

NO CLOTHES FOR YOUNG EDWARD

A late model sports car with its roof down entered a long winding private road leading to the Barrister Mansion. The driver was Elizabeth Mayfield, a vivacious thirtyish woman with her long dark hair blowing in the wind. She was enjoying the fresh country air and the perfectly aligned mature Japanese Cherry trees on both sides of the road. Yes, her first impression of the 13,000 acres estate was it was beautiful, massive and very private indeed. The rolling hills were covered with green grass and massive Beech trees were mingled among fields of Hawthorne, Birch and Elders.

Elizabeth's trip from London had taken just over an hour. Her interview with Edward William Barrister, a wealthy international shipping magnate, had gone marvelously. Their discussion had been about his only child, Edward William Barrister, Jr. now eighteen.

"Frankly, Ms. Mayfield, my son is a spoiled brat."

Elizabeth learned he was about to set out on a two-year-long sales tour around the world during which he would not be home. He explained that he couldn't leave his son alone with only a female staff of eight who had worked for the family for years. The only male on the staff, an older gentleman, the butler, had resigned. None of them are capable of dealing with Edward", he admitted, "and that's why I'm looking for an experienced governess with a successful background of dealing with difficult boys."

"I know to handle teenage boys like your son, in fact I only accept assignments with teenage boys because that is my area of expertise", she answered."

"I know", he said. "your references spoke of you in glowing terms. It seems you do have a knack in turning around difficult boys like Edward."

"Could you give me a little history of his behavioral problems?"

"His problems started when his mother died when he was thirteen."

He explained his wife, Lady Barrister, had home schooled Edward until her sudden unexpected death when he was thirteen. He said his son had lived a privileged life, sheltered completely from the outside world. He had never been allowed to venture outside their estate.

“The truth is he’s never been exposed to boys and girls his age, so he is totally ignorant about them or any worldly affairs.”

Elizabeth learned his son had managed to run off a number of hired governesses. Most of them had been older matron type ladies who tried to home school and teach him manners and proper behavior but they couldn’t put up with his insolent, arrogant, incorrigible behavior.

“I have rarely been home so I have not been a good father to him.”

“That’s why I am here”, Elizabeth said, “I know how to straighten your son out.”

“I know, that’s why I am offering you the governess position.”

Elizabeth did not accept the position right off.

“You should know that I use alternative methods and techniques that are not typical of other governesses, but I assure you my ways gets results. I will need your assurance that I can discipline Edward whenever and however want. Boys his age needs discipline.”

His father agreed,

“And there is one more thing, I will need to manager the staff. I will need to get them involved so we will all be on the same page.”

“That works for me,” he said.

After negotiating a salary over three times what he had paid any of his previous governesses that had failed, he agreed and she had accepted his offer.

“You won’t be disappointed, I assure you”, Elizabeth responded with strong conviction.

“When can your start, Ms. Mayfield?

“This evening,” she quickly responded.

“Very well, I will call and inform them and ask the staff to be available when you arrive.”

Elizabeth found the mansion just as impressive as she had imagined. Passed down to the family for generations, it was in remarkable shape.

She introduced herself to her new staff and immediately they moved to a room where they could meet. Elizabeth had wondered if they might resent her coming right in and having them report to her, but just the opposite happened. None of them wanted to be responsible for young Edward. They all proceeded to express their feelings of frustration with Edward, citing example after example of his troublesome behavior.

Elizabeth shared her “alternative” way of abruptly turning the tables on Edward, turning his world as he had known it, totally upside down.

The unanimous look of smirks on their faces suggested they liked Elizabeth’s thinking, paving the way in their minds to gain their justifiable revenge for his years of disrespecting them and putting up with his crude bad behavior.

“That boy deserves everything he gets and more,” said one of the older female housekeepers. You tell us what you want us to do and we will do it.”

That evening Elizabeth entered Edward’s bedroom and found him in pajamas about to get into bed. Her first impression was he was smaller than she had imagined and he definitely didn’t look like he could be eighteen, more like fourteen she told herself.

“Who the hell are you?” he snapped, looking at her in a condescending way.

“I’m your new governess and you will call me Ms. Mayfield and you will answer me with, “Yes ma’am.”

For the first time, he realized how beautiful she looked and how young she appeared compared to his past governesses. She will be an easy mark, he told himself. She won’t last long.

“From now on you won’t wearing any clothing to bed,” she announced, looking him first in the eyes and then lowering them down to his crotch.

“What”, the startled boy asked?

“You heard me. Now take off your pajamas and underwear.”

Stunned and caught off guard, the boy hesitated, assuming she would leave the room but instead she stood directly looking at him with her hands on her hips.

“I mean it boy, strip right now.”

“You can’t make me”, he defiantly announced.

“Oh yes I can”, she quickly retorted.

He eventually slips off his pajamas, leaving him in just his underwear.

“Those too”, she tells him.

Elizabeth watches intently as the nervously boy slips off his underwear and starts to jump into bed quickly. She stops him, grabbing him by his arm.

“Now pickup your underwear and pajamas and take them over and drop them on the floor by the door.”

Elizabeth watches as the nude boy scurried over and dropped them at his bedroom door and then trotted back, jumps into bed and pulls up the covers, but not before she got a good look at his dangling penis flopping back and forth with each hurried step.

It was a good start, Elizabeth thought to herself.

The following morning early, she came into his room and found him lying on his back sound asleep. She switched on a light on a small lamp on a nightstand beside his bed. Elizabeth

pulls back his covers and smiles as she immediately saw the violent erection of his teenage penis, visibly throbbing and oozing several drops of precum from its quivering tip. She visually measured his erection and decided it was slightly shorter than most men. Elizabeth is pleased to see the boys' temperament which is consistent with her plans for him.

After boldly studying the boys exposed sexual anatomy for a few minutes while the boy continued to sleep, she decided to wake him up. She slapped him mildly on his cheek, waking the boy up abruptly. Suddenly aware of his exposure, he tries to pull up his bed covers but the experienced governess places a knee on the bed covers preventing him from covering up himself.

Edward had never experienced anything like that before. He was beside himself, his body shaking from sexual embarrassment. When she finally let him up he starts to make a dart for the closet but she grabs him by the arm and made him stand in front of her while she sits on the bed. Edward tried to cup his hands to his crotch trying to cover his erection. The discipline minded Elizabeth orders him move forward where she pulls his hands away.

"You've got nothing to hide from me. Now put your hands behind your back and don't move them."

"OK, he says", afraid of what she might do if he didn't comply.

Elizabeth looked the nude boy with his erect penis up and down.

"Your pecker is way too small for a teenage boy your age. Most boys half your age have bigger ones than yours." It was not true but she had been told of his sheltered life and knew he had no other point of reference.

"I can see that your masturbation habit has stunted its growth," she says. chiding him while taking hold and examining his quivering erect penis unhurriedly. You should be ashamed. No more jacking off for you, understood?"

"Yes", he said lowering his eyes.

It's "yes ma'am to you.

"Yes ma'am", he replies.

Elizabeth then then proceeded to make him memorize twenty of the rules she gave him beginning with no masturbation. He struggled, losing concentration but she made him stand there naked before for several hours until he could recite all twenty perfectly fifteen times. She told him she has a no toleration policy and anytime he breaks one of them he will be physically disciplined.

Finally, when he finished reciting them perfectly without hesitation, he started to his closet to get dressed. What he didn't know was Elizabeth had directed one of her housekeepers to go in his bedroom while he was asleep and removed all his clothing from his clothes closet, chest drawers, everything even his shoes.

"I don't want one a stitch left, not one", she tells her housekeeper.

When he discovers his clothing is gone, he gets this horrified look on his face.

"Boys like you don't deserve to wear clothes so he won't be wearing any. You have a little boy masturbation habit and a little boy dick so in my mind you are a little boy. Do you understand me, little boy?"

"Yes ma'am, "the humiliated boy replied, "but I just can't do this. It is just too embarrassing."

"Then I think you better get used to it", Elizabeth replied, smiling

Young Edward spent a restless night. The sudden appearance of his new governess and her immediate bizarre actions had caught him completely off guard. Never had he felt so sexually embarrassed and humiliated in his young life. After all, governesses were so to be kind, he rationalized. Ms. Mayfield was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The cool sheets on his nude body had caused his peter to stir and keep becoming erect throughout the night. The word "peter" is the only name he had ever heard for his male sex organ. A maid innocently had made that reference to it when he was a little boy.

Thoughts kept swirling through his head. Who was the woman and why was she treating him this way? He felt shame and guilt that she could tell just by looking at his male member that he had a habit of playing with himself. He had no idea his doing it and so frequently had kept it from growing properly. Now he was told he had to stop the only sexual outlet he had ever known. How could he manage to stop this practice? How was he supposed to be around the female household staff and what would they say? Would they be able to detect his habit? What if he got an erection? How long would he be subjected to this embarrassing exposure?

Edward had barely nodded off to sleep when he felt the covers being slid towards his feet, exposing his rigid morning erection. He looked up to see Elizabeth staring down at him. She had her knee on the covers keeping him from frantically trying to quickly pull up his bed covers.

“Stop keeping me from pulling up my covers,” he blurted out without thinking.

“Very well little boy, from now on you will sleep with no bed covers”, she quickly shot back.

“I’m not a little boy,” the annoyed boy declared.

“Then stop acting like one. Now get your dick out of that bed,” Elizabeth announced, raising her voice to drive her point home.

When he rose from his bed Elisabeth grabbed him by the arm and briskly led him, with his rapidly-faltering erection flopping back and forth, out of his bedroom, down the hall and into mini-shower room. She placed him in the shower and turned on the cold water which struck his warm body. The bone chilling cold water took his took his breath away as well as the last of his erection.

“Today we are going to teach you how to make and serve tea,” she announced, watching him dry off with a towel.

“You will be required to provide tea service to my staff and I each morning so I am going to teach you proper serving etiquette.”

“Surely you don’t expect me to-----“

“Oh yes I do,” she cut him off mid-sentence.

The mortified boy couldn’t believe this was happening to him but knew it was.

Then she taught him how to prepare and serve tea. She located the tea serving platter, cream and sugar pitchers and table cloths and taught him how to prepare and serve it.

“I expect nothing less than perfection,” she had told the naked, trembling boy.

Edward begged and pleaded with her to give him his clothes back to no avail.

“I think you will learn, little boy, that I could care less how embarrassed you are about your nudity.”

The horrified look on Edward’s face told her everything she wanted to see, that her plan was working, perhaps better than she had expected.

“You are a spoiled brat, little boy. You will be expected to perform many new duties in this household. I will expect you to learn them very well and carry them out perfectly and cheerfully. Is that understood?

“Yes ma’am”, the dejected, embarrassed boy replied with his eyes cast downward.

“And one more thing, Edward. You will show total respect to the ladies on my staff. If I ever that you've done otherwise, I will thrash your butt so hard you won’t be able to sit down for a week. Is that understood?”

“Yes”, he relied.

“Yes ma’am”, Elizabeth reminded him, looking directly at his semi-erect penis.

“Yes ma’am” he replied quickly.

The previous night Elizabeth had met again late with her all-female staff after she had met young Edward in his room. She told the women she wanted them to badger Edward, constantly mentioning his undersized penis and what caused it, his masturbation habit. This morning, together with Elizabeth, they would set her well planned strategy into action.

“OK, Edward. It’s time. I am going outside and you have ten minutes to brew and bring out our tea,” she told the increasingly nervous boy.

“Now”, he asked?

“Now and I expect no mistakes,” she responded, further intimidating the nude boy with his dick twitching and involuntarily starting its upward pointed direction.

Young Edward’s mind was spinning out of control as he prepared to provide tea service for his new governess and her all female staff out on the veranda. His nudity was embarrassing to say the least. Inwardly he was racked with guilt and humiliation for Elizabeth outing him for his habit of playing with himself. Elizabeth’s words were seared in his brain, “Your pecker is way too small for a teenage boy your age. I can see that your masturbation habit has stunted its growth.” And outwardly his peter was betraying him. His spontaneous, involuntary erection was standing upward, quivering with a string of precum dangling from its tip. Edward felt his whole body shake in fear of what was in store ahead for him. He had ridiculed and defied these women for years and now they were going to see him like this.

Once the tea service cart was loaded Edward took a deep breath knowing he couldn’t put it off any longer. His governess had made that clear. Edward slowly pushed the cart out the back door onto the veranda. The nine women, including his beautiful new governess were seated in a circle with individual umbrellas providing shade from the morning sun.

“Bring the cart out here in the middle, little boy,” Elizabeth ordered with a stern voice.

Edward complied, shamefaced by his visible sexual arousal and her uncomfortable reference to him being a little boy, something she seemed intent on calling him.

“Why is his willie so small,” Christine asked while Edward was serving her tea?

Christine had been his mother’s personal assistant. She had known Edward since he came into this world.

“Yes, his dick is half the size of my nephews’ and he is only ten years old”, chimed in Bridgett, one of the housekeepers.

As Edward went around serving the ladies, virtually all of them made disparaging remarks about the inferior size of his penis, talking among themselves as if he couldn’t hear their remarks. But he did hear their hurtful comments, confused why his erection continued to throb and twitch uncontrollably under the watchful eyes of these women.

Once Edward had finished serving his governess's staff, Elizabeth issued a command that jolted Edward.

"Now, little boy, I want you to demonstrate for these ladies what stunted the normal growth of your pecker. Come here in the circle and do it now."

Edward was mortified. His face turned bright red, flushed with shame, yet not believing what he was being told to do. Standing dumbfounded and paralyzed, Elizabeth walked behind him, reached around, took his erect penis between her right thumb and forefinger and immediately slid his foreskin back and forth alternately exposing and covering his glans about a dozen times. She then let go and ordered her young charge to do it.

"You've had a lot of practice doing it on your own privately. Now you must learn you have no secrets from us, so do it now, little boy."

Edward knew there was no escaping his embarrassing fate so he finally sheepishly took hold of penis and gingerly fondled it.

"I think you can do better than that, little boy, don't you think ladies?"

A quick round of affirming comments came from the women, rendering the boy in a sexually embarrassing state of hangdog and disconsolate. Yet Edward knew his lot had been cast. He had no choice but to comply.

Slowly Edward took hold of his erect penis and began to masturbate under the watchful, curious eyes of all nine of the women. When Elizabeth sensed he was about to shoot his wad, she stopped him.

"That will be enough little boy. Now take this cart and clean up the kitchen, wash the dishes and make sure everything is as you saw it this morning."

Edward started pushing the cart towards the door, thankful at least for now this ordeal was over.

"Oh, little boy", she said stopping him, "We will have tea again at 2:00 PM."

While Edward went about tidying up the kitchen, Elizabeth held a brief staff meeting, congratulating them on how they handled the boy.

“That boy will wish he never fucked with you ladies by the time I get though with him. I know how to deal with boys like him. The key is for us to keep up the pressure on him. I’m about to take him on his next step. You guys just hang out here a while and I will be back with him.”

When Elizabeth went back in the house Edward was not in the kitchen. He had washed the cups and saucers but left several spoons in the sink. She found him in his bedroom laying on his bed. With no bed covers she noticed the naked boy’s penis was still semi-erect.

“Get your dick out of that bed and come with me,” she ordered.

When he stood up Elizabeth grasped his penis firmly and hurried him towards the downstairs kitchen. Edward tried to keep up with her fast pace but she kept pulling his dick upward, forcing him to trot along on his tip toes. Some of his pubic hair caught in her grasp caused Edward to keep wincing out in pain.

“See these spoons in the sink, little boy”, Elizabeth asked after the pecker-led boy entered the kitchen.

“Yes, ma’am”, he said.

“Do you remember my rules you memorized,” she asked, standing with her hands on her hips.

“Yes, but.....”

“No yes buts, Edward. You know my rules. Now which one did you break?”

“Every task must be perfectly done,” he recited, hoping for her to overlook his failure this one time.

“And you know what my no toleration policy means, don’t you little boy?”

“Yes ma’am, the nude boy responded quickly.

Elizabeth walked over to a closet and pulled out a brown leather strap, slipping something else in her pocket. She took hold of Edwards arm and led him outdoors where the eight women were still there waiting as Elizabeth had instructed them.

“Edward did not follow a rule of mine, so now he will have to face the consequences,” Elizabeth announced.

The governess led the boy to an old waist high hitching post that she had scoped out earlier as perfect for carrying out her disciplinary plan for Edward. It was just a few yards from where the women sat. She removed a jute rope from her pocket. On one end was a looped knot that she used to bind his scrotum tightly. She jerked the other end of the cord forcefully, stretching his nuts close to the horizontal wooden rail where she wrapped the cord around and around and around before tying it off like they do horses.

Elizabeth ignored his loud outcry when she had jerked and stretched his balls forward and tied them off. Instead she made him lean over the horizontal post and slapped her hand from side to side between his thighs from behind, telling him to spread his legs. In this tenuous position, Edward was forced onto his tiptoes with his upper body weight failing over the wooden rail. This left his bared buttocks in an arched position best suited for the rain of pain she intended to inflict on him with her leather strap.

Elizabeth stood back and smiled, admiring the precarious predicament she had put the naked boy in.

The women got up and walked around to his front and to his sides to gaze in amazement as the boy's body settled downward, pulling downward more and more on his upward-stretched testicles.

“Well, he certainly is well bound. He not going anywhere, is he,” Martha declared.

“OK, let’s all count my slaps together”, she exhorted here female staff who sat fascinated by the sight of the scrotum bound naked boy.

Elizabeth drew her strap back and delivered a vicious blow to the boy’s bare buttocks, causing him to blurt out in pain.

“One”, they all counted in unison.

“Two”.

“Three”.

Edward’s governess was well versed in the art of physically disciplining boys. She understood both the psychological and physiological elements to maximize the effectiveness of the physical punishment.

By the time she had reached thirty, Edward was yelling and screaming out in pain. He had never experienced such pain ever in his young life but more was to come, much more. At fifty he was gasping for air and hyperventilating. His panicky expression only made it worse for himself.

“I think he needs another fifty, don’t you ladies,” Elizabeth asked.

A resounding chorus of yes resulted in the boy getting another fifty of Elizabeth’s best. By the time she finished he was moaning and whimpering.

“I think now, little boy, you know what you can expect from me is you ever fail to follow any of my rules again, don’t you?”

Edward tried to speak but couldn’t. Instead he kept nodding his head yes, repeatedly.

After removing her juke cord and pulling the naked boy off the horizontal hitching post, she turned to Martha and told her to take Edward and teach him how to clean house.

“And have him back here by 1:45 PM so he can prepare to serve us our afternoon tea.”

Edward William Barrister, Jr. laid naked on his bed. It had been a week since his new governess, Miss Elizabeth Mayfield, made her presence known from the beginning in ways he never could have imaged. Stripped of all his clothing and forced to embarrass himself in front of Elizabeth and other female staff of housekeepers, cooks and maids, young Edward learned quickly that his was a bitter cup of humiliation and sexual degradation. Each new

day had brought a fresh new set of cruelty, pain, welts, screams, moans, torture and bondage. It seemed that there was no end in sight and nothing he could do could stop it. If only he could have his clothes back, he thought, but his beautiful governess had made that clear it wasn't going to happen. Everything in her face and demeanor denoted decision and force of character, but it was her glance, her penetrating eyes, that both mesmerized and intimidated him. He was scared to death of her.

For Miss Mayfield, the first week had gone as she expected. She had years of experience being a governess to numerous teenage boys. She was aware of the most intimate vulnerabilities of boys Edward's age and had developed an alternate tutelage approach that attacked the most delicate sexual sensitivities in boys. Her methods and techniques had proved highly successful, giving her a confidence and determination to continue to hone her unique governess skills. Though eighteen, Edward was a mere child in terms of his lack of worldly matters. His father's absence in his life had left him with no males to bond with, no male relatives or school mates. Instead only his mother until her death had tried to teach him anything. After her death he had become bitter, taking it out on the female household staff and a string of governesses who tried conventional English practices.

Edward froze as he heard footsteps coming towards his room. He instinctively curled up in a fetal position to protect his genitals. As he feared, it was his new governess, the woman who was tormenting him from dawn to dusk, it seemed to the nude boy. Elizabeth walked in with that look on her face of contempt and a cane in her hand.

"You left your toothbrush out in the bathroom sink, so you know what that means little boy."

"Miss, I'm sorry.....Please, I won't do it again."

"You're damn right you won't or if you do you will regret it for the rest of your life."

Elizabeth walked over and pointed her cane to his curled-up legs.

"Open your legs, open them wide now," she demanded, almost shouting.

Edward meekly did as she said. Immediately she pointed the tip of the cane between his legs and pushed it firmly into his scrotum, separating his testicles precariously. She held it there while she addressed the terrified boy.

"I think you will find I have ways to get your intention, little boy," she said, bearing down

hard on the cane. When Edward winced out in pain she wiggled the cane and bore it down even harder.

“Turn over and assume the position,” she said removing the cane from between his legs.

Edward quickly rolled over and tucked his knees up against his body and placed his head on the bed, leaving his bare arched in an upward position his governess had taught him.

Elizabeth tapped his bare loins lightly with the cane, observing the shiver which went through him and the involuntary contractions of his muscles. The sight of his smooth, swelling flesh bared so submissively before her, the thought of how soon it would be dancing and quivering under the steady lash of her rattan cane, made her catch her breath in an access of savage joy. Yes, he was easy to break, more so than some of the other difficult teenage boys she had tamed.

She drew back her arm and cut into him vigorously. The moan of pain fell on her ears with a satisfying wickedness that she relished. She slowly counted up to ten before wielding her next stroke. The cries of young Edward filled the room with in a steadily mounting crescendo; the whipped loins, as if acting independently of his own will, alternately contracted, braced themselves against each stroke, and collapsed helplessly under it, with a complaisant regularity which bespoke their utter subservience. Watching his involuntary movement, Elizabeth viewed this automatic obedience of the flesh as the triumph of her training.

“You can scream all you want, little boy, but it will do you no good. We have all day so we shall take our time,” the governess said, observing the red raised welts across his buttocks and upper thighs that she had skillfully inflicted.

Elizabeth knew she had the boy where she wanted, naked and afraid, and terrified.

“How many more ma’am,” Edward managed to utter between sobs?

“Oh, let’s see. I was going to give you another fifty strokes, but since you asked, let’s make it a hundred.”

Edward let out a loud moan that could be heard throughout the mansion.

Several rooms over Martha and Christine could hear the boys ongoing cries, then a period of silence for a few moments and then the cries resumed. This on again off again kept going and going on.

“Edward is getting it good it sounds like, Elizabeth’s been at it for over an hour now,” Christine said.

“That boy deserves everything he is getting. I don’t feel sorry for him,” Martha responded.

“I think he deserves it too, but what do you think about Elizabeth making him run around naked with his dick flopping all the time”, Christine asked.

“Are you kidding? Have you seen how docile Edward is? Elizabeth knows what she is doing.”

“I suppose you are right”, Christine responded to Martha.

Back in Edward’s room his reign of terror of his governess’s cane was finally over. He rolled over on his back with his slightly erect penis exposed to her view, but Edward laid there without bothering to draw up his legs to conceal it.

For Elizabeth it was another milestone as she watched the subdued naked boy sprawled out in total naked submission.

Elizabeth Mayfield was pleased yet not surprised at the progress she was making with her young pupil. Edward was suffering from the sexual embarrassment of his insecure nudity in front of Elizabeth and her female staff but it was something much more traumatic that his governess knew was causing him agonizing mental anguish. It was the extremely small size of his penis he had so repeatedly been told and his masturbation habit that had stunted its growth. Yes, his governess was his mistress of physical pain but she also controlled and manipulated his young mind without him never having a clue what she was deliberately doing.

Elizabeth was using her “daily ritual plus one” philosophy that had been so successful with other teenage boys. That was her piling it on philosophy that included utilizing the same daily rituals and adding one new ritual to be repeated every day thereafter. This disciplinary “stacking it on” approach was breaking young Edward down. His hope of escaping his daily fate had faded but his attention to following her rules and overall behavior was readily noticeable.

Elizabeth's staff was amazed at how the boy had been turned around so quickly after years of his rude, arrogant behavior. Now he was demonstrating respect for the women he had verbally abused and dismissed as beneath his social class dignity in the past. Edward was cooperating with what they were telling him to do and he was answering their directions with, "Yes ma'am." But Edward's slip ups still plagued him, with swift punitive action causing him much pain. Edward's failure of his required perfection presented ample daily discipline sessions for his governess who relished her opportunities to physically chastise the boy.

Young Edward was serving tea twice a day and forced to masturbate in front of Elizabeth and her female staff every morning but was made to stop before ejaculating. This was a part of Elizabeth's ejaculation deprivation strategy for humiliating her young pupil and sexually tormenting him by depriving him of his only sexual outlet. Her admonitions against masturbating privately was causing considerable discomfort in his balls. The constant dull ache was a reminder of Elizabeth's Rule #1, no masturbation.

Elizabeth's "dick-centric" approach to Edward's daily life and behavioral accountability took on many successful methods and techniques she had employed over the years with other boys. A good example was when she implemented a mandatory supervised one hour a day exercise program requiring twenty minutes of jumping jacks, twenty minutes of running in place and another twenty minutes of something different every day, all designed to draw attention to his dick bouncing around and swinging before the watchful eyes of Elizabeth and her staff who didn't need any encouragement for them to come and observe. The smirks on their faces and outright laughing at his erect penis flopping back and forth was extremely embarrassing to Edward, especially when they made remarks he could hear about their visual observations.

"Miss, you have a package just delivered," said Edith, a matron lady who handles the Barrister Mansion's affairs.

"Oh good", thank you Edith", Elizabeth replied.

It was the package she had been waiting for since her arrival as Edward's new governess. She had brought with her only a few instruments of discipline since she drove straight through after being hired by Edward Barrister, Sr. Most of Elizabeth's disciplinary equipment was back at her home in Cambridge, a one hour drive from London. Her personal assistant had mailed specific items Elizabeth had requested, including various bondage and discipline equipment but it was one penis restraint device she had wanted as soon as possible.

On this evening after showering Edward was about to be disciplined for touching his penis after drying off with a towel. Handling his penis except to urinate was strictly forbidden by

his governess.

“I am the only one who can touch your dick, not you! You know better, don’t you, little boy?”

“Yes ma’am,” he said sheepishly with downcast eyes.

“Go to your room and get in your bed and be quick about it,” she demanded with a stern voice.

In his bedroom Elizabeth produced from her skirt pocket four bracelets of thick braided leather each terminating in a strap and buckle.

“Give me your hands,” she said.

“Miss!” he cried, “Please don’t. I promise I’ll be still.”

“Roll over on your stomach,” she demanded.

The nude boy knew better than to defy her orders and rolled over as instructed.

Elizabeth slipped the bracelets over his unresisting wrists, drew them tight, and buckled the straps to the posts of the heavy iron bed. Then she fastened his ankles in the same way, drawing the straps taut so that the boy was securely fastened spread-eagled. The stern governess paused, regarding the helpless, quivering naked boy with somber expression and satisfaction for a few moments. Then she reached between his legs, gathered his balls in her fist and jerked down hard, causing the boy’s whole body to flinch.

“If I ever catch you touching your dick again, I may have to have you nuttled.”

Edward didn’t know what that meant but he knew it would be bad.

Then, with a deep voluptuous sigh, Elizabeth picked up her leather strap and delivered her first blow as hard as she could muster, the loud popping sound of her strap striking his bared, vulnerable buttocks, evoking a sudden moan from her young pupil. The cries continued, mounting steadily in shrillness and frequency, accompanied by the slow, regular sounds of

the descending strap. A minute went by, then another and another and still the rhythm of blows and cries continued.

Edward thought her blows to his searing bottom would never stop. He gritted his teeth and tried to bear the pain but he couldn't, wailing and crying like a baby, then finally sobbing. When Elizabeth finished strapping him, Edward was moaning weakly from the ordeal; his naked body from knees to waist, a sheet of uniform glowing scarlet, testifying to the merciless skill in which the instrument was wielded. Elizabeth looked at her work impassively, then turning the boy's head towards her, noting with quiet satisfaction that the muscles in his face and neck were still working convulsively.

Edward's eyes, wide with fear, were lifted to his tormentress. He tried to speak, but was prevented by sobs that kept rising to his throat. Elizabeth looked at him with a smile., drawing the strap slowly through her fingers.

"Before I get through with you tonight, little boy, you will wish you never played with your dick," Elizabeth chided him.

"I didn't play with..... I mean, oh no Miss, then it's not finished?" he gasped.

"Rule infractions of a sexual nature require multiple instruments of correction. You have only yourself to blame Edward," she said, placing the responsibility for his harsh physical discipline squarely on him.

She laid down the strap, and picking up a birch she had brought in made it hiss though the air several times, studying her young pupil's frightening expression.

"But miss...please I can't stand anymore," Edward pleaded.

"Of course you can stand it. And you don't have a choice little boy."

Elizabeth began lashing the boy's swollen thighs with the long supple twigs. The sharper pain caused by the birch, in contrast with that of the strap, was at once indicated by the shrill screams of the boy and the wild writhing of the loins as they sought to mitigate the governess' hard, regular and unhurried strokes. The next few minutes were indeed agonizing, as the twigs, biting keenly, imposed on his crimson flesh a tracery of violet lines.

When Elizabeth once more turned then boy's head, he was gasping, speechless, his eyes almost unseeing. But when she replaced it a minute later and began flogging him briskly with the cane, the torment of this instrument of correction roused him from his voice was raised in wild and continuous shrieks.

Edward's merciless governess was carried to the height of pleasure by this exercise. The clear whistling of the cane, the shrieking of the boy, and the sight of the helpless bound writhing flesh under its torture, made her wicked blood seethe in her veins.

She whipped vigorously. After two or three minutes she stopped, having in that short time raised long welts on the whole area of flesh between waist and knees. Edward, at the end of his strength, had ceased to cry out at all.

Elizabeth immediately left the room, leaving the naked boy immobilized, spread-eagled with his blistered flesh painfully penetrating his tormented area.

Thirty minutes later, Elizabeth returned, unfastened the panicky boy.

"Roll over on your back, little boy", she ordered.

Edward managed to turn over, with the searing pain on his backside making it difficult for him to lay there on the bed without feeling even more pain. Without hesitation Elizabeth secured him again to the four iron bed posts with the same the straps and buckles, leaving his penis exposed to her view.

"Now it's time to turn our attention to the root of your problem, your dick", she declared, reaching down and flipping it.

Elizabeth produced a jar with a burning salve and coated his penis and scrotum with it, adding an extra glob on the glans, its most sensitive area. Immediately Edward winced out in pain as the burning ointment quickly penetrated his sexual flesh, causing him to twist his body from side to side. The governess smirked as she saw his penis flip back and forth as if he was trying to fan the flames from the deep burning sensations in his young cock. Each time the burning sensations lessened she re-coated the targeted area again, sending more agonizing burning sensations to his male sexual anatomy.

Finally, she produced a male chastity device, a cock cage made of hard plastic that encased his limp penis, with only a small hole at the tip for him to urinate. Once in place with a heavy plastic ring encircling and anchoring the ingenious devise around his balls, she attached a tiny padlock to it, assuring there was no way Edward could remove it, with Elizabeth the keeper of the key. It was now impossible for him to get an erection while his cock cage was in place.

Edward didn't know what to make of it, for the moment not painful, but Elizabeth knew that would come later as he wore it throughout the night.

"Perhaps now Edward you understand I know how to deal with boys like you", she said looking him straight in the eye.

Elizabeth unfastened his wrist and ankle restraints and watched the naked boy turn to his side and draw up his knees into a fetal position. She started to leave his bedroom but turned around and said.

"Oh, by the way, little boy, you will be wearing your pecker cage overnight from now on", she said smiling as she turned out his light and left the room.

Young Edward spent a restless, uncomfortable night. At first his new cock cage did not hurt but as the night went on his natural teenage nocturnal erections became crimped in the undersized penis-shaped hard plastic enclosure, preventing erections and pinching his penis painfully. By the time Elisabeth finally entered his bedroom in the morning he was in near panic mode, relieved she was there to open the lock and remove the dastardly cruel device. But he made the mistake of saying that it hurt.

"Of course, it hurts, little boy, it's supposed to hurt," she retorted, grabbing him by his balls.

"Now get out of bed and go see Paige in the kitchen. She has work for you to do."

"Aren't you going to remove this thing, ma'am?" he asked.

"No, I'm not..... I was, but since you complained I'm going to leave it on you," she responded without telling him she never intended to remove it until his morning tea service.

Edward let out a stifled moan as his governess left the room, trying not to provoke her further.

The changes that Elizabeth Mayfield made at the Barrister Mansion since becoming the governess for young Edward, and the immediate improved behavioral results, were met with feelings of relief by her all female staff after the incorrigible lad had made life for them a living hell. They viewed Elizabeth's strict policy of the boy's nudity and her disciplinary practices with curious fascination. They cheerfully followed Elizabeth's instructions.

Although Edward's penis was only slightly smaller than average for his age, their disparaging remarks about it being too small, and what they repeatedly told him caused it, were viewed by the governess' staff as a form of poetic justice. He was getting what he deserved, his karma, they felt.

Having the naked boy with his persistent towering, quivering erections serving them teas, doing dick flopping exercises and made to masturbate in front of them was a welcome daily diversion from their mundane domestic tasks. It was something they looked forward to every day and became of source of erotic visual entertainment for each of them. Seeing him sexually shamed and humiliated became an impetus for them to give Edward more of the same. It quickly became something they did without thought or care for the boy's feelings, which was exactly what Elizabeth had wanted for everyone having contact with him.

Elizabeth's staff was growing more and more passionate about working for her. She had arranged through Edward's father to double their salaries in exchange for them being on call at any time around the clock since they resided in the Barrister Mansion. They appreciated Elizabeth's demeanor and the way she treated them with dignity, and not just as a bunch of subordinates.

"We are a team and I want us to work as a team with common goals," Elizabeth had told them.

During her morning staff meeting, Elizabeth expounded on changes she wanted to make involving her staff.

"I want Edward to understand that he has behavioral and directional accountability to each one of you. Beginning tomorrow, one day at a time, I want each one of you to take Edward to your room and give him a list of rules you want him to comply with and make him memorize them in front of you. I want you to have a zero-toleration policy the same as I do and physically discipline him anytime he breaks one of your rules. I have converted the room next to my bedroom into Edward's punishment room. I have placed some basic punishment instruments on the back of the door and in the large chest of drawers was all sorts of more advanced bondage and discipline items and penis training devices. Use any of them at your discretion."

"Remember, every time you spend time with Edward or discipline him, remind him that his pecker is way too small for a boy his age. "Does anyone have questions?" Elizabeth asked.

Yes, I do," Crystal, a chambermaid, spoke up, "I have a question."

“Yes Crystal, what is it?”

“Will Edward ever be allowed to wear clothes again, Miss?” she asked.

“No,” Elizabeth declared, leaving no doubt of her long-term intentions.

Elizabeth’s staff listened intently and if they questioned what she wanted from them, they didn’t show it.

“I want you to discard your old drab housekeeping clothes and dress more like you are a part of our Barrister Mansion management team.”

“Edward is suffering from ejaculation deprivation which at his age is more agonizing than the pain from his physical discipline sessions. The pain goes away but the sexual torment of taking away his ejaculation opportunities the way I have lingers indefinitely. It’s why his involuntary erections have been getting more frequent and intense, and that’s what we want, for us to teach him a permanent lesson, that we control his young cock, not him.”

“I don’t want you to dress whorish but in more suitable attire for the desired sexual impact on Edward. You see how I dress.”

“I want to be first with Edward,” said Blythe, one of the younger, more energetic housekeepers, “Can I start tomorrow?”

“That would be great Blythe,” the governess answered.

Elizabeth was closing her staff meeting when she stopped and announced.

“Oh, one more thing, my sister, Stella, and niece, Marlene, are coming from London to visit with us for a while. Stella is a fashion model and Marlene, her daughter, has also done some modeling. Stella is aware of my alternative governess methods and techniques with boys Edward’s age and has participated in some disciplinary experiences with boys in the past. It will be a good learning experience for Marlene. She’s at an age where it is important for her to learn the power and influence our sex can make on a young male. On this, my sister and I agree.”

Elizabeth, her staff and Edward were on the back veranda when she heard the familiar whirling sound of her sister's 1957 Austin Healey Sprite convertible coming down the long winding road. Elizabeth walked through the oversized first floor rooms just in time to meet her sister and niece as the pulled up in front and got out of the upscale fire-engine red car.

Stella was wearing a fashionable wide brimmed double-tone gray hat, with matching colored dress and pearl earrings. She looked like she was about to step into a photo shoot.

After they hugged each other Elizabeth asked, "How was the trip?"

"It was bloody awful," Stella said, "Some sheep farmer about twenty miles back was herding his damn sheep down the road. There must have been several hundred of them. I thought we were never going to get past them. I don't think I could ever get used to living this far out in the country."

"And Marlene, look at you. You're all grown up and a beautiful young lady like your mother," Elizabeth said to her niece, who was wearing a baby blue dress.

Elizabeth led her sister and niece into the Barrister Mansion. She gave them a brief tour of the first floor. She wanted her sister and especially Marlene to see Edward doing his jumping jacks out back, but he had just started so she knew there was time.

Stella and Marlene were in awe of the spacious rooms, lavish furnishings and original paintings on the walls.

"This is simply magnificent, Liz," her sister said, using her abbreviated name.

"Wait 'til you see your two bedrooms I've picked out for you," Elizabeth said, "Have a seat for a few minutes."

"Marlene", her aunt began speaking, "I'm sure your mother has told you about Edward. He is eighteen and he is not allowed to wear any clothing. In fact, the ones he had are now long gone. He's serving a long term involuntary penitence for years of verbally abusing the women who work here. His behavior was inexcusable. I've taken up ways to rectify his past incorrigible behavior. You will learn more about that but for now I want you and your mother to meet Edward and my staff, if you will follow me."

Both Stella and Marlene followed Elizabeth out the door with fluttering sexual curiosity, mother with a lot of experience in seeing nude males and daughter with virtually none.

Elizabeth's staff was sitting and watching the very naked Edward doing jumping jacks. His penis was intensely erect and it was flying all around.

"I want you all to meet my sister, Stella, and my niece, Marlene."

Edward was dumbfounded and immediately reached a new level of sexual embarrassment. He had never seen a girl her age before. In fact he had never seen any girl before. He stopped doing the jumping jacks and just stood there humiliated.

"I didn't tell you to stop, Edward," Elizabeth shouted to him, "And I'm adding another twenty minutes of this exercise for stopping. You know better than that, little boy."

All female eyes focused on his stiff dick as it flipped up and down when he resumed his required exercise at hand.

Marlene stood stoically, mesmerized by what she was observing, her eyes riveted to the swinging movement of his erect male sexual member.

Stella, on the other hand, had a big grin on her face, but tried to straighten it.

"You're right, Liz, he does have a really small dick for his age," Stella declared, making sure Edward heard her.

"Marlene, that's what happens to a boy who masturbates like Edward. His selfish habit stunted the growth of his dick," her mother said.

Edward cringed, hearing that familiar thing, confirming to him that his peter indeed was too small.

Edward became out of breath, but he couldn't stop because he knew he would be physically disciplined and humiliated right in front of the two new house guests.

Together they all watched Edward continue his jumping jacks for about ten minutes before

Marlene finally looked up and asked.

“Why is his willie hard?

“That’s because he has been conditioned that way,” answered Elizabeth.

“And why is that important?” she asked.

Elizabeth walked over and whispered in her ear, “That’s something you will find out real soon, Marlene.”

Elizabeth Mayfield walked outside to observe and reflect on the magnificent, imposing grandeur of the Barrister Mansion, it’s size and centuries old history. From its architectural majesty to the graveyard of Barrister ancestors, she felt an exhilarating sense of pride and satisfaction that she, the governess for young Edward, had risen almost immediately to run the massive estate. With Edward Barrister, Sr. gone for at least two years, and more than delighted to find someone like her who could control his son’s incorrigible behavior, Elizabeth didn’t hesitate one minute to impose her will on young Edward and the female caretakers of the mansion. She had stripped young Edward of his clothes and his dignity and established a daily routine that she knew would drive the naked young boy to near sexual insanity. With the now well- choreographed similar treatment by her female staff, Edward’s fate was a steady daily dose of extreme sexual embarrassment, humiliation, shame and painful advanced corporal punishment methods and techniques, borne out of years of her disciplinary experience with boys Edward’s age. Yes, Elizabeth had things well in hand. She knew the arrival of her sister and niece, and their inclusion in Edward’s training, would advance her objectives for young Edward.

Stella, her sister, and Marlene, her niece, were settling in their rooms and Edward was helping Paige in the kitchen. Taking some time for herself, Elizabeth walked around the perimeter of the mansion, always looking for outside opportunities to sexually torment the young boy, such as the old hitching post behind the veranda to which she had tied his balls and given him his first whipping in front of her female staff.

“Marlene and I have been talking,” Stella said to Elizabeth when she finally came inside, “The grounds of this estate are gorgeous. Marlene would like walk around and see it.”

“I think that is a good idea,” Elizabeth quickly responded, but the grounds are huge. There are all kinds of hills, woods and different kinds of terrain. I’m worried she might get lost. I think Edward should go with her and show her around. He knows his way and she can ask him about the history as he knows it.”

“Knowing you Liz, I suppose Edward would have to go with Marlene completely naked, right?” Stella hastily added.

“Yes, and no shoes either,” Elizabeth answered.

“I don’t mind,” Marlene interjected, “Yes, Aunt Liz, I’d like him to come with me. I’ve already seen him with his unruly willie, so by now it’s no big deal.”

“Very well then. It’s settled. I have just the thing that you can use to keep Edward in line,” Elizabeth said smirking.

Back in the kitchen, Elizabeth and Marlene found Edward placing something in the oven.

“Paige, I’d like Edward to go with Marlene for a tour of the estate. Can you free him up?” Elizabeth asked.

“Sure, he just finished putting some pies in the oven”, Paige answered.

“Good, Edward, come with Marlene and me”, the boy’s governess barked in a familiar authoritative manner.

Elizabeth led the naked boy by the arm to his new punishment room. From a dresser drawer, she produced an eight- foot cock and ball leash, a modified slip knot that cannot loosen but only grips the balls tighter when the soft leather restraining tethering strap is tugged. The leash has a well-designed handle to keep the nude boy in tow. The governess secured the ingenious leash in place and then removed a set of handcuffs from the same drawer and likewise secured his hands behind his back.

“Now watch this, Marlene,” Elizabeth said, moving the handle from side to side and making a circle, with the boy’s pecker and balls abruptly following every movement. Then she applied a sudden tug on the leash which caused Edward to flinch in fear more than pain.

“Now, you do it Marlene,” she said, giving the leash handle to the young teenage girl, only a year older than Edward.

Marlene took the leash and began playing with it, tentatively at first with her eyes fixed on his swinging cock and balls. Fascinated to begin with and becoming increasingly amused, she swung the leash more forcefully and gave the leash a big tug. Immediately Edward fell to his knees in pain.

“That’s the way it works, Marlene. Think of it as you driving and little boy here, with his little boy dick, well, at your mercy,” she declared, reaching down and painfully pinching the head of his penis.

“I need to change Aunt Liz. I can’t go out there traipsing around in the woods in this dress,” Marlene responded.

“I can watch him for you or you can take him with you, Elizabeth said, “It’s up to you.” Marlene thought for a moment and said.

“I’ll take him with me.”

“Marlene, Edward knows that my rules for him are your rules now. Anything less than what you tell him will be met with swift painful punishment when he gets back. And you will be disciplining him right along with me.”

Marlene led the naked boy with the leash attached to his balls up two flights of stairs, down the hall and into her bedroom.

“I’m going to undress and change Edward. Turn around and face the wall and don’t look back. You know what Elizabeth said. I don’t want to have to report you,” Marlene spoke emphatically to the naked boy with his leash hanging from his crotch.

Marlene completely undressed. Nude, she stood across her bedroom for a few moments, staring at the equally nude boy with conflicting emotions. She had felt empathy for him and had grown rapidly fond of him, but at this moment she felt a different side of herself coming out. A twinge of excitement between her legs felt good, real good in fact. It was not empathy she felt, but a sense of entitlement she was being afforded and the associated new sexual stirring she was experiencing.

Marlene put on a bright red bra and pantie set, red blouse, black leggings and knee high brown walking boots, all the while looking at Edward to make sure he didn’t try to turn

around and peek at her. She could see that Elizabeth had put fear in the boy and that gave her assurance that she could keep him under control. Of course, the bizarre leash attached to his balls would help, she mused to herself.

Edward had his forehead leaning against the wall the whole time, with his eyes closed tight, fighting the temptation to try to look at this girl that had captivated his mind and his peter, as he called it. He heard her removing her clothes one item at a time and an image of her being nude like what he had seen only in classic art books caused his erection to quiver, throb and ooze a pearly thick clear liquid from its tip. He felt his body shake from a combination of excitement, shame and fear.

Edward responded to Marlene timidly upstairs when she told him it was time to go.

“Can I turn around now, Miss?” he had asked, cautious to get off on the right foot with this beautiful young girl.

“Yes, Edward,” Marlene said, at once looking with curious fascination at his erect penis twitching, and was drooling a string of thick gooey looking liquid, which was hanging from it.

Marlene led Edward by his balls on the leash out the Wentworth Wing door of the Barrister Mansion.

Downstairs in the old Barrister gentlemen’s smoking room, Elizabeth was telling Stella how she and Marlene could even put more pressure on young Edward.

“You know my ways with boys, Stella. Remember that boy named Dickie? He had that ten-inch dick. We told him it was way too big for his young age because of his masturbation habit and every woman who saw it would know why it was so big. Between you and me we had him rattled all the time. That’s what I am doing with Edward and it’s working. My whole staff is ridiculing the size of his young cock.”

“Oh yes, I remember Dickie,” Stella responded. “I remember when we took a ruler and measured it and shamed him for having a masturbation problem. He wanted to crawl under the table.”

“Can I count on you and Marlene to discipline Edward tonight?” Elizabeth asked.

“Absolutely, Liz. When have I ever not jumped in and helped?”, she responded, “And it will be good experience for Marlene.”

“I’m getting my staff making Edward accountable to them and physically disciplining him whenever warranted,” said Elizabeth, “And he gets a hard-on without fail no matter who punishes him.”

It only took a few steps of the uneven Barrister estate outdoor terrain for young naked Edward to feel varying acute discomforts in his bare feet, plus with his wrists cuffed behind his back, he recognized it was going to be difficult to keep from losing his balance and stumbling to the ground. In addition, Marlene was pulling him along with the leash securely affixed to his balls at a faster pace than he could keep up. That resulted in Edward trying to trot along mostly on his tiptoes to prevent the thin leather strip from attaining an ever-tightening grip on his scrotum.

Marlene’s eyes were doing double duty, first looking ahead and then backward to insure she was keeping the leather leash taut, not that it would slip loose, but she wanted to keep the nude boy struggling along at her pace, not his slower, more tentative pace. The beauty of the estate was impossible to ignore. There were gorgeous meadows, streams, ponds, open grass fields, wooded areas with all sorts of showy trees, walking bridges and wildlife, especially an abundance of deer.

At Marlene’s insistence, Edward gave her some family history, including that regarding an old dilapidated wood building that had served as a hunting cabin in decades past.

“My great grandfather was an avid hunter. He had his hunting buddies spend a week or two in that old hunting cabin, just hunting, eating and drinking,” Edward explained as they looked at the cabin’s remains.

“Who hunts here now on the estate?” Marlene asked.

“No one does. My father doesn’t allow anyone to hunt and hasn’t for years. He is never here anyway and he never took me. That’s why there are so many deer.”

Edward’s feet were hurting and he kept flinching every time he stepped on a rock or sticks. Marlene, however, ignored his plight and kept walking the grounds, as several hours passed.

Marlene's took great pleasure at seeing the Barrister Estate and leading the naked boy by his balls, giving her an elated, thrilling sense of the empowerment that all females enjoy within the confines of the massive estate. With the young boy the only male and him nude all the time, it was easy to see why her aunt, mother and female staff didn't hesitate to take advantage of the voyeuristic and sexually dominating opportunities Elizabeth's privileged authority as governess afforded herself, staff and female guests like her mother and herself.

The further and deeper Marlene led the leashed boy into the woods, the more assertive and authoritative she became. Edward, however, was struggling to keep up with her, and he knew that to complain might mean severe discipline if she told Elizabeth. He had stumbled and fallen several times. Each time Marlene had tugged on the leash, forcing him to quickly scramble to feet.

Edward had tried to gain the girl's friendship, but if he was making any headway, Marlene was not showing it. That fact was, young Edward was reaching the limit of his endurance.

"I can't do this anymore," the naked boy exclaimed. My feet are raw and between my legs, it's, it's hurting. I can't stand the pain."

Marlene looked at the boy who was visibly crying.

"Very well. I think I've seen enough for today. We can start back," she replied.

"Please don't tell Miss Elizabeth, please," Edward pleaded.

The long way back was excruciating for the boy. His tautly bound balls were swollen and hurting. When they finally got back and Marlene led him in the main entrance Edward collapsed as soon as he came through the door.

"So, how was it, Marlene?" Elizabeth asked, ignoring the prone boy.

"Oh, it was great. This is a beautiful place," Marlene answered.

"I knew you would be impressed. How did Edward do? Did he behave?"

"He did fine," the girl responded.

Marlene stooped down and tried to remove the leash from his balls but had trouble getting it off. Elizabeth gave it a quick jerk which jarred it loose as Edward let out a loud groan. She reached in her pocket, pulled out the handcuff key, unlocked it and ordered the crouched, subdued naked boy to get on his feet.

“Did Edward not ever complain?” Elizabeth asked.

“Well, actually, he did,” the girl answered.

“So, little boy, you know what that means, don’t you?”, Elizabeth barked out, reaching down and pulling on his penis outward as far as it would extend once he managed to stand on his feet.

Edward gasped, trying unsuccessfully not to moan.

Young Edward, naked and humiliated, was sent to his room to await his dreaded disciplinary fate by his merciless governess, her ruthless, uncaring sister and especially Marlene, the girl who was the cause of his physical pain and his mental sexually shaming misery. His only misstep had been complaining when he couldn’t take the pain in his feet and that from the binding leash any longer. Lying on his back in his bed, his testicles were hurting and swollen, and his scrotum and underside of his penis were chafed from hours of being led by Marlene on a walk around the Barrister Estate premises with the thin leash pulling, tugging and yanking on his balls, yet he was scared to death, and rightly so, to touch his inflamed sexual flesh for fear of being caught. He was learning that the only realistic way to cope with his new environment was to do what he was told and not complain. For Edward, as he waited, the minutes seemed like hours.

Elizabeth Mayfield was aware of the sexual sensitivities and vulnerabilities of a teenage boy. She knew more about the mechanics and workings of his sexual anatomy than the boy and was using that knowledge every step of the way to change his previous inexcusable behavior. She was pleased with the progress she was making, having succeeded in securing her strategy for young Edward to include the help of every female that came into contact with him. She was employing the basics she had learned as an experienced governess for other boys Edward’s age. Her strict clothing deprivation and an effective ejaculation deprivation policy was giving the boy fits, from extreme sexual humiliation and excruciating pain from his corporal punishment to acute aching in his testicles from the denial of ejaculatory outlet, something young Edward had never experienced before. Little did Edward know, Elizabeth mused to herself, that her reign of exploiting his nudity and sexual insecurities was just beginning.

Elizabeth's staff, for example, were told to take hold of Edward's dick on the pretext of them examining him to see if he had masturbated.

"Stella and Marlene, I want you to help me whip Edward. We can't let him complain about a little pain in his nuts and get by with it," Elizabeth announced.

"Of course, you're right, count me in," said Stella.

"I am so tired and my feet hurt and I had the right kind of shoes. I can imagine how Edward's feet must be hurting. I'd just like to take a bath and rest for a while", Marlene responded to Elizabeth.

"Of course, Marlene, go ahead. I'm making Edward wait and wonder what we're going to do to him. Dominating his young mind is important. If you want to bathe and take a nap, you can join us when you wake up if we haven't already started in with Edward," Elizabeth replied.

"Thank you, Aunt Liz," the teenage girl said, leaving and heading up the stairs.

"Marlene is a smart young lady. You must be proud of her, Stella," Elizabeth said after the girl disappeared upstairs.

"Did you see how she kept looking at Edward's cock, Liz?"

"Yes, I did," Elizabeth laughed, "and she takes after her mother."

"Liz," Stella said, "remember you saying you wanted your staff to upgrade their clothing apparel? Well, I called my good friend Lady Felicia Churchill. She is my fashion consultant. And yes, she is a relative of our former Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill. I have arranged for Felicia to come here tomorrow and meet with your staff. She will do a needs assessment, take measurements and make recommendations."

"That's perfect, Stella. Thank you for arranging it," Elizabeth quickly responded.

"And Felicia knows about Edward's nudity," Stella continued, "and she laughed and said maybe she might want to take his measurements too."

Marlene really wanted to soak her feet and legs in the bathtub, but she had another reason for leaving her mother and aunt. She saw how much Edward had suffered and she began to feel bad for him. She knew his pain was all her fault. She liked Edward and began having thoughts that he had suffered enough. She decided not to assist her Aunt Liz and mother in painfully whipping the naked boy.

Marlene took a long bath, soaping herself thoroughly, lavishing in a luxurious manner, her mind drifting to images of Edward nude, with his willie bouncing up and down and all around while she led him on her aunt's leash that was bound tightly around his balls. A series of clitoral sexual twinges were reminiscent of what she had felt walking him around on that leash. She was experiencing conflicting feelings between her sexual excitation and empathy for the poor boy.

Marlene felt much better after soaking herself in the long hot bath. She donned pink shorty pajamas and crawled into the bed. Everything about her bedroom reflected the grandeur of wealth and classic English decor. She rearranged a pile of feather pillows and settled into bed with comfortable bedding. Her mind immediately turned to Edward who, she knew, had no bed covers or pillows, confiscated by Elizabeth for complaining.

While gradually drifting asleep, her mind wondered what it would be like to be the Mistress of Barrister Mansion and live a life in the lap of luxury, with servants at her beck and call. For a moment, an image of nude male servants came across her mind. Before her day with Edward, such a thing would have never crossed her mind, but she knew what she saw that day would forever be etched in her mind.

Marlene had just fell asleep when she awoke to the sound from down the hall of Edward screaming out in pain from the whipping her mother and her Aunt Liz were giving him. She could hear their whips striking his bare buttocks and his loud outcry with each stroke. She felt sorry for Edward and hoped his discipline would end soon. But it didn't. His whipping and cries went on and on and on. Finally, there was total silence. Marlene felt relieved that his painful ordeal was over, but a few minutes later the screams and sound of their whips began again. The duration this time seemed longer than the last. Not bearing to hear anymore, she placed a pillow over her head to drown out the naked boys' screams. She was racked with guilt, knowing it was her fault for telling on him.

Marlene tossed and turned for half an hour, thinking about Edward and what he had endured at the hands of her mother and Aunt Liz. She finally decided to get up and go check on him. As she walked down the hallway she heard them talking and laughing downstairs. She walked partway down the staircase and listened to why they were laughing. Surely not about Edward, she hoped.

“I forgot how good that felt whipping boys like Edward and seeing their young cocks get hard. Did you see it throbbing and pulsating?” Stella mused.

“Yes, it’s been easy to condition him to get an intense hard-on when punished,” Elizabeth responded, “And he has no idea why it happens every time. I think you should wear one of those sexy lingerie outfits that you model the next time you discipline Edward. Did you bring any with you?”

“Of course, I never go anywhere without taking my kind of nightwear, you know that, Liz”, Stella responded, smiling.

“I think it would be good for you to mess with Edward’s mind and his dick. I want him sexually frustrated for what he has done to the women here for years,” Elizabeth said, as both laughed.

Marlene cringed as she heard them making fun of Edward. The conflicting guilt vs. the erotic fun she had with the naked boy came flooding back, with remorse for the way she treated him making her feel ashamed. She went back into the bathroom in her bedroom and looked in the medicine cabinet and found some talcum powder and body lotion.

Marlene slipped quietly into Edward’s bedroom and found him lying face down, with his eyes shut and sobbing lightly. With no bed covers he was left exposed to anyone that came in his room, and Elizabeth had forbidden him from ever closing his bedroom door. She closed the door and moved over and sat on the side of his bed, the bare skin of her thigh touching his leg.

“Edward?” she said.

He opened his eyes but when he saw her he turned his head to the other side away from her and said nothing. Marlene saw the crisis-crossed raised red welts on his buttocks. Without saying anything further, she shook talcum powder over his inflamed flesh.

Edward felt some instant relief, almost surprised that she hadn’t done something further to make him physically suffer. Marlene traced her fingertips lightly over each talcum covered welt and she watched his buttocks clench with each touch.

“That feels good, Marlene,” he finally spoke up, but without turning towards her.

“Here,” she responded, “I’m going to put some soothing body lotion on your butt to make it feel better.”

“Thank you, Miss,” he said, turning his head back around facing her and opening his eyes, seeing this beautiful girl in her shorty pajamas and feeling his penis twinge.

She took a tissue from his nightstand and gently removed the remaining talcum powder, although most of it was gone by this time. She took a glob of the body lotion and began rubbing it on his quivering buttocks, sending new, more pleasurable shivering sensations throughout his body. His penis, encased in his cock cage Stella had locked it in earlier at Elizabeth’s suggestion, surged, preventing the emergence of a completed erection.

“That feels good, Miss,” he said, aware that it was the first major act of kindness anyone had shown him since his new governess had arrived.

“Edward, all of what has happened since my mother and I arrived has been new to me. I didn’t know how to act and I acted wrongly to you today. I am so sorry,” Marlene apologized, as she began rubbing the lotion on his feet and ankles, massaging them and his calves.

“It’s been new to me too. I don’t know what’s wrong with me,” he responded apologetically.

“I don’t think there is anything wrong with you, Edward.”

“That’s not what Miss Elizabeth or anyone else says,” he replied.

“I like you, Edward, and don’t want to hurt you anymore.” She surprised both him and her saying this.

“I like you too Miss,” Edward said with his heart fluttering with a newfound emotion.

“You can call me Marlene when it’s just of the two of us,” she said.

When Edward finally turned over, she saw his swollen penis straining against the wall of the

hard-plastic chastity cage, surged, and was prevented from reaching a completed erection. She took in it her hand and inspected it. Then she began rubbing more lotion on his still swollen balls. Edward moaned, but less from pain than from emotional pleasure.

Marlene and Edward talked for over an hour as their newfound mutual friendship emerged.

“I just wish I could get my clothes back,” Edward, pleading for her help when Marlene said she better get back to her bedroom before she gets caught in his bedroom.

“It is so embarrassing, especially when my, you know, stays hard for so long,” he said sheepishly.

“I don’t think Aunt Liz is going to let that happen, in fact I know she won’t,” Marlene told him.

Elizabeth Mayfield’s tenure as governess to young Edward Barrister, Jr. has been short, but the progress she is making with his previously intolerable behavior is right on schedule. Stripped nude and every stitch of his clothing destroyed, the naive boy is being forced to remain naked under the direction and domination of Elizabeth and her all female staff. Although young Edward’s penis is about average or slightly less than average for a boy of his age, Elizabeth, with the help of her staff, her sister and teenage niece, has thoroughly convinced the boy that his penis is way too small for his age, and its inferior size caused by his masturbation habit. Already sexually embarrassed by his forced nudity and inability to control his own involuntary erections, constant penis size ridicule is keeping the naked boy in a continuously humiliated state.

Yes, the teenage boy’s governess knows what she is doing and how to do it. And yet young Edward suffers from feelings of guilt and agonizes on what is wrong with him, why his “peter” becomes so involuntarily intensely erect every time he is in the presence of the female sex.

Elizabeth was delighted her sister and niece had jumped in and helped with her psychological emasculation of young Edward.

She recalled a time when she was governess to another teenage boy who she had stripped of all his clothes, like Edward, for the better part of three years. The boy had a ten-inch dick which became her visual plaything and that of Stella as well. Together, they convinced Dickie, the boy, that his over sized penis was a result of his masturbation habit, a similar sexually humiliating tactic she is successfully taking with young Edward, only in his case exploiting the inferior size of his penis with the naive boy who didn’t know any better.

No, Elizabeth mused to herself, boys Edwards age have no need of wearing clothes. The

experienced governess of boys had the blessing of his absent father to use whatever methods and techniques she deemed effective to cure his son of his chronic, unruly behavior. Elizabeth was confident in her *modus operandi* extended nudity for the young male pupil of extended young male pupil nudity in conjunction with harsh physical discipline anytime he broke one of her rules as the winning formula to achieving absolute control over the boy. And this strict course of action fit her sexually dominant temperament.

Stella originally intended to stay for a few days, but she had become intrigued with Elizabeth's discipline of young Edward and had some ideas of her own that would help advance her sister's invasive privacy and sexually tormenting strategy.

"I think Marlene and I will stay a while longer, Liz," Stella announced, as they were sitting downstairs in the library. "I'm sure Marlene and I can put our mark on Edward's dick conditioning. And besides it is a good sexual education for Marlene. What better way for her to learn about the male sexual anatomy than observe his young cock in every state. And besides I like seeing him with a hard-on so much of the time even if he is so young!"

"I couldn't agree more, Stella," Elizabeth agreed.

"Very well, Stella. I've just started putting him through my paces and you know what that means," Elizabeth responded.

"Oh, yes I do," Stella said, triggering laughter from both sisters.

Marlene awoke early the next day after she had heard the sounds of Edwards' dual whippings by her Aunt Liz and her mother and saw for herself the raised welts from his savage whipping, Marlene got up, stretched and slipped off her shorty night gown. She dressed hurriedly.

She walked down the hall to Edward's bedroom. The door was open as was Elizabeth's strict policy. Marlene saw that Edward was still asleep, laying naked with no bed covers, facing her with his cock cage still well secured in place. She stood looking at the nude boy for several minutes, studying his bare features, from his hairless chest, to his flat stomach, onward down to his dark pubic hair and then finally to his tautly bound balls and his willie encased in its transparent cage. It looked squished in well-kept captivity.

Marlene left Edward's room and walked downstairs.

“Good morning, Marlene. Are you stiff or sore from your long walk yesterday pulling Edward by the balls with that leash?”

Elizabeth asked. “No, I’m fine, Aunt Liz.”

“I’ll bet Edward isn’t fine this morning,” said Stella, jumping in and grinning from ear to ear.

“Aunt Liz, do you think you would let me have the key to Edward’s willie chastity cage?” Marlene asked, “I’d like to unlock it myself,” she said, not knowing what Elizabeth’s response would be.

“Of course, Marlene, of course,” Elizabeth replied, “and afterwards I want you to do one thing.”

“What’s that?”, Marlene asked.

“I want you to lead him to the shower room and put him under the coldest water for ten minutes,” Elizabeth instructed, “then bring him downstairs. We’re going to give him a little dick measuring exercise and I want it shriveled up, understood.”

“Yes, Aunt Liz.”

Elizabeth gave Marlene the key to Edward’s cock cage and she hurried upstairs with a rush of excitement, to rid Edward of any pain he was experiencing and to have the opportunity to handle his willie unencumbered for the first time. The latter came with a twinge of guilt but with a more overriding sexual twinge between her legs.

Marlene found Edward still sleeping. She tapped him on the shoulder and woke him up. A big smile came over both their faces.

“I’m here to take that thing off,” she said, gently taking his balls in her left hand and using the key to unlock his cage.

It took a minute or so for Marlene to figure out how to remove the hard-plastic ring that gripped his scrotum. Once she freed his genitals, she took his penis in her hand.

“Does it hurt?”, she asked.

“Not now,” he answered grinning, still a little tentative about her motive.

Marlene immediately felt his penis surge between her fingertips. Within seconds it rose to an intense erection, throbbing and pulsating against her fingers.

“You better stop Marlene or something might happen and Miss Mayfield will find out and then punish me for it, and if she does, she will hurt me right down there,” Edward said, reluctantly pushing her hand away, “She said she could tell when that has happened just by.....by, examining me down there.”

Marlene stood back and saw his erection, giving her a curious view of the thick ridge that ran along the underside of his still throbbing and twitching erect penis.

“I’m sorry Marlene. I don’t know why that happens,” Edward says apologizing.

“It’s OK Edward, really,” she quickly responded. "I don't think it means anything is wrong with you, and I really don't mind it at all. I think I even understand, so please don't worry about what I think."

Marlene knew what she had to do next, but was sorry for what she knew her Aunt Liz and mother intended to do to Edward. She experienced mixed feelings, sorry for Edward for the embarrassment and shame he would experience, but puzzled by erotic feelings that were resurfacing from her walking around with him on her leash that was tightly bound to his balls.

“Aunt Liz wants me to take you to shower and I need to watch you,” Marlene announces, “and your willie needs to get soft.”

Edward gave Marlene a puzzled look.

“Just do what I say, Edward.”

Marlene led the nude boy and had him get in the shower. She turned the water on, moving

the handle to the furthest cold position.

Edward was used to cold showers so he just sucked in his breath and stood there while the cold water ran down his body.

Marlene watched with fascination how the water flowed down the front of his body, filtering down his penis and falling off its tip. She stood and watched, timing his shower. After ten minutes, she had him step out of the shower, noting his penis as small looking as she had ever seen it.

Marlene followed her aunt's direction, hurrying him downstairs after helping him quickly dry off.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't Edward with his little boy dick. Bring him over here' Marlene," Elizabeth directed. "Now take this and measure Edward's masturbation stunted pecker along the top from the base to the tip.

Marlene followed her aunt's instructions.

"Two and three fourth inches long," Stella announced, looking at the precise measurement from less than one foot away, as three of her female staff members looked on, "that's the size of boy's dicks less than half his age. He must have jacked off a lot."

Edward cringed as once again he was humiliated and shamed before these women but it was because Marlene was present to hear this that he felt the most ashamed.

"I see we are going to have to take some additional measures for Edward," Elizabeth said, reaching down and pulling on his penis.

Young Edward's nudity and uncontrollable penis remains the visual, verbal target of every member of the exclusively female Barrister Mansion household, staff and guests. Only his governess's niece, Marlene, has shown him any compassion. Even she must reveal such feelings surreptitiously as Elizabeth Mayfield would have none of it. And Marlene is struggling with reconciling her conflicting feelings as she derives strong erotic feelings at seeing Edward's fully exposed nudity while also feeling a strange new sense of authority over the boy, along with her emerging feelings for him.

Completely devoid of any male influence in his life, the young boy is forced to live under the

strong, unflappable control of female domination and discipline, with no regard for the extreme sexual humiliation, shame and excruciating pain from physical punishment he endures from his slightest behavioral imperfections.

Young Edward lives in a state of constant intimidation and fear. He has learned the only way to cope with his situation is do exactly what he is told for, if he doesn't he will suffer excruciatingly painful consequences.

Edward's agonizing sexual discomfort from Elizabeth's ejaculation deprivation policy is working because she has made it clear the consequences of him masturbating and she has convinced him that she can detect anytime he has ejaculated. Most disturbing and least understood by him is why his "dick", as his governess frequently refers to it, gets intensely erect when around any females, leaving him in a torturous constant state of sexual excitation with no hope of ejaculatory outlet.

After his humiliating penis measurement by Marlene, and her mother's ridiculing comments, Elizabeth directed Edward to prepare the morning tea. A nasty thunderstorm had made outside tea service a poor choice, so she called for tea to be served indoors, in two separate rooms.

Edward didn't know the reason, but his sexual embarrassment was even more acute this time than it had been when previously serving tea outdoors.

"You better keep that little dick of yours swinging, Edward," Elizabeth ordered with a sternness he dreaded, "and get a move on it."

The naked boy scurried from room to room, moving his hips slightly irregularly from normal, to keep his penis swinging back and forth as his governess demanded. He had to do it in a careful manner, at a hurried pace while trying to avoid spilling any tea, an event that would violate Elizabeth's perfection rule and would certainly not end well for the naked, beleaguered boy.

Stella and most of the other women were smirking, adding to Edward's growing frustration. Her visual sexual entertainment at seeing the nude boy's wildly swinging penis was like that of Marlene, although hers, unlike her mother, included fascination and was marked with feelings of empathy for Edward because of the sexual embarrassment he was experiencing.

"Get with it, little boy, you can move faster than that," Elizabeth scolded.

Edward continued to serve each woman, politely as taught, becoming more and more frustrated as his governess kept barking at him to hurry up, with humiliating crude sexual language.

“I’m hurrying as fast as I can,” the exasperated boy blurted out without thinking of the consequences.

Furious, Elizabeth walked over to the boy, took the tea pitcher from his hands and placed it on a nearby table. With a sudden gesture, she brought her right hand up between his legs, grabbed his balls tightly and slammed him back against the wall.

“Boy, are you going to get it, Edward,” his governess declared in a raised voice, tightening her grip on his nuts right in front of Stella, her niece Marlene and members of her staff.

Edward stuttered, trying to say he was sorry, but before he could utter a word, Elizabeth yanked him forward, still maintaining her firm grip on his ball sack, and led him up the stairs to his punishment room, now furnished with some the most sophisticated, effective bondage and disciplinary equipment available. The governess placed the naked boy over a whipping bench, after finally releasing her cruel grip on his balls.

Elizabeth removed her favorite wide leather strap from the wall and walked over to the boy. Edward’s head lay on the whipping bench while he stood on his tiptoes with his eyes shut. His butt cheeks were already clenching in anticipation of her first blows to rain down on his bare flesh.

With Elizabeth Mayfield, there was no such thing as delivering mild physical discipline and certainly not today with this bare-assed naked boy who had the audacity to talk back to her.

The first blow from her strap landed high up the inside one of his upper thighs, so close to his balls that Edward could feel the breeze from it, causing him to flinch and gasp in fear.

“Move your feet apart and arch your butt up like you’ve been taught,” Elizabeth instructed, and the terrified boy hurriedly assumed the position as directed.

Elizabeth began with a flurry of rapid, hard swats, as her disciplinary reign of terror pounded fire into his bare buttocks, evoking groans at first and then loud high-pitched screams. Her swats kept coming and coming and coming, never missing her desired mark. The loud

popping noise of Elizabeth's strap striking his bare flesh gave testimony to her disciplinary skills as an experienced governess who had physically punished numerous boys Edward's age over a period of years. Never once had she meted out her discipline in any other way than young Edward was now, naked as a jaybird.

Downstairs, Marlene and the others could hear everything from upstairs, the slapping sound of Elizabeth's strap hitting his bare flesh with each swat and Edward's shrieking that sounded more like a wounded animal than a young boy.

"Our little boy Edward has a low pain threshold. That's why corporal punishment is so effective with him," Stella informed the ladies, "and that's why she wants all of us to be harsh with his punishments."

"Finally, finally", Marlene thought, as the happenings upstairs went silent. The teenage girl had taken over Edward's tea service duties while everyone waited for Elizabeth and the naked boy to come back downstairs.

Marlene wondered why it was taking so long for Elizabeth to bring the punished boy back downstairs. She knew Edward's governess wouldn't miss any opportunity to embarrass and shame the naked boy in front of the women and herself.

Minutes later Elizabeth brought the boy down. Edward had a strange looking device attached to his penis, a device that was stretching it outward as far as possible.

Young Edward was visibly subdued, his buttocks and upper thighs were well reddened from Elizabeth's disciplinary instrument and he appeared thoroughly humiliated by the device attached to his penis.

"Edward is going to be wearing this pecker stretcher for a while," Elizabeth announced, reaching down and pinching the head of the boy's penis, "and maybe it will make his infantile looking cock get bigger."

Elizabeth understood the device would not do anything to increase the boy's dick size, but she attached it to further shame Edward for his supposed masturbation habit. Just as she intended, all the women all stared directly at the device.

Edward's pecker stretcher had a white hard plastic ring worn around the base of his penis, anchored beneath his balls. Two metal rods attached to the white cock ring passed along both

sides of his stretched penis. They had half-inch white screw handles on the ends and a quarter inch clear, extremely tight tension band just behind his penile glans was secured by a hard-plastic black ring worn over the tight tension band. The black band had small side rings attached to the rods just behind the white screw handles, making it impossible for his penis to slip off no matter how far the screw handles could be turned to further stretch his teenage penis outward.

Marlene looked at Edward's penis and felt sorry for him. She wondered if it hurt, but she thought it wise not to say anything. She had to go along with whatever Elizabeth wanted done to the boy. Only in rare private moments could the two share their growing feelings for each other. Trying to deflect the focus of attention on the strange device between Edward's legs, Marlene spoke up.

"Aunt Liz, I was wondering if I could take Edward for a walk now that this storm seems to have passed."

"Yes, Marlene," she responded, "but I am expecting Lady Felicia here anytime. I want you and Edward to meet her before you go."

When Edward heard this news, he thought that Lady Felicia would be just another woman in a string of them that would join the others in sexually humiliating and shaming him. But what he didn't know was Lady Felicia Churchill would bring to the Barrister Mansion an overwhelming influence that would intoxicate his sexual senses in a tormenting, agonizing way in the days, months and yes years to come.

Young Edward had finally reluctantly concluded, for sure his days of ever wearing any clothes again were long gone.

Young Edward's humiliation and sexual torment by Elizabeth and every female in the Barrister Mansion was getting worse and more intense every day. Prevented by his beautiful governess from wearing any clothing whatsoever, constantly ridiculed for having a small penis caused by his masturbation habit, today Edward learned that she had devised still another form of torment for the naked boy. He is forced to wear a pecker stretcher which successfully does what the name suggests, at least while it is worn. While waiting on Lady Felicia Churchill to arrive to outfit Elizabeth's staff in apparel more suitable to young Edward's tormenting, punitive education, the governess has continued to adjust the two screws on the ingenious device to further stretch the boy's penis further and further outward. Elizabeth stepped back and looked at her work, flipping the boy's stretched, extended dick back and forth and then up and down. She was pleased with her handiwork.

"Yes, I think this will do rather nicely," Elizabeth announced to the ladies and Marlene who were gathered around to observe this strange looking device attached to his Edward's outstretched penis.

A satisfying smirk on her face bore witness to the young boy's governess's cruelly wicked gratification of her sexual senses. An experienced disciplinarian of teenage boys, Elizabeth possessed rare intuitive insight into the sexual vulnerabilities of young males Edward's age, and she would go to great lengths to gratify her esoteric passions.

Young Edward was at his wits end, exasperated by his predicament, not just humiliated by the weird device attached to his well-stretched "peter", but everything to which he was being subjected since Elizabeth Mayfield's arrival. His beautiful, cruel governess made it very clear that she couldn't care less about any degree of sexual embarrassment, humiliation or pain he was experiencing. To the contrary, she informed him that it was all a necessary part of his penitence for his years of verbal abuse and his condescending attitude directed at the female working staff at the Barrister Mansion. She told him repeatedly he deserved what he got and his masturbatory excesses further necessitated her actions. His disciplinary mistress had informed him his "dick" was no longer his, that she had taken ownership and control of it for his own good. The guilt he felt was overwhelming. Elizabeth Mayfield was a master in the art of exploiting his shame. The only male at Barrister Mansion, the young unclothed boy felt like he had no one to turn to except for maybe Marlene, who was only a year older than him. Still, even she had to abide by Elizabeth's rules in her treatment of him. She was sympathetic to his plight at times, but even then, she enjoyed seeing the frequent, involuntary erections which Edward found so embarrassing.

"Marlene, I know you are anxious to take Edward for a walk, but I want you and Edward to meet Lady Felicia before you leave," Elizabeth said.

"Aunt Liz, does Edward have to wear that, that...pecker thing while we go for a walk after we meet Lady Felicia?" Marlene asked.

"Yes, of course," the boy's governess said, summarily dismissing the question.

"Edward, I want you to go stand out front and wait for Lady Felicia."

The naked boy did as he was told, sure he was being sent to experience more embarrassment and shame in front of still another female.

"While we are waiting," Elizabeth addressed everyone, after Edward was out of sight, "I have an announcement to make. I have hired two more women who will be joining my staff soon. Both have worked with me in the past and understand my ways with boys Edward's age.

Harriet Wilkerson is my age. She will be my personal assistant in matters related to Edward. Margaret Davies is a few years older than me. She will oversee Edward's education. She understands the value of negative reinforcement as a meaningful educational tool. I think you will like them both. They will fit right in with the Barrister Mansion environment which you ladies have helped to establish."

A few minutes later, Lady Felicia Churchill, a relative of the recent former British Prime

Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, arrived in her late model white Bentley, a luxury car if there ever was one. Wearing a black and white dress with a scarlet sweater, black belt and gloves, she was the perfect image of British aristocracy, with dark brown hair and flawless white skin. She looked like Princess Margaret from the House of Windsor, only Lady Felicia was much prettier and presented an air of sophistication befitting her ancestry and current vocation as fashion consultant to the British elite.

Edward, standing in front of the Barrister Mansion and seeing Lady Felicia arrive, took one look at this ravenous beauty and scurried back inside and announced her arrival, but not before she had seen him and smiled. She was not surprised by his nudity, as her good friend, Stella, with whom she had been a classmate at Cambridge, had forewarned her about Edward. It had not surprised her as the two had participated in sexual hijinks back in their university days and she knew Stella had told some stories about her sister Elizabeth's unique disciplinary methods with teenage boys.

Elizabeth had everyone come outside to greet Lady Felicia. When Edward tried to hold back, she took him by the arm and led him out front of everyone.

Stella introduced Elizabeth.

"Did you have a good trip, Lady Felicia?", the governess asked.

"Yes, I did, thank you. This is a beautiful estate. The autumn foliage here is so colorful."
"Lady Felicia replied.

Elizabeth pushed young Edward forward, so that he stood right in front of the new guest with her next to him. Edward fought back an instinct to cover his crotch because he knew his governess did not allow him to do that under any circumstances. Instead he stood with his eyes downward, too embarrassed to look her in the eyes.

"Lady Felicia, I want you to meet Edward Barrister, Jr. I believe you know his father."

"Yes, I do," she responded, looking directly at the strange contraption affixed to Edward's penis.

"Edward's father has hired me to mend his son's unacceptable behavior and lascivious ways. As you can see his penis is grossly inadequate in size for a boy his age. It seems his masturbation habit has stunted its growth. That's why I'm having him wear the stretching device to help rectify his problem," Elizabeth detailed.

"I see," Lady Felicia responded, continuing to deliberately visually intimidate the nude boy.

After all the introductions were made, Elizabeth told Marlene she could take Edward for a walk.

"Edward needs to be back in time for our afternoon tea, his daily dick exercise and other exercises was well," Elizabeth directed to Marlene, clearly indicating she was in charge of

the boy.

“And Edward, you will be serving us dinner tonight,” Elizabeth told her young charge.

As soon as Marlene and Edward were out of sight from everyone, she held his hands and helped him navigate any terrain that otherwise would have been painful to his feet.

“I’m glad, Edward. We can have some time, just the two of us,” she said.

“Me too,” Edward said.

“We don’t have to walk far, Edward. Let’s find a place where we can sit down and talk,” Marlene said, as the two meandered their way through the woods.

Marlene’s words were consoling to young Edward, as he remembered the last time when she took him for a long walk for hours with her holding a leash tied to his balls. Since that dreadful day he had seen a compassionate side of Marlene, which was a welcomed relief, even if it was temporary, from his cruel governess and her band of revengeful staff members who jumped at the chance to give him a dose of his own medicine in retribution for the years of verbal abuse and humiliation he had directed their way.

The two had walked a while when Marlene suddenly announced, “Oh look, there’s an old bench over there by that dirt path.”

As they approached the old drab green bench, they found it sturdy, but covered with falling leaves. The two cleared off the leaves and sat down.

“This is a nice private secluded spot, isn’t it Edward?”

“Yes, it is,” the naked boy responded, feeling his bare buttocks mashed against the cold wooden bench.

“I need to talk to you, Marlene said, but she was temporarily distracted when she looked down and saw his penis so far extended that she wondered if it hurt.

“Does that thing make your willie hurt”, she asked, gently taking his penis in her hand and lifting it up, curiously looking at its underside and his taut balls.

Edward sucked in his breath and said, “just the tip.”

Marlene touched his glans with her thumb and forefinger, immediately sending a sensual shock throughout the sexually sensitive area.

“I would take that off, but you know I can’t,” she told him apologetically, as she put her hand on his thigh, causing his penis to slightly throb and twitch.

“Yes, I know you can’t, but it’s not your fault,” Edward responded.

“Edward, I know some things that lie ahead for you that are going to make things even worse for you, Marlene said.

“What kind of things?” he asked.

“I will tell you that Lady Felicia is here because my mum invited her and she is not here for just a social visit. That’s all I can say.”

Marlene could see the fear in Edward’s face.

“And Elizabeth and my mum are setting up things that are going to make life miserable for you and I don’t want you to go through that alone.”

“What kind of things,” Edward asked.

“Elizabeth has hired two more women just like her. One of them is going to be your home school teacher who has a reputation for whipping boys who aren’t attentive or learn their lessons perfectly.”

“I’m going to have to stay naked, aren’t I?”

“Yes, you are, Edward.”

“I’m not sure how long my mum plans on staying, but I am going to ask her to let me stay here at Barrister Mansion and be home schooled with you.”

“You would do that for me, Marlene?”

“Yes, you need me. I don’t want you to go through this alone,” she said, noting a tear trickling down his cheek.

Young Edward was relieved and thrilled at the surprising, consoling, supporting comments Marlene made as they sat on the old green wooden bench in the woods on the Barrister Estate. Unfortunately for the naked boy, his relief was short-lived as the time drew near for them to head back for him to perform his afternoon daily tea service for the ladies awaiting them back at the Barrister Mansion. The boy knew he couldn’t arrive back one minute late or face the disciplinary wrath of his governess. On top of it all, he was feeling increasing pain from the pecker-stretcher attached to his penis.

Back at the mansion, Elizabeth, Stella and her friend Lady Felicia Churchill were in the sitting room talking about the purpose of the elite fashion consultant’s visit.

“Stella has told me a little about what you are looking for, Elizabeth, but if you could be more specific, that would help me develop a plan,” Lady Felicia said.

“There are several things I want to accomplish, Lady Felicia, first I want to upgrade the wearing apparel of my staff. I want to dress my staff to be more professionally looking with

less drab colors, yet in apparel which still is practical for their work function. I am thinking royal or navy blues skirts, perhaps white blouses, for example, and nice-looking matching, fashionable, yet comfortable shoes.”

“That’s good Elizabeth. I think you will be pleased with my recommendations after I meet with each member of your staff and take their measurements. I have a good grasp for what you are looking for.”

“There is another matter which is up most important to me, Lady Felicia, that involves you.”

“OK, I’m listening,” she responded.

“It is a matter of a sexual nature with Edward. Specifically, the boy has a habitual masturbation problem.”

“And how does that pertain to me?” Lady Churchill inquired.

“Let me elaborate and I think you will understand,” Elizabeth responded.

“There is a crucial reason why Edward is naked all the time and I can assure you it is not by his own choice. I took his clothes away and had them destroyed the first day as his governess. I did that to keep a constant focus on the source of his sexual misbehavior, his penis. That’s why I have him in that pecker stretcher today. The best way to remedy a boy with Edward’s problem, and punish him sexually, is to prevent him from resuming the masturbation habit of his past. I am doing this by multiple means, both physically and psychologically.”

“And there is no one better who knows how to do it with boys Edward’s age than Elizabeth,” Stella interjected.

“We put Edward in a male chastity devise under lock and key overnights, at least for now. He thinks he must wear it forever but I have other plans for him when the time comes, putting even more pressure on him to exhibit extraordinary sexual self-restraint. More importantly, I have convinced him that I can tell if he has masturbated simply by examining his young cock and weighing his balls in the palm of my hand. He knows the dire punitive consequences he can expect from me if he ever does violate my strict ‘no masturbation’ rule, plus it helps a lot that I’ve convinced him it is stunting the growth of his prick.”

“Well, Elizabeth, I have heard from Stella about your successes being governesses with teenage boys,” Lady Felicia said, “but I’m still curious how you want my help?”

“Justifiably, young Edward suffers from sexual torment caused from pent up semen since he no longer has the opportunity to ejaculate. Sexual discipline is especially effective for boys Edward’s age and, in his case, goes to the root of his problem. Corporal punishment is extremely effective for controlling his misbehavior, but the lingering sexual agony is long term atonement for how he mistreated the women here at Barrister’s before I became Edward’s governess.”

Elizabeth noted that Lady Felicia was paying close attention.

“Corporal punishment of boys by their governesses is a time honored British tradition. I take the shaming aspect of this discipline to a new level. More specifically, I use Edward’s mandatory nudity and a concept I call “tease and denial” to keep the boy constantly stimulated sexually. This causes his balls to feel heavy and ache. I consider it poetic sexual justice.”

“Where you come in,” Lady Felicia, “is I want you to also provide my staff with casual and nighttime apparel that is consistent with my objectives for young Edward.”

“Can you be a more specific?” Lady Churchill asked.

“Yes”, Elizabeth replied, “my staff lives here on the premises. Edward has accountability to all of them. They have the authority to direct, correct and punish him whenever they deem it necessary and by any means they choose. The Punishment Room is at their disposal 24 hours a day. I want them to have evening wear that alludes female dominant elegance and a hint of sexual provocativeness. Since much of Edward’s punishment takes place late night. I want sexy nightgowns and lingerie like you have provided Stella, in keeping in mind my “tease and deny” objective for Edward.”

“I can do that,” Lady Felicia said, smiling. “What I will do is meet with each of member of your staff, assess their age, body shapes, hair and skin color and make recommendations. I’ll consider camisoles, nighties, peignoirs, things with filmy, soft fabrics. I’ll start today and should wind it up by later tomorrow.”

“That sounds good,” Elizabeth said, “but Stella knows your work and I’ve seen what you have done for her, so I will go with your recommendations, although I would be curious to see them.”

“I’ll stay tonight and tomorrow night, then leave and be back in about a week or ten days,” Lady Felicia said.

“Good, then, we have a plan!”, Elizabeth enthusiastically declared.

Marlene and Edward arrived back just in time for him to prepare and serve afternoon tea for the ladies. It was a twice daily routine that never failed to illicit shame and embarrassment in young Edward and was a prelude to even more sexually humiliating activities commanded by Miss Mayfield.

“Did you have a good go of it Marlene, I mean your walk?”, Elizabeth asked.

“Yes, we did. Thank you,” the girl replied.

Go on, little boy,” Elizabeth said, finally addressing Edward in her typical demeaning way, “Get on with your duties. And use the Murano Venetian Tea set.”

“Aunt Liz, that thing his really hurting Edward’s dick,” Marlene jumped in, finally resorting for the first time the crude sexual language of his governess and her mum. “Can you take it off?”

“No, I will decide if or when it will come off,” Elizabeth quickly answered with her usual firm authority.

Edward scurried to the kitchen and started preparing tea. The tight constriction around the base of the head of his penis hurt badly and his glans was enlarged and purplish color. The stretching had keep him fully erect for hours. He agonized on how much longer he would have to wear it, as Elizabeth had left it open-ended.

The Barrister Mansion chef, Paige, entered the kitchen and found Edward bend over with his hands on his knees and legs spread.

“What’s wrong, Edward?”, she asked.

“It’s this thing attached to my peter. It’s killing me,” Edward replied, standing upward, “do you think you could ask Miss Mayfield if she would take it off, please?”

“No, Edward, I think not. That wouldn’t be wise,” she answered. “Now get on with it. And be careful of the Murano Venetian china. Your mother, Lady Barrister, bless her soul, inherited it from your maternal grandmother.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied, grimacing in pain.

When Edward went outside, he found the ladies already assembled in a circle in their chairs as usual. As directed by Paige, he served Lady Felicia first, a woman whose beauty reflected an aura of wealth and aristocratic privilege befitting the Churchill name. The nervous, sexually embarrassed naked boy managed to complete the tea service. Elizabeth looked on with pride, knowing the boy had found his place on the lower rung of the Barrister Mansion pecking order. Now that she had reversed the gender hierarchy roles, Edward’s nudity, she thought, was fitting for a common houseboy servant.

“Come here, Edward,” Elizabeth said as she moved to the center of the circle of ladies.

The boy felt a sense of temporary relief as his governess began the process if removing his pecker stretcher. When finally freed, his penis, which had been sticking straight out because of the weight of the device, sprung upward in a violent, quivering erection.

“You know what to do next, little boy,” Elizabeth commanded as she turned him around directly facing Lady Felicia, “so get with it right now.”

Young Edward did indeed know what he had to do next. With his eyes downcast, in total humiliating sexual submission, he took hold of his penis and began sliding his uncircumcised foreskin slowly back and forth across the glans slowly.

“Look up and open your eyes, Edward. I want you to see everyone observing your shame,” Elizabeth demanded.

Edward complied, knowing he had no choice. He was aware that every female eye was focused on the movement between his legs. He felt his legs buckle as he struggled to masturbate, but holding back ejaculating. He was terrified of what would happen if he failed. His governess had told him in no uncertain terms what she would do to his peter if he did ejaculate and what she would do was simply unmentionable.

Elizabeth was an expert on the male sexual anatomy. She understood the ejaculation trigger and knew the precise moment when to stop Edward. She had learned that from her experiences with numerous other boys with masturbation habit issues.

“Stop,” she shouted and watched the boy quickly comply, observing his erect penis pulsating in agonizing sexual torment from still another successful ejaculation denial training session.

Without being told Edward began the next daily activity, exercising in the same circle, beginning with jumping jacks. The first few resulted in a significant amount of precum slinging out from his still rigid erection.

“If we are going to be visually entertained by this naked boy, then we need to keep him into tip-top physical shape, don’t we ladies?”, Elizabeth mused as they all laughed, watching his young dick bouncing up and down.

“Now Edward,” Elizabeth said, after finishing four lengthy exercise routines, “I want you to walk off 100 yards from that tree over there up that path. When you get there, I will raise my hand, then when I lower it I want you to sprint as fast as you can, understood?”

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied.

When Elizabeth dropped her hand, the naked boy ran with an amazing speed, his bare feet kicking up dust, his male genitals flying all over the place, the center of the women’s attention.

“Now, go back and run again, only this time faster.”

Elizabeth made the boy sprint the distance five times, demanding a faster time each time. Edward managed to do it, but by the time he had finished he was exhausted.

“Go ahead and take back the tea service, Edward”, Paige instructed, “we need to get started on tonight’s formal dinner.”

Edward’s legs were still wobbly. He stumbled and fell against one of the tea tables, causing several cups and saucers to fall. One of the cups broke into many pieces.

“You idiot,” Elizabeth yelled loudly and then proceeded to shout out a fury of sexually degrading obscenities.

“Stella, you get a hold of his little boy dick and pull him inside and take him upstairs to the Punishment Room and I will be right up,” his furious governess said after finally turning her attention from the nude cowering boy.

Marlene felt sorry for Edward and cringed when she saw her mum grab his penis roughly and start pulling him along by it, especially knowing how much it was already hurting him.

Elizabeth followed not far behind. In the Punishment Room they positioned the naked boy on a highly specialized whipping platform, a product from Centurions of London, a purveyor of the finest, high end bondage and discipline furniture and equipment. Elizabeth Mayfield was a long-time customer of theirs, having acquired numerous disciplinary instruments and penis training devices.

Standing on a platform, his knees were locked to a wooden elevated stand, with his legs spread. His ankles were buckled into a lower elevated wooden slat that was longer to match the greater distance between his feet. A rope attached to a wooden ceiling beam was tied to his wrists, securing them high above his head, leaving the terrified boy in the most vulnerable yet ideal position for unhindered whipping.

Elizabeth paused and stood back to admire the bound, helpless predicament they had put the naked boy in, his fiercely erect penis a product of his terror and her sexual conditioning of him to associate female domination and his disciplinary pain with boyhood sexual arousal. She understood fully the conflicted, blurred sexual responses of extreme fear and penile erection that boys Edward’s age experience but never understand.

Elizabeth and Stella went over to the wall that was well stocked with disciplinary instruments and took two rather long black leather whips from it.

“Were going to teach you a lesson, little boy, for being careless with the Mansion’s fine china,” Elizabeth announced to the hapless boy who remained silent, knowing he was in no position to protest.

Elizabeth snapped her whip several times through the air, causing a hissing sound that caused Edward to flinch, his buttocks clenching involuntarily. Without further delay, Elizabeth delivered a fury of ten rapid-fire blows to his bare buttocks, causing him to cry out and struggle to catch his breath. Without a word, Stella followed with her ten, an obvious indication of coordinated dual disciplines of their past.

The two sister disciplinarians took turns meting out Edward’s discipline. Occasionally, Elizabeth would deliberately wield her whip to flick the tip of his erect penis with its foot-long tapered tail, other times delivering it so that the tail wrapped around his erection three or four times in a display of her expert whipping proficiency. Stella was less proficient but could hold her own with a whip. Several times her whip struck his balls, causing him to scream out in pain.

When Elizabeth and Stella came back downstairs, Edward was not with them.

“Where’s Edward?”, Marlene asked, panicky. The women downstairs had heard his screams and then they had gone silent.

“Where’s Edward”, the teenage girl repeated.

“He’s still up there in the Punishment Room hanging on the whipping platform,” Elizabeth responded nonchalantly, “give him fifteen minutes and then you and Paige go up and unbind him. Paige, doesn’t he need to start helping you prepare for our dinner tonight?”

“Yes, he does,” she responded.

Marlene was worried about Edward. The fifteen minutes seemed like hours, with her envisioning the naked boy bound helplessly. When Paige and Marlene went to get Edward, they found him sobbing, his hands still tied high above his head. A long string of precum dangled from his now semi-erect penis. It took the two of them to unfasten the boy. When they got him down off the whipping platform his knees buckled. They helped him stay upright and helped him down the stairs with Marlene on one side of him and Paige on the other.

In the kitchen Paige let Edward sit and come to his senses while she began explaining the dinner meal preparation and table arrangement.

“This is a formal six-course dinner,” Paige said. “You will need to set the Devonshire dining room table for sixteen. Use the pink and white antique English Spode china. And the fresh flowers are over there”

Edward seemed relieved to escape the wrath of his governess, even if this was only temporarily. He felt safe with Paige. She was an advocate of Elizabeth’s “no clothes for Edward” policy, but was more about teaching him her skills.

“You will be serving red wines tonight. You are to keep their wine glasses full, especially Lady Felicia’s. You will serve but not eat at the table, in fact Miss Mayfield has informed me that you will not be allowed to eat tonight or tomorrow. It’s a part of her deprivation of comforts disciplinary practice.”

Edward set the table with Paige directing him.

“I think we are ready, Edward. Now we still have work to do. Let’s get back in the kitchen.”

The dinner was an extravagant affair. It was in honor of Lady Felicia Churchill, but in Elizabeth’s mind it was also a celebration of her successful psychological emasculation of young Edward. She observed with pride how the naked boy went about serving the ladies, his dick standing and quivering in firm erection. In her mind Edward was her indentured servant, to do and act as told, naked, of course.

Edward thought the dinner would never end. The women drank a lot of wine. As the evening

went on, their jovial mood increased. They began to grope him, and Lady Felicia seemed to relish the opportunity.

Finally, when the dinner was over and he had cleaned up everything, it was late and he was sent to his room, but Edward knew that going to his room never meant feeling safe. Tonight would be no exception. No more than he had settled in, Elizabeth showed up in his room. Without saying so much as one word, she positioned the compliant boy on his back, buckled his wrists and ankles securely to the bedposts and walked out of the room, flipping off the light switch, leaving him face up spread-eagled and not knowing if, when, how or what might be next.

Elizabeth was a cruel mistress of pain, both physical and mental. A master mind manipulator, she left Edward in the dark for several hours, knowing he would be pondering his upcoming fate.

Finally, he saw the door open. At first the naked boy only saw the silhouette of a woman. At once he clearly recognized it was not his governess. It was Stella. When she stepped inside and turned on a dimly lit oil lamp, Edward sucked in his breath. He had never seen anything like this in his young life. This perfectly shaped woman standing before him was wearing a silk black robe. It was open in the front, revealing a matching silk bra, panties and garter belt with metal clips attached to black silk stockings.

Edward's young penis immediately sprung out in erection, jumping around as he watched this gorgeous woman approach his bed, his breathing suddenly labored.

Suffice it to say over the next hour young Edward experienced a myriad of emotional and touch sensations, of excruciating pain, pleasure and agonizing sexual frustration. In Stella's hand was a jar of burning ointment, the kind Edward had suffered from before. To begin with, she coated the head of his penis with it, spreading a glob it with her fingertips across his smooth, sensitive glans. The initial pleasure turned to pain as the burning ointment penetrated deeply, causing Edward to wince out in pain and twist his hips up and down and side to side in an unsuccessful attempt to avoid the searing pain penetrating his young penile sexual flesh.

Stella continued to massage only the head of his wildly erect penis with her fingertips, pausing when she thought he was getting over sexually stimulated. She knew not to touch the shaft, especially the underside where the frenulum is located. By keeping all stimulation confined to the head of Edward's penis, she knew he would experience intense feelings of sexual frustration as well as ultimately discomfort of too much sensitivity in that region of his sexual anatomy.

Stella used that knowledge perfectly, with Edward reacting just as she and Elizabeth had wanted. When Stella was through with Edward's intense "tease and denial" session, she simply walked out of his room, turning off the oil lamp as she left smirking.

Edward let out a loud groan and pounded his head against the pillow repeatedly, the sexually tormented boy still helplessly bound spread-eagled on his bed.

Young Edward remained naked and spread-eagled on his back, his wrists and ankles firmly buckled and secured to the bedposts after Stella, Marlene's mum, had abruptly left his bedroom. His penis was still involuntarily throbbing and twitching uncontrollably from this woman who had come into his room and did things to him he had never experienced before, yet left him in an acute, highly sexually stimulated state. His mind was consumed by the image of Stella coming into his room and standing in a black silk nightgown open in the front, still intoxicating his young sexual senses. He could still feel the remnant tactile sensations of her fingertips lightly rubbing circles on head of his youthful super sensitive penis.

His heart was still racing and his head pounding at the lingering smell of her feminine perfume fragrance, recalling her warm bare thigh touching his naked flesh as she hovered over him, focusing her attention on his crotch. The sexually naive boy had never seen a female in nothing but a bra, brief panties, garter belt and stockings, much less a gorgeous adult woman built like Stella. When she bent over him, his eyes were mesmerized by the heaving cleavage of her large breasts.

Edward had experienced strong conflicting reactions as he fought against a natural sexual urge to feel the orgasmic surge of a pleasurable series of copious, powerful long spurts of his youthful semen, ejaculations that he had enjoyed almost daily before Elizabeth became his governess. Now his fear of Elizabeth's dire threats of what she would do to a specific part of his sexual anatomy kept him terrified and conditioned not allow himself to ejaculate. It was the result Elizabeth had sought, with confidence of her success.

Edward's arms and calves were hurting, but when he jerked on the restraints in frantic frustration, all that did was cause his penis to spring about, further drawing his attention to the source of his sexual agony, with his unruly male organ refusing to settle down and his testicles sore, aching for release.

Meanwhile, downstairs the Lady Felicia Churchill dinner party was still going strong. Wine glasses were being filled as soon as they were emptied. Laughter and gaiety filled the air. Marlene never saw her mum leave and come back.

"Marlene, darling, have another glass of wine," Stella told her daughter.

"I've already had two, mum. That's enough," Marlene replied.

"Oh, bollocks, Marlene, it's a party, lighten up," Stella said, motioning for Pru to give her another glass of wine.

Marlene saw Elizabeth, Edward's cruel governess, approach her.

"Marlene, your mother says you would like to stay and continue your education here," Elizabeth said.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied.

“I told your mother I thought it was an excellent idea. Margaret Davies will be joining my staff right away. She will be in charge of Edward’s education and you could join them. I’ve convinced your mother it is the right thing to do.”

“Thanks, I will like that, Aunt Liz,” the girl said, with a big smile on her face.

“Besides I think Edward can benefit having a girl his age with your influence. You know what I expect of him and the consequences if he fails to meet my expectations in any way,”

Yes ma’am,” Marlene replied.

“I’ve used Margaret before,” Elizabeth said, “She is relatively young but has a lot of experience teaching boys who are without clothes. She understands how to get the most out of her teachings. I think you and her will get along just fine.”

“Yes ma’am, it sounds like it,” Marlene responded, thinking poor Edward will be in for still more sexual embarrassment and humiliation.

“OK, it’s settled then. You can stay in your current bedroom and I will make sure Edward tends to your needs.”

Marlene’s head was spinning from a combination of excitement of the good news, the alcohol and empathy for Edward as she heard the women laughing and making jokes about his nudity.

“The kid had that stretching gadget attached to his whanger for a long time. I thought it must be pulling his cock out by its dick strings,” Lady Felicia joked, causing a roar of laughter from the ladies.

“Elizabeth likes to put things on Edward’s cock that he can’t get off. It’s her way of showing the boy she controls his prick,” Pru mused.

Pru Hoxley was one of Elizabeth’s staff who was quick to embrace Elizabeth’s toughness with Edward. Seeing the boy naked all the time had hastened the emergence of a strong sexual dominance within her and urge to discipline Edward. Pru was an attractive blond who presented an air of dominant sophistication that intimidated Edward. Elizabeth was a quick to recognize the qualities she was seeking in Pru and knew there would be plenty of opportunities to utilize her with Edward.

The party went past midnight, more than three hours after Stella had left Edward buckled and secured spread-eagled on his bed.

“Marlene,” Elizabeth finally said, “Go upstairs and put on Edward’s cock cage.”

“Yes ma’am,” she replied, anxious for the opportunity to go check on her naked young male friend.

When Marlene entered the boy's bedroom and lit the oil lamp, she was shocked by what she saw. She had had no idea Edward was bound on his back to his bedposts, leaving him sexually exposed.

Edward was sound asleep, finally exhausted from his tormenting ordeal by Stella. She at once noticed his male sex organs. Out of his dark brown pubic hair was the curved outcropping of his relaxed penis, limp and resting on his left thigh, showing no trace of his fierce erections she was accustomed to seeing.

Instinctively Marlene stared with curious girlhood fascination at his flaccid penis, walking her way around his bed to view the nude boy thoroughly from every angle. She felt a sudden sense of entitlement granted by Elizabeth's "no clothes for Edward" policy as she enjoyed her voyeuristic conquest of the boy, depriving him of his sexual privacy while Edward was still sound asleep.

The alcoholic buzz Marlene felt intoxicated sexual stirrings between her legs. She temporarily forgot her feelings of empathy for him. She deliberately left him bound and sexually exposed, while beginning to examine the sleeping boy's penis, testicles and scrotum. She explored his relaxed ball sack, feeling each testicle separately and took his uncircumcised penis, retracted its foreskin and lifted it up so she could examine its underside. Edward awoke and stirred. And so did his sensitive penis, quickly reaching full erection.

"Elizabeth told me to come and put this on," she said, showing him his cock cage which she produced from the pocket of her blue party dress.

The boy let out a soft moan of annoyed frustration.

"Edward," Marlene said looking directly into his brown eyes and being sensitive to his predicament, "I'm going to unfasten your wrist and ankle restraints although Elizabeth didn't tell me too. And I'm not going to put on your cock cage right now. I'll come back early in the morning and put it on you before Elizabeth or whoever comes to wake you."

"Thank you Marlene," the appreciative boy replied, knowing that this girl, only a year older, had control of him as well as the other women in the Barrister Mansion household.

"But Edward, you know you can't masturbate, don't you? I can't help you if you do," she warned him.

"Yes ma'am," he responded with the respect he had been taught to give members of the female sex who controlled every aspect of his life under the tutelage of his cruel governess.

Marlene unfastened the boy, turned off the oil lamp, but not before taking one last look at his firmly erect penis, that male organ that had captured her sexual fascination. She walked down the hall to her bedroom, her head swirling from the events of the night and consuming more alcohol than she ever had before.

Marlene lay in bed, recalling what her Aunt Liz had said about her getting to stay there and continue her education. She let her young mind wander, fantasizing what it would be like down the road. Could she have a future here? Could she become a Barrister someday? The Barrister Estate was something she had loved from the first time she laid eyes on it.

It seemed to Marlene she had just gone to sleep when she heard her alarm clock go off at straight up 5 AM. She sat on the side of her bed for a few minutes, rubbing sleep from the corners of her eyes.

Now fully awake, Marlene walked down to Edward's room, still in her very short pink triangle shaped front, mostly transparent nightie. Only the solid fabric which covered her breasts and a very brief, solid pink matching panties kept her from appearing nude. Her long blond hair flowed over her shoulders.

When Marlene entered Edward's room and switched on the overhead light, she at once noticed his vibrant looking, fully-erect penis, though he was still asleep. She thought to herself that his "dick" was in no condition to fit within his cock cage. She slipped downstairs quietly and came back with a glass of ice.

When the girl placed an ice cube on his erection, Edward, suddenly awakened and bolted straight upward. Marlene placed a hand over his mouth and placed a finger to her lips, and whispered for him to stay quiet.

Unfortunately, Edward, seeing this gorgeous girl in her short pink nightie, did little to help the situation. She inadvertently was contributing to Elizabeth's tease and denial agenda for the boy.

"I'm using the ice to try to shrink your dick, Edward, so I can put on your cock cage," she explained. "If we can't get it on, both of us are going to be in big trouble."

The ice caused a new sensation within his penis, its coldness causing a confusing mixture of pain and pleasure for the boy. Finally, after using the whole glassful of ice, Marlene was able to slip on his chastity device and lock it securely.

"Thank you Marlene," Edward said, "for leaving it off until now."

"You're welcome, Edward," she replied, before heading back to her bedroom with a doosey of an impending hangover headache.

At 6 AM Pru Hoxley entered Edward's room and switched on the overhead light. She had been sent by Elizabeth and been told to leave the boy's cock cage on and bring him downstairs. Elizabeth had told Pru that she was not pleased with how Edward had served Lady Felicia, and that he had not shown enough respect when doing so, the night before. She told Pru, and Bridgett, another member of Elizabeth's staff, that she wanted them to work him over good, including the use of harsh, painful treatment.

Edward was puzzled when he awoke that Pru was there and why she didn't remove the hard

plastic cage encasing his penis. Pru led him to an upstairs bathroom and stood there and watched while he struggled to urinate.

“You’re going to do it, boy, if you have to stand there all day,” she told the nervous, humiliated boy who had trouble urinating in her presence.

Pru watched until he was finally able to relieve himself and then she took him by the arm and led him downstairs.

Pru unlocked his cock cage and jerked it off, causing Edward to lunge forward and wince in pain. She stood back and looked at him, with no concern for his pain or his embarrassment.

Bridgett, a shapely black-haired young lady, joined Pru and handcuffed Edward’s hands behind his back. Together, they began carrying out Edward’s physical discipline while chiding him for his small penis in the most sexually humiliating ways.

The two women put the naked, handcuffed boy through a series of painful disciplinary positions. When Edward tried to complain, a horrible mistake on his part, Pru kicked him squarely in his balls, causing him to cry out and fall to the floor.

Finally, they removed his handcuffs, made him lay on his back and ordered him to do his daily dick exercises while they stood and looked down at him.

“You know the drill, Edward. Now do it until told to stop,” Pru ordered.

The centuries old Barrister Mansion, with all its architectural grandeur and thirty-five rooms of elegant furnishings befitting of British aristocracy, had seen generations of paternal patriarchal rule. The death of Lady Barrister, mother to young Edward, had brought necessary changes to the Barrister household as Edward Barrister, Sr. was busied with continuing to build his massive international shipping business fortune. Edward’s misbehavior had been a source of concern for him as his namesake son had managed to run off several governesses and disrupt the mansion’s staff with his rude, condescending attitude towards them. To add to his concern, he had been about to embark on a two-year world business development tour in which he would not be home anytime. He hired Elizabeth Mayfield to be Edward’s governess, as she had excellent references and testimonials with superb praises of how successful she had been with all her other governess assignments with teenage boys. The senior Barrister had turned everything, the entire Barrister Estate operation, over to Miss Mayfield and given her unlimited funds to do as she saw fit, including hiring additional staff to carry out the management operations, as well as control over young Edward.

In a short time, Elizabeth had established her absolute authority and rule of the entire realm of her queendom with a fierce, merciless domination of her young pupil. The privacy of the massive estate allowed Elizabeth and her growing female staff to successfully establish a close-knit matriarchal society within the confines of the Barrister world where female empowerment was exploited for the visual and growing dominant sexual psyche of her staff.

There is an irony that Lady Felicia Churchill, a relative of previous British Prime Minister. Winston Churchill, who served at the pleasure of Queen Elizabeth of the House of Windsor, is staying at the Barrister Mansion to outfit the staff with proper working, evening and bedtime attire, while the household's only male inhabitant, young Edward, didn't have a single stitch of clothing to his name.

Elizabeth's disciplinary agenda for Edward was based on her knowledge of the well-known history of English governesses utilizing shaming and sexual humiliation as an important, effective technique in the corporal punishment and discipline of boys under their charge, as well as her own history as governess of teenage boys. Her strict policy of prohibiting and taking steps to prevent Edward from masturbating was grounded in the prevailing belief espoused by many British physicians that masturbation in boys caused such dire things as blindness, consumption and insanity. Three years earlier, in 1955, a British physician, Edgar Townsend, declared masturbation by boys caused "feebleness and the advent of senility during adolescence." A variety of devices to prevent masturbation in boys had been patented and used. Elizabeth Mayfield, however, had her own source of much more sophisticated devices for use with Edward. Centurions of London was her primary source of bondage and discipline equipment, specialized furniture and penis restraints.

.....

Marlene suddenly bolted straight up from a deep sleep. Looking at her clock, she realized she had overslept. She had intended to wake up earlier and go check on Edward. She jumped out of bed, stripped off her brief nightie and panties and hurried into her private bathroom. Standing nude, Marlene looked in the mirror and with her hand brushed back her long blond hair off her face. She was still feeling a hangover from drinking the night before, and more than she ever had before. As she brushed her teeth, her large firm breasts that she got from her mum, jiggled back and forth. Thinking of her late-night visit to Edward's bedroom and handling the naked boy's sex organs, Marlene felt a twinge of sexual excitement between her legs, one like the continuous throbbing sensations she felt the night before. Being around this naked boy a year younger than her had awakened within her a sexuality in a way like never before. Sexual lust, that is her sexual arousal, simply based on her new visual leanings and sense of authority and empowerment Elizabeth had given her, had conflicted with her genuine care and deep emerging feelings for Edward. She wanted to somehow manage to bridge the two desires, without sacrificing either.

Marlene quickly dressed and hurried downstairs. She went directly to the kitchen where she knew Edward would be helping Paige prepare breakfast for everyone. Marlene saw that Paige was preparing food on the kitchen counter-top, but she saw Edward sitting on the edge of a chair with his legs spread wide apart. He was leaning forward with his head down and eyes shut.

"What's wrong Edward?" Marlene asked, but he did not respond.

"Pru kicked him the balls," Paige responded.

"What?" Marlene shouted.

“Pru kicked him in the balls,” Paige repeated.

“Why?” she asked, then went over and placed her hand on the naked boy’s shoulder. She saw why he was sitting on the edge of the chair. It was so that his scrotum hung freely, along with his semi-erect penis.

“Elizabeth was not happy with the way Edward served and that he wasn't attentive enough to Lady Felicia last night, so she had Pru and Bridgett discipline him. They used a whip and leather on him and Pru kicked him in the nuts, then made him do his penis stroke exercises,” Paige said.

“Edward, are you hurting bad down there?” Marlene asked.

“I better not say,” Edward said, raising his head toward Marlene and speaking for the first time.

“I think that is wise, Edward,” Paige responded.

Just then Elizabeth entered the kitchen and saw the nude boy sitting on the chair while Paige was working.

“Get your dick out of that chair, little boy, right now!” Elizabeth shouted.

Edward scrambled to quickly get up on his feet. Elizabeth, sensing the reason for the boy's behavior, hurried over and grabbed him by his balls and pulled him over to Paige. Marlene cringed when she saw Edward cower and bend over in pain.

“How dare you, Edward, sit on your ass while Paige is preparing breakfast. You deliberately defied one of my rules. I’m personally going to deal with you later,” Elizabeth screamed at the naked boy.

“Yes ma’am,” the terrified boy quickly responded in dutiful servitude.

“He’s already been disciplined once this morning,” Marlene jumped in, trying to spare Edward even more pain and suffering.

“Yes, I know,” Elizabeth said, staring directly at Marlene.

Elizabeth stood hesitating for several minutes before finally speaking.

“Marlene, I want to talk to you. Come follow me,” she directed the girl.

For Marlene, it seemed like a long walk down a hallway where she and Elizabeth finally ended up at the entrance to the library. She was sure she was in trouble, either for what she had just said or because she had been caught leaving off Edward’s cock cage for most of the previous night.

When they made their way into the library, Elizabeth pulled a book off a shelf. They sat down a short distance from each other. Elizabeth laid the book down beside her.

“Marlene, I want to talk to you about Edward. I want you to help me cure him of his masturbation habit. I’m talking about keeping him from ejaculating.”

Marlene looked puzzled, but listened.

“I’m going to give you this book to read. The author is a renowned British physician. He writes about the serious problems that can develop when boys Edward’s age expels semen as a result of masturbation. His view is shared with a great many other physicians. Did you know, among other serious conditions, that Edward could go blind?”

“No,” Marlene gulped, “I had no idea.”

“Well, that’s why I make Edward wear an anti-masturbation device. It is for his own good,” Elizabeth explained. “This book describes and illustrates some of these various types of devices to prevent boys from masturbating. If left on their own, boys will always ejaculate. They can’t help themselves. We can’t let that happen with Edward.”

Marlene sat, still stunned that Edward could go blind from masturbating on his own.

“It is an accepted potential cure for masturbation in boys among British physicians to have them circumcised. That’s also documented in this book. Edward is uncircumcised and I have that option open, but I am pursuing another option first. That’s where you come in, Marlene.”

“What is it you want me to do, Aunt Liz?” the concerned teenage girl asked.

“Have you noticed when I have Edward do his modified masturbation training exercises that he can stroke himself longer and longer before I make him stop?”

"Yes, I have," she said.

“Edward needs that training much more than he is getting. I want you to begin to supervise his penis exercise training and make him do it in front of you at least ten times a day for the next three months, at least. Make him stop before he ejaculates. You will learn what is known as the “point of no return.” That is when it becomes too late to prevent ejaculation. The goal is for him to eventually not be able to ejaculate at all by his own hand. It’s all about sexually conditioning him. As you know Edward goes around most of the time with an intense erection in front of us. That’s because he has been sexually conditioned to do so.”

“But Aunt Liz, that is so humiliating for Edward. It will even be worse in front of me,” Marlene pointed out.

“Better for him to be humiliated than go blind, don’t you think?” Elizabeth swiftly countered.

“Yes, I guess, when you put it that way,” Marlene responded.

“Marlene, shame and humiliation are an integral part of the sexual discipline of boys. Female-supervised masturbation not only sexually humiliates, it reinforces feminine authority and the domination and control over every aspect of his sexuality. That’s what Edward needs badly.”

.....

After Edward fulfilled his ritualized morning duties of serving morning tea to the Barrister women and doing his sexual and physical exercises in their presence, Elizabeth made good on her promise to punish the naked lad. She approached Edward with something strange looking, at least to Edward. It had a black leather pouch and triple chain leash. Elizabeth bound the boy’s balls in the pouch and pulled him along with the triple chain leash, stretching his scrotum as she led him to the Punishment Room. The governess, now wearing thigh-high leather high-heel boots, carefully selected six different leather whips, and carefully laid them out on the floor.

Elizabeth had him get on his hands and knees with his bare buttocks arched upward in the desirable position Elizabeth chose for this punishment session. The terrified boy, who saw the instruments laying before him, was already whimpering before she delivered her first blow.

“Put your head down, little boy, and touch your nose on the floor and don’t move,” Elizabeth demanded. For a moment she stood by the nude boy, looking down on her pupil who was totally at her mercy. But mercy did not come quickly for young Edward. Instead, she took her time, meticulously meting out her whipping fury with not one, but all six whips, evoking varying pain from each whip. Edward, with a low pain threshold anyway, wailed and cried out, but that didn’t deter Elizabeth. He managed, out of sheer fear of further reprisal, to keep his knees and hands firmly in place, but he instinctively swung his buttocks back and forth in an unsuccessful attempt to escape his governess’s whipping blows. She continued whipping the boy until she was finished on her timeline. When finished he had red raised welts crisscrossed over his upper things, buttocks and back, and he was sobbing uncontrollably.

.....

“It’s time, Marlene, you know what to do,” Elizabeth directed the girl, not long after Edward’s severe whipping.

When Marlene saw Edward, obviously still not recovered, she felt so sorry for him, but she knew what she had to do. She had been going over and over in her mind what Elizabeth had told her about how he could go blind. She decided not to tell Edward what could happen to him as that would make him even more terrified. Instead she would do as Elizabeth wanted, so that he wouldn’t go blind. She was determined to help him, as Elizabeth had asked her.

Marlene decided to take Edward into her bedroom where it would be more comfortable for him and her. She shut the door and immediately reached out and put her arms around him and, in the spur of the moment, kissed him. That was proceeded with a passionate long kiss that had Edward’s body shaking from the excitement. It was his first kiss. His penis stiffened and stood straight upward.

“I’m sorry, Edward, for you being disciplined so painfully,” Marlene said, seeing his lips still quivering.

Edward nodded, unable to speak. Marlene looked at his back and buttocks and when she put her hand on his butt, it felt hot from the recent whipping he had endured.

“I am going to tell you several things you might not know yet, Edward. Lady Felicia is staying again tonight and Elizabeth is hosting a cocktail party and another sit-down dinner. She is going to have you serving both.”

“Okay,” the dejected boy managed to say.

“You’re going to have to be more attentive tonight to everyone, especially Lady Felicia. Goodness knows what Elizabeth might do to you next if you don’t please her,” Marlene stated firmly.

“I know, I know, Marlene, but I can never please her,” Edward replied.

“You have to try Edward, you just have to,” Marlene insisted.

“I know, I’ll do my best,” he answered.

“And, Edward, there is one more thing. Elizabeth’s two new staff members are coming this week. One of them is going to be our teacher together,” Marlene shared. “I think my mum and Elizabeth both know them, so that might not be good for you. I just wanted you to be aware.”

“Thank you, Marlene. I don’t know how I could make it here without you,” Edward said.

“I’m not going anywhere Edward. I’m staying right here with you,” she assured the naked boy.

Marlene waited until Edward had settled down before doing what she had dreaded doing since her talk with Elizabeth. Yes, she had enjoyed seeing him masturbate before the Barrister women, but this was different.

“Edward,” she finally said, “I want you to get on your knees on the bed and do your penis exercises like Elizabeth has you do.”

“What?” Edward said, with a puzzled look on his face, “I don’t want to do it.”

“You have to do it, Edward. Don’t ask questions, just do it,” Marlene countered.

“But,” The shocked boy tried to protest.

“No buts, Edward. You have to do it now,” Marlene demanded with a sterner voice.

Marlene watched as the embarrassed boy took hold of his penis and began sliding his foreskin back and forth across his glans. Despite her intense feelings for the boy and concern for the humiliation he was experiencing, Marlene felt a sudden surge of excitement between her legs, dampening her panties.

Only nine more times today, she thought to herself.

.....

Before Elizabeth's cocktail party, Edward was made to get on his knees and rest his butt on his heels and take last minute instructions from Paige and Elizabeth. He had to hold and balance a tray of wine glasses on one hand while holding fancy cloth napkins in the other. He was threatened by his governess if he failed to serve with "perfection."

Edward was so nervous when he began serving the ladies after the cocktail party began that his knees were shaking from sexual embarrassment and fear of not serving the women up to his governess's expectation. The nude boy's penis involuntarily erected, as had been intentionally sexually conditioned by Elizabeth, and stood straight upward for the duration of the evening. He kept busy making the rounds serving drinks and various savory appetizers. He was aware that Marlene and Elizabeth were keeping an eye on him. This added to the intimidation he already felt.

The women, after enjoying more than a few glasses of the mansion's finest wine, became rowdy, laughing, cutting up, telling jokes and fondling Edward's never-private sexual parts. Lady Felicia seemed to Edward to be the boldest, taking the lead, with others joining in.

"Elizabeth brings a whole new meaning to the term 'cocktail party'," Lady Felicia said, holding Edward's erect young cock in her hand, garnering laughs from all around.

.....

The cocktail party started at 5 PM and after dinner, several rounds of port or brandy, Edward's service ended around 11 PM. He was exhausted, but still had to clean up. At midnight, he was dismissed and Elizabeth told Marlene to escort him to his room.

Although Marlene could see Edward was mentally and physically drained, she knew she had to make him do three more rounds of his penis exercises. She reminded herself it was, as her Aunt Liz had said, for his own good.

Edward's penis was pulsating and throbbing when he finished his third round, straining unsuccessfully for the spurting sexual outlet by which he had so frequently taken pleasure before his new governess's arrival.

Edward's bedroom, unlike Marlene's, didn't have a private bathroom so she led the naked boy down the hall to a shower room that had been built for the men of Barrister. Marlene had him stand in the shower and she turned on the cold water to shrink his inflamed erection.

Edward's erection finally subsided after about twenty minutes. Marlene towed off the wet

naked, shivering boy and led him to his bedroom.

“I have to put this on, Edward,” she announced, producing his clear, hard plastic cock cage. “Get up on your bed and squat down so I can get where I need to go easier.”

“Oh, please Marlene, do you have to put it on me?” he pleaded.

“Yes, I do, Edward,” she responded while securing it in place.

“Goodnight, Edward,” she said, leaving his room, not waiting around to explain why he had to wear it.

Edward groaned and turned his back to her, his testicles aching more than ever before. He was confused as to why Marlene had kissed him passionately and then had become stern and demanding.

The young Barrister boy, Edward, has been forced to endure an overwhelming influence of Elizabeth’s domination and that of her eager, enabling female staff, utilizing basic principles of domination and submission so familiar to the boy’s governess. As Elizabeth taught them, the more one sex dominates the other, the other sex becomes more and more submissive, and unequal nakedness, when one sex is clothed and the other naked, translates immediately to gender sexual power. Along with that, the age disparity between the young teenage boy and a household of adult women lent itself to the Barrister Mansion matriarchal female dominated environment, that is women in charge and, in this case, of a helpless nude boy in a forced role of total submission and obedience to female authority.

Elizabeth had forced young Edward to relegate himself from a regal patriarchal offspring to a lowly naked houseboy servant, taught to obey and serve the female members of the Barrister Mansion. His nudity symbolized the visual conquest by his governess, tangibly shared with the female staff, his unruly teenage penis subject to their control and devious whims.

There was no other way to describe Elizabeth Mayfield as an experienced governess of young males who understood how to deal with boys in her own wickedly cruel, but highly effective way. Young Edward, still a teenager, had lived a sheltered life, was naïve of the ways of the world, had no concept of the female and male roles and was totally ignorant of anything at all about sex. Elizabeth knew his lack of mental maturity or physical endurance with his extremely low pain threshold made him an easy mark for the daily ritualized psychological and physical discipline that drove her strong penchant of sexual proclivities to satisfy her dominant psyche. Edward Barrister, Sr. had given her the full reign over the legendary Barrister Mansion and estate grounds, and she was determined to make it a showplace for her way of dealing with boys at the expense of the naked boy. She had deceived the boy, convincing him that his penis was way too small, caused by his habit of masturbation. Warning young Edward of the horrifying consequences of what she would do to it if she ever found he had masturbated, she had succeeded in keeping him from trying, a situation which was causing him increasing sexual agony by the day.

.....

Marlene went directly to her bedroom after successfully carrying out her Aunt Elizabeth's direction, to force young Edward, nude as always, to masturbate ten times but stopping him before he ejaculated. The teenage girl was a nervous wreck, conflicted over her fear of Edward going blind, yet feeling a strong pleasurable throbbing hotness between her legs. She shut the door, locked it and removed her clothes. She started to put on her nightwear, then stopped and cast them aside.

Nude, Marlene took the book Elizabeth had given her and sat down on the a large wing-backed chair a few feet from her elegantly furnished bedspread and pillows, a stark contrast to Edward's bedroom where no bedding was there at all, none, not even a pillow. The sensation of the cool leather chair seat against her hot flesh between her legs was distracting but not enough to give up the pleasurable sensation. She instinctively spread her legs apart to maximize the pleasant feelings in her most sensitive sexual area.

Marlene checked the copyright of the book. It was 1955, published only three years earlier. The author was Dr. Edgar Townsend. She noted he had an impressive bio, having written several books and a regular contributor to numerous British medical journals. Elizabeth had placed bookmarks on a number of pages with specific sentences highlighted for her to read. The bookmarks were Marlene's first exposure to adult under the counter sold visual material, with real photos of stern women spanking and whipping nude males around Edward's age, give or take a few years. Marlene noticed with curiosity that the boys had bigger penises than Edward, with most of them intensely erect like Edward when he is disciplined. She noted one of the nude boys being whipped had an erect penis about foot long, sending sudden unexpected sexual jolts between her legs. The colorful, provocative bookmarks, each depicting a different photo, were published by Centurions of London, Elizabeth's major source of most of her penis bondage and other bondage and discipline equipment.

Marlene read as fast as she could, anxious to learn as much as she could about the possibility of Edward going blind if together Edward and she couldn't succeed in maintaining his ejaculatory control.

She read, "Punishments for boys who masturbate have changed very little over the years and, moreover, it has been predominantly the female in the household who has been more tasked to seek out and deal with the male self-abuser. The most common punishments throughout history were physical ejaculation denial by various means and flagellation. As remarked on before, more often than not, this was administered by a female to a male in the first flush of puberty."

Marlene sighed and turned to the next bookmarked page. Highlighted was, "Masturbation can cause blindness in boys and, if not curtailed, insanity and a number of debilitating diseases and other medical issues. I highly recommend when a boy is caught masturbating he should face a severe flogging with a rod and subsequently his genitals be bound in bandages soaked in a mixture of herbs and peppers, which inflict excruciating pain on the treated parts."

Marlene gulped, having her worst fears confirmed. Elizabeth had been right. Her face was flushed from concern for Edward. She continued to read, "The dangers of self-abuse among the upper and middle class citizens of Great Britain in particular during the 19th and first half

of the 20th centuries has led to an explosion in the sale of implements of correction, chastity devices, potions and lotions and increased demand for the services of governesses and nannies to provide 24 hour observation of their charges and to provide the necessary moral guidance, physical treatment, and punishment that would be needed to educate boys and save them. Various compounds of wintergreen, peppers, mustard seed, etc. can be prepared and massaged into the genitalia. A custom-made glass vessel is placed over the penis and the neck of the bottle is pressed lightly against the victim's pubis. Air is evacuated from the bottle by means of a pump, causing the inflamed penis to swell and add further frustration and discomfort to the hapless offender. If he caused the seal to break before his Governess released him, he would earn further punishment. The need to maintain his position required enormous self-control, and was intensely humiliating, as it was carried out as a totally supervised sexual punishment.

Marlene was surprised at how many various methods there were for preventing boys from masturbating. "A Poultice Pouch is usually made of soft leather with a drawer string top. The bag is filled with a similar painful compound and is then positioned to enclose the victim's penis and scrotum. He is then bound hand and foot, with face up on his bed to helplessly suffer the burning agony inflicted on his sensitive flesh."

Marlene read much of a bookmarked chapter on circumcision asserting the value of circumcision as a disincentive to masturbation. She read, "Dr. Norman Chapman's suggestion of circumcision for boys is well known for the use of prevention or punishment for masturbation. The operation reduces the sensitivity of the penis and curtails sexual pleasure, a powerful argument for its use to prevent physically harmful masturbatory problems such as insanity and blindness.

By now Marlene had read enough. She tossed the book on the floor. She liked the way Edward's penis looked like just the way it was and didn't want him circumcised. She was shaking from fear for Edward and wondering why Elizabeth didn't use these methods instead of having him stroke himself ten times a day.

The agitated girl went to bed, not bothering to put on her nightwear. It was the first time she had slept nude, not worrying as she had locked her bedroom door. Her mind was swirling with what Elizabeth had told her, what she read and vivid images of Edward stroking his erect penis as he struggled to do as told but not ejaculate, seeing it jump and quiver after he had to stop abruptly.

Marlene tossed and turned, then lay on her back and raised one leg up and then the other, trying to quell the guilty feelings about pleasurable sensations she still felt between her legs. Hours passed with no sleep.

Marlene finally had just dozed off to sleep when she began hearing the familiar screams of Edward obviously being painfully disciplined down the hall. She jumped out of bed and started for the door before she remembered she was naked. She quickly put on her nightwear and rushed down the hall, finding Elizabeth in the punishment room with Edward.

She was shocked to see Edward bound by straps on both arms and legs to a new strange

looking iron bondage stand. The naked boy was bound face down, his legs two and a half feet off the floor attached to twin metal posts three feet apart. His arms were tied to a metal bar near the floor. In this position his buttocks were arched upwardly just in the right position for the governess's punishment. Between his legs his dangling scrotum and underside of his erect penis were clearly visible and vulnerable to Elizabeth's two-foot long black leather whip she was wielding to his bare exposed flesh. Edward was crying, with screaming outbursts as his governess was slowly carrying out his discipline.

"What did Edward do?" she asked, almost demanding.

Elizabeth delivered two more viciously savage blows to the boy's arched buttocks, then brought the whip up between his spread legs, delivering an equally vicious direct blow to his scrotum and the underside of his erect penis, causing it to swing back and forth. Edward screamed out in pain.

"I caught him out of his room walking down the hall," his governess said, finally acknowledging Marlene's presence. "He knows he is not allowed out his room once we send him to bed."

Elizabeth continued whipping the nude bound boy, not deterred by Marlene's presence.

"I was just going to get a glass of water," Edward managed to stutter.

"You know that you are supposed to keep your dick in bed, Edward," Elizabeth declared, delivering still another blow between his legs.

"I'd like to talk to you Aunt Liz when you are finished with Edward," Marlene announced, as Elizabeth ignored her, delivering a rapid series of a dozen strokes.

"Very well, Marlene," she finally acknowledged, hanging the whip on the wall next to an arsenal of other disciplinary instruments.

"Let's go downstairs to the library," she continued, moving towards the door.

"But...but what about Edward?" Marlene asked.

"I'm going to leave him hanging there for another hour so he can ponder what might be next when he doesn't follow my rules," Elizabeth declared, smirking as they left the naked boy bound and suspended to the weird looking metal bondage stand.

Marlene gulped and began conjuring up her nerve to talk to her aunt.

Summer 1958, somewhere outside London

Young Edward Barrister still found himself suspended off the ground. The naked eighteen year-old boy was bound face down, completely immobilized on Elizabeth's wicked bondage stand by straps well secured to both his wrists and ankles. His head was hanging down a foot

off the floor, forced downward by his hands tied to a metal bar near the floor. His legs were spread-eagle with his ankles secured higher up on twin rear metal posts. In this position his buttocks were arched upward, perfectly presenting his bare flesh for his governess's vicious punishment she had just administered.

Edward's wrists and ankles ached from the distorted, painful bondage position. His buttocks were inflamed with lingering pain and his testicles hurt from a series of deliberate blows from Elizabeth's whip to that most sensitive, vulnerable part of his male sexual anatomy. The head of his penis throbbed and stung from being precisely targeted by his governess.

Edward's governess had reduced him to a moaning, blubbering mass. His cheeks were sodden with tears; the muscles of his throat were sore and strained from continual screaming.

Edward knew that his governess and Marlene were downstairs in the library talking and he heard Elizabeth say she intended to keep him there suspended there for an hour. Grimacing in pain and gritting his teeth, the naked boy fought hard to avoid claustrophobic panic, yet he found himself questioning what might be wrong with him that his penis had been, and still was, erect

.....

"So Marlene, did you read the marked passages in that book I gave you", Elizabeth asked after both had settled in plush wing back chairs across from each other in the Barrister downstairs library?

"Yes, I did," the teenage girl answered, "but I want to talk to you about something else first."

"Very well, what is it?" the boy's governess replied.

Only then did Marlene realize she was still wearing her brief, revealing peignoir nightgown, its white lace plunging neckline accenting her prominent shapely breasts with her nipples clearly visible through the thin material.

"I should go change into something else," the suddenly embarrassed girl said.

"No, no, Marlene. You're fine, go ahead. What's on your mind?"

"Aunt Liz, I don't understand why you disciplined Edward so harshly just because he was going to get a glass of water."

"Marlene, my dear girl, you are so naïve about such matters. If you give a boy like Edward an inch, he will take a mile. That is why any infraction of rules, no matter small or large, must be dealt with swiftly and severely."

"I don't know what you mean by boys like Edward, he always seems so nice and polite."

"Bloody hell, Marlene, you don't know Edward's history before his father hired me as his governess. After his mother's death Edward treated all the help here with rudeness, verbal

abuse and a condescending attitude as if being a Barrister entitled him to disrespect and treat them with disdain.”

“So is that why everyone that works for you except Paige seems so eager to humiliate and discipline Edward?”

“Yes, they are making sure he is getting his just desserts. Plus, I have instructed everyone that discipline of that boy is everyone’s duty. And that includes you too, young lady.”

Marlene sighed, with a long, deep audible breath, expressing frustration and sadness.

“There is another thing,” Marlene continued after a brief pause, “Edward is extremely embarrassed by his nudity. I think part of it is because he is unable to keep his penis from becoming stiff. He feels humiliated by it. Will you ever let him wear clothes if his behavior satisfies you?”

Elizabeth grinned and then laughed loudly, “No, Marlene, Edward will never wear any clothes again as long as I am retained as his governess. I anticipate that will be a number of years down the road given his father’s business travels and what he has indicated to me. He checked my references before retaining me and found I have a stellar record of dealing with boys like Edward. He gave me full authority to utilize the methods and techniques I have successfully employed with previous teenage boys under my charge.”

“But why keep him nude?” Marlene quizzed.

“A boy’s nudity in front of women teaches him humility and respect for the opposite sex. Believe me no one needs to exhibit humility and respect of women more than Edward. By enforcing his strict nudity it reinforces his new subordinate role to the women and you, Marlene, in our household.”

“So you are saying Edward will just have to suffer?” Marlene asked for clarification.

“That’s exactly what I am saying. I couldn’t care less how sexually embarrassed or humiliated he becomes by his nudity or his inability to control his dick. You need to make that clear to Edward anytime he mentions something like that to you, Marlene.”

“Yes, ma’am,” she answered reluctantly, growing concerned her discussion with her aunt was not going as she had hoped.

“So Marlene, if you read those marked passages in that book, you know why I am concerned about Edward’s masturbation habit. His going blind is just one bad thing that could happen to him.”

“Yes, Aunt Liz. I do understand and I am worried sick for Edward, but if masturbation causes all those problems why do I need to make him do his penis stroking exercises ten times a day while I watch him?”

Elizabeth paused a moment and then spoke. “Marlene, my dear, there are some things you just have to trust that I know what I am doing and what is best for Edward. I’ve used this process successfully with a number of boys Edward’s age. The inside of the male sexual anatomy is a complex network of nerves that requires highly specialized attention. Boys Edward’s age are too self-absorbed to master this absolutely critical task on their own. They cannot be trusted to keep from breaking down and effecting their own ejaculation. They need a strong female or group of females like we have here who can supervise and direct their structured masturbatory disruption repeatedly over an extended period of time so that it becomes a normal conditioned response. Masturbatory ejaculation deprivation is a necessary part of a boy's upbringing. Unfortunately his mother failed to meet her duty in this matter, so we will. Is that understood, Marlene?”

“Yes, ma’am, I think so,” she replied, trying to absorb what her aunt just said.

Elizabeth Mayfield was a woman who let nothing get in the way of indulging in her lascivious sexual proclivities. What the boy’s governess failed to disclose to Marlene was her own wicked voyeuristic passion for seeing the nakedness of boys Edward’s age and seeing them endure numerous indignities, including the application of pain and acute sexual suffering, her favorite form of disciplinary action.

“That is where you come in, Marlene. Edward and you are friends so you are in a good position to gain his support so you can help him from going blind. Can I count on you?”

“Oh, yes ma’am, yes ma’am,” Marlene quickly replied.

“Did you have any other questions for me, Marlene?”

“Just one more thing,” Marlene spoke, “Why does Edward have to wear those things, you know, that attach to his penis? He hates those.”

“Of course he does. That’s why we will continue to use those devices and even more of them, to focus attention to the object causing his problem. I am expecting any day an order of several dozen dick-binding devices from my primary source, Centurions of London.”

“About the circumcision of boys to help prevent masturbation, would you actually do that to Edward?” Marlene asked, dreading what she probably knew would be her answer.

“I would under the right circumstances,” Elizabeth quickly responded, “Circumcision reduces the sensitivity of main male sexual pleasure zone in the head of the penis. The foreskin provides protective covering of those sensitive pleasure zones, and without that protection, less sensitivity soon follows. That would curtail some of his teenage urge to jack off.”

Marlene sighed, discouraged by the conversation with her aunt. ‘She won’t give an inch’, she thought. Suddenly she heard the sounds of someone walking down the old wooden stairs. Her heart skipped a beat, worrying that somehow Edward had miraculously managed to disengage himself from that bondage platform. She knew that would be horrible for Edward.

But it was Marlene's mother, Stella, Pru and Lady Felicia Churchill. They had heard Edward getting painfully disciplined and his loud screams but they had become curious when they heard the sounds of Elizabeth and Marlene talking downstairs.

Marlene quickly remembered she was wearing a brief negligee, but then noticed how the three women were dressed. Stella was wearing a brief beige bra and pantie set, complete with a matching garter belt and hose. Somehow Marlene knew her mother was a part time professional negligee model and enjoyed flaunting her body but why was she wearing the garter belt, straps and hose? Maybe she was going to sexually provoke Edward. Or maybe she already did. Pru was wearing light gray silk boxer shorts and matching top and Lady Felicia was wearing a white bra and white slip. Her nipples could be seen through her bra.

"We came down to see what was going on", Pru announced.

"Have a seat, ladies!" Elizabeth responded, "Marlene and I were just clearing the air about some concerns she had about Edward."

"That bare-assed naked boy is still upstairs crying like a baby," Stella shared.

"If he acts like a little boy, then we will treat him like a little boy," Elizabeth declared.

"I just think we should tell Edward what can happen to him, you know, the blindness, if he, you know, can't control himself," Marlene blurted out.

"I agree, Marlene, go bring him down," Elizabeth interjected.

"You mean now, down here?" the girl asked, gasping in fear for Edward's lecture which she knew would be terribly humiliating to him.

"Of course, his hour is up," the boy's governess replied assertively.

.....

At the top of the stairs Marlene could hear Edward's barely audible sobbing. He had lost his voice from all his crying and moaning and with his head held below his upward held hips, his vocal cords were upside down. She noted from behind him that his penis was limp and a six inch string of thick gooey liquid was hanging from its tip. 'Oh my', she thought.

Marlene managed to unfasten the nude boy's ankles and wrists from the bondage stand. She had to help Edward to his feet as his legs buckled under him. He was grateful to see Marlene, but his relief was short lived when she told him Elizabeth wanted to see him downstairs. Marlene had to put her arm around Edward's waist to hold him up to keep him from falling down as she led him down the stairs.

Edward was shocked when he saw the other women waiting in chairs around Elizabeth in the library. His urge was to quickly cup his hands over his privates, but he didn't because he had learned from his governess the painful, punitive consequences to exhibiting any display of

sexual modesty. His embarrassment was overshadowed by his sudden awareness of the scantily clad women who were looking at him with smirks on their faces. And when he saw Marlene in her barely-there nightgown, revealing her large, firm breasts with her round rosy-colored nipples showing through, his heart skipped a beat. He felt his penis twitch, involuntarily betraying his conscious attempt to suppress his own humiliating sexual reaction.

“Get your dick over here right now, little boy,” his governess barked out at him with all the sternness that Edward had learned she always used when addressing him. She directed him to the middle where he was encircled by the women and Marlene.

Pru, Stella and Lady Felicia stared directly at the twitching action between Edward’s legs. Elizabeth, Marlene and the rest of the Barrister staff had gained a fascinating familiarity with the size and varying physical shapes of Edward’s late adolescent, but sexually mature penis.

The young girl watched as Elizabeth stood up and walked over to Edward who was standing with his head down and eyes closed. She grabbed his chin and told him to open his eyes.

“Perhaps now you understand the consequences of breaking my rules, Edward”, she said as they eyes met.

“Yes ma’am”, he uttered obediently.

“Marlene has something she wants to tell you,” Elizabeth announced, still standing by Edward.

Marlene gulped, surprised the talk of warning Edward of what could happen to him if he masturbated to the completion of the act was left up to her.

“Edward”, Marlene spoke softly, “I think you should know why you are not allowed to spurt that liquid from the tip of your penis like you did before Elizabeth arrived.”

Marlene hesitated, looking first at Elizabeth and then Edward.

“It’s because you could go blind,” she said.

The naked boy stood stunned.

“Blind?”, he quizzed.

“Yes, Edward, blind,” Marlene answered with a sorrowful look on her face.

“From now on,” Elizabeth interjected, “no one is going to tell you when to stop when you do your dick exercises. You have to stop yourself.”

The boy’s governess reached down and with the fingers in both hands took hold of his foreskin and pulled it outward as far as possible.

“And if I ever catch you jacking off unsupervised or shooting your wad while supervised, I will have this cut off so fast it will make your head swim!”

Edward cringed, thinking she meant his penis and not just his foreskin.

They all smirked and winked at each other, except Marlene.

“Do you understand me, little boy,” the governess asked Edward?

Edward nodded his head yes.

“Okay, let’s see what you’ve learned tonight, do it now”, she said, letting go of his foreskin and giving a rough tug on his rapidly erecting penis.

Edward stood dumbfounded, realizing she was going to make him stroke himself right then and there in front of everyone present.

“Go ahead, do it now,” Elizabeth ordered when Edward hesitated.

Slowly the nude boy took hold of his penis and began gingerly sliding his foreskin back and forth over his glans.

“I think you can do better than that, little boy.”

All the female eyes were on Edward’s now fiercely erect penis as he vigorously increased his masturbatory strokes.

Edward continued as the women observed his legs begin to shake from a combination of bondage platform fatigue and intense sexual arousal. After just a few minutes he abruptly stopped, letting go of his still rigid erection which bounced up and down, his urge to ejaculate overridden by his fear of having his penis cut off and going blind.

The boy’s governess smiled and winked at Marlene.

“Lady Felicia, would you like some hot tea,” Elizabeth asked, turning her attention away from the naked boy.

“I’d love some,” she responded, looking directly at Edward’s erection and grinning.

Pru, Stella, Marlene, how about you”? Elizabeth asked.

“Sure,” Pru and Stella answered at the same time.

“Edward,” Elizabeth turned to the boy, “Go prepare us some tea.”

“Yes ma’am,” he replied, quickly moving towards the kitchen with the women looking at his naked buttocks as he walked off.

They all laughed except Marlene.

“Oh, Lady Felicia”, Elizabeth announced, “Beside what we have already discussed, I would like you to design party dresses for all my staff. Mix up the colors and designs. You have their measurements. I have decided to have a cocktail party every Friday night and Edward will serve us. You can bring female friends from London, as many as you want. You too, Marlene.”

“Of course,” she answered, “a bare cock at a cocktail party at the Barrister Mansion, what could be more fitting?”

The women laughed.

Marlene turned her head and frowned. ‘Now poor Edward will have to endure still another weekly humiliating indignation ritual’, she thought.

Late Spring, 1958

The sudden death of Simon Goldstein, young Edward’s father’s long-time solicitor, caught Mr. Barrister Sr. off guard. For nineteen years Mr. Goldstein had handled all of the Barrister legal matters. Simon Goldstein had fled Adolf Hitler’s Nazis when Germany invaded Poland in 1939. The elder Barrister was reluctant to turn over his financial and tax records to just anyone. He had trusted Simon to take care of his business records and was at a loss to know where to go to find a replacement.

Elizabeth Mayfield was quick to recommend Harriet Wilkinson, a highly successful solicitor with a practice in London. Stella and she were old college friends with Harriet back at the University of Cambridge, that legendary scholastic institution about sixty miles Northeast of London.

Edward’s father had come to trust his young son’s governess. When Elizabeth recommended that he hire Harriet and have her relocate to Barrister Mansion to be closer to home, he agreed, offering her an outlandish salary to be his only client.

Harriet’s niece, June Wilkinson, was an already well-known topless dancer at the famous Windmill Theatre in London. Known for her beauty and big bosom, June had begun performing the previous year, 1957, at the young age of fifteen, with her mother’s blessing. The Windmill Theatre was known for being the only night club in London that never closed during the London blitz in World War II.

The Wilkinson women were known for their beauty. Harriet was no exception, but she was also known for her boldness. Back in their Cambridge University days, Stella, Elizabeth and Harriet gained notoriety for their antics when regularly called upon by the Men’s Drinking Clubs to take charge of the fresher boy’s club initiations. The trio utilized extreme sexual hazing tactics, including prolonged total nakedness stints in front of girls in the university’s “ladies social clubs” including stints of total nakedness and paddling in front of girls to

humiliate the pledges.

Elizabeth was delighted to include Harriet into her group of Barrister Mansion women to be engaged in the sexual humiliation and physical chastisements of young Edward, the eighteen-year-old boy who wore no clothes. Elizabeth had frequently engaged Harriet in her previous governess assignments with teenage boys around the London area. Harriet had a special disciplinary expertise that Elizabeth knew would be invaluable to Elizabeth's long-term plan for young Edward.

Harriet Wilkinson was ecstatic when she learned that Elizabeth wanted her to discipline Edward on a daily basis, using her own methods and techniques, as it would be a way for her to continue to satisfy her wicked sexual proclivities and strong desire to sexually dominate the male sex. Like Elizabeth, Harriet was well versed in both the psychological and physical ways of disciplining males. In Edward's case she relished the idea of applying her expertise to a young teenage boy who had already been permanently stripped of every stitch of his clothing and was routinely being disciplined at the slightest imperfection of his behavior.

.....

Lying nude on her bed in the privacy of her bedroom, Marlene felt conflicted. She is experiencing a labyrinth of contradictory emotions. Her guilt is giving way to her sexual senses being stirred by her supervision of young Edward's ritualized daily masturbation, ten times a day, in fact, which was specifically to deny Edward the ejaculatory outlets boys his age strongly crave. Every time she shuts her eyes, she sees the clear image of Edward naked, sliding the long foreskin of his fiercely erect young penis across its glans, back and forth, back and forth. She sees his grimaced face, as he struggled to masturbate as directed but without ejaculating.

At first, she tried placing a pillow between her legs, hoping its coolness against her heated flesh would quell her burning ardor. That didn't work, so she positioned an oscillating fan on the table beside her bed, fixing the breeze in the stationary mode. She got on her back with her legs facing the fan, first pulling one leg up with her foot approaching her buttocks, then bringing it back down, then doing the same with her other leg and finally fanning her legs from side, attempting to feel the full brunt of the breeze between her legs. It felt so good to her.

Just as she started to slide the fingers of her right hand down her flat stomach, she heard a car door slam. Marlene jumped out of bed and dashed over to a window. She saw it was a green Aston Martin and knew immediately that Harriet Wilkinson had arrived. Elizabeth had taken Edward out in the woods and had said they would be out for much of the morning. She had told Marlene that Harriet would be arriving but not until late morning but if she arrived early for her to greet and show her to her new room and office.

Marlene scrambled to get dressed, ran down the stairs and dashed outside just in time to greet Harriet as she approached the front door. Her first impression was this was a woman of

great beauty and stylish elegance. Her features were beautiful, but her face, framed by wavy black hair, carried a majestic look that spoke of domination and a no-nonsense demeanor.

The two of them traded introductory pleasantries.

“Elizabeth speaks highly of you, Marlene”, Harriet said, “She says you are playing a critical part in young Edward Barrister’s.... shall we say.... specialized education.”

“Yes, I guess so”, Marlene responded.

“And where are Elizabeth and the young lad?”

“I believe the governess intended to take Edward for a rather long trek in the woods this morning”, the girl explained, “She wasn’t expecting you until later this morning.”

“I left London earlier than I had expected. I was anxious to get here and meet this recalcitrant young lad.”

“You should know”. Marlene spoke, and hesitating, “when Edward gets back with Elizabeth, he will not be wearing any clothes.”

“Yes, I know”, Harriet quickly responded, “That’s a bloody good way to keep a boy like Edward in check, keeping him naked as a jaybird, bare-assed and bare-cocked, don’t you think?” Marlene hesitated.

“Yes,” she replied, not wanting to get off on the wrong foot with Elizabeth’s friend.

Moments later the two of them saw Elizabeth and Edward in the far distance emerging from the woods onto the road. As they came closer, they saw that Elizabeth had Edward on a leash tied to his balls. His arms were secured behind his back. Elizabeth was pulling and tugging on her end of Edward’s leash. Twice, as she led Edward, he stumbled and fell face down onto the dusty road. Each time she dragged him to his feet and resumed pulling him forward.

As they got closer, Marlene saw that Edward’s penis was erect in spite of the predicament he was in.

“I do believe young Edward has a hard-on,” Harriet said, smiling.

As they drew near, Marlene saw that Edward had his eyes lowered to the ground, obviously subdued emotionally and physically. She felt sorry for the nude boy, but she cast her gaze between his legs. His bound testicles appeared badly swollen, squeezed together by Elizabeth’s tight leash. His penis was erect, his glans fully exposed.

“You’re early”, Elizabeth said to Harriet.

“Yes, I left later than I had originally planned”, Harriet responded, looking at every aspect of Edward’s nudity.

“Welcome to Barrister Estate,” Elizabeth said, noticing Harriet’s eyes were cast at the totally naked boy.

“You’re right Elizabeth. The boy’s cock is way too small for a boy his age,” Harriet announced, fully aware that Edward was right there to hear her disparaging words.

“Edward will bring in your luggage and other things,” Elizabeth said, unfastening the thick cord from his testicles and lifting them in her palm to review her handiwork , as his scrotum was clearly bruised.

“I’m going for a walk in the woods myself”, Marlene announced, since she didn’t want to see or hear any more of the women’s harsh treatment of Edward.

Marlene knew she needed to get away and think, to resolve the conflict between her empathy for Edward and her continued throbbing between her legs, the latter being acerbated by Edward’s continued nakedness and persistent erections in her presence.

The teenage girl walked to an area of the Barrister estate that was new to her. Along the way, she came upon a wrecked Luftwaffe plane shot down fourteen years earlier, during World War II.. Edward’s father left it untouched as a monument to the Allied victory over the Nazi’s. Claire had told her about it earlier, back at the mansion.

Marlene enjoyed the solitude, the cool spring breeze and the undisturbed beauty of the Barrister Estate. The only sounds were the chirping of the birds. Walking through some woods with multi-colored wildflowers, she came upon a spring fed pond with crystal clear water.

Marlene took advantage this private setting. She stripped off her clothes. Nude, she waded into the pond. When standing waist deep, she sucked in her breath as she felt the cool water against the heated area between her legs. The sensation felt exquisite. She skinny dipped for what she thought to be at least an hour, being in no hurry to leave this place of solitude and peacefulness.

Afterwards, she sat on a log, still nude, waiting for her skin to dry, confident in her privacy. She let her mind wander what it must be like for Edward who has no privacy, no clothes, and always having his dignity stripped away by Elizabeth and the women of the Barrister mansion. With the arrival of Harriet, it was only get worse, she knew.

And now, she found herself succumbing to the sexual nature of Edward’s discipline. Her supervised observation of Edward’s daily ejaculation aborted masturbation multiple times a day, as directed by his governess, was taking a toll on her sexual senses. She was torn between feeling guilty for her erotic feelings and her genuine feelings for him and his well-being.

On the way back to the mansion, Marlene tried to clear her mind of such thoughts. She was only partially successful.

When she got back and entered the mansion, she immediately heard Edward wailing and screaming out in pain upstairs. She scooted up the stairs and entered the punishment room. She was shocked to see her mother, Stella, Elizabeth and Harriet all disciplining Edward, whipping, canning and strapping him unmercifully.

Marlene was shocked to see her mother, Stella, wearing only a red bra and matching brief panties, strapping the nude boy. Harriet was wearing a black leather outfit and wielding a cane. Elizabeth, Edward's stern governess, was wearing a white shirt, tan pants and thigh high black leather boots. She was using a black whip on Edward's bare buttocks.

Edward was hysterical, pleading and begging for mercy. The three of them were laughing and ignoring Marlene's presence. Edward's discipline continued for a few more minutes and then abruptly stopped.

Edward was sobbing uncontrollably. His bottom, thighs and penis were bright red. With the boy prone on the floor, Harriet stood over him, looking down, Edward's penis was wilted, a single drop of clear liquid was oozing from its tip.

"You took your punishment poorly, Edward", Harriet said, looking down at the naked boy, "but you will find I have special ways to deal with a boy like you".

Marlene cringed. She helped Edward to his feet and he collapsed into her arms.