

Semester Break at the Farm, the Phipps Estate Saga Continues

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by Chris Bellows

Danielle Jackson

This Zoey Roberts friend of brother Todd is quite the photographer. She has graciously emailed numerous pics... all sordid... all debasing... and all in full color, high definition... visually chronicling Todd's recreational pursuits... if that is the best term... while not attending law school and studying.

Quite humiliating for him. Yet there is no indication of protest, no resistance, no objection. I suppose I should not be surprised, having him so often strip naked for me and birching him in the barn. For then too there was no protest, resistance, or objection. Instead as puberty progressed into adolescence he would harden for me... me and sister Jackie... after a half hour or so of leisurely applied discipline. We ignored it at the time. But his libidinous reaction was duly noted.

And when months ago his classmate Marsha Devine called me asking that I take some photos of my own, there again came an inkling of things to come. Marsha briefly explained that a wealthy eccentric woman had been providing assistance to her and others with law school... that Todd was a candidate as well. And days later, after Todd called to announce that he was essentially on full scholarship, no longer even having to pay for dormitory and food, ignoring the excitement of being relieved of the burden, the nature of the photos requested of me should have spurred more thought... some questions.

Well now I have some answers... and will have more.

"So Todd, you've been doing some farming on your own..." I prompt.

Sister Jackie and I sit about the kitchen table, enjoying morning coffee served by our maid younger brother Todd. He's naked. Having arisen quite early and likewise served Mom and Dad, the moment they departed.... Mom to a job many miles away... Dad out to the far off pastures... Todd knew to disrobe... no commands necessary... just a simple hint... 'you know how we want you'.

He's returned for the semester break in chastity, a very expensive and almost decorative device of shiny steel purchased by his benefactress, the wealthy woman paying tuition, room and board.

The household duties began for him when he was an unruly teen. Though there's much daily work to be done... man's work... in raising sheep, an obstreperous Todd would dally, not focus, let things slacken. Plus in the Spring, when the young rams need to be castrated, a squeamish Todd just couldn't take to it, a deed in which Jackie and I have reveled. It was decided that he work instead within the house where any slovenliness would not affect the family economics.

Failure to properly feed and water the sheep can be detrimental... particularly in not knowing

what tasks have been skipped and when.

With meal preparation, household cleaning, laundry... all tasks assigned to a young Todd... there was the convenience that failure to timely perform all was immediately evident.

When the economics of sheep farming became tougher and tougher, sister Jackie and I replaced the hired help... the girls of the family needing to do man's work because of Todd's lack of focus. When such inattention continued, Mom and Dad deemed us... me and Jackie... to be in charge... of supervising the housework... and the discipline needed to assure its timely completion.

Yes, Jackie and I were relegated to farm work, annoyed that any opportunity for further education and a normal social life ended. The completion of high school brought the unending drudgery of tending to sheep. This annoyance grew and turned to envy when Todd finally became focused academically and Mom and Dad deemed him college material.

But his household responsibilities ceased not and Jackie and I decided to become more demanding... and more apt to discipline... as Todd's educational prospects brightened.

Slight mishaps led to the denial of clothing. More significant transgressions led to trips to the barn. As Todd objected less and less and trips to the barn became more and more frequent, his household uniform became a frilly pink apron and nothing else.

Jackie and I often furtively discussed Todd's well cloaked disappointment in having to dress when Dad returned from the pastures. Did he truly enjoy our dominion, his naked servitude?

The chastity cage is a surprise and would otherwise be considered a constraint on our enjoyment of birching him to the point of erection. But in a sealed package delivered to me I have found, along with an appropriate offering from his friend Marsha, a key. So if my assumption is correct, there is another surprise... that Jackie and I have been bestowed with the prerogative of emancipating Todd's penis. It's an empowering thought. But with it comes the notion... why bother?

I hold up a photo of Todd in a leather harness. Sort of designed for that used to tether a draft animal, the thick wrist cuffs attached to a broad waist belt suggest otherwise.

"Hauling a cart loaded with pumpkins," my voice pleasant, prodding him for more.

He nods, blushing as he refills my cup.

"Your buttocks... such prominent thin red stripes, Todd. The quirt I assume... the one you brought to us from Marsha?"

"Yes."

"Yes what Todd?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Jackie and I have decided to insist on etiquette... to assure Todd's obeisance and offer contrast to his prospects as a highfalutin lawyer.

"So your friend Marsha not only works you... but whips as well. What's this thing... it's like a metal rod... between your ass cheeks?"

As I slide the photo across the table to Jackie, Todd really blushes, his entire nakedness turning crimson. He turns away, ostensibly to return the coffee pot to the stove and wash some dishes, but I know better. He's bashful, needing to collect his thoughts.

"It's... well... this thing... used... ah... as part of the harness."

"Just seems to disappear... the end I mean. Not part of your cock cage?"

"No Ma'am."

"There's some goo coming from his penis tube," an astute Jackie notes, staring at the photo. "You're leaking stuff Todd."

Jackie holds up the photo of Todd's bound nakedness, waving it to summon him from the kitchen sink.

"What is it Todd?" my voice firming, my tone that used to presage trips to the barn.

"It's... well... when a guy... ah... doesn't use his... doesn't have sex..."

"You mean masturbate?"

"Ah... yes... that too. Well the glands need to get rid of stuff."

"You're not oozing anything now," Jackie, brazen as always, reaching forth to grasp the steel mesh cylinder of Todd's cock cage for closer examination.

Jackie and I, working the farm, have not a lot of experience with the male gender. We're not shy... certainly not virgins... it's the dawn to dusk exhausting work which precludes social interaction. That and the fact that the nearest town is ten miles down the road. But there are the sheep. And in neutering some of the more mature rams, we've seen such stuff, sticky fluid. And indeed, Jackie knowingly nods to me.

"The wethers don't secrete like this," she notes with a smirk, finally releasing Todd and pointing to the photo.

"Not after the elastrator. No more sloppiness," I add with a laugh.

Todd, queasy as stated when it comes time to emasculate the young male sheep deemed to be beta... not likely to sire desirable lambs... begins fumbling about, unsteady hands clanking the dirty dishes.

“So you’re not leaking now. Which I must suppose is explained by this photo.”

Todd’s blushing turns to apoplexy as I lay out the photo of mutual fellatio while he’s having his little fanny split open and rectum penetrated by a faux phallus of blue rubber.

“Looks exciting for you Todd... getting a blow job from some guy while being fucked. This is dated... two days ago... when you left Pittsburgh,” rather proud of my detective work.

“And explains why his little thing isn’t now as messy as in the other photo,” Jackie chimes in with glee.

“So I’m going to keep you locked up Todd. Your thing going to get sloppy? Should we get the elastrator ready?”

“That’s what this metal rod thing does, Danielle,” Jackie gushes, joining in the detective work. “It makes him ooze even more. Kind of like pumping the stuff from him.”

“Milking him,” I further add, envisioning the purpose of the curved bar of metal inserted within his gluteal cleft.

With that I demand that Todd come to the kitchen table, place his hands to the back of his head, part his feet to present his entrapped male package, and tell us all, not only about his farming, but the curious bindings and enjoyment of his servitude... for we know he enjoyed.

Todd Jackson

I stand before my sisters at the kitchen table. The photo with the anal hook, opening me each and every weekend while being worked by Miss Marsha, has drawn attention.

It’s semester break from Cancadia law school. For the four week interval without classes the cost of the five hour bus ride from Pittsburgh is worthy of the opportunity to see my family. But my ‘in charge’ sisters find it is an opportunity to return me to service as well. And I suppose they have a point. On a family farm everyone works, earning their keep. I am chagrined however to being returned to the duties of household maid. And I am even more chagrined when on the initial morning of my visit after Mom departed for her job and Dad headed out to the far off pastures, sister Danielle just stood arms akimbo in her familiar look of authority as at the stove I began preparing another round of bacon and eggs.

“Photos, Todd,” holding up a small ream of printed paper, evidently from her computer. “Your friend Zoey emailed me. Don’t think you’re in a position to be defiant,” she smirked, I cowered.

I turned, somewhat trembling, her presence always bringing anxiety.

“So... law school or not... you know how we want you.”

I do, putting aside the spatula, I quietly disrobed, sister Jackie sitting at the breakfast table giggling.

“So glum, Todd. But you’d not want it any other way,” Jackie joining in my disparagement.

More chagrin in realizing she is probably correct.

So I stripped, essentially on my sister’s simple suggestion. And I berated myself for sensing that quirky thrill, feeling the twinges, my cock cage veiling my reaction. Having so often served in the past, I was able to return to the focus of preparing breakfast and tending to coffee, but it’s there, the arousal, and I tell myself at least I am not leashed and being spoon fed mush as at the Phipps Estate.

Yet do I miss that?

Message received... that Zoey’s many photos are to be used to extort my abject servitude, there comes a discussion... detailed discussion... concerning every revealing click of the camera... and revealing more than my bound nakedness but the depths of my depravity as well. Does the secretive joy of subjugating myself to the likes of Miss Marsha also surface?

My sisters are somewhat unknowing... not necessarily naive... concerning many aspects of the needs of the so termed beta male... and the women who revel in assuring such are met. But as photo after photo is presented, and I endure the humiliation of explaining the many facets and protocols of my stay at the Phipps Estate, Danielle and Jackie are not only becoming educated but begin to vicariously share in the revelry.

We come to the many photos snapped while hitched to the cart pulling pumpkins. This fosters much interest And I am commanded to come to the kitchen table, place my hands to the back of my head, and part my feet.

“Details Todd. As depraved as are the pictures of you giving a guy a blow job, these seem more telling. You’re harnessed, bound to a cart. You’ve been whipped. And look at your nipples. These little clamps were used on you, weren’t they?” Jackie pointing to the photo showing nasty little metal implements conveniently attached to the harness straps at the chest.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“So, knowing of your response to pain... when inflicted by a woman... this afternoon of hauling pumpkins, being whipped and having your little pink nubs squeezed must have been quite exciting for you, Todd,” Danielle notes, her tone of nonchalance telling. “Too bad your little penis is locked up. It so much likes to show off.”

“I... ah... well... suppose... yes.”

“Would you feel better that way... here... at the farm. We’d not want you to miss... your... well what do you call her?”

“Benefactress.”

“Yes, your very demanding benefactress. And this thing... stuck between your buttocks?” Jackie

interjects, seeming enthralled.

“It’s an... well... an anal hook.”

“Anal. So there’s more to it then just the slim rod seen in the picture.”

“Yes.”

“What?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“It penetrates you... judging from its appellation. Slips into your little opening there... just like this blue thing?” Jackie again holding up the close up of me fellating classmate Richmond while being fanny fucked. “And you enjoy it?”

I pause, close my eyes in shame, my sisters asserting so much... so much humiliation. But the twinges become stronger. Then I feel fingers again about my cock cage. I open, I look down, sister Jackie again brazenly examining.

“I have my answer, Danielle. He’s secreting, his little male organs primed... excited... aroused... anticipating something that’s not to happen.”

“Well Todd, we’ll do our best for you. Need to tighten up some horse harnesses. Jackie have you seen that one for the little donkey we had when we were kids?”

“It’s somewhere... in the barn,” Jackie smiling wickedly. “And I’ll get on the internet. I’m sure anal hooks can be purchased... god knows you can buy everything else.”

“But it’s... it’s winter!” I protest.

“To be run and worked barefoot in the snow. Who’s to complain Todd? Certainly not you.”

Danielle Jackson

I have a boy friend! With Todd’s ‘scholarship’, the improved family financial condition has permitted me and Jackie to go into town... only on weekends of course. We actually have some spending money now!

So sometime back in October while Jackie and I mingled at a local pub, listening to a small-town group playing country music, we suddenly had a round of drinks pushed in front of us. A guy by the name of ‘Prince’ the bartender explained. Jackie and I looked down the bar and there was a relatively good looking guy, older in his mid thirties, arm extending to hold forth his beer, nodding to us in greeting.

Somewhat forward, but having passed age thirty a while back, a girl can’t become overly prickly about a boy’s attention. So I nodded back, silently thanking and concurring, and of course he

moved to our end of the bar and joined us.

Conversation ensued, strained over the music. But there seemed to be chemistry. And when Prince sort of hinted that he swung both ways, quite unusual for midwest farm country, Jackie's attention went more to the music, politely listening, while I became more and more intrigued.

Guess I'm not as possessive as other girls. For the notion did not faze me that, if Prince and I were to become friendly and socialize, I would not be Prince's sole outlet for companionship.

And in my mind, concerns over any potential social maladies due to Prince's swinging sex life were moot. For I only envisioned that nice face pressed between my thighs, ears grasped, tongue and lips adoring where tongue and lips can do a girl the most good. And as we talked and became more familiar, such an image became stronger. In public, Prince would be all man, the rugged ranch hand he appeared to be. But upon command, at my whim, I realized he'd as energetically please me as he would some guy in a gay bar.

We dated. Much discussion. He liked the idea of an open relationship. I liked the idea of having no pressure to lie back and lift my skirts because some guy was desperate to get off. Vaginal penetration... the thought has never been repugnant... just not my thing.

And better, Prince was more than satisfactory in maintaining the subterfuge. When invited to the farm house for a weekend visit, Mom and Dad were always impressed... so manly!

'You should find a guy like Prince, Jackie,' was Mom's constant rebuke, my sister silently smirking in knowing the truth.

As December approached, our relationship growing, I was initially apprehensive knowing of Todd's planned visit. But then I analyzed. Todd is my servant... Jackie's as well. And when some photos arrived of Todd earning his scholarship... for want of a better way to describe the Phipps Estate antics... there would certainly be no problem securing Todd's acceptance of my oral lover.

Then I had to alert Prince. There were his days off when he'd visit the farm, Dad out in the pasture, Mom at work, sister Jackie knowing to conveniently remain working in the barn lest my lustful shrieks of oral gratification disturb her. Yes, many libidinous matinees with Prince.

For the four weeks of Todd's visit, how was I to go without Prince? Of more concern, going without Prince's tongue and lips? Would I need to allow Todd to cloth himself? And then what, still no cunnilingus!

Guess I've become too accustomed, too expectant of having my needs addressed.

So, a sit down with Prince. But more aptly described as pillow talk as I mellowed in bed after countless orgasms, Prince's tongue indefatigable as always.

"My brother Todd is coming... from law school... the holiday break."

"Be nice to meet him. He know about us?"

“No... nothing at all,” my arm lowering, finger tapping Prince’s wet nose then slipping down to lips redolent with the scent of my spendings, hinting that the extent and frequency of his oral prowess is to remain secret.

I affectionately squeeze my thighs about his head in a gesture of thanks. It’s curious the one sided nature of our couplings... and much appreciated. I don’t even have him take off his clothes. It’s neat. No romance, obviously no silly talk, just pure lust and the satiation thereof... my lust.

I’ve read of some women enjoying the zipless fuck... no strings sex... no emotional attachment. I guess for me it’s become the zipless gamahuche. I just lie and absorb pure pleasure.

“He’s... well... special to us. Todd is. Likes to work about the house. Not a brawny farm boy like you.”

Prince nods as I release him from the grip of my thighs.

“So you’ll need to understand... ah... that when you visit, he may be working about the house.”

“So no bedroom visit?”

“I didn’t say that. Just be prepared... you know... for...”

I pause, not finding the words. Then finally summon the mettle...

“We use him more as a maid,” deciding on bluntness. “It’s... well... just what we make him do.”

“Make him?”

I shrug.

“You’ll see. Just don’t be too surprised. And it will only be for a few weeks until January.”

Prince nods. I begin to untangle, the afterglow fading, the need to rejoin Jackie and labor in the barn beckoning.

“Now, go to the bathroom and do your thing,” my tone calm and soothing, like telling a toddler to brush his teeth.

“You’ll watch?”

“Oh Prince, you get so creepy. Yes, I’ll watch. But it’s just to make sure you hit the sink.”

Todd masturbates for me... at least that’s his fantasy thing... that he strokes his cock under my auspices. So I quickly slip on my jeans and follow. Standing at the bathroom door, he unzips, his engorged penis popping from his pants. Orally serving excites him. I decide to tease with his level of arousal.

“And I should tell you, Prince. Brother Todd works for me in the nude. I hope that also does not bring concern.”

Todd Jackson

For the days leading up to Christmas, life at the farm turns to a routine after Mom, Dad and my sisters’ initial greeting in stepping off the bus trip from Pittsburgh. I arise very early and begin coffee and breakfast for Mom and Dad, fully clothed of course. Fortunately in the cold of December long sleeved shirts are appropriate attire and the steel bands about my elbows and matching neck collar are well veiled.

After their departure my hard working sisters are to be served. And for them I know to remove all my clothing. I am to have no covering other than the steel of my restraints and my chastity device.

Why does that so much thrill? I don’t want it to! I keep telling myself that it’s my sisters for whom I must exhibit my nakedness! But it seems to matter not, the reaction is too well ingrained... the entrapping cock cage almost welcomed in cloaking what would otherwise be embarrassing tumescence.

There is small talk while I serve, perhaps better described as interrogation. And after a few breakfast tete a tete’s, there is divulged a fairly complete scenario of life at the Phipps Estate. Redmond’s forced silence, the constant restraint, the entire ambiance of feminine dominion, more to be told concerning my weekends in nude physical labor. The fact that evenings are spent in intense study of the law comes as a brief aside. And when the maid Maxine comes into discussion... explaining that the husband of benefactress Taylor Phipps has been neutered and feminized... that brings silence... a thoughtful silence that brings my concern.

“No balls?” sister Jackie finally finding words.

For my sisters, having castrated hundreds of sheep over the years, the excision of testicles is not the gruesome subject matter which makes must guys somatically cross their legs in horror. The tone of the question comes more as an expression of curious amusement.

“Well he... ah... she... has them, but they’re... well... like jewelry.”

“Jewelry?” sister Danielle now expressing intrigue.

Having stepped into the subject matter, I must proceed, explaining the belled ornaments which dangle between Maxine’s thighs, announcing for all her transformation.

“An amazing woman... this Taylor Phipps,” Danielle concludes.

More importantly... a wealthy woman... in the mind of Miss Taylor utilizing her vast resources for a worthy cause... I think but dare not say.

I complete telling what I know of the Phipps Estate maid... the morning bath, enema and

shaving... the forced bisexuality... and there again comes a pause as I step away with dirty dishes.

“The elastrator goes unused this time of year, Todd.”

This I know. I have already been ordered to the barn three times since my return. And there is always the instrument of castration prominently hanging on the wall over sister Jackie’s shoulder as she holds my arms, its wickedness seeming to beckon.

I remain silent, no rejoinder. Is Danielle’s aphorism a threat?

When I return to the table, a hand reaches, Jackie palming my compressed scrotum, the warmth oddly welcomed.

“You’ve never watched, Todd. Every Spring you become so much involved in housework while Danielle and I do the work of men.”

I must nod in agreement, rather sheepishly, not to be punny. I do stay away, scheduling major house cleaning and much laundry while the young rams are fixed.

“It’s really quite quick and simple. The prongs of the elastrator force open a very small and tight ring of rubber. It’s slipped over the scrotum right up to the perineum where your control ring resides.”

Continuing to cradle my scrotal sac, a finger slides up and back to the area of the envisioned ring, bringing me to lurch and a giggle from Jackie.

“Then the prongs are snapped closed, pulled away and the contracted rubber ring stays in place. An instant of pain, a life relieved of the constant need to mate. They’re happier like that, Todd. The nerves are crushed so thereafter there is no feeling. The wethers frolic about in the pasture and in a few days their little plums meekly fall to the grass for the crows. And they plump wonderfully... no inclination to run, fight or move about. They just idly eat and fatten up for slaughter.”

More words of horror, Jackie withdraws her hand, looking up with a smile to assess my reaction. Hopefully it appears to be stoic.

“Lots of well fed crows, Todd. Over the years they seem to know... the time of year... and what we’re doing in the barn,” Danielle chimes in to further stir my thoughts.

“Go to the barn when you’re finished in the kitchen. It’s a whipping day for you. And tomorrow is Christmas, so Mom and Dad will be home all day. Just think, you get to wear clothing!” Danielle’s exuberance mocked.

“Can I... ah... have a blanket... while I wait?”

“No. Letting your buttocks get cold makes you eager for the whip.”

The last two trips I have positioned myself kneeling over the makeshift whipping bench seemingly forever. The barn is heated... somewhat... the temperature above the outdoor winter cold... but not by much. And there I wait. No longer I am greeted, Jackie with a birch branch, Danielle assuring I properly present myself. Now, letting me fester in anticipation seems to heighten the sibling joy of their governance over me.

“And Todd, you’re beginning to ooze... just as we discussed the other morning,” Jackie holding up a moist hand. “What ever are we going to do about that?”

Danielle Jackson

It’s Christmas day. There is no time off for holidays in raising sheep. But we can arrange for an abbreviated schedule. Todd serves us all breakfast together, Mom not working, Dad taking a day off from his duties in the pastures. This means after a very well prepared meal... Todd so attentive and obedient at this point... he cleans up while the four of us retreat to the barn where the morning chores go rapidly with two sets of extra hands.

“Todd looks rather silly in that pink apron, Danielle,” Mom notes with a smile.

I stifle a laugh, tempted to explain to Mom that my allowing him any covering at all is a treat... that the apron is a relic from when Jackie and I first instilled our governance.

“It’s best for him Mom. Wearing girl’s things puts his mind in the right place.”

“Yes, he seems nicely domesticated. You and Jackie have done wonders with him. I remember when we could not get him to pay attention to something as simple as assuring the pasture gate was closed every night. And now the meals are on time, the house clean and the laundry done... when he’s here.”

The conversation comes as we lay out feed and assure there is water.

“Your friend Prince joining us?” Mom always showing interest.

“Be here late this afternoon... after we open presents.”

“Good. Hope all is well with him. He’s quite the find, Danielle... a man’s man.”

Indeed, I am wont to say. Lord only knows what he’s doing and who he’s with when not on a date with me. During the week, Prince typically stops in for a matinee of cunnilingus... unknown to Mom and Dad of course... and on Saturdays we’ll do the conventional thing... dinner and a movie. Dare I tell Mom that in the car he wants to masturbate under my supervision? Some quirky thing with the acronym JOI... jerk off instructions.

I admonish him for such depravity of course, but the contrasting images of wholesome ranch hand versus bisexual pervert is risible.

Within a couple of hours, a day’s labor is completed. It’s back to the house, a couple of hundred

yard walk in the snow. It's not deep, but our observant mother notes foot prints.

"Bare feet, Danielle... in the middle of winter. Who's been running about in the snow?"

Todd of course, his trips to the barn for a whipping coming just about every other day. And the broad spacing suggests a long stride... like when he dashes... in haste to avoid the cold... or eagerness to endure my chastisement?

"Ah... I think Todd's been exercising," the size of the print obviating that of a woman's foot. "He didn't bring his running shoes from Pennsylvania."

Quick thinking, I compliment myself. But Mom is no fool. As she nods her understanding, does she truly believe my ruse... or is she pretending to have no knowledge of us mandating that Todd bare himself at every opportunity?

Back to the house, Todd has laid out a buffet lunch on the diningroom table. Sumptuous, with holiday decorations, he's striven to please. And Jackie and I just exchange amused glances, Mom and Dad believing Todd is trying to impress them... but we sisters knowing that he's trying to please us and avoid an extended session under the quirt.

We gather, plates in hand. There are cold cuts for sandwiches, various salads. As we partake I note Todd obediently stands to the corner. Maid or butler, he seemingly awaits orders... to replenish depleted platters... refill glasses... retrieve special items from the kitchen.

"Good job, Todd," Dad somewhat chiding. "Learn this in law school?"

Relieved of paying tuition, Dad can be more lighthearted concerning Todd's academic pursuits. On one hand he considers the three year effort to be a continuation of shirking his ranching duties... on the other a reasoned attempt to end the generational cycle of sheep ranching, struggling to make things meet... the latter being the challenge left for Jackie and me.

It's somewhat dispiriting... our inheritance to be the prospects of working hard and slowly going broke. But we have Todd to alleviate any depression. And with the thought, I feel my hand gripping an imaginary whip.

Lunch completed, we move to the living room. Under a festive tree are piled gifts. And once again Todd does not step out of character, remaining behind, scurrying between the diningroom and kitchen to clean up. I also realize he did not eat.

I must wonder if in working so hard he's taking his thoughts off the fact that today there will be no trip to the barn... nothing to relieve his hormonal needs... the anguish of a whipping... the humiliation of presenting himself... subordinating himself... naked to his older sisters... bringing desired catharsis in countering his predilection.

'Tomorrow', I am tempted to whisper in his ear as he places a large bowl of fragrant, warm and spicy punch on the living room coffee table.

Presents are exchanged, modest offerings, tokens of our mutual affection, and practical... the finances remaining tight. Clothing for the ladies of the house. New boots for Dad. Todd receives stuff for law school, a fancy pen which Dad humorously explains... to be used by prospective clients in signing checks for Todd's legal services.

Then comes Todd's gift from Jackie... for which I chipped in... delivered just in time.

"It's heavy," Todd notes, tearing away the wrapping.

Jackie and I look at each other. We've already prepared an explanation... for Mom and Dad. For upon opening we suspect Todd will not have words.

Yes, after the long discussion... one by one rifling through the photos of Todd at the Phipps Estate... Jackie explored the internet, finding some kinky website offering all sorts of bondage gear. And the assortment of anal hooks was vast... so Jackie informed me.

She was not able to precisely replicate that used in the stables... shown in the photo of Todd hitched to a cart. But close enough, and the impaling sphere of smooth metal on the upturned end... well that appears to be formidable. We shall see.

Out of a narrow box, Todd lifts the long metal rod, shaped like a grappling hook, obviously the lack of a sharp, pointed end begging questions.

With Todd speechless as expected, Dad steps into the breach of momentary silence.

"What the..."

"It's for his clothes closet Dad. Fits on the back of the door... you can hang really heavy stuff on it," I quickly interject.

"Yes, I would think..." Dad's handyman mind extrapolating, if so used the tempered steel probably able to withstand a ton or more.

Meanwhile, Todd, fully aware of the implement's function, begins to blush. And I again am prepared, bending to extract more gifts and handing about to divert the focus of Mom and Dad. I also see Jackie, sitting proximate, lean and whisper in Todd's ear. I can read her lips.

"You'll be wearing this for us Todd... and enjoy."

Todd Jackson

Christmas dinner. I cooked a turkey, prepared all the other traditional seasonal fare. The family sits about the diningroom table. I serve, busily journeying from kitchen to table. My sisters don't lift a finger. When Mom volunteers to help, Dad rebukes, telling her to let me do my job.

I am the household maid.

I ask myself the root of this new propensity to serve. I have done so for many years, but not with the willingness I have of late. It could be a degree of estrangement, my sisters newly empowered to control and direct with the trove of telling photos from the Phipps Estate. They seem aloof to me... women to be respected and revered. Indeed, a slight spill and clank of a glass brings correcting glances from time to time. And the newly arrived anal hook brings awkward thoughts... reflections on my farming efforts... ploughing and pulling a laden cart.

Halfway through the meal, there comes the sound of a vehicle approaching. The quizzical looks are countered when Danielle announces it must be boyfriend Prince.

I have heard mention of him but not met.

“I forgot. Todd, set another place. It’s Prince.”

There is room at the table... where I normally sit. I move to the kitchen, silently obeying.

“Oh Prince, great that you invited him,” Mom so exuberant.

As I return with another place setting, Danielle arises to invite entry. Mom turns her attention to me.

“You ever going to bring a friend to the farm, Todd? A girlfriend?” the tone more interrogational than casual.

“Todd is... well... probably not able to... why don’t you tell us Todd?” Jackie immediately stepping into the inquisition.

She of course refers to the fact that my penis is encased in steel. That any dating, should a local girl even remember me after four years of collage and more than a year at law school, is futile in terms of ultimate consensual coupling.

“I... ah... well there’s this girl at Cancadia... I’m... ah... friendly with...”

I cannot find the words to complete describing my relationship with Marsha Devine, avowed lesbian, misandrist, but astutely able to address my... my what?... special needs?

The awkwardness ends when Danielle returns, boyfriend Prince in tow. All greet, but since we have not met, Danielle focuses attention on me.

“Prince this is my brother Todd. I’ve told you of how he helps out here at the farm... serving as sort of a maid when he’s home from law school.”

The introduction stuns. But what am I to say? After all I am wearing the frilly pink apron... the family accustomed to it by now... and am setting a place for him at the table.

So as I blush we exchange greetings and I assess. Prince is tall, ruggedly handsome and older than Danielle... probably by five to ten years... a half generation my senior. The obligatory

handshake brings the expected firm grip of a man of labor. But there is something askew, the hair too well groomed... cologne antithetical to farm life. Perhaps it's the meticulously manicured eyebrows.

Anyway, Prince sits and I continue serving, my embarrassment quickly dispelled in needed attention to my servitude.

Much conversation, most of which I do not fully comprehend with my many trips to the kitchen. But within an hour the meal is consumed. As I begin to remove the dishes, Mom and Dad call it a day. Then Danielle in a most regal tone announces that she and Prince will be served coffee in the livingroom.

With that, Jackie takes the hint and disappears, claiming the need to check things in the barn.

And I? Well... I prepare coffee. Picking at some food in the kitchen as the brew percolates, I hear giggling then outright laughter emanating from the livingroom. Then I finish the task, tray arranged with milk and sugar in not knowing how Prince takes his brew.

Entering the livingroom, I find the source of the laughter... the alleged hook for my closet door. Prince is examining, holding in one hand, the other smoothing up and down the length then pausing to rub the smooth and shiny penetrating sphere with care.

"He'll take this?" seeming to deliberately ignore my entry.

"He must," sister Danielle flippantly replies. "I told you... we have pictures. And you know how straight Mom and Dad are. So he'll take it for us... or need to do a lot of explaining."

With that, Danielle looks up, not at all surprised with my presence and that I of course have overhead.

"Todd, put the tray down here," pointing to the coffee table where Prince lays down the hook. "Pour then move to the corner. We may need something else," her voice pleasant but firm.

With that I tremble... seething... both in anger and embarrassment. But once again I obey, the thought of the many photos being disseminated bringing emotional mayhem.

"I thought you told me he serves you in the nude," Prince's provoking words so casually uttered.

"Oh, he does. At first we made him remove his clothes. But now he... well... just disrobes on his own. But you know... that's when Mom and Dad aren't around. Todd is very protective of his secret... his needs... his sick needs," speaking as if I am in another room. "They're never to know."

Danielle looks to me and smiles... wickedly.

"Todd, do you think Mom and Dad are asleep by now? Would you be more comfortable stripping naked for me?"

What am I to say? It can be certain that my parents are not again to be seen until morning, farm life mandating a regimen of early to bed early to rise. And there is the need... the sick need as Danielle alludes... fostering the thrill... the rush... the combination of hormones and adrenaline which a part of me doesn't want to flow... yet a part of me has come to covet.

But he's a guy! Accustomed to displaying myself for sisters Jackie and Danielle... Prince is a guy! And unlike Redmond... finding himself equally nude and subjugated at the Phipps Estate... he's fully clothed... and though not in charge, irritatingly overbearing... toying with my anal hook!

I freeze, my apoplexy not even allowing words of refusal.

"Todd can be shy. He wears restraints... not sure if I told you. Clever, well designed, expensive... under that long sleeved shirt is a neck collar and these steel bands at the elbows which permit quick bondage. Isn't that so Todd? At least show Prince your jewelry."

I remain motionless, unable to move. Then Jackie enters, things in the barn passing inspection.

"Todd, at least get another cup for Jackie. It's cold out."

I do not need another word or suggestion to exit from the dilemma. I alacritously depart, hoping the subject matter changes. In the kitchen I hear words exchanged. As I place a third cup on a saucer, sister Jackie enters behind me.

"Todd, Danielle says you're becoming unruly again. I suspect it's because you're clothed. Your attitude greatly improves when you're naked for us," Jackie lectures.

"But that's... well... when Mom and Dad aren't around!" I protest.

"So Danielle is right. You think you make the decision. Well that's not how it is. They're asleep... and you know that."

"But Prince... he's... well..."

"A friend. And you'll learn to serve our friends... and serve them as we want you. But in kindness we'll first acclimate you. Take off your shirt. Prince is curious about your bindings."

I pause... not in spite but in quandary.

"Shall I get the photos, Todd?" Jackie threatens. "Would that be better for you? Not showing just yourself but showing yourself in naked and bound servitude?"

I put down the cup and saucer. I unbutton my shirt, convincing myself it's a reasonable compromise. Jackie smirks and takes it from me.

"It's a step Todd. But only a first step," pointing to the door to the livingroom. "Now go and serve me coffee."

Danielle Jackson

I am heartened when a smiling Jackie returns to the livingroom and nods, Todd's shirt in hand. Our brother the maid follows with another cup and saucer, exposed from the waist upwards, humbly approaching to where Prince and I sit before the tray and coffee pot. As he pours, I look to Prince, my bisexual friend gazing in a combination of curiosity and perhaps desire at Todd's shiny implements of steel.

"Seamless... and tight," he notes, the comments suggesting unseemly familiarity with items of restraint. "Custom made... and expensive as you said."

A hand extends, going to Todd's right arm, a finger hooking under the encircling elbow band. Todd somewhat squirms with the touch and I cannot help extending his discomfort.

"Todd, kneel so Prince can inspect your nice neck collar. It's very pretty."

With reluctance, Todd obeys, kneeling then filling Jackie's cup to present it to her. I must assume his action is to distract himself from thoughts of belligerence. In doing so, Prince's hand moves below his chin, the finger again hooking, now under the circle of thick steel about Todd's neck. He gently pulls, sending a message of mastery.

"He's easily leashed," Prince notes, again displaying too much knowledge. "Just the right spacing under the collar. Have you done that?"

Jackie and I look at each other. She shrugs.

"It's not necessary... at least it has not been necessary. It seems his benefactress wants him well supervised and kept. Here at the farm, Todd just works the house... meals, cleaning, laundry. It's a little kinky but considering how he earns his tuition, room and board... well... guess he would consider the regimen here to be blase."

Once again we talk about Todd as if he cannot hear... not in the room... objectfying him... as I suppose people of wealth do with their household servants.

"Besides leashing, you can bind his arms too," Prince continuing his observations. "Depending on the tightness, his hands could be rendered useless."

Wow, just what is it that Prince does when he's not with me?... going to the 'other side' as he terms his gay encounters. My silent question comes as he again picks up the anal hook.

"Yes, you'll be able to impale... stuff his backside with this... and he'd not be able to touch it... much less remove it."

The notion brings revulsion... well... a degree of revulsion... forcibly penetrating Todd. But when I again look to Jackie, she smiles and nods. I hear Todd gulp.

Jackie guessed in ordering the implement of bondage and humiliation, not knowing of the size

utilized at the Phipps Estate. And judging from Todd's reaction, the penetrating bulbous sphere may be a challenge for him that will indeed need the encouragement of tight bondage.

"We acquired this for you Todd so you'd be rid of that disgusting fluid you secrete. Milk your glands while you're working about the house," offering a faux clinical explanation. "Perhaps Prince is right. It may demand some getting use to... since you were in bondage while bearing one at the Phipps Estate."

"It's... it's... too big," Todd so pitifully protests.

Yes size is of concern but I must also assume having this discussion before Prince greatly enhances his sense of comeuppance.

It's so delicious!

"All skin stretches... and muscles too," Prince gratuitously chimes in, his words again begging the question of the nature of his 'other side' pursuits.

"Then it's to be done. Todd will wear this for us... and it's best to begin in the barn. I suspect you'll be oozing like a leaky faucet to start, Todd."

"Why is that... the oozing?" Prince inquires.

"He's locked up," Jackie replies in seeing me sipping coffee. "Some kind of chastity device... shiny steel matching his... other stuff. Todd says that is why his little thing leaks all the time."

I look to see Prince greatly intrigued.

"So he... ah... never..."

"Not forever. His benefactress let him get off before he left Pennsylvania. So to date the discharge has not been too bad. But it's building. And he's not going to be receiving any blow jobs here at the farm. So we need to address the flow."

Todd turns crimson, bisexual Prince is intrigued.

"Shall we show Prince the photo Todd? Mutual fellatio?"

Yes, there are times when I can be heartless. And in addition to my sordid banter, there is more amusement in that Todd has no clue as to Prince's open sexual tastes.

I'd like to continue the raillery, but it's late. Work tomorrow, sheep to be fed, watered, the herd to be inspected. Plus it's a whipping day. And with Todd's recalcitrance this evening, it seems feminine rule at the farm must be further ingrained.

"Bed time, Prince. Thanks for stopping by. You working tomorrow?"

I must ask, all this talk has brought needs of my own, feeling my nest moisten, producing its own secretions. I am delighted to see Prince smile most slyly.

“I can get away... but just for the morning.”

“Then come by... and Todd, you will be stripped naked for him. No excuses,” reaching to playfully tap my brother’s nose. “Not much reason to hide after tonight’s conversation.”

Todd Jackson

Having been permitted clothing all day on Christmas, today sister Danielle makes a point of having me denuded as early as possible. She awakens before dawn and joins Mom and Dad for their breakfast. Unusual, but there is much to do having truncated many tasks for the holiday. So having served bacon and eggs, as I pour more coffee for the three, she leans and whispers in my ear.

“Go to the bathroom and strip for me... now.”

Mom and Dad don’t hear and the demand brings concern. Normally I see them off, Dad to the barn to saddle the horse, Mom to the car for the long drive to her job. How will this work without clothing?

In my addled mind, worse seems to be the prospect of having to show the shiny steel of my restraints... and my cock cage.

I step back, returning the coffee pot to the stove. When I pause, I look to Danielle and she points, Mom and Dad not noticing that she mouths the word ‘now’.

“I have to go to the bathroom,” I proclaim, the announcement awkwardly loud with my anxiety.

And so I obey, Zoey’s... Miss Zoey’s... photos extorting my most humble behavior. To the half bath between the kitchen and the dining room I enter and begin to disrobe. The door opens, no knock, and Danielle joins me, watching arms akimbo with a triumphant smirk.

“Maybe it’s time Mom and Dad learned just what a pervert you are, Todd,” extending her hand to take my garb, the voice calm and smooth but the words so threatening.

“No... please no... I can’t...”

“Oh but you can. The time will come.”

“They’ll want to know where I am... expect me to say goodbye,” attempting to gain a reprieve.

“Then I’ll tell to stop in here on their way out,” smiling with such confidence.

Naked, Danielle opens the door to depart, clothing in hand.

“Leave the door open. We’ll stress you a little. Feeling anything... down below?”

I berate myself for so reacting... and my sister... for knowing. For yes, there comes the quirky thrill... not only once again bared in her presence but the apprehension of being exposed to my parents. I feel my penis fighting its cage.

Danielle turns and piles my covering in the diningroom then steps back to the kitchen... a very short walk. I can hear the three talking, the words not discernible. But there comes relief when I hear Jackie’s voice, her morning greetings bringing distraction from my absence. She also pours herself coffee and refills the other cups, again offering cover for the missing household maid.

Finally, Dad bids adieu.

“Tell Todd he needs to tend to bathroom visits before breakfast,” my servitude expected.

Shortly thereafter Mom also leaves and I breathe a sigh of relief. No one approached the bathroom, the door remaining open and my nakedness plainly visible. When Jackie appears at the doorway she giggles in seeing me in such agitation.

“Gone. But we really need to get you to the barn, Todd. You’re drooling. Very messy... and I think our Christmas gift will help.”

I look down. Indeed my glands have become overactive, the excitement, my commanding sister, the exposure, all triggering arousal. Such seems to be understood by women of authority. And the proclivity conveniently amuses.

Danielle Jackson

Before Jackie finishes her breakfast, we send Todd to the barn. It’s a cold December morning, assuring his trip will be quick. And though the barn is heated, the temperature never rises to the comfort level of the house... particularly if one is not wearing a shred of clothing.

“He’ll be eager for the quirt,” Jackie notes. “I’ll finish up.”

“No take your time. Prince will be coming. And I think it’s time to return the favor of all the photos we have of Todd. Why not bring your video camera. Prince can learn to use it.”

Jackie always smiles like a little girl when there’s mischief to be made.

“And the anal hook?”

“Oh, by all means. I’ll bring that.”

Taking my time, I return to my bedroom and change into my work clothes. It’s empowering for a woman like me to know that Todd lies in wait, obediently pressing his tummy to the low bench, perhaps by now shivering in the cold... or better trembling in anticipation. He’s to be whipped... needs to be whipped... wants to be whipped. Sensing a woman’s authority is invigorating for

him... painful authority.

Deed completed I return to the kitchen, Jackie finishing breakfast. She begins to tidy up.

“Leave that for Todd, Jackie. He’ll need something to do to take his mind off his sore buttocks.”

“And his stuffed rectum,” Jackie giggling in nodding to the anal hook on the kitchen table.

With that there comes the sound of car wheels on gravel. I know it to be Prince, eager to engage me orally. Yes, more cunnilingus... more JOI. It’s a curious penchant, but one offering empowerment of its own.

“Prince is here. Get dressed. Bring the camera. I’ll take the hook. See you in the barn.”

Grabbing the length of steel, I step to the kitchen door to greet Prince.

“You’re early,” no formal greeting needed in just having seen him last night.

“Didn’t want to miss anything.”

“Oh, you won’t. And we have a job for you,” handing him the anal hook. “You seem to know how this thing is used. Plus, we’d like to have a video. Jackie’s bringing her camera. And she’ll be too busy to film. You’ll see.”

“He may be tight. You’ll need some lubricant.”

Thinking quickly I realize that with all the bacon cooked for morning breakfast, there is adequate grease collected from the frying pan. I point.

“Grab that can. It’s cool enough.”

Prince looks to the emptied soup can Todd has used to drain the frying pan and smiles.

“Salty. It will be quite irritating for him... the sting.”

I simply shrug and exit the kitchen door. Prince follows, hook and grease can in hand. We cross the snow covered lot, the many yards just the right distance to have brother Todd running in haste for his whipping.

In entering the barn an obedient Todd lies tummy down on the low bench, thighs nicely parted for me. With the chastity device in place his balls no longer freely dangle. I miss the sight, the vulnerability always bringing a certain thrill.

Facing away he does not realize I have Prince with me. And when Jackie arrives just behind us, Todd does not realize I am speaking to both.

“Let’s whip first, hook him up after.”

Prince puts aside the hook and bacon grease then Jackie shows him how to use the camera. He begins taping as I stroll to retrieve the quirt then return to Todd's kneeling form, always beginning with a bit of a tete a tete.

"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."

I step behind playfully brushing the leather strand of the quirt on 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."

I decide to treat Todd... and the three of us. Reaching to my neck I pull away a cheap necklace which holds the key offered by Todd's benefactress. I lean and 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.

Todd slowly hardens for me. Jackie takes a seat on a low stool at Todd's front. I hand her the steel mesh of the removed cock cage. She 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?"

"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."

I begin the excoriation of Todd's buttocks... a swish, a splat, a pitiful cry. With Prince positioned behind, Todd does not realize that the session is being recorded... and for sure does not know he is exposed to a man, his firming penis I know to be of interest to my bisexual friend Prince.

And so we are able to reciprocate for Zoey's fine photographs and compile some extortion material of our own. It's so telling to see Todd capitulate to us, his arms going limp in Jackie's grip. And he will soon be bearing our Christmas gift for us... and be learning more and more to enjoy it.

Todd Jackson

I scream, I beg, but sister Danielle methodically works the quirt and I feel myself hardening for her... and Jackie... closing my eyes in shame as the strokes are so leisurely applied... seeming to allow much time to come to full erection.

I have before so yielded of course. Why, my sisters seem to understand better than me. Despite the agony, it has become strangely acceptable... something deserved... something I strive to earn?

Jackie admonishes me to look at her, directly into her eyes... her devilishly smiling face declaring her enjoyment, relishing my raspy pleas and my tears. I do as told... always... and now with the many revealing photos at the ready, do so with humble readiness.

Physically unbearable, my emotional tolerance ends when along with the announcement of the final stroke, boyfriend Prince steps to Jackie's side holding a camera pointed at my kneeling nakedness! Shock!

The humiliation of baring myself and bearing the whip has been recorded!

"No!"

"You resisted fully exhibiting yourself last night, Todd. Prince was so disappointed that I suggested he watch you be whipped."

My tears flow anew, the mental anguish exceeding that of the whip. Kneeling, totally nude, my buttocks turned to fire. Oddly, Jackie's gripping hands remaining tugging on my elbow bands brings comfort.

"Well Prince, what do you think?" Danielle inquires as the boyfriend finally lowers the camera.

"He takes well to corporal. He cries like a girl but he hardens. Very telling."

Danielle steps into view, her smile both radiant and jubilant. She has once again bested me. The hand that so cruelly whipped lowers, fingers smoothing over my brow.

"Perspiration... you've been nicely warmed, Todd. Guess the barn isn't cool enough for you," she mocks. "Prince, you've nicely videotaped for us. Would you like to add a few strokes of your own? Some retribution for Todd's belligerence last night?"

“He’s pretty raw,” happy to hear the words of reluctance.

“Ok, so we’ll just have Todd suck your cock. He’s does that, as you know. Not sure how good he is... but practice makes perfect.”

The notion is appalling. Worse than having to exhibit myself, my stirring homophobia turns to rage with sister Danielle’s nonchalant suggestion.

“He’ll do that?”

“He’ll do whatever we tell him to do... and learn to enjoy it... if he does not already.”

Explained is the fine grooming of boyfriend Prince... the hair too well styled... the cologne... the meticulously manicured eyebrows. Yet in dating my sister he cannot be outright gay. I must suppose that finding attraction with oral sex from another guy means he goes both ways.

I am appalled when Prince unzips, hand reaching within his slacks. Then he shakes his head, slipping his hand away, changing his mind. I again suppose... that the presence of sister Jackie brings a degree of bashfulness.

“Maybe later. For now let’s get your brother hooked up. It may require some effort.”

Prince moves to the tacking area for Dad’s horse. He returns with a clasp, similar to that used at the Phipps Estate to secure my elbow bands, and an elastic bungee cord.

“We can’t have him touching the hook. Naughty boys do that.”

Prince nods to Jackie who releases her grip on my elbow bands. My arms are guided behind my back and indeed just as at the Phipps Estate the bands are clipped together, immobilizing my arms. In noting how quickly and easily Prince restrains me, I now must also suppose that not only does he go both ways but his sexual pursuits involve bondage.

He gives my well whipped buttocks the slightest of slaps bringing forth a howl and much laughter from my sisters. Prince then rights himself and looks about the barn.

“Ah, there’s some rope. I’ll need to string over that beam. And Jackie we’ll need your stool.”

Jackie arises, Prince gathers the rope. He flings it up over the beam and ties off one end, Jackie placing the low stool under the freely dangling end.

“Come Todd, on your feet. It’s your lucky day. If you think that nice hard on is impressive now, wait until we get you into the hook and better restrained.”

I can’t help thinking of the many hours bearing a similar anal hook at the Phipps Estate, Miss Marsha keeping my penis within the cage, laughing in knowing how much the anal stimulation fostered tumescence. I would have begged for release. But now such irony. I am finally free to show off. But before my sisters! In front of another guy! And one who seems to have affinity for

men!

I stand, fully exposing my erection. Prince looks covetously, then finally moves to get the hook. I also note the soup can which I use to collect bacon grease.

“Bend over like a good boy... and part your legs. This may sting a little with the welts. But for boys like you... that will feel good.”

Bacon fat! It's smooth, slippery and brings much chagrin as I feel Prince's fingers... a guy!.. work a huge dollop within the crevice off my cheeks. The digits are knowing... too familiar. And I lurch in surprise as one finger then two enters me, assuring I am well lubricated. Despite knowing that I will need in abundance, the sphere of the hook sizable, shame outweighs any sense of gratitude.

“Now be a good boy for me, Todd, step up on the stool,” Prince's words so unctuous. “We'll let gravity do the initial work.”

I look to my smiling sister Danielle. She is amused. She is also in earnest. When she confidently nods to the stool, I envision Mom and Dad looking over the many pictures emailed by my classmate Zoey.

I obey. A good boy steps up on the stool.

Danielle Jackson

Prince proves to be very intriguing. And I must wonder... as accomplished is his cunnilingus... as strong is his desire to jerk off for me... what are the bounds of his sexual encounters?

For Jackie and I watch in a combination of amusement and awe as Prince takes charge, literally arranging things with the precision of an executioner... a hangman more apropos.

Up onto the stool, brother Todd poses, his erection seeming to stand stiffer and straighter, elbow bands restricting arm motion, as Prince slips the dangling rope under the back of Todd's steel neck collar. He then ties it to the hook's ending loop. In stepping back, he eyes his work. The curved end and the bulbous sphere of the hook terminate just below the level of Todd's waist. When he pushes it forth, the shape of the two to three foot long 'Christmas gift' aligns nicely with Todd's spine. It gives rise to curiosity... who and under what circumstances would a metal worker take the time and effort to design such a wicked instrument?

“The twinks really enjoy this,” Prince announces. “They always moan, groan and say no... but they all hang and absorb the sick pleasure.”

With that, Prince guides the hook between Todd's cheeks, fingers intimately working to assure the penetrating bulb greets Todd's puckered opening. He then grasps Todd's hips as his right foot slowly pushes the stool to the front, out from underneath.

And yes, gravity works its unyielding force. As Todd's feet must slide from the stool, his entire

body lowers, the rope tightens, the sphere slips inward and Todd emits the sound of a 'grumph'... difficult to discern whether derived from joy or discomfort.

But I do note his erection points straight to the barn ceiling... and it waggles... with the sick pleasure?

"Wow," gasps Jackie, "he's hanging by his asshole!"

My eyes lower from his penis. Not true. Prince's measurements and engineering prove to be as precise as his demeanor. The tips of Todd's toes find the barn floor. But there is no doubt that uniquely male gland is sensing the invading hook, the impalement deep and well felt. And just as we intended, there is a surfeit of viscous fluid oozing. The leaky faucet of Todd's penis leaks abundantly.

I must engage my big sister prerogative... establish who is ultimately in charge. I step to Todd's front, standing before him, nonchalantly, arms folded, the aura of...'you can hang like that all morning'... emanates.

"Guess you can take it after all, Todd... not that you had a choice."

"It's... it's... too big. Please Danielle!"

"Too late. It's done. And working nicely. You won't be drooling all over the house. And it feels good, Todd. You know it... and I know it. And your penis proclaims it. Jackie, I think this needs to be videotaped as well. Not often Todd is free to display his erection."

A giggling Jackie steps away to find the camera.

"What will Mom and Dad say about this, Todd? You're such a pervert!"

I step out of the camera view as Jackie does her thing, filming from a distance, then moving in for close up shots. I imagine Todd's purple, slimy wet penis tip to occupy the entire frame. Then she slowly circles, Prince knowing to also step from view.

"What is a twink, Prince? Something in which your bisexuality revels? The other side?"

"A twink is a young gay boy. Of age... but they do their best to conceal it. Slim, hairless, and randy. Your brother needs to be shaved by the way. Hair growth will bring irritation with the cock cage and ring in place."

"So shave him. He's never to touch himself... not at the farm. And you don't expect Jackie or me to do it. Check the workbench over there. I'm sure you'll find something sharp enough."

Hearing my command, Todd closes his eyes again. Whether in shame or soaking up the delight of the forced prostate manipulation, I will not allow the emotional relief of trying to distance himself from reality... however futile.

“Look at me Todd. Look at the woman in charge. Idolize, show your gratitude. You have needs. We’ll take care of them.”

Todd Jackson

Pain... shock... the constant irritation of salt on sensitive skin... but worse is the humiliation. I not only hung from the anal hook... it felt as if I was fully suspended with toes barely touching the floor... but creepy boyfriend Prince took liberties. Seems he likes boys. And being some fifteen years my senior, in his warped mind I fit into his likes.

He shaved me! Finding a sharp knife, control ring removed, a revolting hand smeared bacon fat about my pubes. With arms restrained, there was no resisting. And as the blade scythed and scrapped the salt turned my shorn flesh to fire!

Since the purpose of the anal hook is to drain me... milk my glands of annoying essence... thereafter Prince offered a prolonged hand job.

‘Yes, I’ve seen how good you are at that, Prince. But there’s no point in keeping him locked in chastity if you’re simply going to have him spurt all over the barn floor,’ sister Danielle lectured. “So no orgasm... just play.”

Yes, instead he was permitted to fondle me. And again closing my eyes in horror, attempting to mentally take myself some place else, Danielle again insisted that I instead look at her... into her eyes... while a guy played with my penis!

Now back in the house, giving the kitchen a final clean up, I cringe with the recollection, not able to expunge the feel of Prince’s sensual touch from of my mind. All guys jerk off, so knowledge of hand jobs is sort of ingrained from the teen years of puberty. It was the wickedness... a combination... of tenderness... of determination... and the sly smile in knowing exactly where I was... what I was feeling.

As he felt me near ultimate ejaculation, he bent my turgid penis to the floor, held and simply laughed as I helplessly tried to discharge... pulling mightily on my PC muscles.

‘Maybe another time,’ obviously feeling my futile efforts to come for him... for my sisters?

Then he merely stepped away, the constant denial to continue.

And that adds to the revulsion and disgust... placing me in a position that I so much wanted to perform sexually before Jackie and Danielle. The notion that I so much wanted to do that appalls.

The exhibition concluded when Jackie left the barn and returned with a bucket of slushy snow. My privates were immerse as I remained standing on the low stool, my penis instantly shrank, and the control ring and cock cage were returned.

But the anal stimulation does not end. I remain impaled, executing my household duties with the hook in place. Released from the rope, the bungee cord was hooked to the loop at the top of the

device at the center of my back, then strung up under my neck collar then pulled downward.... with force... to have the opposing end secured to the top of the hook as well. The results... the elasticity constantly pulls... and with every single motion I feel it... the bulbous tip abrading my prostate... just as it did in being worked by Marsha... Miss Marsha.

Elbow bands freed so I can complete my assigned tasks, I still dare not tamper or attempt to loosen. The can of bacon fat threatens, and disobedience earns a very quick rebuke... a coating on my well whipped buttocks... the sting unbearable.

So Jackie occasionally checks on me, quietly stepping from her work in the barn... ostensibly for coffee or a bathroom visit. But I know she checks the tightness... and finds the resulting constant flow of male essence to amuse.

And Danielle? More seething. She is upstairs behind closed doors with the bisexual boyfriend Prince. I hear laughter... envisioning the source being my humble nakedness... and I also hear moans and cries of ecstasy. Dare I intercede?

Handsome, but far from being the masculine ranch hand one would envision Danielle favoring, what does she see in a man with such licentious sexual tastes?

I cast aside the thought, descending to the basement. Laundry time... and out of earshot of the antics in Danielle's bedroom. Within minutes I hear footsteps above and a door opens and closes. Then after hearing a car engine, I conclude that Danielle's lover... my tormentor... has departed. Sure enough, there come more footsteps, on the basement stairs.

I turn to see a worn Danielle in a flimsy robe, face flushed, the bedroom antics apparent.

"Todd, you need to wash this," handing me a washcloth moist to the point of near saturation. "I had Prince jerk off into it for me. Don't want it lying about upstairs."

I am wont to suggest she merely rinse it in the bathroom or kitchen sink. But it is apparent there is more mental torment to be meted.

"Unless you want to ring some spunk from it first. He spends enormously for me. I think you excited him this morning... in the barn. Though he likes getting blow jobs, he had to settle for a supervised jerk off session. But if you blow in his ear, and give a firm command, I am sure he comes just as strongly."

The words come with a sultry smile... and a hint. Whatever is their relationship, it apparently does not involve penetrative sex. Does the notion bring comfort? That my sister does not copulate with a pervert?

"You may enjoy his taste, Todd. Three weeks of your semester break remaining. Would you like to find out?"

The hair on the back of my neck stands in horripilation. Danielle notes my reaction, steps forth, a hand lowering to my encapsulated penis. With the denial and anal hook working away, I am

leaking of course. An index finger gathers up a small droplet of fluid. The hand rises, the coated finger going to my lips.

“Lickey, lickey.”

I curse myself in knowing to obediently lick it clean.

“See... not so bad. And Prince’s spunk would be nice and creamy. It’s thick, Todd. Feel the wash cloth before you launder it. Sense it slithering down your throat for me. He likes fellatio... and you know I’m not going to do that for him.”

Danielle Jackson

What a day!

Yet it must end. As much fun as it would be to have Todd greet Mom and Todd naked with his bacon greased, well whipped backside stuffed, it just can’t happen... farm life so... guess one would say prosaic.

So as darkness nears, knowing Dad cannot keep working after dusk, there must come a reprieve. Thus Jackie and I finish up in the barn and head for the kitchen where I know our brother turned maid will have a warming cup of coffee at the ready.

During the day, the bacon fat has been used liberally, tormenting Todd by dabbing on just a little more excoriated flesh for every transgression... real or perceived. So as 4:00 p.m. rolls around, his backside is almost entirely coated, his voice becoming raspier and raspier with the many yelps and cries of pain.

Entering the kitchen door, Todd jumps to the stove, the smell of coffee wafting, his chores well tended. I sit, he pours. Jackie enters. She sits, he pours.

“I’ll be sending that video tonight... to your friend Marsha... just the whipping. Jackie’s video of you hanging by your anus we’ll save... unless you want me to send that as well.”

“No, please don’t. And I’ll... ah... need to...” Todd looking at the clock.

“Dress, I know. Dad will go to the barn first. Then we’ll release the hook.”

Todd has not dared to remove the hook on his own, a forbidden deed which would earn him more punishment... including the dissemination of certain photos. And once removed he would not be able to later replace it to cover his disobedience. He’s deeply impaled, the elastic of the bungee cord cleverly tight and convincing. He’d never be able to reach behind him and replicate Prince’s binding.

So he’s stuck bearing it for us until we hear the hoof beats of Dad’s horse, discernible even with the snow. Meanwhile I like propagating the suspense, the fear, the anxiety. And sure enough, I do believe Todd’s penis is leaking more. Deep within, it excites. I’d like to think we’re gracious in

addressing his need for strict feminine guidance.

“Never thought that bacon fat could be put to such good use, Todd. Do keep some handy in the frig. Don’t throw any out.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Now tell us your thoughts about your Christmas gift... the anal hook. Enjoying?”

I look to see Jackie smiling, so much enjoying Todd’s emotional discomfort. He’s sheepish, for we know the answer, his penis drooling all day, the stimulation well received. And though fighting the cock cage, he is by now accustomed to so doing... pulling the plough and cart at the Phipps Estate while similarly penetrated. Yes, he revels in the sexual thrill, the distant joy, the teasing sense that maybe... just maybe... he’ll be unlocked with hands free to take care of himself.

Yet he knows that won’t happen, the fantasy bringing its own level of self torment.

Todd Jackson

The day is finally coming to an end. Jackie and Danielle sit relaxing with coffee. The sting of the bacon fat is subsiding. The penetrating anal hook offers its depraved sense of comfort. Yet I am filled with apprehension. I have been video taped in the nude, both being whipped and later dangling in obscene bondage.

What is to happen to the recordings? To be divulged only to Miss Marsha and no one else?

There is also the concern of Dad bursting through the door, somehow arriving unseen and unheard. Mom too. And yet my sisters wish to talk.

“Now tell us your thoughts about your Christmas gift... the anal hook. Enjoying?” Danielle’s quest firmly posed.

“It’s... ah... large,” not finding the words.

“But you took it,” Jackie notes. “And it’s definitely working,” a hand reaching forth, a finger extending to dab away a droplet of essence.

“Why do you think it slipped in so easily, Todd? Because you’ve been opened?”

Knowing Miss Marsha has worked me, knowing of the parting debauchery at the Phipps Estate, the Christmas goodbye... being both sodomized and fellated over eggnog, Danielle and Jackie know too well the answer. I cannot find the words to reply, my sense of shame overwhelming.

“There are boys who enjoy that type of thing... that’s what Prince has told me,” Danielle’s tone so matter of fact. “Guess by now you’re aware that Prince’s sexual tastes are... shall we say expansive,” the revelation no surprise.

Jackie giggles, I suppose aware of the nature of Danielle's absences from work in the barn when Prince stops by at the farm.

"I don't... well... Prince touching me... that was not..."

"But hanging was ok? Or rather being forced to your toes? You secreted... and you showed off for us... like when we'd whip you before you went off to college. Only I think you were much harder with the hook... don't you think so, Jackie?"

"Oh yes. What was it Prince called it... a diamond cutter?" the words not heard as my addled mind was distracted.

"Yes," Danielle concurs, "hard enough to cut diamonds... guy talk."

"Don't be ashamed, Todd. You have needs. And you'll adapt. Learn to address rather than conceal. And I suppose the whipping bench thing has become a little dull for you. I used to like feeling you pull against me. But now you just cede to me. So meek, Todd, it's become so acceptable to you."

"But we let you out of your cock cage. Did that feel good?" Danielle continuing her interrogation.

My heart leaps, so rarely offered freedom, many weeks in chastity at the Phipps Estate... but for morning ablutions. I must express approval... abjectly of course.

"It was very kind of you, Ma'am... using the key. It feels... nice."

"So the whipping bench no longer fulfills. The removal of the cock cage 'nice'... and the anal hook... well that speaks for itself, Todd... your reaction. Though you've not specifically replied," Danielle summarizing as she glances Jackie's way.

There come the sound of hoof beats muffled by the snow. I fidget, needing to dress, but also needing to serve coffee for Dad. Yet I have not permission to move, sister Danielle adding to the stress. She waits. Finally she gestures for me to turn around. When I do, a hand grasps the bungee cord, first pulling to tighten and press further within the penetrating end of the hook, bringing an instant of more prostatic delight, then unhooking to slacken. The pressure is immediately relieved.

"Disappointed?" she smirks.

Why do I find myself nodding?

"I thought that would be the case. You can work it out from there, Todd. Go upstairs and shower. You smell like bacon. Dress then clean the hook and leave it on my bed. We'll pour Dad some coffee. But be quick. He'll want to know his maid has been working during his long day in the pasture."

Danielle Jackson

Sister Jackie proves to be quite capable at leather work and sewing. After days of effort she has modified a harness used many years ago when as children Dad bought us a little donkey and we'd be pulled about the farm in a small cart in the temperate weather and a sled when the winter snows came.

Such great childhood memories! And now, harness transformed to tether a human form... specifically Todd... such prospective memories to come!

The farm is secluded, no neighbors for many miles. So working Todd naked and outdoors will not give rise to disapproving onlookers. There is the intervention of Dad to consider... early returns from the pasture being of concern... and Mom unexpectedly leaving work as well. When indoors there is ample time to have Todd dash to his bedroom and dress. But with our plans to harness, hitch him and have him pull us about, precautions must be considered.

So on Sunday morning, Mom enjoying church and social gatherings thereafter... dragging along a reluctant Dad... we know there is ample time and opportunity to assure Jackie's leatherwork fits and take a refreshing ride on a sled.

Mom and dad depart. Ostensibly we're left behind to tend to light duties in the barn. Just feeding and watering on Sundays, we are relieved of cleaning and mucking, sort of half a day or less of labor. So after Todd strips naked for us and serves breakfast, the banter begins.

"Todd, you need more exercise. You've been idle here the last few days. Miss your friend Marsha and working about the Estate? You must."

My words taunt, but the look on Todd's face tells me there is need. Being worked by a stern woman has come to excite. And his reply? As expected of late, meek and obeisant.

"I need to clean up... here in the kitchen."

No refusal... no argument... the tone of voice is one of resignation... something he must do... something expected of him, no query as to my inference. Just more exercise. He will be worked.

"Come to the barn when you're done. Jackie's been working on something for you. And put aside your concerns... you'll be whipped. How could we deny you that?"

Yes, the narcotic of corporal punishment, the addiction to humiliation and pain. How can we deny him?

Todd turns from the table, to the sink with dirty dishes. I look to Jackie, that wicked little girl smile blossoms, knowing of the mischief to come.

"I want to whip him, Danielle. It's about time I took a turn... and I made the harness."

Though younger than me by a little less than two years, Jackie seeks my concurrence. Seniority

speaks at the farm, particularly in Todd's case, being seven years my junior. I often wonder if he remembers me changing his diapers.

"Of course, Jackie. And in being out in the snow, he'll really need to be warmed. And besides, Prince will be stopping by... so do plan to work him long... need a diversion if you know what I mean."

Yes, in referencing a visit from Prince, Jackie knows I will be well occupied. Her smile grows.

"We're heading for the barn, Todd," I call out, pretending his busyness has precluded overhearing us. "Join us if you'd like."

He will.

Todd Jackson

I am again commanded to the barn. Or am I? In thought I clean up the kitchen, sisters Jackie and Danielle having left to complete the light Sunday duties in the barn.

I suppose the notion of exercise was a suggestion. Yet I feel compelled. Why?

Is it because my penis so much needs emancipation... and Danielle has the key? Has an unspoken bargain been made?

My sisters' discussion referenced exercise, a harness, being outdoors and Jackie strongly suggesting it was finally her turn to whip me. Menacing words. Why am I so complacent? Particularly with the mention of a visit from the satyritic Prince, sexual preferences unbridled.

'Join us if you'd like', the words haunt... but also bring the twinges. My encased penis begins to firm... a Pavlovian response... perhaps the trips to the barn psychologically more needed than physical release from the cage.

Emotional turmoil! I almost wish that there was an outright command, not a casual invitation. Instead I broil in indecision. Would I indeed like to join?

But there is no indecision really. Last dish rinsed and dried, I take off the frilly pink apron... my only covering. Then something telling happens. My last action is to grab the empty soup can half filled with the bacon grease of this morning's breakfast.

Why?

Out the kitchen door, it's cold, but the sun shines and will quickly bring a few degrees of warmth.

And there is the whip.

Bare feet swiftly swishing through the snow, I find myself wondering what is to be made of my

shoeless footprints. Within seconds I enter the barn, the dash bringing both a physical and emotional need for the warmth my sisters offer.

“I told you he’d come, Jackie. How could he not?” sister Danielle palming the key dangling from a dime store necklace. “And you’ve brought bacon fat, Todd. Whatever are we to do with that?” the words coming with a devilish smile.

By rote I step to the low bench, transformed from stepping stool to whipping aid, intending to kneel.

“No, no Todd, Jackie has something for you. Make you feel comfy... nice and tight and restricting.”

As overheard, Jackie holds up a collection of leather, many buckles, many straps. I am reminded of the stables at the Phipps Estate, having spent so many weekends in bondage. Yes, it is a harness. And though I hang my head in humble shame, knowing what will come, once again there are the twinges... stronger. And a sly Jackie looks to the urethral tube of my cock cage and nods to sister Danielle.

“He’s already secreting.”

“He’s expecting the anal hook... along with the quirt. Did you bring it Jackie?”

“Of course.”

Does the rod of well shaped metal meet my expectations? The strange inner joy felt in hearing Jackie’s words counters my denial... my ostensible outward consternation in being anally impaled and whipped. Plus there is the harness. Why is it I hope it fits snugly?... tight and restricting.

“Come Todd. Mom and Dad will be returning in a few hours and Jackie is eager for a nice long sled ride,” Danielle nodding to the low stool, no longer for Jackie to sit but for me to stand.

I mount. The top loop of the hook is tied to the dangling rope. It is now Jackie greasing my cleft. Having observed the priapic Prince, my sisters work deftly, aligning the bulbous tip.

“In time this will slip in place much easier Todd,” Danielle’s foot slowly pushing away the stool.

“And that’s when we’ll buy a larger hook,” Jackie quips as I feel the rope tighten and the metal sphere steadily slip within. “After all, there’s the summer break in a few months.”

Stool gone, again on toes, I recall Jackie’s crass comment of days ago, that I am hanging from my asshole. And I curse myself in sensing the sick joy, my penis instantly engorging to fight the cage.

“Want to run him hard and stiff, Jackie?” Danielle again flaunting the key.

Jackie pauses in thought while I am inclined to shout... to beg... to plead.

But such is not my place. Instead I just hope.

“Need to harness him first. Otherwise he’d be inclined to embarrass himself and toy. Boys do need to be restrained.”

With the words my heart leaps. Penis freed? The answer is ‘yes’!

Danielle Jackson

Taking Prince’s suggestion, sister Jackie finds a length of leather somewhere in the barn and clips it to Todd’s neck collar. Curious how well he takes to being leashed, his training at the Phipps Estate evident.

So harness in place, waist encircled, chest encumbered, elbow bands clipped together behind his back, we complete the ensemble, unhooking the rope and replacing it by slipping the tight bungee cord under the bindings while a surprisingly stern Jackie maintains controlling tension on the leash. Todd need not speak, the subtle gratification is obvious in his silence... not a word of protest or objection.

And then I use the key. The lock clicks open.

I try to not touch sensitive flesh. As stated such is not a sisterly parameter. Thus I refrain from manipulating the control ring, simply grasping the cock cage and attached urethral tube and tugging. Still, my efforts are appreciated, Todd’s penis instantly springing to life and rising... steadily engorging and standing to point to the barn ceiling.

“My goodness, Todd. We’re your sisters... and look at you!”

My comment demeans wonderfully, Todd hanging his head in shame, my words coming as I hear tires crunching the snowy gravel of our access road.

“You’re going to be hitched to the little donkey sled and pull, Todd... for Jackie. Prince is here. I’m going to be... ah... otherwise occupied.”

I stroll to the barn door. In glancing back I repress laughter in seeing an enthralled sister Jackie, quirt in one hand, tugging on the leash with the other, an obedient Todd following. Out into the snow, there come goose bumps for Todd... the cold... the thrill of the humiliation? And as I wave to Prince, exiting his car in the distance I know Todd’s sense of exposure to heighten before my boyfriend.

Prince waves back, smiling in noting Todd’s bound nakedness, Jackie holding high the leash to force Todd to look straight at Prince. Then instead of joining us, Prince steps toward the back door of the farmhouse, fumbling about the clothes line... obviously not used in the winter.

As Jackie guides to the small sled, originally purchased to convey two or possibly three young children, I stride toward Prince as he strides toward me.

“Jackie’s going to work him for an hour or two, Prince. But no games. I want your face between my thighs before Mom and Dad get home.”

I know high much bisexual and kinky Prince would like to join in Todd’s forced exercise, in his mind my brother being somewhat of a twink, but all of our sisterly antics have brought needs, my love nest moist and very much in need of attention.

“I have something for him, Danielle. It will just take a moment.”

Prince holds up two clothes pins, taken from the line.

“Give him something to think about while your sister strokes with the quirt... that he is subordinate to me too.”

I smile in thought. Yes, Todd must feel subordinate to any one... any gender... that Jackie and I choose. So I nod and turn back to where Jackie has completed hitching Todd to the sled. As Prince and I approach, holding up my hand to signal a pause, I note that Todd, only covering the leather straps of his harness, is shivering.

He so much needs to be worked! Wants to be worked!

“Good morning, donkey boy,” Prince’s mocking greeting adding to the intensity of the humiliation.

He steps to Todd’s front, his hand going to the steel neck collar, grabbing to force a shamed Todd to look into his eyes.

“I won’t hold you from what you need to do... but I have something I want you to wear for me. Feel some pain for me. Then there will be a time when you will reciprocate for my attention... by giving me pleasure. And by the way, a very nice erection for your sisters. You really are depraved, Todd.”

As Prince lectures, the fingers of the left hand go to Todd’s right nipple, invitingly crinkled in the cold. The right hand joins, clothes pin in hand, opens and releases to pinch a sizable tuft of sensitive pink flesh, Todd’s yelp suggesting the pain bleeding through the numbing cold. Within a moment, a second yelp comes as the left nipple is similarly adorned.

“There. Do whip him well Jackie. He’ll need it. Needs to sense your supervision. Needs to bear pain for you. Needs to feel your controlling hand. He’ll feel gratitude... that’s how boys like this think,” Prince so inspiring. “But one last thing,” Prince reaching into his pocket.

He extracts his cell phone and steps back. Photos are taken... brother Todd harnessed, nipples bearing clothes pins, erection standing, the vapor of his deep excited breath producing clouds of steam.

“Prince, do forward those pics. We have quite the montage... and they’re to be shared,” Jackie beseeches.

Prince nods and with that, Jackie indeed swings the quirt, uttering a brief equine command, as Todd comically lurches and digs his feet into the fluffy snow. It's telling how well he reacts, his training at the Phipps Estate again most evident. And more telling... despite the cold... Todd's penis stands most prominently.

We watch as Jackie pulls on the reins taking the sled left then right to establish her authority, joined by many strokes of the quirt. Amusing, but I find myself grasping Prince's arm, my own needs becoming stronger.

"Come, Mom and Dad may be back for brunch. I need to feel your tongue. And I think I will have you jerk off for me," my tone of voice not at all suggestive, instead plain and clinical as a nurse would talk to a patient.

Prince smiles and turns in seeming eagerness to the house. Such needs of his own. Such perversity. And in planning my own perversity, I think I'll have him fill a coffee cup for me... me and Todd.

Todd Jackson

Miss Marsha worked me at the Phipps Estate in the cooling days of autumn. I acclimated. But in being run in the snow, the searing strokes of the quirt are even more appreciated. Still there seems to be no becoming accustomed to the contrasting feel of searing buttocks, numb feet, awkwardly pleasant anal stimulation and nipples sending messages of pain as each step causes the clothes pins to bob about.

I deliberately stamp my feet, trying to loosen the tormenting wooden clasps. But alas, Prince has knowingly too well secured in place. And my efforts seem to merely heighten the suffering.

Sister Jackie proves to be relentless. She has waited years for her chance to excoriate my backside, having so often prepared birch branches over the years of my youth. And now she seems to be making up for the many lost opportunities.

She guides me... and the sled... well out into a snow covered pasture. Such brings concern. First if Mom and Dad spy us in returning early from a stunted church social gathering. Second... how will the sled trails and bare footprints be explained in otherwise unblemished snow?

Otherwise I focus on performing for her... responding to a woman's whip hand well ingrained over the months at the Phipps Estate.

Diverting my thoughts from the physical pain, I think about the words of Prince in feeling his fingers sensually toy with my nipples only to be followed by the anguish of the clothes pains.... that he wants me to feel pain for him... and that I will reciprocate by offering pleasure. I must assume it is the same form of sadomasochistic exchange he expects from his twinks.

The notion disgusts and strangely makes sister Jackie's many strokes of the quirt most welcomed. For I know how I am to pleasure him. And though I try to convince myself it will not happen, I am sure planned fellatio has been inspired by the sordid photos forwarded by Miss

Zoey... depictions of Miss Taylor's Christmas goodbye... oral servitude and sodomy over holiday eggnog.

I know not the time... an hour passing... perhaps more. But exhaustion comes... not to mention feet of stone and buttocks fiery and raw. Finally the rein hand pulls to turn me back to the barn. Jackie's need for dominion satiated... or the realization that my flesh can take no more?

To the barn door, Jackie steps from the sled, her experienced farm hands quickly releasing my harness, the sled easily returned to its resting place, gliding across the snow.

"You're still erect, Todd. You enjoyed. And your penis has been drooling to the point your balls are coated with goo," the words coming as she gathers a bucket and fills with snow.

I grimace in knowing what is to come. First the release of the clothes pins, the return of circulation bringing intense agony. Then freezing slush to my pubes, the return of the cock cage, and the abundant application of bacon fat.

It heals. It stings. It entertains.

Danielle Jackson

Basking in the glow of countless orgasms, Prince's lively tongue swishing and swirling with aplomb, the clock suggests it is best to wrap things up in anticipation of Mom and Dad's return. Time to assume the role my twisted cunnilinguist cherishes.

Hands clenching his head, I part my thighs and push away. The last orgasm the strongest, I find the energy to assert myself.

"Prince, I want you completely naked this morning. And you're going to fill a cup for me."

To be clothed or not, it's my decision. And it's really for his thrill not mine, male nudity rather commonplace with Todd home for the semester break. So Prince dashes from the bed in eagerness and I follow, quickly donning my panties.

"I want you standing... on one foot this time. Be a good boy for me."

Such games. For as Prince disrobes I reach for the coffee cup, brought from the kitchen in preparation.

"Go to the window," thinking that the panorama may add to his perverse thrill. "Look out to the barn."

Timing good, in the distance there are sister Jackie and Todd exiting the barn. In his nakedness, Todd begins to jog the hundred plus years back to the house, the return of Mom and Dad eminent.

Prince is eager, sensing my many thigh clenching orgasms has brought need. And I do believe his

bisexuality is stoked, watching intently my naked brother rush through the snow.

“Right foot up,” my command smooth but stern.

He obeys, bending his knee, right heel to his bare buttock. His hand already beginning its task, I move to stand to his right side, pushing and prodding a bit to assure his naked form is easily spotted by anyone glancing to the second floor. I lift the window shade, assuring his entire form is exposed. Then with my left hand I grab his foot... firmly... having him sense my authority while he plays with his penis. My right hand waves the cup before him, momentarily distracting from Todd, I am sure the covering of his penis cage bringing a degree of disappointment. Then I place the cup on the window sill as a target.

“Don’t come until I tell you Prince, be an obedient boy for me.”

With that the stroking begins in earnest, not much time required to achieve full erection. As Todd reaches the house and disappears from view, Prince closes his eyes, clenched hand pumping and pumping. His breathing is strong. I offer mocking words of encouragement, demanding that he momentarily stop from time to time. Finally as a strolling Jackie nears the house, I command him to open his eyes. He looks down. Jackie looks up smiling, Prince’s silhouette, erection prominent, fills the window frame.

“Come for me... fill the cup,” my tone sharp, forceful, stern as my right hand goes to his right nipple.

As I tweak his little crinkled nub, then blow in his ear, Jackie pauses to assess, seeing my face over Prince’s bare right shoulder, aware of the quirky JOI thing. She waves. Prince explodes... one spurt... two... a third... the cup indeed beginning to fill.

“Give me more, Prince. It’s for Todd. We’re going to condition him... to your taste.”

There comes a sly smile... the stroking hand tightens then twists and there comes more indeed.... thick and creamy... just as I have forewarned brother Todd.

Todd Jackson

Though well worked and tired, I return to maid duties, tidying up the kitchen. As I move about the anal hook announces its presence, stimulating my prostate and thus my penis... my entrapped penis which has no room to engorge. It is near lunch time, much to do and preparations distract from the thoughts of the tantalizing penetration. Then there comes a new concern. Mom and Dad are due to return! As Jackie enters the kitchen moments behind me she confirms.

“They’re here, Todd,” Jackie’s announcement coming as I hear the distant rumble of Dad’s pickup truck. “Get dressed, fun time is over... unless you want to come out of that closet of perversion you languish in.”

I don’t, but must intercede.

“But what about... you know... the... ah... hook?”

“Leave it for now. There’s no time to remove and clean it. Go!”

I immediately go to the dining room where I typically stow my clothing for quick cover. My loose, long sleeved shirt will veil the neck collar, elbow bands, even the bungee cord and hook. But it will not cloak the deep pangs, the bulbous sphere manipulating intensely within. It will be stimulating me while serving Mom!

“And don’t forget your apron,” Jackie reminds.

I dress hearing Danielle and Prince descend from upstairs. I don’t need to guess at their morning antics, Danielle unlikely to excuse herself from disciplining me without good reason... her prurience otherwise engaged.

Returning to the kitchen, Danielle and Prince joining Jackie in sitting at the table, as I resume my housework, coffee is demanded. I so prepare, noting that Prince smirks in seeing me instantly obey in silence. As I set down saucers, cups and spoons I see that a cup is already on the table, half filled with something. As I extend my hand to remove and clean, Danielle stops me.

“Leave it Todd. That’s for you. Something I had Prince produce for you.”

The devilish grin gives her away... as does the slimy, whitish contents of the cup.

“Where are Mom and Dad? I heard the truck,” Danielle notes in distracting from my look of repulsion.

Jackie stands and peers out the kitchen window.

“They stopped out near the barn. Dad’s looking at the pasture where I ran Todd.”

Trouble! Sled trails, foot prints... bare foot prints. And not those of the donkey sold long ago... which I know to have pulled Danielle and Jackie about as toddlers.

A smiling Jackie returns to the table as my trembling hand pours coffee.

“Some explaining to do Todd. Those foot prints are not those of a girl,” Jackie teases.

“And not a donkey either,” Danielle adds with a laugh.

So nonchalant, so care free, yet how are the marks to be explained!

As I hear Dad’s truck finally pull up to the back of the house, my mind races. What is to be said!

“And Todd, you’d better begin making brunch. I suggest cooking some more bacon... your buttocks are rather fragrant,” Danielle forewarning.

Yes, normally not only is the anal hook removed but I also have time to shower after being whipped and tormented with the salty bacon fat. Not this Sunday. I must be ready to serve and cover the odor. So another distraction from the cup apparently filled with Prince's essence, I move to the refrigerator, extracting bacon. As I light the stove Mom and Dad enter.

Pleasantries are exchanged, Mom always so happy to see the 'manly' Prince. I am ignored, my serving duties assumed. Small talk ensues. Then as expected, the markings in the snow covered pasture come up.

"You girls dusted off the sled? Been years since you've done that... didn't think it was any longer fun at your ages," Dad's stentorian voice booming, not to be ignored. "And it looked like there are some footprints out there. Your's Todd?"

No one replies.

"Todd, finish your farina, it's getting cold," Danielle gesturing to the cup of disgusting slime.

Her look is menacing... to me... to others it would come across as pleasant. Before I can take it, she reaches to hold the cup low to the table, making me bend a little at the waist to grasp it. This of course causes the bungee cord to tighten further stimulating my gland. And this my wicked sister knows! She continues holding the cup as I reach for it, assuring that in bending over the anal hook works within.

"And I'll explain," Danielle responding for me while I will partake, the quid quo pro evident.

Yes, ingest the 'farina' and the pasture shenanigans will be innocently explained.

I pause, wondering if my gulp of anxiety and revulsion is noted. Still the interruption is welcomed. And I find my hand reaching for the cup, sensing my penis further engorge within its confines. Sexually stimulated!... with my mother and father present... and while drinking in disgust!

The contrasting emotions overwhelm!

"Good boy," Danielle silently mouths, reading her lips.

What can I do? My sisters are ready to give me up. I can hear their explanation... that Jackie harnessed and whipped my naked posterior as I laboriously pulled her about the pasture donning an anal insertion.

So I drink. It's pungent, salty, and too familiar, classmate Redmond having ejaculated into my mouth weeks ago at the Phipps Estate.

"Still warm enough for you?" Danielle taunts.

Before I can answer, Danielle awards my obedience, stepping back into the conversation, explaining that as a lark, I graciously pulled them about the pasture... no mention of nudity, being

harnessed, being whipped.

“It was like old times, Dad. We miss the donkey,” Jackie’s words of assurance bringing a sigh of relief as the cover story is accepted.

“And I miss having cute little daughters giggling and screaming. Didn’t know you liked farina, Todd,” Dad astute as always.

“Oh, yes. And he’s going to have more. It’s an... ah... acquired taste, isn’t it Todd?” smirking sister Danielle replying for me.

In seeing me nod in agreement, Jackie laughs, hopefully not hinting at something vile... which it was.

Danielle Jackson

The days pass. No more sledding, the realization dawning that so many bare foot marks in the snow will bring more questions... not easily answered as the Sunday lark. In utilizing the anal hook, the whipping bench is retired, returned for use when people of slight stature need it to mount a horse. Instead when Todd is deemed in need of punishment... really when Jackie and I want to be amused... it’s to the barn, anal hook and bacon fat in hand. Gluteal crevice and hook lubricated, it’s up onto the low stool. Elbow bands secured, the rope Prince initially used is threaded beneath the neck collar and down to the loop of the anal hook, replicating his initial efforts. The end is aligned and the ease with which Todd’s rectum accepts penetration grows with each visit. Yes, stool slipped away, it’s most entertaining to observe the look on Todd’s face... delight and discomfort... gravity slowly working in the large bulbous sphere as the stool is pushed away. Todd won’t admit to the joy it brings. But the flow from the urethral tube of his chastity device announces the prostatic stimulation. And given more resolve and less bashfulness he would beg to have the cock cage removed to show off for us. We decided to make that rare.

Typically we let him struggle on toes, posing for us. In time I use the quirt... slowly... methodically. There is no rush in tormenting brother Todd. And it seems both his obeisance and his need grow weekly. Jackie has taken photos of course, but by week three she finds her memory stick filling.

On occasion I will unlock his cock cage, watch his penis steadily engorge as Jackie video tapes the utmost in male humiliation... but not often.

Thereafter, work beckoning, he is returned to the cock cage, freezing water readily available in late December, early January. The rope is released and then it’s the tight bungee cord. And that is how Todd spends the day fulfilling his household tasks, bacon fat at the ready for transgressions

Prince stops in on occasion for a matinee. His cunnilingus is distinguished and his kinkiness grows... the JOI thing exciting for him... and empowering for me. I’ve learned to have him perform for me in any number of poses and places. Curious, his diametrically opposed sexuality. Mildly submissive to me, but dominant when ‘going to the other side’, many tales of twink and male on male sadomasochistic encounters. It seems his cock is not the only beneficiary of his

sensuous stroking hand... receiving fellatio from a twink while reciprocating with a hand job.

Then with a week remaining in Todd's semester break, we have a talk over breakfast. Mom and Dad having left for the day, it's just Jackie and I to be served, and after some four weeks of exacting feminine supervision... and punishment... Todd so meekly and politely serves us in silence, the feistiness of his younger years well suppressed.

"I do think the bacon fat heals the welts quicker, Todd," commenting on the state of his naked flesh, exposed to us as mandated. "What do you think, Jackie?"

Other than taking the cock cage off and on, I rarely touch my brother... not with my hands, considering such contact to be outside the domain of sisterly etiquette. But Jackie, vivacious and outgoing, has no compunction in reaching and tweaking Todd's left cheek as he places down a platter of pancakes. He lurches with the combination of pain and surprise. Jackie giggles.

Yes, having strung up and whipped him yesterday morning, his buttocks remain tender.

"Still sore, sis. But certainly less than the days when we birched him and used no unguent," confirming my observation.

"So what do you think, Todd? Two mornings in row? Want to go to the barn and show off for us... feel the fire of the quirt... stir that penis of yours?"

He does... but he doesn't The only time he's out of that cock cage is when he's hooked up and whipped. Such a quandary for him... to have to so direly pay for his freedom.

"I'd... ah... rather not, Ma'am."

"Well, you only have one more week before taking the bus back to Pittsburgh. You'll need to be shaved... not sending you back to your benefactress looking slovenly. And that means having Prince stop by. Jackie and I aren't touching you there. Sisters don't do that."

I smile in seeing him cringe in reacting to another visit from Prince. Such silly homophobia.

"I can do it myself," Todd's tone coming across as so hopeful.

Both Jackie and I laugh.

"You're not to touch yourself there either, Todd, ever! Keeping you locked in chastity makes you very obedient... and eager for the quirt... among other things. So I'll text Prince and we'll set something up utilizing a real razor. And I'll have him remove the control ring as well. Won't that feel good? Let the skin breathe there," nodding to his steel covered pubes.

When whipped without the cock cage, the control ring remains in place, penis free to stand for us, an exhibition we've come to relish since the days when we chastised him as a truculent teen. Fumbling about, squeezing his plums in trying to get the control ring on and off would involve too much intimate touching... possibly pleasing... and as stated, sisters don't do that.

Jackie and I partake in breakfast, Todd returning to the stove as I let the thought of a last visit from Prince linger. There will be more than shaving. And perhaps the mental torment of thinking about it for a few days will enhance his desire to return to law school and the relative sanctuary of the Phipps Estate.

“And you’ll need to think about thanking Prince for his attention, Todd. Lord knows, we’re not going to take care of you here,” reaching to tap the steel mesh of his cock cage as he pours coffee. “And you certainly need to be shaved.”

He does, the metal contraption painfully pulling and pinching the stubble of pubic hair. Under the auspices of a nurse, I know him to be shorn there daily at the Estate.

“I’ll thank him,” Todd glumly replies.

“Yes, you will. But not with words, Todd. Prince very much likes blow jobs. And you being so experienced should know too well that it is not I who will accommodate him.”

Not a lurch but a flinch, the notion bringing horror. Jackie joins me in smiling.

“Oh Todd, it can’t be that bad... having sucked cock before. And you enjoyed his taste the other morning... the farina he produced for you.”

Jackie laughs boisterously with the euphemism, Prince’s spunk indeed having the look and consistency of the age old breakfast fare.

“And Prince is not as big as that friend you were fellating in the photo Zoey sent us. You’ll take Prince’s entire thing, I’m sure. And savor his spunk. It won’t be as cold as from a coffee cup... it will be thick and creamy.... and warm if not hot. And I’ll tell you what... Prince is very good with hand jobs.”

Having so often supervised the JOI sessions, to that I can attest. Prince will gladly reciprocate.

Todd Jackson

The semester break is coming to an end. Should I be glad to return to the abject humiliation and misandry of the Phipps Estate?

I’m to take a Wednesday afternoon bus. Which means serving breakfast, packing then having Danielle drive me the many miles to the rural bus stop.

So it’s early, as always I serve Mom before she drives off to work and Dad before he rides off to the distant pastures.

“Your housework is always improving, son. Sure you want to become a lawyer? You can’t handle sheep ranching but you’d make a fine servant... steady employment if you find the right man to work for,” Dad as always ambivalent about my legal education.

“Or working for the right woman,” Mom chimes in, her feminism subtle but not to be snubbed.

Dad laughs, reaching to give a symbolic tug to the frilly pink apron my sisters demand I wear.

“Anyway, lots of work... snow brought down some fencing. Have a good trip, Todd. See you in May,” Dad guzzling the dregs of his coffee and standing.

He bends, kisses Mom and exits. It’s unusual for Mom to delay her departure, normally strolling to the car with Dad as he moves on to the barn. Still I do not question, humbly pouring another cup, politely inquiring if there is anything else desired.

I am here to serve.

“Been meaning to talk to you, Todd. Those footprints in the snow a few days ago.”

I freeze, I cringe, the fright of discovery having passed... a quick witted Danielle so able to shrug off the use of the sled as a lark, ending Mom and Dad’s curiosity... now to be renewed. And there is no one to divert renewed focus on the bare foot prints. Mom can be resolute.

“Yes... well... Jackie wanted to have some fun... like when she was a little girl... and ah... there’s...”

“No donkey, Todd. I know. But it’s not the first time I’ve seen bare foot prints. And others have no sled trails... not pulling anything. More larking about? That’s what Danielle said... that you pulled the sled as a lark. And the other prints? Well Danielle suggested that you exercise... and without running shoes.”

Again, quick witted Danielle covered the hijinks, the many trips to and from the barn leaving evidence of the debauchery.

“Well... ah... yes, Mom. I left my running shoes back in Pennsylvania.”

“I see. Well here’s what I think. Something’s going on... and I am too well aware that your sisters aren’t always completely forthright with me. No covering for your feet in the middle of an Indiana winter? What about other covering Todd?”

I blanch, Mom’s getting onto the sadomasochistic antics... having me run about naked for a whipping in the barn. I berate myself for the sick joy... never really resisting... never facing down the sisterly demands. I tell myself it’s the libidinous, incriminating photos forcing me. But is it?

I have mere hours until my departure. It seems it will not come soon enough.

I turn back to the stove, in stunned silence, hoping the subject matter ends.

“I’m going to ask Prince what he knows about all this. I left a message on his cell phone that we need to talk. A good boy like that won’t hide anything from me. There no reason to do so. And I’ll get the truth. I’ve also seen tire marks from time to time. I know he’s been visiting.”

Mom also finishes her coffee and stands.

“So you have a good trip, Todd. And meanwhile I’ll be learning what has been going on here. You really do take too well to being a housemaid, Todd. Too much enjoy wearing your apron. And running about without shoes... if those are the only things you take off.”

Such an implication! A warning... a threat... the many years of naked subjugation to my sisters finally to be revealed to the matron of the house!

And there is nothing I can do! Many weeks of obedience to those with the many photos, subordinating myself to sisterly extortion. And now it is to come to a crashing end. My obeisance for naught.

What will Prince say? Worse, what will be Mom’s reaction? And more horrifying... will all be divulged to Dad?

My thoughts broil. Under direct cross examination will sisters Danielle and Jackie give up the trove of photos?

Mom exits, I must suppose my guilty pensiveness noted. As I begin another round of breakfast for my sisters, it dawns that appalled and distraught parents may ban me... never to return to the farm. I’d be forever reliant on the graces of benefactress Miss Taylor Phipps... otherwise homeless.

My panicked thoughts end as Danielle enters the kitchen. I again pour coffee.

“Last day, Todd. Breakfast then before packing we want you in the barn. Prince is coming. And I think you’re going to have a nice send off... to be unlocked and shaved. Prince texted me that Mom wants to talk to him. And you’re going to need to assure us that Prince has little to say... and it’s in your best interest to assure that certain cell phone photos never ever get into the wrong hands. Imagine Mom seeing pictures of you harnessed, naked and erect.”

Anger, fear, concern... and I am helpless to address. Instead I prepare bacon in humble silence. I suspect there will be a need for the excess fat.

“And don’t eat any breakfast, Todd. Prince as some farina for you... warm and fresh.”

Epilogue - Todd Jackson

“Don’t feel any shame, Todd. In pleasing Prince you’ve pleased me... and that’s ultimately what you want... to please authoritative women. You performed for me... me and Jackie.”

Sister Danielle consoles as we wait in her car for the bus to Pittsburgh, the county road isolated, the weather too cold to have me standing in wait under the open roadside shed. Many contrasting thoughts race through my head... the taste of Prince, his stroking hand, being brought to climax before my greatly amused sisters.

The notion that the ecstasy was so welcomed brings disgust. And I further berate myself, deep within finding little true regret. After four weeks held in chastity and denial, I needed to get off.

“And in giving him that nice long blow job, he’s promised not to tell Mom about your sick proclivities. You’ll be back in a few months for the summer... back to your naked servitude for me... back in the barn... back under my whip. And back to tasting Prince,” the latter notion bringing to her a broad smile.

Returned to the low whipping bench, directed to lie supine despite having had my buttocks well chastised, Jackie held one foot, Danielle the other, widely spreading my thighs while, with cock cage and control ring removed, Prince applied bacon fat to my pubes then in obvious glory sensuously shaved me for proper presentation in returning to the Phipps Estate.

Anal hook in place, I hardened for him, becoming one of his twink. With elbow bands secured I was helpless to resist.

“You’re not talking, Todd. Languor brought by that huge eruption? Feel that satiated? Happy that you’re taking your anal hook with you?”

Yes, penis returned to lock and key, the penetrating device remains in place beneath my clothing. I must give thought to sister Danielle politely waiting with me for the bus. Perhaps it is a ruse to assure I do not loosen the tight bungee cord and remove the hook before boarding. True, the deed would require some degree of disrobing, but the shed of the nearby bus stop would offer some cover from even a rare passing car.

She has twice instructed me lean forward, forehead to the dash, tightening the elastic cord at my spine, smiling in vicariously sensing the anal manipulation, knowing that such fosters an erection that will come not.

“I think I will email your friends Zoey and Marsha. You know we set up the video camera while you were being jerked off, fellating Prince. Think it would be good to reciprocate for the photos they sent.”

Yes, that which assured my subjugation and subordination during the semester break.

Her words bring back to mind this morning’s debauchery. A very pleased and excited Prince shaved... so exacting... so tenderly... the look on his face so lustful.

‘You’re going to need to properly thank me, Todd. And look at this nice big erection for me. I will take of you too,’ his bisexuality shining.

Initially bashful before Jackie, I found the recent encounters to have emboldened him. For in finishing his task, genitals well shorn, Prince stepped over my head, zipper lowered.

‘Lots of farina for you, Todd,’ Danielle mocked. ‘And if you’re a good boy, Prince will have you producing some of your own. Every boy should know what he tastes like.’

And then it happened. Penis already well engorged, Prince's organ momentarily popped from his slacks. And here in the car I cringe anew in self disgust. I took it! So much wanting the weeks of chastity to end? Or wanting to show off for my sisters... the utmost in degradation... self esteem obliterated... performing for them!

And as promised, as I took in Prince, he leaned forth. Not as the tall Redmond was able to in turn fellate me, but instead taking my penis in hand. In shame can I ever admit to Danielle how good it felt... that Prince's many encounters with his twinks have brought dextrous perfection?

Such evil... such wickedness... as I sucked and sucked, tongue swirling, Prince was able to hold off... finally spending deeply in my mouth as to the sound of my sisters' giggles, I exploded.

'Get up, get dressed, get in the car. It's time you returned to your benefactress,' Danielle instructing as a coated finger of my own 'farina' was pressed to my lips, finally ending her mirthful laughter.

So here I sit, waiting for the bus, once again smelling of bacon fat, wondering if I will need to explain myself to fellow passengers.

Never to pass the threshold of the Phipps mansion in clothing, upon arrival the Christmas gift of my sisters will become quickly apparent. Will there be a stop on the way to Pittsburgh long enough to extricate myself from the anal hook? I hope so.

Or do I?

- End -

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

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