Eve... but she so nicely enjoys her role here.

Redmond Richards

Lots to think about on the flight from California. Sleeping on the red eye has been difficult, the excitement of the unknown bringing a steady flow of adrenaline. How did Mom pull off law school for me? Just months ago, in overhearing a phone conversation with Aunt Pamela... not my real aunt but an old friend of Mom's... the gist was there were no longer adequate funds to continue my education after four years at UCLA.

And now, it's on to Cancadia, not a top tier school, but certainly in the top twenty.

Aunt Pamela's doing no doubt. And now that I am in the Pittsburgh area, I will be sure to thank her up close and in person.

But what of that morning, weeks ago, in exiting the shower... Mom clicking photos on her cell phone... asking me to pose. She was prescient with her exuberant exclamation... 'you're going to be a lawyer'.

An Uber car awaits at the airport. Told not to bother packing much, it's a quick transfer from the baggage area into the back of an SUV. Since I don't have clothing for the forthcoming fall and winter of western Pennsylvania, guess it makes sense not to burden my luggage with stuff worn for the climate of southern California. But as I settle into the back seat, my thoughts turn to this mysterious benefactor... benefactress. I am told I will be rooming at a country estate, a half hour drive to law school. But how will I get there... and what will I wear once the weather turns?

And who is this Taylor Phipps?.. Miss Taylor Phipps as Mom emphasized?

I Googled the name... old steel money. Many mentions of high society stuff... charity affairs, dinners, balls... those types of things. But it was all ancient... like the woman became a recluse... perhaps too old to endure the duress of hobnobbing with the elite.

I envision a stooped over, gray haired woman with a walker... and one of those ear trumpets. A dated image, but one's imagination runs to Dickensian England with terms like 'estate', 'mansion', 'society balls' and what not. Will I be expected to kowtow to a Miss Havisham? Become a caregiver? Mom mentioned something about a full time nurse on duty at the mansion. Must I lend a hand? Is that the quid pro quo?

My thoughts quell as the Uber car exits suburban squalor and the countryside transforms to idyllic. The rolling hills with trees of substance are a pleasant change from crowded southern California with its contrived landscaping. And when the SUV slows and makes a left turn onto a road... no doubt private and secluded... the well kept pristine foliage and landscaping empty my mind of the imaginary thoughts of the ruinous mansion of the jilted Miss Havisham.

This is wealth! And I find myself gulping in both concern and envy. This is also power!

Taylor Phipps

My Uber app apprizes me of my ward's approach. When my cell phone suggests the car has made the turn onto the long drive of the Phipps estate I gesture to Eve and maid Maxine and we assemble at the top of the stone steps under the porte-cochere.

First impressions are important and therefore I have Eve in her starched white nurse's uniform, quite clinical but for the ease by which the high hem can be turned up her thighs for Maxine's oral attention. And she of course wields a whippy length of rattan, symbolic of the quick and painful discipline she can mete. Unseen in her pocket is a surprise for Redmond.

She stands to my right. Maxine, once again permitted the modesty of a brief blue apron... and nothing else... stands three paces behind me, humbly awaiting any succinct command. And of course I am in the middle, plainly and primly dressed in a gray pencil skirt, hem at mid calve, white blouse and matching gray jacket.

I have rehearsed my opening greeting, thinking of myself as a prison warden introducing herself to newly arrived miscreants. I will be firm and forthright. And with the youthful and impressionable Redmond Richards some half a continent away from home, neither friend nor associate within miles, he has few if any options but to listen and succumb to my demanded protocols.

I feel twinges just thinking about it.

The SUV comes into view, makes the final left turn and pulls to the front, I'm sure the huge stone and brick turn-of-the-century structure appearing most formidable to a boy growing up in the glitzy glass and shiny steel of southern California. When he opens the door and steps from the rear I suppress a smile in seeing that the photos don't do him justice, appearing taller and more masculine than perceived. And that look on his face... awe.

By prearrangement, the Uber drive plunks down Redmond's two suitcases, hurriedly returns to the driver's seat and departs.

Redmond is mine. No way out... no way to return to California... not to go anywhere. I contrived with his stepmother that he be given limited funds for the journey. Should he somehow call for a cab, he could not afford to get to back to the main road.

Though tall, I tower over him at the top of the steps, arms akimbo in a stance of authority, my silence I must assume daunting. I will let him speak first.

He looks up at me as if about to pray to a deity. And I suppose that in his mind, with what I am tossing onto his plate in terms of financial assistance, I do have a degree of perceived omnipotence. Then he glances to my right and Eve knows to raise her right arm and offer a firm tap of the cane to the palm of her left hand. Though slight, such a warming sound... the swish... the splat.

Does he spy my naked maid, standing behind in the shadows, full make up, hair coifed, ribboned nipples protruding, Maxine's gender so well masked?

"Miss Phipp's," the voice masculine yet quaking in concern, "I am Redmond Richards."

"Yes, I sent for you. To you I am Miss Taylor... and this is the Phipps Estate. Boys are welcome here... obedient boys. Come, you may enter. My maid Maxine will tend to your bags."

He steps up, taking the eight steps so gingerly. Cautious in stumbling? Or fear of what is to come?

Standing before me I further assess, extending my hand, palm down. He knows to slightly bow and kiss it. Quick progress.

"This is Evelyn Remarque... Miss Eve to you. She will be in charge, supervising you here in the mansion. When not attending class you will be under her care... studying. Your duties will be few, but performed with alacrity and absolute obedience. Step this way."

It is deliberate that I do not introduce Maxine. Let the lad figure out the mystery of her presence.

I step into the foyer, to my right is the sizable cloak room where once the wealthy elite of the industrial revolution surrendered hats and coats in attending lavish soirees. I have had it turned into an enclosed closet.

"This is as far as you are permitted in my home... wearing clothing. When you return from class you will strip naked and wait for Eve to gather your clothing and lock such away. Likewise, when you leave for school or wherever, you will humbly and respectfully wait here for Eve to unlock this room, select what you are to wear, offer a final inspection and send you on your way."

I pause, the athletic frame of Redmond Richards... all six foot three inches... beginning to tremble. I believe he knows what I expect. Yet, I suppose I must be a little more clear and forthright. I remove my cell phone, the screen preset in anticipation of this moment.

"You won't be showing us anything we have not before seen," alighting the screen and holding it to

his face.

He glares. His face reddens in embarrassment. In full view is one of the photos sent by his stepmother... not the one with full erection, but the pose wet and naked, hands humbly at his sides, a look of chagrin, appearing to be readied for booking and incarceration.

“Completely naked, Redmond. That is how it will be.”

Eve again smacks the palm of her left hand bringing forth a lurch of fright. Then comes a degree of apoplexy followed by slow motion. He has little choice but to comply. For the impoverished Redmond Richards, he may as well be under arrest in some backwater foreign country. He seems to realize the same... for slowly he bends, untying his running shoes.

I have him.

Redmond Richards

I was not expecting... well... not expecting a lot of things.

The envisioned wizened Miss Havisham turned out to be a MILF... as the guys at college term attractive women in their late thirties and early forties. And Taylor Phipps... Miss Taylor is attractive... more than attractive... she's stunning!

Also not expected, a lithe becoming black woman... a girl really... threatening in wielding some slim piece of wood or whatever. And the photo! Mom promised during that weird episode in the bathroom that my face was not to be shown. She tricked me!

So now, after flying some two thousand miles, I am once again posing naked... only not for my Mom... but for women I don't know!

“That's a good boy, Redmond. Hand over your cell phone. And Eve will take your clothing. You'll not need any covering in the Phipps mansion... nothing at all... ever,” the words ominous but the voice so contrastingly soothing... so unctuous.

The little black girl steps forth, first tapping my exposed right cheek with the slim baton, bringing me to howl in pain despite the ease of her stroke, then taking my clothing. Quickly following is this maid... Maxine... struggling up the stone steps with my luggage. Succinctly tossed into this room next to the entrance, the door is closed and the black girl in white locks it! All I have in the world... other than what has been left behind in California... is now under lock and key... and not my lock and key!

“There. You'll acclimate, Redmond. And Eve has something to help you.”

With that, this sinewy nurse draws something from her pocket, instantly steps forth and jabs almost exactly where her slim stick struck me. A hypodermic needle!

“Something to calm you, Redmond. And something to make you into a nice big healthy boy for me. A special concoction which you’ll come to relish. Vitamins, a little hormone booster... though probably not entirely necessary... and just a smidgen of a sedative.”

While my hand rubs my wounded backside, Miss Taylor steps forth, her hand lowering. Palm turned upwards, she brazenly cups my scrotum, her thumb gently rubbing the base of my penis.

Though shocked, there comes this sense of comfort... being handled there by a woman of such firmness... such confidence. I find not the mettle to resist or protest.

Why the injection?

Instead I feel myself begin to engorge... and I do not want to engorge. Or do I? For some reason I want to please her... and there comes this innate sense as to how.

“You’re becoming erect for me, Redmond. Naked before a trio of women... does that excite you?”

Before I can answer, the hand withdraws, leaving my penis to continue firming untouched. I am embarrassed, yet as Miss Taylor steps back, arms again akimbo, the stiffening stops not. She watches in silence.

My penis throbs... I cannot help myself!

“Eve, bathe Redmond then take him to his room... and bed him. It’s only midday, but he’s had a long journey. And the sooner he becomes accustomed to the Segufix straps the better.”

With that, Miss Taylor turns and strolls away. And my embarrassment builds when this Eve... Miss Eve... reaches to my upstanding penis, grasps and using it as a leach, guides me at a brisk pace to the stairs. When I fail to step quickly enough, the slim wooden rod strikes again. And again I howl.

“Obey... or you get the cane. And you’ve too much hair... where a boy like you needs no hair,” the words accented but well understood.

Taylor Phipps

With Redmond Richards thinking me aloof, he’d be surprised in knowing that I retreat to my bedroom where I turn on the high definition television and click straight to the cameras of Eve’s wash room... where she twice daily tends to Maxine. Quite focused, I am not at all aloof.

These are precious moments.

I have installed a second whipping bench, a little longer to accommodate the torso of my six foot three ward. And it is positioned such that during morning ablutions he will lie strapped down, face to face with Maxine.

They will share the torment of Eve's caring hands... nose to nose.

So onto the screen comes the short procession... my stern nurse leading ... my new charge following.

By now, the slight dose of chlordiazepoxide has kicked in, and in not being accustomed to the sedative... however mild... he for now belongs to Eve. So it's tummy down on the bench. Within moments wrists, ankles, and thighs are well restrained to make him one with the padded covering of black vinyl.

I turn up the sound, needing to hear Eve as she invokes her authority.

"A nice sponge bath... a shave... some internal cleansing... and you'll be sleeping for me... like a good boy," she explains... forewarns?

It begins. Though I know mother Andrea cared for him attentively in his youth, thus knowing of his prodigious size, having the unfamiliar hands of a girl his own age take charge must be quite invigorating for him. And sure enough, as I switch about the camera angles, though the look on his face is one of contempt, his penis is not to be seen. It remains firm and erect, pressed to his belly, out of sight in kneeling on all fours.

But there do dangle two sizable testicles, seemingly brimming with male essence.

A soothing warm rinse further quiets my boy. Then Eve applies soap. No chamois cloth, she works about with her bare hands... her touch personal and sensual... both cleansing and massaging, deeply kneading muscles I am sure cramped with many hours of the overnight flight.

Clicking back, the look on Redmond's face slowly softens, a pampered puppy enduring an overdue tummy rub.

When his eyes close, Eve steps away, returning shortly with a straight edged razor. Accomplished after many months of tending to maid Maxine, she whisks the blade about... back, arms, buttocks and legs... facilely releasing then restoring the many straps such that all meets the sharpness. The deed is more important psychologically than the physical removal of hair. Redmond is sacrificing to an in charge woman a symbol of masculinity. That is what is important. And when she pauses and then begins to work his scrotum, insouciantly flipping about the plums to denude every nook and cranny of the sac and the pubes, I smile in satisfaction. There come no words of objection, no attempts to avoid the blade and the embarrassing defoliation.

I really do have him.

Eve will complete the deed, alacritously doing the chest and stomach when he's freed to stand. But the initial ceding to her feminine authority is paramount. Mission accomplished.

Yet Redmond's ordeal does not end. An enema is next... deep, warm, internally soothing, expertly administered and seemingly endless... and most importantly for a boy of twenty one... humiliating

beyond words.

Welcome to the Phipps Estate, Redmond.

Redmond Richards

I lie bound... comfortable... but incredibly well bound. Miss Eve, apparently much attuned by way of her nursing skills, has bedded me, as promised, but as one would restrain the criminally insane. Yes an amazing array of straps binds me such that not the most emphatic lurch and tug can bring to loosen or slacken. Something about Segufix... the term uttered in reverence.

Adding to the duress, I am hooded... completely sightless. And though it is midday the forced darkness brings repose.

Normally all this would bring defiance! But something within tells me to indeed sleep... to yield... to succumb... to let what will happen indeed happen.

I feel like a toddler, commanded to rest under maternal guidance, not under my own volition. And curiously with that comes a sense that I am cared for. I think about my introduction to the Phipps Estate... to the stern lady of the house... mansion. Though she has taken from me everything... all locked in a closet... I am in want of nothing... other than to attain a dream... to attend law school... to become an attorney.

As slumber beckons... it must be something in that injection... or the forced emptying of my bowels... I think about Mom and all she has gone through... Dad's untimely death... the considerable dollars expended in putting me through college... the sacrifice all that entailed.

Should I fault her for bargaining with this presumed devil... Miss Taylor and her disciple Miss Eve?

Essentially I have been sold. And ultimately I have no inclination as to what that entails.

I sleep... I dream... so it seems. For when something touches me... below... where a guy sort of welcomes touch... I lurch... learning again that I am well bound... as nothing really moves.

Hands... busy fingers... nimbly work about my newly shorn pubes. The chafed skin welcomes the touch, for whoever manipulates me there applies a coating of soothing unguent. It feels good, my flesh scraped and raw. Better... it feels exciting.

Am I hardening?

I am mindful of the shower escapade, when upon exit Mom photographed me fully erect. Am I now standing? And for whom... and why?

I am receiving expert massage, my groin area treated as a worn set of muscles in need of comforting stimulation. The inner thighs first, fingers press, moving upwards. To the perineum... slow...

methodical... circling... then the motion shifting... pushing circulation upwards to my scrotum. Then my sac receives attention, right testicle then left gathered between thumb and index finger, ever so gently squeezing. Seemingly not only testing the size of my organs, but playfully encouraging production, coaxing something. Onward to the base of my penis, teasingly avoiding the overly sensitive tip, encircling firmly at the base then slipping upward, maintaining the grip but stopping short of a welcomed squeeze of what I imagine to be a most engorged purple head.

The goal seems to be to push, press, and squeeze to maximize the flow of circulation to my manhood, which is for sure striving to touch the ceiling. My mental discomfort in being restrained, vulnerable to this wicked nurse, and completely helpless ebbs. Any man would willingly lie and accept this fate. But then my brief journey to nirvana is interrupted...

“My, my, you are a big boy, Redmond. Very gratifying to see you show off for other than your mother’s cell phone camera,” the sudden words bringing shock.

The voice is that of Taylor Phipps... Miss Taylor. But the location is from above... over my head... not from where the hands busily work me firmer and firmer.

“You’ll find Eve to be quite accomplished in terms of penile stimulation, Redmond... manual penile stimulation. I believe you boys... utilizing more gruff slang... term it a hand job. Something desired... something held in need. Well here at the Phipps Estate you shall have it. All you want. Eve can bring you... and your penis... to lofty heights in terms of vaunted male pleasure. But ultimately I will decide on climax and ejaculation.”

There comes a snicker as I feel I am about to burst... spewing my seed everywhere and anywhere. My need is... well... I have not before felt such pleasure and therefore such urgency... normally squeezing off a final stroke in the shower and exploding. But instead the hands abruptly withdraw... and the voice resumes...

“Here at my estate you will come often, Redmond... as often as I would like. But know this... never as often as you would like.”

I hear movement... the rustle of clothing. From what I gather to be the door, the voice comes again.

“Go back to sleep, Redmond. Nighty, nighty. And do not soil the bed. Maxine or Eve will help you urinate. Do learn to empty yourself upon their command.”

Why do I find her ominous words to be so acceptable?

Taylor Phipps

My aspiring attorney is bigger... can be bigger... than I imagined when many weeks ago I viewed the cell phone photo of him exiting the shower. In cultivating his organ to so nicely blossom, Eve’s expertise is welcomed... as much by me as the horny 21 year old male I am now holding in captivity.

Yes, my friend Pamela Harrison has done me a good turn.

I watch again on my big screen high definition television as Eve again works my boy into the mental and emotional frenzy of a massive erection. I shall have him brought to full stand every two hours... a special introduction to life at the Phipps Estate. Such stimulation... such frustration... for I will never allow him to come... other than when I decide.

As I watch, even more comforting for a woman of my ilk is feeling in my hands... fingers smoothing over shiny stainless steel as one would treasure fine china... a most intricate finely, crafted device specially ordered from Germany.

Steelworxx, makers of refined and exquisite chastity devices, has been working on a particularly heavy and ineluctable cock cage/Prince's Wand combination that will for sure not only physically inhibit my ward from touching himself, but psychologically send my message of total feminine control at all times when not in my presence or under the exacting supervision of his keeper Miss Eve.

It begins with a control ring which will tightly encircle under the scrotum and the top of the penis at the pubes. For added security, after slipping in place, three small but confining posts can be thrust through the diameter, the semi sharp ends pressing against the scrotum at the 4:00 o'clock and 8:00 o'clock positions and the third at 12:00 o'clock at the top of the penis. Such will be screwed in place quickly yet tightly utilizing a small electric screwdriver with a specially shaped blade.

I suppose given time and effort, Redmond could wander into a hardware store and find some device to relieve the added security of the posts. But then he would still have to somehow slip off the control ring... quite snug on its own... and somehow get it all back in place before returning home... or face the fury of Eve's cane.

Connected to the ring there is to be locked a conical cock cage, gleaming steel with some tiny openings for the skin to breathe... and attached within... the coup de grace so to speak... is a Prince's Wand tube which will be slid deeply into his urethra, a little bulb at the tip to constantly abrade the prostate.

Eve's nursing skills will come in handy when, each and every morning, my boy will effectively be partially catheterized before I send him off to class.

So there you have it... naked for me, forced to display his prodigious log of a penis while sauntering about the mansion... under watch... strapped in place at night, hands never to touch himself... locked in chastity when learning the law and not under feminine control.

I like it.

Augmenting all is that Redmond's car... yes I bought him a car to attend law school... has a GPS location device installed. Should he stray on the way to or from Cancadia, I will know about it.

So Redmond's new life... he will study, attend law school, show off his sublime but well mastered masculinity, and be one very priapic boy toy. For as opposed to Maxine's daily does of estrogen and prolactin, Redmond's injections will have a modest dosage of chlorthalidone to assure his acquiescence, but also be brimming with testosterone and vitamins known to abet virility. And his diet... every tidbit consumed will be to assure that his male potency and that carnal needs are always raging... never to be fully gratified... at all times peeked.

Redmond Richards

Someone enters, awakening me. Expecting to once again feel the marvelous but vexing hands slowly work my pubes area, making my penis throb in need, instead the straps loosen and are pulled away. It is amazing how quickly I can be freed of the complete immobility.

Remaining hooded, hands push and prod, rolling me slightly to my left side. Then it happens again. The sudden jab of a needle... slow spreading warmth within the meatus of my right buttock.

Finger. smooth over my wounded flesh. Then the hood is also pulled away, and in blinking to clear my eyes, I look into the charming, smiling face of this Miss Eve. Youthful, the dark skin highlighting perfect, bright white teeth, she appears so pleasant and innocent... but for the cane she wields.

Looking straight into my eyes, as if to assess my thoughts, her arm extends to the right, the wrist cocks then flexes, and the tip of the cane makes such an insignificant swish... not much more than the sound of a bird's wings. But the results bring a stab of agony, and the tip merely glances off the toes of my right foot!

I lurch. Miss Eve smiles, so much enjoying her mastery of me.

"Though freed of your bondage, you will never ever touch yourself, Redmond. Miss Phipps has explained to me your nasty habit. If your penis needs attention, we will decide when, how and how much. Break the rule and you will have trouble walking."

Such efficiency in meting out pain... such suffering... so quickly and easily brought.

"Dinner. In the dining room. Miss Phipps has a guest."

"Then I'll... need... ah... clothing."

Miss Eve laughs... a flippant snicker.

"Boys go naked here at the Phipps Estate... boys and boys who have become girls. Now go down stairs."

I pull myself up, sensing Big Red... the pet name given my most prized male possession... swing about heavily, remaining somewhat engorged from the last massage and with a degree of nocturnal

tumescence as well. I already miss the slow massage... but so much crave a more complete ending. I do believe the hands woke me at least three times... if not four.

I am so tempted to give my little friend... well not so little now... a quick wake up stroke. But the swish of the cane firmly suggests 'no'.

Then my thoughts quickly shift. Downstairs?... without clothing?... with a guest!

Who? Why?

"Please Miss Eve... can't I have something? Like a towel... covering of some sort."

She again smiles, her look transforming to sternness, the cane lifting... threatening.

"You'll show yourself... bare naked. And there's lots to show... now that you've been shaven."

With all the input, I had forgotten... Miss Eve applied the razor everywhere... every nook and cranny... most humiliating to have my privates so diligently handled like that.

I step towards the door.

"Stop... face me!"

Who am I to disobey? My toes insist on yielding.

"I'll want to inspect from time to time. Make sure you are presentable. Hands to the back of your head. Feet parted, turn and face me."

The voice is smooth yet forceful. I comply. The free hand lowers, cupping my scrotum, her thumb grazing about. Absolutely hairless, she seems satisfied.

And me?... well once again she touches me there, Big Red renewing its firmness, the long afternoon nap of multiple massages returning to mind.

I am learning that my privates are longer than... mine.

"Some stubble... but not much. We'll begin with some lotion... a depilatory. Make the shaving quicker and the results smoother. And remember this pose. When I lower my hand, cup it palm up, you will present yourself just like this, nesting these nice warm plums in my hand... like good boy."

I nod. What more can I do and say?

She smiles and squeezes... not bringing pain, but enough discomfort such that she has my attention and her message is received. I am totally under her auspices.

I want to go home... back to California. But is that possible? And then... in deep thought... do I really want to? Attending law school is what I want. And for free. And it seems it will come under strict feminine guidance. Is that to be forsaken?

“You may go now,” feeling odd disappointment as the slim black hand retreats.

I turn to the door and step forth. But then hear the swish... loud and ominous... the threatening cane splitting the room air. In fear, I stumble forth to the sound of boisterous laughter... my gait frantically quickening to avoid the convincing dominion my new master’s hand.

Taylor Phipps

Pamela Harrison and I uncork a bottle of wine on the sun porch. After sharing the days events, there is a slight change in mood. Normally brimming with savoir faire the broad shouldered line backer of a woman seems genuinely concerned over her protege... aspiring attorney, Redmond Richards.

“You’ve stripped him naked, had Eve shave and bathe him and put him to bed... in bondage?” her tone uncharacteristically incredulous.

“Every long journey begins with a small first step,” I humorously quip, fully aware that the traumatic introduction to life as a beta male at the Phipps Estate has been mentally and emotionally overwhelming.

She smirks... possibly a grimace... sipping in thought.

“But seriously Pammy, complete immersion is best.... and from the outset,” I continue. “Don’t you think that for the most part his stepmother has been acclimating him to feminine control since adolescence... early adolescence?”

“He’s always been rather fawning... the few times I visited. An obedient little boy. But that was long ago. Haven’t been to California in years.”

“Well now he’s an obedient big boy... and wants to be an obedient big boy... and more importantly, deep within enjoys being an obedient boy. So at dinner, don’t do or say anything to sully the ambiance, Pammy. You are to be naturally calm... cool as always... just as you are when you visit those gay clubs and pick up one of your little sissy boys to fuck.”

My sly counselor detects my wicked plan, her wry smile suggesting a degree of acceptance, though her words are again fraught with concern.

“You aren’t... Taylor! Come now, you’re not going to have him sit naked eating dinner with his aunt?”

“You’re not his real aunt, Pammy. And besides, you’ll find him rather nice to look at and enjoy his subjugation. As you know... that’s what it’s all about here.”

“Does he know about your husband... Maxine?”

“Not yet. Had Maxine wearing her little apron during the few introductory moments this afternoon. Redmond’s focus was more on me... and Eve’s cane.”

“You didn’t have him caned!”

“No. But he got the message... a little correcting tap... a little encouraging tap. That’s all it requires. Amazing with a lad of his size... six foot three... some two hundred and fifty pounds... that he instantly falls under the tutelage of my little 100 pound maid. That tell you something, Pammy?”

“Dinner is ready, Miss Taylor,” the soft mousey voice of maid Maxine barely heard at the doorway.

“Is Redmond seated?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Presentable?”

Maxine blushes like the little girl I have forcibly transformed him... her... to be. She understands the meaning of my query.

“He’s... well... very big... and... ah...”

“Erect, Maxine. Intact men have erections... do you remember?” I chide.

“He’s...” more blushing, the words faltering, “firm.”

“Household rule, Maxine. If you ever see him touch himself you are to report that to Eve... immediately. And you are not to touch him there as well,” my tone direct and commanding. “Unless instructed,” I casually add.

I gesture for Maxine to approach. Hearing her little bells chime brings comfort to a woman of purpose and direction... direction for the beta male. As I hand her my empty glass I reach and snatch away her only covering... other than her nipple ribbons. The little blue apron, sole purpose being to cloak her little emaciated penis and bejeweled balls, will no longer be necessary.

I hear my friend Pammy chuckle as Maxine blushes anew. Blatant as always, she reaches forth, fingers finding an elongated nipple, deftly squeezes and laughs imperiously as Maxine’s well prompted gland gives up a jet of lactate... obeisantly yielding to a woman of authority.

“As I said Pammy... immersion. And Maxine’s emasculation will... shall we say... enhance the ambiance.”

“I’d like to milk Maxine. Perhaps Redmond will watch. Enough immersion for you?”

That's my Pammy.

Redmond Richards

I'm quivering. I'm scared. And as I look down at my lap, I am grateful for my napkin. For despite my concern... sitting naked at the dining table of this prestigious mansion... the firmness first instilled by Miss Eve's inspecting touch not only continues... but seems to rage.

Abetting my fears... who is this guest? Male or female? But does it matter? Made to display myself so ignominiously, I play mind games with myself.

What do I say to a man visitor? What do I say to a woman visitor?

Sitting at the end of the table, immediately to my left, is the imposing Miss Eve. Her position suggests stature within the Phipps mansion, normally such a seat reserved for the head of the household. I must assume Miss Taylor will take the opposing end seat, three chairs away, the sizable table seating eight.

Prancing about is the maid, practically as naked as myself but for a tiny blue apron. For the first time as she serves me another sizable glass of water, I focus on her, my thoughts initially occupied by my benefactress upon arrival at the Phipps Estate.

She is quiet, pretty with make up quite meticulously applied for a servant. The breasts... dainty blue ribbons tied about the base to bring attraction... are of limited size, those of a pubescent girl. Yet the nipples are lengthy and prominent.

In trying not to stare I conclude that it must bring great embarrassment to be made to display the bright pink glands as she does. But the eyes are drawn to her, for when she moves about there is a constant high pitched ringing... tiny bells... not seen... evidently under the apron.

Setting down a pitcher of water, she turns to return to the kitchen, bare buttocks enticingly rolling about with every step. Plumped... hairless... again the anatomy of a young girl, yet the prettified face suggests a degree of age. Then my eyes sharpen. Something invades the gluteal cleft. An object of rubber slightly protrudes.

"Yes, she's plugged... constantly," Miss Eve noticing my querying look. "It's best for her prostate," smiling in offering her clinical evaluation.

Prostate?

Attention from my query is turned, learning of the convenience of Eve's... Miss Eve's chair. For I feel a hand slip under my napkin, gentle fingers exploring, first brushing my scrotum then teasingly moving up my penis shaft. A single finger gently strokes, avoiding the overly sensitive tip.

I look to see Miss Eve, the look on her face one of amusement but also of confident authority.

“You remain hard for me, Redmond. That is good. Miss Phipps will be pleased... in introducing you to her guest. Now drink more of your water.”

The words come as maid Maxine returns, plunks a bowl of salad on the table then departs toward the parlor, presumably to summon all to dinner. Though once again the bare backside attracts, I close my eyes in shame, Miss Eve’s presumptuous though sensuous finger emotionally reeking havoc, physically engendering firmness of steel.

How is it that I will be able to greet this person unknown? Sit through dinner? Even face Miss Taylor? Yet I feel a certain acceptance. There is calm within... and there should not be.

With what have I been injected?

“Your penis, Redmond... you’re going to learn this is no longer something for you to play with... for your pleasure. It’s something for a woman... a special woman... with resolve and determination... to control and admire. Admire as one would own a favored sculpture.”

The hand withdraws, the finger even more teasing in slipping away. I take my eyes off the black, pleasant yet domineering face to glance downward, my napkin appearing to be more of a tent than a shielding covering.

My concerns are diverted when maid Maxine returns. The small blue apron has disappeared. The ringing, now more noticeable, draws my eyes to the pubes.

Maxine has a penis! At least it appears to be a penis... so tiny. And beneath, the chiming is finally explained. Where there should be testicles there are instead spheres of plastic to which small bells have been attached.

Maxine notes my stare. She blushes, quickly darting into the kitchen, empty wine glasses in hand.

“She remains a little shy in displaying herself, Redmond. Fully displaying herself... if you get my gist,” Miss Eve repressing a cackle.

“What hap...”

My question is truncated when into the dining room steps Miss Taylor, so smartly attired, a MILF without question. I tremble anew, for behind her is her guest... tall, wide bodied but certainly not plump, her gait suggesting athleticism. Short, dirty blonde hair drawn back in a duck tail, given work clothes the woman would be envisioned working a loading dock, her muscular frame that prominent.

And I also recognize her... many years ago... at Dad’s funeral.

“Aunt Pamela!”

“Good evening, Redmond. I see you’re acclimating quickly to your new home,” attorney Pamela

Harrison apparently referencing my nudity... and perhaps my total lack of body hair.

“Redmond, a gentleman stands when greeting a lady. We tend to be rather formal here at the Phipps Estate,” Miss Taylor chides.

Stand! Big Red is in a state of anger!

Apoplectic, I freeze, remaining seated, whereupon Miss Eve reaches beneath and pulls away my only covering... the napkin.

“Stand and properly greet the lady,” Miss Eve adding to the duress. “My cane is always nearby,” nodding to the corner where indeed there leans a length of rattan. “And it would greatly add to your perceived embarrassment... to be punished before the woman.”

“Don’t be shy, Redmond. Your mother has told me much about you... how much you’ve grown,” Pamela Harrison almost giggling, her eyes lowering as if empowered with x-ray vision to see through the table top.

Yes, my mother and the attorney who has done so much for me regarding law school go back many years. There is no doubt all secrets are shared... if salient points of my anatomy can be so described.

I recall her last visit years ago. I was just entering puberty when she stayed at the house the week of Dad’s funeral...

Redmond Richards Recalls

“I’ll be out in a minute Pam. I always give little Redmond his bath before dinner,” Mom calls out from the bathroom where I indeed sit in the oversized bathtub immersed in fragrant soap.

I am not so little... and too old to be bathed. But with Dad’s untimely death a little more than a week before, Mom is in grief. And since tending to me has soothed Mom in the past... a ritual we have shared for years... I cast aside reservations. In a way there is bonding in so presenting myself to her, vulnerable... seeming to be in need of care as I once was as a toddler. And though not a blood relation, I have long stowed any embarrassment in showing myself. Thus, though puberty brings a degree of shyness... things happening down there, organs growing, patches of downy hair propagating... I sit back in the warmth and let her tend to me without objection.

Besides, more than adequate layers of soap bubbles bring cover, for the most part allowing only glimpses of my nakedness.

Bath ending, as I am commanded to stand, time to be dried, the phone rings. Knowing Mom’s hands are not only busy but wet, I hear Aunt Pam answer. After a few indiscernible words she calls out.

“Andrea, it’s the grave stone people. Something about your husband’s date of birth.”

Mom steps out, towel in hand, leaving me standing wet, coated with suds and nothing with which to dry myself. I hear more words being exchanged and then to my youthful horror the huge... comparatively huge... broad shouldered frame of Aunt Pamela Harrison enters the bathroom. She smiles. I don't.

"Your mother wants me to dry you and make sure you're properly dressed for dinner, Redmond."

I quiver. No woman... girl... has ever before seen me in deshabille. Moms are not women in the adolescent mind.

I freeze. Aunt Pam extends her hands, the towel welcoming me. And indeed I am quickly chilling.

"Come, come, step out for me. Be a good boy for your Aunt Pam," her tone unctuous, and I sense a degree of pleasure in viewing my awkward nakedness.

What choice do I have other than to put myself into her hands? Though scared, the charming smile not completely alleviating my concern, something else happens. Over the past few months, things have been happening... down there... spontaneous firming... boners... my colleagues in school have termed the untimely erections. And as I step from the tub, indeed there come twinges.

Why here? Why now?

What to do? I must quickly get dried and get out! But the only towel is held by this woman who seems to be taking such glee in not only my condition but my relative discomfort.

"Oh come now Redmond, your Mom and I have been friends for many years. Nothing to fear. I won't hurt you. Just put your hands up, reach for the ceiling and we'll be quick about it."

I comply. But my penis seems to want to comply as well... also beginning to reach for the ceiling. I berate myself, but the appendage is unruly.

Aunt Pam begins... hair, shoulders, arms, tummy. But then when she steps closer to reach behind to dry my back and buttocks, my growing erection presses into her thigh, covered in slacks of smooth cotton.

And that is the final catalyst. When she steps back, lowers to her knees to dry my legs, I am at full stand.

"My, my, Redmond, you're growing," her pun not entirely lost on my youthful mind. "It's very cute, stiffening for me like that. What do you call your thing? Every boy as a pet name for his penis."

Adding to the ignominious horror, she pauses in her efforts, the promise of quickness cast aside.

She stares, she smiles, but her hands move not.

“How about Little Redmond?” her towel hand slowly reaching forth, finally grazing my left thigh.

Her efforts slow, ostensibly becoming careful... so I thought at the time. I would now term such to be sensuous. One may argue her deliberation was to forestall eruption... but one may also argue to extend my humiliation.

“It doesn’t feel little, Aunt Pam,” somehow finding words in order to distract from the situation.

Yet her examining eyes waver not. And that seems to bring more stiffness.

“I guess not. It is indeed impressive for a boy of your age. So let’s call it big. That’s it... Big Red.”

She finishes drying me, my penis remaining engorged. She then steps back, assessing more than my erection... seeming to be searching for my inner thoughts. And for some reason I continue to obediently pose for her, hands reaching for the ceiling as instructed.

“Do you touch it... when it gets like that?”

I shake my head of course, no boy would admit to such a sordid deed. And with that her smile blossoms anew.

“You will.”

She turns to the door, tossing away the towel such that I cannot use it for covering, gestures and takes my hand, insisting on leading me into the hall, my erection bobbing about to bring soft laughter Aunt Pam cannot repress. To my bedroom, she dresses me with rapidly surging intimacy, holding my underwear, comically stretching such out as if to suggest Big Red needs much room. I seem helpless to resist, stepping into my underwear for her, the closeness now oddly welcomed.

I remain so erect throughout the ordeal. Why?

Redmond Richards at Dinner

“Finish your water. Stand!.. Hands to your head!”

Miss Eve’s more forceful command draws me from my revery. Arms rising I find myself almost jumping, fear of the cane ingrained. Adding to the embarrassment of having to fully show myself, the napkin at my stomach slips down to dangle about, my upturned penis serving as a coat hanger. Miss Taylor and her guest laugh. Miss Eve quickly reaches and whisks it away, my nudity complete.

“Yes, you have grown, Redmond... you and Big Red.”

Yes, the pet name given my penis... given years ago by my Aunt Pamela Harrison... has not been forgotten.

“But you now have less hair,” the observation coming with a snicker, heightening the ignominy of having to so present myself.

“Eve keeps my boys hairless for me.” Miss Taylor’s eyes examining as well. “There’s no need for covering at the Phipps Estate.”

“Indeed,” Aunt Pam enthusiastically agrees stepping around the table. “No hug for your Aunt Pam, Redmond? Many phone calls getting you into Cancadia... and paid tuition... and room and board.”

But no clothing, I am wont to sarcastically add. For some reason as I turn from my chair to greet her, I obediently keep my hands to the back of my head. When she extends her arms, enshrouds and tugs to embrace, I am reminded of being dried in the bathroom years ago. Despite the fear and concern, when my erection presses now to her mid section... no cotton, now covered in a shiny smooth satin blouse... it feels good.

Do I harden more?

“Well, let’s have dinner shall we. Maxine has grilled lamb chops. But not for you, Redmond. A special diet, steak tartar, steamed vegetables, and I’m afraid no wine. I’ve read where such can adversely affect the male libido. And we certainly wouldn’t not want that. Instead pure water... lots and lots” Miss Taylor encouraging prandial focus.

Aunt Pam nods, her hands lowering, seeming to mockingly smooth over my hairless buttocks before releasing and stepping back.

“You’ve been well groomed and bathed, Redmond. You like it when a woman bathes you.”

Gratefully, the gibe proves to be the last. For as I seat myself, maid Maxine exits the kitchen to serve. Eyes focus instead on her... mine included... the tiny bells drawing constant attention to apparent altered maleness. Realization that the effeminate servant is an emasculated male brings even more fear and concern, Miss Eve’s threatening cane notwithstanding.

All seated, Aunt Pam and Miss Taylor converse, Miss Eve joining in. Dinner proceeds, my blushing constant despite that there is no further need for me to speak or engage. But there do come glances and knowing smiles. When Miss Eve’s hand occasionally slips under the table, that single finger working to assure continued firmness, her words come to mind... that my manhood is now for a special woman... with resolve and determination... for her to control and admire. Admire as one would own a favored sculpture.

And sure enough, when after dinner is consumed and it is explained that my special diet does not include dessert and coffee, Miss Taylor pleasantly suggests that I stand while Maxine serves and the three women partake.

I hesitate, heart pounding, blushing again as I feel Miss Eve slip away my only covering.

“You do want to show off for me... do you not, Redmond? Hands to your head now... be a good boy. Display yourself for me... a nice firm erection,” such cruel words, so insouciantly uttered.

Taylor Phipps

There is only so much laughter we can suppress. Thus after dessert, I have Eve prepare Redmond for bed and I have Maxine serve port in the parlor. Out of hearing range we both burst into wine sodden merriment, Redmond so much hating yet enjoying his exhibitionism... forced exhibitionism.

“What ever are your plans for him, Taylor? Law school is a three year program. Surely you’ll need to be entertained beyond having him parade about with that oversized pecker scraping the ceiling.”

“I’m going to train him... just as I have trained Maxine.”

“You don’t need another maid... and you certainly aren’t going to have him snipped... such a fine set of balls... besides, that would leave him incapable of showing off for you.”

“No. He’s going to become my dildo... warm, living, breathing... something more useful than a cylinder of rubber.”

“Dildos do not wear out... and don’t ejaculate and go limp. He’s young, Taylor. You know boys of his age are apt to fire quickly.”

“Normally yes. But he won’t. As I said, I’m going to have him trained. Been reading about certain Hindu principles and practices. Termed retention. I’m going to instill retention... that he not come... unless when commanded.”

“And what will that do?”

“Keep him ready for me... at all times. He’s going to become erect at the snap of my fingers... and be very eager, hope beyond hope that my fingers do indeed snap.”

We both sip our port, a smirking Pammy knowing of my focus and dedication to prurient matters, arranging for husband Maxine to be institutionalized for months in order to have him properly transformed.

“You can’t put him in the clinic, Taylor. He truly needs to go to class. Law school is grueling.”

“No clinic. I have Eve. If he ever comes... or is close to ejaculation... I’ll have him caned. He’ll learn... erections yes... full orgasms no. Even the thinking and desires of the one dimensional male mind can be so modified.”

“So you think he’ll stop thinking of himself... his own pleasure?”

“His own pleasure will be in pleasing me, Pammy... and in pleasing those I want him to please.”

More sips, I contemplate my friend's level of concern. She seems rather fraught over Redmond Richards... considering her thinly veiled social status as a bull dyke lesbian.

"If you want him, Pammy... you can have him... in time. He'll be begging to have his little prostate massaged. Full deep anal penetration will come to be savored. And you're just the woman to do it... introduce him to the other side."

"I think he's aware of the other side, Taylor."

"Really? How so?"

Redmond Richards

Wow! I never thought I'd be grateful to be back under the total and exacting direction of Miss Eve. But I am... and I am glad... the dinner ordeal over. Despite the fact that the mysterious guest turned out to be known to me... Aunt Pamela... an old family friend... presenting myself naked, hairless and erect is nonetheless terrifying... or so it seems. Yet other thoughts... memories... also disturb.

Aunt Pam and Miss Taylor rise together from the table and stroll away... no parting words of good night... treating me like an object in having me pose for them over coffee. Maid Maxine continues to tinkle about, tidying up the table, and it is then that Miss Eve calmly stands, steps to retrieve her whippy cane and returns to grasp my erection.

Her action is crass... brusque... yet so acceptable to me... for some reason welcomed. I'd like to think it is because I will finally be led away... to shelter... to be placed once again under the comfort of her knowing hands. But then again there is the injection. It seems I cannot muster a single thought of objection. Conversely as her gentle grip tightens and she turns to step away, I immediately move in silent compliance... obedient to her... obedient to her cane.

"Keep your hands to your head," Miss Eve reminds, her tone more of a reminder than a command.

"I really don't need to sleep more," more of a hint than a demand.

"It does not matter what you think you need, Redmond. It is what Miss Taylor says you need," the tap of her cane to my left buttock ensuring I am reminded of who is in charge.

Amazingly, I remain firm for her, out of the dining room, up the stairs, through what appears to be her bedroom and into this windowless chamber... plumbing fixtures, odd equipment, cabinets, items of restraint, an array of canes and most significantly a short bench where I earlier knelt tummy down on its comfortable padding while Miss Eve worked her skills in massaging, bathing and shaving me.

"Down," releasing my erection and pointing to the bench.

I kneel. She begins strapping me in place.... wrists, thighs, ankles.

“You need not do that,” I humbly suggest more than protest.

“Oh... you will be in bondage, Redmond. Very important for that to be instilled in your male psyche... to be under total feminine control... always.”

Finished, she steps away, moving behind to where I cannot see her, opening cabinets, preparing things.

“You’ll need to calm yourself. I’ll want you to urinate for me... when I say so. Empty yourself so you won’t be wetting the bed like a child.”

I do feel myself becoming flaccid. Odd that for some reason there comes a sense of disappointment. Do I want to remain hard and show off for her?

She steps near. I hear a metallic plunk. Then another jab, my buttocks becoming a pin cushion.

“Just a little booster shot, Redmond... help with your attitude. Telling me you don’t need... more importantly that you don’t want... to be restrained by the woman who cares for you, shows a degree of resolve and independence which is to be first discouraged... and then removed from your temperament.”

There comes that sense of warmth... now more of an inner warmth than the physical heating of my buttock. Then Miss Eve steps to my front where I can gaze upwards into her stern face, so demanding. She smiles, turns and uses her foot to slide in place a nearby stool. She sits facing me, quite proximate, hands reaching to cradle my head.

“I want you to concentrate, Redmond,” her touch bringing much focus. “You’ve had much water. It helps keep you hard for us... a filled bladder. You put on quite the show.”

It is true. Maid Maxine kept my glass filled at all times, Miss Eve silently nodding for me to partake throughout the meal.

“So when I give the command you are to urinate for me. There’s a basin to collect your excretions. Just let things flow for me.”

I do need to go. But kneeling like this? With a woman... really girl... gently nestling my head, finger’s rubbing my ears? And I usually hold myself... give direction... it’s a guy thing.

“I... ah... don’t...”

“Never say ‘don’t’, ‘can’t’ and for sure ‘won’t’, Redmond. Not while being instructed... being trained. Now I am going to let you close your eyes... just this once. Otherwise you are always to look into my face when performing for me. And you do want to perform for me... do you not?” her voice ominously firming.

I nod, the motion bringing more awareness of her cradling hands, her warmth.

“The bladder will open unintentionally under duress, Redmond... such as intense physical pain. Think about my cane... and the searing agony just a little tap can bring. Then think about how simple it is to please me. You just have to cede... obey... offer to me what I want... and that is total control.”

Though the words are uttered in calm, the notion brings alarm, transforming to absolute fright in glancing over her shoulder to where some dozen lengths of rattan adorn the wall.

“Psst, psst, be a good boy for me.”

I close my eyes... just this once. Concentrating, a flow begins .. and I become a good boy... for her.

Taylor Phipps

As the port flows, our conversation becomes more ribald, Pammy telling of the amusing story when she dined a young and naked Redmond Richards and then dressed him... with teasing slowness. So that explains her phone call and the proposal in which she suggested I would take interest... knowing of his anatomical prowess and my anatomical need. Yes my need... I like to politely term it that way... for occasional deep penetration.

“You said something about his awareness of the other side, Pammy,” prompting her to continue opening up.

“Yes. Well, Andrea and I tried to keep things... discrete. The two weeks I stayed during and after her husband’s funeral, I had my own bedroom. And that’s where I slept... Redmond not to know of his stepmother’s... ah... preferences. Slept initially at evening’s end, that is. Andrea needed companionship. Alone, grief stricken, faced with raising Redmond alone, she needed comfort. So I would arise when I felt young Redmond had fallen asleep and join Andrea in bed.”

“Let me guess... with your not so little friend wedged between your thighs,” knowing of Pammy’s particular joy in sizable double dildos.

She laughs, nodding.

“You know me too well, Taylor. But I truly wanted to counter the grief. And what better way than to return Andrea to our college days... tantalizing the boys and ultimately just pleasuring ourselves. I wanted to take her mind off the sorrow... and I did.”

“How’d you take her, Pammy. You know I need to quench the thirst of this sordid imagination of mine.”

“Andrea always pretends to be shy... wants to be taken... yes, that’s the right word. You know, the rape scene thing. I tie her wrists, blindfold her with one of her husband’s neckties, push her down kneeling on the carpet, tummy on the mattress. Command that she spread... then, for her it’s doggie

style... deep... unending... to the point where my thigh muscles would begin to quake. She is insatiable once she feels helplessly bound... forced to face the ‘horror’ of multiple orgasms... against her ‘will’... whether she wants them or not.”

We both laugh. Pammy is certainly the right woman for such play.

“So... you said something about Redmond... the other side?” too curious not to push onward.

“He found us... or rather found me... in the middle of the night... fucking away. I looked over to see him wordlessly watching from the bedroom door. Careless of me... us... to let it idly swing open. I don’t know for how long he was standing there. I was focused... ah... elsewhere.”

“So nothing said... no shouts... no protestations in seeing his stepmother blindfolded, tied up, naked and being ravished?”

Pammy snickers... a sardonic snicker.

“I think Andrea moaned a little too much for Redmond to be genuinely concerned. You know how good I can be, Taylor... how good I am,” her voice deepening, her tone becoming sultry... as if inviting me to kneel and spread for her.

“Not the action I seek, Pammy... you of all people should know that,” reaching forth with my glass to clink hers in a mirthful toast.

There comes an interlude of silence, glad to be left a moment of thought. With his aspirations for law school, young Redmond, despite knowing of his stepmother’s predilections... fully aware of his Aunt Pamela’s gruff homosexual tendencies, still assented... no... grovelingly ingratiated himself in accepting her assistance. He placed himself with women he knows to have questionable esteem for the male gender.

He allowed attorney Pamela Harrison to become a manipulator... to impose herself into his life. How could he agree to be placed under my auspices having had such a self evident hint... aware of us on the other side... our thing... knowing that his stepmother is one of us?

Could his priapic greeting at dinner been more than Eve’s manipulation and the uncontrolled tumescence of the subservient beta male? Could the scene be something that deep within he craves?

It is telling how quickly he has fallen under Eve’s dominion. Fallen... or jovially jumped into the abyss of male submission?

“Bedtime, Pammy. You can stay?”

“Good client relations,” enunciated with such sarcastic verve as she unbuttons her blouse with dramatic flare. “And I want to see that my faux nephew is properly bedded.”

My turn to snicker.

Redmond Richards

Having flown from California some two weeks before law classes begin, there are many idle days during which I become immersed in the protocols and rituals of living under the feminine governance of the Phipps Estate.

Most noteworthy, though all is confounding, is the requirement of complete nudity at all times. Everything I brought with me is held under lock and key. There is no male clothing to be found. And if I were to somehow slip on some covering, Miss Eve's nasty biting cane would quickly discourage such disobedience.

I am bound in complete immobility every evening. Though the allotted time for slumber is long... bedded by nine p.m... recuperative sleep is consistently interrupted by penis massage. Miss Eve... presumably Miss Eve... kneads my upper thighs, perineum, scrotum and finally the base of my penis... bringing me to what I am sure are amazingly full erections... some four or five times per night. Never is the highly sensitive tip of my penis touched... and never massaged to eruption. No, gratifyingly full ejaculation does not happen... the hands seemingly so careful in withdrawing at the slightest precursor of climax.

Breakfast, I sit with Miss Taylor and Miss Eve while the maid Maxine serves, her little bells serving to announce her transformation. Nipples jutting forth, always tied with the pretty blue ribbons, soft fleshy buttocks rolling about, after a week of chastity and the nightly massages assuring that my male organs are primed, there comes attraction despite knowing of her... his... transformation... followed by self disgust.

Those pendants are his balls! Now belonging to Miss Taylor, as the chatelaine of the mansion triumphantly once explained after several servings of Chablis.

After breakfast there comes the ignominy of being bathed. To the windowless room apparently converted for Maxine's so termed special needs, I am strapped tummy down to the vinyl covered bench, bathed, shaven and made to endure the embarrassment of a long and deep enema. One never acclimates to having a woman... a girl... so insouciantly control what flows into you... how much and for how long. And Miss Eve on every occasion assures that I am never to know... never to be relieved at my behest. That it is her call... her prerogative to decide when I will be permitted to expel.

Bringing more unease, in the second week, maid Maxine and I are bathed together. Yes, her little bench is positioned such that when bound we are face to face... within inches. So adding to the ordeal of the enema is watching the dual flow, one oversized enema bag, the tubing split, Miss Eve's right hand controlling my flow, her left filling Maxine.

Oh the sense of power such provides... and such mirth when both Maxine and I groan and fidget in our bonds. I manage to suppress any begging. Maxine squeals like the little girl she has become.

Days I spend my free time reading or on the internet, television being prohibited. Touching of course is verboten... down there. And I find that spontaneous erections begin to occur. What brings such, I do not know. But whenever such occurs I am commanded to report to Miss Taylor if she is nearby... and if not to Miss Eve. Such tumescence receives both accolades and some evanescent touching, fostering even more firmness... but never, ever enough to get Big Red off.

It seems I am being training to show myself in full bloom... or at least Big Red is.

At the beginning of week two, Miss Taylor hands me some reading material... mandatory reading material. Some brief paragraphs about Hinduism... then many pages concerning a practice termed male retention. It basically expounds that the longer the male goes without climaxing... full ejaculation... the healthier it is for him. Conversely, also explained is the capability of women to have multiple orgasms and the importance of the feminine bliss attained relative to the irrelevance of male pleasure. The latter always to be secondary... if permitted at all.

Draconian... akin to complete abstention... so it seems in relegating male pleasure to the decision of a presiding woman.

The notion disturbs. Yet as I read, Big Red hardens.

After reading, Miss Taylor debriefs me... at dinner.

“Did you enjoy your reading?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“You fully understood... and understand what I will to do you?”

“Yes, but I don’t agree...”

“I did not ask you that, Redmond. It does not matter if you agree. You will be trained... to retain. And trained every night... for as long as you are here. Miss Eve tells me you respond wonderfully to her massage.”

What can I do other than to nod... the combination of joy and frustration boggling the mind every evening a multitude of times.

“And I think you’re ready for the next step.”

“Next step, Miss Taylor?” my voice quaking.

“A little more stimulation at night. And this,” summoning the maid, who steps forth with a cloth covered tray. “Not always necessary while under Eve’s supervision,” removing the cloth to reveal a small bowl of ice and an apparatus of gleaming steel. “But certainly when you begin attending class.”

A cylinder of metal connected to a ring of heavy gauge, she takes it from the tray and slides it before me.

“A gift... to assure you are always retaining. Very expensive, Redmond. In time you’ll come to appreciate the thought. After all, you’ll have to... you’ll be wearing it for me each and every day. except when I want you hard.”

As Miss Taylor explains its use and how it is to be put in place and worn, I realize there comes another element of protocol. A chastity device! And I cannot help gulping in noting the size. My penis will certainly not fit into it! And the ring... that’s going to encircle my entire package?

“Stand for me Redmond. Maxine do ice him down... make it nice and small... the Steelworxx folks are always so exacting, Redmond. I don’t think Big Red will have even a hair’s width of extra room.”

Unfortunately, I do believe Miss Taylor is correct.

As I stand, knowing to place my hands behind my head, parting my feet to present myself as mandated, a silent Maxine fills her cupped hands with ice. She then steps forth to cup my testicles with the frigidness. Miss Taylor smiles as I both shout in shock and lurch. Smiling more as my organs retract, my sac shrinking rapidly. Then the cold is applied to Big Red... who instantly becomes little Red, shriveling to a peanut.

“And now Eve will put you under lock and key, Redmond. You’ll need to acclimate so I’ll have you wear it for a couple of hours per day.”

The girl in white joins us, putting her cane aside to take the mass of steel from Miss Taylor as Maxine retreats.

“I will own you, Redmond. And you will come to enjoy being owned. For a boy of your ilk there will come a sense of comfort... and you will offer me your devotion... your loyalty... and most importantly develop a need to please. You will subordinate your pleasure... what little I will permit you... and come to revel in mine.”

The words ominous yet pleasantly spoken, Eve’s fingers go to work. First the thick ring of modest size is slipped over my penis and pushed to greet the pelvic bone. She then pinches my sac, thankfully numbed, and works and works to feed my right testicle through the ring. I am amazed that it fits... even more amazed when the fingers continue laboring and the left somehow joins it. Then she steps back, assessing by giving the heavy circle a firm tug.

It slips away not, held in place by way of my own organs!

“Some assurance, Redmond. Boys are known to be so easily tempted...”

With Miss Taylor’s words, Miss Eve reaches to the tray, left hand grasping a short metal post... threaded, one end with an intricate indentation, the other smooth and rounded.

As the right hand takes a small device the size of a toothbrush, Miss Taylor further explains.

“Just some added security. The screws add some tightness... nice and snug for you Redmond... and impossible to slip off.”

The post is slipped into a hole in the diameter of the ring at the top. The device is aligned and with a quick humming sound, the post is screwed in place, the intricate head set firmly into the ring, the smooth opposing end pressing the top of the penis at the base.

Two more are screwed in place. I feel the ends gently pressing into me.... top of my penis, scrotal sac left and right below.

“Bad boys get longer posts... and sharper, Redmond. You would not want to make that necessary. After all, you’re to be attending class and studying law.”

The words come as Miss Eve next picks up the gleaming cylinder, graciously dotted with holes for the skin to breathe.

“It can be worn for days... if not weeks, Redmond. Be forewarned. It may not happen... but then again there may be times when I leave for a long holiday weekend.”

For the first time, as Miss Eve inspects I note that within the cylinder is a thin hollow tube. And when Eve’s dark hand palms my penis, that which so elegantly offers nightly massage, I realize where such will reside.

Essentially, I am to be catheterized!

“Some prostate manipulation... while you’re locked in chastity... and urinating will be so much neater for you.”

And then it happens, Miss Eve applying her nursing skills, the tube, apparently somewhat lubricated... is aligned, slowly slid up Big Red, the cylinder pushed to greet the sizable ring.

The tube enters me!.. distracting my thoughts as precision milled metal greets and an intricate lock clicks closed to make the cylinder and ring one.

My penis disappears! And with both the weight and the invading tube, I am so much aware that I am under a woman’s control.

“There, very good Eve. Two and one half minutes. Not bad for a first run. You’ll get quicker,” Miss Taylor’s compliment coming as the electric screwdriver is returned to the tray and maid Maxine scampers off.

I stand in shock, the sensations overwhelming... the weight... the penetration. Worse, heart pounding, circulation racing, my organs warm, the cool of the ice dissipating. Such enlarge and I find the snugness to be convincing. Miss Taylor notes my look of concern.

“You’ll adapt, Redmond... you have no choice,” her chuckle so sinister.

Taylor Phipps

Such a luscious look as my boy Redmond for the first time is locked in chastity. I suppose it’s not the realization that he cannot touch himself while so imprisoned, it’s the prospective finality... the permanence.... that absent the key, the device will not ever be removed... not without significant damage to his precious male organs. Steelworxx does not make toys. And for the dollars expended the design and craftsmanship is worth every penny.

Smiling yet threatening, I hold before an incredulous Redmond the alternative sets of securing posts. Three to a set, the posts are long, longer, longest... sharp, sharper, sharpest... cruel, crueler, cruelest.

“You do not want to try to slip it off, Redmond,” I forewarn. “Success in so doing could lead to a very long, painful and aggravating punishment,” pointing to a particularly nasty shard of threaded metal.

I reach forth, my hand palming the compressed scrotal sac, jostling in triumph, the thin flesh so warm, so smooth, seeming so vulnerable in presenting itself to me shorn of all hair. And of course my touch brings the cascade. That which leads to erection... that which is now denied him.

“Now walk around a bit. Don’t touch it, that’s forbidden... though I know you will. All naughty boys play there... try to play there.”

He moves, his gait awkward in feeling the weight... some two pounds of tempered steel essentially hanging and pulling on his male bits. And as the effect of the ice wears, Big Red will more and more transmit the news of his tight confinement.

So deliciously tormenting... for Redmond to constantly feel the effect of a woman’s hand... of her provenance... of her ability to do with the subservient male anything she wishes to do. Such a divine look of dejection. Physically it’s just a simple step within the Phipps mansion, but emotionally another step into my web of feminine governance... thorough feminine governance

It is best for him, I have no doubt. The question is... when will he realize it?

Redmond Richards

So my male package is now encumbered in steel... heavy steel. Yet not always... a couple of hours per day... both acclimating me... and demonstrating the feminine whimsy which a governing woman can so insouciantly bring to the treatment of the male sex drive.

So as law school approaches, nakedness prevails. Reading of male retention is continuously mandated... and most notably there comes a change in the long nights of endless bondage.

No more massages... hand jobs in the male vernacular... incomplete hand jobs... teasing hand jobs. Such end... suddenly not offered. Instead there is worse... if being brought nightly to the brink of

ecstasy can be so termed.

Fellatio!

I know not whom... but with the motion of the thin mattress upon which I lie there comes the slight tinkling of bells... no doubt those dangling from the remnants of Maid Maxine's altered privates. And then comes a tongue... warm... wet... supple... and tireless. Always avoiding the hyper sensitive tip. Just as with Miss Eve my penis hardens and reaches for the ceiling... ready to erupt. I berate myself in begging for completion, too well aware of the gender obfuscation of my fellatrix. Should I be gladdened when it never, ever comes... the perpetrator knowing precisely when to wordlessly withdraw... wait for relative passivity... and began again... and again... and again.

The licks, swishes and suckling are so accomplished! But the source!

Days before the semester begins, my chastised nakedness is summoned. Miss Taylor... the regal and alluring Miss Taylor... wants me at the front door... so informs her maid.

I am locked in the chastity device, now somewhat comfortable and as I approach I know to place my hands to the back of my head, step within arm's reach and spread my feet for inspection.

"Oh you are a such a good boy, Redmond," her hand lowering, palm turning upward to form a nest for my male eggs. "I want to show you something... another token of my generosity," the words coming as her fingers smooth over my hairless sac. "Outside. Do want to wear your cage for me...or go completely bare?"

I have not exited the manor in nearly two weeks, the regimen of nudity within the confines of the house becoming oddly acceptable. But to got outside?

"Will I have clothing, Miss Taylor?" my query so humble.

"Absolutely not. I want you to learn to display yourself... whenever and wherever. Now answer the question. It's a nice day. Why not go without? You can put on a nice stand for me."

Miss Eve approaches, she now has my key... she who slips my iced package into its confines... and she who releases.

"No answer. Well, Eve...let's have my boy put on a nice big erection for me... outside.. in the warm air. A little sunshine for you, Redmond. And a gift."

Miss Eve steps forth. While I have been in training to wear the devilish implement, Miss Eve has been in training to place it on and off. Having put me in and out chastity some two of three times daily, it requires seconds for the lock to be removed, the cock cage and connecting tube to slip from my penis, and my balls gruffly pressed through the ring for removal.

"Voila," Miss Taylor whimsically proclaims. "You are now without anything... any covering at all

Redmond. Feel good?”

I glumly nod as I see Miss Eve reach to the wall next to the closet where all my possessions have been locked away. There attached to the wall is a peg, jutting upwards. And there she slips in place the control ring and then invaginates the peg with the cock cage. It appears most phallic. Miss Taylor smiles in noting my stare.

“That’s where your little cage will wait for you... each and every morning... and that is where it is to be returned when you come home from school.”

For some reason I begin to harden... my nudity?... her commanding presence?... some innate desire to please? What is happening?

She turns from the peg, noting my tumescence then just watches in silence, letting me further embarrass myself.

“You do like to exhibit yourself, Redmond. Come. I bought you a car... to go to school,” taking my hand to lead me as a toddler. “But only to go to school. It’s equipped with a tracking device. Stray anywhere and you’ll be caned when you return.”

“But I’ll need clothing Miss Taylor.”

“Yes... it is a disappointing thought, isn’t it? Still you will have it. But Eve will strip you and lock you up when you return... each and every night. And I have some plans... how best you can learn... the law... and to please. Though maybe not in the order.”

Out the door, to the porch, down the stone steps, the warmth of mid September feels good... bizarre in not before feeling soft breezes in sensitive places always covered.... but good. It excites. In a positive way?... or in fright... fear of being seen... in having possible eyes unknown watching me naked and led about by a woman. Then I glance downward. Big Red is fully engorged.

Being led about by a woman while naked and erect... I correct myself.

It is demented. It must be the injections that bring the warped thrill, I convince myself. This can’t be arousing for me!

Taylor Phipps

Such glorious fun for the virile and chaste beta male. To be walked about naked and encouraged to show off. The sensual input must overwhelm... at least the male barometer tells me so... that long thick phallus reaching for the clouds.

We approach Redmond’s wheels, a fiery red BMW which seems to be exceeding the speed limit while parked. The color attracts... the sporty design attracts... the performance will attract. Redmond will have no problem messaging the impoverished college girls of Cancadia that he is a boy of substance... one with whom to socialize.

But then what, Redmond? Will you tell them that your manhood is encased in steel?

“It’s.. it’s... beautiful Miss Taylor,” Redmond gushes.

“And it’s yours... for your use while attending school. Fail to continue your education and the keys, which will be surrendered to Eve every evening, will be confiscated. It’s registered to the Phipps Trust.”

I have not overly splurged in gifting the use of the car. It came off a lease and with my bargaining power I practically stole it from the financially stretched dealer.

“I’d like you to touch it for me, Redmond,” releasing his hand. “No, not with your fingers. Put your hands to the back of your head and step to the shaded side. It’s cooler.”

He complies of course... such ingrained obedience... and in less than two weeks effort.

“Now move closer, lean and push yourself against the door. Press forward with your hips.”

He looks at me quizzically.

“It’s well polished, Redmond... smooth. And in just having had it waxed... slippery,” my voice becoming mockingly sultry. “In not having been touched in many days, wouldn’t that plumped penis tip like to frottage a little? Give your new car a symbolic manly hug... and your penis a little thrill.”

Knowing of the nightly sessions, brought to full bloom while the most significant male anatomy is carefully neglected, I know his libido is primed. Plus the daily injections have my boy toy brimming with hormones. So yes, I’m going to have him dry hump his car. What fun. And of course from the pocket of my slacks I retract my cell phone. Won’t these pics be interesting? And telling?

“Yes, good boy, Redmond,” encouraging while he leans and presses his turgidness and I click away. “But remember your regimen of retention. Don’t spill any seed. Eve’s cane is always ready.”

Such perversion... such fun.

“Enough. Now face me.”

He turns. I do believe he’s firmer than ever. I must capture that as well. I click again... and again. “Now what do you say, Redmond?”

“Thank you, Miss Taylor.”

Redmond Richards

A car! And an expensive BMW to boot! Such pleasant thoughts... the munificence of Miss Taylor. Such divert from the concern over her clicking cell phone camera.

“Come. Lunch time, Redmond. But first another surprise for you.”

Cell phone returned to the pocket of her tight slacks, she takes my hand. My hard on just won't quit as she turns and leads me back to the porte-cochere and stone steps.

What is happening to me when merely holding hands with this impressive woman brings arousal?

“I've had one of the many bedrooms converted to a study room for you, Redmond. At the far end of the mansion... nice and quiet. Lots of time learning the law... and the benefits of retention... which you're already experiencing.”

With her words she stops at the bottom of the stone steps, turns and steps back to admire my many inches of standing penis.

“Yes, the benefits... you're very becoming, walking about like that. I am pleased. And that's one of the things the males... and former males... of the Phipps Estate must always remember... to please the woman of the house... and her guests.”

She steps forth. As her right hand again takes my left, the index finger of her left teasingly brushes my erection, touching at the base and ever so gently gliding upwards. I am amazed to feel something at the underside of the tip... so specifically neglected during night after night of slow hand massage and incomplete fellatio.

The simple, evanescent touch so much thrills! But then, turning to take the steps, the finger withdraws.

More! Should I dare beg? Should I dare be disobedient and complete the tease, my right hand free?

I decide not. I now realize I have much to lose... besides facing a brisk caning.

Taking the steps enhances the odd sensation... my bobbing penis quite a different feeling. In the foyer, we stroll by Miss Eve and she smiles... the pearl white contrasting her dark complexion... seeming to augment her exuberance in seeing the humble male so aroused... and so controlled.

To the second floor, down the long hall, the end of the house not before explored by me.

“And here we go,” Miss Taylor pushing open a bedroom door with her free hand.

We enter. She turns on a light. My eyes explore. There is no bed. A simple table and chair is in one corner. There are book shelves, not even half full, I presume awaiting the abundance of texts I will be acquiring over the many semesters of law school, and a filing cabinet. But my eyes are quickly drawn to strange equipment occupying the center. It is a wooden frame. Vertical stanchions of some eight or nine feet holding up a horizontal cross piece. Between the posts there is a low stool. Long, thickly padded straps loosely hang from the corners where the crosspiece connects. Ominously, a set of cuffs very similar to the Segufix restraints I am secured with each night also hang at the end of adjustable

straps connected to the center of the crosspiece.

I am aghast! Miss Taylor notes my stunned look as I examine.

“You haven’t noticed the wiring... and the cameras, Redmond. Eight in all. Every corner of the room at the ceiling and at the floor. Plus there is a headset,” pointing up to the crosspiece where my eyes missed the audio device. “You’ll be listening a lot. Spent a ton of money on an extensive collection of legal study CD’s. Plus some on Hinduism... more specifically on retention.”

“I... I... don’t understand.”

“Immersion, Redmond. A unique theory of learning. Eve will strap you in place... most comfortably I might add... and you’ll just hang and absorb... whatever I care to have you absorb.”

Miss Taylor releases my hand and strolls to the right post, grasping to unfurl the broad strap.

“For your thighs,” she explains, her hand rising, sensually rubbing her face to demonstrate the soft thickness of the foam lined restraint. “You’ll just wilt away here in suspension, listening and exhibiting yourself for me.”

For some reason the notion brings twinges... performing for the woman in charge... made to perform for the woman in charge. I do believe my erection firms... and it does not go unnoticed as Miss Taylor releases the strap and rejoins me, her hand lowering to cup my scrotum.

“Big Red seems to like the idea, Redmond. I do believe he’s hardened even more.”

Taylor Phipps

A long day ended, I lie in bed, my nakedness entwined with the supple boyish form of an equally naked Eve. So lithe, so warm, so eager to feel my embrace. Having tribbed, numerous orgasms tossed as our thighs have frottaged together most energetically, a respite is needed. I pick up the remote and click. Checking on my boys, the high definition 50 inch screen alights.

First, another quick click to view my maid. Maxine is well strapped in for the night, hooded as always, the many Segufix restraints enforcing complete immobility. The novelty of having my husband serve me naked and feminized has worn over the many, many months... but never the stirring sense of empowerment... knowing what I can do with her and do to her at my whim. I may even have her again lactate for me, that humiliating activity curtailed with the arrival of Redmond... not wanting to burden the boy with too much female supremacy.

Thinking of her letting down for me brings renewed arousal, despite the evening’s multiple orgasms... my concupiscence newly inflamed.

Eve turns her head to watch as well, seeming to glow, basking in the vengeance she slakes daily on the male world.

“I do believe you’ve made the straps tighter than ever, Eve,” I flippantly observe.

“She likes it, Taylor... the helplessness... surrendering to a woman. There is not much other enjoyment to be had,” Eve astutely aware of the emotional capitulation of the castrated male.

I click again. Something even more exciting comes to the screen. My new ward Redmond Richards... naked and in full body suspension. Now my quim begins to flutter in excitement, my free arm reaching to give my bed partner a firm hug. She smiles warmly.

“He’s amazingly stiff, Taylor... and so well endowed,” Eve gushes.

“That’s why I chose him... that’s why he’s here... that’s why I am having him trained.”

Yes, there’s something about full suspension, tensioning the various muscles and stimulating the spine at the pudendal nerve. It abets tumescence... not to mention the special diet and deluge of hormones. And as Redmond docilely hangs... sightless in being hooded, headphones imparting only what I want him to hear... comfortably bound some two feet off the floor... his throbbing glans penis points to the ceiling.

I must wonder if he is aware of the exhibition he is putting on... wrists cuffed behind his back. He cannot see how turgid he is, penis tip engorged to bright purple as over and over again he listens and learns of the benefits of male retention... the narrative of the CD repetitive.

I find myself inwardly chuckling when on occasion he thrusts forth his hips, futilely fighting his bonds in simulating copulation. Yes, it is frustrating, Redmond, I whisper to myself... but all for the good. So exhibiting yourself is for me... for my enjoyment... and ultimately for my pleasure... never yours.

“When will you fuck him, Taylor?” Eve permitted to be most informal when we are alone... not with guests and acquaintances.

“In time,” smiling with the realization of how well Eve has come to know my libertine lifestyle. “And you’ll be the first to know. I’ll need you... with a nice thin and nasty length of bamboo in hand. After all, as Redmond is listening and learning, it’s retain or pain,” citing the simple mantra he must absorb during the many hours of full body, naked and tumefied suspension.

“Bastinado, Taylor. Quick and easy... in terms of application... not in terms of enduring.”

So prescient is my slim little boy girl.

I put down the remote, reach with both arms to hug and draw her face to my breasts. She enjoys my taste. I enjoy her lips. In reward I gently tweak the pebbles of her reddish brown nipples.

And I think a few more orgasms will come before sleep and exhaustion overcome.

Redmond Richards

It's the big day, orientation at law school... an introductory speech by the Dean... some welcoming addresses scheduled by noteworthy professors.

At breakfast I sit... in silence unless spoken to... Miss Eve and Miss Taylor engaging in small talk... maid Maxine prancing about in her naked servitude, bells ringing. No clothing for me either of course... and no cock cage. Thus most shamefully, in gazing at Maxine's effeminately soft and rounded buttocks, I find myself spontaneously hardening. I berate myself. It cannot be that I find attraction... but it cannot be controlled. And as always, Miss Eve reaches under the table and nimbly examines my privates, spurring more hardness. She nods to Miss Taylor who now learns of my condition.

"Maxine, it seems Redmond is going to need some ice before he departs. And Redmond, what have you been learning? Retain?..."

"Or pain," by rote completing her words.

I have nightly hung in suspension and been subjected to the concept of male retention... the benefits detailed... And each recorded lecture ending with that phrase repeated and repeated... 'retain or pain'.

"Good boy. And my little gift... your steel chastity device... will help. Remember straight to Cancadia... straight home. You'll be monitored."

I nod, the flashy red BMW effectively an extension of her control. Then Miss Taylor stands signaling that breakfast is over whether I am finished or not. I too stand... in respect... in obedience... my erection comically bobbing. Miss Eve remaining seated, reaches to grasp me, holding the firmness like a handle until Miss Taylor leaves the kitchen.

"Bath time, Redmond. Sorry Maxine can't join us. There's not enough time. Know you so much enjoy each other's company."

I do and I don't. The dual enemas, simultaneously feeling precisely what Miss Taylor's emasculated husband can feel... well... it is bizarre... and brings emotional distress.

Intentional?

Once again, my penis becomes a leash. Holding firmly, it's out of the kitchen, up the stairs, through Miss Eve's bedroom into the strange preparation room. Within moments I kneel on the tiling chest to the short bench, strapped down, rinsed, soaped, shaven and plugged with an inflatable enema nozzle.

Does my erection waver?

Kneeling, I do not know. But over the past few days, it seems I am in a state of excitement... sometimes... most times?... not knowing it.

Long, deep, initially discomfiting, ultimately calming and soothing, the soapy water slowly flows into me. Internally I yield. Physically I yield. Emotionally? Well, I try my best to maintain some degree of composure... of male pride. But in the end, Miss Eve bests me. Yes, I begin to beg. I cannot help myself, though fully aware it does no good. I will expel when she decides. Always when she decides.

Finally a hand brushes about my lower belly, then frolics in pressing down my erect penis and letting it snap back, demonstrating its firmness.

“Good boy, Redmond. You’ll be all cleaned out for law school.”

Finally the nozzle deflates. When pulled away there comes the rush water... and the rush of embarrassment as I explode, Miss Eve at the ready with a spray hose.

“Keep you filled of male essence... not excrement,” Miss Eve uncharacteristically quips, patting a scrotal sac she envisions brimming with spunk.

I am dried. I am powered like a child. My penis somewhat calms with the relaxation of the expulsion.

Does that disappoint?

It must, for a dark slim hand lowers and I know to assume the examination pose, hands to the back of my head, feet well parted as she cups my testicles.

Ostensibly Miss Eve searches for stubble, follicles escaping her razor. But I know otherwise. My state of tumescence quickly resumes.

“Get you dressed, Redmond. Won’t that feel different for you?”

I nod.

“Different good... or different bad? Been just over two weeks. You’ve acclimated... and I think you’ve enjoyed being constantly nude... entertaining the women of the house.”

What to say? In having no answer... and not wanting to formulate an answer... I am curiously grateful when the examining hand grips again and leads me out. To the hall, down the stairs, to where my steel cage resides on the phallic wall peg at the foyer.

Clothing at last! Indeed, will it be disappointing to be dressed?

Taylor Phipps

Sometimes it’s the little things that best augment the obliteration of male pride. Enduring a daily enema at the behest of a controlling woman is certainly humiliating, but to be finally dressed under feminine supervision... like a toddler... can also abet the goal of utter female supremacy.

So I read the morning paper in the parlor, the entrance foyer across the hall within sight. I want to watch the reaction of the kept male when my boy is locked into chastity, dressed and sent off into the world sensing at all times a woman's mastery between his thighs.

Bathed, shaved, internally cleansed I look up from my paper seeing Eve lead my naked ward by his penis. His hands obediently placed to the back of his head, I know that by now, some two weeks of training, there is deep within a sense of comfort, submitting to a woman in charge. He just lets himself be led about, both emotionally and physically capitulating.

Eve releases the erection as maid Maxine joins the procession, the demanded bowl of ice in hand. Redmond's relative calm will end.

"Ice him down," Eve commands as she does on every occasion when Redmond... Big Red... needs to caged.

As the closet door is unlocked, making available Redmond's clothing for the first time since his arrival, Maxine kneels with undisguised enthusiasm. Having been castrated, handling real functioning plums has come to enthrall. There is envy... but also joy... as the manicured hands cup to gather ice then lovingly rise to cradle the testicles... bringing Redmond to lurch most comically. But for the most part he remains in place, offering himself... and his male package... to the altering fridgeness. Maxine smiles, closely watching as the cremaster muscles contract, the male nuggets being involuntarily tugged, returning to the inguinal canals. The massive erection begins to subside as Eve reaches to take the steel cock cage and control ring from the peg. She steps to Redmond's side watching, the penis first drooping then, as Maxine's ice laden hands rise, shriveling to less than half its size.

Eve smiles, signaling Maxine to withdraw then begins the process... so daunting for the kept male... so empowering for women of authority. Yes, the tight ring is slipped over the penis, pressed to the pubic bone. Then knowing fingers labor, tugging the scrotal sac through the ring. The left gonad is gruffly pushed to follow, the effort evidencing the tightness.

"Please Miss Eve... it's so tight."

"And it can be tighter... for bad boys who complain. Miss Taylor can quite readily order a smaller ring," Eve forewarns as with equal effort the right gonad pops through.

Then come the posts. On his initial day of relative freedom, away from the Estate for the first time in days, to assure that Redmond is always aware of who is ultimately in charge... to whom he must not only submit but also seek reprieve... I have instructed Eve to use the posts of middle length and sharpness. In not having been so secured during the past few days of acclimating to chastity, the irritation... to be felt most of the day... will come as a surprise.

Eve tugs at the ring... so deliciously tight. Then the posts are added, by now Eve quite adept at locking away my boy's male bits. She aligns, the electric screw driver instantly pressing the post through the ring to greet the flesh at the top of the penis.

“Ow. That hurts,” Redmond already sensing my mandate.

“You’ll need to be about quite careful, Redmond,” Eve advises. “No attempts to harden... and certainly no attempts to pull away the cage. Miss Taylor wants you to be eager to come home... and I think you will be.”

Two more posts screwed tightly in place, next comes the cage. Eve lubricates the internal urethral tube, aligns with the male pee hole and slowly but firmly catheterizes my boy, the penis disappearing into its confining sheath of steel. When the slightly bulbous tip of the tube greets the prostate, Redmond yelps, Eve smiles in knowing the gland will throughout the day, message a woman’s empowerment.

A small padlock completes the deed, clicking ominously and delightfully. Ominously for Redmond... delightfully for a woman of my ilk.

He will never ever escape the fine craftsmanship of Steelworxx... not without injuring himself. And the slightest engorgement will bring agony.

Eve steps back to assess smiling in satisfaction. she gets quicker every day in placing my boy in chastity. Under a minute required to force the virile male to succumb to feminine authority.

“Come here, Redmond,” I call out as Eve moves to the closet to select clothing.

I remain seated as Redmond approaches, hands to his head, parting his feet as we have instilled for a woman’s inspection.

“How does it feel to be locked up like this Redmond?,” my hand reaching to palm the compressed scrotum and playfully jostle the device. “Do you enjoy it... the ultimate male submission?”

Deep within he does. I know he does. Can he admit it... to me... to himself?

“I hope I can concentrate... on my studies,” avoiding my questions.

Yes, he’s jittery, a kept bull needing to be mated. The daily injections, the special diet have his endocrine system deluged with hormones. He so much wants to harden for me... and now can’t. Another lesson... erections are at my caprice.

“Eve will dress you. You’re well powdered so the clothing won’t prickle your shaved body. And do be aware that any metal detectors will bring the need for full body examination,” my index finger tapping the mass of metal enshrouding his cock.

His look turns to consternation as I pat his buttocks and send him to where Eve waits with clothing. No underwear... just socks, slacks and a gaudy red satin shirt... not feminine... something worn by a country and western performer. But it will certainly bring unwanted attraction to an aspiring attorney.

Redmond Richards.

With law school finally beginning, my stay at the Phipps Estate falls into a routine, if being locked in chastity and/or parading about the mansion completely naked can be so described.

Long intervals of study are allotted every evening. And though out of my cage, the many cameras in the special study room assure my fingers do not stray... despite the fact that spontaneous erections constantly beckon a stroking a hand.

Yes, I manage to focus, Miss Eve leaving a punishing length of rattan in sight. And then there is the frame where I am suspended. Every night ends, timing never divulged, when Miss Eve steps into the room and simply points to the low stool resting between the vertical stanchions. I know to close my law books and meekly move to step upon the stool in obedient silence.

One end of the long padded strap to my right is unhooked, drawn between my legs and then reattached above to form a long elliptical loop about my right thigh just at my gluteal crevice. My left leg and thigh is similarly restrained then my wrists cuffed behind me. When Miss Eve slowly withdraws the stool I am placed in full body suspension... comfortable but convincingly restrictive. She then steps back, such a look of feminine superiority as my penis blossoms, steadily firming and rising.

Sometimes she offers a 'good boy', sometimes she maintains her silence, while in turn stepping onto the stool to reach up and put in place headphones and a thick cloth hood.

What happens thereafter I do not know. Sightless, through the headphones comes an hour or more of law review lectures, ending quite late and followed with words of Hinduism, the benefits of male retention and finally the repeated mantra... 'retain or pain'.

Does Miss Eve depart? Does she watch in enjoyment as I helplessly dangle, the size and firmness of my erection unknown.

I never know. But for sure the cameras are operating. Somewhere, someone watches the ignominious display.

Later I am released, paraded to my room and bedded, again in tight bondage, but at least permitted to slumber... until the partial fellatio begins.

Maid Maxine is relentless... the frustration of near orgasm... the revulsion of homophilic oral attention... it is nightly.

Taylor Phipps

It's time... for action.

Tribbing with Eve is joyful, particularly while viewing glimpses of my kept boy... essentially my kept

penis. But as stated, I need deep penetration on occasion... and not any of the soppy male attention that comes with it. Even dating and dragging home some bull stud and having Maxine prep him for me involves a degree of tiring condescension.

‘I so much enjoy your company... Dave... Tom... Dick... Harry... whomever.’

It bores... and in a way it degrades. There are times when I just want hard cock... large... throbbing ... and with staying power. And I can certainly afford to attain it.

And with Redmond Richards... I have it.

“Bed him spread eagled tonight, Eve. No classes on Saturday. So though he’ll be worn, we can let him sleep a little tomorrow morning.”

Eve looks at me with a radiant smile. We’ve had Redmond for nearly a month, and though she finds little attraction in the male... sexually... training, tormenting and objectifying him has been refreshing for her... Maxine now so docile and sublimely uxorious.

“And some pillows... yes a few pillows... under his buttocks. I want him presented like some huge living dildo. The image excites.”

Eve coos, her gushing reply suggesting the image excites her as well... probably in a different way.

“And you’ll have a nice whippy cane in ready, Eve. We’ll see if the many nights of retention input have been absorbed.”

“Maxine?”

“Have my husband fellate him to a nice stand. Then he... she... can watch while I fuck him.”

Maxine can never fully acclimate to his wife’s antics. Therefore I so much enjoy having him watch, listen... even partake in the sordid fragrance of my love making. Within he seethes... but at this point he has no say in how, when, where and how often my sexual needs are fulfilled. And later he will taste as well. For him, oral clean up has become a treat. In his warped mind the act actually returns him to physically satiating his wife... in such a wondrously degrading manner. I don’t deny him everything.

My dictates come as I lie in bed, naked but for a flimsy robe, sipping a glass of Chardonnay, watching as Redmond dangles in suspension, that mammoth manhood surging to entice me. Eve will be disappointed in not joining me, yet she’ll still have her share of amusement.

“Some more wine, Miss Taylor?” my well trained maid inquires.

“No. Go with Eve,” Maxine so meekly listening to our conversation in silence.

The room empties. My eyes turn back to the large screen where the naked well bound image of aspiring attorney Redmond Richards hangs, an occasional thrust of the hips evidencing his male need to end my mandated denial. It's been a month since his arrival. When he last ejaculated I have no clue. He certainly has not gotten his rocks off... in the crass male vernacular... under my watch.

So he's eager... to perform for me.

Onto the screen comes Eve, pushing the low stool beneath my puppet of a stud. She reverses the suspension process, left strap unhooked, right strap unhooked, the feet finding the stool, the cuffs released.

"Bed time, Redmond. And what did you learn this evening?" Eve taunts as she strolls to retrieve a waiting cane.

"Retain."

"Or?" with her question applying a rather crisp stroke of the cane to the left buttock.

"Pain!" the gasped belated reply coming just a half second after Eve's reminder.

Cuffs released, Eve grasps that massive erection, as always using it as a leash. It degrades to be so led about by a woman, Eve's intent acceptable. But it comes to mind that too much handling... touching what I want to be to be constantly starved for attention... may be counter productive. I will need to change the protocol.

Eve leads my boy away. With the room emptying I click off the television, sipping more wine in allowing Eve the time needed to prepare my living dildo, feeling myself moisten... down there... finally to enjoy my fruits of my investment.

Redmond Richards

As with every night, after many hours in idol suspension... listening to the law... listening to retention lectures and the repeated mantra... I am led to my bedroom, penis firmly gripped, to be strapped down for the night. For the first time maid Maxine accompanies. Normally she slips into my room... presumably it is Maxine... after I am hooded and well bound... offering the incomplete fellatio which so abets the constant frustration of denial.

Not this evening. Upon entry, Maxine prances about bells chiming in gathering pillows, arranging such in the center of the thin mattress. Miss Eve then guides me to the bed.

"Buttocks on the pillows. You'll be restrained a little differently tonight. You're going to have a visitor."

I sit as directed. When Miss Eve pushes me back and begins cuffing wrists and ankles, I realize I am to bedded spread eagled, feet widely parted, wrists high over my head and greatly separated as well.

The pillows form a hillock and I must look upward to see my engorged manhood, raging as always with my embarrassing reaction to feminine supervision. Being handled excites. I do not want it to excite... I so beratingly tell myself... but it does.

“Remember, Redmond... retain or pain.”

With those ominous words... heard for hours since dinner... I am hooded. Then I feel the mattress move... hear those bells... and feel the wet lips and dancing tongue of the accomplished sucker of cocks. I hate it. It's revolting. I relish it. It is so pleasurable.

Does my penis find repulsion? Of course not, throbbing, my heart pounding to assure the circulation feeds its need for tumescence.

Then I hear the bedroom door open.

“Oh Maxine, you so much enjoy a hard cock. But if you make him come, Eve will spend the weekend caning you.”

The voice is Miss Taylor! My benefactress... essentially she who owns. Am I disappointed when the swishing and swirling moderates?

“Nice and hard for me... and then it's my turn. And I'm going to let you watch, Maxine. A treat for you... listening... enjoying the sent of steamy sex.”

The tongue and lips withdraw. The mattress shifts, the bells ring but move away. Then the mattress shifts again.

“We'll start with the cow girl... twenty minutes or so... then the reverse cowgirl... then you will lick me for a while as Maxine licks you clean. Tonight is your night, Redmond... your night to show me what you have learned. To retain. And be forewarned, Eve is still here... with her cane... and will readily apply pain.”

There comes a simple tap... to my feet! So gently applied... yet so agonizingly felt. Message received!.. painfully received!

Yet with that... comes heaven. I feel the ravishing Miss Taylor straddle me and my rock hard erection becomes engulfed in warm wetness. Such wonderful tightness, and such skillfulness as my entire length is slowly and steadily invaginated.

Yes, Big Red's neglect ends. I feel her sheath oscillate then clench to grab like a soft wet hand. Then the cow girl begins her ride... up... down... up... down... and my mind hears those instructive words again and again... retain or pain... retain or pain.

I so much want to come... yet I so much want to please... and I so much need to avoid the cane.

Taylor Phipps

A late afternoon during the third week of law school, Eve reports to me in the sun porch.

“Redmond is on his way,” having checked the computer, clever software tracking the location of my BMW gift.

“Good. Have the new bracelets and leash ready. Too much freedom... and too often his penis is touched.”

Eve nods. She likes gruffly tugging on his erection... but I fear Redmond too much likes it as well. Such needs to end... and it will.

Going on line, I have ordered auxiliary items from Steelworxx... matching the stainless steel of his chastity device. Not overly expensive... not that cost matters... it will be the permanent depilation of his pubes area... laser hair removal... which will require a goodly sum.

I put aside Leopold Von Sacher-Masoch's 'Venus in Furs'... a third reading, but always warmed by the story... and follow Eve to the foyer where my obedient maid and husband Maxine waits. Watching Redmond being stripped naked upon entry to the Phipps mansion is always good fun... the look on his face priceless in reimmersing him into his world of feminine governance. And today with the introduction of my new trinkets there should be even greater amusement.

On schedule, the red BMW pulls to the parking area. Redmond exits the car, backpack filled with texts, and briskly takes the stone steps where Eve opens the door.

The entry routine is somewhat different than when he departs in the morning. He is not to pass the threshold clothed. Is it symbolic... but establishing unbounded dominion... feminine dominion... requires approaching the goal from many different aspects.

Thus he knows to stop, set his backpack aside, slip off his shoes and assume the mandated pose for inspection... hands to the back of his head, feet parted. Maxine steps forth and begins removing his clothing as Eve takes the backpack inside.

“Good evening, counselor,” Eve sarcastically greets. “Going to perform for us like a good boy?” establishing her authority after his day of relative freedom in the vanilla world.

He will of course, his denial continuing. And sure enough, upon being returned to nakedness, when Eve steps forth with key in hand and unlocks, simultaneous with the slipping away of the cock cage, his manhood springs to life, comically twitching and slowly firming to complete hardness.

So large... so well endowed... so virile... yet so nicely tamed.

He blushes. And I must wonder... does he want to perform for us?... or is there something ingrained that makes him perform for us?

It matters not. He performs.

“Change in regimen, Redmond. Leniency ends.”

Bracelets await on a small table. Permanent. Smooth. Beautifully polished, precisely measured, deviously designed. When snapped closed, such are not removable, internal spring loaded clasps greeting and once clicked shut not accessible... to be removed only by cutting with a high powered diamond tipped saw.

Fortunately for Redmond, the heavily gauged circles of steel are decorative. Easily explained as jewelry... not easily explained when worn about the biceps just above the elbow.

In so presenting himself, the arms are easily accessible and Eve retrieves all the items procured, handing chain links to a nearby Maxine. In returning, she reaches up, and a well trained Redmond allows himself to be placed in restraints, right arm then left encircled, my jewelry clicking closed so quickly and easily.

The thick control ring remains in place, encircling the penis and scrotum. And my edict is such will now remain in place. Removed only for bathing and shaving over the next few days... not to be removed at all after a few visits to the hair removal specialist.

“I want you to feel my control at all times, Redmond, particularly when in the house,” my tone calm but firm as Eve gestures for him to lower his arms.

As he does so, Eve stoops to lock in place about the control ring the single end of a ‘Y’ chain of matching stainless steel, threads it between his thighs, steps behind and locks the two ends to his elbow bracelets. This brings together his elbows, allowing a few inches between, but greatly restricting hand and arm movement. Most notably, for the commanding woman, what hand and arm motion remaining permitted will jostle and tug at his balls.

When Eve steps back, I am amazed to see the erect penis seem to stiffen even more.

Such instilled subservience!

“And another change. A leash. You’ll no longer have complete freedom of motion in the house,” Maxine stepping forth to hand me another length of stainless steel chainery.

I hold one end, letting the opposing end of the six foot length drop to the floor.

“Easily locked in place,” pointing to the loops at each end. “And I had some carpenters here today working for several hours. Many eyebolts screwed into the woodwork throughout the house. You will always be leashed and under lock and key, Redmond... when not restrained in bed or hanging for me in the study room.”

My smile divulges my enjoyment of Redmond’s look of dismay.

“It is best for you, Redmond. Complete capitulation to women... at all times. You will revel in it. Look at your reaction just thinking about it,” my eyes lowering to where the prostatic fluid of male arousal streams in abundance.

I hand the chain leash to Maxine. She eagerly takes it, knowing to kneel and work a second lock about the top of his control ring and attach it to the loop of the leash.

“See how easy that is? And now there is no need to use your penis to guide you about.”

Eve takes the leash, pulling vigorously to test, laughing in seeing the erection bob about in response to a directing woman’s hand.

“Dinner time, Redmond. If you can’t fully use your hands, Maxine will feed you.”

Redmond Richards

I sit in the law school cafeteria sipping black coffee. Late afternoon, classes having ended, I study, avoiding rush hour traffic. Not permitted to travel anywhere else, the car’s GPS monitoring device transmits my location upon starting the engine. To be other than in the Cancadia parking lot or on the road between here and the Phipps Estate brings questions and a quick caning... sometimes a caning first then questions.

I have learned that group study works well in mastering the arcane law of contracts. The typical first year law course involves reading hundreds of years of court cases which frame the underlying doctrines more than legislative mandate. So interacting and discussing better serves than memorization.

Thus I have ingratiated myself to a group local to the western Pennsylvania area, both edifying legal concepts and acquiring more of the culture of coal and steel country. Unfortunately, the frequent invites of my cohorts to local pubs and restaurants for recreation must be declined... Miss Taylor prohibiting any distractions from law school and my duties at the Phipps Estate. Besides, in wearing the tight Steelworxx chastity device, after hour evenings of beer drinking would foster inconvenient trips to the men’s room, squatting to so often pee rather annoying.

So my social life is relegated to a few hours in the cafeteria, ostensibly to group study but certainly enjoying the company of my peers.

Arriving first, expecting fellow students Marsha Devine, Zoey Roberts and Todd Benjamin to later join me, my large coffee is earthy, not the dainty brew of southern California. And it is hot... so hot that I can barely sip as I wait, notebook opened, busily reviewing and fleshing out my hasty jottings from class.

“Redmond!”

I look up to see the vivacious Zoey strolling through the maze of tables and chairs. She is my age,

perky, short dark hair, casually dressed, her tight jeans always evidencing an athletic shapeliness. Cute, she initially comes across as the vapid cheerleader type... but such thoughts of limited intellect are quickly dispelled when interacting over complicated legal matters.

She is sharp.

I stand to greet, my manners fine tuned over the few weeks at the Phipps Estate. And being the outgoing extrovert she flops her bag of books on the table and reaches to hug as if we have been long parted brother and sister. As I reach forth to accept her embrace, I clumsily knock over the large Styrofoam cup, a surge of extremely hot coffee flooding my slacks, belt buckle to thighs.

It hurts, the instant searing pain that of a Miss Eve stroke of the cane. I grimace my hands going to my pants. And the quick witted Zoey grabs a paper napkin, hastily brushing away and attempting to sop up the hot liquid while I repress a squeal of pain.

But the real alarm... worse than the jolt... comes with the realization that Zoey's agile hand slows... and does not retract... her look shifting from sorrowful surprise to intrigued discovery.

No longer tidying, the fingers somewhat grope, feeling beneath my wet slacks the German steel of my chastity device! I glance about, needing to not only avoid her penetrating stare but ascertain if others are aware of Zoey's discovery.

Too flustered to move, I am somewhat relieved when her hand finally retracts, letting the soiled napkin drop to the table. She then takes half a step back, arms folding about an ample chest... ample for a girl of some five foot four inches... her look more of awareness then surprise, indeed turning to a knowing smile, nodding coyly.

"You'll need to get out of those pants, Redmond. They won't dry very fast while you're sitting here."

"No, that's okay," my meek refusal coming as I see cohorts Marsha and Todd enter the cafeteria.

"You'll come with me to the bathroom or Marsha and Todd will be as curious as I am about you're... ah... condition... when I tell them," Zoey also spying the duo.

More flustered with the threat, I remain frozen in fear.

"Come, come, Redmond, there's a unisex bathroom right there... with an electrical hand dryer. Just take off your pants and you can stay in the stall while I dry them for you," the tone that of a mother comforting a child.

And indeed, as the coffee cools I feel as if I've wet my diapers... and here is mother Zoey ready to change them.

Zoey steps toward the bathroom. In not looking back, she knows... has every confidence that I will cede to her and follow. And I do.

Designed for the handicapped, the entrance door, the fixtures and the room itself is large, accommodating those with ambulatory limitations. So Zoey pushes open the door, enters and stands to the side holding it for me. I glumly saunter within. When she allows the door to swing closed I am grateful to see her latch it.

Then she merely points to the stall, the smirk returning. I am again pleased, the privacy welcomed.

“Pants and underpants. I’m sure the coffee soaked right through everything.”

I step into the stall, latch that door as well, slip off my running shoes and lower my pants. In seeing the gleaming steel enshrouding my penis there returns the sense of capitulation... as I am sure Miss Taylor intends. But I now sense it in interacting with a classmate... the young, pretty and outgoing Zoey.

I drape the slacks over the door, Zoey quickly slips them away.

“Underpants!” her tone commanding.

“I’m not allow... ah... I don’t wear any.”

“Did you start to say not allowed?” incredulous in her inquiry.

How can I explain... that if I remain owning any undergarments such are kept under lock and key at the Phipps Estate.

As I struggle to formulate a reply, thankfully there comes the hum of the hand dryer. After several restarts of the automatic cut off switch, the deed ends. I hear Zoey approach the stall door.

“Okay, Redmond, step out. I’ll help you put these back on.”

“No, just push them over the door.”

“No, you will step out and show yourself... or you won’t get back your pants. And if I leave with the bathroom door unlocked, someone is sure to find you half naked. You really should wear underwear,” she lectures.

What am I to do? Once again I am under feminine control... more subtle than the threat of a caning... but control all the same.

“I want to see you... Redmond... particularly what you have under your pants that is so hard. Or perhaps the feel of burning hot coffee gives you an erection?” she mocks.

I hear the rattle of the stall door, her hand testing the latch.

“Open the door and step out now, Redmond. It is best for you.”

No choice, I slide away the latch, so cognizant of the tight ring of steel about my scrotum and penis and the encapsulating tube of steel which feels as though a hand... Miss Eve's hand... is constantly gripping me. The absence of hair will also bring either surprise or amusement I realize. I don't want to do this. I don't want this to happen.

Yet there is no alternative but to show myself.

Unlocked, the door swings open on its own. Zoey steps back, the index finger of her free hand wriggling... come hither. For some reason her gesture brings a brisance... goose bumps. The unknown frightens... but also brings twinges. As I blush in embarrassment, heart pounding, I feel my penis fight its cage.

Do I want this? Do I enjoy this?

"Full inspection, Redmond. You will share your secret... with me... and others if you're not a good boy for me," her tone becoming commanding... soft... but commanding.

I step forth, berating myself as by rote my hands go to the back of my head and my feet part. Zoey looks down, her eyes immediately focusing not so much on the tube of steel, but the special small but formidable lock atop the cage.

"Your penis... it's locked up. And you either want it to be locked up... or someone keeps it locked up. Which is it? Show me the key, Redmond."

How astute. In failing to produce the key, her query is answered without need for a word from me.

"Show me or explain, Redmond. I think you're kept... or at least a very important part of you is," the smile turning to a smirk, legs and hips shifting to triumphantly lean to one side in a pose of quiet authority. "Perhaps you'll be explaining instead to every one I tell."

"Please don't..." my voice faltering.

"Don't what... don't tell? Why should I not? Let everyone know you're a fetishist... or a pervert who someone thinks needs to be under control," the words threatening but so calmly offered.

She steps forth, her hand lowering. I am mindful of my ingrained pose at the mansion, presenting myself for feminine inspection upon command. For some reason in feeling her fingers smooth over the exposed, compressed hairless skin of my scrotum, there comes a sense of comfort. Why?

"No hair, Redmond... legs, thighs, your balls. Must be quite the effort... not even any stubble. You've been shaven... and recently."

The hand gently palms, the thumb grazes about in search for foliage daily removed. It feels so good... so commanding.

“Take off your shirt. Take off your socks. I think that will make a boy like you more comfortable. Then in feeling better... you’ll tell me.”

I do. I must. I strip, whipping off my socks, pulling my shirt over my head. I stand before the alluring girl completely naked, noting that her hand remains cupping my sac, the thumb rising to somewhat test the firmness of the cylinder of steel imprisoning my penis. In noting my body, her smile broadens. Steel bands about my elbows, such glimmer in the bathroom lighting, implying... implying... for Zoey, what does such imply? Her suspicion is course confirmed, that I have been entirely denuded of hair... Miss Eve as always meticulous with the morning bath. Plus I’ve been fragrantly powdered, like an infant, ostensibly to counter the razor burn, but in truth further imbuing this sense of surrender to a woman’s care.

She looks down, her hand jostling... testing... quickly coming to understand that the craftsmen of Steelworxx do not fabricate toys... that my penis and the device are one... never to be slipped away at a whim.

“Well?” looking up into my eyes, the look pleasant yet one of authority. “You have no collar. Guess I should be surprised at that. But should I be asking about the elbow jewelry? Looks provocative but permanent.”

I have nothing to say, the bands of steel going otherwise unnoticed when shirted, the smooth metal felt only when chained to my testicles.

My embarrassment turns more to trepidation as her hand leaves my cage, rising to my left elbow. There a finger presses to slip under the circle of steel.

“You can’t slip this off,” noting the tightness. “And there’s no way to open it, Redmond. Someone placed this on you. I must assume the same person who has your penis locked up. Man or woman? You’re kept. Someone is keeping you... in bondage? These rings can be functional... attached to something... but to what... and by whom?”

I begin to quiver in fear, the astute Zoey’s conjecture most apropos. Yet, the reaction of my imprisoned penis is to harden for her... attempt to harden for her. Why do assertive woman have this effect? Why can I not find words to counter her implications.

“Nothing to say. You piss through a tube, and you can’t explain, remaining silent. Should I unlock the door, Redmond? Be difficult for me to explain why I am carrying a boy’s clothing through the cafeteria... but it’s a college campus. Sororities are always pulling pranks...”

Finally, realizing again there is no choice, I find my voice, meekly stammering. But I indeed tell. Not all... but enough. And the cute outgoing Zoey seems both enlightened and understanding when I explain that a woman is having me trained me to retain. Understanding... but by no means sympathetic.

Taylor Phipps

It's Saturday. I breakfast late, sleeping in after riding Redmond's stiffness well into the night. He retains admirably, not even coming to orgasm when afterwards I have Maxine tantalizingly clean him of my essence, her oral efforts accomplished.

"Good morning," I greet strolling into the kitchen to where Redmond obediently sits, elbow bands encumbered behind his back, leash secured to the table leg. "You may serve him now, Maxine."

Eve has finished breakfast and left for a morning in residence at the local hospital, having bathed, shaven, internally cleansed and chained my boy to the table.

Redmond, hungry or not, is made to wait for my presence. As I seat myself, he rises with proper etiquette, penis only semi firm but beginning to harden more in respectful adoration, my flimsy robe revealing. He quickly learns that he is leashed quite restrictively. When the chain tugs at his control ring and male package, he yelps and quickly sits back down.

He has not quite fully acclimated to the new regimen of constant feminine control. Thoughts of the aggravation he finds in learning bring a smile.

"That was nice, last night, Redmond. So many orgasms. That's good for the woman. And none for you... good for the male as well," reciting the Hindu teachings of retention.

Maxine pours coffee. I smile in noting that Redmond's restraining elbow bands do not offer enough slack for him to raise the cup to his lips. He must instead bow his head to imbibe. How appropriate.

"It's going to be a warm day, Redmond. Not many left. I think I will walk you... about the estate. You've not spent much time in the gardens. Would you like that? Being walked about by a woman at the end of a leash?"

Such a mental tease. Of course he will like it... deep within he needs it... to submit... the degradation sublimely arousing for him And the feel of fresh air and sunshine on his freshly shaven nakedness I am sure will bring renewed firmness.

"Clothing Miss Taylor?" the quest so meekly posed.

"Never. There's no need. Only some of the Mexican gardeners may see you. And they're both aware and discrete. After all, I've fucked most of them over the years."

Maxine serves, blueberry pancakes for me, raw vegetables for Redmond. Everything I make him eat is to feed his libido as well as his stomach.

"We'll talk about law school, Redmond. I've invested quite a bit in your education," and your naked submission, I am wont to add. "I'm curious to learn if it suits you. The profession is not for everyone. A while back I read where there is a correlation between testosterone levels and successful lawyers... at least amongst those who litigate. Yours must be raging... as I intend."

Yes, the daily injections continue, less chlordiazepoxide... the boy needs to concentrate... but I otherwise keep him brimming with hormones... just as I do Maxine... though of a different nature
“Any exams scheduled?”

“Mid October, Miss Taylor. Three weeks.”

“So you’ll obviously need to study even more. Does the nightly immersion help? You hang so passively when Eve suspends you. Like a ripening fruit,” I mirthfully add. “Hopefully something other than your penis is growing... such as your knowledge of the law.”

Redmond smiles meekly, munching like a rabbit on spinach and broccoli.

“Any group study? Pammy has told me it’s traditionally an effective way to learn the law.”

He blanches. Something about group study brings a pause, mastication subsiding. My question brings unease.

“Ah... we... yes, Miss Taylor,”

His faltering reply draws my attention, I must suppose the opposite of his intent.

“Good. I’ll want to know all about it. Who, where, how often. Maybe they’d like to join you here at the estate. A quiet weekend before exam week. Plenty of room... and it’s tranquil and peaceful here.”

My suggestion brings outright consternation. I’m on to something.

Redmond Richards

I don’t want to do this. I truly don’t. But my erection suggests otherwise.

Maid Maxine frees the stainless steel links of my leash from where it is locked about the table leg, handing the end to Miss Taylor with a devilish smile.

“Come, come Redmond. It’s warm enough.”

Miss Taylor stands. She tugs. Having gazed at her wondrous breasts, her robe flipping open with just about every fork full of pancake, Big Red salutes her beauty, bobbing about with the motion of her hand. And she is most aware of my organ’s obeisance, smiling triumphantly in knowing it stands for her.

To the foyer, I am disappointed when she grabs a light shawl, also slipping on footwear.

Out the door, down the stairs, though it’s a warm pleasant day the weather does not counter my apprehension.

“You know, Redmond, power can be addictive... like a narcotic. In having it, the more of it you want,” Miss Taylor muses. “But I use it judiciously, providing boys like you with what they need. Most times that goes well beyond what they think they want. Wants can be illusory... sometimes misleading. But needs... now that is something one must have provided... or suffer.”

Strolling to the left, away from the parking area, we enter a high thicket of flora seemingly groomed by a hair stylist... not leaf, not a twig out of place. Such form a labyrinth of pathways and Miss Taylor’s hand playfully pulls at the leash, which translates to tension on the ring encircling my scrotum and the base of my erection, guiding left then right through a maze of greenery.

“Your mother sent me an email, Redmond... a while ago. Been waiting for the right moment to tell you.”

I have received no emails... not even a phone call since departing California. Though not my biological mother, the neglect and oversight saddens.

We come to a small open area, hedges forming a cul de sac about a bench. Miss Taylor sits, drawing the leash downward. For some reason I know to kneel before her on manicured grass. Though tall I must look up into her handsome face... so confident, so knowing, so aware.

The sun beaming, she presses back with her shoulders, letting the shawl slip away behind her, robe once again flashing open to reveal superb glands... not large, not small, but of perfect roundness, the nipples seeming to beg for the attention of tongue and lips.

Such excite... and she knows... that such are a want... and that for me to ever have is illusory.

“She sold the house, Redmond. No forwarding address. She’s on one of those world cruises... many, many months... many, many ports of call.”

The news not only shocks but further saddens. I have known no other home. And have cheered myself with thoughts of returning to California for Christmas break.

“She said she’ll provide a new address... at some point,” Miss Taylor taking the time to wrap her end of the leash about the arm of the bench, the motion fully exposing her left breast.

It’s symbolic, so tying me... securing my leash. For I do have some use of my hands and though awkward could readily work to unravel and free myself.

But would I?

Miss Taylor looks into my eyes, for sure thinking the same thoughts.

“It’s best for you Redmond,” tapping the wound chain. “To always feel a woman’s control... particularly in moments like this. I know you’re going to miss your mother... stepmother. But she’ll return in a

year or two. Maybe come to Pennsylvania and visit. You'd like her to walk you wouldn't you, Redmond? Naked and erect... just as you are now."

More shock, the notion revolting. But Miss Taylor's arm extends, her index finger extending, the underside of my manhood ever so gently diddled, proving a point... highlighting my unbounded state of arousal.

It waggles for her. She smiles.

"Big Red answers for you, Redmond. Now your study group. You seem interested in telling me about your classmates."

I do not. And she seems to know I do not. How do I tell of the mischievous Zoey... that she knows of my... my... condition? What term does one apply to the forced chastity of the Steelworxx cock cage... the attentive grooming of my entire body... the trinkets at my elbows which so readily encumber my hands and arms?

And during our latest group study, her friend and cohort Marsha, normally somber and all business looked at me whimsically... sort of in disbelief. Will Todd also be told of what Zoey has deemed my fetishism... my perversion?

Most distressing... the mandated return trips to the unisex handicapped bathroom. Zoey leads. Under threat of disclosure I follow. We do not enter together, yet I doubt that it goes completely unnoticed amongst the many students utilizing the cafeteria that we share the facility.

And then I am again inspected, stripping naked for her.

If my condition is considered fetishism... what of Zoey's enthusiasm in commanding me to show myself to her?

My thoughts reel as I try to compose myself and reply to Miss Taylor. During the latest shared visit, Zoey had tucked in her hand a double 'D' clamp. She could not help demonstrating to herself how quickly and easily a woman could incapacitate by clipping together my elbow bands behind my back.

Tighter then when leashed by Miss Eve, she seemed to revel in how a simple trinket bought at any hardware store could so effectively secure me. In realizing how easily she could free me... I could not... her laughter, though pleasant, was frustratingly teasing.

I had to stand before her completely naked, firming manhood again challenging its enclosure, and await the whimsy of her emancipating fingers.

Worse, as she stepped back to visually examine, assess the thoroughness of my restraint, I felt my growing penis fight its cage in earnest.

'Does this excite you, Redmond?' her query not a taunt, but a genuine desire to understand.

At such times, my silence always seems to speak for me.

“Redmond, my quest seems to have brought much thought. Now for sure I most know of your group,” Miss Taylor’s firm voice bringing me from my queasy reverie.

Do I want her to know? Want to further lower myself into the abyss of degradation? That the Phipps Estate is not the only location where I am made to bare myself?

It will please her... my benefactress... she who now provides all... she who offers the only home I now have. And I want to please.

There is no return to California... no going back to my former life. I have placed myself into her hands... and now there are no other hands.

“There’s this girl... in my study group. And I think she would... ah... have interest... particular interest... in your suggestion... some seclusion and quiet before exam week.”

Why am I being so forthright? I don’t want her to know. Yet I do want her to know. Perhaps it is because she needs to know.

“How so?”

I tell.

Taylor Phipps

Fascinating, not necessarily for me, but for Redmond... poor Redmond. He is painfully learning about the power of sex... sexual attraction

His journey began with me... ostensibly my offering of a scholarship... more or less. Free room and board... free tuition... the use of an expensive car. And all in exchange for his submission... the exhibition of his fine manhood... and the use of it from time to time.

He has needs... I have needs. So he is learning.

But now he finds others have needs as well... that I am not sui generis in my demands.

So this Zoey girl, in exchange for her silence, makes him disrobe and show himself. So exciting for the likes of Redmond. And to admit to me that his penis fought its entrapment when the minx clipped together his elbow bands! Very telling... both for him to feel the quirky thrill... and then seem to need to tell me about it.

But what of her... suggesting he was a fetishest... yet taking the time to procure a double ‘D’ clamp, surreptitiously palming the implement and taking such joy in placing my boy in bondage?

She's one of us, I must conclude. Young, vivacious, of apparent intellect in attending law school, yet so aptly stepping into the breech... assuring that Redmond's need for feminine supervision is addressed even outside the confines of the Phipps Estate.

So brazen of her, Redmond explaining that the visits to the unisex cafeteria bathroom have become frequent.

My thoughts are interrupted as I hear the roar of gardening equipment. The cadre of Mexican workers... or from wherever... advance like an army to attack the vast landscaping of the estate. As the sounds of the lawnmowers and leaf blowers approach, the grass carpeted pathways to be tidied, my naked and bound boy toy begins to quake, fearing discovery.

"It will be interesting listening to you explain yourself, Redmond... assuming you know any Spanish. There's a reason the common term for manly... machismo... derives from the Hispanic culture. The boys are quite masculine... and some I've found to be nicely endowed as well. They'll not fully understand your need to be paraded about naked and erect... but they'll certainly find amusement."

"Please, Miss Taylor. No. It's too... too..."

"Too humiliating for you? I don't think the possibility of discovery can possibly be so. Could it be something you want, Redmond?"

I pause, my finger going to the top of his penis tip, firmly pressing downward and then letting it snap back to slap his lower belly, demonstrating that his tumescence has not lessened... only seemed to further firm.

"I'll save you, Redmond. But you need to do something for me," having to speak loudly as the din of the small combustion motors increases. "I'll want the cell phone number of this girl Zoey."

"No, please don't talk to her... don't invite..."

"Shush," arising from the bench, leaving my boy's leash tied about the arm. "Maybe I'll have one of the workers walk you back to the house..."

"No!"

I step to the opening, the only entrance to the hedge lined cul de sac where we sit. Looking to my left I see the short, barreled chested frame of a dark skinned landscaper. I think it is Rafael, one of the many I road in the seclusion of the dense gardens a year or so ago.

They don't like being ridden... it's the macho thing... so it's always a one time fuck with their ilk. But the boy certainly remembers me... and certainly knows who is boss and owner. I turn, and face Redmond, watching him squirm, desperately trying to unravel the leash with hands only partially mobile. Such futility. It brings a smile.

“His name is Rafael, Redmond... the gardener. I’ve had Maxine suck his cock a few times,” such a prevarication. “Maybe you’d like to so as well. Probably a little sweaty... but that will bring welcome to the taste of sperm.”

Though his ingrained homophobia is cooled in interacting with my effeminate maid husband, I know my threat brings concern. In his mind he knows I can mandate conciliation... have him sucking whomever and whenever I want.

Unseen by Redmond, hedge blocking his view, my right arm extends, waving away Rafael. In knowing of my predilections, he understands... that I want privacy... and he knows why. He pauses in his advance and I step forth to return to Redmond.

“There’s another path, Redmond. A bit serpentine, but I can lead you back to the house unseen. I’ll not show you off to my crew of brawn. But first the phone number. The girl seems to have this insatiable curiosity... undoubtedly about you... but I think it’s about the woman keeping you as well.”

He nods. So sullen in accepting defeat.

“I have it,” voice meek in ceding... as always.

“So will I,” calmly releasing the leash in knowing of Rafael’s obeisance.

I tug, signaling Redmond to stand, my governing hand felt where a boy feels most. Such an effort also tensions the short chain leading from the bottom of the control ring, between his thighs to the elbows bands tucked behind his back and so limiting the motion of his arms and hands.

So my authority seems convincing... as it should be... and I use it to guide to the opening, holding my hand high to force Redmond to walk on his toes. And why not? After all I have him by his balls.

I turn away from where I know Rafael is working. But when I look back, there he kneels, pretending to be weeding, somewhat in the distance... a respectful way off. But close enough such that he sees the gleaming chain leash in my hand... Redmond’s complete nakedness... and certainly notes the steel bands entrapping Redmond’s elbows.

He smiles, I wave. He has a nice cock. Too bad the machismo just won’t let him succumb to me again.

“You see how much we understand boys like you, Redmond. Look at your erection... thick, firm, fully engorged... standing for me like that. And it’s also streaming fluid. I think the notion of sucking cock excites.”

“I will need to come ...sometime, Miss Taylor,” such a pitiful plea.

“Can you do that... ejaculate... on a woman’s command... my command?”

His interval of chastity and denial approaches a month... seemingly endless for a boy of his age... deluged with hormones... not to mention my injections.

“I... I... don’t know.”

“I think you will... or you won’t ever again ejaculate. And maybe your friend Zoey would like to see you do that.”

“No! Please no!”

I just smile, leading to weave through the shrubbery, the sound of gardening equipment fading... but not Redmond’s distress.

I pause, turning to speak, keeping my hand high, the leash taut, the tension on the ring encircling his male package well felt.

“You’re succumbing to me nicely, Redmond. But more important is the enjoyment you derive from it,” the index finger of my free hand again diddling the male barometer of arousal. “Would you not enjoy surrendering your dignity to other women as well? Have you noticed how infrequently Eve needs to use her cane?”

“No. With you I must, Miss Taylor,” referencing all that I provide. “With Eve... well... she cares for me. My acquiescence is rewarded. But others... I just can’t.”

“But you will... Redmond... you will. And more importantly... you will so much enjoy it.”

Redmond Richards

Classmate and group study partner Zoey gave me her cell phone number. Initially for scheduling our twice weekly get togethers. But later, after a couple of visits to the cafeteria bathroom where she has me pose naked for her, she reminded me...

‘You have my number, Redmond. Call me if you’re ever freed of this thing,’ her finger brazenly tapping my cock cage.

I had not the fortitude to tell her that in addition to being kept... as she suspects... I have long gone without a cell phone... Miss Taylor confiscating.

Still, the phone number has been tucked away in my backpack, sort of as a boost....that a nice looking girl like Zoey would have interest in me. But then again, as Miss Taylor astutely pointed out, it is probably about her curiosity. In her mind... just what does it look like that is so soundly locked away? Or possibly... again as Miss Taylor postulated... who is it that has relegated me to unending denial. ‘Does this thing ever come off?’ she inquired.

I nodded.

‘And then?’

I just shrugged. How does one explain... describe... the regimen under which I am afforded a law school education? That freed of the steel enclosure there is celebration... tribute offered to the assertive woman who owns.

I suppose my non answer further stoked the fires of interest in my circumstances.

The thoughts come as in my study room I hang in suspension, the mantra of ‘retain or pain’ softly repeating in my head phones. I must assume the limited volume is intended to permit sleep and thus the dogma be absorbed subconsciously as I dream.

Does it matter? Upon Miss Taylor’s whim I will be bedded, hooded, tightly bound and Big Red ridden and ridden and ridden. I am a living dildo! And a dildo does not orgasm.

Does Miss Eve still stand nearby... ready to cane the soles of my feet should I discharge? I will not endeavor to find out. I retain.

So I don’t know. I have no say... absolutely no control. I merely perform for the woman in charge... obediently perform. No pain.

Putting such thoughts aside, concern over Miss Taylor’s knowledge of the hijinks at Cancadia come to mind. Having to weekly address Zoey’s extortion... the threat of disclosing my... guess I would term it condition... is distressing... but having Miss Taylor aware of the strained relationship also brings concern.

What will my benefactress do with the phone number? Will an invitation for some quiet days of exam study at the Phipps Estate indeed be extended?

Having to bare myself to Zoey has been perturbing... but to also bare to her the feminine dominion under which I live? Within the threshold of the Phipps mansion I am either leashed or bound. The few days of orientation... constant nakedness, yes, but freedom of movement now thought of as sublime... are now a relatively pleasant memory.

What will Zoey say? Her extortion of me will be emboldened for sure. And I suppose of more concern... what will she do? If she visits, will I be unlocked for her?

My foggy thoughts are cast aside as I feel fingers fumbling about my pubes area. The sultry woman’s voice repeating ‘retain or pain’ fades.

“You’re nice and hard for me, Redmond. The suspension becomes you.”

It is Miss Taylor. She rarely visits my study room, the many cameras I assume adequately feeding her need to sense conquest.

“I’m having Eve remove the control ring, Redmond. Some photos for me. The ring nicely symbolizes your submission to me, but nice full body shots without the metal will better attract women who... ah... shall we say... may not totally enjoy our thing... not yet.”

There comes the whirr of the small electric screwdriver... not heard in weeks. The nasty posts constantly spearing my skin are removed. The gruff fingers press, my testicles pushed back through the ring. Then the ring slides upwards. Slipping away is that which enables the leash and elbow chain to offer such feminine empowerment.

I next feel the warm wet and supple tongue of maid Maxine... both exquisite and disturbing. Oh the source of such pleasure... unfulfilling pleasure.

“Yes, Redmond I want you at your hardest for me... me and my camera.”

My hood is removed. I blink, my eyes needing to adjust to the room light. The tongue and lips withdraw. Miss Eve steps off the low stool and slides it away.

“Don’t smile, Redmond. I want you to look like a prisoner... though in the mind of boys like you it’s more like dangling in paradise.”

The cell phone points... it clicks... it clicks again.

“For your friend Zoey. Maybe this will end her demands on you... that you take your clothes off for her. Curiosity satiated.”

The stool returns, Miss Eve steps up, the few moments of sight ending.

“Or maybe this will foster more curiosity. Plus in having this photo... have even more dominion over you.”

Just as I hear the stool again removed, Miss Taylor offers more confounding thought.

“I wonder if your stepmother can receive text messages. She’ll want to know that you’re well cared for... I am sure.”

Before I can utter a protest... the mantra returns... quite loud. And there comes the repeated lecture on male retention. So I shout... words of objection... but also words of entreaty, pleading not to disseminate any photos. I do not know if I am heard. But I do know the ring is returned... my respite from the symbol of feminine dominion ever so brief.

Redmond Richards

I sit in the cafeteria of Cancadia. What should be a calm interlude of study on a late Monday afternoon is mentally and emotionally stressful. With group study scheduled, Zoey is due. Did Miss Taylor text to her my photo? Such embarrassment! Incredibly erect... the oral skills of maid Maxine

brought my penis to nearly burst. It throbbed, the suspension fueling the fire of what a month or more in chastity sparks. And then came the cell phone photo... face included!

Countering the anxiety, I am physically worn. Though Sunday was a day of rest, I have not fully recovered from a long Saturday night. Once again restrained spread eagled, Miss Eve out did herself with the tightness of my bonds. A pile of cushioning pillows forcing my hips and therefore turgid manhood well above my ankles, wrists and head, Miss Taylor road Big Red endlessly. She is insatiable... and a tireless acrobat. Cowgirl... reverse cowgirl... back to cowgirl... amazingly, despite the warm and wet tightness of her sheath... so gloriously oscillating and contracting... orgasm after orgasm... I retained... as trained. And thus there was no pain.

Though it was Miss Taylor who expended the energy... there is something about straining against the ineluctable Segufix cuffs and straps that tires... though I otherwise was incapable of moving with her. Yes, once again, used as a living dildo.

With the prospective ignominy of the photo, hopefully Marsha and Todd arrive before Zoey, their presence inhibiting the demanded visits to the bathroom. Our clandestine rendezvous can somewhat go unnoticed amongst students we know not. But for both of us to simultaneously excuse ourselves to Marsha and Todd would certainly draw questions.

And with that thought, an exuberant Zoey enters, skipping across the linoleum as if about to lead a school cheer.

I stand to greet her. Etiquette or obedience?... I find myself asking.

“Redmond,” she gushes, plunking her pack of texts on the table, extending outwards her arms.

Always she reaches to hug. But just as we embrace her right hand quickly drops, positioning between us... of course at my pubes. And I am chagrined that she keeps it there as her left arm slips behind me to hold.

She’s a strong little thing... athletic... the embrace firm... and despite my size it is difficult to counter and evade. The fingers of the trapped right hand go directly to the feel the lump of steel under my zipper. She first rubs then jostles, knowing full well of the affect.

Her grope... momentary but seemingly endless to a neglected organ... is both welcomed but to be avoided. My penis attempts to harden for her. It can’t and I wince with the aggravation of penile flesh greeting hardened stainless steel.

“Still locked up, Redmond! Such wickedness,” the words sympathetic but her tone one of delight.

She releases, gesturing for me to sit, as if giving permission. And with her extortionate knowledge, perhaps I do need to adhere to her guidance.

“So, you’re released on occasion... I know that now,” her smile readily interpreted as one of

Schadenfreude.

She playfully taps my nose then sits, making a ceremony of placing her cell phone on the table, almost presenting it to me.

“Have something to show Marsha,” her smile growing. “But let’s talk, Redmond... before Todd and Marsha arrive. No visit to the bathroom... for now... no inspection. I know it excites you... and have an inkling of the sick enjoyment... but there’s not much time until they arrive.”

Though apoplectic with the cell phone gambit... the examination aspect of our twice weekly meetings will not be missed, bringing some degree of relief.

“What do you call all this, Redmond... this thing going on with whomever. You said it’s a woman, Redmond... I hope it is... not that some homosexual entanglement would bring less... ah... curiosity. And if so, it’s quite a special woman... with a penchant that’s... that’s... well what is it?”

“Objectification,” I solemnly offer. “She uses... me... as an object.”

“An owned object,” Zoey intercedes with a giggle.

I nod. Though I am aware Miss Taylor would have great reservations about divulging her antics... the details of her antics... it is she who transmitted my photo... let the cat out of the bag... almost making this exchange a necessity.

“And an object kept under lock and key,” she adds, her hand slipping under the table to again caress the steel of my enclosure.

Her fingers both sooth and unsettle. I don’t want to have this discussion. Yet perhaps I do. It’s been over six weeks since my arrival at the Phipps Estate... four weeks locked in chastity... forbidden from touching myself before that. If I jerked myself off before journeying from California I cannot remember exactly when and how... it’s been that long. I am jittery. I not only need someone to talk to but to desperately once again sense the ecstasy of climatic relief as well. So I keep in mind Miss Taylor’s offer... proposal... challenge. Perhaps to be postured as a threat?..

‘Can you do that... ejaculate... on a woman’s command?’ the words rambling about in my mind. And the presence of my assertive study partner brings to mind Miss Taylor’s corollary...

‘Maybe your friend Zoey would like to see you do that.’

I don’t want to involve her. Such youthful innocence... yet so receptive to being corrupted.

Missing from the context under which I am engaging Zoey is... what missive accompanied the photo? What did Miss Taylor say in transmitting such a sordid depiction of her living dildo?

Should I ask?

Before I can inquire, Marsha enters, waving then approaching. Taller than Zoey, her walk is more of a march, military precision. She smiles rarely, seemingly always focused class work... learning the law. And the notion of such a straight laced girl viewing the photo of me... me and my erection... stirs even more concern. Zoey smiles in seeing me quake, pushing her cell phone toward me to emphasize and remind... that something needs to be shown.

“You know how to use one of these, Redmond? I never see you with one.”

“I’m not permit... ah... no, I cut out the expense,” having handed over the device upon arrival at the Phipps Estate.

“Not allowed...” Zoey quickly picking up on my fumbling reply. “That makes sense. So maybe you’d like to take mine for a while. I have a picture I’d like to show Marsha, but for now you hold onto it... and decide when and if I should show it to her.”

She teases, taunting by empowering me with further self destruction. And imbuing a prudish girl like Marsha Devine with awareness of the depravity in which I am forced to wallow would certainly be destructive. Zoey is testing... asking if I want others to know of my... my degradation. She’s determining how deep is my need... this masochistic need for exhibition... to be displayed... used... by a woman of resolve and purpose. She’s using Marsha... in a way suggesting that upon command I would expose myself to the school librarian. She needs to know just how much I revel being under the tutelage of such thorough feminine governance.

Todd joins us. Small talk ensues, then notes and case books are finally opened. In holding the cell phone, contents most revealing... physically and psychologically... both my soul and body bared... my mind strays. Whereas Zoey has shown a degree of prurient interest in the photo of my suspended nakedness, erection I am sure massive and centered for rapt attention... how would Marsha react... how will Marsha react? During our weeks of study, Marsha has proven to be the most serious... and the most acuminous of the group. She is a maven, Talmudic in her approach to learning the law. She has been of great help in assisting us... me, having a higher aptitude for jurisprudence than her peers. How would she tolerate my perversion? In her mind it would not be considered trivial sexual kink.

I cannot concentrate. With my thoughts jumbled, my review of an appointed court case to be explained to the group is disjointed. It does not bode well, the purpose of group study to efficiently learn the judicial concepts without each of us reading every word of every case.

“You’re fidgeting, Redmond. Do you need to go to the bathroom?” Zoey inquires as if addressing a child in need.

She grasps my hand, ostensibly to comfort, yet all too well aware that the reference to the bathroom has disturbing connotations. Yet, Big Red stirs, the thought so oddly arousing. I find myself wondering whether Zoey has with her the double ‘D’ clamp.

Why?

“Maybe Marsha will take our little boy,” her voice changing to emulate a mother talking to a two year old.

The thought shocks! Is Marsha the scholar aware? Does she know of the bathroom visits?

As I shake my head, Zoey reaches below the table and lifts her book bag. Indeed, clipped to the handle is the double ‘D’ clamp... that which can so easily immobilize. So innocuous... a simple item found in any hardware store... yet it silently projects a woman’s mastery over me.

She looks straight into my face, smiling with my look of concern as her hand opens her bag and extracts a notebook.

“My turn to recite,” she proclaims, gratefully ending the attention riveted on me.

I can barely concentrate as Zoey takes us through the elements of her assigned case. In finishing she again turns her attention to me.

“I don’t know if you guys got anything out of that. Too many distractions here in the cafeteria. With exams coming up, we’ll really need a better place to study together... quieter... and you can’t talk in the library. Any thoughts, Redmond?”

Shocked into silence I shake my head. In sending my photo, did Miss Taylor also broach the notion of a weekend at the Phipps Estate in her text message? The coincidence is telling.

Todd recites, explaining he’ll need to depart early. Then Marsha, her observations, thoughts and conclusions both shrewd and prescient in terms of forecasting potential exam questions. With my focus returning, some legal edification comes. And when Marsha completes her recitation, Todd, arises, bids adieu and departs.

It is then that Zoey turns to me.

“Marsha, Redmond has something he wants to show you.”

“Well, I haven’t got much time either,” Marsha beginning to stow her stuff. “Got a meeting with Professor Evans.”

“Won’t take long. Show her, Redmond,” Zoey’s voice lowering in tone, becoming firm. “It’s a photo. Redmond does this form of gymnastics... exercise and some stretching of some kind. It’s quite impressive. Go ahead. Turn on the phone. I know you have it off while we study.”

I am wont to scream that it is not my phone... and the photo is far from depicting athletics. Frozen, Zoey takes the phone back, making a show of pressing buttons. I prepare words... but none come. I prepare to leave... to run. But my legs too much shake.

Yet nothing happens!

“Looks like the battery ran out,” Zoey’s words of disappointment come as Marsha in turn stands to leave.

“Ok. Show me Thursday at our next session.”

Left alone, Zoey snickers, her hand returning to my lap, now energetically massaging the steel cone, knowing that sans underwear my compressed scrotal sac readily senses her brusque ministrations. In so doing, her free hand turns the cell phone screen to me. It is alighted, the low battery explanation a ruse.

“You so much enjoy this, Redmond. Truly you do.”

The phone is put aside, her hand going to the handle of her bag, removing the double ‘D’ clamp.

“Come. Some cold water. Your face is red. You’re blushing, excited in just thinking about disrobing for me. You don’t want to... but then again you do. In a way you must... not because I insist... but because something within insists... your demented psyche has this need, Redmond. You have to address it... if not learn to embrace it. On Thursday you will ask me to show the photo, that you want Marsha to know of your predilection. You will ask my permission to let her in on your sick secret. I may grant it... I may not. But you will cede that decision to me. You will yield to me, granting me power. You so much want to do that.”

Once again she slips from her chair and strolls toward the unisex bathroom. No looking back, she so much knows that I will follow, no invitation... no command necessary.

And I find that I am asking myself... should Miss Taylor’s invitation for a weekend of study at the Phipps Estate be extended?

Not only am I an emotional wreck... but physically... with the need for climactic relief burgeoning... growing every day... by exam time I will not be able to control my actions and therefore my thoughts.

I look up from the table. Zoey stands at the bathroom door. Smiling, her hand rises, waving about the double ‘D’ clamp. It is a refreshing smile, that of a young girl. I know otherwise. For she extends an invitation of her own.

But is it indeed an invitation... or a demand?

Taylor Phipps

“On his way, Taylor,” Eve announces.

Normally I don’t bother greeting my ward Redmond. I see him at dinner... and of course on camera afterwards as he so humbly dangles in suspension for his retention immersion therapy.

But on this Monday evening I’ll want to know of his day, having texted his photo to fellow student

Zoey over the weekend. So I listen for his car, wait a few moments for Maxine and Eve to prepare him for me, then, Chardonnay in hand, casually stroll to the foyer. There he stands, hands to the back of his head, Eve slipping away the tight cock cage, leaving the control ring in place. Next, between his thighs she strings and locks in place the short chain connecting the elbow bands to his balls, and leashes him, penis already beginning to engorge in celebration after a long day in captivity.

“Ow, too tight Miss Eve!”

Desiring his attention, on this evening I have instructed Eve to remove most slack from the ‘Y’ of the chain at his back, forcing together quite tightly his elbow bands, essentially rendering his arms and hands useless.

“We’ll loosen that after we’ve had a talk, Redmond,” knowing that further instilling a sense of capitulation to feminine authority will readily foster speech... though interrogation may be a more apropos term.

Eve hands me the leash, my new protocol mandating that at all times at the Phipps Estate he be restrained or guided about by a feminine hand.

“Come. I’m having some wine. You can have some water... warm. And maybe a cracker,” nodding to Maxine. “Serve me in my den.”

I lead, pulling firmly, smiling in looking back to see Redmond continuing to harden, his obeisance and need to display himself so nicely ingrained.

To the den, I seat myself in a large black leather chair. Then in pulling downward, Redmond knows to kneel at my feet. Arms encumbered he is careful not to topple. I pause taking a sip, such a wondrous sense of power in feeling my boy tremble, the taut chain attached to his balls vibrating.

“So tell me about your day, Redmond. Skip the classroom stuff. Some group study with your friend Zoey?”

Mercifully I let the leash slacken, then entertain myself by lifting my right boot, positioning the sole atop the upstanding penis tip and slowly pressing downward.

As stated, I want his attention, and in denying his manhood’s need to stand perfectly straight upright... I have it. He moans, otherwise not a word of objection. This is good. His reaction in a way satisfying for both of us.

“Well?” slipping away my boot to grant freedom, the stiffness snapping back.

“Yes, Miss Taylor, we met... the four of us.”

He continues. I smile inwardly as he describes this girl Zoey’s effusive greeting, exploring the steel beneath his slacks.

“Does that feel good to you, Redmond... when a woman handles you?”

He pauses in thought.

“Well... sort of... but then my penis... it wants to harden.”

“To harden for you... or harden for her?”

“I... I...” my question perplexing him.

“Never mind, continue.”

He narrates. The cell phone thing is interesting, Zoey letting him feel as if he has the power to decide whether to show his photo... to divulge not only his bound nakedness... but his warped needs. The girl is cunning.

I let him tell me about the law cases reviewed, pretending to take interest. And, thereafter the drama... or should I say trauma... involving this colleague Marsha... whether this prim and seemingly prudish girl will she see the photo of my boy hanging so helplessly... and while in naked bondage and so impressively hard.

I must laugh as that portion of the afternoon comes to an end... the low battery subterfuge clever.

“How did you feel... not able to enlighten your friend Marsha about your submission to me?”

“I did not want to do that.”

“Really Redmond? Not Marsha, yet you seem to be enthralled with Zoey... ceding to her. Otherwise why study with her? There must be other groups. And you could have just taken the phone from her... a big strong boy like you. Not much she could have done about that.”

His forlorn look suggests he is berating himself. Did he not think of that... or not wish to intercede on his own behalf?

“So are you sure you do not want Marsha to be aware as well?”

Maxine enters, serving tray in hand. Glass of tepid water for Redmond... and crackers. I graciously place one in my palm, extending my hand where Redmond must bow his head to partake. Hands useless, I feed him like a pet.

Does he enjoy?

Redmond Richards

Kneeling before the MILF... she who provides all... there is this initial odd sense of comfort... despite

my nakedness... despite my bondage... despite my raging hard on in saluting her masterful beauty.

A cracker. For some reason I know not to refuse, taking it from her hand like a puppy, a welcomed interruption in a conversation becoming stressful.

“So Marsha left, no photo shown...” she prompts as I finish her offering.

“Yes.”

I explain the gambit... that upon our next meeting, it will be my decision... my burden as to whether to share the photo with fellow student Marsha Devine.

“Do you want her to see you like that, Redmond?”

“No.”

“But you want to please Zoey.”

With that, my mind freezes. It is true. I curse myself for my meekness... this need. And I do please her... so abjectly... the bathroom visits so humbling... offering myself. Does my need assuage hers? Is it only her curiosity that I satiate?

“Yes, I suppose,” hanging my head in shame.

“Then you have much to think about, Don’t you?” another cracker presented, indeed having me pause in thought as I lick the slim offering from her palm... again like a puppy.

“So the group study ended. She sent you on your way?”

I shake my head, beginning to quake, picturing Zoey standing at the bathroom door, hand waving, double ‘D’ clamp seeming to beckon... ‘come my friend... time to address your needs’.

“A bathroom visit. Zoey demanded that I join her.”

“Demanded, Redmond? You’re six foot three. You’ve told me she’s just over five feet tall. And yet you cede to her demands.”

I nod.

“She knows me... knows of my... she can... well...”

“Tell people what deep within you want them to know about you... that you subjugate yourself to demanding women... and enjoy doing so?”

I begin to visibly shake.

“Calm yourself, then talk. Tell me all about it. It will be cathartic for you.”

“She has this clamp, as you know. Well she now keeps it with her. It’s like a symbol... of her authority over me... and is used to send a message. She went to the bathroom door, waved it at me and entered. Knowing that I would follow.”

“And you did.”

“I had no choice.”

“Are you certain, Redmond? Give that some thought. But for now continue.”

My narration continues as directed...

I don’t immediately follow, Zoey... too much aware of the many eyes, the cafeteria half full. But after a suitable interval, relatively confident that very few are aware that she has not exited... assuming that any eyes even noticed her enter... I leave the table, casually move to the bathroom door and enter.

Zoey quickly pushes closed the door behind me, latches and standing arms akimbo wordlessly waits while I know to bare myself.

So commanding... so authoritative.

“Such a good boy for me, Redmond,” complimenting as she one by one takes shoes, pants, socks and shirt, piling on the sink.

She next takes a wet paper towel to my face, the coolness somewhat restoring composure... though my penis begins to react. For some reason I now know to turn, presenting my elbow bands to the messaging implement... the double ‘D’ clamp which summons me to her lair of feminine assertion. With a click, click I am bound, the immobility of my hands and arms not complete but tasking.

“There. Now lets get you inspected,”

Her soft hands now know me... every inch enduring her palpating caresses, hairless scrotum included. It feels so... so... succumbing. But so good. Why?

She is now given to toy with my nipples, some how aware that with my hormonal imbalance the normally unresponsive male nubs have attained heightened sensitivity... crinkling with joy.

Her inspection ends with fingers vigorously pressing, pulling and prodding my cock cage.

“I’d so much like to see you without this thing... and I think you’d like to show off for me... wouldn’t you? You’re excited about Marsha seeing your photo... aren’t you?”

“She’s... well... rather prudish, Zoey. What’s to say she won’t report a thing like that... to the Dean...

or what not?”

It's true. Four to five weeks into the semester Marsha has not talked about boys... socially... never about romance... and certainly nothing about sex.

“One way to find out. Probably no laws broken... unless you want me to send it to her rather than just have you show it to her from my cell phone.”

Further dissemination! I cringe with the thought... yet the twinges which I feel... beginning with disrobing and continuing throughout Zoey's examination... seem to get stronger.

“A test for you this evening, Redmond... to be administered by the woman in charge,” the words coming as her hands withdraw and she turns to the sink laden with my clothing. “See how much trust you put in me... want to put in me.”

With that she picks up the pile, unlatches the door, slips open and for a mind boggling few moments... an eternity... and stands to say good bye while my bound nakedness is open to possible viewing.

She laughs as I dive into the stall.

“You may want to lock the door behind me rather than hide in the stall like that. I'll be back. You'll just not know when.”

I try to calm myself. But thoughts of someone entering bring fear. I begin to shake.

Should I exit my hiding place in the stall and try to latch the door? Arms bound behind me, can I lift my hands far enough?

Time seems to stop... Zoey's words repeating and repeating... 'I'll be back'. In that I take solace. But then her final words 'you'll just not know when'. In that my fears renew.

“And what of your penis, Redmond?” Miss Taylor interrupting my story.

“I'm not sure what you mean. It remained locked up.”

“But what did you feel there. Any arousal? Did Big Red fight its enclosure?”

“Well... ah... sort of,” stammering, realizing the astute Miss Taylor too well knows me... knows of what she terms my need.

Her words bring focus. I was indeed attempting to harden... even more than when Zoey was fingering my entire body. The cage seemed to get smaller and smaller. I look down to see my raging erection, penis tip almost pressing my stomach. It seems I am oddly grateful to now be free and permitted to show myself.

“I see. So this excited you... once again under a woman’s control. The girl took your clothing. You had no choice but to wait for her... hiding yourself in submission to her. And that aroused you.”

The emotions were indeed strong and conflicting. I was angry with her... but I needed Zoey. I did not want to see her again... but then again I had to... if ever I was to escape the bathroom

“Continue.”

I do...

Time passes so slowly. Someone will need to use the bathroom at some point. Door unlocked anyone can enter. I finally summon the fortitude to exit the stall. The door needs to be latched. As I approach twisting, trying to get my right hand high enough to thrust the bar, the door opens. It’s a sickening moment... my fears coming to reality.

I am heartened to see it is Zoey. I am disheartened that she has not my clothing.

“Miss me?” her tone that of an innocent little girl.

“Enough Zoey. Where are my clothes? Someone is sure to enter. The door is still unlocked.”

“But if I lock it, how will you ever get your clothes back? They can’t be returned.”

Such games!

“This has to stop Zoey.” voice rising in anger. “I won’t be the only person explaining myself to the Dean. And anything I have to say will implicate...”

“Your words are rather bold, Redmond... considering that you’re naked with your arms bound. But I think you’re enjoying this... ceding to me. What’s been happening under the cage while you’re having to wait for me. What’s happening now? I’d so much like to have the key and find out... though it’s probably best for you that you’re locked up.”

Bold words of her own.

There comes a knock on the door. My heart leaps. But why a knock? It’s a public bathroom and the door is unlocked.

“Ah, your clothing, Redmond. Should I open the door?”

I turn, beginning to move back to the stall... to hide again.

“Stop Redmond. You’re to stay here or you will never get back your clothing.”

I turn back. I stay. She has me.

There comes another knock... with it a girl's voice. Familiar?

"It's Marsha. Her meeting with Professor Evans is over. I gave her your clothing. She's in on my joke... though you're not laughing. Would you like to show yourself to her? Not as provocative as your photo... that nice big erection. But I'm sure being in restraints and your male thing being locked up like that will impress. And it will be a thrill for you. A sick thrill... just how you like it."

"No, Zoey... please. Enough. I can't..."

Heart pounding, losing my breath, losing my thoughts, Zoey smiles, most radiantly... a triumphant smile. She has me... owns me... so much enjoying... first stripping me of all clothing... now stripping me of all dignity.

She steps to the door, cracking it open just a few inches, her foot, her body guarding, preventing exposure.

"Thursday, Redmond. You will ask my permission to show Marsha your photo. Because deep within... you want to show her your photo."

Her hand slips out the crack returning with my shirt, Marsha or whomever handing it over. She tosses to the tiled floor.

"Kneel for me like a good boy. You need more than your shirt."

I obey. I kneel. One by one, my garments are returned... strewn about. Still, arms bound I cannot dress.

Finally, left shoe then right, tossed into the stall, a smirking Zoey presses closed the door, approaching to cradle my head. The fear, the excitement, the potential exposure, the humiliation... all too much. I am tearing up... the ordeal ending.

"Such a good boy... such strong needs. We can help you, Redmond," her hands sliding down to my shoulders.

Her touch feels so good... so comforting, the sense of relief so joyful. Then she bends, hands going behind me. I hear the click of the double 'D' clamp. Just one.

Elbows finally freed I move forth my arms, the aching and the cramping unbearable as full circulation returns and the ligaments finally can move.

"You hold onto the clamp, Redmond," my right elbow band bearing the implement. "You are to present it to me when you feel your needs are to be addressed."

She steps to the door.

“Dress now,” her tone so commanding. “And take the sign off the door when you leave.”

Zoey departs. My tale ends. In telling, before Miss Taylor I am trembling anew... but my erection does not waver. I know it to please Miss Taylor... and therefore I am pleased.

“The sign?” Miss Taylor inquires.

In reward a hand extends, her finger tip ever so gently grazing the underside of my engorged penis, the brisance of delight not to be described.

“Out of order.”

Taylor Phipps

“Another gift for you, Redmond. I ordered it a while back... along with your elbow bands. But I have not had you wear it for me... needed the weather to turn.”

I have Redmond kneeling next to Eve at the kitchen table. No longer permitted to sit with us, when I fed him crackers a few days ago, I enjoyed the surge of power I felt... making him use his mouth and lips... and then only when I provided an offering. Thus at meal time, Eve now feeds him from her hand... the one that also so efficiently canes him. He must lick it clean to attain another morsel.

Across the table I slide an open loop of stainless steel... heavy and thick... matching his elbow bands as stated. Into the surface, at certain special places, are threaded openings... for posture.

“For your neck. In the cold weather you can cover it with high collared shirts while dressed for law school... unless of course you want people to be aware of your status.”

It gleams. Redmond’s eyes seem to gleam as well. Does it excite?

“And once in place it won’t be opened... spring loaded clasps just as with your elbow jewelry.”

“How will I get it off... when the weather warms?”

“You won’t. Ultimately it has to be cut.... just like your another restraints. But do that and I’ll have Eve cane you twice daily for a week. When you pass your bar exam, I’ll have all removed... have a little ceremony.”

“How can I explain that I’m collared?” poor Redmond’s look changing from subservient wonderment to one of pained astonishment, fantasy to reality.

“Well... you’ve got a few months until Spring. You’ll think of something. And I think it will be attractive on you.”

With that I nod to Eve. Without hesitation she picks up the thickly gauged loop, places it about

Redmond's neck and clicks it closed... the speed and callousness noteworthy... not a moment of hesitant thought concerning the finality.

My boy is now collared... like the puppy it became days ago in telling of his adventure with the assertive and mischievous Zoey.

"I... I... can't..."

"Oh but you will... you must. You have no choice. I want you to feel my control... about your neck as well as that finely trained penis of yours."

Redmond becomes sullen, his initial joy transitioning in realizing that another step has been taken down a path of total male submission. I have little sympathy. After all, he needs to feel owned. I am helping him.

"And take the clamp for your elbow bands with you to class this morning," my hand extending, a finger slipping under the snug circle of steel to test. "Strip naked for Zoey and have her look it over," the double 'D' clamp now the symbol of both her authority... and Redmond's need to cede to it.

Redmond Richards

I am collared!

The feeling of the new bondage somewhat distracts from the ignominy of morning preparations. Miss Eve smiles smugly in dressing me. Having been iced down, my cock cage is slipped on, the lubricated urethral tube facilely gliding deep within, after so many weeks her knowing hand quite accomplished in effectively catheterizing me.

The lock clicks. I am grateful to have a turtle neck shirt pressed over my head, the new ring of steel veiled. Socks, slacks, finally a jacket as mid autumn in Pennsylvania brings a chill.

"I'll be looking forward to meeting your friends, Redmond. Maxine is preparing some bedrooms for them. Your studies aside, it will be fun... and interesting for you," the suggestion coming in the smooth and flowing accent of the Haitian tongue.

Exam week is coming. And yes, Zoey, Marsha and Todd have been invited to stay at the Phipps Estate, a long weekend of quiet study assured. No classes Friday, the first exam on the following Tuesday... there will be three days or more of... of what?

To the car, to Cancadia, a late morning class. I can barely concentrate, thinking about the forthcoming weekend, knowing that Miss Taylor's regimen at the Phipps Estate will not waver... nudity for the male.

How will this be explained? There's been talk that Maxine will have an apron... but for me?

Class ending, my thoughts freely ramble, envisioning my study group in the Phipps mansion, reviewing cases with me sans clothing. There comes that demented excitement in presenting myself to Zoey. But to the prim Marsha? And Todd? How will a guy react? Just as disconcerting... how is it Todd will be permitted clothing? Will Miss Taylor offer clemency... or have him stripped as well?

The thoughts overwhelm as I enter the cafeteria for lunch. Grabbing a sandwich, I barely notice that Zoey and Marsha are sitting together over coffee, plates empty.

Zoey waves to me, enthusiasm undiminished despite the degeneracy of our relationship. Having been spotted, I move to join them, my embarrassment remaining with the cell phone photo... having been made to ask Zoey to show it to Marsha... like a pervert... an ostensibly proud pervert.

Marsha's reaction was surprising... more focusing on my size rather than the bondage and the fact that I was held in suspension.

'You're a big boy, Redmond,' her only words before looking up and smiling coyly at Zoey.

As a result, I have this strange reverence for Marsha, now that she is aware of my... my... my what? My deference to assertive women? So in responding to Zoey's waved invitation... in my mind now more of a command... I join the duo. I greet, placing down my tray. Zoey seems now more inclined to display her power over me now that Marsha is aware.

"Good boy, Redmond. We've got a class in ten minutes, but you can sit with us. See you at 4:00?"

It is group study day. I nod, somewhat apprehensive since Thursday's meeting ended after Todd departed and I was made to ask Zoey if I could show Marsha my photo... again residing on Zoey's phone. But the low battery ruse was not repeated. Zoey said 'Why of course', with such youthful eagerness. And on that occasion in pressing buttons the screen came to light and there I was dangling from the broad straps, wrists cuffed, erection standing, my face, as Miss Taylor intended, looking as if I'd been arrested.

Marsha was speechless, but did not look away in disgust... no words of rebuke... nothing to suggest my naked form offended her otherwise prudish demeanor.

I quickly produced my 'D' clamp... the signal for the supervision I have been deemed to need, so much wishing to end the matter, knowing my quest would instantly draw Zoey's attention.

Marsha thankfully knew not of the purpose of the clamp... my elbow bands drawn behind me in the photo. But was it that she pretended not to be aware?

Anyway, when Zoey took the phone from me Marsha immediately announced her departure, leaving me alone with Zoey... and a prospective trip to the unisex bathroom.

Why, when so stressed, does such now tend to compose... to be alone, naked and restrained by her?

“And you brought your clamp?” Zoey bringing my thoughts to the present.

She brazenly inquires, assuring that Marsha hears!

Marsha knows! In not making inquiry... no clarification... she must! When I flashed the clamp at the end of the last group study, diverting Zoey from my photo, an explanation must have later been offered.

I look to Marsha who simply shrugs. For the first time... having been distracted over the past weeks by Zoey’s perky athletic form and vivacious disposition... I note beauty of a different kind... quiet... reserved... confident... not the type of girl one would grovel over for sex... but instead one who could run things... organize a household... raise children... and I suspect well disciplined children. A woman an uxorious husband would treasure.

She’s older than Zoey and me, having worked a few yours after college before returning to academics. And that may be why there has been little if any talk of social mingling, dating, boys, sex etc. It could be she’s not a prude, just somewhat socially aloof.

“Yes, I have it,” I reply, nodding to Zoey but looking to Marsha.

“Such a good boy,” the boost softly spoken, somewhat mocking... and coming from Marsha!

She smiles, picking her tray, lunch completed. As she steps away Zoey stays, her hand going to my shoulder, the fingers brushing against the high collar of my new shirt.

“A turtleneck. Warm and comfy. Hope it’s easy to take off.”

Does she feel my collar? Does it matter?

Then the fingers move more forcefully, slipping beneath, working under the tightness to hook the thick gauge, slightly pulling. The tug is not enough for others to notice... but it certainly gains my attention.

“Tsk, tsk. Redmond, how far will this quirkiness go?” her voice somewhat strident as always. “Can I assume it’s permanent... like your elbow jewelry?”

Will others hear? I nod, as little noticeably as possible.

“Good place to keep your clasp. Yes, do attach it here, Redmond. That way you won’t have to look for it for me.”

Then she leans, using my collar to draw my head close, whispering to my ear, her warm breath and controlling fingers bringing a frisson, fostering twinges below.

“Did you bring a leash?” her query whimsical, releasing and strolling off before I can reply.

Taylor Phipps

Redmond truly appears becoming in his collar... becoming to a woman of my propensity. Such size... such brawn... such capitulation.

With the weekend coming, house guests expected for the study of jurisprudence, I mull over just how I will introduce Redmond's classmates to my lifestyle. This girl Zoey has a good inkling of course. But I know little of the others... Marsha and this boy Todd. He'll need to remove his clothing of course... no exceptions to the regimen of male nudity. And bondage? Well that may be over the top... thought required on that aspect. But the girls? I suspect, when finding that what happens at the Phipps Estate stays here... I'm sure they'll quickly adapt.

I'll have Maxine in her apron, some degree of modesty in not outright proclaiming his/her emasculation. Though it could be my guests will become comfortable and I'll see if removal of the limited garment becomes acceptable to them.

And maybe I'll have friend and attorney Pamela Harrison stop in to say hello... sort of as a role model to inspire the girls endeavoring to enter the male oriented field of law.

Then my thoughts move to my promise to Redmond.

Climactic release to be permitted. It will be some six weeks since I placed him in chastity... two weeks of less forcible denial before that. And the whole time injected daily with a powerful vitamin concoction, testosterone and other performance enhancing hormones... plus the diet.

It is of great benefit to me... my Saturday night rides most exhilarating... Big Red lengthy enough to abrade the anterior fornix... feminine nirvana most women rarely experience.

But I must agree that he'll need to be calmed to concentrate on his exams. And what better way then to have him end the retention mandate and perform for me... and others... with a nice big ejaculation. Discharge at last... countering the dictates of his Hindu mantras.

But such must be done under my auspices. I'd never want him to experience male triumph... sensing the emotional satisfaction of normal coitus. That will never happen... not while under my guidance. But I will have him endure the ultimate male humiliation, spurting to entertain women of governance and authority... and doing so upon command.

Redmond Richards

Classes ending, it's to the cafeteria. Zoey and Marsha are in wait, both girls looking at me with sly smiles. They've been talking. Dare I guess about what?

As I sit to join them, Todd arrives. Before we break into the study of law, he announces he'll be leaving for home Thursday evening, using the short break to study for exams at his parents farm in Indiana. His gratitude and regrets are to be passed on to...

“Who are you boarding with?”

“Miss Phipps... Miss Taylor Phipps,” I reply in reverence to she who rules... hopefully not too reverently.

“Well thank her for me. Hopefully there will be another opportunity.”

I nod, cloaking my relief... one less aspect of the long weekend to worry about... though remaining curious over just how Miss Taylor would broach removing his clothing if no waiver from her protocol was to be granted.

On to academics. We recite. We’re getting good at it. Points well summarized, much enlightenment, limited time spent. By 5:30 the tenants of some half dozen cases have been learned. Finishing up, Todd seems settled with regard to a day filled with the law, Marsha and Zoey seem to have renewed spirits.

Sure enough, when Todd says good night, just as he turns his back, Zoey’s hand strays... beneath the table... to my right thigh... gliding upwards... to the mass of steel beneath my trousers.

Big Red responds, penis and tip quickly pressing to challenge the tight cage. Marsha seems not to notice, excusing herself.

“Anyone need a soda?”

Both Zoey and I shake our heads.

“Marsha is aware, Redmond. The clothing joke a while back... well she needed to know more.”

“I wish you wouldn’t... ah... do that... tell her stuff...”

“Well what do you think it will be like this weekend?” Zoey interrupting. “Marsha shouldn’t be too surprised... not if we’re to concentrate on our exams.”

I have no reply, in my own mind envisioning hosting... assisting in hosting the group... and the perceived desperation in anticipating everyone’s reaction... acceptance?

“Your clamp, Redmond. When Marsha comes back, I want you to do what you need to do.”

“With her here?”

“Yes, it will help you address things. Perhaps you’ll explain to her how it is used. And besides... your collar... I have not seen it. I’m sure you want to show it to me.”

I do... no I don’t. And I don’t want to explain how the double ‘D’ clamp can be used to so quickly and easily immobilize me. But I will need to... at some point. Is during the weekend best? Or is now for

the best?

Marsha returns, bringing a large cup as I pull the clamp from my pocket and place it on the table. Before I can utter a word, the quiet and reserved Marsha speaks...

“Oh you are a good boy, Redmond. But with such needs... licentious yet strong” Marsha’s tone forthright but somewhat flippant. “I brought you some ice.”

The cup too is placed on the table, I look to see... it is filled... there is no soda, it is brimming. with slush.

“Zoey says this will make you feel better.”

Zoey reaches for the clamp, smiling so pleasantly... so wickedly?... taking it as a trivial offering.

“Why don’t you go first this time, Redmond? To the bathroom and take off your clothes. Place them on the sink like last time... and wait for me. In the stall... unless you want to be found... want to show yourself to anyone who may enter.”

She waves her hand as if shooing a fly... turning to Marsha.

“It’s his thing... as I said. Look at his face. Such concern... such revulsion... yet he too much enjoys this stuff. So he’ll go. Won’t you Redmond?” more of a directive than a question.

Blushing, I stand, trying to look away. At this point I fully understand Zoey’s interest, however twisted. But I have this need to understand Marsha... prim and prudish Marsha. What are her thoughts? She smiles as well... that is rare. And when she likewise waves her hand... shooing as well towards the door of the unisex bathroom, I realize the evening’s destiny.

“Wait for me... like good boy. Clothing on the sink,” fingers clicking the clamp to simulate the instant restraint.

Her words are pleasant yet firm, in her cheerleading voice ... do others hear?

Redmond Richards

I am jittery, my apprehension of someone entering the bathroom is palpable. Should I slide the latch in place? For certain deny entry? But that would make Zoey have to knock. For some reason that comes across as pretentious... placing myself in a position to grant her something. I could also completely deny her entry as well. Yet I reject the thought. Why is that thought of as a negative? I can simply end this warped encounter. Get dressed. Go home.

There comes the realization that with a simple click of her cell phone camera, Miss Taylor has greatly empowered the girl. Her ability to extort now goes beyond disclosing that I am locked in chastity... kept. She has the photo... naked... exotically bound... stiffness evidencing my joy in succumbing and

being put on display.

Then again, is extortion the real reason I don't latch the door, get dressed and simply leave?

So I wait, in the stall, in obedience, peering through the crack in the door jam to see my shoes on the edge of the sink and my clothing piled atop. I find myself fidgeting with my new collar, fingers having to press firmly to slip under, Miss Taylor's measurements precise.

For some reason, sensing her control, as Miss Taylor intends, this brings the cascade... that which leads to tumescence... denied tumescence. The twinges, the throbbing, the engorgement, the discomfort, the pain as sensitive penile flesh greets hardened steel.

Why is this happening?

As if in answer to my silent quest, the bathroom door opens.

"Come out, Redmond... like a good boy. I'll keep you safe... and you'll feel better."

It is Marsha! Where is Zoey?

Have I a choice? I step out. Then I realize, as I haltingly take the few steps to approach, that I have placed my hands to the back of my head. Such instilled obeisance, feet parting to offer inspection to the woman in charge!

"Zoey told me about this. Such perversion... but such thrill for you."

In Marsha's hands, the clamp. When she holds it up, I note she does not smile as does Zoey. There is gravitas with her dominion. Thus I know to turn and offer my elbows, seeing the large ice filled cup on the sink beside my clothing.

"So someone keeps you, Redmond. I hope it's a stern woman... that you're not subordinating yourself to just anyone," gently drawing back my arms, the click, click of the clamp immobilizing my arms and hands.

She turns me again to face her. For some reason I find it so comforting placing myself in her hands. She now has total control. Taller than Zoey, she easily reaches forth, places her hands on my shoulders and presses downward in a wordless command to kneel before her.

"So big, so strong, so docile, so easily directed. And you're hairless... just as Zoey said... and that impressive organ is so thoroughly locked up," her thoughts coming as the hands begin to smooth about, shoulders, chest, tweaking my nipples.

It feels so good! So commanding! And of course the cascade turns to a waterfall of arousal. The steel cock cage countering my joy with the anguish of confinement.

“I’ve been reading... on the internet... dominant women... chastity... denial... bondage.” as stated, the stern Marsha Devine most Talmudic. “Are you whipped?” the query coming as she leans to peer behind me. “No scars or marks. So you’re either not whipped... or a very, very, obedient boy.”

I remain silent, absorbing as best I can the overwhelming sensual input. The exacting aura of Marsha Devine radiates!

“Well?” her question barked.

“The cane, Marsha. It’s... ah... painful... but does not leave permanent marks... when... used by a... ah...”

“Good flagellatrix,” offering a more than adequate description of Miss Eve.

Fingers go to my collar, examining, noting the tightness.

“Zoey did not tell me about this.”

“She has not seen it. It’s new.”

“A gift?”

I nod.

“From the woman who keeps your cock caged... assuming it is a woman.”

“Yes.”

“Does she leash you as well? Will she leash you?”

“She does.”

“Does? But if she only recently placed you in a collar, how is it you have been leashed,” hands now gently pulling up to have me stand.

I avoid the question. How does one explain that a woman leashes and directs him about by his balls?

Question gratefully dropped, it’s the craftsmanship of Steelworxx now to be examined, a hand palming, seemingly in welcome, tantalizing to my quirky needs. I know to step forth and nestle into the welcoming soft warmth my compressed scrotal sac.

“Warm... so tender... so vulnerable...” her fingers closing to offer a playful but notably firm squeeze in demonstration.

I wince.

“You offer these to me, Redmond. Being so bound I could grasp them on my own... but you readily place them in my hand... for examination... for play... perhaps for sacrifice?”

I know not what to say, my capitulation ingrained.

“You look completely different from your photo, Redmond... from the waist down that is. This thing is small... almost tiny,” fingers of the free hand smoothing over the confining cylinder of steel. “Yet in bondage, hanging in those straps, you’re so delightfully erect... so well endowed.”

Adding to the conflicting arousal and suffering of the cock cage, the fingers begin to play... not gruffly... almost in a tender teasing manner.

“So I’ve also read on the internet... about boys who enjoy ceding... giving... subordinating both their dignity and pleasure to the domineering women I read about. In so readily baring yourself to me... to Zoey... can I assume you are one of them?”

I begin to tear up, hormones surging, penis so desperate to harden for her. The questions bring emotional turmoil... unwanted realization. Plus there is the relationship... a classmate... someone with whom I have studied... from whom I have earned respect... until now. Yes now, just as with Zoey, there is another aspiring attorney so fully aware of my demented penchants.

“I... I... don’t know...”

“You don’t?” Marsha’s tone becoming forceful, her fingers toying more, one hand replicating a stroking motion along the cage, the other sensually bouncing about my scrotum, deliberately provoking erection... which I cannot achieve... which she fully knows I cannot achieve.

“Let’s see how firm your big thing can get... responding to a controlling woman. Get it hard for me, Redmond... come on now... you want this... you like showing off... your photo is very telling Redmond... such a nice big erection... yet now so well restrained.”

I am being tortured, my manhood indeed trying to respond... trying to accommodate. Tears form, the combination of pain and pleasure too much.

“Please stop!”

“Why should I Redmond? You too much enjoy this... it’s sick... but you revel in it... don’t you?” her words of cross examination so plainly expressed.

With that the bathroom door opens. Zoey enters. It shocks that Marsha never latched the door! Anyone could have entered... but that thought is quickly put aside.

“Can you believe the bookstore had one,” Zoey smiling in seeing my tearful face. “Guess a lot of students now have pets.”

With that she holds up one end of a length of leather, letting the remainder unravel to the floor.

It is a leash.

“Please no!” I gasp.

“Oh but yes, Redmond. Just a little trial... to acclimate you. And give you something to think about for the weekend.”

With that Zoey steps forth, reaching high to clip the leash to my new collar. She pauses, a finger brushing about the perimeter, feeling the tiny holes drilled into the circumference, purpose unknown. Then she smiles, quixotically, something apparent.

“I would so much like to walk you now, Redmond... around the cafeteria. Show you to so many people... naked and trussed... just as your needs dictate. Let you bask in your predilection. But more telling... you’d like it even more than me, wouldn’t you?”

More tumescence, sensing Zoey’s tugs as she tests, feeling the control of her hand so sensual to me.

Why?

“We’ll be back, Redmond. Marsha and I need to talk... over a couple of brews.”

I am saddened when Marsha’s fingers withdraw, taking the leash from Zoey, pulling down. I kneel then must follow her, knees shuffling to the sink. There she stoops and ties off the leash to the drain pipe beneath, the slack such that I cannot fully stand. My elbows bound, I cannot free myself.

“You can make yourself limp... if you’d like. I’ll be interested to see what you do,” Marsha. placing the large cup filled with slushy ice on the floor near me.

True, I can move about enough to end the aggravation, dunking my overly stimulated scrotum and cock cage into the frigid cup... instantly returning flaccidity just as Maxine does every school morning before I am caged.

Do I want that... to end both the misery... and the distant delight in performing for the women?

“So go ahead... end it... end your suffering,” Marsha mockingly encourages.

I move not. Indeed, why don’t I end it? She clucks her tongue, scooping up my clothing.

“I didn’t think so. You have much to think about, Redmond... your masochism. You can kneel there for a while and keep yourself aroused... hardening... trying to harden... with your sick fantasies and thoughts. But here’s another more pertinent thought... you’re not even halfway through the first semester here. And look at you,” Marsha offering a rare laugh.

Zoey exits with my clothing. Marsha follows stopping at the door to turn and again face me. There is a slight smirk... more telling is the faint enjoyment in her eyes.

“Stay!” the command Master to dog.

Taylor Phipps

“So how was your study group this evening, Redmond? You’re later than usual.”

I keep my tone casual, noting that my boy Redmond is distraught. He kneels beside Eve at the kitchen table, leash tied to the table leg, penis raging in stiffness. And though she offers him various morsels, he does not partake with the normal vigor.

He answers not, a very serious infraction. Though something is wrong, it does not justify belligerence... not even mute belligerence.

“Eve, cane his buttocks. A half dozen. No marks if you can manage it... there will guests coming in a few days.”

Callousness... insouciance... term it what you will... I will tolerate no disrespect... even in the form of silence.

Eve arises, length of rattan always at the ready. Just as Redmond begins to beg for reprieve... silence ending... his bare buttocks are set afire. So comforting to hear him squeal in pain.

Left, right, left, right, left, right... suddenly Redmond wants to talk.

“They leashed me... in the bathroom.”

Though his report is succinct, I get the gist... knowing of this precocious girl Zoey... and the antics in the bathroom adjoining the Cancadia University cafeteria.

“So your new collar has been put to use, good. But what do you mean ‘they’?”

“Zoey... and Marsha.”

“You mean the quiet dour girl?”

“Yes.”

“So tell me about it... every detail.”

Buttocks afire, a sniveling Redmond... no boy can withstand Eve’s cane strokes at this point... tells of the late afternoon events, passing on the boy Todd’s regrets in having to decline my invitation for a weekend at the Phipps Estate.

“So they just left you there, naked and leashed to the sink,” a trembling Redmond pausing in his story. “And took your clothing with them... so even had you been able to somehow free yourself you were still more or less their captive... no way of leaving your cell without extreme embarrassment... not to mention having to explain yourself.”

He nods. This Marsha girl is a breath of fresh air in terms of the forthcoming weekend. Whereas Zoey seems to command Redmond out of fun... entertaining herself... this Marsha girl seems to be in earnest... taking great interest in denigrating the subservient male.

“For how long did they leave you, Redmond?”

“I don’t know... an hour?”

“You were quite late arriving here. I suspect longer. You had much time to think... and lots to think about. Did you enjoy it?”

Silence returns. Deep within, he did... and cannot admit it. Yet, I know how to get a more definite reply.

“The ice... the cup filled with ice. You used it? You said your penis was engorged, fighting the cage... hurting you. So you dunked your balls and cock cage to numb yourself?”

He turns glum, my questions provocative for a male mind deluged in hormones and so much in need of what I have specifically denied for many weeks... to ejaculate.

“You didn’t, did you? You continued to hurt yourself, accepting the agony two young girls made you endure. Why is that Redmond?”

“Marsha said it was because I needed to please them.”

“So, when finally returning to free you, she noticed... pointedly examining the cup... noting it remained filled... no spillage... seeing that you chose to remain aroused... your penis fighting... and losing of course.”

He nods.

Such an astute girl, testing my boy, determining the level of his innate masochism... his need to please women of our ilk... and endure degradation, pain and emotional torment in so doing.

I toss a piece of filet mignon in the air. Redmond, hands impaired, short chain securing his elbow bands to his testicles, must catch it in his mouth. A rare treat, he chews ravenously, bringing me to smile.

“Do you recall our conversation in the gardens, Redmond? You suggested that you would at some point need to discharge.”

“Yes, Miss Taylor.”

“And my reply?”

“You asked if I could do that on a woman’s command.”

“Correct. And you said you didn’t know. Well here’s my offer... I will permit you to discharge... so you can better study for your exams. Disgustingly spew your seed so that you’re calmed and can better concentrate... on things other than getting yourself off.”

He nods, acknowledging that his hormone deluged system is so readily distracted.

“And you will do it on a woman’s command... and you will do it for your cohort Zoey as I said... and for Marsha. It seems the girl has also taken interest in you... from a different perspective... one from which I think you will benefit.”

“I don’t know if I can,” tears of concern and stress forming.

“Oh, I think you will, Redmond. Or as I said you won’t ever again ejaculate. Think of the need it will fulfill for you... performing like that... the ultimate in male degradation... and think of the alternative.”

I signal for Maxine to step forth. In a veiled threat I extend my arm, hand cupping to palm her plasticized gonads, the attached bells chiming in welcome.

“You enjoy surrendering your dignity to women, Redmond, as I postulated, as you demonstrated this afternoon in the cafeteria bathroom. There’s no point in fighting it. End the internal conflict. Accept it... who you are...what you are. When I grant permission, you’ll do it for me... erupt... under my tutelage... and precisely when I want you to erupt. The question I have for you is... who would you like to give the command... Zoey... Marsha... me... you may even like to have Eve utter the word that ends your denial.”

He appears glum, but to finally ejaculate must excite within... despite my terms.

“It’s late, Redmond. Thirty minutes of study, then a few hours in suspension. You have something important to think about,” giving Maxine’s balls one last shake. “Eve, after you’ve bedded Maxine and put up Redmond, you will join me?”

“In your bedroom, Miss Phipps?”

I nod. Redmond’s tale, vicariously introducing me to this Marsha girl, has brought needs of my own. I’ll want my slim boy girl naked... in my bed. The television screen, in depicting my turgid helplessly hanging toy, will spur much lust.

Redmond Richards

Thursday comes. Our group meets in the cafeteria, no study, instead briefly exchanging notes, enjoying beverages. Curiously, Marsha tells me... commands me... to get her a soda, her tone sultry but firm. Obedience to women instilled, I try not to make too much of a show, but find myself jumping from the table, envisioning the girl with a cane, hearing the whoosh and crack of rattan on bare buttocks.

“Nothing for you, Redmond,” Marsha adds.

Zoey smiles knowingly, Todd has this look of amazement. As I see he is about to say something to me, such as telling Marsha to ‘shove it’, I turn and move on, not daring to engage in such irreverence.

When I return, the girls are talking, Zoey giggling and becoming silent in seeing me approach. Tray in hand I serve Marsha, noting Todd has departed.

“Long drive to Indiana, wanted to get ahead of the traffic,” Marsha explains. “You may sit.”

Yes, for some reason after serving I remained standing, tray in hand, appearing to be a servant. When I sheepishly seat myself, Zoey reaches forth.

“We have a little bet,” her hand going to my turtleneck shirt.

She feels about under my chin. Giggling anew, her hand withdraws.

“He’s wearing it... just as I directed.”

I blush, the double ‘D’ clamp that has come to symbolize my obeisance is indeed clipped to my collar beneath my shirt.

“I should not have wagered,” Marsha calmly rebukes herself.

“Are you going to show it to us, Redmond. Engage in your need?”

The plan was to also depart before rush hour traffic, me driving the girls to the Phipps Estate for the long weekend. With my apprehension, cringing in imagining the three plus days of antics, I had not given the bathroom rendezvous any thought.

I so state... meekly suggesting it is best to get underway, no need to remind that on Monday’s visit the hijinks... leashed and bound naked to the sink... occupied some two hours, arriving late at the Estate.

“We’ll make it quick. Now, how do we begin to address your need?” Zoey’s voice now firming.

In silence, I reach up under my shirt, unclipping the clamp, placing on the table before the girls, in a way trying to keep the maneuver subtle, not wanting to draw attention. In my mind, it’s like waving about some sex toy. And though a common hardware item, I suppose for me it has so become.

“Good boy, Redmond. Now go to the bathroom. Remove just your shirt, place it on the sink. Hide in the stall if you’re still a fraidy cat,” Zoey mocks. “Marsha will join you in a minute. Car keys?”

“In my backpack. But I’m driv...”

“No you’re not. I’m driving. Where’s the car?”

“Lot D,” I reply without thinking.

“Yes, the red BMW, certainly easy to find. I’ll bring your stuff. See you guys at the front door. Now shoo,” Zoey’s hand once again waving me toward the unisex bathroom. “And no shirt.”

I move to the bathroom, looking back to see Marsha take the clamp off the table. What is happening? Why did I so easily give up the car keys? Divulge the location? But then I realize... worse... why am I about to again so readily bare myself?

The task is comparatively easy for me at this point. So remaining clothed from the waist down, I wait, door unlatched. An interloper would see my shirt upon entering. With the ruse of having spilled something on it a possible mitigating tale, I am able to calm myself.

Within minutes, Marsha arrives.

“Come out of hiding, Redmond. I have some things you need.”

I step from the stall, finding that the small enclosure has emotionally become a place of sanctuary... the visits with Zoey numbering near the half dozen. I know to place my hands to my head. As Marsha twirls a finger I note she has brought my jacket. But there is also the leash, rolled up compactly in her hand.

In turning for her, firm but gentle hands draw down my arms. Curious how I just let her guide me about. Then comes the click, click and my elbow bands are connected... closely... bringing both discomfort and immobility.

“We thought driving you... like a captive...would more suit your needs, Redmond.”

She places the jacket over my shoulders. It is now worn like a cape, the sleeves empty. Then she takes the time to caress and knead the flesh of my hairless chest, smiling in seeing my sensitized nipples crinkle to her touch.

“You are well kept, Redmond. Not even a hint of stubble,” Miss Eve’s morning shave close and exacting as always.

Next comes the leash secured to the front of my collar, unwinding a few inches and placing the remaining curled up roll into my right hand.

“You may hold onto that... for now. But once out of the cafeteria I’ll take it,” zipping up the front of my jacket.

Marsha steps back, gathering up my turtle neck and assessing.

“Not too obvious. But you’ll know you’re in bondage... get your sick thrill. When we get out to the hall, you will hand me the leash and ask me to walk you... really get your jollies going. And I should add, Zoey went to get the car to warm it up for you. You’ll be riding for us naked, Redmond... restrained and leashed. I will disrobe you completely, once we get to the car.”

She turns, stepping to the door, pulling in having to hold it open for me.

“Now how does that cock cage feel now? Getting a little tight down there.”

Drat if it is. Jollies indeed.

Redmond Richards

I am in the back seat, awkwardly kneeling, bending forward as Marsha firmly holds my leash just at the collar. Hands and arms useless, I am chagrined to need her controlling grip, for with Zoey driving, I would either topple over with turns or fall face down on the console with heavy braking. I am so positioned in order to give directions... out of the Cancadia campus, onto the main road, toward the Phipps Estate.

As promised, I am bare, before entering the car, shoes and socks removed, slacks slipped away, jacket unzipped, all garments symbolically locked into the trunk. In additional symbolism of being taken captive... the child door locks assure that, somehow given the mobility of my hands, I cannot exit the car without the concurrence of my captors.

“So fast... yet so smooth,” the vibrant Zoey accelerating onto the highway, driving aggressively as expected. “Your benefactress is good to you, Redmond. A car... an expensive car... and no rent.”

Should I add... thousands and thousands in tuition paid as well?

“How did you make such a deal? What do you do for her?”

How can explain the intensity of the entertainment... the amusement I provide? I remain silent, picturing the typical time spent, raging erection fully displayed about the mansion... the lengthy Saturday night rides... the retention.

“Warm enough for you, Redmond?” Marsha inquires.

“Yes.”

“We’re very good to you Redmond, warming the car, keeping you leashed so you can... you know...

have fun with yourself. Do you think you should be more polite... more respectful?"

"Thank you... for keeping the car warm," such timidity in my voice.

"And leashed. And bound. And since we're off campus, how about better addressing us... you know... the role thing. Been reading more on the internet. I would think 'Ma'am' or 'Miss' would be more appropriate, don't you think Redmond? How do you address the Phipps woman?" the learned Marsha more and more enthusiastic.

"Miss Taylor."

"Then I think I'll be Miss Marsha... and Zoey, Miss Zoey," pulling the leash right then left, each time righting me before completely falling over to emphasize my dependence on her controlling hand.

My concerns about the long weekend... what is expected of me... are put aside as the BMW continues to accelerate, Zoey's foot of lead bringing the car well over the speed limit. Should there be an encounter with law enforcement, my bound nakedness will be difficult to explain. Worse, what of the steel mass enshrouding my male package?

"Is there a secluded spot where we can dress you... before arriving?"

Should I explain there is no need? That since day one of my stay, I have yet to venture past the foyer of the Phipps mansion wearing clothing? That any garb returned from the trunk will hastily be removed before crossing the threshold?

Then my mind races to the daily protocol. Arriving at the Phipps Estate, it is not only my clothing that is removed... but the Steelworxx chastity tube as well. Big Red will be performing.

Adding to my fears...

"Is it much further, Redmond? I think we'll need to stop for gas," the mischievous Zoey so much aware of the demented thrill the thought more exposure affords.

"It's only another two miles... and... ah... well there's no need for the clothing," my tone somber, relenting, yet within there is such a sense of excitement.

Taylor Phipps

"They're nearby, Taylor. Will you be greeting them?" Eve dutifully reports in monitoring the BMW's GPS transponder.

"I think we'll introduce the girls to things at the Phipps Estate one step at a time. Strip Redmond, remove his cage, tight with the testicle chain. If for some reason he does not fully stand for you, manually stimulate him. But no Maxine. Keep her away for now. That's for dinner entertainment."

It will be either shocking or thrilling enough for the girls. We'll see which is their reaction when that monster sized penis shows off. Thus there is no point in also having my neutered husband and maid offering the partial fellatio which normally welcomes Redmond home. That shock or thrill will come later.

"And Eve, just to assure Redmond does not counter the ambiance with stupid male oriented comments and observations, gag him and add the posture spikes to his collar. Other than when he is studying with his classmates, I'll want him silenced for the weekend."

Such cruelty. Yet Eve simply smiles and nods.

"So show the girls to their rooms where they can freshen up for dinner. Then bring Redmond to me... leashed of course. Pamela Harrison is invited. We'll all meet in the dining room for dinner at 7:00 p.m. Tell Maxine."

It's too bad this boy Todd could not join the group. Directing Redmond to display himself before another male would certainly enhance the aura of feminine dominion. The threat of having to greet the Mexican gardener weeks ago almost brought him to faint. But then again, would I really want a clothed male in the house? It would possibly erode my authority.

I go back to reading my magazine, sipping my Chardonnay. Within minutes there come the sounds of the car, doors slamming, voices at the front door. Internally I time things. And sure enough within minutes, in envisioning Redmond stripped naked, I know Eve applies the short restricting chain... attaching it to the control ring encircling his penis and balls and pulling between his thighs, the ends of the 'Y' encumbering his elbow bands. Being handled brings Redmond to harden... and I smile in hearing girlish shrieks... pleasant. I am heartened that the reaction to watching Redmond's log sized penis stiffen is one of thrill... not repulsive shock.

It will be quite a weekend. For the girls, curiosity satiated in having so often seen his organ caged.

I finish an article, one of many concerning Kegel exercises, and make a mental note to emulate the next time I am riding Redmond. I am sure he will appreciate the firmness of my contracting sheath. As I take a final sip of wine Eve enters my study, an amazingly erect Redmond in tow.

He's gagged, a simple rubber bar strapped in place, pressed between his lips, air snorting through his nose. And though I'm sure he seeks pity, someday I'll have him bear one of the sizable penis gags used to train Maxine, her gag reflex now totally tamed. To his collar, Eve has added some eight or more spikes, screwed into threaded openings drilled into the perimeter. This greatly restricts head movement, forcing him to always look slightly upwards, his posture superb.

Eve hands me his leash, a shiny length of stainless steel chain attached to the control ring of his chastity device. I tug firmly and point to my feet, Redmond knows to kneel.

"The girls already had him naked, Miss Taylor... and leashed. Seems the Zoey girl drove."

“Is that right, Redmond? Your friends took control of you the whole journey from Cancadia. And look at your reaction. I’ve only seen you harder when I have you in suspension.”

He nods then winces, the slight head motion causing the flesh of his neck to greet one of the many spikes. I laugh.

“Just a little more feminine control for you, Redmond. Careful with your head movement. You didn’t think your collar was just to make you look pretty for me, did you?” I chide.

“And you should know Miss Taylor, when I took the girls to their rooms, they said only one was necessary,” a beaming Eve informs.

“And there’s only one bed,” I note with a smile, joining Eve in her thoughts. “Seems we have visitors with the right frame of mind.”

Yes, daughters of Sappho, with disdain for the male... but appreciation for the tribute to be paid by the well controlled male phallus... the denied male phallus... desperately searching for satiation only to be offered at a woman’s whim. I must wonder if Redmond has been aware that the girls are roommates... that it is most likely his photo was shared between them from day one.

“Did you explain the television... the special connections?”

“Only the channel for Redmond’s study room.”

I nod. There are two other closed circuit channels. One connects to the preparation room adjoining Eve’s bedroom where the males... former male in Maxine’s case... are daily bathed, shaved, internally cleansed and injected with my hormone concoction... and on occasion caned...if deemed appropriate. And the other monitors Redmond when strapped down in bed. I think the better choice is for the girls to personally observe those aspects of the female led regimen at the Phipps Estate.

“Good. Have Maxine bring me more wine. And I’ll see you at 7:00.”

Eve departs. I turn my attention to my kneeling ward. Tears are forming, the combined frustration of silence and immobility wearing on his manly resolve... whatever is left of it. I reach to brush away the moisture, tapping on the hard rubber bar painfully stretching his jaw muscles.

“I want to talk to the girls, no interruptions. And I want them to fully understand my power... and your need to cede to it. This is best for you, Redmond. And look at you... despite the discomfort of the gag and spikes you’re so nicely erect for me... so much enjoying this... though a part of your remains denying it.”

My hand lowers. I condescend, my finger tip ever so slightly tweaking the underside of his penis. He moans, the joy so slight... so fleeting... and so much wanted. And of course the amazingly long and thick appendage waggles for me. Such a delight.

“I’ll have the gag removed while you study with your colleagues. You’ll join us at dinner... to be put on display... so you can listen to the girls’ thoughts and reactions to such complete male capitulation. And be fed later... in the kitchen.

“But by all means stay hard for me, Redmond. Maxine will fellate you when necessary... not to completion of course. And do... in your obedient silence... decide who will give the command for you to ejaculate. It’s been many weeks... and I will graciously let you spurt and rebalance your hormones so you can focus on your exams.

“But keep this in mind... your needs go beyond merely discharging... being drained of your disgusting essence after retaining for me so long. What you’re experiencing here at the Phipps Estate... what you’re learning... beyond the law... is important for boys like you.”

Maxine enters with more wine. I tie off Redmond’s leash, letting him stew in his thoughts, not able to move. It’s telling that his stiffness not wavers one iota. In sipping my Chardonnay I smile in noting that, sharp spikes in place, he is most comfortable staring at the blankness of the ceiling.

Maybe I’ll let his classmate partners decide whether or not to remove the spikes during their study hours.

Redmond Richards

Miss Taylor finishes her wine, gathering up my leash. Neck cramping, jaw aching, I need to be relieved of the seeming endless bondage. Then I realize it’s been less than an hour since arriving from school.

Such slow torment!

“You so much enjoy this, Redmond. And you’ve been such a good boy for me... I’ll treat you,” her hand once again moving to my pubes where a single digit ever so gently smooths up the underside of my standing penis.

Such a brisance of delight. But so brief!

“Come. To my bedroom. You can watch me change.”

Despite the anguish, my heart leaps. It is so rare that I am offered the privilege of gazing at her exquisite form.

She stands, she pulls, I stand, she walks, I follow.

With the chain leash secured to the control ring, I am once again led about by my balls. Such a sense of surrender... such a feeling sovereignty for Miss Taylor. At the stairs she takes one step up and tugs brusquely, turning to see my erection bob about. For some reason I in turn pull about with my arms, the elbow bands thus tightening the short chain leading to the bottom of the control ring, augmenting

the wagging motion of my stiffness. This brings a giggle, girlish in noting my desire... to please... to amuse.

Why do I do such things?

“You truly do so much enjoy, Redmond. You will remain hard for me, I trust. For me and your friends.”

Up the stairs, to Miss Taylor’s bedroom. We enter, she secures the chain to one of the dozens of hooks she has had installed throughout the mansion, signaling for me to kneel.

“Let’s talk about your role, Redmond. And what you’ve learned... and not about the law,” the words coming as she disrobes... my idol!

“You’re a beta male... naturally subordinate. Quite common, the desire to serve, particularly to serve superior women. What is not common is your size... down there,” nodding to what remains rock hard. “Ten plus inches,” noted with enthusiasm.

Now completely naked, she steps forth, my heart pounding, my penis throbbing. Until now I have only been afforded glimpses of her fine form, always hooded when she rides Big Red. And with the demand that I retain... the training... though I have often felt the warm, wet tightness of her portal, I must think of other things, deliberately cast away thoughts of my pleasure... ceding all to hers. Retain or pain!

But now... I look... I adore... I enthrall.

Yet to what end?

She nears, cradling my head, careful not to bring pain, allowing my penis to frottage just for a moment against the smoothness of her thigh while her fine breasts are nearly in reach of my tongue.

Yes, exquisite! I want to taste her!

She smiles then steps away. Leashed I cannot move. Collar spiked, I cannot even turn my head.

“Most beta males are tiny, Redmond... down there. Maxine was barely adequate. He so much wanted to please me but could not. I did what I had to do... have to do... am destined to do... in seeking pleasure. That is to take other men... well endowed... alpha males. Max... now Maxine.. made a decision. Realizing he could not please me as a husband... he became my servant... my maid. And to best do that, I finished what he started... neutering him. Then had him trained to savor the pleasure of others... male and female... in place of what he... she... can no longer achieve.”

The words are forthright. Miss Taylor lectures, not a hint of regret in emasculating Maxine. The sang froid frightens. What of me?

“But alpha males... well... they can be boorish,” sensing disappointment as I hear the rustle of clothing. “Some have the temerity to make demands. And fucking the gardeners... some of those little guys are well hung... is awkward in demanding to be on top... and I always am.”

I hear her sit. There comes the sound of grooming, make up applied, hair brushed.

When she again steps into view, there is the image of a beauty queen... ravishing, dressed for a formal ball. Age that of my mother, time is at a standstill for Miss Taylor Phipps!

“And so I acquired you. You’re owned, Redmond. I’m sure that thought has occurred. And it is a privilege for you. You have not a care... not a thing to worry about. Other than learning the law... and abject obedience to women.”

She taps my nose then gently jiggles my gag, obedience indeed.

“I want you to show acquiescence to your classmates... Zoey and Marsha... complete acquiescence. You’re already well down that path, Redmond. But it seems to be due to a form of extortion... that with failure to obey, Zoey will expose what she thinks of as your creepiness... show your photo... perhaps invite others to join in the silly bathroom escapades... as she did with Marsha... if you do not comply with her wishes. Initially Marsha’s participation was a demonstration, Redmond, as I am sure you’ve come to realize. A demonstration of the power I chose to give Zoey.. But you need to have her understand... that you want her to have that power. That you need her to have that power. As with Marsha as well.

“Otherwise it is just fun and games... not true subservience. And complete subservience is what you need.”

A well manicured hand unhooks my leash. I know I am to stand, but for some reason wait to feel the motion of her controlling hand. Such quirky desire. I want to feel her hand... need to feel her hand? It embodies what we both enjoy, her power.

“Tonight your retention will end. You will ejaculate... finally attain the meaningless moment of crass male pleasure you and your gender so much crave. But Redmond, I want you to understand something,” her tone becoming quite solemn, the words slowing to assure my comprehension.

“I am allowing it... you are not taking it. Instead you are humbly offering women of authority a gift. Of not so much your seed... but of your pride... your dignity... that such is ours... not yours. And thereafter, I will take steps to assure that it is never again attained without my permission. And this evening, for failure to discharge on command my permission may be forever withheld while you’re in servitude at the Phipps Estate.”

Frightened again! Three years of law school... never to be relieved of chastity!

She is a woman of resolve... and means. If she says it... it will be so.

My concern is abridged when she gently tugs. I feel her... her power... where I feel the most. It is good. I do not have to look down... cannot look down... to know that I remain firm... for her.

“Dinner. Think I’ll explain to our guests the penchant for exhibitionism amongst the populace of beta males. And some thoughts on retention... male retention... the benefits.”

‘And your penchant for objectification, Miss Taylor?’ I think in silence... forced silence.

As I stand, her free hand reaches to cup my scrotum, our thoughts commingling... that I am brimming with male essence. And that I need to expel... to offer it.

Taylor Phipps

I feel so regal, leading my leashed boy into the lavish dining room of the Phipps mansion. So many elegant soirees staged in the historic mansion during the moneyed days of Pittsburgh steel and coal, I must wonder if anything so decadent occurred... putting on display a naked, fully erect beta male for the entertainment of formally dressed women.

Students Zoey and Marsha are in awe... my show of feminine governance or Redmond’s turgid oversized manhood? It matters not, I just smile and finally introduce myself.

“Glad you could join us, ladies. You’ll find this setting to be quiet and conducive to study,” my greeting coming as Maxine serves Champagne, tiny blue apron cloaking her former male bits.

Joining us is attorney Pamela Harrison, delayed in her office. She is not in awe of course, having arranged Redmond’s procurement for me and well aware of his predilections. I introduce her. Then Eve enters and I hand over Redmond’s leash.

“Put him in the corner, Eve. Keep him gagged. I want him to see and hear everything,” my own penchant for objectification coming into play.

Redmond will have the presence of a potted plant... though he draws the attention of a giggling Zoey.

Pammy ignores my tumescent ward, going straight into legal war stories, relating her own experiences in law school. And though I intend to sway the conversation into more social matters, with the diversion I can visually assess Zoey and Marsha while Pammy regales.

Zoey is cute, petite yet athletic, her short raven hair suggesting that, despite sizable breasts for a girl of limited stature, she engages in physical exercise. She effervesces... smiling, giggling laughing with ease. She does not come across as truly dominant, instead projecting a playful curiosity... the cat that wickedly enjoys playing with the mouse.

Marsha is pretty... not cute... her dourness deflecting from what could be beauty. Taller than Zoey by many inches, she listens intently, a young woman of purpose, This also deflects from her physical allure. With a more feminine presentation, men would find her quite attractive. But her mannerisms

suggest such is not a goal.

In sharing a bed together, which they shall in the Phipps mansion... if not already... it is evident who is Daddy. And I have no doubt who earlier led my naked and leashed toy from the car to the foyer.

“Shall we sit? Maxine will serve. I trust my husband will not disturb. It is impractical to keep all those with a penis leashed and bound. Some are destined to serve.”

My words draw attention to my blushing maid. Other than her blue apron, cap and heels, Maxine is of course in complete deshabelle, her matching blue nipple ribbons not covering but instead drawing the eyes to feminized glands. And it is so cute when all eyes go to her and she curtsies, so obsequiously introducing herself to the group.

And that also serves to terminate the talk over legal matters as the ever curious Zoey must have clarification.

“Your husband?” so incredulously posed.

I nod. And so an engaging and in depth conversation begins... the daughters of Sappho awakening... that the male beast can be both disdained for his crass libidinous behavior... yet useful... as a servant.

Talk shifts, the girls inquiring about Redmond’s life at the Phipps Estate, I suppose the gifted BMW implying he lives grandly. So I decide to end such notions, taking the girls through his day... beginning with release from the tight unyielding Segufix straps and cuffs, breakfast and course the humiliation of being bathed, shaved and internally cleansed in conjunction with Maxine.

“An enema?” Zoey once again incredulous.

“Oh yes. Eve is a trained nurse, working to be licensed in the United States. She knows just how much flow is required... and how long... to break a boy. Each and every morning. It’s wonderfully humbling. Just as she adjust the flow, she can adjust a boy’s attitude with a simple pinch of the enema tube.... and release of course.”

I look to see Eve beaming with pride.

“Redmond has told me he’s caned,” Marsha blurts, countering her relative silence.

“Yes. I have him caned from time to time. Not of late regularly necessary. Once a boy endures a few taps to the buttocks... more effectively to the feet... you can have him do anything for you to avoid punishment. I have Maxine caned once a week... just to assure she knows who is in charge... and who is to serve.”

“I’d like to see that,” Marsha breaking out of her taciturnity.

Zoey smiles again, the thought seeming to titillate. Yes, the girls quickly become comfortable in the

gynecocracy of the Phipps Estate, I'm sure never before so politely discussing corporal punishment of the male.

"That's easily arranged. Redmond or Maxine?"

I can see why Marsha refrains from smiling, for as she enthusiastically replies 'both' the look of merriment on her face is more devilish than that of innocent joy.

"Would you like that, Redmond? To be caned before your classmates?" joining in the smiles.

I look over to Redmond, the kneeling potted plant, noting that not only does the gag preclude an answer, with the steel collar and spikes he cannot even shake his head without bringing harm to himself.

"Perhaps on Sunday. That will provide a day to recuperate and heal before exams on Tuesday."

"Who will cane him?"

"Eve is quite proficient... and she approaches the deed with determination."

"Determination?" Marsha's look returning to gravity.

"The pain of a caning is intense. With the begging and groveling such inures, the flagellatrix must focus, not be diverted with trivial thoughts of mercy."

Marsha seems to repress another smile. Then speaks again... quite plainly and forthrightly declaring....

"I have determination."

I pause, letting the few words settle within the group, looking to see poor Redmond. I do believe he is trying to shake his head.

"And so you may use it, Marsha... on Sunday," nodding and inwardly smiling.

I continue, explaining the morning icing of the penis and testicles so that the tight cock cage can be slipped in place, Redmond dressed and sent on his way to Cancadia.

"The car has a GPS tracking device. I'll know if he strays."

"Why do you not keep him always locked up," Zoey so naively inquires.

Marsha gives the girl a nudge, implying she has asked a dumb question.

"Ah... the male phallus... so revered by its owner. A woman of my ilk finds that to be pretentious. If it is to harden, for some women intimidate, it should do so for a woman's enjoyment... not for the male.

Yet there are certain males... beta males... who derive converse enjoyment... in merely performing... being put on display. Look at Redmond's erection," sensing satisfaction as all eyes turn to where Redmond knees, penis most turgid. "Though untouched it wavers not. He's embarrassed, denigrated, humiliated... yet aroused. Special diet, hormone injections, strict chastity... he'd so much like to ejaculate... but also in doing so... to entertain... to humble himself. He's been chaste for some eight weeks, during which time I have assured his reproductive system is primed... like a military unit on full alert. He's always on the edge... always ready to harden for me... when I permit it. But it cannot always be. It affects his concentration. So with exams coming I am going to have him ejaculate for me... for us."

Zoey and Marsha look at each other. Pammy looks to me. I know her thoughts... leniency... from she who owns men. Uses men?

"It will bring him a moment of pleasure... but distant pleasure... incomplete pleasure. Then many moments of humiliation... the self degradation in so performing on cue... discharging... his organ becoming a mere implement for a woman's delight."

I am heartened to see so many heads nodding in agreement. Pammy, Eve, Zoey, Marsha.

"Objectification, ladies. The male... and his penis... nothing more than an object... to be used.... at a woman's whim. Yes, I will permit such satisfaction. Particularly if the male gratification is minimized."

"Minimized?" Zoey asks as if cued.

"He won't be touched. In the vernacular of female dominant relationships... it's termed a ruined orgasm. He will feel little pleasure and within minutes of his discharge, his system will be primed... returned to be on alert... though the jitters...the overwhelming need will be calmed... temporarily."

"For exams," Marsha reading my thoughts.

I nod, the girl understanding my complete and utter control over Redmond.

"How will it be done?" Zoey's curiosity piqued.

"We'll see... after dinner. The question for Redmond is... once I give permission... to who's vocal command would he prefer to ejaculate. It's about the only aspect of the process in which he will have a say."

Maxine enters from the kitchen, dinner is served, during which I explain the use of the elbow bands, the bindings Zoey has gleefully come to appreciate, and the testicle chain which restricts use of Redmond's arms and hands. Not completely precluding masturbation, but enough reminder... along with the cane... such that thoughts of self gratification are stifled.

Dinner concludes. Dessert is skipped. There will be coffee and port in the opulent and sizable parlor.

I arise, as do my guests.

“Eve, can you take Redmond to the study room? Longer posture spikes please. And remove his gag, testicle chain and control ring. We’ll join you shortly.”

Eve nods, smiling with my cruelty, knowing the words are a code. Redmond is to be placed in full body suspension. And with the longer spikes, forcing his head up, he’ll both struggle to look down at us, and place tension on his spinal cord, augmenting erection.

Departing the dining room I usurp more discussion...

“I’d like to say a few words about a certain Hindu belief and ritual... male retention,” leading the entourage into the parlor. “And a wonderful aspect of the Japanese Shinto religion... Kanamara Matsuri... the Penis Festival... occurs in April every year. We have a similar event here at the Phipps Estate... every day.”

Redmond Richards

The forced silence seems more tormenting than the spiked collar and being led about naked and leashed before my classmates.

Dinner finally ending, there is much I want to say... to explain... to object... possibly to beg for the modesty of covering... that which I know will never come at the Phipps Estate.

The guests depart. Eve unhooks my leash. Though freed, I wait for the commanding tug before moving. Being directed has come to console. I don’t have the burden of thinking... just the simplicity of reacting to the caprice of a woman’s hand.

“I’m going to suspend you, Redmond. Come. It will feel so good...” the sharp tug coming, my erection bobbing.

I am wont to protest. Yet the bondage of the study room has indeed come to feel comforting... despite the lecturing words... the Hindu mantra... the dogma of retention.... retain or pain. But that can’t be the agenda this evening. The only time the control ring has been removed... but for daily bathing and shaving... has been to be photographed... the extortionate photo sent to Zoey weeks ago... an unfettered depiction of the male genitals in full blossom.

Up the stairs, down the long hallway, to the so termed study room. We enter. There is the suspension frame, the small table in the corner where I do some real study... and a new table...larger... with chairs.

“For your study group, Redmond. Be curious to see of the girls actually let you join them. For now, be a good boy for me... up on the stool.”

Have I a choice? Well bound, in the corner rests a length of rattan. With Marsha eager to see a boy

caned, I dare not hasten the opportunity.

I step up, part my legs. The broad straps encircle right thigh then left. The leash is removed. The testicle chain released. My arms are freed so my wrists can be cuffed behind my back, elbows bent, the reverse prayer position assumed. The stool is slowly slid away. I hang, immediately feeling renewed stiffness. Even more comes as Miss Eve tightens the strap binding my wrists high to the horizontal cross piece above. She is deft... she is by now expert... cognizant of both the angle and tension which best fosters tumescence.

The small electric screwdriver whirrs. The posts of my control ring are loosened. Fingers labor to slip right testicle then left through the control ring. Thereafter it easily glides away up my turgid penis.

Next, standing on the stool, the long spikes of my neck collar are unscrewed. There is a moment of relief. Then I am horrified when longer... and sharper... spikes replace the stultifying shards of metal. When the gag is mercifully removed, I find my speech remains impaired, opening my mouth causing my jaw to greet a spike beneath my chin. I can speak but for some reason remain humbly silent... becoming a side of beef.

“There. You be a good boy, Redmond. Keep yourself hard... and what is it that boys say in this country?” Miss Eve’s accent apparent in her excitement, “You’re going to get your rocks off?”

Miss Eve reaches to my scrotum, in suspension freely dangling at shoulder height. She palms, her sense of control... my vulnerability... bringing a warm and pleasant smile.

“You have much to think about.”

I do. Normally hooded in suspension, psyche forced to absorb the cool and calm words of the assertive woman lecturing on the CD, I am now sighted. With the silence, thoughts readily percolate. Out of the corner of my eye I see Miss Eve move about the room, propping on the wall to my front a full length mirror, taking the time to assure that despite the limited head movement, I can see myself.

I am as hard as ever. Bulbous penis tip engorged to purple, I can now see it throb as well as feel it. Lastly she takes the time to position the stool beneath my pubes, holding before my eyes a shiny thin pie tin.

“For your effluent, Redmond. Do try to be neat.”

She places it on the stool and steps away out of sight. The door closes. I am alone.

And then come the thoughts. First, after Miss Taylor declares that I will be permitted to ejaculate, I in turn must declare who will have the privilege of commanding me. Miss Taylor, the imposing counselor Pamela Harrison, playful Zoey, stern Marsha... the sadistic Miss Eve?

Does it make a difference?

Then comes the threat, that failure spew on command will lead to unending chastity... total denial... until graduation.

More than two years! And I am currently a jittery wreck after just eight weeks!

Therefore whomever I anoint to utter the directive, it must be effective... indeed bringing me to perform with eagerness... getting my rocks to go off... to explode... to spurt... to finally rid myself of this burgeoning mass of effluent which seems to burden... physically... mentally... emotionally.

My wayward erection must respond. For whom will it best explode? For whom is my need to be finally gratified?

I find myself going into a trance, staring at my reflection. I seem to be all penis... such an exhibition. Yet is it mine? I cannot touch it... have not touched it in weeks. I close my eyes, hearing the mantra... 'retain or pain'... 'retain or pain', fully aware that on this evening it must be disregarded... reversed if I am ever to be allowed orgasmic relief... to climax again... not before permitted within the grounds of the Phipps Estate.

Finally there come voices in the hallway. Counselor Pamela Harrison... Aunt Pamela. Recollections flash. In my memory she is drying a youthful Redmond Richards... in my home... in California.. Her touch... it is unwanted... then it is wanted... then it is divine... then... something becomes amiss. In my reverie I harden anew. Big Red! I don't want to harden before her! Oh the embarrassment... the humiliation... yet the joy! Deep within such a welcomed sensation.

And now I show off for her again... so much want to show off for her... so much need to show for her!

The room door opens. It is Miss Taylor. A cadre of women follow... and here I helplessly hang. So many eyes... so many smiles. And though both Zoey and Marsha have seen the libidinous photo of me suspended and erect, up close, live and in person seems to renew their spirits.

Such laughter!

"No recording, no lessons for Redmond tonight. I'll want him to focus... on performing for us," Miss Taylor announcing with such glee. "Eve do angle him a little better... higher with the leg straps... some more slack on the wrist cuffs. It's sort of an art ladies... finding the perfect pose... properly tensioning the spine at the S2 through S4 vertebrae and stimulating the pudendal nerves."

With her erudite explanation, Miss Eve raises the thigh straps then offers my wrists the desired slack. As my head and face somewhat lower, my back arches. Miss Taylor's hand graciously extends, patting my left cheek, careful not to bring aggravation to my spike laden neck.

There comes a spontaneous thrusting motion of my hips, bringing more laughter in emulating copulation, as if fucking the room air. Why is her touch so welcomed?

"Oh Redmond, you are ready for me aren't you. Ready to display your virility... so long kept."

I glance about as best I can, neck spikes making head movement painfully limited. Counselor Pamela Harrison... Aunt Pam... mockingly strokes the air with her closed fist... the gesture for male masturbation. Zoey appears ready to lead the school cheer. Miss Eve moves to retrieve a cane, a length of bamboo at the ready in almost every room of the mansion. Miss Taylor remains standing proximate, her warm hand smoothing up my face to tenderly tousle my hair.

And then there is Marsha, assessing with purpose. Such seriousness, appearing to be a student of anatomy. And I am some laboratory animal under close examination... helplessly being visually dissected.

"I'm going to give you permission to come now, Redmond... when commanded. And ladies you should know that he's going to do this for me... and this evening I will share it with you. Isn't that right Redmond? You're finally going to discharge for me. No more retention... not tonight. You'd like that would you not? To show off for me... for the ladies. Such a big strong boy. Such a nice big penis. So hard. So thick. And it's so red... the tip looking like a purple balloon," Miss Taylor smiling so pleasantly.

"And it is so compliant... so desirous of a woman's control... so much in need of a woman's control. So whom do you want to respond to, Redmond... the best catalyst to get you off?"

I look about, again struggling. For the women I am a source of entertainment... depraved... yet entertainment. Fun! Except there is the dour look on Marsha. For her this is not a game. For her, directing the subordinate male seems not to be a role in some sleazy porn setting. Instead, her exacting look suggests there are expectations, no fun and games. She is apparently aware of the consequences for me, I am sure Miss Taylor explaining the gambit... come on command or be damned to many, many months of denial.

"Well, Redmond. You're nearby. Your hips are thrusting, erection throbbing. Who will give the command?" Miss Taylor chides.

"Marsha," hips indeed rocking about, the enunciation of the name strained by my constricted jaw.

"Oh, if that's how you perceive her... the woman who will finally have you come... I think it should be Miss Marsha," Miss Taylor nodding to her.

The hand retracts. In some rehearsed ballet movement, Miss Taylor steps back, Marsha... Miss Marsha steps forth.

"So you need me, Redmond?" Miss Marsha's right hand going to my chest, fingers toying with my left nipple.

Her touch, so nice... yet so masterful. And her look... rigid... demanding.

"I need to come, Miss Marsha," each word bringing the pain of a spike.

“Then come for me... show the women your obedience.”

With her command, her fingers retract. She leans. She softly blows into my left ear. This spurs a frisson of amazing delight. I buck my hips. As Miss Taylor so clinically explained, stimulating the pudendal nerves. I so much need to be touched there. When I again look to see Aunt Pam stroking the air with her fist, I pull with my pubo coccygeus muscles. There comes an explosion. I hear the ping of the pie tin. Miss Marsha steps further to the side, assuring I can see my reflection, see my rock hard phallus... throbbing.

“Again for me, Redmond... for us,” the voice grave, a clinical quest.

In my mind, Miss Marsha’s voice transforms to that of the woman who nightly admonishes me to retain. Only now it encourages... no, the voice demands... that I drain myself.

There comes more bucking, more pulling, another ping, greatly diminished.

“One more...you can do it for us... come for me again, Redmond.”

I buck, fucking the room air, I pull, there comes a droplet... and much fatigue. How can such a simple physical deed be so wearing?

“Good boy, Redmond. Very obedient... and you want to be obedient, don’t you?” Miss Marsha’s hand returning, fingers now toying with my left ear, the recipient of her inciting whoosh of warm breath.

There is laughter. But Miss Marsha is somber, consoling as the humiliation of so performing on cue brings an immediate emotional let down. Plus I am physically spent, the adrenaline rush ending, the subsequent release of hormones bringing ennui.

“Husband Maxine will clean him up... orally... if any one cares to watch. Otherwise there is more port to be had in the parlor,” Miss Taylor announces.

The room empties, leaving me in bondage. But Miss Marsha moves not.

“Don’t be ashamed, Redmond. It’s something you need to do. On Sunday I’m going to learn to cane a boy... you. I think it will make you feel better. And you will tell me so... even ask for more... I know you will.”

Why is it that I cannot disagree?

With that, Maxine enters. She appears disappointed in not having observed the ultimate comeuppance of the beta male. Plus in being emasculated I must suppose the fully functioning male organ brings envy. Miss Marsha steps aside as Maxine dutifully removes the splattered pie tin then sits upon the low stool, positioning herself beneath my dangling male package.

I wish Miss Marsha would leave as did the others. But instead she watches... again in clinical

assessment... as Maxine palms my testicles and begins the partial fellatio which can lead to mind boggling despair... tongue dancing about but never fully laving the hypersensitive tip.

With the so termed ruined orgasm... penis not touched during ejaculation... I am amazed to feel myself slowly but steadily return to stiffness. And the need returns... not as critical... but there all the same.

Then I realize... it is for Miss Marsha.

“I’m going to make you a lawyer, Redmond,” the proclamation not haughty as Miss Marsha’s academic prowess greatly exceeds mine. “And when Miss Phipps tires of you... and she will... you will become my clerk.”

Epilogue - Taylor Phipps

Well, that weekend of study proved to be enlightening, learning first hand of the penchants of the girls in Redmond’s study group.

Having him ejaculate for us so empowered the girls... the daughters of Sappho learning... as I explained... that disdain for the male does not preclude putting him to use... to serve as does Maxine... or to amuse as does Redmond.

For the remainder of the weekend a relatively becalmed Redmond studied and learned, Marsha in particular as a natural maven for jurisprudence passing onto my ward much of her insightful knowledge.

His penis remained on display, nicely hardening for us... but the jitters.... as he described... were greatly quelled with the permitted release... however ruined was his orgasm.

And Marsha did cane him, by the way, learning to mete discipline as readily as learning the law. Methodically... without mercy... Redmond was brought to tears...acquiring a new level of respect... and devotion?

We will see.

That will come I am sure. For with the many rooms at the Phipps Estate... and my resources... why not offer boarding to Zoey Roberts and Marsha Devine as well? So come January, Redmond will be chauffeuring the girls to Cancadia.

Yes, Redmond will learn to better please women of all ages, preferences and cultures... in addition to learning the law.

Such story will be told. Look for ‘The Gynecocacy of the Phipps Estate’.

End

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed. Chris_Bellows@hotmail.com

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