

Expanding Feminine Dominion
at the Phipps Estate

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by Chris Bellows

Prologue - Todd Jackson

“You used to serve us breakfast just wearing an apron,” my oldest sister Danielle chides.

“But now that you’re going to be some big shot lawyer you’re all dressed up. Hot in the kitchen, Todd, you sure you don’t want to take off some clothing?” sister Jackie joining in the sibling raillery.

Both my older sisters break out in laughter, reminding me of my younger days when, given the authority to supervise and punish, they would have me serve just about in the nude, frilly pink apron my only covering.

‘Near naked boys in girly clothes don’t make trouble,’ sister Danielle would solemnly advise.

Plus, such conveniently presented my buttocks for both playful smacks and more relevant chastisement if correction was deemed appropriate.

The summer break is ending. I have been helping out about the farm since June, resuming my household duties, my labor somewhat compensating for the vast sums expended by my family in enabling me to attend law school.

Mom’s long gone off to work. Dad headed out to the back pasture of the farm before dawn. I make breakfast for the working help, as my father has deemed my sisters, constantly reminding that my efforts on the farm have consistently been deemed insignificant.

Yes, Danielle and Jackie help work the farm, mainly keeping things organized in the barn where hundreds of sheep need to be cared for and fed. That includes shearing the herd in early Spring and neutering the offspring June through August... the latter task bringing squeamishness in my adolescence. Thus since an early age I have been relegated to a position of domestic servitude... law school seeming to be my only escape.

I pour more coffee. Sister Danielle gently places her hand on my right cheek.

“Been awhile Todd. Want to join us in the barn, drop your pants, lie on the bench and spread for us? I think you miss it.”

In silence I turn and pour more for Jackie. They know me... too well. Deep within, I guess I do... miss it... the long walks to the barn, head down, knowing that Jackie was snipping slim branches from a birch tree while Danielle was readying a makeshift whipping bench.

Thighs widely parted, why did they insist on such a position of extreme exposure? I could feel my developing gonads swinging about while gaping at the elastrator, hanging on the barn wall, at the ready for the squeeze of a firm feminine hand, the release and snap of a small but life changing castrating ring of rubber.

Yes, her words bring the memories to cascade. Trauma... or quirky delight?

Thereafter, sans a shred of clothing, they had me complete my household chores... bearing their markings as I cleaned house and did laundry... while I hoped for an early return of either Mom or Dad to curtail their mischief. Or did I?

“You could have just run off, Todd,” Jackie reminds. “But you never did. You just walked into the barn and handed over your silly apron.”

“You thought Mom and Dad would intervene... I know you did. But did you really want them to? You never told them. Never said a word. What does that say Todd?” sister Danielle extending the derision.

Such does provoke thought. Am I grateful when sister Jackie changes the subject?

“Feed costs are up, the market price for lamb is not, Todd. Sheep ranching is getting even tighter. So you better get your degree and start making a living. You’ll never be productive here. You can’t handle the herd... more of a wether than a ram when it comes to a man’s work... though you’d probably like to put the apron back on forever.”

“And nothing else,” Jackie again mocks, bringing Danielle to cackle.

I am aware of the dire economics, Dad having counseled me last night. Two more years of law school will require comparatively huge outlays of cash.

‘Find anyway you can to conserve funds, son. There’s no such thing as half a degree... not in the legal profession. So if we run short... another bad year in sheep farming... all we’ve invested in your education will be worthless.’

So with my sisters forcing memories of feminine dominion, there comes a confluence of thoughts... of my assertive classmates Marsha Devine and Zoey Roberts. But more particularly of Redmond Richards and his circumstances at the Phipps Estate... room and board provided... and driving about in a flashy BMW.

But then I think about his forced silence... being gagged. More reflections rapidly unfold, Marsha’s invitation to visit... and her words...

‘It’s a special environment, Todd. A gynecocracy... women rule. Boys obey. You will not wear clothing... that provides dignity and can be a symbol of power. Things with a penis do not have such at the Phipps Estate.’

Have I not been subjected to such here at the farm? Then come Marsha’s further words of

inducement...

‘Being a farm boy you can work the gardens. Yes, we’ll work you hard... have you sweat for us in the sun... make you feel happy that you are denied clothing.’

The visions bring attraction. Is it the prospect of free room and board... perhaps saving my parents from financial duress... or the so termed special environment? Which entices?

My thoughts are distracted when Danielle and Jackie arise from the table.

“To the barn... get some real work done. Clean up the dishes, Todd, tidy up the kitchen and do some laundry,” Danielle commands in a tone further spurring memories of being so long under her auspices.

“And take off your clothing if you’d like,” Jackie giggles in exiting the room.

I ignore the taunt, recalling that I have the cell phone number of classmate Marsha. I shall call her. Talk more of the Phipps Estate... talk about more than just a brief visit... learn of the benefactress Taylor Phipps... possible room and board.

And for some reason, during the conversation I feel inclined to take off my clothing.

Taylor Phipps - A Prospect

I hear the first few bars of Tchaikovsky’s first piano concerto. It’s my cell phone and it distracts from an entertaining display... my enjoyment of objectifying the male appendage.

I have aspiring lawyer Redmond Richards, naked as always, kneeling on the floor of the enclosed sun porch of the Phipps mansion. Feet and legs folded beneath, elbow bands secured together behind his back, at my command he leans back, lowering until his head touches the floor. He’s gloriously erect of course, such a priapic reaction to women of authority well ingrained. And his ten plus inches strive to touch the ceiling, prostatic fluid streaming as would the lava of a simmering volcano.

But this is a volcano which will not erupt. His summer employment at the clinic mandated certain injections by the noted Dr. Gehorchen which have obviated that... for the time being.

Having to address the distraction, I take another sip of wine then pull the phone from the pocket of my riding breeches.

“Redmond, stay!” my sharp command turning my toy into a living sculpture.

Yes, objectification, the engorged male phallus surrendering to a woman’s lustful viewing.

“Hello.”

“Taylor, it’s Marsha.”

Another aspiring attorney, one with brains, assertiveness and fortitude, Marsha has completed her summer of clerking and will soon begin her second year of law school.

“Marsha, I trust my credit card is not over extended,” having lent it to the girl just hours ago for clothes shopping.

I jest of course, Marsha could purchase an entire chain of stores before her shopping efforts would be abridged by any financial constraints.

“Had to tell you, Taylor, I just spoke to Todd Jackson... you know the boy in our study group.”

“Yes the shy one... the farm boy who declined to visit us.”

“Yes. Well, his circumstances have changed. And he was kind of hinting that... well... he could use some financial help. And though not a direct request, he brought up our situation... your gracious help with Zoey, Redmond and me. So to be direct, would you consider another... ah... protege. Male?”

“So no visit... he’d be staying?”

“I assume so. Said something about hoping he could find someone who could offer the same... ah... support as Redmond.”

That is considerable. Room, board and the tuition at Cancadia law school amounts to thousands per year. But then in thought... all boy toys are expensive... and a woman of my means can afford expensive toys.

I know this Todd is aware of the ambiance of the Phipps Estate... some aspects of the ambiance... that Redmond is under strict feminine supervision at all times. So he must either be desperate... or like Redmond has secretive cravings... perhaps both.

“I’ll need photos, Marsha. You saw the poses that I demanded of Redmond... his stepmother quite responsive.”

Nude photos of the well built and well hung Redmond were most determinative in the decision to extend my generosity. And so it shall be with farm boy Todd.

“And if acceptable we should meet. I assume he’ll be returning to school soon. Set up a luncheon. But photos first. You can arrange that?”

There comes a pause, the cerebral cortex of the acuminous Marsha I am sure smoldering in thought.

“I’ll get a phone number for his oldest sister. She’s... ah... one of us, as you like to say. At least I have every reason to believe she is. And she along with the entire family are more or less sacrificing for Todd’s benefit.”

“Tell her she can crop the facial features.”

I smile thinking of the last time I so instructed. Redmond’s face and head were plainly depicted in every nude photo sent.

An excited Marsha signs off, calls to be made, things to arrange. And I too am excited, my reign to be extended.

“Redmond, you may be finally sucking some cock here. It’s been an unfilled promise, I know.”

My well bound toy squirms in revulsion, gagged as always, no verbal reply possible.

Marsha Devine - A Luncheon

Luncheon at Yvette’s, the favorite restaurant of Taylor Phipps. Expensive, but the huge Phipps trust funds gush cash faster than Taylor can spend it, law school tuition for me, Zoey and Redmond considered a pittance. And prospectively classmate Todd Jackson will join us.

We sit... a special booth in the back, quiet... secluded. Todd has texted me that he’s on his way. So I direct Redmond to sit next to me on my left, nurse Eve on his other side. Gagged, we’ll take turns watering him, pressing the straw of a squeeze bottle into his opening for air. Taylor has paused at the reception desk, talking to her good friend, owner Yvette.

“I hope it works out, Redmond. We’ll have our study group together more often. And you won’t be the only boy at the Estate with a fully functioning penis.”

The vast mansion can easily accommodate another boarder. Taylor, Eve, Zoey, Maxine, Redmond and I do not utilize even half the bedrooms. So for chatelaine Taylor Phipps the process will merely be tidying up another bedroom, most conveniently the one designated for Zoey which has gone unused. We sleep together.

I see Todd entering. I wave and he steps right by Taylor. She is unknown to him. That will change. He walks glumly, his smile rather forced. At the table I offer an enthusiastic greeting and introduce Eve.

“She’s a nurse, Todd. She makes sure all the boys are cared for and bathed.”

Todd nods, no sign of surprise, and looks at a silent Redmond, I must suppose expecting a similar greeting after three or more months of separation.

“You know of his gag, Todd. Well, it’s been decided he’ll be kept that way... other than feeding. It’s best for him. Keeps him obedient... and he’ll learn better.”

I do hope I am not scaring away the fish, so to speak. Todd is aware that Redmond’s been silenced... though in rethinking my words, probably not to the extent of the harshness we demand. Then I smile to myself... if the gag disturbs wait, until the endotracheal tube is put to use. But that’s for another time.

Todd nods again and I gesture to a seat to my right.

“Taylor... Miss Taylor to you... will be right here. You just walked by her. How was your summer. Serving your sisters?”

I am aware of Todd’s assigned duties at the family farm. In his youth he performed for them in just an apron... mother and father at work, older sisters given authority to run the farm house.

“Ah... yes... summers are busy. So another hand helps.”

“In the kitchen,” clarifying his duties for Eve’s behalf. “And the laundry.”

Eve chuckles. Todd’s look of sheepishness quickly transforms as Taylor strolls to the table.

As Todd knows to respectfully stand to greet, I introduce. We all sit. Small talk ensues, drinks are ordered, Taylor specifying water for Todd, menus obtained.

“So Todd, it’s good to finally meet. Marsha has told me much about you,” Taylor quickly directing all conversation. “I understand you have a request. But first let me be assured that you’re aware of... let’s term it... the protocols of the Phipps Estate.”

“Well... Marsha has...”

“I believe you mean Miss Marsha,” Taylor sternly corrects, quickly establishing a protocol of respect for all things feminine.

“Ah... yes... Miss Marsha has described some undertakings.”

I did indeed allude to certain aspects of living at the Phipps Estate when Todd was months ago invited for a weekend of study.

“More than undertakings, Todd. Boys with certain... let’s term it predilections... are immersed in an atmosphere that best suits their demeanor... their psychological needs. Known to us... women of authority... as beta males. Such are not esteemed in any manner... but can be useful.”

Drinks arrive. Conversation pauses, the timing adding to the gravitas of Taylor’s words.

“Now... your request, Todd.”

“I need help. Getting through law school. Financially. It’s been a strain... on my family... and the prospects of making things meet at the farm appear to becoming dimmer. So I know of your benevolence...”

Taylor holds up her hand, cutting Todd off. She nods to Eve. She reaches into an over the shoulder bag and produces a large envelope, sliding it to Taylor.

“Your sister Danielle texted me some photos, Todd. Had them printed out. Have you seen

them?”

Todd fidgets, face aghast, blushing, head lowering.

“No.”

“But you’re aware of them, of course.”

“Yes.”

“So tell me about them. You posed for her.”

Taylor is so masterful, the humiliation so intense, bringing Todd to tremble within moments of her initial introduction.

Without letting Todd see, she extracts the photos and passes such to me, leaving him in a quandary as to what precisely is being revealed as he must find a voice and speak.

Todd Jackson - The Final Farm Days

“You’re going to strip naked and you’re going to join us in the barn.”

Sister Danielle’s authoritative tone is a throwback... to my teen days when I as a fractious lad was placed under her and sister Jackie’s auspices while mom and dad worked.

“That’s over, Danielle. I’m 23 years old and in law school.”

“Well, if you want to stay in law school and alleviate the financial burden you’ve put on all of us you’d better listen. When you gave your friend Marsha my phone number you must have known there was a reason she wanted it.”

I nod, Marsha succinctly explaining that talking to one of my sisters could result in the assistance I alluded to in yesterday’s phone conversation.

“So I have Jackie cutting a birch branch. And the whipping bench is ready. It’s not a sure thing, but your friend Marsha says it’s the first step... and there’s no skipping it. So I want you in the barn. And as I said I’ll want you naked... leave your clothes in the house. It’s a warm day.”

Another reversion to punishment days. If the weather was good, I was made to leave my only covering... my apron... behind and walk completely exposed to the barn. The farm is secluded yes. But the seemingly long walk validated my sister’s control, the threat of a delivery van or other interloper bringing quirky thrill.

I don’t fully understand what is happening, but sister Danielle is in earnest. And in referencing the financial burden of law school I remind myself that what little cash the farm generates has gone to my behalf... my sisters living in relative squalor in terms of their social lives.

So, my turn to help, my housework not putting money on the table.

Danielle departs. I disrobe. For some reason I dash to the barn, my shyness remaining. As I get to the door, a smirking sister Jackie greets, a thin birch branch in hand, stripped of all leaves and ready to chastise.

“You’ve grown hair,” not having seen my nakedness in years.

I ignore, entering.

“What’s this about, Danielle?”

“Photos... required photos. But first we need to warm you up a bit. There’s a certain pose demanded... and we remember how nicely you took to having your buttocks whipped by a girl... don’t we Jackie?”

Jackie nods, handing the length of birch to Danielle then pointing to the short bench.

I become apoplectic, slowly complying in thought... kneeling, tummy down, thighs well separated. It was years before I understood the salacious view the pose offered my sisters, male plums swinging about. And I understand the reference... ‘how I took to having my buttocks whipped’. Yes, quite embarrassing... never discussed... but my sisters always noticed the state of my penis when I arose from a half dozen or more lashes of the searing birch branch. I became erect for them. In silence they would nod to each other, sparing me the ignominy of further discussion. But it is evident the memory remains.

Compounding the ignominy, sister Jackie would personalize the whipping. Sitting on a low stool facing me, I was made to extend my arms above my head, horizontal to the floor. She would take my hands, pulling vigorously. And as Danielle stroked away, she could sense my reaction to the agony, my hands clenching, my arms frantically pulling. I was made to look directly into her smiling face as she mocked my tears.

“Just some marks for the camera, Todd. Take Jackie’s hands now. It’s for the best. Then you will pose for us... full frontal... profile shots.. your backside... and my favorite... you’re going to bend over and touch your toes for us.”

Marsha - Lunch Continues

“Quite telling Todd, Punished by your sisters... deprived of clothing. You had every incentive to be obedient to them,” Taylor comments as Todd manages to complete his tale.

Taylor takes back the photos, holding up the most salacious... Todd standing, in the nude, feet parted, hands to the back of his head, penis engorged and standing firmly. Todd notes and blushes anew.

“So you were birched... and that excites... very telling. How big are you Todd... your penis?”

“I... ah... don’t...”

“Well, I would judge you to be eight to nine inches. Better than average size. Not sure it’s worth the price of law school though... not to me.”

So cruel of Taylor... yet so wondrously demeaning. It seems when under feminine dominion Todd experiences the same sick thrill as Redmond. He certainly can’t deny the effect of the whipping bench.

“I’d... well... so much...”

“Like to cede to me... to succumb. Yes, of course Todd. And you will convince yourself it’s only to attain a law degree. So while considering let me be very specific...

“Males at the Phipps Estate... beta males... go naked. They don’t pass over the threshold of the front door wearing clothing. I have this thing for objectifying the male. Redmond here very nicely shows his erection for me. He’s constantly in some form of bondage... leashed... hands and arms encumbered. And it excites him. He sleeps in strict bondage... almost totally immobile.

“Almost everything done by males is under feminine governance... eating, bathing, bathroom visits, studying, sleeping. Essentially, in a way, the male is pampered, no responsibilities other than to harden.

“For disobedience there is the cane. Eve you will find to be quite accomplished. And Marsha here can certainly make a boy’s buttocks glow.”

My turn to be a little sheepish, Todd of course not aware of the full nature of my dominion.

“So room, board, tuition, Todd. There you have it. What are you willing... how much of your male pride are you ready to concede... to acquiesce to the protocols of the Phipps Estate... strict feminine governance... no leniency. When not in law school you will be on display... even while studying.”

Todd’s eyes glaze over. Meanwhile Eve grasps a squeeze bottle from her bag. The translucent plastic hints of the yellowish contents, Redmond to always be hydrated with a woman’s taste. She pushes the straw past his lips, finds the opening in the gag and closes her hand to generously water our boy. Todd watches intently.

Yes, Todd, I am wont to say... feminine governance... constant.

“Will... ah... I be... ah... gagged.”

“You won’t know that, Todd. If I extend my offer and you accept, anything we decide to do to you... with you... will not be discussed with you... certainly not done with your concurrence. Though suffice it to say, the goal will be to finish law school. We’ve found that in Redmond’s case, he concentrates better when denied speech.”

The waitress arrives. Food orders are taken. Taylor has a salad, no dressing, to be prepared for Todd. Nothing for Redmond as we'll not make a show of removing his gag. And for we girls, oysters Rockefeller, shrimp cocktail, grilled salmon, Taylor makes a show of her epicurean prowess.

"Marsha, show Todd the nice jewelry I have Redmond wear for me."

I know it to be the shiny steel neck collar, spring loaded clasps making it permanent but for the heavy tools of a metal worker. I reach and push aside Redmond's shirt collar, the metal glinting despite the limited lighting.

"Expensive Todd. He'll wear it always, not to be easily removed. Can you imagine yourself wearing one for me?"

Todd Jackson - To Be a Beneficiary

I wonder if my gulp of concern can be heard about the table. I finally learn of Redmond's stifling attire, long sleeve turtle neck shirts even in the warmer days of late Spring and early autumn. And this Taylor Phipps seems so proud of having him so adorned!

So I learn more of the Phipps Estate, the generosity of Taylor Phipps coming with a certain quid pro quo... and I now know of Redmond's 'quo'.

But missing is exactly how I will be treated. The unknown taunts. I am a moth circling the candle. Wings singed, where will I land?

The food arrives, suspending discussion. My salad is bland, the endives bitter. Meanwhile the ladies feast and on occasion the nurse Eve presses a straw through Redmond's lips and squeezes firmly. Curious that Redmond does not seem to swallow. He just sits in silence like an obedient dog. More likely a plant to be watered.

What did Miss Taylor say... objectifying the male? Would I become objectified? Would I be willing to be objectified in exchange for Miss Taylor's generosity?

Then comes to mind the departing conversation with Dad... that he'd need another week to pay the tuition bill... that I will need to beg the law school's bursar for indulgence. Things are tight. I may not really have a choice. And I also realize that Miss Taylor has not extended an invitation. Her decision open.

Meal concluded, the waitress begins clearing the dishes. Coffee is ordered. More water for me. Miss Taylor resumes discussion.

"So Todd. You need to convince me. You have needs. I can address those needs. But how much do you really want those needs fulfilled?"

If my pending conversation with the bursar results in no indulgence... I'll be returning to Indiana. Should I divulge that?

“I may have to return to the farm,” I blurt.

Miss Taylor smiles. She holds up the photo of me bending, touching my toes, my backside well striped by sister Jackie’s birch branch, my privates dangling between spread thighs.

“And have your sisters fulfill your needs. More housework... more birching?”

My needs! Such seem to be ill defined... or are they?

“I... I... very much would like to stay... in law school.”

“Then a test for you. Todd. Take off your clothes. Then Eve will take you to the bathroom. She’ll need some measurements. The collar must be snug... but not too snug.”

“Here? All my clothes?”

“Yes. Yvette is an old friend. The bathroom is in the back. Few customers. It’s well past the busy lunch hour. And the help here... well... let’s just say they’re aware of my eccentricities... and my extremely large tips.”

So this is it. Invitation to the Estate extended? Am I to be another beneficiary of Miss Taylor’s generosity? Or is the cat playing with the mouse.

I remind myself that there is not much of a choice... other than to beg the bursar and hope that indeed Dad has funds forthcoming. And what of next semester... and the third and final year?

Miss Taylor silently glares. I look to Marsha... now Miss Marsha. She is also silent, but nods, her smile one of approval, seeming to indicate that to obey is to my benefit.

So I lean, slipping off my shoes, unbuckling my belt. For some reason I envision myself in Miss Taylor’s kitchen... nude but for a pink apron.

“Eve, take his clothing.”

“What! I’ll need...”

“I’ll decide that, Todd. Pass the test. Earn your tuition.”

Marsha makes the decision for me, taking my shoes and socks from beside me and passing such on to Eve. My shirt comes off. Then just as the waitress arrives with coffee, doubling my sense of exposure, I squirm about and slip away my underwear.

I am stripped naked, blushing like a young girl, noting the waitress glares then smiles... saying not a word.

“Thrilling for you, isn’t it Todd? How did you get here?”

“Took an Uber car.”

“Good. We’ll give you a ride. Now, the measurements. I’ll need you nice and hard for me,” pushing before me a bread dish with a pat of butter. “A well greased hand... or perhaps you can simply think of being birched, kneeling in the barn, entertaining your sisters...”

Marsha Devine - To Be Anointed

I look to my left past Redmond. Eve is taking Todd’s clothing and stuffing such in her over the shoulder bag. I note that the waitress casually pours coffee, ignoring Todd’s state of deshabelle. Indeed Taylor is known here, the antics of the secluded booth not to be disseminated.

Reaching to my right to take the last garment, I look down to Todd’s lap. Taylor’s invitation to use butter as a catalyst for erection will not be needed. His penis is engorging. And the source of the stimulation? Thoughts of submitting to his sisters? The overwhelming emotional input of exposure? Taylor’s commanding presence?

What excites?

“Good boy, Todd. And you’ll not need to mess your hand,” Taylor also noting Todd’s stiffness. “Now Eve will take you to the bathroom. You will obey her... as you will all the women of the Phipps Estate. Then we will depart. Boys walk about with their hands to their head, by the way... when not in bondage.”

Todd’s hands meekly go to the back of his head. As he slides from the booth, Eve gathers some things from her bag... one of which is a hypodermic needle. Todd steps to the rear, erection bobbing. Eve follows. Taylor notes my quizzical look.

“He’ll be measured... penis, neck, limbs. And Eve will supervise his toilet. May as well begin acclimating him now... before I pay the tuition.”

“The needle?”

“Chlordiazepoxide... a sedative. Make him malleable... even more malleable.”

Taylor reaches to her purse, retrieving the car keys.

“Redmond, bring the car to the back. I’d have you sucking that plump little cock of his but you’re so nicely gagged.”

Redmond takes the keys, also sliding from the booth. I can’t help thinking that he’s grateful to be so cruelly silenced, his homophobia alerted. No fellatio when gagged.

“It’s gracious of you, Taylor... taking in Todd.”

She shrugs.

“He’ll perform for us. And we have birch trees on the estate,” she quips. “We’ll not run out of branches. And I’m sure Eve can make the transition from caning... and you as well.”

“He does have nice buttocks,” I observe, picking up the photo of Todd bending, red stripes prominently displayed. “Same regimen as Redmond? At the Estate?”

Taylor pauses in thought.

“Constant nudity and bondage of course. But otherwise why don’t you decide that... along with Zoey. In time I’m going to have Redmond suck his penis... just to eradicate any possible remaining self esteem. But other than that... well... size wise he’s passable... but certainly not in league with Redmond. So use him as you see fit,” Taylor’s penchant for objectification requiring magnitude.

Such a munificent woman. Such admirable generosity.

“I’d like to work him. Bring him to a sweat... like a beast. I promised him that. And the weather will remain warm enough for a few weeks.”

“Take the farm boy to the stables. There are no horses... but the gear remains. Just have to adjust for the size.”

“Stables?”

“Oh dear girl, you don’t think my Phipps ancestors would deny themselves the enjoyment of owning some beasts of burden, do you? Working a beast under the whip or crop can be exhilarating... wondrously empowering.”

“But I have not seen stables.”

“Zoey has. She jogs by the facility during her daily exercise. It’s well away from the main house. You’d not want the neighbors or visitors to know of certain... ah... ownership... ah... pass times? I’ll have to show you the path. Not easily found.”

I nod. Such seems to make sense.

“And I do believe there’s a grove of birch trees nearby. How’s that for convenience.”

It seems I have an open invitation... to be master. I smile, nodding again, my mind racing. The semester begins in six days. Hopefully there will be time... to study some law.

Todd Jackson - I Have a Nurse

I lie in my bedroom at the Phipps Estate. Curious irony, it is large... quite spacious, but such is meaningless as upon entry I am directed to lie on a thin mattress and am immediately trussed... bound to the point of almost complete immobility. So the excess space is useless to me.

Miss Eve mentioned the term ‘Segufix’ and that the system of restraint is predominantly used in institutions for the insane. Such explains both the ease of use... strapped down and secured in less than a minute... and the thoroughness and safety... not to mention the inescapability.

I cannot move other than to wriggle fingers and toes, yet I am strangely comfortable.

So I stare at the ceiling, Marsha... Miss Marsha explaining that until certain items of restraint are delivered, much free time shall so be spent.

Thoughts reel... the restaurant... the so termed test... and the achievement of an apparent passing grade.

To the bathroom, a short journey emotionally lengthened by my nakedness and erect penis. There I was measured... neck, arms... and most distressingly my penis and the circumference about my male package. The black hands palpated, pinching, poking and prodding everywhere. Hair seemed to be of concern. Then I was directed to stand at the toilet, hands to remain at the back of my head, the nurse positioned behind me.

‘Urinate for me,’ the words brief but so distressing. Penis throbbing I could not. There came the swat of her open hand. A quick and painful blow to my penis tip. It deflated.

Somehow I summoned the concentration to comply, her left hand grasping my right cheek, the fingers of her right hand gently taking my organ to direct.

Such an intimate task... such attentive feminine supervision.

Then came the jab of a hypodermic needle. I winced. She smiled.

‘You’re going to be a very good boy for me.’

And I was. Whatever coursed into me made me very lax... very compliant... happy to please.

Remaining naked, in somewhat of a haze, we exited. I was led to the back of the restaurant, many of the staff gathering to watch. And in the fog of whatever was injected, I thanked all... humbly thanked all.

So many smiles. Knowing smiles.

Out the back entrance, to the car, Redmond drove. Miss Taylor in the front seat, I was wedged between Miss Marsha and Miss Eve in the back, clothing not to be seen.

Into the country, signs of civilization became sparse. When not a house or other building was to be seen, we pulled off the main road onto a narrow drive. Difficult to judge in the mental haze, was it a mile before the car pulled under the porte cochere of an immense century old mansion?

Exiting the car, Miss Eve took my penis, using it as a leash. Into the house, no words exchanged, up the stairs, through a bedroom and into an adjoining room which appeared to be converted into

a huge bathroom... tiled flooring and plumbing fixtures, white metal cabinets, towels, medical paraphernalia... an array of bamboo canes contrasting what would otherwise be taken as a hospital facility.

There, Miss Eve applied her nursing skills in earnest. More intimacy. Doused, entire body soaped, as I knelt on all fours over a short bench the hair which seemed to be of concern in the restaurant bathroom yielded to quick and nimble strokes of a straight edged razor.

I was defoliated... every inch of flesh greeting the blade. Such humiliation... but so acceptable... seemingly so acceptable... the injection bringing such lassitude.

Yet I was to find the humiliation to extend. Anus lubricated there came an enema.

‘I am your nurse, nothing you have will escape my direction... inside and out.’

I did not think so much warm water could enter me. The discomfort overrode the sense of complacency of the injection. I begged... for relief... for something as simple as the squeeze of her fingers on the tube... the closing of a valve.

I learned of Miss Eve’s resolve. And the term objectification again came to mind. I became a thing... a repository for whatever Miss Eve wanted to usher into me... my entreaties ignored.

My thoughts curtail, my bedroom door opening. It is Marsha... now to be Miss Marsha at the Phipps Estate.

The demanded appellation... of respect... comes somewhat naturally... sort of rolling off my tongue without reticence. After all, she is to be respected. Perhaps more than respected, her intellect to be idolized. Though not beautiful, charmingly outgoing like group study mate Zoey, Marsha... Miss Marsha excels... more or less dragging Redmond and me along through the first year of law school... said to be the toughest.

So yes, it is *Miss* Marsha... and certainly *Miss* Taylor... my benefactress... she who may well be saving my family from financial ruin.

With that thought I convince myself... antics in the family barn aside... the undue excitement of the whipping bench and sister Jackie’s gripping hands... I am acquiescing solely to attain a full law degree... not a useless half degree as Dad has forewarned with a shortage of funds.

Marsha Devine - So meek... so Docile

“Sorry about the extensive bondage, Todd. Taylor has this thing... about beta males and freedom of movement. But your restraints will be here soon. Taylor paid for both quick fabrication... they’ll be custom made... and express delivery. You’re going to have a nice collar!”

Todd appears glum but also content. And I cannot help gazing at his well bound nakedness. Sans body hair, he’s cute... like a little boy. I must take a photograph, readying my cell, speaking to assuage as I snap away.

“And the tuition has been paid. Taylor just added yours to the check for me, Zoey and Redmond. So be gladdened.”

He nods... tries to nod. But in noting my photography expresses concern... though with the continuing injections of Chlordiazepoxide his words of protest are meek.

“Don’t worry, Todd. No one will see... except your sister. Danielle texted me to see how things are going. The picture will show that you’re well taken care of and safe.”

So devilish am I.

“What about my stuff?”

“Zoey, Redmond and I picked it up from the dorm. Easily moved. Looks like you didn’t fully unpack. Guess you were sort of ready to go back to the farm. But now you can for certain stay. Be obedient, Todd. Offer yourself, yield to us here at the Phipps Estate and you’ll have nothing to worry about. Classes during the day. Study at night. And weekends... well... I’m going to exercise you.”

“Exercise me?”

Again so meek. Not a hint of objection in his tone.

“I did not realize there were stables here. Long away from the house... secluded... and empty but for lots of horse stuff. A farm boy like you will feel quite at home. I told you I’d have you working for me... sweating in the hot sun.”

As I speak, my fingers press numerous buttons on my cell phone... finding the contact number for sister Danielle, attaching a photo and pressing send.

“Everything tight enough? I can have Eve take any slack out of the straps. You’ll come to find strict bondage to be comforting, Todd. Being kept can offer a sense of being... well... guess you’d say... being wanted... having purpose... that you’re protected... secure. Lots of money invested assuring you’re immobile... that you must succumb to us.”

As cruel as I can be, I do not have the heart to tell him that, unlike with Redmond’s prodigious organ, Taylor has no interest... no intent... of putting him on display... freeing him of what will become unending chastity. In a way, his bondage not to have the respite of a free standing penis.

With the hormonal build up, he’ll soon be welcoming long strenuous stints in the gardens and bridle paths of the Phipps Estate.

My cell phone chimes. A return text message from Danielle Jackson.

So cute! Jackie and I were disturbed by all the hair when we photographed him for you last week. He now looks like the bratty boy I needed to whip. I assume all is well?

As I type to return the message, I explain to Todd his sister's delight.

Tuition paid. Fed, shaved, bathed and bedded daily. Semester break in only three months. You and Jackie will see for yourselves.

Todd expresses reservations, aware that the quirky photo of his bound and hairless nakedness will renew certain penchants amongst his sisters.

"They'll do with you whatever they wish, Todd. You'd not want Mom and Dad to see the photo. So it seems there will be a new paradigm at the family farm as well."

Despite the threat of blackmail... to perform for his sisters lest my photo be further transmitted, silence ensues, the Chlordiazepoxide not so much dulling his intellect, but slowing down the cerebral processes... and there is much to think about.

"What time is it Miss Marsha?" heavy curtains precluding natural light.

It's nearing noon. But Todd need not know that. He's simply to wile away the many hours in solitude. Boredom will promote capitulation... foster a certain euphoria with something as simple as a loosened wrist cuff... and a sense of gratitude in just being freed to move... under strict direction.

"It does not matter, Todd. You're to lie in bondage until the woman in control decides otherwise."

I don't tell him... not yet... that Taylor has delegated such control to me.

"I do think I'll have Eve tighten some things up for you. And the maid... Maxine... will be in to feed you. You're going to like Maxine. I know she will like you."

Todd Jackson - The Thrill... the Embarrassment

The room door opens to awaken me from a midday nap. At least I think it is midday.

It is Nurse Eve, a white uniform highlighting her coal blackness. Following her is a form, the tinkling of bells drawing attention.

It must be the maid, Maxine. For she carries a tray and wears a silly cap... otherwise she has no covering.

Curious in this haven for female supremacy... the Phipps Estate... that a girl would be made to so submit. But then as she nears, placing down the tray, my eyes detect the source of the ringing. Bells! Small, decorative, dangling from lumps of clear plastic attached to piercings in a fleshy pouch at her pubes. My eyes widen as I note above is a tiny penis, its shape most irregular!

Make up, coifed hair, blue ribbons encircling protruding nipples not feminine but certainly masculine, the form is most girlish.

But with a penis!

“This is Maxine, household maid and husband... to Miss Taylor,” Miss Eve introduces, bringing more shock. “She is most subservient and rarely speaks... and only when directed.”

The tray is placed on a small table. There is the smell of food. I am grateful, rather hungry.

Expecting to finally have my wrists freed, instead Miss Eve steps forth and begins testing the many straps, tugging here, releasing then resetting the locking magnetic posts to bring even more tension. Nothing can move!

“Feel better? There can be solace in tight bondage... a sense of surrender... which is what will come... if not already happening. Your will, Todd... it’s about relinquishing your will. In time you will not even test the bonds... pull or wriggle about... learn that motion... resistance... is futile.”

I can’t help thinking that such a time has already come. Whatever is injected bringing such quiescence.

The maid approaches, bowl in one hand spoon in the other. I am to be fed, like a child. Too hungry to protest, I eat. It’s mush of some kind. Meanwhile, Miss Eve takes something from the tray. Eyes distracted in further examining the androgynous naked form leaning over me, I am distressed to feel another jab of a hypodermic needle at my right hip, a surge of warmth coming to the side of my buttock.

“Nice and docile for us, Todd. You’ll want to submit to us... like a good boy. And good boys also get sucked. Enjoy, such will soon change.”

With that, the feeding ends, the bowl and spoon returned to the tray, and maid Maxine once again leans over me... now at my waist. I am disgusted to feel her fingers toy about my pubes, fondling my penis then again leaning to take me into his/her mouth. I cringe... but I also harden... and harden. And I learn the girl’s... boy’s... fellatio is superb. She seems to feel and sense all that I am feeling and sensing.

Adding to the ignominy, Miss Eve stands to the side watching intently.

“Amongst transformed males... those without... you’ll find there is a certain adoration for the intact male, Todd. And envy for a penis which has not been desensitized. Maxine here has not only been castrated but had a little surgery to assure the only penile gratification she experiences is in giving to those intact.”

More shock! Androgynous and desexed!

“Careful Maxine. Bring him off and you’ll be caned. Keep him at the brink like a good cock sucker.”

She does.

Marsha Devine - a Big Day

Deliveries can be fun at the Phipps Estate. In hearing the UPS truck, Redmond... naked, elbow bands secured, gagged and partially erect in masochistic bliss... attempts to dash from the area of the foyer, away from the front door. Yes, his penis proclaims his warped enjoyment. Yet there is shyness, a sense of shame in his ongoing subservience to the women of the mansion. His bell, a gift from Dr. Gehorchen at the clinic, rings raucously when stripped of clothing. On this late morning it announces to all that something threatens his perverse state of nirvana. He may be seen... by an alpha male.

His leash becomes taut when so struggling to avoid detection. I simply tighten my grip and admonish.

“It’s just a delivery, Redmond,” peeking out the window. “No one will see you... unless you want me to take you to the door. Yes, let’s see what the man has for us.”

There comes murmuring into the gag, shaking of the head. But I also note his penis firms even more. It rises, the tip just about greeting his belly.

Anxiety and arousal... such conflicting emotions... such depravity.

Mercifully, I tie off his leash... beta males never to roam freely through the house... and move to the door. I open. A burly perspiring driver has packages and needs a signature. I offer entry.

“Come to the kitchen for a glass of water,” knowing that Redmond’s tethered form is nearby... exhibition unavoidable.

“Long day, Miss,” the decline coming as I sign and take the delivery.

Returning to the parlor, I must chide Redmond.

“So what if the man sees you, Redmond. At some point you’ll want the world to know who you are... what you are. Some day I may walk you to the main road,” smiling in seeing him quake with the thought.

Taylor Phipps enters from the kitchen. She steps to Redmond who is trying to calm himself. A hand lowers, a finger gently gathering a small dollop of prostatic fluid from the engorged tip of Redmond’s huge erection.

“Sloppy, sloppy, sloppy, Redmond,” holding it to his eyes then pressing the goo to his lips. “But it’s good to see the hormone injections keep you nice and randy for us. A delivery... from Germany, Marsha?” turning to me.

“Yes, Steelworxx. Want to open it?”

“No. Take it to Todd. It’s best that you place him in bondage. He’s your charge. I’m sure after three days of idly lying about he’ll be happy to finally be leashed and permitted to move. Bring a

mirror with you. It will be important for his self image... to see himself collared. And have Eve help you with the chastity device. That can require some medical skill.”

Since bringing him to the Phipps Estate, he’s been in the Segufix restraints... being acclimated to feminine supervision... strict feminine supervision. But with classes at Cancadia law school beginning in two days softening him mentally must end. Instead there will be physical training, and in being permitted to move he’ll be quite grateful to feel my dominion. But first he must bear some steel for us.

To my room for a hand mirror then to Todd’s bedroom. He is glad to see me, a puppy wagging its tail... trying to wag its tail.

“It’s arrived Todd. Some nice jewelry. So we can get you out of the Segufix cuffs and straps.”

“Thank you, Miss Marsha,” offering genuine gratitude.

Lifting the box cover, there lies the gleaming steel. Opened elbow bands and neck collar, the spring loaded clasps carefully wrapped in heavy tape to assure such do not inadvertently clip together in shipping and handling. Once pressed together, there is no reopening. But for a blow torch or powerful diamond tipped cutting tool, the quality, high carbon, tempered stainless steel from Germany will not be disconnected for removal.

For the most part, it’s like bearing a tattoo or brand... only Todd will long be feeling the smooth steel. The weightiness will be tolerable but its presence known... particularly when leashed... or his arms restrained.

I carefully remove the tape, move to his side and unceremoniously encircle the right arm just above the elbow. With the sound of a click, the ends clip together perfectly, the milling precise, the seam almost undetectable. Eve has measured well. The band is tight... to be felt... but items of restraint... clamps, hooks, tethers... can easily be attached.

I move to the opposing side, the left arm is quickly encumbered as well.

“How does that feel, Todd? Nice and snug?”

It’s... ah... okay. But do I need...”

“We’ll decide what you need, Todd. This is the Phipps Estate. We know what is best for boys like you.”

The neck collar is next. For that I must loosen the head harness, Eve cruelly adding that to the Segufix ensemble to assure his sense of capitulation... not even able to lift or turn his head. I find the magnetic device which cleverly releases the locking posts, then gently cradle Todd’s head.

“Thank you,” again expressing gratitude after days of immobility.

“Collar time, Todd. Lift your head for me.”

I release my hands. He complies of course, his obedience level rising each and every day having depended on supervising women for everything since his arrival. He's been peeing into a receptacle for Eve, her hand directing his organ. Such intimacy is meaningful for the subordinate male, in a way returning him to infancy, the need for maternal care emotionally debasing.

"It's not to come off, Todd. When you leave the Phipps Estate you'll need to submit to a special cutting tool of some kind."

I slip the open ring under his head and succinctly press together the ends. I have him collared.

"There. What do you suppose your sisters will think of your new look?" driving home thoughts of his submission.

"I don't... well... guess I'll be wearing shirts..."

"So they won't see it? What about when they take you to the barn... have you strip for them so they can birch your bare buttocks."

Do I detect some arousal? Is Todd's penis reacting to visions of his sisters' discipline? I must press the thoughts of his acquiescence to feminine authority.

The mirror. I align it. Todd can see himself, the steel about his throat. He looks. He is speechless... not looking away in horror or distaste. He studies. And then his penis begins to speak for him. It slowly engorges. The collar and the empowerment such bestows excites. His erection is nicely sized. But for a woman of my ilk, bedding with Zoey, the size matters not. What matters is my ownership... my control... that my disdain for intimacy with the male gender can be so readily manifested... can be actuated.

The silent evaluation ends. Eve enters.

"Another step in your submission, Todd... your cock cage."

"Cock cage?"

Having seen Redmond's elbow bands and collar, he has expected to bear some restraints. And in seeing Redmond being placed on display for Taylor's viewing pleasure, I suppose he is expecting to be exhibited as well. That is not to happen.

It's time for him to know... size wise, Todd does not measure up. Taylor objectifies the exceptional... not the merely adequate.

"Something you'll be wearing for us, Todd. Constantly... other than for occasional cleansing."

I smile... smugly. Todd is having his last erection... for quite some time. And as I pull the steel mesh cone and control ring from the box... I smile even more. It is identical to Redmond's... a size smaller so that it is tightly snug on his inferior sized organ... and includes the penetrating urethral tube which will assure neat urination and that a woman's dominion is always felt deep

within.

I hand it to Eve. She swiftly lubricates, brusquely slaps Todd's erection and encircles his male package with the control ring. Before the penis fully deflates, the urethral tube and cylinder of steel mesh are aligned and a steady knowing hand presses to both catheterize and encase Todd's most prized possession. There comes a click, lock in place, and then Eve finds in the box the posts which will screw into the circumference of the control ring to assure it cannot be slipped away.

Such alacrity, placing the male in ineluctable chastity in less than two minutes. And such a warming sight to see the look on Todd's face.

"I... ah... can feel it... deep..."

"Yes Todd, the tube is designed to abrade your prostate gland. Keeps you aware of a woman's governance... and keeps the gland healthy... constantly being internally massaged as you move about."

"Now. Would you like to be walked? You need to be leash trained and the weather is good. You have not seen the grounds... and the stables."

Todd Jackson - Release!

Strange my sense of gratitude as Miss Marsha uses the special magnetic device to one by one release the many straps and cuffs making me one with the bed.

I should be angry, having been held immobile for so long. Just how long I do not know... the time seeming endless. But as I freely move about my limbs, there is no rage, The exhilaration subsumes. I instead want to hug and kiss her. And there is odd complacency. I am able to move... yet I seem to seek direction, not even endeavoring to fully sit up!

What is in the injections!

"Taylor spoke to you about protocol at lunch the other day, Todd. So be a good boy for me. Your tuition is paid and will continue to be paid. Plus you're to stay here free of any expense. Nothing out of your pocket... or your family's. So obey. Though we've locked your penis away, there is still the required bondage. I'll want you to rise and sit on the edge of the bed while I make you comfortable. Pull your arms back for me."

I do. Why am I so subdued? What is happening to me?

Miss Marsha steps behind me. I feel fingers about my newly donned elbow bands. There comes a click. Then hands pull, behind my back right elbow pressed to my left. There comes another click. I am tethered, my arms returned to immobility. Should gratitude again be offered in finding that, as opposed to the Segufix straps, I can somewhat move my hands... raise my arms?

"Just some little clamps... and a connecting chain. As you acclimate I can make it shorter for you

Todd. Would you like that... sense my control even more? It's easily done. Redmond bears only a single clamp."

"No, please Miss Marsha..."

My plea is cut off as she moves to stand before me. Smiling, she clips a leash to my collar, giving a slight tug, sending a message of authority.

"There. Now no speaking unless spoken to. I'd not want to see you gagged like Redmond. Follow my tugs on the leash, Now come... stand for me."

She tugs indeed and I slip off the bed. Motion feels good. But there is more... Miss Marsha seems to know.

"Feel anything different Todd... down there?"

I do. Astutely she understands this. It's the so termed cock cage. It's tight, the sense of confinement greatly enhanced when standing. And there is more. Something within... deep within. It's the tube, Miss Eve inserting it into my penis.

"I can feel something... ah... inside..."

"It's your prostate, Todd. In moving about the specially shaped tube manipulates. I'm told a boy never becomes fully accustomed to it. Does it excite you? Feeling a woman's mastery so deep within you?"

I must nod. But worse I find myself hardening... rather trying to harden. Physical stimulation or emotional? For some reason I envision myself in the family barn, lying over the bench for my sisters, a birch branch threatening. Over time, I would feel myself stiffening when sister Jackie simply grasped my hands to begin pulling on my arms.

I would willingly spread for them, the command to so position myself no longer necessary. Why?

"Come. It's a nice day. Classes start soon, so you'll be returned to clothing. But for now, I'll walk you... naked. You can feel the sun and air, sense a woman's dominion."

She does. I do. Out the door, into the hall, down the stairs. On the way to the front door I glimpse into a sun porch. There sits Miss Taylor reading, before her stands Redmond. He is likewise tethered, elbows behind his back. But there is no steel about his pubes... and his penis stands... thick... fully engorged... fluid oozing. He is massive... and he is motionless, a statue.

Out the door, I realize Redmond is earning his law degree... serving as an object... for the demented thrill, the viewing pleasure of an imposing woman of authority.

The gravel of the parking area brings aggravation to bare feet. But Miss Marsha quickly directs to a soft path carpeted with well kept grass. She tugs briskly. We stroll. Within moments Zoey approaches, jogging, her athletic form coated in sweat, sports bra and tight shorts soaked. I have

not seen her since the Spring. And now she sees me... naked and bound. I feel embarrassed, finding myself tugging against the leash.

“Easy Todd. I can hook the leash to your cock cage. Bad boys get pulled about by their little plums.”

I settle. We stop.

“Oh look at you Todd,” Zoey beams. “No clothes... not even an apron. You must feel so good!” gushing in seeming to empathize with my secretive delight. “But your penis is locked up. Tsk, tsk”

“Taylor wants him kept under lock and key. Todd’s size doesn’t make it... you know, her objectification thing... and her Cowgirl rides.”

“A small penis? Like Maxine?”

“Oh no. Just not enough there to do a woman any good, I guess.”

“Well Todd, don’t fret too much. It will need to be cleaned from time to time,” Zoey’s tone that of informing a child that Christmas will come.

“Where are you going?”

“To the stables. Going to see if any of the tacking stuff will fit.”

Zoey giggles.

“You’re going to harness him? Well there’s a bunch of stuff. No horses. But it appears they kept ponies and dogs here at some point... judging from the size of the fetters and cages. And someone was into leather... if you know what I mean,” Zoey giggling anew.

Her words bring memories, the extensive equine riggings hanging on the barn wall back in Indiana... the threats of sister Danielle to place me in bondage, work me under a whip until Mom returned to the farm house... sister Jackie’s laughter, the thought both amusing and intriguing... her reaction making it evident that but for possible maternal intervention... I’d indeed be enduring more than a birching... and for longer than the few minutes required for a half dozen strokes.

Zoey jogs onward. The controlling hand jostles. Miss Marsha steps forth. I follow. Again sensing the confinement of my cock cage, the catheterizing tube manipulating a male gland which fosters the erection I am not to achieve.

Marsha Devine - The Stables

Such immense wealth. As impressive as the Phipps mansion is, to find a gem of fieldstone walls, slate roof held by massive oak beams in the midst of a forest exemplifies the era of accumulated

money and cheap labor. It's as if someone had cash to burn.

I pause, gripping Todd's leash. We both surveil. It's not the size of the structure that amazes.... probably that of a three or four car garage... it's that it seems to be curved out of canopy of two hundred year old trees. It must have been hand built, mechanized heavy equipment rare in the era of its construction. Plus there are no roads... just a confluence of narrow paths....presumably bridle paths... leading to the building in a small clearing that over the years has been encroached by undergrowth.

It is no wonder that over the months of my stay at the Phipps Estate I knew not of it. The low building is not to be seen from the house... not to be found... unless directed onto the tunnel like path as did Taylor.

"Come."

I tug, Todd obediently follows, so facilely falling into his role. I make a mental note to tighten his elbow bindings, always to be reminded of a woman's dominion.

Through a double door pressed always open by sagging hinges, we stand in a large tacking area. As Zoey pointed out, the walls are adorned with leather implements, bridles, reins, fetters etc., the array of whips and crops surprising large. There are eight stalls, some four each aligning right wall and left forming a narrow walkway to the rear. There, ancient rusting plumbing fixtures suggest a grooming and bathing area. As I lead Todd to further assess, something strikes me.

Zoey astutely mentioned the absence of horses. And sure enough, a couple of the stalls have cages within, too small for equines. In addition, the stalls and the walkway to the grooming area are too narrow for any beasts of size. Zoey mentioned ponies. Small ponies?

"Back here, Todd," reversing course to return to the tacking area.

I stroll to the wall of leather restraints, taking a set from a hook. I unravel. It is a harness. Many ringed short lengths of leather leading to a large metal ring. And there is no way the various straps could be buckled about a horse. Though never having been on a farm, no animal of size could be so tethered.

I look to see that Todd is examining as well. But he is not perplexed as am I. Instead he begins to somewhat quake.

"What kind of horse... animal... fits into this Todd?"

"It's... ah... well... that large ring would be... ah... attached to a lead line," nodding to a long and thick length of leather on the wall. "And the lead line secured to a cart... or a plow... or whatever is to be pulled."

Not fully answering my question, I hold the collection of leather straps to Todd's chest and begin to understand that the quirky predilections of Taylor Phipps have been predated by her forebears... recalling her words concerning the stables... the enjoyment of owning some beasts of

burden.

“I think... with some adjustments... you’d fit into this Todd. And I also think there is a reason Taylor suggested we visit the stables.”

I return the harness to the wall and lead to the outdoors. I again peer about, noting the camouflage of the hushed thick greenery. Nothing that ever happens here... no sounds... no sights... would ever be known to the world outside the Phipps Estate. Strangely there comes a certain warmth... within my loins. I am moistening... just as when my naked bedmate Zoey exits the shower and flops on the mattress, her arms welcoming me in Sapphic embrace.

“I also think you want to wear the harness for me, Todd,” my words coming as I note a two wheeled cart along side a rusting ploughshare leaning against a fieldstone wall.

Todd quakes anew... more noticeably. He afraid... afraid of his own quirkiness... that he would indeed enjoy being in leather... restrained... worked... feel the sting of the whip... laboring for she who owns?

“Are you trying to harden for me?”

As he nods, I step behind him, releasing the clamp securing his right elbow, taking in the short connecting chain to tighten, then clamping again to draw closer together his elbows, to further immobilize his arms, thrust forth his chest... and most of all to enhance his sense of being under a woman’s power.

“Feel better?”

Should I be surprised when he nods again?

Todd Jackson - A Talk

Finally freed of the Segufix bonds... and look at me, trussed like a turkey, arms painfully restrained, collared, leashed, penis encased in even more duress.

Departing the stables, I cannot help reflecting on my reaction. Yes, I was trying to harden... at least my penis was.

Why?

Though structurally smaller and more rustic than the family barn, something within spurred thoughts and memories... twisted thoughts and memories... my sisters... the oft birchings... the seclusion in being disciplined where any cries or entreaties for help would never be heard. The leisureliness of the thrashings... sister Jackie tugging at my arms... smirking. Her firm grip added intimacy to the horror.

And the time when sister Danielle fondled my well presented balls.

‘You’re getting to be such a big boy, Todd,’ the thin birch branch jostling my plums. ‘Can you take a birching here?’ chuckling. ‘Do you want to take it here?’ the question ending my ignominy as the slow birching finally began, well placed strokes to my bare buttocks.

Curious that I now find that when triggered, the reminiscences bring renewed arousal.

A short walk brings us out of the endless stand of huge oak trees. To our right is a small open field, its rectangular perimeter suggesting the incursion of lumberjacks in the otherwise homogeneous forest.

“Did you notice anything about that harness, Todd?” Miss Marsha interrupting my thoughts in looking back at me.

“No, Miss Marsha.”

“The broadest component of leather... it could definitely fit about a boy’s waist, don’t you think?”

“Yes, I suppose.”

“And attached to it were cuffs... about the size of a boy’s wrists.”

I again feel stirring within my cock cage. Why is this happening?

“And the thinner straps... one could imagine such crisscrossing about a boy’s back and chest... strung over the shoulders, don’t you think?”

She’s doing this to test me... I quickly conclude. Should I be fortunate that the chastity device cloaks my somatic reaction?

Miss Marsha stops, turning to fully face me.

“And nasty clamps, Todd. Small, with biting teeth. Attached to the narrow straps... right about where such would cross the chest.”

Her free hand extends, the fingers going to my left nipple, diddling then closing to gently pinch.

“I would imagine to constantly have to whip a boy... on a hot sunny afternoon... would require exertion. Not necessary if a boy’s nipples could simply be clamped... the threat assuring proper obedience... and a full day’s work.”

Her fingers threaten as well... but feel so good... so controlling. I want more of her touch... so knowing... so authoritative. Instead, with my penis now fighting its confines in earnest, I grimace... and she knows the source of my discomfort not to be her playful fingers.

“You’re hardening again for me, Todd. My words found to be lubricious?”

I stop myself from nodding. Enough!

She smiles, seeming to understand my silence, my non reply.

“Redmond submits to me, Todd. He shows himself for Taylor... and on weekends performs other duties for her which require that he be... let’s term it energetic. But he submits to me... knowing that I am his superior... and that through me he’ll make it through law school.

“And you... well... Taylor took you in out of the goodness of her heart... at my suggestion of course. I’d not want to see our study group dissembled.”

“I’d like to... well...” my voice faltering. “Be with you... more... closely...” such awkwardness, a teen in love. “Out of... ah... this...” my chin lowering to gesture.

“Cock cage? No Todd. That will be rare. I have Zoey for that, Todd... closeness as you term it. I find most men to be distasteful. But there are exceptions. Boys like you... I find useful. There are certain needs, Todd. We all have them. And I think yours and mine conjoin.”

With her words Miss Marsha points to the open field.

“It almost appears that someone grew something here... at some point in time. I’ll ask Taylor about it. Could be a pleasant past time over the coming months, working in the outdoors... out of the classrooms... study rooms... library.”

Miss Marsha turns, she tugs, our journey renews. My thoughts ramble... the revelation that Miss Marsha and Miss Zoey couple together. Why was that not been more evident to me? My veneration has blinded.

“We’ll visit the stables, Todd... on weekends. You’ll put the harness on for me. I won’t ask you to do it... I won’t command you. You’ll just do it. You’ll want to wear it for me,” such provocative words... so placidly uttered.

And yes, the cock cage is getting smaller.

“You have needs, Todd, for a woman like me. And those needs will ripen. And not for me to merely buckle the many straps and tighten the wrist cuffs. Now, should we be looking for a birch tree?”

Marsha Devine - Learning of the Stables

It’s dinner time. We gather about the dining room table, Todd joining us for the first time. Our boys kneel of course, elbow bands tethered, leashes tied to the table legs. For the first time, Todd feels the effect of having his balls leashed, the length of leather clipped to the control ring of his chastity device, restraining his neck collar inhibiting his ability to eat.

Redmond is without his gag. It fascinates that having been silenced so long and so often he has no inclination to speak. So Eve and Zoey take turns feeding Redmond and I feed Todd. I smile in

seeing Redmond's look of envy. He so much prefers my attention. And when I look to see his partial erection, I must wonder if it is my presence spurring his arousal.

"I'll want you suspended after dinner, Redmond. Todd has not seen your special tube... for breathing."

Threatening with the special attention of the endotracheal tube seems to strangely hearten. He nods, appearing glum. But I note his penis waggles for me.

"Todd's been birched" the vivacious Zoey diverts, giggling like a school girl.

"You found some branches?" Taylor joining in the conversation.

"Yes, on the way back from the stables. Thought it would be a proper welcome to the Phipps Estate."

I could not stop myself from breaking off a slim birch branch, stripping off the leaves and not only encouraging Todd's efforts to obey, but bringing back more memories of the family farm and his sisters' dominion.

I do believe his penis fought the cock cage for most of the journey. In reaching back to lightly stroke his buttocks, I found the birch to be amazingly effective, just a little swing of my arm and flick of my wrist bringing paroxysmal flinches and renewed obedience.

Though modest in application, Todd's backside displays notable thin stripes of bright red.

"And the stables were interesting, Taylor. The horses... livestock... must have been of limited size."

Taylor smiles, cutting more prime rib.

"I really would not know. This was my aunt's home. When I visited here in my younger days, I was forbidden to go into the woodlands. Told I may get lost. But I recall my aunt being an enthusiastic equestrienne, often dressed in jodhpurs and riding jacket, crop dangling from her wrist."

"It appears she was growing something... looks like a patch of woods was cleared for farming something," my curiosity concerning the opening remaining.

"Yes, I later learned more. Well after the livestock, as you termed the hands, were released, I was told that many of the vegetables she served were planted, grown and harvested on the grounds by the prisoners."

"Prisoners?"

"Aunt Frieda had... ah... strong penchants of her own. She kept some half dozen men... inmates... volunteering for a special early release program from prison. Like a halfway house. But I am sure

in feeling my Aunt's whip, they would have preferred to stay incarcerated," Taylor laughing.

The story brings images from the stable visit... the cages in the stalls, the leather harnesses of limited size, the many whips.

"So she did not ride?"

"Not horses," Taylor repressing laughter with my incredulous look. "But when I was old enough to better understand, my own disdain for men becoming apparent, I was regaled with stories. One or two of the prisoners were big enough to be ridden. And the others... well... pulling a plough... hitched to a cart... they were worked. Certainly earning their early release. And to dine on the product of their toil seemed to thrill Aunt Frieda. Whipped potatoes were a staple here at the Estate. I did not understand the double entendre until I was a teen."

We all laugh.

"And it ended... the program?"

"Much time and attention, keeping men naked and caged, supervising their work, whipping their buttocks. Overtime, despite the Bureau of Prisons being impressed with the results, an aging Aunt Frieda let the last one go when I was in high school."

"Perhaps we should grow something?" I muse.

"It's late for planting most vegetables, Marsha. But decorating the place with home grown pumpkins would be fun. They grow quickly, and can be ready to harvest by Halloween."

I spoon more mush into Todd, wondering if he can vicariously feel his torso enshrouded in the harness, the leather tight, the nipple clamps threatening.

Todd Jackson - Such Mastery!

So the mystery of the stables... some of the mystery... is divulged. Human beings were caged... and worked. Redmond is not the first naked male kept at the Phipps Estate. And though he is relieved of manual labor... Marsha, Miss Marsha, hinting that his energy is to be solely expended in achieving near constant erection... it seems there is interest in renewing some form of the work release program of decades ago. No doubt involving my sweat.

"Eve, can you take Redmond to the study room, please? No gag. I'll tend to that later," Miss Marsh requests, our evening meal concluding.

Maid Maxine, prancing about, bells chiming, clears the table. Miss Taylor retreats to read on the sun porch. Miss Eve unties Redmond's leash. With classes not yet beginning, I am in a quandary about the need to frequent the study room, but meekly remain in place. As I hear the ringing of Redmond's larger bell, Miss Eve leading him away, I remain leashed, Miss Zoey and Miss Marsha finishing their coffee.

“So you’ve wanted to work him, Marsha. I suspect you’re going to harness him. I see that little cart every time I jog by the stables. Now I understand how it was used... no horses,” Miss Zoey gushes. “And now you will be using it.”

“He’ll not only need to be exercised, Zoey, but as the hormones build in unending chastity, he’ll want me to work him... not to mention his penchant for being birched,” a smiling Miss Marsha explains then turns to me. “But for his quick morning cleansing, there will be no release from chastity, Todd... ever. You’re going to learn of feminine resolve here at the Estate.”

I shudder, her tone so draconian. And indeed, it seems my need to harden has been growing throughout the day and it is only day one of denial. There is need... the feminine supervision so dire... yet seeming to excite.

“Your sensory system will transcend, Todd. Your nipples will become quite the erogenous zone.” Miss Zoey’s hand reaching forth to flick my pink nubs.

My penis throbs. Her touch feels so good. Is the transition happening already?

“And other places,” the acuminous Miss Marsha adds. “The mind... it can supplant for the loss of penile stimulation... and it will. You’ll want to wear the harness for me... as I said Todd. And perhaps have me clamp your nipples. The birch may not be enough for you.”

Miss Marsha explains the apparent modifications of the harness for Miss Zoey. Then my leash is untied.

“Come Todd. Redmond’s been pining for my attention. His masochistic needs excel.”

“What’s happening in the study room?” Miss Zoey inquires rising from the table.

“You’re not aware of the new depth of Redmond’s depravity, Zoey. It seems at the clinic, working over the summer, the nurses there instilled a new need. To submit to feminine governance in the entirety... to give... offer everything. Then patiently await for a woman’s grace in returning it. You’ll see.”

Acclimating to the leash, I have learned throughout the day to anticipate my master’s motion... essential with the leash now attached to my precious male package, the control ring of my chastity device.

Out of the dining room, up the stairs, down the hall past many bedrooms. We enter a room at the end. I am aghast to see Redmond. He’s hanging, suspended in the air within a wooden frame. Vertical stanchions of some eight or nine feet hold up a horizontal cross piece. Long, thickly padded straps are attached at the corners right and left where the crosspiece connects. Such encircle Redmond’s thighs, holding much of his weight. His elbow bands have been released. In place his arms are folded behind his back and there are wrist cuffs secured to a strap which emanates from the center of the crosspiece above.

He is positioned leaning forth, as if about to dive into a pool. A smiling Miss Eve works,

adjusting the straps, seemingly satisfied only when Redmond's monstrous erection appears to be at its maximum, spearing into the room like a fallen tree.

"He's ready for you," Miss Eve's casual announcement contrasting the severity of Redmond's bondage. "Enjoy Redmond," patting his left cheek as she steps away.

"Kneel, Todd. In silence. Obey," the command coming as I lower myself and once again my leash is tied off to a table leg.

I am learning. The beta males of the Phipps Estate never ever freely move. Such degradation, such a sense of impotence.

Then from the table, Miss Marsha picks up Redmond's gag, inflatable, with a throat tube both long and stout. But she also picks up a similar length of latex. It is slimmer, a long tube leading to a lump of rubber with a shorter tube protruding.

"Want to be returned to the gag, Redmond? Or do you want to be placed under my reliance," holding up the two objects for examination. "Perhaps you'd like to have Zoey decide on your next breath. You may speak."

I note the straps begin to shake, Redmond's sizable physique quaking. He speaks not, speech so long and often denied seems to have emotionally silenced. Finally Miss Marsha steps, both lengths of latex in hand.

"Well open your mouth. And I think Zoey would like to see your new level of submission. Come now Redmond. Be a good boy for me," her tone changing, mother to child. "And Todd also. I'm sure he'd like to see the totality of your subordination."

Redmond complies. Miss Marsha casts aside the inflatable gag, extending her hand, pressing the soft rounded end of the thinner tube to Redmond's lips. She presses forth. I am amazed to see the entire length effortlessly enter... deep... deeper. Finally comes the odd shaped lump. Redmond opens wider. Miss Marsha presses more firmly. The mass fills his mouth.

"It's termed an endotracheal tube. To assure proper breathing... normally... for patients enduring medical procedures," Miss Marsha lectures. "But the clever folks at the clinic have modified it. A one way valve. Redmond can exhale through the tube... but needs my assistance... that of the woman in charge... to inhale. So if I pinch closed his nostrils... like this," thumb and index finger so doing, "he needs me for that which sustains life."

I hear air expelling... and a smiling Miss Marsha just stands, so glowing in her total control.

"The discipline ingrained is for Redmond to patiently wait for my decision... my grace... for me to condescend and share my breath with him. And I will. When I decide. And if he moves... tries to beg... in any way gestures his need... then I will delay. He must learn... that all which sustains now comes from me... and comes at my caprice."

I am both amazed and horrified. Redmond moves not. No sign of his need. He instead yields, not

even attempting to shake loose the oxygen depriving hand, to free his nostrils.

“Such capitulation has been instilled. Perhaps a summer for you at the clinic, Todd. I think you’d like that. You would not have your buttocks whipped or birched... but I firmly suggest you will learn total acquiescence.”

The notion frightens. I dare not protest, instead studying Redmond in his plight for air.

How much time? How many seconds? A minute?.. until Miss Marsha insouciantly leans, takes the smaller protruding tube into her mouth and slowly blows to restore depleted oxygen. In so doing her free hand goes to Redmond’s chest, apparently assessing his heart rate.

“He gets very excited in succumbing to me,” lips releasing. “And look at his penis, I do believe it is even firmer.”

Such a look of pride... of firmness... of accomplishment. Miss Marsha rules... in the absolute.

“Zoey, we will have to find something to clamp closed his nostrils. A girl looks a little silly standing here with her hand over his face.”

Marsha Devine - the First Morning of Many

“Did you sleep well, Todd?”

“Ah... well... no Miss Marsha.”

“Not yet accustomed to the bondage, I suppose. Yes, the Segufix system is a little constraining. Particularly with Eve. She makes it quite tight. But overall I’m told boys like you feel better in thorough restraint. Makes you feel... helpless. Yes, it is good for you to feel helpless.”

“It’s... ah... more of the penis thing,” his response ignoring my supposition.

“Your cock cage?”

“Yes.”

“So your little thing was fighting its enclosure. Yes, that happens... nocturnal penile tumescence... and will happen more and more. That’s why it is best that I exercise you.”

It’s the morning of the first day of classes, breakfast having ended. I lead Todd to the special bathroom facility adjoining Eve’s bedroom. It’s large, at one time a bedroom onto itself. And specially converted, plumbing fixtures, tiled flooring and much equipment, devices and implements to ensure that a woman’s dominion of the male... the naked and well bound male... is well ingrained.

It will be Todd’s first bath... the first of many. And how can I resist observing the ignominy?

A third short bench has been added, covered in waterproof vinyl. Having assisted in bathing both Redmond and Maxine last semester, I lead Todd to the new addition, pushing and prodding until he is kneeling, tummy down.

“This is where every morning you will be shaven and cleansed... inside and out... and have a few moments out of your cock cage... but only for cleansing,” I lecture, unclipping the leash and strapping in place his thighs and ankles. “It is then that you may harden for me,” knowing that the forthcoming enema will bring embarrassing tumescence, desired or not.

Eve enters leading Redmond. He knows to lie on his bench without need for command. As I remove the clasp from Todd’s elbows, Eve and I work with alacrity to assure both boys are well bound. Maxine joins us within minutes, having completed kitchen duties. She also knows to surrender herself to the bench and within moments three naked males... acknowledging that Maxine remains with a penis... are restrained and ready for ablutions. A spray of warm water, and a soapy chamois, all goes without incident until the enema bag is filled and the tubing unravels, each ending with a monster sized... in the male mind... nozzle. Such are demonstrably lubricated.

“No... not that!” Todd protests to bring feminine smiles.

“I said inside and out, Todd. It is mandatory here at the Phipps Estate,” I again lecture.

First Redmond and Maxine, cutely sharing the same filled bag, are simultaneously filled utilizing a split tube. Flow beginning, Eve shaves, the blade gliding expertly with Todd watching the dexterity in a combination of concern and amazement. I am afforded the privilege of preparing Todd separately, Eve rightfully deciding that his introduction to the morning degradation should be anything but succinct.

Bag filled, I stand before him with the inflatable nozzle.

“You will let me know when it’s nice and tight, Todd,” I quip knowing that he is already somatically feeling the sizable cylinder before I have even inserted it.

“Please no Miss Marsha.”

“It’s for the best, Todd... squeaky clean ... inside and out. Guess you should unlock him, Eve.”

She smiles and nods. We both know that the male organ will engorge, pressure on the prostate signaling the need to harden.

“Now Todd, the longer you hold the enema for me, the longer you’ll be out of the cock cage and your penis will be free to show off for us.”

Such a wicked gambit I propose... take the flow... enjoy the relative freedom.

Eve stoops, unlocking the cock cage and slipping away, tossing the steel cylinder to a sink for cleansing. I quickly follow up, lubricating the rose bud opening and introducing the nozzle.

“Oh, you’re much tighter than Redmond, Todd. But you’ll be opened for us in time. And you’ll also come to enjoy. As Zoey suggested, with the extended chastity comes new erogenous zones... your anus will become one.”

Some squeezes of the puffolator, the nozzle expands and the flow begins. And for a woman of my ilk, watching the male organ helplessly engorge is empowering... knowing that it hardens for no other purpose than to amuse.

Soaped, Eve shaves. I stand looking straight into Todd’s eyes to assure he is aware of my enjoyment in seeing him so slowly suffer, tummy bloating, his beseeching cries for release ignored.

“I’ll decide, Todd. The woman in charge will always decide.”

Mercy comes as the hour to depart for Cancadia Law School nears. Todd’s pleas have nothing to do with the release of the enema, the contents of his bowels spurting to the tiled floor and the convenient drain.

He is rinsed and dried, heartened to be freed of his restraints without the cock cage. Leashed by his neck collar, elbow bands clipped together, he and Redmond, in turn leashed by Eve, are towel dried and led to the foyer. I have his cock cage, Redmond’s as always resides on a wall peg, in wait for journeys outside the Phipps Estate.

Maxine dashes to the kitchen for ice, and any remaining firmness is quickly dispelled, Eve applying freezing cold until the male organs are sized to fit into cock cages too small.

“It’s... it’s...too...”

“Quiet Todd. It’s always going to feel too small. That’s what forced male chastity is all about.”

Eve opens the well locked foyer closet containing Redmond’s permitted clothing, Todd’s summarily piled inside as well when we emptied his dorm room. She selects some garments, tossing to the floor of the foyer. Our boys are humbly dressed... I can’t help wondering if covering their required nakedness brings disappointment.

Task completed, Zoey joins us. So vibrant... as always gushing with enthusiasm.

“Todd. I prepared something for you. Hope you appreciate the effort.”

She hands Todd a small plastic card, encased in plastic, the size of a driver’s license.

“I pried open your Cancadia student ID... replacing the photo. Think this better depicts who you are... what you are.”

Todd peers at his new ID, face aghast. I cannot help looking at it as well. The mischievous Zoey has removed the mundane facial photo... as always one in which the holder appears dropped from another galaxy... and replaced it with a smaller version of that which Taylor Phipps showed us at

lunch. It is a naked Todd, hands to the back of his head, humbly looking into the camera lens, displaying himself fully erect... taken by his sister Danielle after a birching in the family barn.

“You’re to show that, Todd... whenever asked for identification.”

We all giggle like naughty little girls. Todd will need to avoid encounters with campus security at Cancadia.

Marsha Devine - Back to the Stables

It’s been a short but challenging week, getting back into law school/class work mode. But we fall into a routine. Breakfast, morning bath, shaving and enemas for the boys, then off to Cancadia.

I must add that... though perhaps it is my imagine... Redmond and Todd seem to be somewhat put off in having to dress in the morning. And I can’t help thinking of the time we had Redmond in the car naked and that perhaps we should institute such more regularly, keep things not only exciting for them, but further the aura of gynecocracy at the Phipps Estate.

Just a thought. And there are many considerations... like when and how to have them dress when arriving on campus. But in arriving back at the Estate at day’s end, they’re stripped naked before entering the house. And when Redmond’s cock cage is removed and the mammoth penis steadily engorges to show off for us, the thought of extended their nudity fades.

Todd of course is kept under lock and key. And by the weekend, he’s very much in need of relief. For though his manhood is freed at morning cleansing time, it remains untouched... not ever handled in a sensuous manner, though as the hormone levels build, the mere act of shaving his scrotal sac brings much male delight... the ultimate satiation denied of course.

For group study, Redmond remains gagged and a newly humbled Todd rarely speaks, knowing to politely ask permission in order to be heard. So the nightly meetings are comprised of Redmond and Todd taking notes as Zoey and I discuss various salient points of law and for the most part me lecturing... as I should, being the legal maven that I am. The boys are fortunate to ride my coattails when it comes to the study of jurisprudence. And putting aside the ambiance of strict feminine dominion, I’ll assist with exam study and tutor as much as possible to assure a law degree is attained.

Group study ends when Eve steps into the room. Zoey and I then know that it is time for some entertainment, Redmond to be placed in full body nude suspension for the benefit of the cameras, the chatelaine Taylor Phipps. She is no doubt watching in her bedroom with maid Maxine’s head tightly wedged between her thighs. Some evenings I’ll put Redmond into ultimate male submission mode, intubating him with the endotracheal tube and sharing my life sustaining breath with him.

It totally horrifies Todd... amazed that Redmond will idly dangle, completely motionless, not a murmur, not a gesture of duress... and await the caprice of my lips and what I exhale. The discipline is wondrously compelling for the farm boy not yet fully immersed in feminine dominion.

Saturday morning comes. I decide at breakfast that the morning bath will be put aside and I'll exercise Todd as promised. So when finished feeding him, I grasp his leash which during meal times is clipped to the control ring of his cock cage. I will not move it back to his neck collar for such tethering instills a noteworthy sense of submission in the male... being led about by the balls. And as I have learned from Taylor Phipps, it is important. Feminine whimsy keeps the psyche of the beta male unstable... never having a sense of assurance as to what will happen next.

"To the stables, Todd. There's work to be done... while the weather remains warm and mild."

I stand and snap the leash, the sudden jolt to his entrapped male package sending a convincing message of feminine control. He stands from kneeling at the breakfast table, somewhat clumsily with his elbows banded restrained behind his back. I bid adieu to all, knowing that Taylor will read, Zoey will jog, Maxine will clean, Eve will bathe Redmond then have him placed somewhere on display for Taylor, erection firmly standing.

So out the door, across the parking lot, to the grassy path, to the stables. With some three days of focusing on law school, it is time to engage socially, if such is the term for leading about a naked, chastised male on a leash.

"I trust you're enjoying your stay at the Phipps Estate, Todd. You've not a care in the world... other than studying. You may speak," conversing as I walk him.

"Well... ah... yes, Miss Marsha. But I would like to..."

"Play with yourself... I know," completing his thought in rather crass terms. "It's a male thing. But you must understand this female thing here. Beta males submit... are to be totally controlled. And having your penis locked up for Miss Taylor emblemizes her control."

"But Redmond..."

"Redmond is here to be objectified," I interrupt again. "His penis... when it stands for Taylor... for us... for no other purpose than for entertaining the owner... our benefactress... such symbolizes feminine power. That here at the Phipps Estate virility is to be tamed and displayed solely for amusement."

"Does he... you know... ah..."

"Get jerked off? No. Certain male muscles... those needed for ejaculation... have been tranquilized... for want of a better term... at least for the next couple of months... a procedure needed for his summer job. But I'm told by semester's end things will reverse."

"And he'll..."

"Be allowed to ejaculate? No, I suspect he'll continue to be simply milked. Male pleasure is rather an afterthought here, Todd. Eve will probably have him filling a bowl for her," the image bringing me to laugh.

“The thing with the tube, Miss Marsha. Redmond... he just... ah... waits for...”

As Todd has such trouble finding words, I realize that though I’ll get him through law school, he’ll never be a litigator, requiring quick thought and organized oral skills.

“Waits for my exhalation... what I discard. And waits without objection for my decision to bestow it. It’s an aspect of his submission nurtured at the clinic... where Taylor’s husband Maxine was... best to describe it as... transformed. The psyche of the beta male has many hidden needs, Todd... many layers of what others would consider warped desires. Masochism... Redmond has been taught to more or less not only accept it... but in many ways to revel in it.”

“So you think he’s happy?”

“I know he’s happy. He chose me to be the one to intubate him and withhold oxygen. He wants to cede to me... everything... including the essence of what sustains him.”

“But why?”

“Why am I leading you about on a leash Todd? The beta male, there’s a natural inclination to submit to superiors. I, of course, am his superior... intellectually... and in many other ways.”

We reach the stables. I have given Todd much to think about... whether his stay at the Phipps Estate... the acceptance of the generosity of Taylor Phipps is merely for convenience... the financial benefit... of attending law school free... or perhaps deep within he wants to address some latent needs... revel in the joy of subservience to a governing woman.

Yes, the antics at the family farm... serving in the kitchen nearly naked... reporting to the barn upon command with sisters Danielle and Jackie prepared to birch. It’s all telling.

We reach the stables. I smile, the ploughshare leaning against the wall seems to beckon.

“Ah... Miss Marsha... I need... to go...”

Todd Jackson - Such Regality

“To the bathroom? You need to go to the bathroom. Todd, why are you always fumbling for words?”

I need to urinate. But for some reason am not inclined to use words like ‘take a piss’ or ‘a leak’ or ‘drain the dragon’. Marsha Devine is becoming someone too much respected for base male euphemisms. And ‘urinate’ seems too clinical.

Anyway, I nod.

“Okay, over here,” snapping the leash to express her annoyance.

I was hoping for privacy, though I have been relieving myself at Miss Eve’s behest while bedded

in the Segufix restraints. And of course during the morning bath, emptying myself on the well drained tile floor, spray hose gushing, seems of little consequence and seems to go unnoticed.

But here?... outdoors?... under such close supervision from a woman I hold in such high esteem?

Concerns aside, I must follow the leash. To a split rail fence, appearing to be an enclosure for horses that never were.

“Kneel, leg up on the rail... like a good doggy.”

What?

I comply. I must, bending to lower myself as Miss Marsha removes the leash. With arms encumbered, I must lean forward to lift my right leg. When I do, placing my knee atop the lowest of three rails, I begin to topple forward. Standing to my left side, Miss Marsha’s left arm goes to my torso to steady me. Her touch, it feels exquisite. Then, forearm across my chest, her fingers find my right nipple. Goose bumps form, my telling reaction bringing a light laugh as she tenderly plays.

“Hold for me. Be obedient. You’re excited... but you’ll just have to wait.”

Though holding the loose leash, the fingers of the right hand go to my scrotum, compressed by the control ring of my cock cage. Such palm, bringing a frisson, the goose bumps seeming to become hillocks. Finally Miss Marsha leans, whispering in my left ear, her warm breath stimulating, my penis fighting the steel mesh of its confinement as come the words.

“You may urinate for me,” completing the soft command by blowing in my ear.

I never realized such an intimate deed, normally demanding privacy, could be so sensuous. I press, I open. The right hand slips from my scrotum, fingers to the base of the steel cylinder directing the flow, pushing the tip of the cock cage away from my left knee, my hands rendered useless by the elbow bondage.

“You see, Zoey is right. With extended chastity, the burgeoning hormones will bring to you new delights... erogenous zones expanding. You’re excited in merely opening your bladder for me.”

How can I argue the point? Why would I want to argue the point?

As the flow wanes my manhood begins to fight its cage in earnest, bringing self torment. The nearness... the intimacy feels so good. There’s quite a let down when I am emptied, the hands retract and Miss Marsha steps about to return me to the leash.

“Come. Let’s get you harnessed. I suspect it will take some effort the first time.”

As I respond to the tug to resume standing, I note long lengths of bare wiring running horizontally along the rails of the fence. Appearing rustic, the electrified corral instead was an enclosure from which escape would be painful... if not life threatening. Aunt Frieda... her strong

penchants... her early release program evidently permitting limited emancipation.

Marsha Devine - Discussing Need

Into the quaint stable structure, my self doubts concerning my ability... to place a boy in bondage normally intended for beasts of burden... begin to fade as I look about and envision what it is I want to do.

There is much equipment and paraphernalia. And a sturdy hook hangs prominently from a long rope attached to a high beam. Centered in the tacking area, it offers a clue as to the starting point. So I move two blocks of wood, placing about two to three feet apart beneath the hook. I switch the leash from the control ring of Todd's cock cage to his neck collar then direct him to mount. I release my grip on the leash and fling it high over the hook, taking the end to thread under the back of his neck collar and tie off to form a loop. Todd is secured. To move and step off the blocks would mean dangling from his neck collar. I am thus free to assemble what I need, Todd for the most part held immobile with his arms remaining constrained by the elbow bands, feet well parted.

"Careful Todd," reaching to palm his restrained male package.

So smooth, so vulnerable, the daily shaving brings such attraction to helpless plums which foster such unwarranted male pride. I squeeze sending my message... of power... of control... of feminine disregard for what is so foolishly held in esteem in the male world.

He grunts.

"Did your sisters ever birch you here Todd? Seems to be a likely places to discipline a boy. I would image with the thin whippy branch there would be much pain and little overall damage."

"No, Miss Marsha. It was... well... just a threat."

I can't help laughing, the sisters indeed both dominant and wicked.

"So the subject matter did arise for discussion. Quite exacting, your sisters. You must have been very obedient for them."

He tries to nod, words escaping him.

"Well, be a good boy for me... and avoid any... ah... attention here," gently patting his nuggets.

I step away strolling about, mentally envisioning how I want him. While gathering gear we talk.

"Did you ever give thought to why you want me to do this, Todd?"

"But I don't."

"Oh, but you do. It's not just about law school, Todd... free education, room and board. It's much

more. You want to succumb... to me... to a woman in charge... give of yourself.”

“Well, I’d like to do that... but differently. To please you.”

“But I have Zoey for that. And in your latent desire to submit... you must realize you will never dictate how it will be that you submit... in what manner... never direct what a woman will do to you ... with you.... when and how. That is not submission.”

I return. Having selected a harness I buckle a broad belt about his waist, wrist cuffs attached. At the back are straps, emanating at the small of the back, rising to a large open loop at the center of the spine. There the straps cross and I reach up to flip over the shoulders, left and right. Moving to his front, I gather the straps, cross such at the sternum and buckle back to the waist belt at the hips. I smile in tightening, Todd and the collection of leather becoming one. I also must play with the convenient nipple clamps, so deliciously threatening in loosely dangling from the straps within inches of his chest. I open one and test on my finger. The springs are tight, the teeth many, the pain barely tolerable on my pinky... not to be imagined in closing over the hypersensitive pink flesh of the male glands.

“You’ll not want me to clamp you, Todd... at least I don’t think your masochism so extends.”

In demonstration I pinch to gather a thick tuft at the chest, knowing it to be much less sensitive. I clamp. Todd’s lungs empty in a whoosh of anguish. I instantly release... message sent and received.

“So I am going to release your elbow bands and you will gracefully and without hesitation lower your hands to your waist.”

I remove the double ‘D’ clamp, releasing the elbow bands. He complies, and I buckle the cuffs about his wrists.

I step back, marveling at the thoroughness of the bondage. The Segufix restraint system is more confining of course. But a boy can’t be worked, can’t be whipped and made to do a woman’s bidding when so secured. Todd will move about. I will work him. He will physically feel a woman’s resolve and determination with every drop of sweat I force from him.

And with that thought, I step to a nearby wall where a vast array of instruments of correction hang.

Which to use?

Being a novice flagellatrix, I decide on something easy to aim and unlikely to do damage should my hand stray. I know Todd has been birched, a thin whippy tree branch readily attainable in the nearby woods. But with such a selection, why should I not choose something more... I’d like to think formal.

There’s a long single tail, tawses, paddles, quirts, whips of various lengths. I decide on a riding crop... short, easily aimed, damage unlikely. I make a note to use the quirt at some point, the pain

and markings probably very similar to the birch.

As I ponder I note hanging adjacent to the right are a series of steel implements, a half dozen bars similarly bent and shaped, each with an open loop at the top end, bending upright at the bottom in the shape of a hook and ending with a bulbous smooth sphere. A matching set, the only differences being the sizes of the spheres, my curiosity is piqued. Then I spy an ancient jar of unguent, Vaseline defying the many years of temperature change in the unheated stable structure.

A clue!

I reach to grasp the hook with the smallest sphere. It is moderately heavy, the steel strong, the metal well forged and some eighteen inches top to bottom. As I look to Todd's well trussed form, I realize the length of the strange implement coincides with the span at his back... from the open metal loop at the center of his spine to the crevice of his buttocks.

What an interesting women this Aunt Frieda! With all the bondage gear, whips, crops and paddles, I must wonder how many inmates enjoying the privilege of early release begged to return to prison. And now I find they were anally impaled while worked!

"Todd, what do you think this is for?" I teasingly inquire in returning to my harnessed human beast of burden, crop in one hand, hook in the other.

As I approach I note drool, clear viscous fluid oozing from the catheterizing tube of his Steelworxx chastity device. In observing me make a selection, hands smoothing over the instruments of pain and correction, Todd's glands have been priming themselves. It's telling, sisters Danielle and Jackie so long aware of his latent needs and desires.

Coincidentally, I too am moistening... not so much in envisioning my stroking hand bringing crimson stripes and howls of anguish, but in realizing the abject humiliation Aunt Frieda wrought from those seeking final release from incarceration.

She worked them while whipping and bringing stimulation, the bulbous end of the hook for sure kneading that curious male gland which sparks tumescence.

"I... I... don't know, Miss Marsha."

I smile stepping to his rear. In holding up the metal, the shape perfectly contours the spine, the bottom portion easily slipping into the gluteal cleft, the bulbous sphere sized for insertion with just a modicum of lubricant. And at the top, the loop at the top end aligns with the large ring of the harness, there to be held in place utilizing the same double 'D' clamp as the elbow bands.

How devious! For in also utilizing the large ring to hitch the worked beast to a plough or cart, the tugging would in turn jostle the anal hook... every step felt deep within.

I moisten even more, planning a Saturday matinee with Zoey upon return to the mansion. We'll trib until the dinner hour, breasts pressed, our titties frottaging.

Todd Jackson - Cropped and Worked

I lie in my Segufix bonds, bedded despite the early hour. Despite feeling like a child unwillingly sent to his room for an afternoon nap, I suppose it is for the best. I am sore. I am tired. But the most notable emotion is the embarrassment in having been so painfully worked for most of the morning... in harness, buttocks cropped, anally impaled... by the woman I have come to idolize.

Standing on the wooden blocks of the stables, leashed neck collar holding me in place upright, Miss Marsha, fascinated by the collection of curved steel bars, lubricated my anus and slipped in place the anal hook. Though using the smallest of the set, my rectum yielded only under great pressure, firm hands slowly but steadily working to assure I was well stuffed. My penis reacted immediately. Already partially stimulated by the catheter tube of my chastity device, my prostate reveled anew, my manhood fighting its cage in earnest.

The sensation cannot be described, feeling a woman's handiwork so deep within.

The top of the vertical steel implement was attached to the large steel ring at the center of my back where the straps of my harness collected. Miss Marsha then stepped back to survey, quite amused as I was made to stand in place nearly a foot above the stable floor, appearing to be a statue.

'You're like a piece of art, Todd. And you're secreting even more. The anal hook becomes you.'

With that, she stepped forth, hand reaching, cupping my scrotum, caressing, toying, kneading to spur even more male need. The pain of trying to harden within the confines of the Steeloorxx cock cage began to overwhelm at that point. And Miss Marsha graciously offered a solution.

'So let's begin, Todd. Some strokes of the crop to start... acclimate you to my controlling touch and divert your systemic reaction from the prostate gland.'

Though her hand work felt so good, I was grateful when she stepped away, releasing my male package. But then in returning with a riding crop, my buttocks were set afire. Such conflicting thoughts. For some reason I found myself missing sister Danielle and the birch... a smiling sister Jackie looking straight into my eyes as the fiery pain brought me to tears.

I so often begged during those times in the family barn... begging my sisters! Siblings I looked up to and had to obey!

And this morning I found myself similarly submitting. Yes, after some half dozen, the tears came... the sense of surrender to a woman who is my superior... to yield... to give her what she wants... my pride... my dignity... my self esteem.

'Please... no more Miss Marsha.'

She laughed, continuing the chastisement, demonstrating once again that any decision concerning clemency was hers to give... not mine to demand.

I could not help thinking of Redmond and the endotracheal tube... that breath was offered at her whim... from she in charge.

But I still could not stop beseeching her, despite knowing of the futility.

‘So now that you’re warmed, let’s work you.’

Buttocks afire, my leash was untied. Off the blocks, out of the stable, to the plough. Leash in one hand, in the other Miss Marsha brought with her a long, thick length of leather. Attached to the large ring, the opposing end was hooked to the old plough. And indeed I was worked.

‘An easy morning for you Todd. We’ll just tug this thing to the field. I want you to feel your harness... have a sense of being totally under a woman’s control. You’ll come to enjoy it... if not already sensing the quirky delight of capitulation,’ her crop hand swinging away, her own joy coming in seeing me spasmodically lurch with each searing stroke.

And indeed, my entire body enshrouded in a web of leather straps, with each step the anal insertion moved about, stimulating my prostate which in turn signaled for renewed erection, the sense of submission absolute.

So confining, so constricting, such humble tribute to her mastery, dragging the heavy steel, Miss Marsha’s free hand tipping the blade to avoid tilling the pathway.

In merely pulling the device the few yards to the fallow pasture, I was worked into a heavy sweat, the tip of Miss Marsha’s crop landing with a splat, the salt of my perspiration stinging the many welts.

‘Yes, Todd. We’ll need a few weekends. You’ve not even begun tilling the soil for me.’

Leaving the plough behind we returned to the stables. Though worn, without the burden the short journey seemed effortless despite the probing anal hook and the consistent strokes of the crop. Relieved of the harness and hook, we strolled back to the mansion, no crop, but a firm hand on the leash at my cock cage manifested Miss Marsha’s continuing control.

‘I’m going to bathe you. Some warm soapy water and unguent will have your skin ready for me tomorrow... and for the crop. Then some food and it’s beddy bye time for you. How do you feel, Todd? A little less frisky? Hormones better balanced? I hope you appreciate the pain and physical duress. You’re never to have any form of outright release concerning your burgeoning male needs. That does not happen at the Phipps Estate.’

Marsha Devine - Saturday Night Entertainment

Having bathed, fed and bedded Todd, my own hormones gushing, I showered with Zoey then took her to bed as well. She’s petite and fit, her exercise regimen extensive. Thus there was no sleep and our love making was energetic. I took the top and we tribbed, breasts to breasts, cunny to cunny in the missionary position, her legs encircling and strongly pulling me into her. The orgasms were endless, my thoughts of Todd’s submission, the intense physicality of it, spurring

much lust.

I have left Todd to sleep through the evening meal. So about the dinner table are Eve, Zoey, Taylor, and me, Redmond kneeling beside Eve for feeding.

“Todd perform for you?” Taylor inquires.

“He has no choice,” I reply with a sly smile.

“The birch?”

“No, the crop... though there were many other choices. Your Aunt Frieda was... guess one would say... a stern woman... and fond of leather.”

“Yes, for Aunt Frieda it was all about power... and money buys power... and the Phipps resources certainly produce money.”

One can only nod in agreement, particularly in observing Eve as she pushes a slim rod past Redmond’s lips to bring a hiss of air. Then the deflated gag is slipped out, trailed by the long dildo like cylinder of rubber which invades his throat and demands that the gag reflex always be in need of address.

“Thank you, Miss Eve,” hearing Redmond’s voice so rare of late.

“Quiet Redmond. You’re to be fed... not to be heard. You know my new regimen... there are only three uses for your mouth... to eat when we want you to eat... to hold in place your gag... and to suck cock when I want you sucking cock.”

I smile, looking to Zoey, not aware of Taylor’s new demand.

“Is that right, Redmond. You’re sucking cock these days?” Zoey inquires her tone mocking in exuberance.

Redmond’s look is one of shock.

“You may reply, Redmond. But don’t let the privilege of speech go to your head,” Taylor advises.

“Well... I... no I don’t...”

“But you will,” Taylor interrupts. “You spent the entire summer with your penis being fellated daily. It’s time you learned to reciprocate.”

Taylor Phipps has told us about Redmond’s summer employment, daily offering his penis at the clinic to instruct prospective girly boys in the art of deep throating a phallus of substance. And that in order to assure his continuous readiness for the task the noted Dr. Gehorchen suspended his ability to ejaculate. Yet his homophobia remains and is too apparent. Ingrained in having the

feminized male please him, the notion of him offering his tongue and lips... and throat... seems abhorrent.

This will not do of course. Not at the Phipps Estate. Beta males are to yield to a woman's fancy... to succumb.

Zoey and I look at each other. Having spent the afternoon entwined in Sapphic embrace... a matinee of endless pleasure and countless orgasms... the notion that male beasts should find each other repellent is curious.

"Well, Maxine remains with a penis," I whimsically suggest as the tiny bells of our maid's bejeweled empty scrotum announce her presence.

"Yes, I suppose that would be a start. Not much of a challenge though," Taylor insouciantly notes between forkfuls of chateaubriand. "The penis of the castrated male shrinks, as you ladies can see. With Redmond's penis gag, I should think his throat would be quite receptive to an organ of size at this point."

Eve emphasizes the point, picking up Redmond's inflatable gag, temporarily removed for dinner. Attached to the mouthpiece is the trailing cylinder of rubber which at this juncture slips down Redmond's throat with notable ease, not a sound, not a flinch of resistance. Zoey and I somewhat stare in assessment. The impaling penis-like length is thick and long, his gag reflex obviously well suppressed at this point.

Meanwhile Redmond's look of concern is priceless, women discussing his orifice as they would the drain of a sink.

"What about Todd?" Zoey's inquiry gushed with enthusiasm. "He's... well... at least bigger than Maxine."

"We have kitchen mice bigger than Maxine," Taylor quips. "And Todd is to be kept chaste... at least for now. Though it's a thought. But the concept of having beta males indiscriminately spurting and taking pleasure is contrary to the ambiance of this house. This is the Phipps Estate."

"Suppose it's for our entertainment. And suppose in turn, Todd learns to fellate Redmond." my devious mind needing to interject. "After all, Redmond cannot discharge... not yet any way."

"Todd is more or less in your care, Marsha. Here at your behest. So whatever. But I would suggest, as a woman of experience, that even beta males need quite a bit of **encouragement**," Taylor's enunciation giving the term double entendre, "in countering the silly homophobia thing."

We all smile... our group, women of purpose and resolve, always eager to offer **encouragement**.

"Eve, remove Redmond's control ring after dinner."

Though Redmond does not wear his cock cage about the house, most times the control ring

remains encircling his male package for leashing and alacritous lock up.

“There are three penises here at the Phipps Estate, ladies. One totally dysfunctional, a second under lock and key, and a third eager to show off for us but not to fully function. So yes, Marsha, let’s have some entertainment.”

Marsha Devine - Saturday Night Entertainment Continues

Our meal completed, it’s into the sizable parlor of the Phipps Mansion.... Zoey, Taylor, Eve with Redmond in tow, his own bell at the perineum chiming, and me. Having much hormonal release this afternoon, bedding Zoey the pinnacle of a lustful day in working and disciplining Todd, a second glass of wine brings quiescence. Yet with the CFNM thing... clothed female naked male... seemingly more prevalent with Redmond’s erection growing and growing, there come again the twinges... and moisture of course follows.

Curious. For me it’s not sexual attraction per se... but instead the ambiance of power... feminine power over the subordinate male. It excites.

Redmond enjoys being handled by the superior female, his stiffness evidencing his need for feminine guidance. And by the time Eve’s special device loosens the screws penetrating the circumference of his control ring... offering easy removal... and his perineum bell is unhooked, the tip of his penis searches for the room ceiling.

Elbow bands always constricting his arm movements, Redmond cannot touch himself... only show off. And in being made to present himself before four women of purpose and authority, his glands prime themselves, the viscous ooze streaming from his urethral opening evidencing his warped thrill.

“Kneel for me, Redmond. Lean back. You know the position.”

Taylor points to the floor, an open spot in the carpeting surrounded by a couch and several chairs. I have before seen Redmond made to so display himself. And sure enough, he kneels then slowly leans back, further and further until the back of his head touches the carpeting.

“Good boy. Now stay.”

He appears to be all erection!

Yes, it’s an amazing position in terms of exposure, feminine omnipotence and male humiliation. For in so assuming, Redmond knows to part his knees to the extreme. Thus his well sheared male package, now not even partially cloaked by the control ring, is quite prominent. And in being tucked into a position resembling a ball, his massive erect penis seems to fill the room.

“Eve, tell Maxine to serve the port... and bring the cattle prod.

“With his summer internship at the clinic, Redmond learned of the efficiency of being disciplined utilizing an electrical prod. Easy to use, does not leave marks... and can be quite convincing

depending on the power setting. Even a 100 pound supervising nurse can bring humility to the brawniest of males... isn't that right Redmond?"

"Please no Miss Taylor."

"See ladies, fear and concern. He was quite obedient for them. Only requires a few volts to the testicles to bring abject compliance."

Taylor gestures and Zoey and I sit together on the couch. Eve returns from the kitchen, hands Taylor a metal rod of some eighteen inches... twin probes at the end evidencing its utility... then takes a chair. Taylor waits and within moments Maxine enters, bells ringing, tray of filled glasses held in well manicured hands.

As she serves, one must observe...

To Maxine's naked presence, there is always a dichotomous reaction for a woman with my preferences. I like girls... and everything about her is so little girlish... the coifed hair, the make up, the blue ribbons cutely tied to make the puffy nipples most prominent. The bells are decorative and though the dangling Lucite spheres may bring question, such do not distract from the prettiness.

No, it's the contrast of the penis. Though so tiny... so useless... meekly flopping about... it's still a male thing.... and a remnant yes, but evidencing the deception. Yes the deception... there is attraction... but to what?

"Want to give this a try, Zoey? Your turn. Marsha spent a good part of the morning exercising her authority," offering Zoey the prod... suggesting that feminine dominion is to be freely engaged in and shared at the Phipps Estate.

Zoey smiles, taking the offering. With the length of the prod and Redmond's proximity, the scrotal sac is within easy reach. And the mischievous Zoey extends her arm, points the device and playfully flips about the mass of flesh between his spread thighs. Redmond spasmodically lurches. Though is it evident that no charge was applied, he is frightened, instantly acknowledging Zoey's power.

"Please no, Miss Zoey."

"Talking again. I think you need to otherwise use your mouth, Redmond," Taylor admonishes. "Eve, get Maxine's bells out of the way."

Maxine knows to step to Eve. As the pendants with attached bells are slipped from the scrotal piercings, the evening's entertainment begins in earnest...

"Maxine, straddle Redmond's head and lower yourself. His penis needs attention... so face his feet. Do enjoy all that nasty goo he's secreting while he pleases you. And you will please her, Redmond. You need to reciprocate. Keep in mind, Zoey would very much like to use the prod... for real."

Rubbing thigh to thigh as we sit, I cannot help moving my hand between Zoey's firm athletic legs. Feeling my fingers, the minx in turn cannot stop herself from parting to welcome my touch as she focuses on the lubricious scene. I find moisture. She is excited. Last semester the antics in the school cafeteria were thought to be playful mischief in responding to Redmond's needs. But now she has real power, the ability to electrocute Redmond's most pertinent parts with a simple press of her finger.

Or perhaps in seeing Maxine lower herself, engulfing the huge tip of Redmond's erection, the forced male on male oral pleasure brings a quirky thrill.

Eyes glued, her look one of determination in assuring Taylor's demands are met, there comes the slurping sound of Redmond's reciprocation. Zoey finally turns her head to look at me and smiles. She has a softer, more passive desire for governing the hapless subordinate male. But her mastery and her enjoyment thereof is evident.

"She very much likes having her little boy pussy licked, Redmond. That's where I had her balls removed," Taylor wickedly encourages, the tongue indeed laving the withered scrotal sac.

Taylor beckons to Eve. I know on many evenings when not having Maxine serve between her legs, that the lithe young woman of color shares a bed with the lady of the house. And sure enough, Eve wordlessly moves to sit on Taylor's lap, facing the male couple on the carpet below. Both women nimbly lift the hems of their skirts to have smooth, warm flesh press together. And so entwined, that's how the display of fellatio continues.

It's an empowering scene for women of our ilk. And with Maxine neutered and Redmond unable to pull the trigger... in male parlance... we leisurely sip a fine port as busy tongues and lips work.

"Yes, I like that third use for your mouth, Redmond... removing your gag so you can suck cock. Soon you will politely ask your classmate Todd if you can suck his cock as well. Maxine's little thing isn't much of a challenge. And I'm sure Todd will likewise reciprocate," Taylor looking to me for concurrence.

I nod, smiling enthusiastically... yet know that to break Todd's male pride in such a manner will require effort. Still, being held in thorough and seemingly endless chastity will bring a physical need. And the desire to please me an emotional need. So my effort will not be futile.

Meanwhile, below Maxine's straining lips, Zoey joins in the fun, using the threatening tip of the cattle prod to again flip about a scrotal sac I imagine to be brimming with male essence, Redmond's only release being slow prostate milking by Eve.

Despite the afternoon matinee, my exploring fingers suggest that Zoey is as concupiscent as me. And with her athletic stamina, I'll later let her be on top... capping an evening of lustful feminine dominion.

Todd Jackson - A Sunday Morning Walk

Leashed, elbow bands secured, once again morning ablutions to come later, Miss Marsha leads

me from the breakfast table, out the front door, across the parking lot into the vast gardens of the Phipps Estate. By now I know to follow with diligence, avoiding correcting tugs which painfully stress the cock case encasing my male bits. Having been offered glass after glass of water between spoonfuls of morning mush, I am cognizant of Miss Marsha's latest manner of manifesting her governance.

"You heal nicely, Todd. My crop marks are already fading. Did you sleep well? You may speak."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Did you enjoy being worked yesterday... by a woman in charge?"

I hesitate. How does one describe the combination of thrill... in submitting... and horrified concern in not knowing... the what... the when... the how... in ceding to the whim of a woman's governance.

She could have done anything with me... to me... when so trussed and harnessed.

"Your silence is telling, Todd. I have my answer. Any thoughts on the anal hook? I utilized the smallest. I image Taylor's Aunt Frieda would not long be so merciful... judging from all the whips and the small stalls."

We stroll onward, I suppose my silence telling indeed.

"I can imagine being caged like that. You saw how tiny and confining were the enclosures. Such a need to be freed. But then only to be harnessed, worked and whipped. Such mental and emotional torment. Would you like to be caged, Todd? Locked away and not knowing when you were to be released... fed... permitted exercise?"

"The Segufix... Miss Marsha... that's enough."

"Yes, enough... in saying enough that implies a need to be in bondage. You've just admitted it."

Drat my response. Poorly selected words... I meant enough for her... and Miss Taylor... and Miss Zoey... and Miss Eve.

We come to a decorative sitting bench of carved stone. Miss Marsha offers slack on the leash and points downward. With her gesture, I am chagrined to understand exactly what she expects. I kneel, lower my head and lift my right leg to the stone surface, becoming the dog she desires.

"You'll need my help, Todd. I don't want you wetting the bench."

Once again she leans, bending at the waist, left arm across my chest to lend support, right hand with loose leash slipping between my spread thighs, first playfully jostling my scrotum then the fingers finding the base of my cock cage to direct any flow.

"You so much enjoy doing things for me, Todd. Even knowing of my preferences... sexual

preferences... that Zoey and I are lovers. We spent much of yesterday afternoon in bed together... while you were recovering in your tight Segufix straps. And last night... well... there was not a lot of sleep.”

She torments... and she knows... my mind reeling in envisioning the two entwined while I lie in unending chastity. Miss Zoey so vibrant and athletically trim... the power of Miss Marsha’s intellect so alluring.

“Psst, psst,” she encourages in not detecting any flow. “You need to perform for me, Todd. You want to perform for me. This will become a drug... a narcotic... an addiction. My mastery... you’ll be wanting more and more of it,” the words whispered in my ear, her warm breath bringing a brisance.

When fingers of her left hand find my right nipple and caress, I so perform... for her... the goose bumps of joy returning as I open myself at her command.

“Good boy, Todd. I think you’re going to very much enjoy your harness and my crop this morning. I’m going to work you quite hard. Tomorrow it’s back to the drudgery of class work and the law. Today... excitement... the thrill of ceding to me!”

Deed completed, Miss Marsha rights herself. I know to await a directing tug on the leash. When it comes, I stand to complete our journey to the stables.

“Your obedience to me will be helpful... in getting through law school... and in other matters. You’re finding yourself, Todd. What your sisters discovered you need to discover as well... and understand.”

We enter the stable. With the wooden blocks remaining in place I know to simply step up without need of direction. Feet well parted, with my ingrained obeisance Miss Marsha smirks, tossing the leash over the high hook and tying the end to the back of my neck collar. Should I move from the blocks I will hang myself.

“Feel anything? Penis fighting the cage?”

How does she know?

I am harnessed. Having learned yesterday, the belt and array of straps are quickly donned with the quickness and efficiency of an assembly line worker. To the wall, I must wonder if my gulp of fright can be heard as an anal hook is selected, the guiding hand passing by the most moderate, a penetrating knob of size chosen. Miss Marsha turns to me, holding it to ensure I am aware.

“It’s not the biggest... maybe next weekend for that...”

She approaches, holding high the anal hook, the bulbous tip at my face, ostensibly for my examination.

“Lick it for me Todd. It will feel better for you warmed up. Matter of fact, why not take the

whole end into your mouth. Swish your tongue over it... like the head of a penis. Guys know how to do that.”

I am able but find the task repulsive. Yet my oral effort does warm the implement... cooled during the autumn night.

“You’re very good at that, Todd. Boys seem to be naturally good at sucking cock,” finally pulling away the sphere.

She retrieves the jar of Vaseline. I know what is to come.

“Please no, Miss Marsha... I... I don’t think I can take...”

“Oh but you will, Todd. You’ll take whatever it is that I want you to take. There’s plenty of Vaseline... and there’s plenty of time... and all skin stretches and muscles flex. It’s just a matter of determination and your need to cede to me... for your sphincter to yield to a woman of purpose. But most importantly... you want to take this for me... feel my controlling hand deep within... sense the manipulation with every strained step. Think how nicely your little gland will react, spurring a nice big hard on for me.”

Her tone is smooth... lecturing. She dips the fingers of her left hand into the Vaseline, turns, smiles unctuously, then approaches.

“Oh, I forgot. No erections for you. Your penis is caged. But I’m sure it will try very hard for me. And you’re already secreting for me, Todd,” noting the drool emanating from my urethral tube. “So perhaps this is best for you.”

Gluteal cleft lubricated, the task of insertion begins. It truly is large, the sphere. And I truly am tight. And my penis truly attempts to firm. Yet Miss Marsha proves relentless, pulling upwards with both hands on the vertical rod of steel at my spine.

“Just relax and take it for me, Todd. It will feel so good once your little sphincter surrenders to me.”

It is true, there does come the tranquility of relinquishing, a respite after a hard battle... lost but ending. Once impaled, my tender purse string muscle will swallow... like taking medicine, the bitterness not wanted but known to be for the good. It thus becomes ironic that I tell myself to take it, end the anguish of stretching... accept her dominion... indeed feel her inside me. And with chagrin... please she in charge.

I close my eyes, do my best to relax, for some reason envisioning Miss Zoey and my idol in bed together, smooth naked flesh pressed, the sultriness, the scent of feminine arousal.

And that seems to do it. I feel a pop. I feel fingers at the center of my back, clipping the loop of the anal hook to the ring of my harness, assuring the wicked implement is not to be expelled.

“Such a good boy. You so much want to please me.”

Miss Marsha returns to the wall. Expecting the crop, her hand instead reaches for a tawse.

“Let’s warm up your buttocks. I can’t use this while working you on the plough... a little unwieldy. But in communicating my message... my dominion... you’ll be sure to work very hard... and avoid more strokes.”

“Please no,” I once again beseech.

“Oh Todd, more pleas... more futility. You want this... you need this... you will feel better. It is the only form of relief you will have here at the Phipps Estate. You’ll find acceptance... a welcomed quiescence in sensing a woman’s mastery over you. Your sisters know you... I know you... this is what your are. You need to acquiesce to me.”

I do, yet the first stroke brings a shameful howl.

Marsha Devine - Farming

I’m more of a city girl... suburbs really. But learning the task of ploughing does not take long. And with my beast of burden of modest strength... as opposed to the power of an equine or bovine... I found that controlling the angle of the plough blade sets the level of effort required to till the soil. So in just needing some shallow open rows for planting pumpkins, Todd’s labors were relatively easy... blade angled high, for the most part scratching the surface.

Still, on a hot mid September day in Pennsylvania, I worked him well, legs straining, sweat pouring, the smacks of the riding crop on wet flesh bringing sonorous sounds to a woman of my ilk. Males are to be used. I used him until he could pull no more.

It was exhausting... for me as well... my cunny as wet as Todd’s bare skin.

I release the long thick strap from the plough. In returning the leash to his cock cage, I find that mixing with the abundant sweat is slippery ooze from the tube of his cock cage. The anal hook has worked his gland. The motion and pressure, when combined with the inserted tube of his cock cage, has milked his prostate gland, prompted his various sex glands to secrete fluid... the precursor for copulation and masturbation. But the ecstasy of climax has been denied.

“Oh Todd, You will need a bath. And your buttocks need to soak. You’ll have difficulty sitting in class tomorrow.”

Back to the stable, onto the blocks, neck leashed and tied off above, anal hook released... his sphincter expelling with much effort... cuffs unbuckled, harness removed. I am becoming proficient.

“Down,” pulling the leash from the high hook.

Stepping from the blocks, I lead to the stalls, each having a low cage, roomy for a dog, confining for a two legged beast.

“More mobility than the Segufux straps,” I observe. “A boy would have some movement, though the cages are small. I expect Aunt Frieda probably had her inmates in shackles. She seems to have been... guess one would say... daunting in terms of her enjoyment for controlling men. So many instruments of restraint and discipline here...”

I turn and tug. It’s well past noon. Feeding time, sustenance needed with Todd having expended so much energy. And I will have to remember to bring water for our next outing.

“Would you like me to cage you?” I ask again.

No words from Todd. No expression of interest... yet no objection, no protest. Finally comes a question... the words meek... faltering.

“Would... ah... that please you?”

He must address his need to please me... to submit... totally capitulate. Yet he is too shy to directly reply. Figuratively he cannot get over the fence... straddling it in silence. He wants me to make that decision.

I will.

Marsha Devine - A Bath - A Talk

It’s rare to have a boy fully bathed at the Phipps Estate. Morning ablutions normally involve lying tummy down on a short bench while trained nurse Eve Remarque does her thing... Maxine and the boys enduring the ignominy of sponge bath, enema and shaving.

But having worked Todd all morning, early Sunday afternoon finds Eve otherwise occupied. And besides, after two days of cropping his buttocks, Todd needs more aftercare than a spray of warm water and a cleansing chamois cloth.

So it’s to the special cleansing room where in the corner rests a sizable tub, seldom used. Todd must still endure an enema, the intense humiliation unfortunately truncated in simply having him kneel over the drain and injecting a quick spritz of soapy water while the tub fills with fragrant soothing water.

I have him leashed by his collar, elbow bands as always clipped behind his back. Thus he senses feminine control, and as I stand over him, directing the evacuation of his bowels, I feel his trembling reaction through the taut leash. It certainly augments a woman’s authority supervising such an otherwise intimate deed. I do hope he never acclimates to it.

Emptied, it’s to the tub. As he lowers his over sensitive buttocks, he cries out, despite the tepid temperature of the water. The well excoriated flesh is untouchable. I must smile, knowing that despite the pain, bearing the marks and feeling the anguish brought by the woman he reveres brings strange inner peace to the masochist.

“Can you... ah... remove the... ah...”

“Your cock cage?” completing his fumbling quest.

Eve unlocks the elaborate steel contraption each morning for cleansing and to facilitate a better shave of his pubes. I have no the key. Thus I must deny the urgently sought but simple relief... so evanescent but so soothing in permitting the skin of the pubes to breathe.

Todd nods in reply with the enthusiasm of a child asking for ice cream.

“No. I have no key. The bath water will clean your cage. And you can go a day without shaving there.”

I draw up a low stool, sit, bar of soap in hand. I begin to cleanse, mother tending to a toddler.

“Tell me about your day, Todd... your thoughts... your feelings. I worked you quite hard. The field is completely ploughed.”

“It was... hard. The plough is heavy.”

“But I made it easy, not going too deep. Just enough to plant some seeds. Didn’t need to turnover all the weeds. In another week or two they’ll die with the change of seasons. So consider it a light morning’s work.”

There comes more trembling. Though there is warmth, my touch excites, bringing a frisson. My fingers go to the nipples, ostensibly to cleanse, but I cannot help toying, the nubs of the chaste male deliciously receptive to touch.

“Do you enjoy being worked my a woman, Todd? The crop striking the wet skin of your buttocks resounds crisply. Were you excited?”

He pauses in thought. I remain silent.

“I’d... ah... like to... well... Redmond does not wear his cage about the...”

“That’s Miss Taylor’s protocol, Todd. Redmond’s well endowed and has been trained to display his penis for a woman’s enjoyment.”

“Well, for you... I’d like to... while you’re...”

“Show off while I’m working you? Demonstrate how much your little penis would like to exhibit your enjoyment of being worked and whipped? Yes of course you would. And that may happen. But not while being harnessed in the field. How about while you’re having your penis sucked? You’re only a couple of weeks into chastity... and you’re oozing fluid, Todd. You probably need something to relieve those glands of yours,” lowering a hand to tantalizingly jostle his entrapped male package.

So devious of me... leading him into the debasing quest of Taylor Phipps.

“Yes, Miss Marsha... the cage. I’d like to be out of it... so... ah... I can... ah... make...

“No, you won’t make love to me, Todd. No release for that. Zoey would be very upset. But perhaps released for Redmond. He’d very much like to suck your penis. And I think... absent his gag... he will be asking you. Very politely... and very seriously. Boys give the best fellatio, Todd. It will be such a nice way to end your denial. And we’ll all watch, just to add to your thrill... Taylor, Eve, Zoey, me.”

I cannot help recalling the decadent antics of the other evening, Maxine and Redmond in the so termed 69 position, the feminized maid deftly deep throating the massive phallus of Redmond while having her boy pussy licked and sucked.

“But why? Why would Redmond?..”

“Because you’re going to suck him as well. He’s come to like being sucked by another boy. And I want you to do that... want to watch you do that. It would please me. And you enjoy pleasing me. Think of your weekend pulling the plough for me... being harnessed... being cropped. Pain and humiliation, Todd. Why do you deny yourself that which your sisters have so long understood?”

Yes, there comes the sockdolager... the homosexuality Taylor Phipps finds so gloriously debasing for the beta male. Forced? Such an intriguing question.

With the envisioned scene comes more silence... thoughtful silence. Yet what is more telling... there also comes renewed trembling despite the warmth of the sudsy water.

And the source? Fear... concern... or excited anticipation? And if the latter... desiring to be sucked off?... or desiring to do so while fellating another boy and thus pleasing me... putting on a show for the presiding women of the Phipps Estate?

“He’s going to ask you, Todd. You will need to give thought to your reply,” my words coming in knowing that he mulls... the prospective quest is already being given much thought.

Todd Jackson - the Autumn Progresses

Law school by day, as the weather cools my long sleeved collared shirts... covering my elbow bands and neck collar... become less conspicuous. Evenings, upon return to the Phipps Estate, Redmond and I are stripped naked, surrendering our clothing to Miss Eve before stepping over the threshold of the front door. It’s a ritual demanded by Miss Taylor... and in paying for tuition, room, board... everything, right down to the expensive BMW which transports us... what the chatelaine of the mansion demands... the chatelaine gets.

For Redmond, he stands in gagged silence as Miss Eve unlocks the steel mesh cylinder of his cock cage, ceremoniously stowing it on a wall peg. On many evenings Miss Taylor observes with a wine glass in hand as his penis slowly yet steadily rises to greet her.

‘He is so nicely endowed for me,’ Miss Taylor often proclaims. ‘Would you not like to lick it for

me, Todd?’ the daunting question coming as we are leashed.

I shake my head, but Miss Taylor knowingly smiles.

‘The time will come, Todd. Other than for brief cleansing in the morning, it’s the only time you will be released from your cock cage. Yes, eventually your need for release will subdue your silly homophobia. And Redmond will reciprocate of course. It will happen in the parlor. We’ll all watch the ultimate in male capitulation. Mutual fellatio. It will please me. And you so much want to please. To do so is ingrained, Todd. Think of those trips to the family barn... your sisters. You succumbed, baring yourself for them... and it excited you... and pleased them. And in doing so, it pleased you. You were birched on your bare buttocks... and your submissive reaction was to harden for them.’

The words wound. Yet I ironically find myself grateful to be locked in chastity... for without the confining cage about my penis, I would be stiffening anew.

Dinner, Redmond and I kneel at the table. We are hand fed, Miss Zoey, Miss Marsha, Miss Eve taking turns spooning sustenance.

Thereafter it’s to the study room. Redmond listens in gagged silence as Miss Marsha lectures, her legal acumen seeming to blossom. I am permitted to ask a question or two, only with permission. Miss Zoey reviews cases. Much learning, the evening productive, the distraction of bound male nakedness fading over the many days and weeks. It’s what we do... the gynecocracy of the Phipps Estate.

As evening’s end nears, Miss Eve will enter. Placing Redmond in suspension for the cameras and the amusement of Miss Taylor signals the end of the study time. On occasion, Miss Marsha will utilize the endotracheal tube to instill her abject control. It frightens... it horrifies... yet Redmond’s erection wavers not... seeming instead to firm in awaiting his next breath, enduring the pinnacle of feminine caprice.

Weekends I am worked... in harness. With the cooling weather, the snaps of the quirt become bizarrely welcomed... warming my flesh. And of course the thrill of knowing it is the demanding hand of Miss Marsha excoriating my nakedness... well that alone brings an inner glow.

Yes, the crop has been replaced by a thin short whip. The pain is sharp... and Miss Marsha notes so is my reaction to her authority.

The plough has been replaced. I pull a cart. Stones need to be removed from the field... so demands Miss Marsha. Thus I am offered the rare privilege of having my elbow bands unclipped within the confines of the Estate, loading the cart, buttocks whipped to assure alacritous effort. With the cart filled, the harness secured to the thick lead line and I pull... and I pull... and I pull. To an ancient stone wall, the field’s boundary grows higher weekly.

I envision the inmates laboring under Aunt Frieda’s whip. Would there be eagerness to be returned to the tight confines of the small cages... endless immobility and boredom restored?

Hormones burgeoning, just as Miss Marsha prognosticated, the sweat, the pain, the undue exertion have come to be oddly welcomed... the thrill of Miss Marsha's guidance notwithstanding. For a time it quells the need for release, to climax. But I am finding it is not enough. During morning ablutions, instruments of correction prominently hanging on the cleansing room wall, I find myself pining to be disciplined... to be worked under an exacting feminine hand. Particularly during the few moments when my cock cage is removed for cleansing. Well strapped to the short bench I cannot touch myself of course. And Miss Eve is so precise in her cleansing and shaving, ignoring my erection... not noticeably touching it... not even a teasing diddle of her finger. Thus the moments of freedom frustrate even more.

Every two of three weeks Redmond is milked. Since he cannot ejaculate, his penis constantly oozes fluid. When deemed both unsightly and overly abundant, the morning ablutions include the insertion of Miss Eve's well lubricated fingers into his anus. There such work the prostate gland, her wry smile showing teeth of pearly white as she turns to me knowing of my need and my envy.

I have asked... in moments of great need and emotional weakness... for similar massage. And been denied that element of relief as well.

'Oh, Todd. You do indeed need to expunge your messy stuff. And that will come... when Redmond sucks your penis and you suck his. Just be ready to reply when the question comes,' Miss Eve so casually informs.

Meanwhile, by Friday of each week, I am jittery, hormones overflowing. I am ready... for the stables... for the harness... for Miss Marsha's firm guiding hand... for the crop, the quirt. Ah... to be worked!

Yes, there is catharsis, a strange release, a sense of achievement dichotomous to the afterglow of sex in sensing the power and the pain of Miss Marsha's governance. I want to be worked!

But is it enough?

Marsha Devine - Sensing Need

Well into the semester, Todd's priapism excels to the point that with the morning click of the Steelworxx lock, his erection pops, pushing forth the loose cock cage and partially expelling the attached catheterizing tube from his urethra before Eve can assist. He remains rock hard for his entire bath, enema and shaving. And we must turn the warming spray of water to frigid cold to return him to flaccidity and to his cock cage.

Such cruelty... yet it is necessary. It is the Phipps Estate after all.

Into mid autumn, we continue to commute to Cancadia Law School, appearing as regular students. Redmond remains gagged, our classmates withholding attempts to speak with him in assuming there is a speech impediment.

Antics in the cafeteria have curtailed. After all, if Zoey and I desire to exercise our feminine dominion there is not only ample time and opportunity at the Phipps Estate, but such is

welcomed and very much appreciated.

Weekends I work Todd in the fields... lots of rocks to be removed. I find that a length of bamboo sufficiently encourages his efforts and warms his buttocks against the late morning frost. I think the sting of a governing hand fosters arousal, just as sisters Danielle and Jackie ascertained years ago. For with just a few taps, he not only obediently responds with renewed effort but he fidgets about, his penis no doubt futilely fighting its enclosure.

The pumpkin planting is successful. Within two weeks the ploughed field is covered in rapidly growing vines and by mid October there form globes of yellow, changing daily to deepening shades of orange and plumping notably.

Meanwhile the emotional and psychological stress builds along with the physical need to expunge the continuous build up of that which the male seeks to so gloriously spew in masculine triumph. While alone in the field, Todd often broaches the subject, I must assume the brash query comes in having elbows unfettered and hands free in loading the cart.

"I... I... really need to... you know... get out of this thing, Miss Marsha," the beseeching words coming as I offer a break for water.

"And you will. When Redmond offers to suck your penis and you agree to reciprocate. Then you will be unlocked and put on a show for us. There is nothing to fear. He won't come in your mouth... he can't come," knowing that the clinic's injections have suppressed the ability to ejaculate until some time in December. "And he'll easily take your little thing. You've seen how long and thick is his penis gag, Todd... and how easily the tracheal tube now slides within. Think of how good it will feel for your penis, finally unlocked for more than a few moments of shaving... and delving into the warm, soft wetness of oral splendor. And how much it will please us. Knowing that you've succumbed... your homophobia surrendering to me."

My words come in a soothing tone... counseling... encouraging. And I know that a continuously silenced Redmond is being similarly indoctrinated... Taylor Phipps explaining the three uses for his mouth... eating, holding in place his gag, and sucking a penis. There is no question that Redmond, having so often fully capitulated to me... humbly waiting for my life sustaining breath of air... will fellate Todd when the time comes. It is Todd who needs to quell his will, his pride, his dignity.

"But I meant... you know... to be with... ah... to lie with..."

"Oh Todd, you want to fuck me. Standing there naked and harnessed, being worked by a woman and caned, and you can't be forthright... can't find the words. Well, that won't happen, Todd. Yes you want to please me. That comes with your warped proclivity. But it is not for you to decide how you will please me. That is my prerogative... for the woman in charge.... for the woman you want to be in charge. Sucking Redmond's penis will not be easy for you... not at first. But it is how you will learn to please superior women... by doing what they want... what they desire. I want your self esteem, Todd. I want you to offer it to me in the most degrading manner. This is about power... and you will empower me. That is what the Phipps Estate is all about. It's not about you... it's about what you are... and what I can make you into."

Cart loaded, I step forth. Todd lets me take right arm then left, guiding his wrists into the thick leather cuffs attached to his waist belt. I buckle then position him before the cart, securing the heavy lead line to the ring of the harness at the center of his back. This instantly jostles the anal hook, in turn manipulating his prostate and spurring even more arousal... sensing my authority deep within. I stand to the side, by now proficient with timely and well aimed flagellation. With a modest stroke of the whippy cane to his left buttock he knows to dig in his bare feet and pull. To the wall, some hundred yards at the end of the field.

And I do believe he slows, wordlessly asking for another stroke. He needs it... needs to feel the catharsis which counters the burgeoning hormones. And he fully understands that I know he needs it... and that I will placate his needs just as he will placate mine.

So accommodating of me.

Todd Jackson - Late Autumn

It's cold. Late autumn in the rolling hills of western Pennsylvania brings a morning chill... on some days frost. On the Saturday before Halloween, greatly anticipating being worked... the pain and humiliation becoming strangely acceptable in relieving the jitters and sense of constant need... there is discussion at the breakfast table as I am spoon fed.

"Marsha, rather cold to be working our boy this morning. You can bundle yourself up, but your hands... gloves will warm... but are insular and will tend to detract from your sense of feeling. Not much enjoyment in a whipping a boy if you cannot fully sense his reaction," Miss Taylor advises.

There is no consideration given to my nakedness... that every weekend since September I have been worked totally nude but for the leather straps of the harness. Such impels vigor in my efforts, motion bringing the internal warmth of exertion. And the cane brings heat... doubly welcomed with the cold... and the surging hormones.

"We need to harvest the pumpkins, Taylor. Most are ripe," Miss Marsha explains.

"Perhaps tomorrow. It will be warmer. Enough to decorate the house?"

"Hundreds."

"Whatever will you do with so many?"

"I was thinking of taking them to the main road. Offer to the neighbors and any passersby."

The main road, a moderately used secondary highway winding through farm country and other posh estates, is some half mile from the mansion. Though there are no homes or structures within sight of the Phipps Estate entrance, the road is trafficked, on weekends the city dwellers of Pittsburgh enjoying the foliage of the rural countryside.

"That would be a kindness... free pumpkins. But how will you get all that to the road?"

“Todd,” Miss Marsha succinctly replies. “And the cart. It’s old, but Todd pulls well.”

As Miss Eve presses more mush to my mouth, I note the wry grin of Miss Taylor. Swallowing the mass cloaks my gulp of concern.

“Oh, that is a long way. He’ll need much encouragement,” Miss Taylor utilizing the euphemism for excoriating my bare buttocks.

“But he so much enjoys... the encouragement,” Miss Marsha counters in repressing a giggle.

“He’ll not be clothed?” more of suggestion than a question.

“I see no need. He’ll enjoy the journey more... and be quicker about it,” Miss Marsha now laughing. “I trust you won’t mind, Taylor... possibly alarming the neighbors.”

“There are few. More likely a passing car will bring intervention. But you can offer any gawkers a pumpkin. Besides, what happens on my property... well... that is my business. Just stay off the road... the shoulder is state property. We’d not want our aspiring attorney to be arrested.”

The words bring horripilation to this aspiring lawyer. Public indecency! Naked, harnessed and hitched to a cart! With such a sordid charge, my career in jurisprudence could be over before it begins.

“Now, since you’ll not be working Todd today, perhaps some entertainment.”

With Taylor’s words, I note Miss Eve places a key on the kitchen table. I know it to be a most meaning key. It unlocks my cock cage, on weekdays used every morning after breakfast to temporarily remove the mesh cylinder for cleansing as I am bathed and shaved while my colon slowly fills.

“Redmond, I do believe you wanted to ask Todd a question,” Miss Taylor prompts, her tone regal and demanding.

Redmond, ungagged for morning sustenance, downs his own helping of mush, Miss Zoey spoon feeding him.

“Ah, Todd... may I suck your penis?”

The words are soft, faltering, strained... and offered as if reading from a script. Many hours, many days of bondage, feminine governance, and indoctrination have brought this... complete capitulation... the demolition of male pride... all homophobia trodden.

Miss Eve smiles, glowingly, holding up the key. Normally offering welcomed emancipation, ironically it now threatens. Penis freed, it will indeed be availed by Redmond’s lips and tongue.

As always, Redmond is made to display himself within the confines of the Phipps Mansion. I look to see that the tip of his enormous erection pokes above the level of the breakfast table.

Crimson, glands in need of milking as the urethral opening oozes with fluid, his question brings repulsion. And not only that, since it has been strongly suggested that I reciprocate, I am too well aware of the entertainment suggested by Miss Taylor.

“Please no,” I beg.

Yes, I know it to be futile. For many weeks my self esteem, what remains of it, has been on death row. This seems to be the day of its execution.

“Eve, get the boys cleaned up. Then to the parlor.... and bring the cattle prod. Marsha, you’ll help Eve. And Zoey, do get your camera. We’d not want this fun to go unshared.”

Marsha Devine - It’s Time

Our boys are cleansed. There can be no objection to the demanded intimacy... at least not from the point of hygiene. In arising from the vinyl covered benches in the special wash room, as I dry Todd I note he is quite hard, despite his anxiety. Perhaps the homophobic dread of having to orally please Redmond brings arousal... a converse reaction. Or... perhaps thoughts of finally having his own pleasure addressed bring stimulation?

It matters not. I simply assure that his elbow bands are tightly secured behind his back. No touching. That will be Redmond’s task.

For this Saturday morning entertain, Eve has removed the control rings from both our cock suckers. Thus the pubes area is not only smooth and well shorn, all impeding elements of the chastity devices are gone... nothing to hinder the tease of lively laving tongues.

So as I leash Todd about his neck collar I step back. Despite my Sapphic preferences, I find myself gazing at the standing male organs... Redmond as always so huge... so stiff... the room ceiling seeming to be a hazard. And Todd... well... it tries. And with the many weeks of denial it is certainly firm.

Do I admire? I suppose in a way... but it is more the admiration one would have in capturing and taming a wild beast. The satisfaction of a big game hunter in bringing savagery to yield. And to have so deliciously mastered male pride... well... there’s a thrill for a girl of my ilk.

“Come,” snapping the leash.

Into Eve’s adjoining bedroom, to the hall, down the stairs, to the parlor. Just as with the exhibition of oral prowess offered by Maxine and Redmond weeks ago, there is a open space in the middle of the room, an absorbent sheet laid out in wait. Taylor sits in a comfortable stuffed chair. Zoey stands near the couch, digital camera at the ready. Nearby is the cattle prod... that which empowers, the twitch of an otherwise dainty finger bringing paroxysmal jolts of electricity to the hyper sensitive male bits.

Our boys are positioned standing facing each other, Redmond’s elbows likewise restrained. Both Eve and I know to unclip the leashes and step aside, the cattle prod to assure obedience.

“So Redmond. Your quest. Todd seemed to be disinclined to accept it. Perhaps instead he would like to suck your penis,” a lecturing Taylor begins.

Both male appendages are secreting, despite the recent cleansing, the unending denial bringing constant need. So there is no doubt of the desire. For satiation such just needs a little... guess one would say... prompting.

“Marsha, your turn to use the prod. Do set it on the high side. I’d not want to wait all morning for some amusement.”

“Please no, Miss Taylor... I can’t,” Todd’s quavering voice so pitiful.

I take the prod and sit with Zoey on the couch, our thighs again abrading. Eve also sits in a chair to my right, the governing women of the Phipps Estate forming a circle about our naked, trussed and tumescent beta males.

“Why not?”

“It’s... it’s... too...”

“Too big? Is that your only objection? Well then... just kneel. Take in the tip. Swish your tongue about. Feel it throb... sense his heart beat... his excitement in your oral attention... in your obeisance in adoring such an impressive organ. He can’t come... the clinic has assured that... for now. You can suck on him all morning...slow... sensuous swirls... your lips wrapped about the heated tip. And you’ve seen Maxine’s efforts. Having once had a functioning penis, she learned quickly. And you will as well. This is the Phipp’s Estate, Todd. There is no male pride here.”

With her words, I know to extend my arm, slipping the pronged end of the cattle prod beneath the buttocks to find the freely dangling scrotal sac... control ring removed. Keeping my finger off the trigger... for now... I jostle the male plums, Todd well aware of the feminine insouciance at the Phipps Estate.

Having so often viewed Maxine’s plasticized balls, he is well aware of Taylor Phipps’ disregard.

“Such silly reluctance. Well if you’re so shy, we’ll have Redmond break the ice... so to speak. Lie down Todd. On your back. Spread your legs. Give us a nice view of that little erection and welcome Redmond’s attention. And you will reciprocate... I guarantee you will reciprocate. Zoey has her camera in wait. I’ll want some pictures. Close ups. Graphic... bawdy... obscene. I think your sisters will enjoy seeing how you recreate when not studying the law.”

Taylor nods to me. I press the trigger. Todd instantly spasms, his knees giving out. He crumples to kneel, legs turning to rubber, twisting onto his back. Voluntarily or involuntarily... he collapses onto the sheet, rolling to lie supine.

I cannot help thinking... the charge was not that strong. Is the offered jolt a cover for his acquiescence? Is his need for satiation overriding his homophobia? Does he want to please us in this manner? I smile with the thought as Redmond in turn kneels, head lowering, lips opening,

tongue extending.

I do hope Todd does not ejaculate too quickly.

And I am heartened to see Todd in turn open his mouth... beckoning Redmond's turgid organ? Or just drawing air?

The scene brings moisture. As Eve arises to again raise her skirt and step to straddle Taylor's lap, my hand works its way between Zoey's thighs. She looks at me and smiles temptingly. As my fingers press forth, she clicks away with the camera, digitally capturing the humiliating scene of homosexual coupling. I find she also is aroused, the collective feminine governance in forcing the male on male coupling tantalizing her need for power and control. This would not come if our beta males willingly fellated.

"Ok, Redmond, turn around. On all fours, Todd's head between your knees," Taylor directs in a low sultry voice. "Lower yourself very slowly and feed him that nice fat cock of yours. Yes, that's it, let him lick away your juices and feast while you take him... all of him. Nice and deep... and no gagging. And by all means swallow when he comes, Don't be insulting... and do not soil my carpet!"

Todd Jackson - The Abyss - So Deep

"So you finally got yourself off, Todd. See, here at the Phipps Estate we're not so cruel as to demand permanent chastity."

It's Sunday morning breakfast. As I kneel leashed to the table leg, elbows bands restrained, Miss Taylor flippantly reminds of yesterday morning's antics, the mutual fellatio... the entertainment... and that I indeed ejaculated into Redmond's well trained throat.

"Was it like a pussy?" Miss Zoey exuberantly inquires. "I'm told boy's give good head... when they're... ah... predisposed," she giggles.

I tried to hold back. But with the many weeks of denial... and I suppose the quirkiness of having an audience... something caused the trigger to pull. My entire body shuddered, the eruption of my pent up essence not to be veiled. I had sex with a guy!

"Did you enjoy Redmond's taste? I know you could only take the very tip of his penis. He's so well endowed. But still, he secretes quite abundantly... not being able to come for us," Miss Taylor heightening my ignominy with detailed questions. "How did it feel in your mouth?"

I am relieved when Miss Marsha stuffs a spoonful of mush into my mouth, obviating my ability to reply. But the chiding continues.

"Got a quick reply from the email I sent to your sister Danielle. Sent her one of Zoey's very detailed photos. She writes that she is glad you're enjoying your studies while she and Jackie must work the farm."

The photos! Very much aware of Miss Zoey's clicking camera, I had no idea of the purpose. Disclosure to my sisters!

"You're going to be one obedient boy... returning to the farm," Miss Taylor advises with a chuckle.

"Those trips to the barn, Todd. I think such will be often... and now you're going to lie naked for Danielle and Jackie... like it or not," Miss Marsha astutely observes in joining in the debasing discussion. "Christmas break is coming. And though cold in Indiana, I'm sure you'll be kept warm."

All about the table laugh, apparently aware of how Miss Marsha currently warms me in the stables of the Phipps Estate.

I am aghast in thinking of the blackmail material now residing in the inbox of sister Danielle's email. Me sucking a penis... entwined with Redmond... the loose flesh of his male package draped over my face, balls thumping my forehead to bring such laughter from my many observing masters.

It seems the subjugation endured at the Phipps Estate will not end with respites at the family farm.

"I like that, Todd... you showing such affection. Eve... a new regimen... Todd will pay homage to Redmond's penis each time you unlock it after they return from Cancadia," Miss Taylor mandating daily homophilia. "He'll learn to enjoy the taste of cock... and Redmond won't be oozing over the furniture and carpet."

Miss Taylor takes a last sip of coffee and stands from the breakfast table as Maid Maxine scampers to tidy the table.

"And Todd, I'll have Redmond reciprocate on occasion. If you're a good boy for me. Your obedience will not go unrewarded."

And that ends the breakfast discussion. The objectification of Redmond and his massive near constant erection will be extended. More objectification... the heterosexual male to become a receptacle for unwanted essence... to lick and savor that which has come to exemplify the power of the Phipps Estate matriarch... that which is made to meekly ooze rather than explode in male ecstasy.

"Maxine, you'll no longer have to keep Redmond's penis neat for us when Todd is about. It's now his chore."

I cringe in horror. Yet, do I detect a look of disappointment on Maxine's face?

Marsha Devine - To Pick Pumpkins

Breakfast ends. I find myself having a degree of empathy for Todd... his world cratering... I am

sure realizing that the photos of him entwined with Redmond and sucking his penis... sent to sister Danielle... brings to an end any thoughts of sanctuary at the family farm.

Still I smile. Zoey can be quite the photographer, the depictions quite salacious with the close up shots of Todd's lips encircling the enormous penis tip... and the hairless scrotal sac of his paramour gently nestled on his forehead. The so termed 69 position visually enhances the vicarious sense of mutual pleasure.

Yes, one can imagine the swishing and swirling of a lively yet unseen tongue, Redmond's grunts of pleasure evidencing that Todd was not completely adverse to the deed. Perhaps he doth protest too much.

One last spoonful of mush, and another glass of water... I always water Todd when I'm to work him... and I release his leash from the table leg.

"Come Todd. I know you're tired after unloading all that jism yesterday, but Halloween comes this week. The pumpkins are ripe... and I am sure there are neighbors who will be grateful to share in your work product."

Having led Todd about so often, there needs to be no convincing tugs in working him. It's out the kitchen, to the front door, across the parking area, to the hedge lined entrance of the many grassy pathways where we negotiate a maize and head for the stables.

Within a few yards he pauses. Having walked the family dog as a young girl I know of his need, particularly in seeing the stone sitting bench nearby. I thus step forth, pulling gently downward as Todd knows to kneel for me. As always my left arm goes to his chest to steady his torso as his right knee lifts... a dog indeed... and he positions himself to urinate for me.

"As good as Maxine is, I think Redmond really appreciated your cocksucking, Todd," knowing to keep his psyche focused on Taylor's mandated degradation.

I lean, my right arm lowering, hand beneath his buttocks, my fingers finding the control ring of his chastity device to assure neatness.

"Does it have to be like that?" his tone so moribund.

"Like what Todd?" feigning naivete.

"Well... I do need... you know... to be released... but..."

"So you want to decide how and when you're going to get your rocks off?" I interrupt using crass male vernacular. "This is the Phipps Estate, Todd. Not a luxury sex resort," my fingers jostling the cage to encourage his bladder.

He begins. I smile in noting goose bumps, the thrill of being made to perform for a woman never to diminish.

“Was it sucking Redmond’s cock... or the way he sucked you? You certainly ejaculated well enough... judging from the sound of Redmond’s swallows,” so much reveling in the nastiness of the deed... the thrill of having the boys so engage. “He was so open to you... the dildo gag making his throat most accommodating over the many months. Perhaps you should be so trained, Todd. Of course with Redmond’s size it will require many, many weeks.”

Todd finishes. With elbows bands restrained, I know to give his package a shake to assure the last droplets don’t wet his thighs, then step back so he can right himself.

“Well... I mean... guess it was the photos...”

“Yes... and sent to your sisters. I am sure such will be treated with discretion. But you must learn Todd... boys of your ilk have needs... to submit... to cede to women of authority. Your sisters have long suspected it... and it is now confirmed,” some of the photos showing the games of the observing women of the Phipps estate. “You need to stop denying it... fighting it. It is best for you to succumb. And if a woman wants you to suck cock... you will do it.”

Todd rights himself. Onward to the stables. Curious the distraction... his focus... on yesterday’s mutual fellatio. He’s to be worked quite hard this morning. First picking and loading the cart with pumpkins. Then will come the long pull to the main road. There the threat of public nudity... and an exhibition of bondage and his submission... will end his silly thoughts about sucking another boy’s penis.

Though late morning, the temperature remains cool and with the haste in Todd’s step I cannot help wondering whether he just wants to be warmed by the quirt or his sexual need for feminine dominion has so quickly been restored after spurting so abundantly in Redmond’s throat.

Then comes another thought. Having engaged in the verboten... verboten for the heterosexual male... perhaps he wants to sense contrition... feel the anguish of the whip... expunge through his pores the shame of licking another boy’s penis. Such is affirmed when upon entrance as he steps with relative eagerness onto the blocks for harnessing. I will indulge his needs, tossing the leash over the above hook and restraining him.

“The nipple clamps this morning, Todd. I’ll need you working hard... and my arm will tire in whipping you.”

Such have threateningly dangled from the crossing straps of his harness unused for many weeks. Such wicked little things!

“Please no, Miss Marsha!”

“Oh but yes. Sucking another boy’s cock. That shouldn’t go unpunished. You want to feel some pain for doing so. Otherwise, one would come to the conclusion that you enjoyed it. Did you enjoy it, Todd?”

“No! Never!”

Our words are exchanged as I stroll to the wall, retrieve the harness and connecting straps then return. I buckle in place the waist belt then deftly arrange the straps, crossing then thrusting over the shoulders right and left.

As I move to his front, the clamps idly rest within inches of his nipples. Such excruciating pain to be meted so quickly and so simply. I reach forth to diddle both nubs, seemingly prepping such for clamping.

“You need this, Todd. And you will feel the agony... when I decide.”

I smile, reaching up to affectionately pat his face. I then return to his rear, releasing the elbow bands and guiding his arms to where I can buckle his wrists onto the waist belt.

Deed completed, it's back to the wall... an anal hook. I select the largest impaling sphere. This morning more than ever he needs to feel me... my authority... deep within. Todd looks with alarm.

“Smaller please, Miss Marsha.”

“No,” my reply succinct.

I lubricate, I approach, I align, both hands grasp. Arms pulling, my beast is anally prepared to serve me. He wants this... he needs this... I tell myself. Todd is so fortunate for my tendance.

Sphincter stretched then contracting to seemingly swallow, I secure the top loop to the large ring at the middle of his back. He is stuffed. And though there is little prostatic fluid evidencing his secretive joy... drained the morning before... I know his male glands celebrate. I extend my hand, cradling his compressed scrotum, marking my governance.

“Ready to work for me Todd? Long day. And perhaps we'll meet some neighbors.”

I retrieve a quirt, release the leash from above and attach the thick lead line. With a nasty stroke to his buttocks, Todd knows to step from the blocks and obediently move to the broad open doors and the waiting cart outside. I hook him up. Another stroke brings a lurch and a pull... and such joy. Wheels turn, the aging cart rolls.

Todd Jackson - To Be Purged

With the chill, the quirt and the exertion brings welcomed warmth. With the devastation of my psyche... remaining male pride vanquished... the quirt brings catharsis... also welcomed. It is strange, being so receptive to the sharpness of its bite.

Yes, orally pleasing Redmond is on the forefront of my thoughts. I don't want that. I want to rid myself of the horror. But then I must ask myself... what of the intense joy of in turn being pleased... the many weeks of chastity coming to an end... an ignominious end... but an end?

Dressed... as being harnessed has come to be... Miss Marsha directs me to exit the stable doors to

the waiting cart. With each step I feel the anal hook, manipulating deep within, reminding of my bondage, my homage to the adored Miss Marsha. When the broad leather lead line is hooked in place, the insertion becomes even more apparent. Within my cock cage I feel twinges despite yesterday's rebalancing of my hormones. Being governed by a woman quickly restores my priapism... libido surging.

Designed to be pulled by a donkey or some other limited sized draft animal, the cart is small compared to a truck, able to be wheeled through the many narrow walking and bridle paths of the Estate's gardens and forests. Still, filled with hundreds of pounds of field stones, the task is burdensome for a two legged beast. Thus the quirt, thus the constant strokes, thus my obeisance, thus my exhausting effort.

Empty, it's to the field without undue stress. Still Miss Marsha strokes, walking to my left side, lowered arm able find my cheeks, wrist flicking beneath the taut leather line.

The field has become a canvas of green and orange over the few weeks, the many spheres growing quickly. With the recent cold mornings, the vines are yellowing. It is time to harvest.

I am directed to pull the cart to the middle of the field, The lead line unlooked from the ring at my back. Then, just as when I gathered the hundreds of heavy stones, my wrists are freed.

It is rare, moving about the Estate without bondage... elbow bands freed. But then again, Miss Marsha supervises closely, playfully whipping right buttock then left to remind of her close guidance.

"Start at the far end. Work to the middle," she commands.

We so move. I stoop, I pick, the ripe pumpkins easily separated from the vines.

"So what do you think of your new regimen, Todd? Taylor wants you servicing Redmond every day... at least every day we return from classes," moving with me as I work.

"I'd rather not do that, Miss Marsha."

"But you will. And the revulsion will dissipate. The emotional trauma will wane. Plus, in knowing that you're pleasing the woman in charge, you'll come to enjoy it."

"I don't think so."

"Oh Todd, the ice is broken. Once you become a cock sucker, does it matter how many and how often you fellate a boy? Such silliness. We've long known who you are... now we're going to learn what you are."

The words irritate. I am wont to cry out... that a painful electrical prod threatened my reproductive organs... that which defines me as a man. I had no choice. I had to do it!

"You... you... you had a cattle prod," I exclaim in desperation.

I look to see Miss Marsha smirking.

“And that frightened you. Yet you were quite aroused, Todd. Redmond took you fully... deep throated that useless little thing of yours. And you came. You express repulsion but you felt ecstasy. And he accommodated you, neatly taking all you had. You licked and sucked a little. Deep within you enjoyed the intimacy, Todd. For the moment, your envy was satiated... Redmond being so nicely endowed... while you are not. How did he taste, Todd? You only sampled a morsel of his virility. Are you sure you’ll not want more?”

“No!”

“Well... you’ll be getting more. And I think Miss Taylor is going to require much more. In time you will be feasting, Todd.”

The words wound, the thought rattles, the envisioned scene bringing abhorrence. I freeze in my efforts, a large globe of orange brought halfway to the cart. It is fear... losing whatever dignity remains. It is not belligerence. Miss Marsha seems to know.

“You need the clamps, don’t you Todd?”

Drat! The woman knows, understands, reads my mind.

Miss Marsha steps forth. Though my hands are free to resist, I hold a large globe of orange. Before I can speak, make the simplest gesture to avoid, hands reach, fingers find the loosely hanging nipple clamps. Within seconds I am howling in agony, the tiniest of instruments bringing excruciation.

“And the quirt as well? It can divert your focus.”

I nod, bending slightly at the waist, turning to present myself to her chastising hand... my nakedness to accept the implement of flagellation.

She begins. I have been before so excoriated. Yet I have before been well restrained. Why do I not resist? Why do I instead seem to embrace the anguish?

What is happening?

“You’re going to need to explain this... when we take the pumpkins to the main road. People will not only ask about your clamped nipples, caged penis and bound nakedness but your striped buttocks as well,” the words coming as the strokes land briskly... rhythmically... and well placed, the pain sharp. “And what will you say, Todd? That as a sucker of cocks you are deserving?”

Marsha Devine - Working Todd

The cart is filled, brimming with pumpkins. The load is not as heavy as the many stones laboriously removed and trucked to the bordering wall. But the journey will be longer. Hundreds of yards back to the mansion, then some half mile to the main road. Plus, with energy expended

in having excoriated Todd's buttocks, I decide not to walk. Instead I manage to perch myself onto a flat surface at the front of the cart, becoming a passenger, adding to Todd's labors.

"Pull!" I command bending forth, the quirt searing the right buttock with a convincing stroke.

Cruel, I know, the pain mixing with the nipple clamps. But I must establish my authority, leaning and stroking awkwardly, but sending my message.

Out of the field, to the path, there are few hills, the path winding about amongst rock outcroppings. The steps are not only worn, but it is evident the anal hook is working deeply within, tension on the lead line transforming to internal manipulation. Such contrasting sensual input.

"Good boy, Todd," truly working into a sweat as the morning chill fades. "Go to the front door. Keep up the pace for me and the nipple clamps will be released."

He does, the agony of the tiny clasps bringing great incentive... that and another stroke of the quirt.

Such a feeling of exhilaration in working the male beast. For girls of my predilection, things with a penis are... well... distasteful... but at times useful. I cannot help picturing Taylor's Aunt Frieda working the inmates... those thinking that freedom from incarceration would be so inspiring... but only to find their release from prison to be a hell of feminine dominion.

Are the prisoners caged, harnessed and whipped in the state penitentiary?

We trod. We exit the gardens. I direct Todd to the porte cochere, halting him at the bottom of the ancient stone steps. I dismount, leash in hand. Never to be feel freedom at the Phipps Estate I hook to the control ring of his cock cage and tie off on a railing. Wrists remaining tethered at his waist belt, my beast is immobilized.

As I ascend the front steps, Zoey jogs from the garden paths to the steps behind me. She's vibrant as always and the sight of Todd seems to bring particular zest. She has not before seen me work him... seen him harnessed. Bound and tethered like a beast of burden brings excitement.

"Marsha, do wait a bit while I get my camera."

I nod, explaining that Todd needs a respite and more water.

Entering the foyer for more water, Taylor greets.

"I'll have Maxine take a half dozen pumpkins... some seasonal decorations for the steps and sun porch. The rest take to the road. You can leave the cart, retrieve later after it's emptied."

She hands me a sign, printed in large letters from the computer... 'FREE PUMPKINS'.

"What if we're seen?" truly concerned with Todd's nudity and restraints.

“Oh, you will be. Pamela Harrison is stopping by. But don’t tell Todd. He has not met her and I think you’ll enjoy the introduction.”

I giggle, recalling the last get together with the broad shouldered imposing attorney. She fucked Redmond, slowly and deeply sodomizing him before an audience, his long interval of mandated retention finally ending with Taylor permitting him to orgasm at my command... a so termed ruined orgasm as he meekly expelled his seed, penis untouched.

“We’ll be at the Estate entrance in 20 minutes. I’m going to water him. Plus Todd... well... it’s slow going... the cart is heavy.”

“Use this... at your discretion,” handing me a mass of thick black cloth. “It’s a hood. It will calm him... and greatly add in his sense of submission.”

Taylor smiles, reaching to lift my right hand, quirt remaining in my grasp.

“You probably should have selected a longer whip,” subtly offering concurrence to the needed flagellation. “He has the entire week to heal.”

Maxine prances forth with a water bottle. I take it with the sign and return to the stairs and resting Todd. It occurs as I water him, squeeze bottle hydrating, that having imbibed a couple of bottles while harvesting, he has needs. And such would be most shameful to address at the main road.

As Maxine takes some pumpkins, I very slowly release the left nipple clamp, bringing a howl of agony as the circulation returns. I gesture to Maxine. She scampers forth, well aware of the pain, and takes the wounded nub into her mouth. I know such wet warmth to physically sooth... but mentally the homophobia remains. Oral caresses from a guy! After all, with testicle bells ringing, one cannot ignore the tiny penis... the remnant of maleness... flopping about between uncovered thighs.

“No!” Todd protests.

“Don’t be silly, Todd. It will make you feel better. Now I’m going to release the right clamp and you’re going to ask Maxine for her attention. Be gracious.”

Such a dilemma for him. He knows Maxine’s tongue and lips will instantly bring relief but cannot emotionally accept male... former male... attention.

“And you’ll need to relieve yourself. Maxine will help with that as well.”

“I... I... no... don’t touch me there... not him.”

“She’s long way from being a him, Todd. And after so nicely fellating Redmond, what is your aversion? You’re now a cock sucker, Todd... just as is Maxine. So much in common.”

I cannot help joyfully bringing on the emotional distress. Todd must learn... there is no male

pride at the Phipps Estate. If there remains self esteem, it needs to be addressed... and thrashed.

I release. Maxine again steps forth. Todd manages to stifle a second howl, instead just grimacing. But he has no choice but to accept the swishing tongue which counters the throb of rushing circulation and inflamed nerve endings.

“Now thank her,” threatening with the quirt. “Or the clamps return,” knowing that to do so would bring intolerable suffering.

‘Thank you,’ the words gasped.

Next... bladder relief. I untie the leash and direct Todd a few steps, not wanting to soil the entrance. With that Zoey returns, so depravenously alluring in dripping wet, sweat soaked jogging attire. She has her camera.

“I must have a photo. I sure his sisters will want to know that he’s actually being worked... not a house maid here at the Phipps Estate.

Todd hears the words and stirs, squirming against his bonds in symbolic protest. But Zoey gets her shots, calmly strutting about, camera clicking away to record Todd’s tethered humility from numerous angles. Meanwhile, it’s back to business.

“Leg up like a little doggie, Todd. I’ll have to hold you in place. Maxine please direct his cock cage so he doesn’t dribble all over himself,” my tone firm.

Standing on his left leg, Todd knows to lift his right. As he bends, folding it at the knee, I step forth and grasp, holding the folded leg to balance while releasing the leash. I note the homophobia returns as Maxine moves behind, reaching between his thighs, manicured fingers of the left hand nestling about the compressed scrotal sac, fingers of the right guiding the steel mesh cylinder of the cock cage. Zoey smiles... more clicks of the camera... the vertical steel of the anal hook becoming an item of focus.

I know the impaling implement has brought stimulation. I must assume that despite the revulsion, Maxine’s handling augments the need to harden as well, his manhood fruitlessly fighting tampered steel. Still there are bladder needs, I offer the command.

“Empty yourself for me, Todd. It’s half a mile to the road and I’ll not again stop.”

He closes his eyes, ostensibly in concentration. Yet I suspect shame in having to so perform for a woman in charge.

“Turn your head. Look at me. And perform. Be a good boy.”

As he complies I look to the top of the steps, Taylor Phipps looks on, smiling smugly, the scene offering a satisfying sense of feminine ascendancy.

I return the smile, turn back and reach forth. My fingers ever so gently toy with a wounded

nipple. Todd then knows to open himself in abject compliance, my touch once again bringing goose bumps. And of course Zoey continues to click away, feminine dominion duly recorded.

Todd Jackson - Displayed!

Having humiliated myself in urinating at a woman's behest, putting on a show for the regal Miss Taylor, Miss Marsha releases my leg and mounts the cart. With a moderate stroke of the quirt it's onward to the main road, traversing the narrow approach drive, well forested in offering the Phipps mansion its idyllic seclusion.

I plod, the load heavy. But in being paved the cart rolls more smoothly. And with some half dozen encouraging strokes, our pace quickens... plodding deemed insufficient. I am to respond, pulling at the desired pace of my Master.

Nearing the noon hour, the sun warms, the quirt stroking skin wet in sweat. My hastened gait renews the manipulation of the anal hook. I must wonder if Miss Marsha is aware of the dire need to harden for her.

Physically becoming acclimated to being tethered and whipped, as I see in the distance the arched opening in the trees at the end of the drive, an occasional car whizzing by on the main road, the mental and emotional distress begins to divert from Miss Marsha's directing hand.

Aspiring attorney Todd Jackson is about to be put on public display... I realize... harnessed, hitched to a cart, bearing the marks of a superior woman!

I cannot help thinking of the lonely, thought provoking walks from the family barn... buttocks aflame after a birching, clothing denied, penis remaining somewhat erect, seemingly in defiance of my pain and humiliation.

Who would see me then... who will see me now?

My hearts pounds as our journey comes to an end. Miss Marsha directs me to pull to the right of the Estate entrance, rolling just off the shoulder. For drainage, we rest near a ditch which is below the surface of the highway. Enough to cloak my nakedness from passing cars? Plus with cars approaching from behind, the cart, stacked with pumpkins, veils the human steed hitched to the front. Yet cars coming toward us? I helplessly stand seeming to greet.

Miss Marsha dismounts. I cannot help thinking that... though remaining off public property, on Estate land as directed... there must be some infraction of the law. As I look up to see an approaching car... a sleek sports car... my thoughts are diverted when a hood of cloth is slipped over my head. Though a sunny day, the thickness brings relative blackness, blinding me. Fingers work to arrange a large opening for breathing at my nose and mouth.

"You see, Todd, we're not completely cruel. You'll not be identified... unless you want to be."

"No. Please Miss Marsha. We need to go back," I beg.

I hear her giggle and must wonder about her own culpability in leading about a well bound naked male.

Still, remaining hitched to the cart, I have no choice but to stand and endure... confounded by not knowing what it is I will be made to endure.

“Just a few moments, Todd. I’ll leave the sign on the cart, unbuckle the lead line, leash you and lead you back for a nice bath and some food. You’ll need to soak. The quilt leaves some nice marks. You really need to learn to pull harder... be more responsive to a woman’s direction.”

As I hear her fidgeting about, the roar of the approaching sports car loudens. Then comes the hiss of brakes, the engine noise quickly dissipating, the sound of wheels on gravel bringing unease. The car stops. I want break free of my restraints, to run, toss aside the hood.

There come footsteps, boots thumping the asphalt, the driver crossing to our side of the road.

“Well, well... pumpkins,” the voice female, deep, and assertive. “And free.”

Marsha Devine - Boots

As Taylor suggested, Pamela Harrison, good friend and attorney for the Phipps family holdings, visits. Stepping from her Corvette, she just waves, not calling out in greeting. When she instead presses her index finger to her lips, I realize that Taylor has given similar advice to the counselor concerning her introduction to protege Todd.

“Well, well... pumpkins... and free.”

“Oh yes. Seasonal ground covering, better than weeds. And gives me an opportunity to work my boy,” Todd’s hooded but otherwise naked form coming into better view as Pamela nears.

Hearing an unknown woman’s voice, I smile in seeing him tremble in concern, obviously unaware of the contrived encounter.

“Yes, very well worked,” Pamela’s stentorian tone delightfully loud. “Soaked in sweat and buttocks well marked. You’ve worked him hard.”

Pamela steps quite proximate to Todd’s left side, arms reaching forth, hands brazenly smoothing about the shoulder blades then lowering to bring a brisance evidenced by renewed goose bumps... Todd being so sensuously touched by a woman unseen.

“Offers a nice thought... having a pumpkin harvested by a well worked and whipped boy. I like the nipple clamps. Must be very handy,” reaching to flick the tiny yet tormenting implements of metal. “And well used,” a finger diddling a sore and reddened left nipple to bring a gasp of pain. “You work him while hooded?”

“No. Near the road it’s just better to blind him. He gets fidgety with the... ah... exposure.”

“Yes, but I think he enjoys it. I see you have his penis nicely locked away... as it should be. But judging from the way he’s oozing, there’s the sick enjoyment that boys like this revel in... the pain... the humiliation... the warped need to yield to a woman... such excites him.”

Indeed, despite being fellated to orgasm yesterday, Todd’s organs are again primed, prostatic fluid emanating from the catheterizing tube of his chastity device... the anal hook no doubt abetting.

“Oh I see. You have him anally impaled,” Pamela pretending to finally notice the shaped bar of steel aligning Todd’s spine and splitting his excoriated buttocks. “Yes, that will certainly keep him focused... on thoughts of who is ultimately in charge.”

Todd trembles to the point his knees begin to weaken... the shame unbearable as a perfect stranger... to him a woman unknown... so blatantly explores and discusses his propensities. And indeed, just as it appears he is about to swoon with emotional distress, the powerful hand of Pamela grasps the top of the anal hook where it is clipped to the large ring of his harness. As Todd’s legs falter, Pamela not only holds, but it appears she somewhat lifts.

“What’s the boy’s name?”

“No,” Todd interrupts with a meek gasp, somewhat pleading for me not to reply.

I stifle laughter, the comfort and anonymity of the hood to be stricken.

“Todd... Todd Jackson. A farm boy... from Indiana... attending law school... at Cancadia. He’s staying here at the Phipps Estate.”

Pamela needs to firm her grip, lifting even more as Todd becomes apoplectic, legs turning to rubber in thinking that a complete stranger is not only surveiling his naked and bound quirkiness but is now aware of his name, academic aspirations, and general background. I almost wish I knew more details of the farm’s address in Indiana.

Meanwhile a car then a second car motors by, Pamela’s broad frame aiding in camouflaging Todd from wandering eyes. If he only knew that the mental torment of being discussed and examined conversely serves to limit any otherwise prurient viewing.

“And I hope it’s an anal insertion of size. No point in making the effort if it isn’t to open a boy for penetration. But not too opened... they like to feel it you know... the pain... the strange combined pleasure and discomfort of prostate manipulation. They all say otherwise... but in time they all pine for it.”

“It’s the largest... ah hook... of the collection,” I whimsically advise.

“Yes... that’s good. Under that hood I’m willing to bet he’s smiling in thinking about it... but also ruing that it will need to be removed.”

Pamela releases her grip. Pending syncope brings Todd to slump in the weeds of the roadside

ditch.

“He can’t handle a woman’s authority. You’ll need to work him more” Pamela stepping to stand arms akimbo directly to Todd’s kneeling front.

She slides forth a booted foot. Then a hand goes to the top of the hood, pressing his head further downward.

“Orally inclined? Can he lick boots?” the breathing hole in Todd’s hood directed to black leather.

“Well, he’s been sucking cock of late. I suppose working a boot would be good for the tongue.”

“No!” Todd again futilely protesting my words.

“Yes, that’s good for the psyche... sucking cock. Put’s a boy in the right frame of mind.”

I am both amazed and amused when without another word, Todd begins licking, attorney Pamela Harrison and her hand firmly gripping the hood at the back of the neck providing a certain aura of determination.

“Yes, very fawning... very obeisant. Has he been used... anally? It’s best for these boys... brings something out in them... something deeply held within... that’s best to be brought to the surface.”

Knowing of Pamela’s small suitcase... the sizable selection of double dildos... I smile, thinking again of last semester’s final gathering before summer break... Redmond lying knees to chest as Pamela took him... and he was finally permitted to ejaculate... to secrete and ooze a more apt description.

Guess there is no need to inquire as to why she is visiting the Phipps Estate on this fine autumn Sunday afternoon.

The boot shines. Pamela switches feet, hand guiding, extending her left boot.

“Guess I’ll take my pumpkin and move on,” she announces feigning a bit of boredom. “And I think his tongue is tiring...”

Todd Jackson - the Winter Months

November brings the cold which beckons the frigid winter months. Having cultivated the field and harvested the pumpkins, culminating with having to publically display myself at the main road, the activities for exercising feminine dominion more or less move indoors.

As mandated, upon return from weekday classes at Cancadia, Redmond and I are each afternoon stripped naked by a waiting Miss Eve. Elbow bands secured, Redmond’s cock cage is removed and his penis instantly celebrates its emancipation while my organ, deemed insignificant, as always remains under lock and key. Then I am leashed, directed to kneel and offer fellatio, in compliance with Miss Taylor’s new protocol. Whatever Redmond endured at this place termed

‘the clinic’... for boys who want to be girls... remains effective, his ability to ejaculate stifled. Thus it is encouraged that I lick and suck energetically without fear of mishap. My tongue work seems unending.

Plus, the watchful eyes heighten the stress of the forced homosexuality, the many women commenting on how difficult it is for me to fully take what seems to be a penis tip which grows with every encounter. I am encouraged to take the appendage fully and deeply... a skill I hope never to perfect.

My chagrin is somewhat ameliorated in noting that Redmond, remaining gagged, appears to take equal disgust in my oral efforts. It seems that despite spending his entire summer at the clinic where the boys who want to be girls practice fellatio... and practice and practice and practice... his own homophobia remains. For the misandrists of the Phipps Estate the double revulsion augments the glee of my performance. Beta males are for entertainment.

Evenings after dinner it's to the study room, usually ending with Redmond being suspended for Miss Taylor's viewing pleasure, the precise positioning of his restrained nakedness fostering an erection of immensity... not to be surpassed. For how long is the display I know not. For I am led away and bedded, the Segufix straps seeming to welcome me after a stressful day immersed in feminine governance. I have learned to sleep absolutely motionless, ceding to the ineluctable ingenuity of the Teutonic design, the slightest tug simply bringing frustration.

Saturday afternoons we study, final exams approaching. But on Sunday, the libidinous Miss Taylor has decided to extract from all parties compensation for the tuition, room and board. Thus Miss Marsha and Miss Zoey are denuded... joined by Miss Eve... the exhibition of feminine flesh fomenting Miss Taylor's bisexuality.

Redmond and I are made sightless, hooded for the soiree. But the sounds of wet tongues and lips and resulting fragrance of the ensuing Sapphic orgy evidence the hedonism of the long afternoons. We are made to kneel nearby... in the parlor or sun porch... our unending desire evidenced by oozing male essence... the sight of our well bound nakedness deemed to be suitable catalysts for lesbian lust.

Attorney Pamela Harrison, finally formally introduced after the pumpkin subterfuge, joins in the Sunday antics. Whether she bares herself or not is unknown to me. I have been shown the contents of her professional looking briefcase... rows of double dildos neatly in wait. And not a Sunday afternoon goes by without the inference... promise?... that with the anal hooks of the stables in rest for the winter, my rectum needs to be kept supple.

Why does the thought frighten yet entice?

December comes. With it, final exams, the end of the semester, a long holiday break and something I keep overhearing in medical discussions between Miss Eve and Miss Taylor. It seems Redmond's suspended ability to erupt, expunge male essence in triumphant ejaculation, is expected to return... the clinic's injections dispelling.

Need I take care with my forced fellatio?

Marsha Devine - the Semester Ends

Exams completed, there comes the holiday break.

I will be returning to my parents home in suburban New York. Though having mentally prepared myself for a few weeks of mundane vanilla life... no doubt mother to be suggesting dates with various high school acquaintances... alpha males playing the macho role... I will still miss the excitement of the Phipps Estate. The four week interval will seem long.

Zoey will join her parents at their winter vacation home on some Caribbean island. She has promised to sun bathe for me in the nude. I like her without tan lines... the contiguous golden hues brought by abundant sun highlighting her trim gymnastic physique. I will miss tribbing with her, but look forward to sensing the squeeze of her eager thighs upon return in January.

Redmond will not travel to California, the trip being too expensive. Plus his stepmother remains journeying the world and there is no home, sold nearly a year ago. He will therefore spend his break at the Phipps Estate. Since the endo tracheal tube will otherwise go unused until my return, matriarch Taylor Phipps is undecided as to whether she will return him to the clinic for a few days of well supervised counseling... i.e. breath control... to assure all manly pride remains appropriately extinguished.

For Todd... it's back to the family farm in Indiana... a five hour bus ride. I can only imagine the reception he will receive from sisters Danielle and Jackie, Taylor having emailed explicit photos of their brother Todd engaged in homosexual coupling. And with Zoey's digital camera rife with more, I'm sure Todd's sisters will have adequate material for blackmail and to assure appropriate compliance and behavior.

I am to drive Todd and Zoey into Pittsburgh for transfer to the bus terminal and airport, then use the BMW to proceed to New York. But before departing there is a gathering... a Phipps Estate gathering.

"Why are you trembling, Todd? You know it's for the best. At the farm you're going to be four weeks under lock and key. So for now you should be happy to be released... and of course show off for us. You'd not want to be fidgeting and fighting your cock cage for the entire time in Indiana."

Without Eve's morning tendance... bath, enema, shaving... during which time the cock cage is removed and cleansed... Todd will find his smoldering priapism turning to a bonfire. Taylor has decided to graciously address such potential discomfort.

Midday on a December Monday, we are assembling in the parlor. Todd is apprehensive, begging me to be relieved of saying good bye... to just load the car and drive off.

That won't do. Taylor will permit climactic relief... rebalance his hormones... before locking away Todd's penis for the semester break. And Todd is fully aware of how males are relieved of male essence at the Phipps Estate... always in the most humiliating manner possible.

“It’s early Todd, your bus doesn’t leave until 4:00 p.m. and Zoey has plenty of time before her flight. There’s no need to leave just yet,” I admonish.

Leashed, elbow bands secured... and of course completely nude... Todd kneels for me. His pleas end as Eve enters with a leashed Redmond in tow. In seeing the thick penis shaft and fully engorged purple tip, he’s fully erect and I know the minx Maxine has been allowed to prepare him for show. And carefully, the effect of the clinic’s botox injections to the ejaculatory muscles some seven months before beginning to dispel.

Taylor joins us as does Zoey, camera in hand. Just as our benefactress begins to offer a few words of goodbye, we hear the roar of a powerful motor under the porte cochere. Taylor smiles and within moments the nearby entrance door at the foyer thrusts open. It is the imposing Pamela Harrison. We join in smiling when we see her special brief case in hand... all except Redmond and Todd.

“Thought Pammy would join us for a little eggnog... for the holidays,” Taylor explains.

With that, maid Maxine enters the parlor, little bells chiming, serving tray filled with holiday drink.

Greetings are exchanged, words of encouragement from Pamela Harrison concerning our aspirations as attorneys. As the conversation grows, eggnog imbibed, I note that Maxine steps away, testicle bells always announcing her movements. Moments later a low table is pushed to the center of the parlor, the open space where weeks before Todd and Redmond engaged in mutual fellatio. It is familiar, padded, with eye bolts and ‘D’ clamps at the base. It is the singular piece of furniture upon which Redmond was sodomized at the end of our first year of law school last Spring.

I look down to a kneeling Todd. He fidgets. Things do not bode well for the beta male when Taylor calls for a gathering of authoritative women. And the low table tells me he is right to be concerned.

“Well... a special send off... for Todd. He’s not before been fanny fucked... least I assume not. But depraved things can happen on a secluded farm,” Taylor flippantly announces to bring laughter. “And Pamela has been kind enough to bring her briefcase.”

We laugh more, well aware of the contents.

“Marsha, I think you know how Pammy likes to peg a boy,” Taylor nodding to the table.

I do. And I am amused to feel the leash, hooked to the control ring of Todd’s cock cage, begin to quiver. I keep it taut, knowing that Todd takes comfort in feeling both my closeness and controlling hand.

With the going away party in early June, we all disrobed, the room brimming with welcoming feminine flesh. Such a treat for Redmond. But with the chill of December, Todd shall not have such a rare thrill.

Will he be disappointed?

“Come Todd, time for a nice long and deep fanny fucking,” pulling him to stand.

“No, Miss Marsha. Please no.”

“Oh but yes, Todd. It’s time... for the ultimate in comeuppance... subjugation for the beta male. I know how much you enjoyed the anal hook... feeling a woman inside you.”

He’s meek, psychologically battered, putty in the hands of women. It is thus facile to place him supine on the low table. And despite the distress, I note him casting glimpses to the well muscled Pamela Harrison as she slips out of her clothing, baring herself from the waist down. It’s a privilege at the Phipps Estate... viewing feminine charms.

“We’ll make it very enjoyable for you Todd. No cock cage. And you should revel in it. I think your penis will be under lock and key for quite some time... perhaps until January and the next semester,” Taylor’s foreboding words pleasantly offered.

Elbow bands released then hooked to the table’s eye bolts, I remove the leash.

Eve moves to the bottom end of the table. With the deftness afforded by many months of keyholding, the Steelworxs chastity device is unlocked, cock cage and attached urethral insert slipped away with aplomb. When an inquiring finger gestures to the control ring, Taylor nods. Todd is bared, his only covering is also removed.

“Now, you’ll need to earn my munificence and be gracious as well, Todd. Redmond needs attention, You saw how big and stiff he is.”

He is. But our eyes collectively go to Todd’s most modest organ. We all smile in seeing it harden despite the emotional stress... the threatened fanny fucking.

“I can see why you keep him locked up, Taylor,” Pamela Harrison quips, finally seeing Todd’s male equipment. “Not very useful.”

Her words come she opens her briefcase and selects a double dildo. It is limited in size, waving it about for all to see... no where near that used months ago on Redmond. And I must look to see Redmond’s reaction. He gawks in envy and want at Pamela’s half nakedness, vicariously feeling her powerful thrusts, sensing the ignominy of ceding to a woman of purpose and determination.

Deep within he pines to be once again taken... I have no doubt.

“Knees to your chest, Todd,” Taylor instructs as Eve bends to grasp Todd’s ankles. “And Redmond will need your attention. Open wide for him. And do try to take as much of him as possible. Don’t be a prude. You’re here to please... in any manner I demand.”

With the words, Pamela steps to Redmond.

“Eve, the gag. I’ll want him admiring my dildo... some warmth... some lubrication.”

A busy Eve joins Pamela, a short length of metal slipping past Redmond’s lips, his gag deflated and pulled forth with practice. Pamela presents. Redmond knows to humbly lick then lovingly engulf the female end of the Feeldoe... his look one of adoration.

“Yes, lick, lick, Redmond. And don’t be concerned, your turn will come. Meanwhile a nice blow job for you. Probably not as good as those at the clinic... but I think you’ll not complain,” Pamela Harrison taunts. “No boy really ever does. For boys like you, homophobia is mostly a superficial ruse.”

Todd Jackson - the Semester Ends

Well... I’m dressed anyway... returned to the Steelworxx chastity device... but clothed for my journey home.

Miss Marsha drives, Miss Zoey in the passenger seat, I’m in the back. It’s a thirty minute ride into Pittsburgh where I will catch a 4:00 p.m. bus to Indiana.

“Exciting for you, Todd... finally going home... and Taylor letting you get off,” Miss Zoey initiating conversation after several silent minutes. “But I suppose you’re tired after all that fucking... and well... you know...”

I cringe, having the recent events returned to memory, trying desperately to put the day’s early afternoon gathering out of my mind.

Yes, the ‘well... you know’ was more mutual fellatio. And as prognosticated, whatever treatment Redmond received at the clinic... for boys who want to be girls... has reversed.

“How does it feel... having such a large dick explode in your mouth like that?” Miss Zoey’s tone so ingenuous. “Lots of spunk! Did it taste as good as the eggnog?”

I cringe, Miss Zoey finally giggles.

“It came out your nose... you need to get better at it.”

My cringe turns to seething as Miss Marsha laughs, joining in the delight... wicked feminine delight.

“Zoey got some good shots of that. I was going to ask her to email them to you... along with others... but Taylor said to send them to your sister Danielle instead. Maybe she’ll let you look at them.”

“No, please don’t do that,” my quest I am sure futile.

“Oh Todd, if it was that upsetting to you, why did you come too?” Miss Marsha joining Miss Zoey in feigned naivete. “You had a nice orgasm for us.”

I close my eyes in shame. When Miss Marsha references ‘others’, she means the many photos of me being fanny fucked by a woman... the double dildo of attorney Pamela Harrison taking me deeply while Miss Taylor, Miss Eve, Miss Marsha and Miss Zoey... camera in hand... watched with gleeful expectations, making fun of my undersized, untouched hard on bobbing about.

For once again, as my anus was made to yield, Redmond stood over my head, pressing his massive organ to my lips.

Yes, as Miss Pamela thrust away, I hardened for the women... so much time in chastity. My need became acute, the prostate manipulation at its zenith. Then came the advising words.

“If you take him, Todd... Redmond will take you. You’ve done this before. So put on another show for us. You’re now a cock sucker... and you’re always to suck cock for me here at the Phipps Estate. We like boys who suck cock. It’s so nicely degrading.”

So many mirthful giggles.

“And do squeeze your cheeks for Pammy. You do so much want to please... all of us.”

So there came the gambit. So much in need... to ultimately spend, earn penile attention... I had to take Redmond... huge Redmond... a fully engorged Redmond. And then it was explained that in lying knees to chest, Redmond, at some six foot three inches, could lean and take me... while Pamela Harrison stood at table’s end, grasping my scrotum, utilizing my balls as a handle to assure I would properly take each of her powerful penetrating thrusts.

I ignored Miss Taylor’s suggestion... initially. But the sensory input overwhelmed. After many minutes, penile neglect supplanted thoughts against once again shaming myself. I needed to finally climax. And indeed, after all, as Miss Taylor reasoned... once you’ve sucked a boy’s cock... what’s one more time?

So yes, I took in Redmond... as best I could. And as Miss Pamela continued to take me anally, Redmond leaned forth and took me orally.

With Redmond’s oral cavity constantly stuffed and primed for penetration, his mouth and throat were like a pussy. So much time bearing the dildo gag, he engulfed... with ease, his own need to please the domineering women evident.

Much sucking, many moments, the women were thrilled when we came together. My essence simply disappeared into the vacuum of Redmond’s throat. Redmond simultaneously erupted, spurting massively... the clinic’s therapy... or whatever... reversed for sure.

And yes, I failed to adequately swallow, many words of admonishment coming as with Redmond’s cock completely filing my mouth, much semen forcefully exited my nostrils to greet Miss Zoey’s camera lens.

As we move through Pittsburgh traffic, I find I cannot reopen my eyes in picturing such a degrading scene... captured with a high definition camera.

“Do give your sister Danielle Taylor’s package, Todd. You’re not to open it. But I will tell you, there’s a quirt in there from me... sort of a holiday gift... so many whips in the stables, it won’t be missed. It will sear your buttocks wonderfully and feel very much like a birch tree branch, so Danielle will readily use it I am sure. What Taylor is sending I do not know. Maybe you’ll find out.”

When women of such ilk communicate... worse, exchange packages... it does not bode well for males like me.

Miss Marsha pulls into the bus terminal drop off area. I exit, luggage in hand.

“Our regards to Danielle and Jackie, Todd. Be a good boy for them... or should I say good girl?”

Marsha Devine - Epilogue

I enjoy the semester holiday break... initially. After months of law school at Cancadia and clerking for the summer in Philadelphia, seeing family and old friends is heartening but wears quickly.

So just after Christmas, receiving an email from Todd’s sister Danielle breaks the monotony. There is a video attached, Danielle returning the consideration of having copies of Zoey’s growing photo archive.

Dear Marsha,

Thought I’d drop a note to assuage any concerns over Todd’s conduct. He’s been a good boy (girl?) and for the holiday break Jackie and I immediately put him back to work as the household maid.

Though the family has been relieved of the financial burden of Todd’s law school education... most gratefully I might add... there remains much to do at the farm to pay the bills. Having him prepare meals, keep the house clean and do laundry relieves the family of such drudgery and provides more time for the meaningful tasks in tending to the herd.

As Todd probably explained to you, mother leaves early for her job and our father spends much time well out in the pastures. Fencing is in constant need of inspection and repair during the harsh winter months. So Todd is left under our auspices from dawn until dusk and in continuing the regimen of your benefactress Taylor Phipps, he labors in the nude. It’s exciting to see how acceptable it has become for him. He listens and obeys so nicely. And he tells us being free to move about... no leash, no tethers... is quite a privilege.

His penis cage came as a surprise. What a well designed and I must assume expensive contraption! And the matching neck collar and elbow bands are not only pretty but come in handy when it is time to whip him.

Which reminds me to thank you for the quirt. There are adequate birch trees about the barn area, but snipping and preparing branches in the cold of winter can be chilling. So

Jackie is grateful.

We understand the need to eliminate annoying male pride in the likes of males like Todd. He is certainly more productive, obedient and polite in knowing his place. And to assure that, we've set a schedule of trips to the barn, discipline needed or not.

As you know... and we have learned... it seems when you hold a boy in chastity, sharp pain can both distract from the need to ejaculate and better regulate the hormones. So every other day after breakfast, Todd prances through the snow completely naked to the barn. The cold makes him move quite quickly. It's as if he is eager to be warmed by us.

In the barn there is a low bench, to be used by shorter folks to mount horses, and over the years Todd knows to meekly present himself to us lying on it tummy down, thighs well spread, arms extended horizontally over his head for Jackie.

I no longer wait for him. Thanks to his ingrained obeisance he simply positions himself and waits for me... and Jackie of course. I must wonder if he is indeed eager... though the threat of showing Zoey's photos to mom and dad is more likely to assure compliance.

I must confess that past birchings have afforded amusement... first in seeing his male plums flopping about as I stroke him. And second in seeing him slowly harden for us... his penis standing prominently in completing a dozen or more strokes and it became time to return to the kitchen and household duties.

So the key is useful, and please thank Ms. Phipps for sending it along with your quilt. Yes, his penis is unlocked, balls free to flop about with every whipping, Jackie pulling at his elbow bands, not only sensing his anguish but assuring there is no touching until I've finished with him and return him to chastity.

He's so disappointed in not getting off! But we admonish him, suggesting that his thoughts are perverted and explaining that sisters don't allow that with little brothers.

And then we show him Zoey's amazingly vivid picture of him getting and receiving a blow job from a guy. (The simultaneous dildo penetration had us laughing I might add).

Well, whenever he suggests we let him masturbate for us, I counter by suggesting we instead find him a date... some guy that he can suck off and hopefully achieve mutual gratification. That notion... and the click of the chastity lock... ends the subject.

For fun, Jackie occasionally puts Todd on a leash. After three or four times, Todd explained that, rather than his neck collar, it can also be clipped to the control ring of his cock cage. Imagine that! He feels better being led about by a woman when he can sense her firm, directing tugs on his balls!

So nicely trained!

Do enjoy the video. And we'll have Todd returned to the Phipps Estate in January... eager

to continue his ‘education’.

Regards,

Danielle

I smile in seeing the term ‘education’ in quote marks, the double entendre appreciated. Then I click to the video.

Todd’s sisters are handsome, charming, bold and refreshingly firm with him. I watch as there has been recorded one of his many visits to the barn, apparently time and attention given to setting up a camera.

Or is there a third party observing? It’s intriguing to think that perhaps Mother Jackson attended a session of mandated flagellation. Perhaps on a Saturday or Sunday when not at work?

Anyway, I’ll debrief Todd on that subject when we again gather in January.

Meanwhile, I’m thrilled that the video includes audio. I watch, I listen...

“So Todd, you’ve missed us.”

“Yes, Danielle.”

“Running to the barn and so nicely positioning yourself without command gives you away, Todd. Enjoy subjugating yourself? Or is it the pain you crave?”

“I... well... it’s something...”

“Yes, it’s something that you need. I know,” the words coming with a close up shot of Todd’s bare buttocks and entrapped scrotum.

The thin leather strip of the quirt comes into view, playfully brushing the thin pink flesh of Todd’s scrotum. He squirms... in fear. And he should.

“Or perhaps it’s because you like to show off... for women like us. And hoping we’ll have you suck some cock for us.”

The squirt slips away. Hands come into the frame. Fingers grasp the cock cage, pulling and twisting. The key is aligned. With a click, the cage is freed and slid away, the exit of the urethral insert bringing a comical yelp as it passes from the prostate gland.

“There, that’s what you want. To harden for us. Or perhaps you’d like to have your penis sucked... as you suck one as well. Very naughty, Todd... becoming a cock sucking woman’s servant.”

“I had to... I had no choice,” Todd’s voice becoming high pitched in panic.

As Todd indeed slowly hardens the camera zooms out. Into the frame comes sister Jackie, taking a seat on a low stool at Todd’s front. The steel mesh of the removed cock cage is handed to her. Jackie takes the time to balance it atop Todd’s head.

“Stay still for us. If it falls there will be more... many more.”

With Jackie’s words of warning, she reaches forth, three fingers of right hand and left hooking under the elbow bands of Todd extended arms. Feet pushing forth to press against the base of the bench for maximum leverage, she pulls mightily, sending her message of control and authority,

Todd yields, his arms in turn becoming limp in ceding to his sister.

“A dozen Jackie?” the voice of Danielle inquires.

“At least. More if he moves. Can’t have him resisting... acting like a man. He’s a cock sucker... wants the pain and humiliation... needs the pain and humiliation.”

There come snickers and the camera lens again zooms out to bring Danielle and her quirt hand into the frame. The excoriation of Todd’s buttocks begins... a swish, a splat, a pitiful cry. And strangely, despite having so often offered my own corporal encouragement in the stables of the Phipps Estate, I feel myself becoming wet.

The sight of excited male flesh does not arouse... but bound and chastised male flesh does. As the thrashing proceeds, I vicariously feel Zoey’s firmness enveloping mine. I miss her.

And then I note something very telling. The camera moves, slowing circling to capture the flogging from many angles. Then it lowers to provide a close up of Todd’s growing penis. Someone unseen is taping the scene, the camera not static.

Who is it? To whom does Todd also bare himself, and bear the humiliation of exhibition and complete capitulation to the governing female?

- End -

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

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