

A Summer at the Phipps Estate

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by Chris Bellows

Prologue - Redmond Richards

I stand as directed in what I am told is a specimen room. As always, I am naked, the paradigm for the so termed beta male demanded by my benefactress Miss Taylor Phipps extended beyond the plush historical mansion of the Phipps Estate. I am also gagged, my mouth filled with an inflatable rubber pouch, my throat deeply penetrated, the gag reflex teased and in need of constant suppression. Though my penis is freed, my elbows bands are clipped together behind my back, immobilizing my arms for the most part, perhaps a straying hand able to touch my penis... but I dare not try.

The summer begins, no law classes. With no academic pursuits Miss Taylor has mandated that I will not lazily strut about the house and grounds of the Estate. And since my stepmother has sold the family home and is traveling extensively, I cannot return to where I grew up in California. Therefore summer employment has been arranged... and I am most apprehensive. For I am to subordinate myself to the staff at the clinic. The facility has no official name... none that I know of... but is euphemistically referenced as a place for boys who want to be girls!

My apprehension is well reasoned!

Yesterday, upon arrival, I was led to this elaborate medical room where I surrendered my clothing. I suppose I should have been heartened when I found that a pretty young nurse had the key... perhaps a duplicate key... to my formidable Steelworxx chastity device. Hands obediently going to the back of my head as so often dictated when naked in the presence of a woman, I parted my feet to present my male package. My steel neck collar and the matching steel bands about my biceps just above the elbows went unnoticed as the nurse unlocked me and with aplomb slid away the cock cage... not quite as quickly and easily as Miss Eve... but with a knowing hand... smiling as the bulbous tip of the catheterizing tube brought the usual discomfort in exiting my urethra... my flinch deemed to be amusing.

Graciously the control ring encircling my penis and scrotum was also slipped away, the posts ensuring snugness unscrewed. Thus I was presented to the pretty nurse for inspection... my only covering the humbling steel loops of Miss Phipps' permanent bondage.

Of course I hardened for her, penis steadily engorging, the injections and ongoing chastity fostering a physical need, the many months of training at the Phipps Estate imprinting on my psyche the demand to politely offer the tribute of a firm erection to women of authority.

She commented, the size of my penis impressing, stating that most beta males at the clinic were very much undersized. Otherwise my stiffness was ignored... certainly not discouraged... but as with my nakedness, curiously acceptable... considering the girl's age.

Yes young... yet so experienced in handling the priapic male.

She commanded... smiling but firmly insisting... that I present my hands.

When I did, about my thumbs came small steel bands, similar to hose clamps. Such were tightened with a special device, the knuckle to hold in place. When completed I noted such held small rings. More implements of bondage!

Next I was led to a chair, to be described as that found in the office of a gynecologist, and strapped in place, laying back with thighs, legs and feet in stirrups... parted to the extreme. Thereafter, the nurse examined me, her touch knowing, no part of my hairless body escaping her palpating fingers. It was embarrassing... it was humiliating... yet it so much thrilled... the hardness of my penis not wavering as I was made to submit to her... warm hands palming my testicles... thumbs rubbing about... my plums seeming to become a treasured sacrifice.

‘So nice, Redmond. So big... so strong... yet so meek and eager to yield to me. I hope you enjoy your summer here... I know I will.’

With a final acknowledgment, that the doctor would soon visit, she departed, leaving me to curse my demented reaction. She excited me... and she knew it... knew of my predilection... knew of my joy in offering myself... and used it for her enjoyment.

So I just lied in the chair, feet well above my head, the exposure extreme, my thoughts rambling wildly in fright... so well bound, forced to fully succumb to the doctor of the clinic... for boys who want to be girls...

My thoughts are interrupted when another nurse enters...

Redmond - The Masturbation Nurse

In comes a woman of maturity, her appearance that of a great aunt, gray hair, fully sized though not obese, smiling jovially. She carries a tray, setting it down on a small table.

“I’m the masturbation nurse, Mr. Richards... Redmond. I extract sperm samples.”

Clinically attired in the crisp white uniform of the clinic staff, covering at the waist and rising to just below prominent breasts is an apron of matching white rubber. It is smooth and shiny, gleaming in the room light.

“I’ll want you nice and hard for me. And I see you’re already offering a woman a proper greeting.”

I am. For some reason I am shamefully stiffening. Just being in the presence of a fully clothed woman of authority has come to excite.

Damn this chastity! Damn this conditioning!

She circles her finger in the air, silently instructing me to turn. When I do, she unclips the double 'D' clamp holding together my elbows.

"We find that the reverse prayer best satisfies a boy's need for restrictive bondage. A little uncomfortable at first. But you'll become accustomed to it... and enjoy the sense of helplessness and humility."

She draws back my forearms. I cede, letting her position my hands to my back, elbows folding as she lifts, taking a hold of my thumb rings and directing to the back of my head. There such are attached to my neck collar. And when the double 'D' clamp is returned to tightly bring together my elbow bands, I find the woman is correct. The so termed reverse prayer is quite restrictive... and much more than a little uncomfortable... ligaments strained... my chest thrust forward.

"Enhances your sense of submission to me... does it not Redmond?" hands pressing to my hips to turn me toward her.

I must agree, humbly nodding.

"Now, you're going to ejaculate for me. In reading your file, I think you'll enjoy that... so much in need. But you will only discharge at my command... as you have been trained," fingers toying with my nipples to demonstrate my complete vulnerability.

Gag in place, I nod... vigorously. With the dogma of retain or pain drilled into my psyche, to end many weeks of denial is certainly welcomed. But for being ridden by Miss Taylor... Cowgirl... reverse Cowgirl... my penis has been untouched other than for the placement and removal of my cock cage.

I so much need relief!

"I have a very special and intimate manner of bringing a boy off. You be a good boy for me and I'll treat you. Be obedient for me."

With that, the masturbation nurse hikes up her skirt exposing the smooth warmth of voluptuous thighs... sizable but shapely. She then sits on a high backed wooden chair and reaches to the tray. Opening a tube of unguent, she generously lubricates her hands then beckons.

"Come. Straddle my legs, sit on my lap facing me. I always like to look into a boy's eyes as I work him. Your face will tell me where you're at. Lets me read a boy's thoughts."

I comply, my eagerness not to be disguised. And as expected, in lowering myself, the warmth of her bare flesh is so welcomed. Also welcomed, just as the young nurse so brazenly palmed my scrotal sac, the left hand of the masturbation nurse grasps my testicles, squeezing firmly... not only guiding me downward but sending a message of feminine control... that her hand can offer subtle pleasure... or agonizing pressure.

"Good boy," her condescending comment coming as her right hand slips under her left, the gooey fingers working about my gluteal cleft, finding then lubricating my anus.

“You’ve been cleansed daily. A nice long and high enema administered by your nurse. A stout enema nozzle according to your file. So I know you’ve been nicely opened here,” the observation coming as I moan into my gag, one finger then two pressing inward with embarrassing ease.

Yes, I have been opened... there.

“So we’ll find your little gland... no doubt swollen and in need of attention. And I’ll amuse myself in fondling your balls... while you do what you’d like to do. What you so much need to do.”

With that, both hands pull, forcing me to slide a little further forward on her lap, the intimacy progressing as my penis... now rock hard and pointing to the ceiling... presses against the smoothness of the white rubber apron.

I moan again, now with the pleasure of frottaging the hyper sensitive, long neglected underside of my penis tip against the cool smooth apron which rapidly warms... my body heat as well as hers.

“So show me what naughty boys do. Don’t be too shamed. I’ve masturbated hundreds over my many years. And this is how subordinate boys most like it.”

The words are most apropos... for it is indeed shameful, sitting on the lap of a woman older than my mother, absorbing the warmth of her skin, feeling the controlling grip of one hand, sensing the fingers of the other deep within.

She is expert, kneading my prostate, gleefully squeezing my manly plums. But the most needed touch... is denied. No direct stimulation. It becomes apparent that the ultimate pleasure of penile manipulation is mine to initiate... that I must work myself... it is not to be given.

“Come now, Redmond. You know you want this... to hump your nurse’s apron. You have my permission. And yes it is humiliating for you. But that is how you most enjoy it... performing... showing off... displaying your subservience... reveling in your subjugation.”

Such curt words... yet so appropriate. For I do need to extend the joy... the pleasure. I thus thrust forth, pressing my penis into her apron.

And it feels so good... so smooth... the warmth seeming to glow.

“Yes, wriggle about... a little to the right...a little to the left... up... down... back... then forth... come... jerk yourself off for me.”

I so move about, cursing myself, for my abeyance... for my need to do exactly as she suggests.

She has masturbated many... that is assured... for I simulate copulation... fucking and fucking against a garment of latex... rhythmically pressing into her... into the hygienic purity of her rubber apron.

“Oh your are such a good boy! You’re getting very close, aren’t you Redmond? Very near

ejaculating for me. You want to soil your nurse's apron. You just need my permission. To discharge upon a woman's command. That's what boys like you do... so much enjoy... to perform under direction... like a trained circus beast."

I nod, my fucking motion fervent. I sense pending explosion. And she senses it too... her gripping hand encouraging motion, the penetrating fingers wriggling about but also assessing.

Yet... the retention... the dogma... night after night in suspension bondage... retain or pain... I cannot come... not without the directing words of a woman.

Finally she speaks.

"Come for me, Redmond. Become my fountain. Spurt! Rid yourself of all that nasty male effluent. Go ahead... pull on those little muscles. I want to feel you come for me."

One final thrust. I indeed pull. Yet nothing happens. I thrust again. Nothing. The masturbation nurse senses my attempts... then she begins to cackle.

"So long locked in chastity... so long denied. Yet when I tell you to come for me... you can't. What's happening Redmond?"

I thrust again and again. It's the sneeze that just won't come... so close... yet so distant.

I continue wriggling about. With a wry smile the hands withdraw.

"Enough Redmond. You'll wear yourself out. Dr. Gehorchen will be pleased to learn her injections worked. She rarely misses. And the clinic psychiatrist will counsel you."

The hands push me away. The futility of my efforts ends as I rise from the lap of the knowing masturbation nurse. She remains seated, the index finger of her right hand extending, pressing the tip of my rock hard erection and slowly pushing downward.

"There may be a time when I will have you truly discharge for me. You'd like to perform for me, I know. As do all the little boys here at the clinic. But this has merely been an experiment... a bit of a ruse to assure the injections properly manifested."

The finger withdraws and my penis comically snaps upwards, smacking just below my navel.

"Go to the corner of the room, face the wall. A nurse will come in and guide you to Dr. Rosen."

I so move, my mind addled, compliance to feminine authority long instilled, the masturbation nurse departing, leaving me in disconcertion.

What is happening? I wanted to come... I was told to come... and I couldn't!

To the Psychiatrist - Redmond

The room door opens. Entering is the pretty young nurse, she who so embarrassingly explored with her hands and fingers before my brief encounter with the doctor.

“Turn for me, Redmond. I’ll take you to see Dr. Rosen.”

I obey, my penis remaining somewhat engorged. She looks down, smiling, arms folding about her chest. I note that at her right wrist a metal baton of some two feet hangs from a strap.

“Come now, Redmond. I know you’ve been masturbated, but certainly you can offer me a proper greeting.”

I can. And I do, the encouraging words not needed as I feel full erection returning. More concern, more confusion. Why am I so eager to stiffen yet unable to ejaculate?

“That’s a good boy,” the smile beaming as she steps forward, her free hand wrapping about my upstanding firmness.

“We don’t get many ten inch males here... not beta males anyway. So you may as well show off for us.”

The nurse leads, I follow, out the door. I am reminded of my first visit to the Estate, Miss Eve directing me through the unknown mansion utilizing my penis as a leash.

Into the hall, though the journey is brief, the sights impress. Nurses in uniform, young males without a stitch, all in make up, hair coifed, effeminately prancing about in a manner antithetical to their age. Apparent adults, but appearance and behavior contrary.

Little time for evaluation, we enter an office, a sign suggesting it is that of Dr. Rosen.

“Redmond Richards, Dr. Rosen.”

Sitting at a large desk of dark wood is a woman professionally attired in a dark blue business suit. Short light brown hair, even features, she appears trim. She is attractive, not stunning, the attire suggesting a woman of purpose, perhaps dressed to intentionally distract from her beauty.

“On the stool. Position him for me. Remove his gag.”

The words are not barked as a command, but firm, leaving no doubt that the woman is in charge. And I am heartened to have removed the gag, the deep penetration constantly titillating to trigger the gag reflex.

Dr. Rosen returns to reading files, many folders piled on her desk. The nurse tugs to a low stool.

“When permitted to sit in the presence of a woman, the protocol at the clinic is to always maximize your exposure. So feet back, knees parted. Think of it as offering your penis and testicles,” the nurse lectures.

It's ungainly, lowering myself onto the hard wood and adjusting feet and legs as mandated. As the nurse pokes and prods to assure compliance, it feels like I am in a position of offering prayer, almost kneeling, my thumbs remaining secured to the back of my neck collar.

"Good boy," the compliment coming as for some reason I seem to further stiffen.

Next the nurse takes from her pocket a simple rod of metal. It is incongruous that something appearing so innocuous can offer such welcomed relief. For the fingers of her left hand part my lips, and the right hand slips the tip of the four inch rod into my mouth, deftly finding the valve which releases air, deflating the ghastly ball which silences me. Then fingers pinch and slowly slip away, the long penetrating length following.

"You're convincingly silenced, Mr. Richards," Dr. Rosen notes, the penetrating tube quite stout. "And you will remain silent until I direct you to speak."

I nod, repressing the desire to graciously offer thanks.

"Sleep okay? The Segufix restraints are severe, but I believe you have acclimated to such at the Phipps Estate."

I nod, the system almost a duplicate of that into which Miss Eve binds me each and every night.

"I am the clinic psychiatrist, as I am sure you by now are aware. I've been evaluating you for summer employment. Plus your own... ah... benefactress wants us here at the clinic to assure that certain attributes detrimental to your standing at the Phipps Estate have been adequately addressed. And I suppose you are due some answers as well."

A slip of the tongue? Did she begin to use the term 'owner'?

"I've been reading about you. Everything there is to know about you is on this desk. Your mother... stepmother... was interviewed by satellite phone. She's somewhere in the south Pacific on a year long world cruise. In reviewing the transcripts of the call, I would judge her to be a passively dominant woman. Says here that she bathed you well into your teen years."

I nod.

"Did you object? You may answer."

I demure. For it is true, and with the embarrassment of so enjoying, I never told anyone... not my closest friends. I always felt the many Saturday night baths were an intimate thing between my widowed stepmother and me... offering myself to her, in a way alleviating her loneliness with a form of male companionship... completely non sexual. Yet now she has told of it. How much of it?

"No. No objection," my words raspy, throat worn.

"So you enjoyed it. Exposing yourself, at an age when most teens are shy."

“It seemed... natural... and harmless.”

“Yes, natural for a boy of your predilections. Really, Mr. Richards... I’ll call you Redmond... attaining an erection... in front of your mother?”

“Stepmother.”

“Stepmother. Yes, I know. So in your mind such conduct is ‘natural’,” the term somewhat mockingly enunciated.

I blush, visions coming to mind of my stepmother tenderly cleansing me... everywhere... with hormones raging, my priapism spontaneous.

“And then you posed for her,” Dr. Rosen holding up photos of me exiting the shower, hands to the back of my head, obediently turning about then bending, the pictures sent to Miss Taylor Phipps to become the catalyst for law school and my sojourn at the Phipps Estate.

“Miss Taylor Phipps has nicely submitted detailed records of your stay at the Phipps Estate. No clothing... ever. And your affinity to submit to the rather exacting care of her nurse is telling. As well as your relationship with your law school classmates... Marsha Devine and Zoey Roberts. That you allow them to cane your bare buttocks.”

“I don’t... don’t allow...”

“Oh but you do, Redmond,” Dr Rosen grasping another piece of paper. “Six foot three, 250 pounds,” she reads. “And you beg like a little boy... cry like a little boy... kneeling for punishment without resistance.”

Dr. Rosen pauses, skillfully letting the shame of my submission further fester.

“It’s all here, Redmond, your escapades as a beta male well documented, the ongoing retention, to be interrupted only when commanded to ejaculate, your chastity, the conflicting sentiment concerning Miss Phipps’ husband and maid... a very accomplished product of the clinic by the way. Your homophobia when fellated by her.”

I am shocked... and disheartened... so much documentation... the disclosure of such antics having the capability of ending my legal career before it begins.

“I could go on and on, Redmond. It’s quite a bit of reading... the affidavits of Miss Zoey Roberts. and Miss Marsha Devine quite prurient... having you strip naked in the cafeteria bathroom...”

My heart sinks. I am emotionally exposed as well as physically.

“They are very much amused by the suspension bondage I should add. Young women of their ilk find smug comfort in seeing the disdained gender so vulnerable and helpless. No still photos of that. Taylor Phipps submitted to us videos. Amazing how stiff you become.”

The humiliation intensifies. I know there are cameras. I did not know there are video recordings.

“But enough of that. Suffice it to say, Redmond, that we know everything about you... you and your depravity... your warped proclivities. But you should be cheered to know such attributes make employment at the clinic possible. Even the fact that you’ve been toilet trained. Such sordid servitude. But from the information I’ve reviewed, you’ve come to enjoy a woman’s effluent. This Marsha girl states in her affidavit that you seem particularly enthralled with her taste.”

Yes, but more that it pleases her for me to take from her what she discards... and relish it. And I so want to please.

Damn this predilection!

“So we can accommodate that need. You’ll not go thirsty. Many nurses... much delight in subjugating you.”

Dr. Rosen leans to her desk, elbows down, arms upright, resting her chin on her folded hands.

“Let me explain what we do here. There are males who have latent desires for change... gender change. And there are certain women... and men... who wish to not only cultivate such change but... ah... let’s say augment such change... to the extreme... to permanency. For a considerable fee, we ensure transformation not only takes place, but is done in a manner most pleasing to the own... ah... benefactress... benefactor.”

Again, a slip of the tongue... owner!

“Yes, we assure the latent desires... sometimes expressed... sometimes well concealed... are turned into talent... and that there is inclination to please... strong inclination to please... whether the boy likes it or not,” the latter greatly emphasized.

“Likes it or not?”

“As I said, sometimes the latency is well hidden... obscured in confusion. That’s why we often neuter. It speeds the process. Mandates acceptance of life’s new role. No going back once a boy is snipped,” Dr. Rosen’s tone both flippant and calloused.

Maid Maxine comes to mind, testicles dangling in Lucite, bells announcing for all that she has succumbed.

I begin to tremble. What will my role be? Still, in glancing downward I note my penis seems firmer than ever.

“One aspect of the talents we imbue here is oral servitude. Cunnilingus... fellatio... we strengthen tongues... we lengthen tongues... for many a frenectomy is appropriate... a little snip to an otherwise constricting flap of skin under the tongue. Another is anal sodomy, we open for both ease and safety... done under medical supervision. All the nurses are trained... kindly yet

exacting... helping in turning boys into obedient little girls with unfettered desire to please... and of course the ability to do so.”

Dr. Rosen pauses. My mind races... so many thoughts... so many visions... the notion that Miss Taylor had her husband so institutionalized and changed bringing heightened fear... and respect... for the libertine woman of wealth.

“And I am here to...” afraid to complete my query.

“Fellatio training, Redmond. We use dildos of course... in the early stages. As you have learned the gag reflex needs to be addressed. But for our male own... benefactors... we need to assure our girly boys can properly take cock... to be blunt. Utilizing rubber phalli, there is only so much detail one can replicate in teaching proper oral servitude. Before being released, all our girly boys must suck the real thing. Bring pleasure... and learn to enjoy bringing pleasure. That can only be done... adequately assessed... with real cock. And for the summer months... it will be yours.”

I am stunned. My homophobia stirring anew, I cringe, thinking of the many times I have had to endure maid Maxine’s attention.

Alas, I counsel myself in reluctant realization. Maxine’s attention has been most accomplished, her tongue and lips seeming to adore the firmness of the intact male. Such apparent envy.

“You will be used weekdays, returning to your owner on weekends.”

There! She said it! Owner! Without correcting herself, Dr. Rosen continues...

“While here you will abide by our strict protocol. For failure you will be disciplined,” Dr. Rosen nodding to the young nurse behind me.

“Abby, just a reminder jolt please.”

Young nurse Abby steps before me smirking. Her right arm makes a rapid motion, the baton flipping into her hand as one would draw a pistol. She then lowers the tip, aligns and with a press of her index finger I am jolted, an electrical charge to my well exposed scrotal sac. The pain is sudden and unbearable. I lurch and shudder, nearly falling off the stool.

“A cattle prod, Mr. Richards. We don’t use the cane here... it leaves marks. We don’t blemish the property of the owners,” Dr. Rosen succinctly explains. “That was the lowest setting, by the way. Just an inkling of what can be expected for disobedience.

“Thank you Abby,” the nurse returning behind me.

“You’ll be well tended, bathed, internally cleansed just as you are at the Phipps estate. Days you’ll spend having your penis licked and sucked by our aspiring girly boys. Nights you will be strapped down in thorough bondage.”

“What if I come? I... I... can’t retain forever with that much... ah... attention,” I meekly interrupt.

“I will explain that in a moment. The masturbation nurse reports that you were incapable of ejaculating for her... yes?”

I nod. Dr. Rosen smiles knowingly then continues.

“In addition to your duties, as stated certain attributes potentially detrimental to your standing at the Phipps Estate will be addressed. Taylor Phipps has insisted. We will instill in you a complete dependence on supervising women. You will not move without guidance... not do anything without permission. Right down to the most basic needs... eating, relieving yourself and at times...”

Dr. Rosen pauses, taking from her desk drawer a strangely shaped open tube. Slim and rounded at one end it curves to where the opposing end forms a lump similar to that which gags me. From there another slim tube protrudes.

“Breathing. This is an endotracheal tube for intubation... normally used to assure breathing while sedated for medical procedures... surgical operations... or during prolonged illness. We’ve modified it here at the clinic.”

Dr. Rosen gestures to the young nurse. Returning into vision this Nurse Abby takes the tube, stepping between my thighs. Her youthful look of innocence slowly transcends, a wicked smile coming as the fingers of her left hand pinch to close my nostrils. She patiently waits, the smile growing, and as I open my lips to take another breath, the slim end is brusquely stuffed into my mouth. The hand pushes, gruffly... more gruffly than medically regimented. The lump fills my mouth. The pushing stops. Despite the many days of enduring the penis gag, I somewhat choke. And the smile... it grows... and it frightens.

“The nurses here... I should explain... they are selected for certain attributes. One of which is a noted lust for sadism,” Dr. Rosen offers with a pleasant laugh. “Now you’ll find you can exhale, Redmond, but not inhale. We’ve had installed a one way valve in the wicked little tubes.”

Left hand remaining pinching my nose, I learn first hand of the described alteration. For when I attempt to draw a breath, the tube yields not... and the pinching fingers of Nurse Abby’s left hand relinquish not as well.

I panic. No air! Dr. Rosen smiles anew, noting my struggle. Hands restrained, the grip on my nose firm, my legs locked, folded under me, my lungs suck paroxysmally. Nothing! But what is more telling is that Nurse Abby steps even more proximate, the folds of her starched white skirt pressing my scrotum and upturned penis. And in contrast, her nearness, the cloth brushing my penis tip... it feels good. Her controlling presence excites!

“Calm yourself, Redmond. This is just a little demonstration... of feminine control... and how you will learn to cede to it. Yield even more than you have at the Phipps Estate. For I will decide when you draw your next breath. You cannot expel the tube, as I’m sure you’re aware. And the hand of the woman in control will not release your nostrils. You’ll just have to calmly and meekly wait, accept the ultimate in feminine governance... that the essence of life is ours to bestow... not yours to take.”

There comes a pause... no words... and no air. Finally Dr. Rosen breaks the silence.

“Ok, Abby, half a breath.”

Should I be grateful when the young pretty nurse leans even closer, taking the open end of the tube into her mouth and gently blowing? The one way valve opens, restoring much needed air into lungs desperate for resuscitation.

But then she stops, lips withdrawing, leaning back, her nirvanic look so wicked... so terrifying!

“Getting the feel for it, Redmond? It’s best to stay still. Motion uses up the oxygen which will only be partialled to you. You’ll have another gulp of air... in time.”

Redmond Richards - Reflections on Dr. Rosen

Gag returned, I lie restrained in the Segufix straps of the clinic, seeming tighter than at the Phipps Estate. For here at the clinic, head bondage is used. I can neither lift nor twist my head, only stare at the ceiling.

Yes, I am bedded after a long day... a psychologically stressing day.

Having to succumb to the pretty yet viciously tormenting Nurse Abby... only able to breathe when life sustaining oxygen was slowed exhaled by her into my endotracheal tube... was more than daunting. The notion of relying on her for existence was appalling.

Yet with her nearness, glans penis frottaging against her uniform, my erection wavered not!

Did I harden more? If so, due to the physical sensation of touch long denied... or due to her dominion... so cruel... so deliberate... so slow in sharing with me her breath?

More thoughts come as, after the long demonstration, the tube was finally removed and Dr. Rosen continued, explaining my duties.

Yes, I will daily offer myself to the bevy of boys who want to be girls... being trained to orally serve. Most importantly I will endure deep throated fellatio, to be practiced and perfected... daily... several times daily.

How can I continue to retain with such constant stimulus? A question asked early in our tete a tete, the answer came as a lecture ensued, Dr. Rosen evincing her medical background.

It seems the process of ejaculation for the male involves two phases... emission and expulsion. The first phase involves stimulation to the epidermis... mainly that of the penis... to which I will certainly be subjected. This readies various glands, the technical terms whizzing by me...vas deferens, seminal vesicles, prostate gland, prostatic urethra and bladder neck. All will certainly be primed by the many tongues and lips at the clinic. My system will be brought to the brink often... as noted, several times per day.

Yet how is it I will not explode? Deplete myself, be expunged of that which foment sexual thrill?

Dr. Rosen reminded me of the first day, strapped into the gynecological chair, the brief visit by the doctor... this Dr. Gehorchen. She injected me, first subjecting my perineum to careful scrutiny and evaluation. It hurt despite being frequently stabbed at the Phipps Estate... my daily hormones.

Then, after the second jab, she triumphantly toyed with my stiffness, patted my cheeks, and uttered something about frustration.

Well, her handiwork was explained.

With the second phase of ejaculation... expulsion... certain muscles must spasmodically contract... the pelvic floor muscles, along with the bulbospongiosus and ischiocavernosus muscles. Such technical terms. But in summation... no contraction... no expulsion, the ultimate phase of ejaculation.

‘Botox, Redmond. Botulinum toxin. It interferes with synapse... blocks the nervous system’s controlling messages to the muscles. Dr. Gehorchen injected such into your pelvic floor muscles. No synapse... no contraction... no more expulsion for you... not for the next six months... quite possibly longer.’

Thus explained is the experiment with the masturbation nurse. Despite all the stimulus... phase one... phase two has been chemically denied to me. No expulsion. Instead as Dr. Gehorchen briefly alluded... there is frustration... the sneeze that will not come.

‘Our little girly boys will be sucking on you all day, Redmond. And you’ll never achieve the ultimate pleasure of climax,’ Dr. Rosen gleefully summarized.

So dastardly!

A nurse enters in the dimness, ending my thoughts. She nears. In her hand is a small funnel. She smiles slipping it past my lips, deftly finding the breathing hole in my penis gag. She says not a word, hiking up the hem of her white skirt and simultaneously placing her hand over my eyes. I will be denied any glimpse of her charms. I will not be denied her taste. She straddles. I feel the funnel pressing further into the gag. She opens herself. Warm elixir flows. I drink. I must drink.

Do I enjoy?

Redmond Richards - The Summer Ensues

Nurses rule within the confines of the clinic. Such appear kindly, directing the actions of some dozen completely naked girly boys, all in various stages of transformation. But the use of the cattle prod is quick, reminder jots coming if a girl does not adequately respond to commands or fails to prance about on toes. Some are intact, some have been snipped. Those bearing pink ribbons about their necks, wrists or nipples have female owners... there, I said it... those with blue male. I will not use the euphemism ‘benefactor’ or ‘benefactress’. They are owned.

My duties are simple. After release from my bondage, I am bathed, shaved, internally cleansed, injected with hormones and made most presentable, just as at the Phipps Estate. The cock cage is eschewed. I am under constant feminine supervision and there is no opportunity for my hand to stray. The reverse prayer position, thumbs secured to my neck collar, elbow bands connected, assures no self gratification. And that aside, to what end would I toy or stroke myself? The perineum injections of Dr. Gehorchen have curtailed any ultimate male climax and ecstasy.

Still, my state of tumescence ingrained in the presence of assertive women, I harden. I must wonder if the daily injections are more than mere hormones.

So penis standing, quite prominently in a facility laden with beta males of insignificant size, I am led by a nurse to a training room, there to idly sit while the ritual of fellatio is practiced, a given girly boy kneeling to politely inquire whether I would like my penis sucked.

I accede to the request of course, nodding in gagged silence, placidly enduring, a tending nurse directing, tongue swishing, lips engulfing.

To what end? It is torment. My psyche fights the homophobia, inwardly convincing myself that the oral prowess is other than male. Expulsion denied, the frustration consumes... the sneeze that won't come... psychological stress unending.

How many? Three, four, five per day? It seems not to end. Bathroom visits are for the most part forbidden, the nurses aware that a piss proud cock is a firm cock. When permitted 'Big Red' is held in hand for the deed... and the hand is not mine.

The humiliation is endless.

Gag removed at day's end, I am fed, nutrition deemed important in maintaining constant stiffness. I am bedded. And then the real horror begins. The time comes when I wish the horrid gag was returned.

"Some breath control, Redmond. I think you've come to very much enjoy the ultimate in feminine dominion."

The words are those of Nurse Abby, standing over my helplessly bound nakedness, endotracheal tube in hand.

"Please no, Miss Abby. I've been good," my begging always for naught.

"Oh, I know you have. The cattle prod assures that. Still it is important for you. You like tasting a woman... her effluent," reminding of the never ending toilet training. "Why would you not also savor what a woman exhales? What I carelessly expel, you must so desperately consume... inhale with passion."

Yes... or be asphyxiated... not daring to dispute aloud.

But to contest is for naught. For other than the ability to wriggle my fingers and toes, move I

cannot. Thus my nostrils are pinched and the demonstration of dastardly feminine control is repeated... night after night after night. Intubated, the pretty young nurse stands in wait, fingers pinching, knowing my exhalation will come... knowing that the one way valve will close... that my need for oxygen will arise... knowing that desperation will fester... knowing that I will futilely begin to fight my bonds... so smug in waiting, waiting, waiting... sensing such power as she slowing leans, presses her lips to the tube and blows... reinflating my lungs... restoring, resuscitating... yet so well aware that whatever male pride remains ebbs away.

She smiles, watching me gasp, attempt to gasp, so aware that life has receded... then under her auspices to be whimsically returned.

“Another? Blink your eyes for me,” her command coming as she hears the valve release what little she has bestowed.

And I blink and blink and blink. And then comes another slow bending of her waist, another slow exhalation, another critically needed lungful... another smile.

“You should know that you’re amazingly erect, Redmond. What does that say about your needs... your sick desires?”

I think not. Reply not possible. I just blink, sensing my existence fading under her power... so youthful... so alluring... so wicked... yet so gracious in letting me exist.

Taylor Phipps - The First Week Ends

I miss Redmond... at least miss the exhibition of his massive erection... and of course my weekend rides. So I am gladdened when his first week of laboring at the clinic ends.

I’ll let him drive himself home... yes the Phipps Estate is now his home with no house to return to and his stepmother somewhere at sea... locked in chastity and gagged. The staff at the clinic is conscientious concerning beta males and the relationship of what they consider to be owners... though for the most part I am just renting Redmond for the term of his law school endeavors. So they’ll assure he will properly present himself upon arrival.

And I can monitor... have Eve monitor his movements utilizing the GPS device attached to his car. I suppose he can release his inflatable gag, pressing some object into the little valve in his mouth to deflate. But he’ll certainly have difficulty returning it. And if he arrives here in other than silence, he will be caned extensively.

So it’s Saturday morning and as always I have maid Maxine serve in the nude, little bells chiming away to announce his/her neutering. A late morning mimosa is welcomed... a touch of Champagne to celebrate Redmond’s return... and his first paycheck... sent to me.

The money earned at the clinic is insignificant of course. I just want him exposed to more women of authority, bring flexibility to his sense of subservience, broaden his awareness of his needs, and stamp out any remaining male pride. Plus the notion of working him... like an owned slave... brings a degree of stimulation.

“He’s approaching the drive, Taylor,” Evelyn Remarque, nurse, confidante and occasional lover advises.

“Good, strip him, remove his cock cage, and for now his gag. I’ll want his thoughts on his first week of indenture at the clinic.”

I don’t need to add... make sure he’s erect for me. Maid Maxine will greet him with lavish licks of her trained tongue.

I finish reading a treatise on female supremacy, within minutes hearing the thick wooden entrance door of the Phipps Mansion being unlatched. I know that Redmond will not dare step over the threshold clothed. I envision him disrobing, disappointed that the summer weather makes the deed relatively acceptable compared to the rapid wind blown efforts of winter.

Within the Phipps mansion, covering for the beta male is forbidden. Plus I like to see erections... objectifying for a woman’s amusement that which for the male is normally a symbol of pride and ill placed power.

I arise deciding to watch as my slave worker once again succumbs to the demanded protocol of the Phipps Estate. I reach the foyer to see my naked boy toy obediently drawing back his arms, Eve clipping together his elbow bands behind his back. The simple bondage does not entirely preclude touching. Yes, he could somehow squirm about, twisting to press one arm further behind, offering a degree of reach to the other, perhaps a finger tip or two able to touch his upstanding ten inches. But he’ll never fully stroke himself. And the risk of a brisk caning certainly outweighs any pleasure to be attained.

No, he knows not to touch, the bondage more symbolic than functional.

The cock cage is unlocked, deftly slipped away, the lurch brought by the bulbous end of the internal catheter always entertaining. Then maid Maxine steps forth. She eagerly kneels, attaching a leash to the control ring which encircles the penis and scrotum. Always envious of the intact male, Maxine begins to lick as Redmond closes his eyes in shame, his homophobia never to diminish.

He hardens rapidly for us, Maxine’s oral efforts probably superfluous. It’s his thing when in the presence of assertive women.

Meanwhile, augmenting his sense of bondage, Eve steps behind, unraveling a slim ‘Y’ shaped chain, one end slipped between Redmond’s thighs, attached to the bottom of the control ring then strung between his cheeks where the other two ends are attached to elbow bands left and right.

Watching Redmond returned to household restraint is like watching the ballet. Coordinated and completed in less than a minute, he is so sanguine with feminine control, his penis celebrating in attempting to touch the ceiling.

Eve moves to his front. A slim rod of metal slipping between his lips, the stultifying inflatable gag and attached throat piece is removed as per my edict. As it slides away he coughs and clears

his throat, not daring to speak without permission.

“Welcome home, Redmond. You’re excited to be here,” I quip, the bulbous tip of his erection comically bobbing about as Maxine savors his testicles. “Maxine, bring him into the sun porch.”

I rarely deign to lead Redmond about. It’s... ah... well somewhat demeaning to so labor. And for the most part, he only physically feels my power when he’s strapped down, stiff penis up and I mount him... wildly... without abandon... becoming a savage riding a fractious beast into exhaustion.

Plus there is the ignominy of being led about by my neutered maid and husband.

So I lead, Maxine follows, hearing her bells ring as she playfully tugs on organs long removed from her. Redmond of course follows as well. I smile inwardly knowing that with every step the testicle chain leading to his elbow bands tensions to jiggle about his balls, enhancing his sense of submission... and the firmness of his erection.

Every step sends a message.

I seat myself on a stuffed leather chair. Maxine knows to hand me the leash and step away. Redmond knows to kneel at my feet, settling back, bare buttocks resting on his feet and ankles.

“Have you missed me, Redmond?.. things at the Estate?.. you may speak.”

“Oh, yes Miss Taylor. Very much.”

“Good. I’ve missed having a good firm cock to amuse as well. Tell me of your first week at the clinic.”

I am well aware of the doings... his responsibilities, if such can be so termed, Dr. Rosen keeping me well informed. But it will be cathartic for him to mentally relive the shock, the humiliation, the abject sense of subordination in having to cede to so many... an entire staff of women trained to handle males... and do so without compunction.

He explains... the initial examination... the addition of the thumb rings... Dr. Gehorchen’s brief visit... the masturbation nurse... his interview with Dr. Rosen... his subsequent duties... to daily have his penis sucked... by men! At that, his voice quavers with embarrassment, the homophobia so cutely entrenched in his psyche.

I note that he glosses over the injections, the Botox which I know has curtailed expulsion of his male seed... and with regard to the nightly training in breath control, nothing is offered.

Curious.

“My cunny needs some stiffness, Redmond,” his narrative ending. “Tonight I will ride you. After a few orgasms, I will give you permission and have you spend for me. You’ve retained for quite some time. You said you did not come for your masturbation nurse.”

“Well, she is not *my* masturbation nurse,” Redmond corrects, “she... ah... well... brings off everyone... ah... when a sperm sample is needed.”

“Everyone but you. What happened?” my voice firming.

I must have his words... his explanation of why his virility is now even more under feminine control.

And so, voice faltering, there comes the Botox injections, and the reason why he can withstand lengthy sessions of fellatio... day after day.

“How does that feel, Redmond?”

“It’s most frustrating... just as Dr. Gehorchen commented. I cannot ejaculate. I pull... you know... the trigger... and nothing comes... nothing spurts. And I so much want to!”

“Tsk, tsk. Of course you do, Redmond. But such wants are remnants of maleness... of placing your pleasure ahead of the women you so much want to serve... so much enjoy serving. You know that is not right... not what deep within you want... what you need... what you desire. Pleasing yourself instead of your superiors contradicts.”

I pause. Redmond’s chin slumps to his chest in shameful awareness. I reach forth, gently placing my hand to his face, first brushing away tears of remorse. Then my hand goes to his mouth, covering. When my thumb and index finger slip upwards to pinch his nostrils, he looks up. It is not an attempt to avoid my controlling touch. It is the surprise. In closing off his air supply, he knows that I am aware... of the endotracheal tube... of his nightly sessions of discipline... of being brought to near unconsciousness then revived... by a woman in charge.

Fascinatingly, he resists not, merely looking at me, seeming to patiently wait for permission to take a gulp of life sustaining air.

I so much enjoy this!

“There’s more to tell me, isn’t there Redmond?”

He nods. I feel his tongue jut between his lips to humbly lick the palm of my covering hand, beseeching me, a puppy’s affection for his master. Otherwise his obeisance is complete.

Finally, I slip my hand away. Listening to his massive inhalation brings satiation... the exhilaration of empowerment. Another deep breath and he begins to speak anew. I learn of this Nurse Abby... she who suspends life... she who restores it.

Redmond Richards - The Weeks Go By

The work week at the clinic goes slowly. There is dreariness in being constantly gagged, having to obey the many nurses in strict silence. But then comes the cock sucking, the horror of being pleased... partially pleased... by a guy. The gag is removed for my daily meal. But with hands

constantly restrained at the back of my neck collar, I am hand fed like a toddler, much as I am at the Phipps Estate, and my continued silence is mandated... a cattle prod at the ready for unauthorized speech.

Nights, Nurse Abby has her way with me. Gag removed, the tracheal tube now so readily slips into place. Then comes the breath control. It seems not to end... my submission consummate.

“No more blinking, Redmond. I’ll decide when you next inhale from me,” Nurse Abby proclaims after many nights. “And you’re to lie perfectly still for me. Do not squirm. Do not even wriggle your fingers. You wait... obediently wait... for me to anoint you with your next breath.”

And thus comes more obedience training... more objectification. I become something for her to breathe into... at her caprice. More chilling is the look in her eyes... peering straight into my face.

“You’re so firm, Redmond,” fingers diddling my standing erection “Such joy you take in your submission... in giving to me... succumbing to me.”

Subtly, the well trained nurse keeps a hand on my chest. I do believe she’s measuring my heart rate, cleverly assessing where my body stands in its desperate need for air. Then as the room dims, circulation bringing insufficient oxygen, she leans, lips taking in the open tip of the tube, slowly blowing... ever so slowly blowing. The room alights again... but only for a few moments... enough for me to see her joyous smile of utter feminine control.

“Such a good boy, Redmond. No squirming, no moaning, no wriggling. You’re learning... to cede to me... the woman in control. Learning that that which sustains life only comes from me... the woman in charge.”

Yes, I am learning. And there is more. There is a sweetness, what is finally offered having been first passed through her lungs... her body. I have this urge... stifled by the tube of course... to ask for her elixir as well... to have her fill the funnel... taste her effluent. Perhaps I have tasted her, a hand always covering my eyes when I am so used.

What is happening to me?

Each night, I know not when the session will end... for how long Nurse Abby exercises her power over me. For it is when I am finally deprived of breath to the point that I black out that the endotracheal tube is removed, gag replaced and in a state of unconsciousness turning to slumber I am permitted to freely breathe. Sometimes I remember freely taking that initial large gulp of air, not processed through her lungs. Most times I do not.

Redmond Richards - Follow up with Dr. Rosen

Returned to Dr. Rosen’s office, I sit on the low stool, again almost in a position of kneeling in prayer, legs folded back, feet behind me. Curious that the woman of ultimate authority has indeed become somewhat of a deity.

I am most grateful to have my gag removed, permitted to speak when prompted.

“You’re performing nicely for us, Redmond. Always so firm for our girly boys. If they can deep throat you, they can take almost any penis in the alpha world,” the words prideful, teaching accomplished fellatio seeming to be a clinic speciality.

“And Nurse Abby reports that you are responding well to her mastery... which ironically means you’re not responding at all... no motion,” lightly laughing at the contradiction. “Your thoughts?”

“She... ah... lets me breath... when she decides.”

“Yes. She takes from you... but then so graciously gives back. Do you sense any gratitude when she does so?”

“I... ah... had not given that thought.”

“Again, just what are your thoughts? What do you think about when you wait for her... no resistance... no protests... no objections... not even permitted to signal for another breath?”

Dr. Rosen forces me to be introspective, gauging, exploring the depths of my mind. That which pulses silently through my cerebral cortex.

I shrug, my answer wordless.

“Well then, I’ll plant some thoughts. As you know there is nothing about you we... I... don’t know,” her hand waving over the pile of files remaining on her desk. “When the semester begins in the fall, you’ll be returned to the Phipps Estate full time... your duties here at the clinic ending... more academic pursuits... your servitude continuing. Such a rich environment for you... the likes of you... Redmond. Your classmates Marsha Devine and Zoey Roberts, so attentively bathed and cared for by your nurse Eve, having the maid Maxine orally tend to you, pleasing your benefactress Miss Taylor Phipps, visits from your mentor, attorney Pamela Harrison...”

I horripilate, noticeably stirring with the mention of the attorney’s name... the last visit... just before semester’s end... when she took me... used me... before the others. Such ignominy! Such humiliation!

Marsha watched! Miss Marsha, commanding what should be the ultimate pleasure... the orgasm so frustratingly ruined... having me spurt untouched into the room air!

Dr. Rosen notes my discomfort.

“Pamela Harrison... your long fantasy. Yes, I know all about it, Redmond,” a hand picking up one of the files. “Finally acting out an adolescent craving.”

I am so shamed... thinking about it... knowing that Dr. Rosen is thinking about it.

Again, Dr. Rosen leans forward, elbows on her desk, chin on her folded hands, a pose of both comfort and calm superiority.

“You’ll cede to her again, Redmond. Open yourself to her. It’s ingrained. Deep within it’s something you want. And just as importantly, you want her to know that... want all women of purpose and determination to know that. You so much enjoyed being used... and being watched...”

Dr. Rosen lets her words settle... hopefully not noting my tearing eyes... my shame... my embarrassment. She reaches into her desk drawer.

“When you leave here, you’ll have a little gift from me,” placing on her desk an endotracheal tube. “And, yes it’s also been altered... a one way valve... identical to that used on you by Nurse Abby. This one you will take to the Phipps Estate. Don’t hide it or toss it away. Ms. Phipps will know I’ve given it to you.

“But here’s the thought. There will be a summary interview with me before you leave us. And you will divulge to me who it is you want to use this on you,” waving about the tube as a savory piece of candy. “Who will you want to have ultimate control... over what sustains you... what allows you to live... so as to perform... to exhibit your nakedness... your erect penis,” smiling in looking down.

I too glance downward. Big Red is slowly engorging, Dr. Rosen pausing to let my organ come to full blossom. She continues...

“Miss Taylor... the maid Maxine... your nurse... Zoey... Marsha... perhaps you’ll want Pamela Harrison to visit... humbly ask her to sodomize you with her double dildo as you frantically struggle for breath. Yes, she’d so much enjoy having you swoon for her... as you do for Nurse Abby... while opening up your tight bottom...”

Redmond - Nurse Abby Extends Her Power

I am bedded. The Segufix cuffs and straps are many and all tightened to the extreme. Probably as bothersome as the thoroughness of my restraint is the ease and quickness, every nurse at the clinic so proficient... every nurse so calloused... testing each strap and adjusting each buckle with alacrity. Slack seems to be a scourge to be countered with a brisk yet carefree tug of a hand.

I know that Nurse Abby will visit. I never know when. Sometimes I am awakened after sleep has overtaken, sometimes there seems not a moment of rest before she enters, endotrachial tube in hand. The unknown seems to be an aspect of acclimating me to being used... being subjected to feminine dominion... at a whim.

Throughout the night, others visit as well, ostensibly to check on my well being. But on most visits I groggily awake to sense a funnel being pushed past my lips into the opening of my gag. Before I can focus I feel the warmth of bare thighs and a veiling hand over my eyes. I cannot protest. The gag and penetrating throat tube mandate that I partake. So in silence I drink, almost never seeing who it is relieving herself into me. Yes silence, yet at times there will be some laughter, deed completed, droplets deliberately spilling to my lips to assure that the nurse’s elixir tantalizes my taste buds until morning.

I hear the room door open. Eyes closed but conscious, I open to see the pretty face of Nurse Abby. She smiles as always, offering pleasant greetings.

“Good evening Redmond. Finished another day of having your penis sucked. So harrowing for you,” she lightly mocks.

Yes, I counted five today. Some effortlessly engulfing my stiff ten plus inches, others, evidently recent ‘acquisitions’, choking and needing the encouragement of the cattle prod to fully savor my stiffness. So revolting... to be pleased by the male.

“I noted in the reports that you’ve been imbibing most graciously,” approaching with the small rod which offers such grand relief.

She stands to my right, the fingers of her left hand parting my lips. The rod is slipped inward to find the valve. My inflatable gag hisses, the sense of relief instantaneous. Still there is fear... always concern. The endotracheal tube is at the ready to replace the silencing gag.

“Would you like to partake without the funnel?” the quest coming as the gag and attached throat tube glides from deep within.

Her question brings to mind the going away party at the Estate some two months ago, Zoey’s fine mons covering my mouth, my lips and her labia forming a bond... both anatomical and I suppose sentient... as she opened herself... her flow streaming directly into me. We became one.

She made me take from her... offering not only her effluent... fully tasted in not streaming through the gag... but also the smooth warmth of her quim. It was degrading and humiliating. But in knowing that becoming her repository pleased her, there came a sense of purpose, that my servitude and devotion to the superior female was appreciated.

After my exhibition, spurting upon command, I remained secured to the table. With the Champagne flowing, it became Miss Eve’s turn to use me... my mouth... then Miss Pamela’s. With the glee of my performance, the alcohol bringing giddiness, the women found it to be bothersome to cover my eyes, all shyness dissipated. I was free to gaze... the visual rapture such thrill.

Ah, such wondrous viewing, such proximity to fine femininity. Yes, I gaped. The glow of having so forcefully spent, though male ecstasy not fully felt in with my penis untouched, was further fueled by so much pulchritude. I wanted to be used... wanted to be one with them... even in being so humbly and sordidly exploited. And finally came Miss Marsha... the sublime Miss Marsha... she who counsels... she who leads... she who is so much my intellectual master.

Oh, to take from her. And to feel her quiver with joy as my tongue worked to cleanse her of every savory droplet! Yes, I became her toilet... and was grateful for the privilege!

Now comes Nurse Abby, the woman who masters me anew... permitting me to breathe... at her whimsy.

“You may speak, Redmond,” admonishing me for my distracted silence.

“Will you need to use your hand?” my query so meekly posited.

She smiles, assessing my interest, surmising that I refer to the covering of my eyes.

“So you’d like to taste me *and* look at me. Such a naughty, naughty boy. I’m going to have to put that in my report, Redmond.”

I suppose, in noting the pile of files on Dr. Rosen’s desk, such divulging everything there is to know about me, I should have assumed that my words and deeds at the clinic would be documented.

Nurse Abby waves the endotracheal tube before my eyes, her devilish look suggesting the implement is something I have come to covet.

“So you don’t want to submit to me... deplete you of air then have me breathe life back into your lungs?”

Head harness as tight as ever, I find I cannot shake my head with the degree of zeal which the question deserves. Still Nurse Abby interprets my objection.

“You suggest ‘no’, Redmond, but your penis speaks more forthrightly,” her arm extending to her right toward my waist where my encumbered head inhibits vision.

I feel fingers about my manhood, teasing, diddling, demonstrating its firmness. The very presence of the daunting nurse and her vita interruptus tube has come to bring undue tumescence.

Why?

“Let’s exchange favors, Redmond. No tube this evening. But you’ll still breathe for me solely when I permit. For that I will have you taste me... feast on me... with both your eyes and your mouth.”

Taylor Phipps

Another weekend, another Saturday ride to come.

It’s August. Redmond has been working... serving... at the clinic for some six weeks. I did not think it possible to improve his obedience, push him further down the path of male submission to all things female, but when he arrives at the mansion mid Saturday mornings, gagged with penis locked away, he says not a word and moves not a limb as Eve frees him of his oral and penile restraints.

He just stands in the foyer, moving not other than to place his hands to the back of his head and part his feet, the ingrained pose for feminine inspection.

That being said, he does harden of course. Cock cage slipped away, that beta male response to being under feminine supervision, the presence of a woman of authority, will always bring the excitement he both covets and detests.

So I stand near the parlor, a morning Bloody Mary in hand, partially recuperating from a late night with friend and attorney Pamela Harrison, and observe. Truly objectified, he is a statue, a tribute to the gynecocracy I have established at the Phipps Estate... where woman rule and the male serves.

As Maxine steps into view, leash in hand, I signal to Eve, about to place Redmond into the tantalizing bondage of the testicle chain. She notes my hand signal and refrains. I also reach to my cute naked husband, holding her back from kneeling to offer the tongue work that assures complete tumescence.

Eve knows to step away, handing to me the double 'D' clamp and slim chain which normally adorns Redmond within the mansion.

"Maxine, it's a nice day. I'm going to walk Redmond. Have lunch ready at noon," handing her my empty glass and taking the leash.

I step to Redmond, reaching out to tweak his right nipple. He closes his eyes, silently absorbing the thrill of his master's touch.

"Welcome home, Redmond. Such a nice greeting," glancing down to where his penis is in full bloom, prostatic fluid already beginning to ooze.

"Come, we'll walk. Keep your hands way from your penis."

I step to the door, unutilized leash and testicle chain in hand. This is a treat for him. He has not freely moved about within the mansion in months. And I know that at the clinic he's under constant supervision... or bedded in cuffs and straps.

It's warm and sunny. I lead, stepping to the outdoors, down the steps to the porte cochere, I know the warm breezes over naked flesh brings more thrill, the outdoor exposure to soothe yet bring concern.

I smile, looking back to see Redmond gingerly hop about, tender feet on the gravel of the drive, causing his erection to bob most prominently. Then I lead to the gardens, the meticulously groomed shrubs and hedges forming a maize of paths. There on the cool grass he lopes normally.

"How are things at the clinic? You may speak."

Again, I've been well apprized by Dr. Rosen. I just like to hear Redmond's side, get his thoughts on the unfettered female supervision... and of course the bevy of girly boys prancing about in various stages of transformation.

"Good, Miss Taylor."

“So you are enjoying, “ slowing my pace such that he walks next to me.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Yes, I can imagine, getting your penis sucked so often. A male’s dream.”

I taunt, knowing that his homophobia reeks emotional havoc and that the inability to ultimately climax, achieving the utmost in male ecstasy, brings mental and emotional turmoil as well... so often described as the sneeze that just won’t fully come. So close... yet so far... the gratifying explosion not possible.

“Have you thought about learning fellatio, Redmond? As you know they train quite ardently at the clinic. You’ve benefitted from Maxine’s skills. Although the girly boys are obviously not well endowed, there are elements of oral pleasure you could learn and practice.”

I want his male pride decimated, his will destroyed, both his inclination and ability to object to or resist the most capricious request nullified. My most frivolous whim will become his command.

“Please no Ma’am, I... I..”

“But you will... if I decide, Redmond,” I feel so empowered by his meek expression of reluctance. “What about other skills... oral skills...” reaching on open patch of lawn with a bench. “Besides so readily imbibing a woman’s excretions,” taking a seat, gesturing for Redmond to kneel.

I know that his breath training with this Nurse Abby has expanded. Everything is reported at the clinic... to Dr. Rosen...who than informs me.

“Well... there’s this nurse... ah... who uses this special tube... for the throat...”

“Yes Redmond, you’ve told me that.”

“Well, if I’m good, she does not use it.”

“Then how does she train you... to yield... cede everything... including that which sustains? Speak!” the command master to dog.

He does.

Redmond Richards

Kneeling before she who owns, my nakedness seeming to gleam in the August sunlight, despite the command to tell more of my training there comes this need to explain, to divulge. More capitulation, it’s ingrained. So I tell of Nurse Abby’s ‘favor’.

“No tube this evening, Redmond. But you’ll still breathe for me solely when I permit.”

No tube! My heart leaps... the condemned given a reprieve from the gallows. Then comes more delight. Nurse Abby steps aside. Head so thoroughly immobilized in the Segufix harness and straps, I cannot see. But I hear the rustle of clothing, then sense her moving from the side of my bed to the top, struggling to raise my eyes to see her.

Is she without her skirt, the starched white of her uniform?

Such frustration, my attempts to view her charms fruitless. She notes my desperation.

“Trying to look again. You are a naughty boy, Redmond.”

With that, hands extend, moving over my forehead, fingers holding forth a set of panties. In nearing my nostrils, the redolence brings memories.

“Most of the nurses don’t wear undergarments here. Fellatio is not the only oral skill our girly boys are taught. So as you can imagine, cunnilingus is readily available and unending and most are prepared with a simple lift of a hem. Guess I’m a little old fashioned in that respect.”

The hands lower, the redolence stronger.

“Waggle your penis for me Redmond. Show your appreciation.”

Not all the pudendal muscles have endured an assault by Dr. Gehorchen’s injections. I pull, the PC muscles responding, Nurse Abby uncharacteristically laughing.

“Naughty yet obedient,” the fingers releasing, panties gently falling to partially cover my eyes. “Now stop breathing... hold your breath for me.”

I do, exuberantly complying, no endotracheal tube enforcing her command. It seems so natural complying... pleasing her.

I sense movement. The panties are pushed aside offering a glimpse of her fine flesh. Her quim comes into view, pink, luscious, nicely trimmed. Then my head and face are enshrouded as she lowers over me. There is moisture. There is warmth. There is the fine scent of femininity... stronger. There is her voice.

“Open and take me in, Redmond. Use your tongue. No breathing. That is for me to control.”

It is indeed. Mouth covered, nose pressed into the folds of her labia, there is no breath to be taken. So I obey, my lips and hers becoming one. My tongue thrusts, swirling about. I revel in sensing her delight, hearing her sighs, feeling her slight spasms of joy.

As oxygen is depleted, I feel a hand go to my chest. Once again she is monitoring my heart rate. What little I can see begins to fade. Yet I diligently work the warm wetness of her nest. Oddly I make no attempt for air. Totally immobilized, there is realization... she is in charge. She knows when asphyxiation approaches. I must yield to her, pleasing as life slowly ebbs.

Augmenting my need is the wetness, my mouth beginning to flood with the essence of her pleasure. I pause. I swallow. I continue.

Finally as the lights seem to extinguish, Nurse Abby slightly rises.

“Breathe for me.”

I gulp in air. I exhale. With the second gulp she lowers herself again.

“Continue,” the command pleasant yet firm...

“So you’re learning to bring pleasure orally, Redmond. Very good,” Miss Taylor interrupting my soliloquy.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“While yielding something as meaningful as breathing.”

I nod, noting that her arm extends. She smiles, her hand going to my mouth, thumb and index finger pinching closed my nostrils. I know to remain kneeling, hands at the back of my head. Once again a governing woman deprives and I must cede to her the decision to furnish what sustains life.

“You’re secreting, Redmond. Your penis is a wellspring. Very telling. Cunnilingus excites you... just thinking of it brings a thrill. Now you wait. You’ll have another breath... in time.

I do wait, oddly grateful in not having to complete telling of the encounter with Nurse Abby. For I learned that in bestowing oral pleasure there is more than one aperture to be served. Yes, in permitting a second breath, Nurse Abby shifted, the sweet muskiness of her scent transforming to pungent.

“Lick. Clean me. Enjoy”

Revolting, yet I did.... lick... clean... enjoy.

My thoughts end, Miss Taylor’s hand in place remaining to bring desperate need. I swoon, air finally replenished as I topple to the grass.

Taylor Phipps

It is such an empowering tale that I could not help testing the new level of Redmond’s obedience, patiently waiting for a woman’s concurrence in something as meaningful as oxygen. The clinic certainly knows how to imbue feminine dominion.

As Redmond lies at my feet, consciousness slowly returning, I hear from afar the roar of the many motors of the Estate gardeners. Last autumn I spared him the embarrassment of presenting his nakedness to the crew of Mexican brawn, in so doing extracting the phone number of the

vivacious Zoey Roberts... many dominoes thereafter falling.

But with his new level of obedience, I think it is time for him to be introduced to some alpha males. I thus lean forth, leash in hand, and clip it to the control ring of his cock cage, assuring he does not transgress, dashing off to hide.

Feeling my fingers where the male feels most, he stirs, righting himself, air supply fully restored. I hold up the testicle chain. He nods, turning, arms pushed back, knowing of my intent.

Not often placing him in bondage... a task for Eve... I attach the double end of the chain to elbow bands right and left, then somewhat clumsily thread the single end between his thighs, securing it to the bottom of his control ring. The configuration permits some mobility for his arms and hands, but every movement tightens and jostles the chain, stressing his control ring and translating to tantalizing jiggles to his penis... not to mention providing great amusement.

“There. Feel better?”

He answers not, too shamed to admit to himself that feminine control brings quiescence. For the beta male there is curious tranquility in the surrender of will to a superior woman.

“The gardeners are here, Redmond. You did not meet them last time I walked you,” smiling in seeing his look of fear and concern.

“They’re quite a macho lot... burly, muscular, nicely tanned. And some are good fucks... though they don’t like having a woman on top.”

Yes, the crew is very much aware of my sexual antics... that a woman of my ilk insists on being in charge... particularly during sex. I’ve had a couple of them. So they understand my needs... not condoning it... not readily willing to yield and participate... but understanding.

Much dinero helps... some extra greenbacks at season’s end... and season’s beginning. And thus at the Phipps Estate... what is seen here... what is done here... stays here.

So as I stand, giving Redmond’s leash a forceful tug to establish my control. I have no compunction about putting my boy toy on full display... bound, naked and leashed.

“Come. Time for lunch. Then I’m going to have you bedded. I’m going to ride you tonight and you’ll need your rest. So for you, a nice afternoon nap in full bondage.”

Redmond - Being Walked

I lie staring at the ceiling. I suppose sleep will overcome at some point, but for now harrowing thoughts of being walked by Miss Taylor occupy my mind.

The breath control thing... well... after weeks of Nurse Abby’s unrelenting training it came to be expected, Miss Taylor reveling as oxygen depleted I so meekly slumped to the grass.

But thereafter, returned to the leash and testicle chain configuration, I had no choice but to follow her, despite the direction. Back towards the house yes. But also towards the noisy team of gardeners... leaf bowers and hedge clippers roaring.

So down a narrow path, broad chested, brown skinned Hispanic workers tidy up the foliage, trimming hedges, tilling the soil, shirtless in the heat of August. I tried pulling back on the leash, attached to the control ring of my cock cage. Of course the effort was fruitless, Miss Taylor merely looking back, jostling the leash to make my penis bob about and tugging most firmly to establish who was in control.

“Know your place, Redmond,” smiling despite her stern advisement.

The duo looked up joining Miss Taylor in her look of amusement, their labors stilled.

Embarrassing. But worse, as Miss Taylor slowed her gait, the one worker turned off the hedge clippers to bring silence and the other stood, both reverently doffing their hats.

“Buenas tardes, Senorita,” the words of greeting to the boss lady, but the eyes fixated on my bound nakedness.

“Buenas tardes, Rafael... Pablo. This is my chico, Redmond. He has a fine penis does he not?” Miss Taylor nodding to where I could feel my semi engorged manhood begin to stand.

“Lo vas a montar, Senorita? (You will ride him?)

“Oh yes, Rafael. Boys like him so much enjoy having a woman in control.”

My heart pounds, I blush. I do not want this, but I am to be displayed.

“El esta subordinado a ti, bueno.” (He is subordinate to you, good).

“Si mi chico es muy sumiso,” (yes, my boy is very submissive).

“El le pega la polla?” Rafael inquires, both chuckling raucously with the question. (Does he suck cock).

“El hara lo que yo le diga que haga,” both workers nodding with broad smiles at Miss Taylor’s reply. (He does whatever I tell him to do).

Then, Miss Taylor returns to English, turning to me.

“He needs his nap,” the index finger of her free hand playfully tapping my nose. “Permanecer duro para mi requiere mucha energia,” the hand lowering, the finger tapping what is now a firm fully standing erection. (Staying hard for me requires much energy). “So... no chupar la polla hoy... solo hoy,” shrugging her shoulders and stepping forth to resume pulling on my leash.

Miss Taylor leads me away, the laughter behind us not to end.

“It’s curious that within the Hispanic culture, even the most macho male will not consider himself to be a maricon in receiving a blow job from another guy. And to be fucked by an otherwise respectable Caucasian is most empowering for them. Would you like to empower my gardeners, Redmond? Taste a sweaty penis?”

Having no reply, I was returned to the mansion, fed and bedded.

So here I lie, Miss Taylor’s questions darting about my cerebral cortex. Yes, in mentally recalling the encounter I cringe anew, my high school Spanish struggling to translate Miss Taylor’s final words for Rafael and Pablo... so no chupar la polla hoy... solo hoy

‘So no cock sucking today... just today.’

Taylor Phipps- Sunday Matinee

It’s a leisurely Sunday afternoon. I remain in a glow, the pleasant ennui of multiple orgasms, having ridden Redmond’s stiffness well into the night. And the glow radiates even more with thoughts of my empowerment.

Amazingly, the Botox injections have made the many months of retention training superfluous. Redmond can’t explode no matter the circumstances, Hindu mantras aside. Such wondrous frustration for him as I teasingly granted him permission to pull the trigger several times... and he could not please himself... the ultimate male ecstasy not to be had. The clinic... such a wonderfully deviant facility for women of my ilk.

In the sun porch I await a visit from friend Pamela Harrison, my invitation extended with the code words... ‘bring your briefcase’... the seemingly innocuous satchel kept in her office for the after hours fucking of her sycophant gay office boy.

My thoughts divert as my maid Maxine sashays into the sun porch, knowing that I will need another wine.

“Maxine, bring the entire bottle and more glasses. Then have Eve bring Redmond here... a well lubricated Redmond,” giving up my glass for replenishment. “And tell her to drink lots of water and to disrobe. It’s warm, and we’ll have a girls go naked Sunday afternoon.”

Maxine smiles coquettishly, well aware of the implications of having Redmond’s anus greased.

With Redmond having worked most of the summer, if getting your cock sucked multiple times per day can be described as labor, I am going to treat him, once again immerse him into his quirky craving... to be pegged by a woman of authority... more specifically the physically imposing Pamela Harrison.

With that thought, my attention is again diverted as Pamela Harrison enters the sun porch, not knocking or using the front bell, knowing that the Phipps mansion is open to her without announcement. She smirks, holding up the briefcase, the weightiness not to strain her powerful arm.

“Going to bend and spread for me like a good little girl?” she jests.

I laugh, shaking my head. She knows of my bisexual preferences... but she also knows I yield to no one in terms of taking my pleasure.

“Thought you’d like to sodomize Redmond again... before school starts and his attention will be... guess one would say... otherwise occupied.”

Pammy knows of the employment I have arranged at the clinic. She is not fully aware that I have required a regimen to have all self esteem decimated... and how the process has been implemented.

“Think it was a number three back in May. Open him a little more?” Pammy snapping open the case.

“Whatever. I know you want some back tension... but keep in mind he has to return to the clinic tomorrow morning. So don’t split his little rectum. Eve’s handy with sutures, but he will need to be able to sit.”

Pammy reaches to take out her black leather harness and lay it on a coffee table. Then her hand glides about, seeming to take thrill as fingers brush over the dozen or more double dildos, all the female ends custom shaped to most pleasingly knead and abrade her labia and vagina, a special nub to titillate her love button as well. I stand looking over her collection.

“Really Pammy. So many. And all specially shaped for your cunny.”

“Custom molded. And each one costing hundreds,” giggling like a school girl.

“I must wonder how many I’ve paid for over the years,” I gibe, attorney Pamela Harrison on retainer for the massive Phipps Trusts.

“Goes to a good cause... pleasure.”

“And by the way, Pammy I’ve decided this Sunday will be a girls go naked afternoon,” turning to hug and simultaneously unbutton her blouse.

“You’re really out to treat the boy, Taylor.”

“And me,” my bisexual lusts to also be gratified.

Eve enters, a leashed and gagged Redmond in tow. As dictated, she is in a complete state of deshabelle, Redmond gaping at her fine coal black sinewy nakedness. Such a scene, the large, muscular Pamela Harrison flinging her skirt and blouse to a nearby couch to join in the soiree. Amazing breasts!

“Sphincter lubricated?” I bluntly inquire of Eve.

“From his morning cleansing,” she nods. “Plus I greased a little more. He now eagerly takes things up there. Think the girls at the clinic have been opening him.”

I glance to see a sheepish look on Redmond’s face, turning to awe as his succubus Miss Pamela Harrison completes disrobing and encircles her waist with the dildo harness.

“I’m sure you’ll be happy to know that it is not for me... or any girls, Redmond. Not within the gynecocracy of the Phipps Estate,” commenting as Pammy takes a cylinder of size from her brief case.

“Number four,” Pammy chimes in, holding up a length of rubber of challenging size for the relatively virtuous opening of Redmond. “Lie him down, knees to his chest. And look at his stiffness, Taylor. Such a pervert!”

“Yes. He’s going to drink... he’s going to get fanny fucked... he’s going to meekly submit... and he will enjoy. Such an afternoon for you Redmond!”

Redmond Richards -A Sunday Matinee

Once again youthful memories come to life. The muscular frame of Miss Pamela Harrison is bared to me. Such feminine power! First seen years ago in the bedroom of my stepmother... she blindfolded and restrained in Sapphic coupling... Miss Pamela’s powerful thighs working, buttocks clenching. Her hand slipping under my nightshirt to bring such thrill!

Now, once again on the sun porch, there gathers feminine pulchritude, Miss Eve equally naked in displaying her charms. Big Red responds of course, standing firmer than ever as Miss Eve, leash in hand, guides me to a low table.

Leash removed, I lie supine, humbly offering myself, bringing my knees to my chest as Miss Pamela prefers to take the male. She smiles, my contrasting look of fear and expectation of pleasure apparently amusing. Yes, she will take me... open me... and she knows I want it despite the pain and humiliation.

Why do I want to feel her inside me?

Elbow bands released, such are resecured to eyelets at the bottom of the low table. I become a side of beef, an object to be poked and prodded.

“Redmond has been acquiring a new skill set,” Miss Taylor proclaims, her tone one of mirth, her hand going to her throat in a signal to Miss Eve. “And he appears thirsty. Plus I am told in accommodating a woman’s toilet his tastes have expanded.”

With that, Miss Eve finds a pen, reaches down and slips the point past my lips to press the air valve. My gag is deflated, the exasperating throat tube slipped away.

I look up. A wicked smile, her boyish form supple, breasts of modest size, the dark flesh of her mons yielding to reddish brown labia... such allures. When she straddles my head and face I think

of the number of times she did so with a kneeling maid Maxine, quickly lifting the hem of her white uniform, her opening osculating with a humble mouth, relieving herself as quickly and easily... perhaps more easily... than using a commode. So routine.

Yes, Maxine imbibed, wordlessly taking her effluent, not a sound to be heard as Miss Eve's flow poured directly into her gullet.

And now it is my opportunity to please, to take a woman's elixir, so trained at the clinic... night after night.

Will her discharge also mandate breath control?

As she lowers, I feel the grip of Miss Pamela taking my ankles, lifting my legs, my calves pressed to her enormous breasts, my feet at her shoulders left and right.

The sensual input overwhelms, Miss Eve's scent becoming stronger as the tip of Miss Pamela's double dildo explores my crevice, searching for my opening.

"Deep breath, Redmond. Take what Eve offers you. Enjoy, then please her with your tongue while Pammy takes from you... your pride...your masculinity... any remaining self esteem. She's going to fuck you while Eve decides whether you will ever take another breath."

And so I inhale just as the dark flesh envelops and I feel the initial thrust of penetration.

"My goodness he so much enjoys," Miss Pamela's fingers flicking at my erection.

"Yes, and he has not even begun to taste Eve's rosebud opening. I'm told he's been mastering that skill."

Redmond - Termination Interview - Dr. Rosen

"A very productive summer, Redmond. Penis sucked often, new level of respect and subordination to women. Self esteem lowered. Annoying male pride obliterated. Not much to get in the way of you learning... your mind opened to whatever a woman wants to do to you... ah... with you I should say."

Though the words haunt, can I disagree?

"Your homophobia remains. But you're toilet trained, your cunnilingus is considered adequate, and it seems you've taken to analingus admirably," Dr. Rosen reading from various reports. "The latter rather telling, would you not agree?"

Yes, every encounter with every nurse has been documented and reported in writing to the clinic psychiatrist... so frequently used as a toilet, the evenings of breath control with Nurse Abby... the subtly turning to terrorizing life suspending interludes, licking and savoring all desired apertures while deprived of air. I have learned that my need for oxygen is secondary to a woman's pleasure... such has been well ingrained... night after night after night.

“With another year of law school approaching, I must encourage you to completely subordinate your intellect to your friends Zoey Roberts and Marsha Devine, Redmond. Use your skills to please them and they will help you. I have files on them as well, as you probably have guessed. IQ’s so well above yours, it seems your Marsha was a finalist it terms of attaining a Rhodes scholarship. And I suspect had Zoey Roberts committed more of her undergraduate time to academics and not athletics, she would have been considered as well.”

I merely nod, by now realizing that my desire and my aptitude are not in sync with my ability to learn jurisprudence. Miss Marsha in particular I cannot hold a candle to in terms of legal acumen.

“So... my gift,” Dr. Rosen prominently placing a modified endotracheal tube in the center of her desk. “And I may add that Dr. Gehorchen has a gift of her own before your thumb rings are removed, gagged, returned to your cock cage, dressed and sent home.”

For the first time in the many interviews and debriefings, Dr. Rosen arises from her desk chair. Grabbing the tube, she walks to where I meekly sit on the low stool in a position of prayer, thumb rings secured to the back of my collar. She draws up a straight backed wooden chair to sit most proximate, then holds up the tube, smiling.

“You’re hardening even more for me, Redmond. This is becoming Pavlovian for you, isn’t it?” gesturing with the tube.

Her hand lowers, the tip of her index fingers evanescently swabbing my erection to gather a dollop of viscous prostatic fluid.

“Salivating for me?” holding the glistening digit before my eyes.

In not having fully ejaculated in months, no expulsion, I am indeed drooling like one of Pavlov’s dogs. Is it the sight of the endotracheal tube serving as the catalyst? Such is telling... and who can be more aware than the clinic psychiatrist?

“Yes Redmond, you enjoy ceding to a woman what is of utmost relevance, don’t you?”

I nod... most sheepishly. It cannot be refuted.

“So you will take this to the Estate. As stated Taylor Phipps... your Miss Taylor... is aware of my gift, so do present it. The question is... to which I have instructed you to give thought... to whom will you bestow it? Whom do you wish to allot what sustains you? Who will withhold then breathe life back into you?”

There comes procrastination. I think of last week’s Sunday matinee. Being fucked... sodomized... my disappointment in not being able to watch Miss Pamela’s amazing physique thrust again and again to open me countered by Miss Eve’s taste... first draining herself into me... then shifting to permit me to service her odorous opening. Listening as Miss Taylor expressed her enjoyment in seeing my comeuppance... my continuing downfall as a beta male.

I must answer. The tube... to whom am I to present it... bestow the ultimate in supremacy... to

entrust with such might... the capability of providing breath. Miss Pamela?.. Miss Eve?.. Miss Taylor?

Dr. Rosen smiles, enjoying my quandary.

“Many weeks to decide, Redmond. Mind a little addled?”

With that she holds up the tube, her hand approaching, internal end soft and rounded slowly directing to my mouth. For some reason I open. Her smile broadens. Having been intubated nightly, gagged so often, the tip slips easily into my mouth, my tongue extending by rote to make the deed so much easier. The hand presses... in... in... inward further. Down my throat. It is so exasperating yet so simple to not only silence me but curtail my breath.

There comes the sound of a slight gurgle. I inhale deeply through my nose, the one way valve of the modified endotracheal tube prohibiting any flow through my mouth. I know what is to come... the ultimate capitulation. With thumb rings secured to the back of my neck collar I am helpless to resist.

Yet do I want to resist?

Sure enough, Dr. Rosen releases the tube, now well entrenched in my mouth and throat. Her hand rises, making a dramatic show of going to my nose, nostrils now my only source of air.

“You need to tell me, Redmond. Take a deep breath, then nod when I’ve guessed with whom you will bestow this power,” thumb and forefinger going to the tip of my nose. “The power I am now assuming.”

I inhale deeply, the fingers pinch. With no decision, I will not breathe again.

“Taylor Phipps.”

I remain still.

“Your Nurse Eve.”

I remain still, the room beginning to darken.

“Pamela Harrison.”

I remain still, her face fading.

“Zoey Roberts.”

I remain still, the room blackens.

“Marsha Devine.”

Yes, the acuminous, Marsha Devine. She with such intellect. She who will make me a lawyer.

I nod ever so slightly, for some reason careful not to dislodge her fingers in perceived belligerence, my motion strained with muscles deprived of oxygen.

“Good boy.”

I sense Dr. Rosen leaning, her lips finding the protruding end to the tracheal tube. She purses her lips... she blows... restoring life. The breath she would otherwise wantonly cast aside is so desperately needed. The room alights.

Finally answering, I expect her hand to withdraw, nostrils free to take in air, tube slipped away. It happens not.

“Oh, this is enjoyable, Redmond. For you as well? You’re secreting quite heavily.”

The room begins to darken anew. I must wait... await the caprice of her lips... the effluent of her lungs.

Epilogue - Taylor Phipps

Early September... the beginning of the academic year nears. The intellectually gifted Marsha Devine will soon return from her stint clerking for an Appeals Court judge. A tanned and vibrant Zoey Roberts will journey from her life guarding duties, and of course Redmond has finished offering his penis at the clinic.

He is now so much more humble, so much more eager to please in any manner... toilet duties and oral clean up included. Gagged or not gagged, he speaks not. I do believe Maxine’s partial fellatio is now more acceptable to a psyche remaining somewhat homophobic.

Still his aversion lurks. And to have fun with it, I have Eve walk him leashed, naked and bound about the grounds during the weekly landscaping visits of the macho gardeners. Rafael and Pablo taunt, bringing him both apprehension and the warped delight he cannot bring himself to understand.

Such silly fear and concern, whenever I suggest that I am going to have him suck their cocks.

Enhancing his ignominy is a parting gift from Dr. Gehorchen. Returned to the gynecological chair of the medical chamber, legs strapped in place and widely parted, the good doctor pierced his perineum, inserting and closing an elliptical loop through his anus and exiting at his testicles. It’s of significant gauge... he can actually be leashed there... but the doctor hooked in place a sizable bell, sounding with every step and also bringing an awkward gait, feet and thighs parted lest the metal abrade the tender flesh.

So now I listen as both beta males of the house chime for me, Maxine’s little testicle baubles sonorously joining with the deeper pitched peeling of Redmond’s new edition.

I have him make much music with my Saturday night Cowgirl rides.

Epilogue - Redmond Richards

“Good to see you, Redmond. Have you missed me? You may speak.”

Miss Marsha has returned to the Phipps Estate. She exudes cool calmness, the savoir faire of an acclaimed movie star. Having been selected to clerk as a first year law student and for a high level Appeals Court judge, a very distinct honor, her self confidence... considerable before her ennobling internship... now seems to fill the room.

Yet it may be my own humbleness which enhances her aura. Miss Taylor has decided that to stand or kneel in welcoming my idol back to the Estate would not be a proper greeting. Thus I have been suspended in the study room, for much of the morning awaiting the beneficence of Miss Marsha's appearance.

Wrists cuffed behind, strapped and held to a high cross piece, thick padded straps encircle my thighs to hold much of my weight, feet inches above the floor. As always, Miss Eve tightened and adjusted, assuring that the resulting pose stimulates the pudendal nerves. And in somewhat slackening the wrist strap, I lean forward, bringing both curious comfort and the unlikeliness of orthostatic syncope. Before leaving me to my thoughts, a full length mirror was positioned. I can watch myself... see my reaction... marvel at a woman's mastery and the manner in which I succumb to it... to harden.

Yes, I am erect, my ten plus inches spearing the room air, my lowered esteem oddly nourished as I listen to Dr. Gehorchen's gift gently peal, my naked form floating about like a wind chime.

“Very much, Miss Marsha.”

“Me or the cane, Redmond? Taylor tells me they don't use that at the clinic. The entire summer spent without sensing the searing heat of a woman's discipline. Such disappointment.”

Disappointment for me or her, I am wont to ask.

“I... ah... the clinic is strict. There is not much chance... well... was not...”

I fumble for words. How does one explain that the attentive supervision of the clinic nurses did not give rise to transgression of any form.

“And you have not spent... no ejaculations. Tsk, tsk, you so much like spurting for me... when you have permission and I give you the command.”

“It's... well... not possible...”

“Yes I know. Botox injections. The effect will wear in time. Possibly by Christmas.”

Miss Marsha nears. She rarely touches... caresses. Serving as her toilet has been... well...

perfunctory. She straddles. She opens, I imbibe. Heartless. Calloused. A functional coupling. Thus when she reaches forth, pats my face then lowers to cup my dangling testicles, the brisance of joy is not to be described.

“And now, just like Maxine, you’ve been belled. But you’ve been permitted to keep your bits.”

I have no doubt that if Miss Taylor could be assured of my continued tumescence... satiate her penchant for objectifying the male... such would have been excised during my employment at the clinic.

“Taylor says you have something for me. Something I am to use on you. Something you want me to use on you.”

Dr. Rosen’s gift! Miss Taylor has been told of the endotracheal tube, immediately asking for it upon my return to the Estate. She insisted it be prominently displayed in this study room. I did not know Miss Taylor was made aware of my choice... Dr. Rosen demanding that I select whom I prefer to be depriving me than bestowing me with breath. And it seems my choice has been disclosed to Miss Marsha.

Should I be gladdened of her awareness?

I nod. Helplessly suspended, my physical vulnerability fostering candidness.

“It’s... ah... on the wall... behind the mirror.”

Miss Marsha looks, releases my balls and steps away, retrieving the length of latex from its hook. She returns, fingers and eyes examining.

“It looks similar to your gag, Redmond. With a little tube here... protruding. So you want me to gag you? Silence you?”

What can I say? How do I explain... my ingrained need for submission... to yield all... offer all... to succumb to a woman’s caprice.

But I do... my words faltering... yet Miss Marsha listening intently. Finally it comes out, the intensity of my desire for her dominion... to submit to her intellect... cede to her judgement... her decision as to when I can do something as essential as breathing. Essential for me... a blithe afterthought for the woman in charge.

She smiles. A hand goes to my face. My nostrils are pinched closed. With the next gulp of air the soft rounded tip of the tube presses into my mouth. It slides inward, the ease bringing a knowing smile. My lips further part, taking in the mouth filling lump. With the sound of slight gulp, the endotracheal tube finds its home. Miss Marsha patiently waits for me to exhale... my final unassisted breath.

“Your penis is secreting, Redmond. You do indeed miss me. So I am expected to blow into this little tube?”

I nod, panicking. Perhaps my explanation of the endotracheal tube should have included more specific instructions. But then again, I am never to instruct. I am merely to exhibit my subservience and perform.

So I wait. I must wait. For a discarded breath... of so little relevance to she I adulate... yet of such consequence.

- End -

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