

The Gynecocacy of the Phipps Estate

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by Chris Bellows

Marsha Devine

The second semester of law school begins at Cancadia University. The first semester I finished at the top of my class. My parents are proud. For me, within there is a feeling of merely achieving expectations. What other results would come to a girl with my intellect and determination?

Yes, I've been learning the law. But of more interest... somewhat exhilarating... has been the introduction to Miss Taylor Phipps and the fascinating world of the Phipps Estate... a turn of the century... 19th century... mansion with hundreds of acres of manicured grounds. Yet as idyllic as is the setting, it's the ambiance that brings thrill.

For here women rule. The chatelaine, Miss Taylor Phipps, dictates that the male be subordinate. And in being a tribadist since my teen years, I never realized men could be so useful. I suppose just as one does not have to love cars in order to benefit from the convenience... I have learned it is also possible to advantage myself of the so termed beta male... beasts with the drawback of having a penis... but still able to bring the comfort of abject servitude.

Amazingly, the husband of Taylor Phipps, Maximilian... Maxine... serves as the household maid! Long relieved of normal husbandly duties, something happened where his testicles... now the gonads of Taylor Phipps... were deemed superfluous for his role and are now ornaments! Encased in Lucite such dangle from a bright pink withered scrotum, tiny bells attached to chime as she... we've been encouraged to use the feminine... moves about the house, being constantly reminded of her alteration. Thoroughly obedient, she rarely speaks, serves totally naked... a tiny blue apron donned during our first visit deemed unnecessary.

Thus the penis, no longer functioning other than to drain the bladder, is fully displayed at all times. And in being so limp and tiny it tends to empower the women of the house. It certainly does not threaten as a symbol of normal male virility.

And then there are the breasts. Such are not those of a girl... but certainly not masculine. The nipples protrude and cute blue ribbons draw attention... unwanted or not... to glands I have been told were brought to secrete for a time! To lactate!

Yes, the dullness of learning the law is frequently abridged at the Phipps Estate. Particularly with classmate Redmond Richards and the attentive care afforded as he too attends law school.

Breakfast is over. Taylor Phipps has returned to her room with a third cup of coffee. Friend Zoey has departed to shower, soap and hot water beckoning after her extensive early morning workout. Thus the naked maid Maxine hurriedly removes the cups, saucers and dishes. Morning ablutions are next. I

turn to Miss Eve... nurse and disciplinarian.

“I’d like to watch. I just can’t... you know... pull myself away,” my hand going to her hers, hopefully not to be interpreted as a Sapphic inducement.

“Marsha,” the tone pedantic, “This is the Phipps Estate. What a woman wants... a woman gets. What a woman enjoys, the male will provide. The close circuit cameras don’t fully portray things.... I know.”

Owner Taylor Phipps has cameras, ostensibly to monitor... for safety... when the male is kept in tight bondage. This includes the study room where my cohort Redmond Richard hangs in full body suspension, his bedroom where he lies at night, held completely immobile by the Segufix restraint system... an amazingly elaborate and ineluctable set of cuffs and straps... and the preparation room where daily the males are subjected to bath, shaving, full body inspection and internal cleansing.

And Eve is correct, the sounds, the feel, the sense of trauma, the emotions of having to cede to the supervising woman, are not adequately captured by the cameras. Thus my request.

“Gag Redmond, take him to the prep room and strap him down for me. I’ll join you when Maxine finishes cleaning up.”

Eve, some four to five years younger, is not my superior within the household. But when it comes to the exacting care afforded the beta males... she is in charge. I nod, feeling sanguine. It’s a wonderful start to the day.

I look to Redmond, kneeling at the kitchen table. He’s bound, stainless steel elbow bands connected to a slim chain of matching metal which slips between his thighs and leads to the control ring of his chastity device. The locking tube is not worn within the house... the constricting cone which encapsulates his penis... so he’s pleasantly erect for me... me and the other ladies of the house. Having been hand fed... arms not fully mobile... the close attention of the directing female brings arousal. And this brings tumescence... which leads to humiliation... which leads to more arousal and more firmness.

Such a pervert.

“Please no, Miss Marsha,” his hate for the gag bringing him to beg.

“Oh but yes, Redmond. You’re done eating and we need not hear from you. And one does not learn while one talks,” reminding that his sojourn at the Phipps Estate is to learn the law.

I arise from my chair, taking his gag from the table.

“Open for me. Be a good boy for your Miss Marsha.”

He does of course. And the simple bar of hard rubber is slipped into his mouth between his teeth,

connecting straps quickly secured behind his head.

“Tight enough?” I chide.

He hums for me. Probably objecting. But it matters not.

I step back, reach forth and tousle his hair. Six foot three, blond, Redmond is an Adonis. Given a change in gender preference I would probably find him attractive.

“Come. Bath time,” unraveling his leash which has been wrapped about the table leg.

I pull briskly. He stands. With the opposing end of the leash being connected to the control ring at his pubes, I literally have him by the balls. His semi firm penis bobbles about. I am amused to see it becoming firmer... the supervising hand of a woman so thrilling for a boy of Redmond’s predilections.

Out of the kitchen, to the stairs, I lead, Redmond must follow. I am wearing a flimsy robe and when I pause and turn at the top of the stairs to assure he negotiates the final steps, the folds part and I flash some of my nakedness... that which he covets but shall never ever have.

“Such a hound, Redmond,” doing nothing to right my attire. “Get you fixed like Maxine,” the threat known to be idle as his *raison d’être* at the Phipps Estate is to humbly display his massive hard on for female enjoyment. I turn again, hearing him groan with desire into his gag. Into Eve’s bedroom then to the specially equipped adjoining bedroom converted into a huge bathing facility... among other uses.

“Tummy down,” pointing to a short vinyl covered bench where daily both he and Maxine kneel for morning ablutions.

I strap him down, removing the leash and testicle chain to cuff his wrists and ankles. It is the mandate of Taylor Phipps that the intact male... capable of masturbation... never be freed of bondage within the house. And so it is.

Redmond’s moan of apparent lust brings thoughts. Whereas I have Zoey, nightly bringing me to ecstasy... absolutely no desire for men... perhaps my disdain and need for dominion over the lowly male beast can be further augmented... the frequent canings becoming blase.

“Would you like to taste me sometime, Redmond?” my hand smoothing along his right cheek.

“Hmmpph.”

With the reply open to interpretation, I give it some thought... a tongue is a tongue. But a subordinate tongue and mouth can bring glee to a girl like me. Such wicked thoughts.

Yes, sometimes on a Saturday night when Zoey and I get bored, we pause in our love making and turn

on the television. Switching the channel to Redmond's bedroom, we'll watch... in lust... in amusement... as Taylor takes her ride... mounting a well bound and amazingly erect Redmond and fucking him. He becomes a living dildo, hooded, spreadeagled to the extreme, pillows propped under his buttocks to assure his ten plus inches strive to touch the ceiling. I've learned it's called the Cowgirl... changing to the reverse Cowgirl after several apparent orgasms.

Amazingly, Redmond does not ejaculate... the Hindu mantra of retain or pain tattooed... if not branded... into his mind. Past training has involved bastinado if pending climax is sensed.

He retains. Avoiding pain.

Thus when freed of his Steelworxx cock cage, his overflowing hormones bring him to stiffen... almost constantly.

And so comes this thought of having him taste me, envisioning him well restrained in his Segufix straps as with his owner... but not riding his many inches... penetration is not my thing as it is with Taylor... but instead riding his hooded head and face... nose mouth and lips left uncovered for breathing.

Yes, the more I think about it the more the moisture flows... Redmond's secured and obeisant nakedness augmenting my thoughts.

I often think about the arousal I sense in governing Redmond. I have no thoughts of affection for him... or any desire for things with a penis for that matter. Instead I suppose it's the power... the power of sexual attraction. He wants me... probably more likely needs me. And that is something I can use... and that is what most pleases me.

The last time he was permitted to ejaculate, many weeks ago, he exploded at my command... untouched. Otherwise there was nothing to bring the ultimate in male stimulation other than his need to perform for women of authority and purpose. And it is so telling that he chose me to give the command. He wanted to cede, to succumb to... to... to whom... to what? Zoey is prettier, Pamela Harrison more physically imposing, Taylor Phipps literally owns him... the flagellatrix Eve provides the discipline and care he needs... yet he wanted to respond to my voice... my command.

Yes, he wants to capitulate to my authority... no one else's.

Such ingrained submission... I suppose to intellectual superiority. Such opportunity for me.

I can offer guidance. I told him I will make him a lawyer... and I will... but I will make him into more than that. He's malleable... easily molded.

My thoughts end as Eve enters, Maxine in hand.

"Did you want to cane him a little first?" Eve amused with my growing thirst for corporal punishment.

I hear Redmond moaning into his gag. He's afraid. And he should be. For the notion brings me such exhilaration, his fate laid before me.

"No. Many classes on Monday. He'll need to sit a lot. Plus our first group study meeting."

Maxine knows to position herself tummy down on a similar vinyl covered bench. When strapped in place she is nose to nose with Redmond, the ignominy of the morning routine to be intimately shared.

Then the skilled and accomplished Eve begins, the naked and vulnerable male... and former male Maxine... subjected to thorough feminine inspection and subjugation. It begins with being anally impaled... a stout inflatable enema nozzle for each... tubing leading to a large single enema bag which Eve fills with soapy water.

"I know you most enjoy this," stringing the tubing to me, offering the valves, to be cradled in right hand and left. "Just pay no attention to the moaning and groaning. You decide how much... when to pause... when to continue."

Just a wonderful sense of control... releasing the flow as Eve hoses the duo with warm water, bare hands beginning to soap and lave... both cleansing and inspecting. I note that Maxine, despite the pending discomfort, cranes her pretty head and kisses Redmond, licking about his face, her homophobia quashed with the wifely neutering and the daily hormone injections.

Redmond finds disgust. Despite the partial fellatio Maxine provides, so often orally brought to full stand at Taylor's whim, his homophobia remains. But in being thoroughly restrained, he must accept the attention... along with Eve's palpating fingers... and the warm soapy flow entering him under the control of my hand.

Slowly bloating, the moaning begins. Maxine pleads first... such a little girl. Within moments Redmond challenges his gag.

"What's that? More Redmond? You know it's so good for you... cleansed inside and out," I mock, knowing full well of the intense pressure in his bowels... bestowed by me.

Well soaped, the daily shaving comes. The frequent defoliation is not needed... but being introduced to the blade deemed important.

'Hair... it denotes masculinity,' Taylor explained. 'And the sharpness of the blade... it frightens... and it should. And that is best for subordination... each and every day subjected to such closeness... experiencing such vulnerability.'

A wise woman this Miss Taylor Phipps.

These are the times I suffer the gag as much as Redmond. I'd so much like to hear him beg. But such is the mandate... such is the protocol. When we want to hear from the beta male... the women of the house will decide... never him.

Maxine is shaven as well. Clever, after removing her little baubles... Taylor's testicles... that Eve can so deftly whisk the blade about the shriveled empty scrotal sac.

Then it is rinse time... and with it expulsion. Eve looks to me for concurrence.

"A little more, Marsha? A little more suffering? It can be addictive," nodding to the valves in my hands. "They can always take more. They think not. But it is your decision, not theirs. And it's so humbling for them... taking so deep inside what you choose to give."

It is true. I want to hear Redmond... watch him in such intense discomfort... so slowly building... see him chew through the hard rubber of his gag.

"More Redmond? Blink your eyes for me."

Redmond Richards

The frustration of forced silence cannot be described.

I lie gagged on the short bench, feeling my stomach bloat, the expansion so slow, so continuous. It does not stop. Until Miss Marsha playfully closes the valve. And that comes only when she wants... offering a moment of mercy. Conflicting with the discomfort is the nice warm bath, my skin brought alive under the sharpness of the razor... Miss Eve's hands and fingers so soothing.

Nothing escapes her touch... her examination.

And yes, I am engorged... at least I think I am engorged. Forced to all fours, it is not overly evident... until Miss Eve grasps, and pulls it about. The message is received... it is more her appendage than mine.

"More Redmond? Blink your eyes for me," Miss Marsha having so much fun.

How am I interpret that quest. Blink my eyes... for more... or blink to finally end the morning of slow torment?

The left hand ends the enema of my bath partner, Maxine, fingers squeezing closed the valve. Miss Eve injects her right buttock, a hypodermic needle brimming with hormones, Maxine giving a cute whimper with the jab. Next the nozzle is deflated and the tubing abruptly pulled away allowing Maxine to empty. As the foul contents of her bowels are hosed to the floor drain, she lets out a squeal of delight, her entire form rinsed with warm water. Then her baubles are returned to the pierced openings in her empty scrotum and, to the sound of the attached bells, she is released to fulfill her daily household chores... maid service. Quite laborious with five of us residing in the vast mansion.

I try not to blink, which of course is impossible. So I close my eyes. When I reopen, Miss Marsha considers that a blink. She nods to Miss Eve. The spray hose is turned off, my relief and final rinse to be delayed.

“See, he wants more,” Miss Marsha’s tone deceptively naive.

I do not. The blinking of my eyes a mind game, the fingers of Miss Marsha’s right hand allowing the flow to resume.

I am going to burst. Yet there is nothing I can do. I am strapped down. I am helpless. I am silenced. I am suffering. And ironically, I am safe... not in any danger. Miss Eve... Nurse Eve... so closely supervises. She knows what I can take. She will decide, letting Miss Marsha play, enjoying her authority.

Miss Marsha steps forth. At my right side she bends, peering at my freshly shaven buttocks, thighs well spread.

“He moans, lurching against his bonds... but he’s so hard!”

“The prostate, Marsha. A little gland that gives a boy a nice hard on for us. They so much like to have it manipulated... which is what the inflated nozzle and abundance of warm water does. He squirms about... but trust me, it’s not all suffering. He not only enjoys the simple control afforded you... you and your fingers... but his little gland gets massaged.”

Miss Marsha nods, the flow continuing. I am a sponge. I absorb. Then finally...

“Well I suppose we should finish him up... lock down his penis and get him dressed for class. It’s getting late.”

Yes, it’s not the horrid distension of my belly that brings mercy... it’s the clock.

My left cheek is injected. Though it hurts, it is welcomed, signaling the end of the morning humiliation.

Marsha Devine

Well cleansed inside and out, I lead a leashed Redmond to my bedroom. Despite the trauma, he remains at full erection... feminine control... being exhibited ... so arousing for him.

Elbows freed, not returned to the testicle chain, he knows to keep his hands to the back of his head... no toying with things below.

In our bedroom I attach his leash to a hook in the corner, having him turn to face away at the blank wall. Zoey steps from the bathroom, naked but for a towel. Such a fine figure, breasts of perfection, a butt that’s rounded and firm. Despite hours of lovemaking last night, her beauty and my stint in helping cleanse Redmond have my juices flowing. I grab the towel, playfully examining her in the entirety as I hold it high over my head. She giggles, stepping forth and reaching high to try to take it back. I quickly lower the towel. We embrace. She melts in my arms.

“Not now, we have class... and Redmond’s here,” her bashfulness a ruse, enjoying my lustful intentions.

“If he looks I will cane him. But there is class to attend,” reluctantly releasing to let her dress. “I’m going to shower real quick. Play with Redmond. Freshly shaven and cleansed inside and out. It’s amazing... the warped thrill he shows... being under total control... always at erection... or near it,” slipping out of my only covering, the flimsy bathrobe.

Zoey, ever playful, steps to Redmond, pinching his buttocks with one hand, slipping the other between thighs he knows to always keep parted for examination.

“Goodness he is so hard,” wrapping her arms completely around him for a hug, her breasts pressing to the middle of his bare back... so saucy.

I cannot see her hands, where she places them with the brief squeeze. But I do hear Redmond moan into his gag... and it is not due to discomfort.

Such a tease for him, naked... so incredibly priapic... and in the presence of two equally naked girls who care not a thing about the male gender... except for its usefulness... to entertain.

“Lots of ice for you, Redmond. I think you get bigger and harder every day,” Zoey gibes.

I shower, quickly, it is getting late. When I exit the bathroom, such a charming scene. Zoey has dressed and sits on the bed. She has released Redmond’s leash and has him standing facing her, feet parted, hands remaining to his head. She is cupping his balls, both hands, as Redmond is well endowed and Zoey’s hands so small. She freely runs about her thumbs over the newly shorn scrotal flesh. Such warmth, such smoothness, such vulnerability... and within the confines of the Phipps Estate... so ineffectual for the male.

Through the gag, I hear the whistle of air, an excited Redmond gasping.

“Careful, Zoey. We’d not want our boy to explode. Taylor would be quite upset... and I’d have to cane him. With failure to retain... there comes pain. You know how much she likes to ride on Saturday nights.”

“No harm. It’s just nice to finally play with him out of the cage. Does he have to be locked up?”

“Can’t have him sitting in class with his pants tented. And you know he’ll jerk himself off... given the slightest chance... like when using the men’s room.”

“Why do guys do that?” sometimes Zoey can be so naive.

“Because they can. If he were a dog, he’d be licking where you’re toying.”

We both laugh. I enhance the tease by tossing away my towel and dressing, not completely out of

Redmond's view. Still he dares not fully turn his head. I'm not as proficient with the cane as Eve... but I soon will be... and he knows I look for opportunities to achieve perfection.

Dressed, it's to the foyer, Zoey's turn to lead him about leashed. There Maxine joins us with ice. As I remove the leash, Maxine kneels and Redmond's balls again find themselves being nestled... now with fistfuls of ice, bringing not only limpness, but shrinking the otherwise massive appendage to less than a third of its standing length.

Once again, air rushes about the gag. More torment, Redmond no doubt wishing for the numbness.

Eve arrives, unlocking the foyer closet, casually selecting Redmond's garb as his organs shrink and shrink. With the tightness of the confining cock cage. Redmond knows to stand and take the frigidness. Otherwise the harsh cylinder of steel will be most restrictive.

When finally the penis appears to be that of a child, Eve takes the cage from its place of prominence on the nearby wall peg. She aligns slipping in place the internal catheterizing tube. She slowly presses, the urethral tube entering... and entering. The tip is bulbous, designed to abrade the prostate deep within. When the cage greets the control ring surrounding the male package, Redmond lurches. The discomfort of constant prostate massage throughout the day will signal to the beta male a woman's triumph.

The tiny lock clicks. Penis entrapped, Redmond is ready to be dressed for a day of law school.

"You're so adept, Eve," I compliment as she reaches to clip the handy double 'D' clamp to the back of his neck collar.

Yes, another symbol, made to bear the simple implement which can be used to instantly immobilize his arms and hands.

"Every day of school... Redmond gets locked up," she proudly beams, showing the key. "And when he returns... he will so nicely show his appreciation for being liberated."

Redmond Richards

Though remaining gagged, I drive, avoiding potential stares and the curiosity of other drivers by neither passing cars or slowing to be passed. Miss Marsha sits next to me. Miss Zoey in the seat behind. I'm not sure of the procedure for removing the gag should there be some altercation... an accident... a traffic stop. It worries, thinking about explaining to a police officer the bar of rubber stuffed between my lips and strapped in place behind my head. Yet I am learning such concern comes with the territory, so to speak... the unknown weakening the resolve... what little I have remaining. I am in the hands of a governing woman, she will care and provide.

"I like you silenced, Redmond. Silenced under my tutelage," Miss Marsh muses. "It makes me feel... well... that I have your attention. Taylor has mentioned dildo gags. Apparently used on Maxine to rid her of the gag reflex... perfect her fellatio."

I fear where this is going.

“No straps needed. Apparently the more sophisticated models are inflatable. Once air is pumped in the device expands to fill the mouth, not to be spit out... until the supervising woman chooses to release the air valve. And designed to invade the throat of course... extensions to be attached for penetration as deep as a woman desires.”

Should I murmur disapproval... express my dread? I doubt such would conclude the conversation... if it is a conversation.

“So I went on line. There are models that can be slipped into the mouth, inflated, held in place by the teeth, and barely be seen! Imagine that, Redmond. You will attend class, and be quietly submissive to me... not a word to be said.”

Will?... not may... not could... but that I will!

In panic, at this point I must humph... a humph of... of... of what? I cannot communicate... cannot object. Damn this gag. Yet with my inward curse comes the realization that things could be worse... will be worse.

“I do hope you’re not disagreeing with me, Redmond. What do you think, Zoey? Would not Redmond better focus on things if he were silenced more often?”

“He’ll need to breathe, eat and drink,” Zoey kindly points out.

“There’s an opening... designed to assure adequate air. And the governing woman can also provide liquids... essentially force to drink since what goes in will only exit to the stomach. And as for food... well once or twice per day we can remove and permit sustenance.”

“Seems cruel,” Zoey’s exclamation of concern offered with a girlish giggle. “What if he’s called on in class to recite... answer a question?”

“He’ll not answer,” my peripheral vision noting an insouciant shrug.

The discussion ends as we reach the Cancadia campus. Pulling into a parking space, Zoey reaches forth, unbuckling the straps, the mental stress to end... for now. I park, opening my mouth to reach for the hideous outsized strip of rubber.

“Leave it in plain sight on the dashboard, Redmond. If any one notices and asks, you can explain to them that the woman in charge of you prefers that you to be gagged and silenced as often as possible.”

I nod, not daring to say a word, the inflatable gag I am sure more than an idle threat. But then in exiting, Miss Marsha moves to my side of the car, first taking the car keys then taking my hand. It seems I am to be guided like a toddler.

Why do I feel twinges within my cock cage? The gag?.. the firm hand holding mine?.. do I miss being leashed?

Marsha Devine

I arranged with the registrar to have not only the same courses as Redmond but the same class schedule as well. Thus he can be well supervised throughout the day. When we lunch together, I select his food in the cafeteria. Since he is hand fed at the Phipps Estate, his own hands not entirely mobile, it's sort of a treat for him to use a knife and fork. I do my best to constrain any sense of freedom by directing what he can bite into or fork into his mouth and when.

And then there is water... lots and lots of water.

With the many unisex bathroom visits last semester augmenting Redmond's slide into feminine governance, I think it's pertinent to again utilize such to extend my control... and Zoey's... into this semester as well.

"Eat a bite of food, drink half a glass of water," I dictate, having purchased some four half liter bottles in the cafeteria food line.

"I don't need that much to drink," Redmond so meekly objects.

"I'll decide that, Redmond. Get used to it. I'll be deciding lots of things for you."

An attentive Zoey, so much enjoying the public exhibition of mild dominance, sits across the table and graciously keeps filling Redmond's glass. Some salad, some water, more salad, more water, his need will come. And then it's to the bathroom.

We were quite subtle about the visits last semester, never appearing to frequent the facility together. I think that will need to change. There will be some heads turning, but explaining to other students that the six foot three, blond and physically appealing Redmond Richards requires assistance will be quite demeaning for him.

The details? Well we'll simply suggest that such matters are confidential... ostensibly keeping Redmond's medical and health needs private.

"Hold!" I instruct, a hungry Redmond spearing another morsel of lettuce. "Put your fork down and wait."

He complies, looking about, desperately hoping no one has heard my firm command.

"You must always listen... always obey, Redmond. If you're ever to again achieve gratification... to ejaculate... you must do so on my command. And therefore it is best for you to have my voice instilled in your mind... learn to respond to it in all matters. Failure to do so to the sound of my voice and your Miss Taylor will have you caned... and it will be a long, long time before you're permitted to

climax again.”

Such a need... and so inadequately addressed. The ruined orgasm is his only sexual release... and permitted so infrequently despite the physical needs with the long intervals of denial and daily hormone injections. So sad... so cruel... but it is best for him.

“One forkful,” I finally accede after a full minute.

Redmond partakes. Zoey refills his glass. I nod. Redmond drinks.

“Now put down the fork and wait,” both Zoey and I munching away.

And so the lunch interlude progresses. Finally, Redmond begins to stand.

“Where are you going Redmond?” knowing full well of his filled bladder.

“To the bathroom.”

“Did you ask permission?”

“May I go to the bathroom?”

I raise my eyebrows, sitting back in my chair, arms folded... a stern mother silently rebuking a child.

“Miss Marsha,” he adds, the gulp notable. “May I go?”

“Zoey will go with you. She will hold your hand, Redmond.”

“But people will see.”

“Yes, see that you require assistance... guidance. It’s not unusual.”

Yes, for little boys, I am wont to add, repressing my inner smile.

Zoey stands, knowing to end his reservations, reaching to take his hand.

“Come, come Redmond, potty time,” so nicely stepping to her role. “We’d not want you soiling your pants.”

To the unisex bathroom. Why is it I know that before permitting urination, Zoey will have him strip naked... just to assure his submission never wilts... and to provide a midday thrill.

He’ll be testing his cockcage for sure. Yes, he’ll want to display himself entirely... and that he will never ever be able to admit to himself.

Redmond Richards

“This could be very embarrassing, Miss Zoey.”

Miss Zoey just smiles, her arms folding, such a vibrant look of awareness.

“Yes, just the way a boy like you likes it.”

Once again we’re together in the unisex bathroom, the scene of such depravity during the first semester.

“People saw us enter together. Will you latch the door?” trying to make my quest sound like more of a demand.

Yet my tone comes across so meekly.

“Take off your clothes... then I’ll latch the door.”

Much water, I really need to go. And Miss Zoey knows full well that in being locked in my chastity device, though stripping completely naked is not necessary, I will need to lower my pants... squatting to pee.

“If you continue to talk, maybe I’ll be the one ordering that inflatable gag,” she threatens.

Constantly gagged! Putting aside the desperate need to relieve myself, there thus comes another reason to obey.

Shoes, pants, shirt... all surrendered and piled on the sink. Though accustomed to so subordinate myself to a governing woman... the Cancadia University cafeteria is not the place. I do so with trepidation... but do so quickly... so much focusing on the hazards of the unlatched door.

Miss Zoey smiles, turns away and latches.

“To the stall, sit... and hold. I’ll tell you when... to go... and when to stop. Place your hands to the back of your head.”

The stall being for the handicapped... wheel chair accessible... it is broad. I am chagrined when Miss Zoey steps inward to join me. Still I find my hands going to the back of my head by rote, sitting, the cage of steel pointing downward, my intubated penis at the ready.

But the command comes not. I moan, in being so close to relief... prepared to empty myself.... the desperation increases.

Instead Miss Zoey steps forth. Her proximity, her athletic physique bring twinges... my penis attempting to thicken. She leans, cradling my head. Fingers go to the double ‘D’ clamp, hanging

loosely at the back of my neck collar. She flips it about. It is another threat... that my elbows can be so quickly secured together behind my back.

“Hold for me, Redmond... be a good boy.”

Then the fingers of her left hand go to my right ear and she leans more, blowing into my left. There comes a frisson of delight. Goose bumps form. Zoey giggles in noting my somatic reaction, her breath warm... sweet... delightful.

“Your nipples are crinkling, Redmond. Now, go ahead... go potty for your Miss Zoey”

I never thought urinating could feel so good. I release, the flow strong.

“Now stop for me.”

“I can’t Miss Zoey.”

“You’re talking again. Concentrate. Be obedient for me,” the hand at my left ear lowering to pinch my right nipple. The squeeze slowly increases... becoming first painful and then agonizing until I manage to stop... somehow cutting off the flow.

“Good. Continue holding for me.”

“I... I...”

“Yes, you can. Your obedience is ingrained. Do not resist what your psyche bids you to do.”

Moments... an eternity... the fingers on my nipple wonderfully easing, transforming to sensually compress. Finally comes permission. I release, glad not to hear another command... yet perhaps strangely saddened as well. For Miss Zoey retracts her hands. She reaches to the double ‘D’ clamp. Taking it from my neck, for some reason I find myself pressing my arms back, elbows almost touching. I hear the click, click of the quick bondage. She steps back, out of the stall pushing closed the door behind her. I so quickly miss her close presence and directing touch. It so counters the stress.

But why do I so easily cede to her, permitting myself to be restrained?

“You may want to lock the stall, Redmond,” her tone teasing, knowing that I cannot reach forth with my hands. “I’m going to finish my lunch. But don’t worry about anyone taking your clothes. I’ll bring them with me.”

“No... please...”

“You’re talking again. I’ve got a class in fifteen minutes. I’ll send Marsha in so you can dress. And I truly suggest you listen... no groveling... and certainly no objections concerning what you can and cannot do for us. We’ll decide that.”

Drat. My next class with Miss Marsha is in an hour!

Marsha Devine

Zoey is such a minx. And if anyone notices she is carrying Redmond's clothing, the liberal minded college students say not a word. She strolls across the cafeteria and wordlessly places the pile on the table next to my tray.

"Redmond's going to need your help," nearly giggling.

"You didn't?"

"You can see that I did. May as well begin the semester properly framing the hierarchy. And besides... he spoke to me... too much. It interrupts my... ah... my... well... my sense of authority... when he does that. He's learning a lesson. And I told him that you will help him. I've got class," Zoey taking the final bite of her sandwich and finishing her soda.

I nod, looking at the time on my cell phone.

"You let him go I hope... use the toilet?"

"Oh yes, compliant for the most part. But I did have to listen to him tell me he couldn't do it."

"Do it?"

"Piss on my command... and stop when I say stop."

I smile, the wickedly playful Zoey otherwise coming across as so youthfully innocent and naive.

She stands to depart then pauses, opening her backpack, reaching within.

"If you're going to let him stew in there for a while, best put a note on the door," sliding across the table a blank sheet of paper.

Yes, the 'out of order' sign which deters discovery. I cannot help just sitting back, Zoey and I silently exchanging thoughts... what would the reception be... a naked law student skulking about in the bathroom... bearing a steel cage over his privates?

Alas, it's probably best not to find out. I find a pen... I write accordingly.

"He'll be a whimpering puppy if you wait long enough," Zoey's tone of voice more encouraging delay than suggesting clemency.

I nod, taking note of Zoey's annoyance... of the loquacious Redmond Richards.

Redmond Richards

Our study group having broken up early, not much to review and discuss at semester's beginning, the academic day ends. We head for the parking lot, Marsha... Miss Marsha... again leading me by my hand, Miss Zoey proudly strutting to my right.

"You were quiet, Redmond. Even when Todd said hello."

I nod. Dare I speak?

"That's good. As you're aware, the reason Zoey left you naked and bound in the bathroom at lunchtime was to offer a lesson. That you are dependent... on women of authority. And with the dependence comes the need to be obedient... silent obedience."

Nearing the car, I nod again, Miss Marsha taking the keys from her backpack and pressing to unlock. We all stow our bags in the back seat. I enter the driver's door, Miss Marsha the passenger side, Miss Zoey entering to sit behind me.

"It's dark, Redmond," January in western Pennsylvania bringing early dusk. "Would you like to disrobe for us? You may answer."

"It's cold, Miss Marsha," my observation rather aphoristic.

"I did not inquire about the temperature, Redmond. You've been ridden in the nude before. Zoey drove on our initial visit to the Estate and you seemed to enjoy your nakedness... the demented thrill of exposure... potential discovery. Tell me what was happening while waiting for your clothing this afternoon. You may speak."

"Well, I was sitting in the stall..."

"I mean below... under your steel cock cage."

She knows. Drat how she knows. Big Red was fighting the whole time... trying to stiffen. It hurt, the pain cultivating a return to flaccidness... only for my penis to within minutes attempt to harden again. The cycle would not stop. Yes the quirky thrill of being found in the cafeteria bathroom indeed fostered unwanted arousal.

But was it truly unwanted?

Should I lie? Can I lie... to the woman in charge? Is there any reason to lie... tell some concocted story other than to admit to my quirky penchant... my need?

"I... ah... well..."

"You... your penis... was defying your Miss Taylor's providence... at least attempting to do so," Miss

Marsha handing over the car keys. “What does that say? What does that tell you, Redmond?”

The shame... the realization that Miss Marsha knows... knows me... so well knows of my need. It festers. I have no reply. Yet in my shame, I feel some sense of salvation... that to cede to her... place myself completely in her hands will bring deliverance. That my diminishing... diminished?... self esteem can be... will be... supplanted by utter subservience to feminine authority.

“We’ll wait. Eve will strip you when we get to the Estate,” my sigh of relief palpable as I put the key in the ignition and reach for the gag left on the dashboard. “And then you can harden for us. Because the women of the Phipps Estate want you to harden. Not ever for you, Redmond. It is for us.”

I nod, slipping the bar of hard rubber into my mouth. As I do so, I feel Miss Zoey’s hands reach over my shoulders, fingers grasping the straps of the gag left and right. Why does it feel so good... so comforting... when she draws such to the back of my head and buckles? Forced silence seems welcomed. Will it become second nature?

“Group study, Redmond. Henceforth you will only speak with permission. Todd is to learn of your submission to me. Not of its entirety. That would be a little much for him. He’s too vanilla... possibly too alpha... to understand your penchant. But in time you’ll want him to know. You will ask Taylor if you can invite him to the Estate. You will want him to see how you revel in your depravity... how so nicely addressed are your needs. How you feel so fulfilled in obediently performing for us.”

The words stun. Yet, I cannot protest, cannot object, barely able to murmur through the gag. For some reason, I think not of the ignominy of the Estate antics. Instead, envisioning... trying to envision... the interaction of group study under Miss Marsha’s exacting auspices.

“Have you ever sucked a penis, Redmond?” the tone plain and forthright, as if inquiring whether I have ever visited an exotic vacation spot.

I vigorously shake my head.

“Males seem to expect that of women. Why should not a woman of purpose and determination expect that of a male as well... particularly a beta male? One whose obedience is abject.”

Car warmed, I back from the parking space, hoping the drive will divert attention, the subject matter to change. Gladly it does, Miss Zoey and Miss Marsha engaging in matters of jurisprudence.

Marsha Devine

Having dined, we retreat to the study room, Redmond in tow, Zoey’s turn to tug on his leash. Having been fed, he is returned to the gag. For some reason in so doing, his free standing penis seems to grow firmer.

Such a pervert!

So we walk him, up the stairs, down the hall. I never thought that as a worshiper of Lesbos, the sight of an erect and well engorged male phallus could bring such... well... such inner warmth. There comes a glow knowing that the standing tower of flesh, anatomically designed to penetrate... bring pregnancy... wanted or unwanted... in a way threaten a woman's esprit... is so easily tamed... brought to a mere token for show... a caged zoo animal... growling yet otherwise harmless in its captivity.

Into the study room, there is a table where we can utilize our lap top computers, lay out our notes, study texts, exchange thoughts. We sit, Zoey's knowing to secure the free end of Redmond's leash. As mandated at the Phipps Estate, if not feeling the hand of a guiding woman, the beta male is to be tethered, restrained, bound, secured in some manner.

So we crack the books. Being the maven that I am, I more lecture than learn, imparting both Redmond and Zoey with many tacits of law. Redmond learns to use head motion for responding. I have directed that murmuring into the gag is forbidden. He is not to be heard.

My minx lover on occasion toys with a nipple, his hormonal imbalance making the nubs quite receptive to touch. And this keeps him semi hard for us... if not wagging about in full erection when Zoey leans and blows in his ear.

One hour, two, the time is productive.

Then Eve enters.

"Time for suspension ladies. You can continue studying, but Miss Phipps requires that he nightly absorb the Hindu teachings."

"Retain or pain," Zoey and I find ourselves simultaneously reciting the mantra which is emblazoned on Redmond's hippocampus.

The three of us laugh, Eve going to free Redmond's leash and guide him to the suspension frame... two sturdy vertical posts topped by a horizontal cross piece.

It is so telling that Redmond seems to step onto the low stool with eagerness, parting his legs, docilely letting Eve encircle his thighs with the broad padded straps which will bear most of his weight.

The leash is removed, the testicle chain encumbering his elbow bands as well. The wrists are cuffed, a strap from the cross piece holding high. Then the stool is slid away and Eve works to offer the perfect pose... just the right amount of tension... pressure on the spinal nerves at the pudendum.

The results are spectacular... a turgid manhood... appearing to be a canon ready to fire... an erection that has barely wavered all evening turning to a rod steel.

Stepping onto the stool, Eve puts in place the headphones and Redmond is hooded. That brings disappointment... cloaking his combined look of embarrassment in so showing off... and sheepishness in enjoying his exhibition.

“You ladies can make yourselves comfortable. He cannot see,” Eve pressing a remote control. “And now he cannot hear,” the Hindu lecture evidently beginning.

I look to Zoey who smiles. We both understand that ‘making yourselves comfortable’ is the coded phrase for deshabelle, no modesty needed at the Phipps Estate when the male is so well trussed, blindfolded and deafened.

Such a change from studying in the austere and staid atmosphere of the Cancadia dormitories.

“Maxine?”

“In being neutered, not of concern... and you may wish to use her. She’s learned to enjoy my taste,” Eve provocatively hints. “And not just while being used... for... ah... a lady’s pleasure. She can be convenient as well... for... call it hygiene.”

Zoey and I exchange glances. We have not been orally intimate with each other... for the most part. Rather, we pleasure each other tribbing... quim frottaging quim... in either scissoring or in the missionary position... always playfully arguing as to who will be on top.

As Eve steps to the door, Zoey and I read each other’s minds.

“And if you care not to use the bathroom, Maxine can be of convenience then as well,” stepping out and closing the door, seeming to be aware that tidbit of information brings a degree of revulsion yet also empowering thoughts.

The vivacious and outgoing Zoey immediately stands and begins to disrobe. Such a tease. I refrain.

“You know there are cameras, Zoey,” I caution.

She just shrugs, proudly displaying feminine parts honed to perfection, her workouts evident.

“Had a gymnastics instructor in high school. The bitch often had us doing our routines in the nude. She said it sharpened our concentration. Have not been overly shy since.”

I smile with the thought... some harriidan lesbian getting herself off on a team of naked girls being exercised at her behest.

“Besides, it’s only Taylor. She’s paying the bills. So it can’t hurt to entertain,” a naked Zoey proudly strutting to Redmond’s dangling form. “And if she is in fact watching, I suspect she’s focusing on her boy.”

Zoey reaches to Redmond’s hips. With rare laughter I watch while she guides his freely hanging form and shifts herself about such that the purple tip of an engorged penis greets her breasts. Then she saucily wriggles about her torso, the soft yet firm glands frottaging where the male normally attains so much pleasure.

“Do you think he knows what a treat I am offering.” Redmond deafened, sightless, speechless and for the most part immobile.

“You’re such a tease, Zoey. Don’t make him come. Taylor will have him caned,” gesturing for her to rejoin me at the table.

“He’s trained to only do that on command,” the notion bringing her to smile.

Yes... my command... the thought warming anew.

“Best not to strain what’s been so meticulously ingrained, Zoey. Come. Enough law. Let’s get on the internet.”

Zoey curtails her tantalizing efforts. As she steps to join me, I push back my chair, offering a seat on my lap.

“You are a naughty girl, Zoey. My turn to be on top tonight,” my left arm wrapping about a slim waist firmed by many hours in the gym.

I click to a website for bondage gear, sensing the thrill of her firm yet soft flesh. “Now let’s find a gag for Redmond... inflatable... with a set of attachments for the throat. Miss Phipps gave me her credit card. And you know the spending limit is... well... there is none.”

Redmond Richards

So I hang again in suspension, the calm assertive voice lecturing, repeating and repeating, ‘retain or pain’, ‘retain or pain’. To a degree I am acclimated, having nightly been so trussed during the first semester.

Yet now I must so yield before my classmates, Zoey Roberts and Marsha Devine... naked... the exposure... the vulnerability before my peers... those with whom I should have esteem... is discomfiting. But does there also come heightened arousal?

Blinded and deafened, what is it they are doing? Saying?

Then I feel hands at my hips, swinging me forward. Next there is soft warmth, fleshiness encompassing my erection, confirming that as usual I remain rock hard in my bondage. I am reminded of my early training... the exquisite massage... Miss Eve’s knowing hands bringing me to near explosion. The cane coming to feet and toes as my manhood primed itself to spurt. Later came the fellatio... the accomplish tongue and lips of maid Maxine. Never to completion, again the searing pain to my feet if pending ejaculation was detected.

Now what is it that challenges my ability to retain? Not the firmness of hands. No wetness of tongue and lips. With the frustration of silence there can be no query.

I let my mind stray, thinking about the threat of being constantly gagged. Aware of Miss Taylor's affinity for objectification, it seems such will be taken to new levels. Miss Marsha has suggested I can be so silenced while attending classes at Cancadia! I will be unable to talk! Unless of course a presiding woman decides I have something worthy to say.

Then comes the conversation in the car. Even more horrifying thoughts... that Indiana farm boy Todd is to learn of my submission... to Miss Marsha. And her prognostication that I will want him to know.

If gagged while engaging in group study, how is it he will not know? Cannot know?

My mind begins to race. The notion that I will ask Miss Taylor if I can invite Todd to the Estate. That would reveal everything! The chastity... the forced nudity... the bondage... and what about being used? Those weekend nights of lying spread eagled while Miss Taylor takes her ride?

It will not happen. How is maid Maxine to be explained to a farm boy, naive in terms of complex sexual relations?

As the narrator's voice softens, the volume declining so that my subconscious more readily absorbs the 'retain or pain' mantra, more ominous words clearly come to mind... 'you will want him to see how you revel in your depravity... how so nicely addressed are your needs. How you feel so fulfilled in obediently performing for us.'

How is it Miss Marsha has come to know me... know of my frailties... my so termed needs?

I curse her knowledge... her awareness... her cunning... her readiness to step into the role of... of... of what? Mentor? Keeper? Captor? Yet in mentally berating her, I also find myself thrusting forth my hips, futilely attempting to defy the mantra of retention... to climax without command.

Do I want to perform for her? Or do I want to feel pain? Sadly comes the realization... perhaps both?

Marsha Devine

God, Zoey is so cuddly, so hot, and with her sinewy well exercised body, the pelvic muscles seem to be able to grind away throughout the night. Tribbing to multiple orgasms, I must wonder if our squeals and moans can be heard. But then again... does it matter?

Finally we rest. Having left the television tuned to the closed circuit, augmenting our lustful joy is the quirkiness of watching Eve. Having freed Redmond from his hours of suspension she has led him to his bedroom. Gag removed, there he is to be thoroughly restrained in the Segufix restraint system... institutional cuffs and straps, the extensive cost emblematic of the determination of Miss Taylor Phipps to assure that the beta male is to always sense utter subordination... constant feminine dominion... unending acquiescence.

"It's... it's so... consuming," Zoey notes in watching with me, Eve's hands expertly working to make our boy one with his thin mattress and thick wooden platform. "It must so overwhelming, having to

submit like that... so often... and for so many hours.”

I turn my head, taking her left breast into my mouth, nuzzling then gently suckling. Even her sighs of pleasure are sensual.

“It is best for him, Zoey. You toy with him... it is a game for you. Yet you know he enjoys your cruelty. You need to more enjoy being cruel to him.”

“I... I... don’t... not to that extent.”

“The gag will be here in a few days, Zoey. I’ll want you to put it in place... and decide when to remove it.”

“I can’t...”

“Oh, but you will, Zoey. It is you who began the bathroom escapades in the cafeteria. Such a tease, keeping him naked and feeding his warped desires. And you’ve put him in the bar gag... strapping that in place.”

“But that is for fun... and just between us. We’ve kept the bathroom thing to ourselves. In being constantly gagged at Cancadia, others are sure to know. It will be so degrading for him. And the bar gag... well... doesn’t go inside him... penetrate...”

“Yes, every time you put him into the inflatable gag, he’ll feel the effect of your hand... not only when you inflate it but well down his throat as well, Zoey. Be thinking of you and your caprice every time he breathes. But deep within... is that not what he wants? True submission. And soon it will be to all... to everyone he knows... to ironically announce through forced silence that he needs guidance... the firm hand of a woman... to be made to react... to obey a woman’s command.”

My hand lowers, slipping between her thighs. Zoey expresses reservations, but the moisture of her sex suggests otherwise.

“You heard Eve hint... of Maxine’s usefulness... oral.”

“Yes, for... what did she say... hygiene?”

“Yes, and when using the bathroom is inconvenient,” I remind.

“That’s revolting!”

Zoey’s words are adamant yet contrasted by a smile of delight.

“The gag and attachments, Zoey, the one we just purchased. You did not read of all its functionality. The opening for air... it can also accommodate liquids.”

“Of course. He’ll need to be watered if you’re going to keep him silenced most of the day.”

“It can be more than water, Zoey. We can begin toilet training. With the gag’s throat attachments slipping deep within, inciting the gag reflex, whatever we decide he is to drink will be consumed... readily consumed.”

“He’ll not do it, Marsha. It’s disgusting!”

“He’ll have no choice. And with his predilection... he’ll be most happy in not having a choice. Keep in mind, initially he’ll not taste a thing. But in time he’ll want to... to taste you. In his demented mind whatever a woman offers will be accepted as a cherished gift. Thus you can train a boy like him to enjoy anything. As long as he knows it is of you and he is pleasing his superiors, he’ll taste whatever it is we want him to taste.”

“And that is...”

“What a woman discards, he will learn to relish. Appropriate, don’t you think?”

Our exchange ends as the huge high definition television screen shows that Eve, well finished with the many restraints, meticulously tests each strap... tightening here... tightening there. Then she begins what can only be described as a massage. Not full body, it begins with the thighs... inner thighs... hands working about the pubes... seeming to push the circulation to the male package. Sure enough, in response Redmond’s penis seems to stiffen even more, pointing straight to the ceiling.

Normally thoughts of touching the male organs bring repulsion. But as Eve works at her whimsy, I find the scene of feminine empowerment to be exciting. Redmond must just lie and take it. Perhaps he enjoys... to a point. But I am sure the ‘retain or pain’ mantra repeats and repeats as the massaging fingers work to bring him closer and closer to the eruption he is denied... must deny himself.

So it is really subtle torment... and that brings me to take Zoey’s hand and lower it to my mons.

“You’re wet and getting wetter,” Zoey notes, a finger easily slipping inward.

“And you?”

Zoey giggles and it is my turn to sigh as her palm gently presses and slowly circles about, my clitoral hood stirring the growing bud beneath.

Then comes a lesson for both. We watch as Eve abruptly stops, I suppose sensing near climax. Maxine enters. Eve points to the floor at the side of the supine Redmond. Our maid kneels, lowering to sit on her calves then tilting back her head. Eve then pulls up the hem of her short nurse’s uniform and in a well practiced graceful motion steps forth, parts her feet and positions her mons over Maxine’s face, smothering nose and mouth with her femininity.

“Can you hear her taking Eve’s offering, Zoey? Do you think Maxine considers it to be a reward?”

Redmond Richards

Once again bedded by a woman in charge, it is curious that I now so meekly surrender to her guiding hands... all limbs cuffed... even my thighs, waist and torso to be strapped down. I no longer have any disposition to move even a fraction of an inch. I know it to be fruitless, the straps amazingly encumbering and tight. I am docile, ceding... placing myself in her care.

Then comes the massage which nightly brings me to near orgasm... the culmination of which... to ejaculate... is forbidden. I sometimes wonder just how stiff and thick Big Red becomes. And perhaps it is for that reason the bondage is so strangely acceptable... in my psyche it has become associated with sex... near satiation... forced immobility now a precursor to pleasure however unfulfilled.

Such thoughts... such quirkiness.

And the source of this precursor... the precipitator? The question lurks... then comes to mind Dad's death. His funeral and the visit of Aunt Pam... attorney Pamela Harrison... so bold, so outgoing, so imposing... a woman of such size and strength... physical strength... and more.

With Dad gone, her counsel and assistance came... so graciously journeying to Mom to console her grief... the woman made a lasting impression during her two week stay at the house.

I need to cease confabulating with myself.

The impression. It was that night, a week or more after the funeral. Mom remained somewhat morose but was recovering, sometimes offering a wane smile with Aunt Pam's light conversation and reflective stories of their college years together. They were close, my stepmother and Aunt Pam. When Mom was busy on the phone she even had Aunt Pam dry me after bathing. I became erect before her! Though the humiliation was intense, Aunt Pam seemed to shrug it off... accepting my untoward reaction like real family member. She then teasingly named my organ... I term it Big Red to this day... then dressed me. Yes, Mom and Aunt Pam were close... and I was to learn how close.

All of us go to bed. Sleep overtakes... but not for long. I arise, thirsty. Plus a snack. Yes a snack for sure. I tiptoe down the hall. I note the door of the spare bedroom assigned to Aunt Pam is open. Being a teen, hormones stirring, perhaps there is to be had a glimpse. Does she sleep nude... perhaps a flimsy negligee? Tall, broad shouldered, breasts of enormity, is there a libidinous flash to be pilfered?

I peer inward. There is disappointment. The room is empty. But her absence also brings caution. I exit quickly... even more quietly. She's about somewhere. I am not to be caught spying. To the kitchen. For sure a snack... for sure a drink of juice... my explanation at the ready for any accusations of skulking.

Onward. Then, oddly Mom's bedroom door is ajar. There are sounds. There is busyness such that I can push open a little more and probably not be noticed. I do. I hear murmurs. I hear sighs. I step further within. I stifle a gasp... repress words of shock. Mom is kneeling at the end of the bed. She is blindfolded and otherwise naked, torso pressed to the mattress. Her wrists are bound! Neck ties

secure her to the posters at the head of the bed! Aunt Pam kneels behind her. She is also naked... gloriously naked but for a leather waist belt. I begin to harden. My priapic reaction spurs continued silence... for I want to be unnoticed... I do not want to be seen... I want to gaze... in rapture... teenaged lust. For those breasts... so large... rippling with motion, nipples the size of silver dollars enticingly flipping about. The buttocks... massive... but muscled... well rounded. And such also ripple and roll. For Aunt Pam moves about, hips rhythmically thrusting behind my Mom's buttocks... spearing... attacking. Such force... such energy. She is so strong!

But Mom does not scream... does not object... instead she moans. There is enjoyment.

I watch and watch... there is rapture indeed, my penis fully erect. And whenever the hips withdraw, a cylinder... of rubber... slick with wetness... momentarily gleams in the dim nightlight.

Pubescence blossoming, I have learned of this... internet porn. They are fucking! Rather Mom is being fucked. But Aunt Pam seems to be as gleeful... in an equal state of bliss. The cylinder.... held in place by straps connected to the leather waist belt... it seems to penetrate her as well.

Suddenly Aunt Pam's head turns! I am discovered! Yet when Aunt Pam studies my face... quickly ascertaining my rapt attention... with my silence she surmises something.

The hand forcefully pressing down at the back of my Mom's neck rises. An upraised finger goes to her lips, signaling continued silence. The acrobatics become more impressive as the mechanical thrusting stops not but she gestures for me to step forward. I comply, her finger returning to her lips as I near.

Thinking about that night, the scent of feminine fragrance returns to memory. The cylinder of rubber is not only wet, the friction has brought heat. The coating of essence is musky... so overpowering... both Aunt Pam and my Mom secreting in lust... heavily. By then my nightshirt is fully tented, as one would expect. Brazenly, with my Mom entering nirvana, Aunt Pam continues thrusting yet reaches to the hem of my simple covering just above my knees, slipping her hand beneath then upward between my thighs, cupping my scrotum. She smiles. Having seen me in the bathroom naked and erect days before, there is a degree of familiarity. But now there is more, her fingers rolling about to gently fondle. Her touch is warm, welcomed... yet so firm... so controlling. I should protest... something within tells me to step away. But something stronger wills me to watch. And I want to watch... and I want her to feel me... but more importantly... I want to feel her power... she who so boldly is taking my stepmother.

Then something telling happens. I reach to where my nightshirt covers her wrist. I grasp. It is thick, powerful as expected, my hand barely able to encircle. I guide it upwards to my erection. She lets me. Aunt Pam smiles, shaking her head in a knowing manner... as if expecting my boyish invitation.

With that, Mom screams, her lustful outcry somewhat muffled with her face pressed to the mattress. She has climaxed, her thighs clenching, squeezing the cylinder with fervor. Moisture exudes, her inner thighs sopping wet, the fragrance overpowering.

Aunt Pam ceases thrusting, instead gently stroking me. Finally she speaks... softly. Yet surprisingly her words are matronly intoned, considering the relationship...

‘Andrea, be a good girl for me and be quiet. You’ll wake Redmond.’

The missive is a dual one... silence for me as well... Mom is not to know... to be forever unaware of my presence. And Aunt Pam’s invitation to participate... for me to vicariously sense the Sapphic delight... is a tale never to be told.

Aunt Pam withdraws her hand. I am disheartened when she shoos me away, her face turning... her look threatening. And I realize... my witnessing of the libidinous coupling is never to be revealed. Punishment will come... first from Mom... and more frighteningly... perhaps from Aunt Pam.

Will my discretion ever be rewarded?

I surreptitiously return to my room. I finish myself... I must... exploding with equivalent lust... masturbating to visions of the scene... a memory never to fade. Ironically I stroke just as Aunt Pam told me I would... that all boys do... just as I denied it to her. Yes in a way I reward myself. But I am chagrined to realize she knows what I am doing. And in the afterglow there comes guilt. I convince myself... for spying... witnessing... seeing something I should not have seen... potentially interrupting the heated Sapphic coupling... the punishment will come... it must come.

Yes, the controlling hand of an assertive woman... it felt so good... but so fleeting... and so incomplete in its brash exploration. And I wanted more... more than the hand. I still do... and I have so long castigated myself for such untoward desires.

My recollection ends just as I feel the mattress move. I know it to be Maxine. More testing of the Hindu teachings. Big Red will now endure fellatio... tongue swirling... lips suckling... mouth engulfing... but never to ultimate fulfillment. Worse, the homophobia lingers still, oral caresses from she with a penis!

Why cannot I not stroke myself? Yet should I be allowed to stroke myself? Why do I have this need to so submit? Succumb to women of authority?

Is this the punishment I have for many years come to expect? Come to crave?

Marsha Devine

“Do with him... to him... whatever you’d like, Marsha... as long as he’s prepared for me on Friday or Saturday nights. I may have him... I may not... but he’s to be well bound and fully erect for me... to be fucked at my caprice.”

Chatelaine Taylor Phipps reiterates the one household regimen that is inviolable at the Phipps Estate. In paying for room, board and tuition, the well hung Redmond Richards... and his penis... will be strapped down, stimulated, and ready for Miss Phipps’ unending coupling... the so termed Cowgirl

ride.

The words come as the new gag has arrived, Zoey and I unwrapping at the kitchen table. Eve and Taylor watch as we lay out the various components over late Saturday morning coffee, maid Maxine standing nearby ready to serve at a whim. Courtesy dictates that we explain to Taylor the new level of feminine control to be manifested.

Redmond kneels, leashed to the table. Having been fed, the silencing rubber bar has been strapped in place. It's effective, but too apparent. The new apparatus will be more subtle... and if not equally effective... hopefully more so.

From the shipping box, on the table I lay out a short tube of rubber surrounded by what appears to be a balloon. To be inserted into the mouth, there is included in the package an inflating device, a thinner tube connected to a puffolator... a rubber ball to be squeezed and squeezed to force air through the thin tube. The free end of the thin tube can be quickly and easily connected to a valve in the balloon.

I press to connect and hand it to Zoey.

"You may as well learn this starting now, Zoey. You'll be silencing him... and deciding when he can talk... and eat."

I note Zoey's hand trembles as she reaches to take the puffolator. Curiously, I see Redmond quaking as well, feminine empowerment always tending to excite.

Zoey squeezes, the balloon grows. She squeezes again, the balloon grows more. I am heartened to see her smile, envisioning as do I the expanding ball of rubber inserted into Redmond's mouth.

"How big should I make it?" Zoey so innocently inquires.

Taylor and I exchange glances.

"Make it uncomfortable. Then if he is obedient to you, you can let out a little air in reward," an insouciant Taylor presciently suggests.

I reach forth and disconnect the thin air tube.

"See. It will remain inflated... until you stick a pointy thing into the valve to release the air."

Zoey simply nods. I am encouraged to see a bit of a devilish look on her face. Her initial reservations seem to be wavering.

"And these insertions will... ah... well... both train him and assert even more authority."

I reach into the box, placing on the table numerous tubes of varying length and thickness.

"These can be attached to the inner part of the inflatable tube. Extensions... for the throat. He'll need

to be trained to take them... the gag reflex to be overcome... but when inserted there will not only be constant torment of various degrees... always to feel our authority over him... but such will assure that what is introduced into the opening of the gag finds its way to his tummy.”

I look to see Taylor beaming in glee.

“Good, so he can be well watered without having to end his silence,” the notion seeming to enthrall.

I nod.

“It will take some time for him to acclimate... the reflex thing.”

“Oh I am well aware of that. Maxine was trained for many weeks at the clinic... to suck cock... among other oral skills.”

“The clinic?” I cannot help inquiring.

“For boys who want to be girls. Though with the strict paradigm there it should more aptly be termed... ‘for wives who want daughters’. Expensive but thorough. And you see the results... how docile and obedient Maxine is... and how happy what a once inadequate husband is to serve me... in any capacity.”

I cannot help recalling the exhibition of subservience displayed nights ago, Eve merely pointing to the bedroom floor, raising the hem of her uniform and utilizing Maxine’s mouth in such an abject manner.

Taylor’s words... the envisioned scene... titillate. And to highlight her explanation she gestures and the naked maid prances forth, tiny bells chiming, standing to Taylor’s side, feet parted, hands rising, and manicured fingers folding behind her head. Taylor reaches, a finger tip diddles the tiniest of penises. Her free hand takes one of the longest and thickest of extension tubes.

“Open.”

As Maxine complies, Taylor introduces the tube into her mouth, pushing inward, more quickly than expected. Maxine takes it... no choking, no gagging, and certainly no sign of resistance.

“When I dated bull studs from time to time, Maxine graciously fluffed the boys for me... bringing them up... and performing clean up thereafter. Amazing how she has come to relish the taste of semen.”

Taylor slips out the tube.

“Good girl,” the compliment coming as all at the table look in amazement... some twelve or more inches engulfed without a word or gesture of objection.

“Wouldn’t you like to do that?” Taylor extending an arm, a finger teasingly tapping the nose of her silenced Redmond.

Redmond Richards

I curse the new gag. I am also given to curse the pretty, innocent face of Miss Zoey, time and again commanding me to open and accept the short tube and surrounding ball balloon. Then she clumsily attaches the inflating tube and squeezes the puffolator. As designed, my mouth instantly fills, not only bringing silence but much discomfort.

I fervently murmur my unease... only to bring a smile.

It is the fourth or fifth insertion, Saturday afternoon deemed a fitting time to practice.

“Oh Redmond, don’t fret. You can handle it. And I’ll get better at this... learning just the right amount of air to make you humble and quiet.”

With that she disconnects the inflating tube and pauses, leaving the gag inflated as hands reach to my face, turning my head left and right in assessing.

“What do you think Marsha? I think I’ve got it. Definitely silenced. And enough air to bring constant aggravation... he knows who is in charge... but not filled to the point that it appears his mouth is stuffed with rubber. No look of a chipmunk,” giggling.

Miss Marsha looks up, stands from a large reading chair, and steps to join us.

I kneel naked, for some reason my penis most turgid... I suppose with all the feminine attention... elbow bands secured to the short testicle chain to partially immobilize arms and hands. Miss Zoey sits facing me, my mouth within easy reach.

As Miss Zoey retracts her hands, Miss Marsha moves to stand next to her.

“It is best to maximize what he can take... without too much pain,” Miss Marsha’s hands reaching to also inspect. “And you’d not want the rubber to protrude,” fingers pressing to part my lips. “Quite well designed, Zoey. Nothing shows, but you can easily slip a straw or tube past his lips into the breathing hole.”

I murmur and again hum most fervently, the notion of having to forcibly imbibe and swallow disconcerting.

“None of that, Redmond. Number one, you’ll drink when and what we want you to drink. Number two, it is best for all that you not make silly noises and draw attention to being silenced by supervising women.”

Miss Marsha steps back, hands retreating, arms folding at her chest.

“And number three, you’re as erect as ever. You make indiscernible noises... one must presume objecting... but you enjoy Zoey’s control. Your penis now speaks for you,” the normally stern Miss Marsha offering a quick smile.

I peer downward, chagrined to find it is true. Big Red stands most upright.

“I’ll get the squeeze bottle and a modest throat tube,” Miss Marsha stepping away.

Miss Zoey resumes practicing. A ball point pen, clipped to the folds of her blouse is all that is required to free me of the most annoying bulge of black rubber. Her right hand slips it away as her left hand rises. The fingers part my lips and the point of the pen instantly finds the valve to mercifully deflate.

With a hiss, the fingers pinch, the opening serving as a small handle. The hideous implement is slid away. Yet, despite being liberated I dare not speak. My psyche is being ingrained to silence... physically mandated or not.

Miss Zoey’s smile broadens, her self satisfaction in so aptly removing the gag apparent.

“See, Zoey. It’s still fun and games... though not as subtle as the naked bondage in the cafeteria bathroom. I knew you’d come to enjoy. And sometime you will have to watch me cane him,” Miss Marsha enthusiastic in seeing Zoey step further into her role.

“Oh... I can’t Marsha.”

The more mild mannered Miss Zoey, her dominion over me seeming to be recreational, has not been present as Miss Eve lectures and Miss Marsha callously canes my buttocks. Miss Zoey’s inclination is to toy... Miss Marsha’s to rule... firmly and harshly.

“But you will. It will come. Now gag him. I’ve got a three inch throat tube and some water.”

Miss Marsha hands Miss Zoey the tube. It is connected to the inflatable ball gag. Though modest in length, I know it will be trouble.

“Please no!”

“Redmond, this is why you need the gag. You have no say. Now open for Zoey. I know there’s a cane nearby somewhere.”

There is. I open. Miss Zoey inserts the tube, pressing inward. The deflated ball follows. Miss Zoey connects the air tube. Fingers squeeze. She now knows one initial clench of her hand followed by a more modest gentle squeeze of her fingers and my mouth fills. The timing, the coordination, the nimbleness is impressive.

“That is so quick, Zoey,” Miss Marsha uncharacteristically gushing as the air hose is slipped away.

It is. The ease brings more disconcertion. And worse, returned to silence, I note Miss Zoey’s prideful smile... my downfall, my subservience seems to amuse more and more.

“And you cannot tell he’s gagged.”

With the cheerful observation I wretch, the tube, though short, pressing at the back of my throat, triggering the gag reflex.

Tears form, both the physical duress of sensing the tube deep within and the emotional duress of having to so cede to the directing duo... my law school cohorts... bringing lachrymosity.

“Let him acclimate a little, Zoey, then water him... lots and lots of water,” Miss Marsha handing over a sizable plastic bottle topped by an attached straw.

And so the Saturday afternoon of practice continues. Having learned to deftly gag me, so quickly... just the right amount of inflation to bring constant annoyance without any facial distortion, Miss Zoey learns to water me, the straw of the squeeze bottle slipping past my lips with ease, no biting to resist possible.

Water, water, and more water. And then come the bathroom visits.... urinating on Miss Zoey's command... when it finally comes.

Marsha Devine

It's Monday. I am pleased that Redmond has somewhat acclimated to being constantly gagged. The term 'somewhat' most pertinent. For if I feel he is ever completely comfortable, I will have Zoey inflate with just a smidgeon more air.

He is always to feel a woman's power... and not just within his cock cage... but in his forced silence and penetrated throat as well. The invading tube is now at three and one half inches... and will be slightly lengthened weekly to assure this.

It is heartening how he now so attentively obeys... the distraction of disagreeing or asking for clarification denied him. Not possible to ask for anything... for that matter.

Yes, he's a sponge... listening so closely... and learning so well.

The weekly morning routine repeats, Zoey removing the gag for a quick breakfast then facilely replacing. Cleansing, icing down that mammoth erection, locking it in steel, dressing... all go without incident. In the drive to Cancadia, Zoey has to reach over the car seat to occasionally dab away a tear. I have no manner of knowing whether it is physical discomfort or emotional stress... in not being able to answer... I simply don't ask.

Classes for the day are lectures, no need to for Redmond to speak. On occasion he drools and I must lean from my classroom chair and wipe his chin like a little boy, having denied him any tissue or handkerchief. It makes for a bit of a show, some of the girls smiling in seeing my matronly attention. And I return the smiles wondering if they suspect.

Late afternoon it is time for group study, the guileless farm boy Todd to join us in the cafeteria. Redmond will be expected to speak... to recite. Obviously he will not be able and there will need to be an explanation.

I decide to play it strong.

Zoey and Todd have found a table. I guide Redmond and we sit to assemble. I note Redmond is trembling. It must be so frustrating for him. For I teasingly ask him why... and he does not respond.

Zoey begins, reviewing a case adjudicating legal challenges to a secured transaction.

“Shouldn’t Redmond be reviewing that for us,” Todd interrupts, peering at his notes from our previous group meeting.

“Redmond won’t be speaking today. Nor at any other of our meetings,” my tone plain yet forthright.

“No? Thought we shared the load.”

“I am forbidding him to talk. Zoey and I will pick up for Redmond.”

I smile inwardly, seeing Redmond blush, his trembling not diminishing.

“Forbidding?” Todd somewhat astonished.

“Redmond does what I tell him to do... and will do so very quietly... and obediently,” looking straight into Todd’s eyes.

Yes, I lay it out. There are many weeks remaining in the semester. If Redmond’s submission to me makes Todd uncomfortable, we may as well have it out.

“I... I...” Todd a little incredulous. “When did this...”

“Began at the Phipps Estate. You know we’re all staying there... no longer in the dorms. And there are rules... a certain ambiance... which makes speech for males... not so much unnecessary... but more... guess one would say... annoying. Would you agree with that Zoey?”

Zoey’s look of astonishment, not aware that I would be so blunt, slowly transforms to a smile. She nods, quickly picking up on my intent... to ascertain just how naive... how vanilla... is our farm boy Todd.

“Zoey, I think Redmond needs some water,” planning a demonstration.

Zoey turns to the backpack on the chair beside her, rifles through and extracts the squeeze bottle topped with the straw which is used to regularly assure Redmond is well hydrated. Having practiced much of the weekend, she reaches as Redmond knows to turn his head and face her. Zoey’s motion is deft, the straw aligned precisely to the center of Redmond’s lips, the tip thrust through into the gag’s opening, and her hand clenching vigorously to press into Redmond a sizable squirt of water.

“He’s trained... to take what a woman offers... and silently,” I explain softly but firmly.

Todd seems to cloak his astonishment, Zoey squeezing again to force into Redmond an inordinate

quantity, thirst or no thirst.

“So finish up the case, Zoey. I’ve got a bunch of notes we should go over and a case as well,” my tone that of commenting on the weather, Redmond’s silent obedience to be taken in stride.

Zoey concludes, I go next. Much stuff, I become somewhat pedantic, hopefully my acumen appreciated. It requires time, and when I finish I note our taciturn study mate is squirming. Perfect! Todd having reached some degree of acceptance concerning Redmond’s status, there will come another step.

“Zoey, Redmond needs to visit the little boy’s room. All this excitement seems to have stimulated his kidneys.”

With my suggestion I slide from the bottom of the pile of notes before me a slip of paper, handing it to Zoey as she pushes back her chair. It’s an ‘out of order’ sign for the bathroom door. Zoey will get the message.

Zoey grabs her backpack and, of course, knows to take Redmond by the hand, renewing Todd’s look of surprise. I decide to not only divert his thoughts, but learn a little.

“They’ll be a while, Redmond needs to squat to pee,” Todd’s jaw dropping. “So how was your Christmas break at home. You don’t talk much about the family farm.”

Redmond Richards

I feel all eyes are staring at me. Of course they are not. In truth, as Zoey guides me by the hand to the unisex bathroom, no one looks up from their snack or conversation.

Still, I begin to well up, emotions broiling. My fellow student Todd now has an inkling of how I am kept... under constant feminine supervision. Not all at the Phipps Estate disclosed to him, the surface barely scratched. Yet, will the remainder come? There have been strong suggestions that I invite him to join us... further lower myself... immerse him into... into what?

“Come, Redmond. Stop dawdling. We have to get back to Marsha and Todd... and you know how I want you to perform for me,” Zoey’s tone so innocently little girlish.

Yes I do.

Entering, Zoey points to the stall. Then her hands go to the middle of her chest, parting out to the sides in a gesture to strip. I do, handing her my clothing. As always such are piled on the sink. She then takes the loose ‘D’ clamp from my neck collar and encumbers my elbow bands.

“Good boy. Now sit and wait for consent.”

I comply, the steel of my chastity device conveniently pointing into the bowl. I need to go... Zoey generous as always with the water. But I also need to obey. With the mandated silence, that seems to be much easier than in the past visits.

“I’m going to clean your gag. No talking unless I give permission.”

From her blouse, Zoey grabs the ball point pen, ostensibly for writing, but I know it to emancipate me from my quietude. She slips the point past my lips. There comes the welcomed sound of a hiss, air released. And as so often rehearsed, the tip of the air hole serves as a small handle. I am thrilled when the contraption is gently pulled away, my throat alleviated of the invading tube. I find myself coughing... somewhat gagging with the relief.

“Quiet Redmond. No one is choking you,” Zoey stepping to the sink to rinse. “You may urinate for me,” such a gracious command.

I release.

“What do you think of Todd’s reaction, Redmond? You may answer.”

“He... he... seemed... surprised,” my voice not only straining, but sounding so strange to me.

Then I recall, I have not spoken since Saturday!

“Stop.” the follow up command by now expected.

I obey, fervently pulling on my pubo coccygeus muscles.

“Not as surprised as I would have expected. And there’s an awareness. Your supervision seems somewhat acceptable to him. No words of rebuke. And he did not attempt to obtain concurrence from you. To ask for acknowledgment of your... ah... servitude.”

Zoey returns, stepping into the stall as I struggle to hold. Gag and attached throat tube dangling in her left hand, the right arm lowers, fingers going to my left nipple. She tweaks, she toys, her touch heavenly. Then she leans, again blowing into my left ear.

“Finish for me... like a good boy!”

I do, her warmth, her nearness, so tantalizing, my penis fighting the cock cage with zeal. Why is it I so much want to return to the Phipps Estate... to be not only naked there but be freed to display my erection for the entertainment of the women?

It is almost becoming my natural state!

“At dinner, Redmond, you will be freed of the gag... to eat. I will give you permission to speak. You will then address Miss Phipps... suggest to her that our friend and study mate Todd should be invited... to visit the Phipps Estate.”

With that, the end of the throat tube is pressed to my lips. I know to open. As it is pushed inward I try my best to let the many inches slip down my throat without gagging. I fail.

“You’ll acclimate... just as Maxine has,” Zoey insouciantly suggests, returning to the sink for her

backpack.

She extracts the puffolator and air hose. Within seconds the gag is inflated returning me to silence.

“I’ll take your clothing. Marsha will be back to let you dress,” stepping out of the stall, again leaving me with elbow bands restrained. “Or maybe I’ll send Todd,” the horripilating words coming as she takes backpack and clothing and slips out the bathroom door.

Marsha Devine

Zoey’s thinking so presciently conjoins with mine. She returns from the bathroom.... without Redmond... but with his clothing. And she makes a show of placing the garb on the table, making Todd fully aware.

Of course Todd continues to be incredulous, gawking and finding the need to ask, despite no doubt recognizing that the pile belongs to Redmond.

“Men’s clothing?”

“Redmond’s. He won’t need any covering for a while. It instills our governance... feeds a certain need.”

A stupefied Todd nods.

“When will he get them back?”

“When I decide.”

“Unless you want to take them to him, Todd,” Zoey interrupts to so wickedly suggest. “Just ignore the ‘out of order’ sign on the door.”

No reply. Todd is speechless.

“So tell me more about the farm, Todd... while we’re letting Redmond stew for a bit. A little break from the legal stuff while Redmond’s head swirls.”

I do believe Todd is somewhat shaken... as if witnessing some horrific crime... and not being sure whether to report it to the police.

I am heartened when, to calm himself, Todd resumes chronologically telling of growing up on an Indiana sheep farm, the youngest in the family, having two much older sisters. What becomes noteworthy is when, just as pubescence began to manifest, his mother took a full time job, many hours outside the home in have a long commute. And with his father overloaded in managing a barely profitable farm operation, lean times mandating minimal hired help, from age 11, daily care was relegated to his sisters.

“So you rarely saw your Dad?”

“At night, but too tired to render much attention after a twelve plus hour day.”

“Your mother?”

“About the same. Over an hour drive to and from the only town large enough to pay a decent wage.”

“So your sisters. They watched over you?”

“Yeah, when not working the barn. Spring time... the sheep get sheared... and the young rams... well... you know... become wethers.”

“Wethers?”

“A wether is a castrated ram.”

“And who did that?” I cannot help inquiring, the culling and neutering of the offspring I know to be quite essential to the health and value of the herd.

Todd becomes shy. I cannot help thinking of the token wether at the Phipps Estate... Maxine... husband of matriarch Taylor Phipps.

“My sisters.”

“You did not help?”

“They wouldn’t let me. Said that type of thing was best done by women... that guys get too squeamish... too... well... sympathetic.”

“So you did nothing to help out about the farm?”

More shyness. A pause the words not easily coming.

“I... ah... did a bunch of things... you know... gardening... raising some vegetables... and inside.”

“Housework?”

“Yes.”

“Cleaning?”

“Yes.”

“Meals?”

Todd nods, the admission of being handmaiden to his laboring sisters bringing pensiveness.

“Under whose direction?”

“Well, like I said... Mom worked over fifty miles away... and Dad... well... there’s a lot of acreage...”

“So your sisters were in charge. I imagine they had you in an apron,” my tone one of matter of fact.

“Oh yes,” Todd blurts before catching himself.

I detect something. And I must wonder if Todd’s academic quest is indeed for a law degree or to seek refuge... out from under the women in charge.

“Anything else?” my tone becoming playful in attempting to beguile.

“What do you mean?” the quest stammered.

“Were you permitted to wear anything else besides the apron? Must get quite warm, working in the heat then cooking over a hot stove.”

I look to see Zoey stifling a giggle, Todd’s reddened face and strained words giving something away.

With no reply coming I decide to leave Todd to his thoughts and end what I am sure is Redmond’s apoplectic stay... naked and partially bound in the bathroom stall. I stand and grab the pile of clothing, reflecting on an Indiana sheep farm where emasculating women toil and the young male of the household is a defacto maid... serving with only an apron? Todd’s silence speaks for him.

Nude male servitude. Such a delightful thought.

As I stroll to rescue our silenced study mate, I berate myself for not inquiring of Todd about discipline. Women with the inner strength and determination to remove testicles would certainly not tolerate the unruliness of a teenaged boy.

Such will need follow up.

Redmond Richards

“Make it quick please, Zoey. Naked and bound males are to be seen here at the Phipps Estate, not heard.”

I kneel leashed to the dinner table, not only naked and bound as the wealthy heiress Taylor Phipps suggests but erect as well. Freed of the cock cage, my penis reacts in celebration. Plus there is the instilled desire to please women of authority. I do so by hardening for them. My subservience empowers. So the source of my continued tumescence is both physical and emotional.

Miss Taylor refers to my gag. Since it is time to eat, it needs to be removed. And as Miss Taylor suggests, such a necessity imbues the ability to speak as well consume sustenance.

Miss Zoey nods and smiles. Sitting to my right, she removes the ubiquitous ball point pen from her blouse, as thumb and index finger of her left hand part my lips. Her right hand quickly finds the tiny valve and the air of the inflatable gag is released. The gag and connected throat tube are extricated. It

feels so good, the relief overwhelming. I cough, clearing my throat. Before I can humbly offer thanks, Miss Eve, sitting to my left begins shoveling mush into my mouth.

Spoonful, spoonful, spoonful. I chew and swallow, chew and swallow, chew and swallow. As Miss Marsha, Miss Zoey and Miss Taylor eat in leisure, my mouth becomes a sewer drain.

“Have you started him on any elixir?” Miss Taylor inquires.

“Not yet,” Miss Marsha responds.

“Well, peeing into a bottle can be a little cumbersome... but the results are worthwhile. And when he’s trained to enjoy your tastes, within a week or so he’ll happily oblige in taking whatever you offer... directly. Is that not right, Maxine?”

Maid Maxine, standing nearby in silence, awaiting direction, blushes and smiles. Miss Zoey waves the gag and throat tube at her. Bells chime as Maxine steps forth.

“Clean this up for me, Maxine, and bring it back with the puffolator in my backpack. And hurry, we’d not want to spoil Redmond,” Miss Zoey commands.

“If you don’t mind, Taylor, Redmond does have something to say. He’ll be brief,” Miss Marsha advises.

I swallow, my mind reeling. I do want to say something... don’t want to say anything... and certainly not what Miss Marsha expects. I’d like to beg... for clothing... for dignity... for the climactic relief so long denied... end the retention. But then again, is that for the best?

“Redmond, I have not caned you lately. You do have a request,” Miss Marsha warns.

Yes, Miss Marsha canes... and harshly. And what frightens more is her level of enjoyment. Convinced that discipline and punishment are best for me, she is relentless. And under Miss Eve’s tutelage becoming quite effective in maximizing pain with minimal effort.

She does not tire!

“Miss Taylor... I’d... I’d...”

In not having spoken in days, my words not only falter, but my voice sounds so strange.

“What is Redmond?” Miss Taylor’s patience already worn. “Is it better you just write it down? Assuming I have your elbow bands released.”

Yes, as always, the motion of my hands and arms is greatly restricted, the short testicle chain connecting my elbows together and strung between my thighs to the control ring encircling my penis and balls.

“I’d like to invite Todd again. Here... to the Phipps Estate.”

“The boy who couldn’t make it last semester?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“If he’s a beta male he’ll need to remove his clothing. Since I had Maxine transformed, only my bull studs have been clothed in the house. You of all people know the paradigm for males here at the Estate.”

“I... ah...” not finding a reply.

“I think that can be arranged,” Miss Marsha stepping into the exchange. “There will be an inducement.”

“An inducement?”

“Yes. I can cane him... or Eve can, if he refuses to strip naked for us. And if he strips on his own accord I will have his cock sucked.”

Miss Taylor Phipps laughs.

“Or perhaps both, Marsha. Make his visit memorable. Maxine is superb.”

“Or perhaps, Redmond. Should not every beta male engage in fellatio? It’s not like it won’t come naturally,” Miss Marsha observes in a rare moment of mirth.

All eyes look to me. Curious that I wish I was gagged.

“Is that why you want to invite him here, Redmond? So you can suck his cock?”

The notion brings disgust, my homophobia raging. It is distressful for me to be intimate with Maxine... not even a functioning male. But to have to conversely perform... bring oral pleasure to another guy!

As I begin to quake in revulsion, Miss Zoey reaches down to where my engorged penis tip almost reaches the level of the table top. A single finger greets the purple head and slowly presses downward. To be touched there by either of the lesbian lovers is infrequent. She is sending a message... my stiffness wavers not... the deed repugnant yet something within finds excitement.

What does that say?

Not homophobic, I find no attraction... but in submitting to the demands of an authoritative woman there is strange thrill.

Maid Maxine prances into the dining room, gag, attached throat tube and puffolator in hand. I am grateful to see Miss Zoey take the apparatus without hesitation. And I also without hesitation open widely in invitation, greatly wishing to be silenced... hopefully the subject matter to be changed.

“Oh, he is so nicely acclimating, isn’t he?” Miss Taylor noting my eagerness. “That means another inch to be added to the throat tube... and definitely more thickness, Zoey. If you want him sucking cocks, the gag reflex can be an annoying deterrent to a man’s satisfaction.”

Miss Zoey nods, slipping the throat tube and gag into my mouth, connecting the air hose with ease and squeezing with aplomb. I no longer choke, my throat readily accepting the penetration. This brings knowing smiles from the observing women... and for me... concern.

Returned to silence! It’s so quick... and becoming easier!

Marsha Devine

So it’s Thursday. Another group study meeting scheduled. And Redmond is to invite Todd to the Estate for a weekend of group study. This means permitting speech... which means relieving him of his overbearing gag. That aspect of my plan is troublesome. But Zoey can now so easily slip the confounding expanse of rubber ball and lengthy tubing in and out that Redmond will not for long sense clemency.

Another agenda item, besides the study of law, is to follow up on Todd and his farm duties. Dressed for his kitchen duties... other than in an apron? I so much want to know. And discipline? Surely in being much older and in charge, his sisters would not hesitate to put aside altering the behavior of four legged males to spend a few moments altering the behavior of a two legged male.

Todd’s silence... regarding both certain elements of his farm duties.... and my dominion over Redmond... is telling. Thus to renew the conversation I spent much time last night caning Redmond’s buttocks. To the point that Zoey had to drive to Cancadia this morning with Redmond lying in the back seat trying to minimize the agony of sitting.

The Thursday course schedule is light. Redmond struggles to sit through our only class. Thereafter I find a nook in the school library with a bench seat. There I mercifully allow him to lie in his slide.

I remind him of his obligation, to invite Todd, informing that should he waver, last night’s bare buttock caning will only be a beginning. It’s so frustrating for him to endure searing strokes of the cane while gagged. He so much wants to cry and beg... and he cannot. Thus the emotional turmoil nears the physical.

Otherwise we study in silence. And as I permit Redmond to move about a bit, his squirming seems to lessen, some degree of healing apparent.

With Zoey attending her own classes, I must step into her duties. In my backpack is the squeeze bottle used to hydrate and assure that Redmond is in need of bathroom visits... supervised bathroom visits of course.

So I’ll need to press the straw between his lips from time to time... and squeeze. And I decide that with the initial watering, I will impart on Redmond the new paradigm. I hold it up to the light as Redmond struggles to right himself, knowing to obediently present himself for hydration. Though the plastic is translucent, Redmond’s eye’s immediately picks up on the tainted coloring, the contents not

clear.

“Yes, it’s a little yellow... and it should be. Zoey wants you to learn to enjoy her taste. Hope you appreciate she’s beginning to store things for you. A little sloppy learning to urinate into a bottle.”

Redmond’s eyes widen in horror as I thrust the straw between his lips, finding the opening in the gag. My hand clenches. The flow begins. I deliberately go slowly, wanting him to fully realize what a woman in command can force into him.

“It’s not her full elixir, Redmond. Mixed with a little water. So you can acclimate. But in time it won’t be diluted... and you’ll very much enjoy... not only the taste... but the fact that we can make you enjoy the taste. And that you’ll come to treasure what we cast aside. Even our wastes you will savor.”

Such wickedness. I revel in it.

In nearing completion, I withdraw the straw a little, and press again, leaving a squirt on his lips and gums, assuring for sure he will taste, most of the flow going directly to his gullet.

“I don’t even hear you swallow, Redmond... so open... so eager to take whatever a woman offers you.”

I smile, twisting open the straw cap, making a show of replenishing the squeeze bottle with one of the many spare bottles we have filled over the past few days. Redmond’s supply will be unending.

“Filled this one with my own, Redmond. Less water, more flavor for you. Save that for later,” again holding the bottle to the light, the yellowish tint most apparent.

I look at my watch. nearing 4:00 p.m. it is time for group study, though the discourse will be well beyond the law.

“I’m going to release the gag. You have something to say to Todd. Failure to invite him to the Estate will result in canings which may require many days of recovery. Suggest a Friday night stay. We’ll leave it for Todd to decide whether or not to remain for Saturday night. His decision will be telling.”

I slip a ball point pen past his lips, somewhat clumsily finding the valve, Zoey’s accomplished practice well exceeding mine. But there comes the hiss of air and I tug the silencing rubber and attached throat tube from his mouth.

“You will otherwise be silent. Zoey will gag you later. I do believe a trip to the bathroom will be in order... and I know you so much enjoy the thrill.”

Redmond Richards

I am grateful to be relieved of the gag... not grateful for the opportunity to speak. What I have to say... what I must say... brings the ultimate in concern. My quick and simple invitation... if accepted... will bring the naive farm boy Todd into the quirky world of feminine dominion and male submission.

Such ignominy! Another classmate becoming fully aware of my proclivities! A future colleague in the profession of law aware of my needs!

To the cafeteria, Todd is at a table.

“Silence. We’ll wait for Zoey before you speak. Thereafter I’ll want you immediately returned to the gag,” Miss Marsh commands as we approach the table.

We sit. Todd says hello. Expecting no reply from me, he listens to Marsha’s acknowledgment, then begins to speak... haltingly... his words not readily coming. Something about the family farm... his sisters. It seems he wants to retract or alter something said at our last meeting.

Marsha interrupts.

“Yes interesting, Todd. Padding about the kitchen... bare footed... wearing nothing but an apron.”

Todd is trying to deflect that vision, Miss Marsha drives it further into the open.

“Do your sisters let you later dress... when your mother arrives home... your father returns from the fields?” Todd’s naked servitude now assumed, any denial ignored. “Or do you tend to them that way too, becoming a naked serving maid?”

Miss Marsha cleverly uses the present tense... not ‘did’ you tend them, but ‘do’ you tend to them.

Todd fumbles for words, the subject matter bringing him to blush, his reaction belying any attempt to refute.

“It neither surprises nor brings concern, Todd. Many boys have such needs... enjoy women of authority... need women of authority. And you were disciplined no doubt. The question is your level of enjoyment. I caned Redmond last night. You’ll notice he has a little trouble sitting.”

My turn to blush. But I also note that Todd turns to silence, becoming pensive. Thinking about submitting to his sisters?

“At the Phipps Estate there’s a serving girl... no apron. Complete nudity. Spur any thoughts?”

Todd again searches for words, the awkward moment cast aside when Zoey strolls through the cafeteria to join us.

Greetings are exchanged. Zoey sits. The embarrassment of Todd is quickly reinstated as Miss Marsha tells of the discussion.

“Todd was just about to tell us how he is disciplined at the farm.”

Apoplectic, Todd’s silence becomes stalwart, not even attempting to formulate a reply.

“Well, Redmond has something to suggest, Todd... to ask you. He’s without his gag... right now.

What do you have to say, Redmond? There must be a boy here at the table who wants to talk. Suddenly Todd is silent.”

My turn has come. I have not heard my own voice in... in how long? I clear my throat, for some reason closing my eyes.

“Todd, would you like to stay a night at the Estate? Friday? You are welcome. It’s quiet. We can study...”

Miss Marsha cuts me off.

“He’d like you to come, Todd. Not to study. Redmond has much to show you... to share with you... his cutely striped buttocks just for a start. And I think it will be cathartic for you. You miss the farm... miss your sisters. You’ll be returned to supervision. And it’s quite beautiful at the Estate... an historic mansion... acres and acres of gardens and foliage. Not the same as a farm but secluded. And you can remove your clothing and frolic just as you do at the farm... without the burden of cooking and cleaning. Won’t that be nice? Address certain needs... desires. No sheep... no wethers... but a certain... ah... ambiance. Private. Quiet as Redmond said. And you’ll be pampered. Redmond gets bathed every day... no cares... no responsibilities... except one...” Miss Marsha deliberately leaving that thought to hang.

So there it is... the Phipps Estate succinctly described... but much missing. For one, Todd’s prospective nudity will not be voluntary. And though the ambiance is to indeed be enjoyed... it is debatable by whom.

“I’d... ah... well the dorms can be boring over the weekends. Most guys go home. But no clothing? I’d... ah... need to think about that.”

“Well, do give it some thought. I think it will be good for you. And Redmond would very much like to have you.”

I breathe a sigh of relief. Yet curiously, Todd seems to be intrigued with the idea, I’m sure thinking that the described nudity and frolicking is mutual to both genders. I do hope he does not reconsider.

Miss Marsha opens her backpack, retrieving my gag, the puffolator and a bottle of yellowish water. She openly slides all across the table to Zoey. I blanch with concern. Does anyone notice?

“You’re better at gagging him, Zoey. Perhaps Todd would like to watch? And some elixir. I’m sure he’s thirsty and wants to drink from us... ah... for us. Redmond, before you’re returned to silence, would you like to tell Todd what you’re learning to enjoy drinking for me?”

I demure, immediately standing from the table, not eager to be returned to the gag, but to explain to Todd that I am being trained to imbibe what a insistent woman discards? I can’t find the words.

Marsha Devine

I am disappointed with Todd’s reluctance. But a seed has been planted. And I decide to nurture it

along.

“Todd, you really miss the farm, I know,” watching Zoey take Redmond to the bathroom. “Your sisters... I’m sure they have been very good to you... but firm. Boys need firmness. Particularly when learning to cook and clean and offer servitude. As I said, I cane Redmond from time to time. Brings focus. He’s not the most gifted law student. That’s how boys learn. It’s best for him”

Todd’s look is not one of surprise or shock. Instead his eyes seem to glaze over in thought. My canings, are memories spurred?

“So tell me,” I prompt. “If you are only permitted to wear an apron while working the kitchen, you must be readily presented for bare bottom spankings.”

I use verbiage suggesting that the dominion of his sisters continues. Let him correct me, I think to myself. Let Todd deny what he has let slip.

“No spankings,” the brief reply suggesting he wants to tell me more.

I arise and move to the chair next to him, close enough for him to feel my warmth.

“When you decide to visit us at the Estate... and you will... you’ll tell me all about it... all of us,” taking his hand. “It’s a special environment, Todd. A gynecocracy... women rule. Boys obey. You will not wear clothing... that provides dignity and can be a symbol of power. Things with a penis do not have such at the Phipps Estate.”

My free hand goes to his face, turning his head so he looks straight into my eyes.

“So you were not spanked...”

He needs to talk... needs to tell a guiding woman of his ordeals. But is it because it is missed... he pines to return? So much wants more? Or because he needs to unload.... rid his mind of the dread?

I decide to gauge utilizing the male barometer, my free hand surreptitiously lowering under the table to his crouch. Beneath his zipper I can feel him firm and becoming firmer. He stirs not, permitting my touch. It is welcomed.

“We can make it easy for you Todd. A little injection... assuaging your inhibitions,” aware of the chlordiazepoxide used to calm Redmond for the initial weeks of his introduction to the Estate. “You want to submit... want to offer yourself. Perhaps at semester’s end. Warmer weather. Ms. Phipps has a house boy... a maid really. So no kitchen help needed. But being a farm boy you can work the gardens. Yes, we’ll work you hard... have you sweat for us in the sun... make you feel happy that you are denied clothing.”

Yes, seed planted, watered and fertilized. For when I withdraw my hand, his slacks bulging, it is Todd who is disappointed.

“So you’ll need to tell me how your sisters punished you. Indeed, you want to tell me.”

Redmond Richards

The first year of law school has ended. Miss Marsha finishes at the top of the class, of course. More importantly her brilliance has been recognized by the entire faculty and a summer internship has been arranged, clerking in the chambers of an Appeals Court judge. Such a high honor and privilege is unusual for a first year student.

Miss Zoey, being well tutored in academically riding Miss Marsha's coattails, also finishes well, top percentile. She'll have a more relaxing summer, serving as a life guard at the Jersey shore. I pity the boys who will be futilely coveting her divine physique. She has no use for the male gender other than to tease and torment.

And I am... well... despite the many hours... special guidance with the nightly studies... not quite in the upper half. That's what I tell myself. Guess I should admit it to myself. I'm, not even in the upper two thirds. I want to be an attorney. Yet something within seems to resist, my addled mind performing poorly on exams.

With the academic year ending, Miss Eve has coincidentally finished nursing school, accredited to practice in the medical profession in the United States after her initial training in Haiti.

So with her graduation and the group separating for the summer months, Miss Taylor calls for a gathering... a party... food, drink, and exhibition... male nudity... priapic male nudity.

As always, clothing locked away, I am made to bare myself, elbow bands inhibiting much use of my arms and hands. But I am without the testicle chain, the control ring for my cock cage for some reason removed. I tell myself it is because on Friday nights Miss Taylor most times takes her ride... Cowgirl... reverse Cowgirl... and the ring is ungainly with the deep penetration she so much craves. Yet it is early, and joining our gathering... Miss Marsha, Miss Zoey, Miss Eve and Miss Taylor... will be attorney Pamela Harrison.

So I am perplexed. Leash connected to my collar, never to freely move about within the mansion, Miss Eve gruffly tugs me into the sun porch, the setting sun of late May making the well windowed space seem to warmly glow.

"A special evening for you, Redmond. Miss Taylor will have you ejaculate for us... one last time before you're off to the clinic."

It's been many weeks since I've been relieved of the retention regimen. Miss Eve's words hearten... but thoughts of the summer employment that has been arranged by Miss Taylor at the clinic do not. What will I be doing? Maid Maxine's visit there did not bode well.

"You'll perform nicely for us, I'm sure," her free hand lowering, a knowing finger grazing the underside of my erect penis, bottom to tip. She then holds it up before me, coated with viscous fluid.

"Primed and ready to spurt for us Redmond. Such a randy boy."

Yes, my neglected prostate is in need of relief, the words of Miss Marsha's firm voice... 'come for

me'... not heard in nearly a month.

I note the porch furniture has been rearranged. Chairs and a chaise lounge form a circle. In the middle there is a low table, padded. Not entirely out of place until I note there are eye bolts with 'D' clamps similar to that restraining my elbows.

"Sit down, facing me."

I comply, bare buttocks at the edge, my feet resting on the floor. Miss Eve reaches behind, unclipping my elbow bands then pressing at my chest for me to lie back. When I do so, the elbow bands are resecured to the clamps near the floor level. The leash is removed.

"Wait here. Stay nice and hard," her words always taken as a command.

So I lie. The table supports my head and back. My buttocks hang over the edge. With my legs bent, my feet stay resting flatly on the floor.

"You're going to have quite an evening Redmond... a fantasy coming to life," Miss Eve teasing as she pinches my cheek.

With that, she reaches down, parts my lips and a slim rod pushes inward, deflating my gag. Not feeding time, it is unusual. As she slips it out, I am amazed at the length of the penetrating throat tube. Many months of being silenced, many inches as the constant torment has progressed and progressed.

I am about to express my gratitude when I see Miss Eve raise the hem of her white uniform, cover my eyes with her hand and straddle my head. Only having a glimpse of her charms, I know what will come, aware that Maid Maxine regularly serves her in such a manner.

"Drink from me... enjoy my taste Redmond. It's time. You've been bottle trained long enough."

I have, for many weeks taking both Miss Zoey's and Miss Marsha's elixir through a straw into my gag where such flows freely into me. I suppose I should mentally be prepared for this day. Made to serve as a woman's toilet. And though it revolts, my obedience counters any resistance. I cannot insult. Instead, as her flow begins, I imbibe... I force myself to enjoy taking what a superior woman discards.

"Waggle your erection for me. Show me how much you enjoy, Redmond. Come now, be a good boy."

I pull. I waggle. I am a good boy.

Marsha Devine

"It's been wonderful here at the Estate, Taylor. Thank you for having us."

We gather in the kitchen, sipping Champagne, watching maid Maxine's cute feminized buttocks ripple and roll, seemingly in rhythm with her belled testicles as she prepares hors d'oeuvres. Zoey

reaches and pinches, smiling in hearing a girlish squeal, the bells peeling raucously.

“It’s been good having you ladies. And thank you for assisting Redmond. I’m sure he’ll be better concentrating on his studies with the autumn semester. I’ve found summer work for him which will... ah... let’s say bolster his need to obey and please,” chatelaine Taylor Phipps explains with a sly smile.

“Where is Redmond?”

“On the sun porch. Eve has him well restrained. Pammy Harrison is going to join our going away party and I’ve got a surprise for him... and some entertainment for us.”

With that, Taylor steps forth opening her arms, inviting a warm embrace. I step forth as well ceding to the woman who has been so benevolent... and will continue to be so as Zoey and I... along with Redmond... will return to the Phipps Estate in the fall for the second year of law school.

We hug... warmly. Perhaps too warmly, her breasts pressing to mine. But it is Taylor and I am certainly not put off by Sapphic affection. I also know that on many nights Eve shares her bed. Yet the embrace continues, turning from warm to steamy.

“It will just be us girls, Marsha,” speaking softly into my ear. “Make yourself comfortable for me. You and Zoey. Pammy is one of us... no need for stuffy propriety. And if you’re shy, I’ll have Redmond hooded.”

She releases. I certainly understand the code words... being ‘comfortable’... and that attorney Pamela Harrison is ‘one of us’. I look to Zoey. Having showered after an intense workout she has not yet formally dressed for our cocktail party, just wearing a robe.

“And you know that Maxine is more girl than boy at this point. The last sample I sent to the clinic shows just about zero testosterone,” Taylor continuing her encouragement as I see the outgoing Zoey already slipping out of her only garment.

What can I do... what is there to say? Our generous hostess has paid everything... room, board, tuition. And such will be the case next year as well. So I look again to Zoey and shrug. She nods, in her nakedness agreeing that the suggestion is not out of bounds. Noting the concurrence, Taylor smiles, then in hearing a car under the porte cochere steps towards the foyer.

“It’s Pammy. Maxine, take the ladies’ clothing upstairs. Then bring the hors d’oeuvres, more Champagne and glasses to the sun porch.”

I too bare myself. Tribbing nightly with Zoey, there is no bashfulness with her. And Maxine? Well there is a penis... but otherwise the coifed hair, make up, blue ribboned nipples and glossy manicured nails suggest maleness has long departed.

My clothing is handed over. Any reservations are dispelled when visions of Eve come to mind, so often straddling the maid’s head and face and bringing the instant degradation of assuring thirst comes not. When Maxine prances away, I feel emboldened, the room air wafting over my bareness as I gaze at the fine firmness of Zoey’s perfection.

Our turn to embrace. So sublime.

“We’re expected in the sun porch,” Zoey gently pushing me away.

“Should we have him hooded?” tuned into Zoey’s concern.

“I’m okay. It’ll be quite the tease for him... and you know I like that.”

Yes, Zoey, having been exercised in the nude by that harridan gym teacher, has limited qualms. Guess it is mine that need stilling.

“Come, Marsha,” taking my hand. “We’ll let him have a glimpse. Then you can decide. But we can’t spoil Taylor’s surprise... whatever it is. That wouldn’t be right after all she’s done.”

I have to agree with that, feeling my nipples harden as we stroll. Then in passing from the dining room into the parlor, I see Eve. Apparently Taylor’s suggested state of deshabelle has been relayed, the sinewy nurse... her unrelenting canings belying her slim build... is slipping from her uniform, baring herself as well.

She looks to us and smiles, repressing a girlish giggle, seeming to read my mind.

“He’s well bound, Marsha. Just toss a napkin over his face if he gawks. And he drinks without hesitation. No penis gag needed. I recommend it. You’ve trained him well.”

I return the smile. Maxine will no longer be the only subjugated receptacle for a woman’s excretions.

Passing the foyer, Taylor and Pamela Harrison stand arms extending in greeting. On the floor is a briefcase, evidently brought by the attorney. It appears quite professional, out of place for the social affair.

“You ladies remember Pamela Harrison of course. A friend of Redmond’s stepmother and instrumental in arranging his law school pursuits. Would you mind taking the case onto the sun porch? Take a peek inside if you’d like. We’ll join you in a second. And Eve tells me Redmond appears to remain thirsty. Quench if you’d like. But no Champagne. I’m going to give him permission to ejaculate tonight and I’d not want to dull his expulsion. It will be his last for quite some time.”

Zoey graciously stoops to take the briefcase, the large and imposing Pamela Harrison ogling her nakedness as a child would a candy bar.

“I’ll want you naked as well, Pammy,” I hear Taylor suggest with a degree of firmness as we move on to the sun porch.

Redmond Richards

“Stare at the ceiling, Redmond. If not I’m sure I can find a cane somewhere. And stay nice and hard for us. Eve has graduated, we’re leaving for the summer, Taylor says she found employment for you. So it’s celebration time... a little party... for going away and graduation. And you’re the

entertainment.”

Marsha forewarns, and having so often felt the bite of her rattan bearing hand, I obediently stare straight up, frustrated in having caught no more than a glimpse of the divine feminine nakedness.

I so much need attention... and it is so close!

I hear snaps, having seen Miss Zoey carrying a case before gluing my eyes upwards. It is opened. Then comes laughter.

“Look at all these things. So many... and lots of sizes.”

“You like? I have an office boy... an ivy league law grad... but my office boy... that I peg from time to time. Handy to keep that collection in my office.”

The voice is that of Pamela Harrison, Miss Pamela. In my lower peripheral vision I quickly discern she is equally naked... and alluring as well... but in a different way. So large, so powerful, her mammoth breasts defy gravity. I am reminded of one other occasion... only one... when I gazed more fully at the glands of stone... and her muscling. Thrusting as she coupled with my stepmother, I watched spellbound in youthful lust... the moans, the groans, the slick wetness of a penetrating cylinder... obviously bringing pleasure. Then her gesture to me comes to mind... to step near... her hand gliding under my nightshirt, the scent of feminine excitement filling my nostrils as she fondled.

“So nice and hard for us Redmond. This retention thing serves you well,” the words coming as she more fully steps into my field of vision.

Ceiling be damned, I outright gawk. Caning or no caning I must adore... the globes seemingly sculpted, contrasting an otherwise masculine form, muscled arms, broad shoulders. But then comes distraction, a familiar cylinder of rubber waved before me. It is modest in size, yet she motions with it threateningly.

“You’ve been wanting this since you were a boy, Redmond. And now you’re to have it. It may not be as stout as your stepmother prefers... and not to be used where she most thrills from it. But you’ll have it. And you’ll enjoy. To submit, to yield, it pleases me... and in taking it you will please your classmates. And boys like you enjoy pleasing... reveling in the subjugation.”

The rubber phallus disappears from view, a hand extending towards Miss Zoey and Miss Marsha.

“Have a good look. Choose a bigger one if you’d like,” my mentor handing the dildo to Miss Zoey.

I disobey Miss Marsha’s edict, glancing fully. Such a divine form, so athletic, so trim, effeminately proportioned by comparison. Miss Zoey takes the cylinder then reaches to place her hand over my roving eyes.

“You’re cheating Redmond... naughty, naughty. Eve says you’ve taken well to the bottle training. And you’re probably thirsty... all this excitement. And you’re secreting for us.”

I'm sure my erection remains oozing. But before I can acknowledge, I feel Miss Zoey straddle my face just as did Miss Eve. Warm redolent labia pressing to my lips, within moments comes a flow, hand remaining in place to impede any view.

"Take it all, Redmond. Your training is complete. You're toilet trained... a submissive, toilet trained beta male. And what is so telling... it's been so easy," the voice that of Miss Marsha.

I do take it. Why? Do I want to exhibit my degradation, announce to all the decimation of my self esteem?

And of course the taste... it is now so familiar... so acceptable. Something I want?

"Well, well, it seems you girls have been quite focused over the past few weeks. No gag, no throat tube, and he takes from you like an open sewer," Miss Taylor apparently joining the group. "Good boy, Redmond. Marsha, has he tasted you this evening? Have another glass of Champagne. And Pammy, I'm sure he'd like to sample you as well... you being the catalyst for his perverse needs."

Miss Taylor knows! Knows of that fateful evening... my watching the Sapphic coupling... knows of the groping hand beneath my nightshirt. Yes the catalyst for later masturbation... and more... for a life long decadent desire for... for what?

"Now Redmond, when I take a boy, I like to look into his eyes, sense a boy's thrill... sense the surrender... sense the curious discomfort of prostate manipulation combined with the joy. They want it... they don't want it... the humiliation. Ah... and to have to yield... it so nicely abases. But afterwards... there comes the realization that you'll want more... more and more fanny fucking."

Miss Zoey completes her deed, arising to quickly step out of view as I return focus to she who both excites and frightens. Pamela Harrison stands over me, smiling in seeing me lick my lips, savoring Miss Zoey's effluent. She offers an unabashed view of her form, leather belt strapped about her waist, rippled abdominal muscles evidencing either extensive workouts or much exercise in fucking with her strap on.

"For boys, it's the decubitus position, Redmond," lifting my legs with ease. "No doggie style. You can look into my eyes as I take you, ram home a phallus of my own. Oh, in having a virtuous opening, won't this be fun ladies!"

I glance about. There is an audience. My benefactress Miss Taylor, her bisexual lust fulfilled with Miss Zoey and Miss Marsha, both naked... and with Miss Eve, now joining in the party in equal undress. Does my stiffness grow? It throbs. Such intensity. Indeed such abasement!

Yes deep within I have pined to sense the power of Miss Pamela Harrison. But not like this. Not displaying to so many my submission... my allure for feminine dominion.

Must it be like this?

"You have my permission to ejaculate this evening, Redmond. Retention to end on command... Marsha's command of course. And make it good. You're due to begin employment at the clinic in a

couple of weeks... and there I suspect the command will never come,” Miss Taylor advises as legs bent at my waist, thighs turned upwards, my calves press to my assailant’s chest, disappointingly covering her breasts.

With my buttocks at the edge of the table I can feel the warmth of Miss Pamela’s quim, dildo not yet in place. Hands go to work, the left grasping my testicles, pulling forcefully, my glands becoming a handle. She reaches out with her right, Miss Eve’s coal black flesh rarely seen. The nurse squeezes onto her hand a dollop of unguent. I know where it is to reside.

“We’d not want your nurse to have to suture your boy pussy, Redmond,” such crass words. “So a little goop... a little prostate massage... open you a little... make you ready for me... me and my friend.”

Elbow bands secured nearly at the floor, I cannot move, cannot resist, cannot avoid being so shamefully used. Fingers glide about, greasing my crevice, finding my opening. I watch in silence... obedient silence... the many weeks of being gagged obviating the need to speak... but also diminishing the inclination to speak. Once again I am an object... to be used. I note from the leather belt hangs a patch of leather with an opening just at the entrance to her portal.

“Pick a good sized one ladies. Your choice. Decide how challenging you want to make it.”

I hear giggling. Finally a wondrously naked Miss Zoey momentarily steps into view, double dildo in hand, a ridged lump at one end to offer Miss Pamela delight, at the other a frightfully long cylinder to penetrate me.

“Number 3. A good choice, Marsha. Have not used that in a while. Have my office boy up to number 6 at this point,” Miss Pamela uncharacteristically cackling.

Right hand retreating from my anus, she takes it, lubricated fingers gratefully applying unguent to the shaft. Then she adroitly threads the tip through the opening of the leather pouch resting at her mons, pressing the ridged lump into her love nest. Miss Pamela now has a penis.

“Oh, that feels so nice... and is about to feel nicer,” another cackle.

The hips move forth, the dildo tip grazing my cleft. Then the tip is aligned. I close my eyes... in shame?... in exultant expectation?

“Open your eyes and watch me, Redmond. Watch as a powerful women fucks you. Enjoy. And do not come. That’s for when we decide... when Marsha commands. And then you will spout for us like a whale. And don’t say anything silly... like ask to be touched or stroked. You know it won’t happen... never happen under the gynecocracy of the Phipps Estate.”

And so it begins. Sodomy. Mammoth hips thrust, thigh muscles contract. I am penetrated, a piece of meat to be poked and prodded. I quickly glance about seeing the smiling faces... Miss Zoey and Miss Marsha embracing... breast to breast... hands to each others buttocks. Miss Taylor watches with glee, diddling the crinkled nipples of an excited Miss Eve.

But then I look back. I must watch Miss Pamela. I must take in the woman's joy... offer myself to her... work to please... listening as Miss Pamela directs... rhythmically opening myself and then contracting to maximize her pleasure... a woman's pleasure... a controlling woman's pleasure. It is for me to give... to yield... to succumb.

Will the command to erupt come? Do I want it to come?

Epilogue - Redmond Richards

It is summer at the Phipps Estate. Miss Marsha and Miss Zoey are gone until September. Miss Eve continues to reside but in finding employment as a nurse... part time... spends much less time at the mansion.

Gratefully, that means the threat of a caning is much reduced. Yet ironically in being so trained in abject obedience, it is less needed.

Also making caning unlikely is summer employment... at the clinic... for boys who want to be girls. Conversely, the prospects there are of great concern, for I will be bedded at the clinic during the week, returning to the mansion on Saturdays and Sundays... I must presume so Miss Taylor can have access to me... my erect ten inches... and take her ride.

Retention has resumed, Miss Taylor has promised it will seemingly be unending. And so as I drive to the clinic for my induction... new employment... I try to calm myself, my mind straying to the night some two weeks ago of my last eruption.

Climax at last! The memory is both satiating yet horrifying.

Miss Pamela Harrison, as expected, fucked without respite. Ah the joy, the look of triumph in her eyes, her thrusting powerful and complete, the dildo slipping inward to the hilt... time after time after time. In my mind came the words of warning... the retention mantra kept repeating... retain or pain... retain or pain... Big Red untouched yet so stiff... so much in need.

So embarrassing to comply to her directives, squeezing myself closed to maximize her pleasure with every stroke...opening myself to permit the ease of withdrawal... so she could thrust again and again.

As with the telling night many years ago, at my California home, the sun porch filled with the scent of feminine excitement, Miss Marsha and Miss Zoey's heated embrace becoming a lustful precursor for love making, Miss Taylor going to a chair where the lithe and sinewy Miss Eve straddled her lap, hands and fingers touching, caressing, kneading to bring moans, words beseeching for more.

Miss Pamela's left hand remained grasping my testicles, using such as a lever, her free hand occasionally reaching to tweak my nipples when not pressed beneath the leather pouch, presumably working her love bud.

On and on, when not looking into the face of my sodomite, a glance downward showed a steady stream of pent up male essence from my neglected bulbous penis tip, my glands primed, oozing in preparation for the command I so much wanted to hear.

Finally Miss Marsha broke free of Miss Zoey's heated hug, stepping to me. I looked to her, my eyes imploring. She touched me, more nipple play. Miss Pamela nodded to her, sensing something, a finger loosening to rub my perineum.

"Would like to show off for us, Redmond?"

"Yes, please Miss Marsha. I don't want to be caned... but I so much need..."

"Yes, you do. Make it nice and powerful for us, Redmond. When I say 'come'... I want you to explode. Maxine's in the corner waiting for you. She so much wants to taste your spunk... what she can no longer expel. So give her a nice big offering."

She speaks... but not the words I so much need to here.

"Okay everyone. I'm going to have Redmond spurt for us... just as he's trained to do. Make it big Redmond... it will be a long time before the command comes again."

There is movement. All seem to gather, circling about. All wish to witness my ignominy... the ultimate in male subjugation... to have such a basic and much desired male function subordinated to a woman's caprice.

But the command comes not... and Miss Pamela stops.

'Please', I think but dare not say, 'let me explode'.

Instead there is pause... there is silence... there is not penetration. Miss Pamela's sordid offering of faux cock is no more.

"Come here, Maxine. Redmond has something you're going to enjoy," hearing the testicle bells tinkle.

And then finally... "come for me, Redmond. Be a good boy."

I do. I am. I retain no more. There come gobs and gobs, I pull with those muscles... hearing the giggling, seeing the smiles, hearing the laughter, my orgasm ruined, any sense of ecstasy so distant... so incomplete.

I arrive at the clinic, new thoughts arising. What will the summer bring?

End

Sequel soon to follow - look for 'Summer at the Phipps Estate' sometime in July, 2019

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed. Chris_Bellows@hotmail.com

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