**A Portrait of Servitude – Pleasure Poodle**

By Randall Austin

Short Story  
  
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Place: Fresno, California  
  
Background: In California parents of the criminally  
indentured are given some choice in the matter of  
where their children will serve.  It is only required  
that the individual or business purchasing the  
indentee’s lease can pay the premiums set by the  
sentencing judge.   
  
California is one of the few states where slaves are  
referred to as ‘drudges’.  But, as in most states,  
male slaves between the ages of 17 and 35 are commonly  
referred to as ‘bucks’.  
  
Situation: Five years ago Jason Therrier, when he was  
19 years old, caught his two younger brothers, when  
they were aged 13 and 15, performing fellatio on each  
other in a ‘69’ position.  His brothers were terribly  
humiliated, and ever since Jason has taunted them as  
‘homo incest pervs’.  He never told his parents  
though, as he liked using the threat of revelation to  
regularly tease and torment his brothers.    
  
Now aged 24, Jason was arrested for selling cocaine to  
some ‘friends of a friend’, two of who were under the  
age of 17, and one who happened to be an undercover  
narcotic agent.  The judge gave Jason the choice of  
eight years imprisonment, or four years and 10 months  
indentured service.  Jason chose indenturement.  
  
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Robert Therrier gathered his three sons, Jason (24),  
Basil (20), and Armand (18).  “Boys, its 2 PM now,  
and Mr. Stamford and the state agents are due here  
around 3 PM.  I have to leave now, and as we discussed  
yesterday, I have given Basil authority to make a  
decision on whether or not to grant Jason’s lease to  
Mr. Stamford.  Remember, the chief provision I am  
requesting is that Jason not be placed in any hard or  
intense labor situation.  Clerical, housekeeping,  
personal attendant, or customer service positions  
would all be acceptable to me and to Jason.”  
  
“Mr. Stamford did tell me it was quite a ‘laid back’  
position and that there was no hard work involved  
whatsoever.  But I am leaving it up to you, Basil, to  
get the details and make sure Mr. Stamford’s position  
meets my requirements.  If the position is as good as  
it sounds, then Jason will be leaving with Mr.  
Stamford once Basil signs the papers this afternoon.”  
  
“Jason, remember, this could be a perfect position for  
you, so make sure you do whatever Mr. Stamford and the  
slave authorities ask you to do.”  
  
Jason nodded, and his father continued, “As you know,  
there will probably be a request for a full body  
inspection.  Just so you know what to expect.”  
  
Jason smiled sheepishly, “I know Dad.  My lawyer  
already told me all about it.  I think I can handle  
it.”  
  
Robert placed his hand on Jason’s shoulder, “Son, I  
love you.  If Basil finds an acceptable position for  
you while I’m away, the first thing I’m going to do  
when I get back next week is to come and visit you.   
Son, you’ll get through this.  We all will.  Remember,  
Jason, to look at the bright side of things.  Since  
you were arrested you have been drug free; that’s  
three months so far!  And maybe after your term of  
service you’ll have more enthusiasm for graduate  
school.”  
  
Handsome Jason looked into the eyes of his father,  
gave him a nod and his winning smile, and clasped his  
shoulder, “Dad, thanks for being so cool about all of  
this.  I’m sorry, again for everything.  I just want  
you to be proud of me again, Dad.”

“I already am son.  I already am.”  As Robert and  
Jason embraced, tears came to their eyes.  
When Robert left, Jason plopped himself into an easy  
chair.  “This fucking sucks.  Shit!  How in the hell  
did I ever get into this?”  
  
Armand began to comfort Jason, “I’m sorry too, bro,  
about all of this.  But four years isn’t too bad.”  
  
“Just shut the fuck up, will you?  The only good thing  
about this is that at least for the next four years  
and 10 months I won’t have to be around you two  
fairy-assed pervos!  And if I have to strip for an  
inspection, I want you two homos out of the room!   
Don’t you fucking dare lay your eyes on me if I have  
to get buff!  It’s bad enough what you two do with  
each other.  Don’t include me in your sicko behavior!”  
  
It was a somewhat nastier retort than usual to Armand  
and Basil’s regular attempts to reconcile with their  
older straight brother.  Jason, not totally heartless,  
realized that he went too far. “Hey guys.  I’m sorry.   
I’m all tense.  You know?  I didn’t mean what I said.   
At least, not quite the way I said it.”  
  
Basil and Armand made eye contact with each other,  
smiled, and shook their heads at their older brother’s  
homophobic obstinance.  The two younger brothers could  
have used Jason’s enslavement as an opportunity to  
taunt him in return for his years of insults, but they  
were too mature to engage in such childish  
comeuppance.   
  
Promptly at the scheduled time, the door bell rang,  
and Basil invited into the house Mr. Charles Stamford,  
age 60, overweight, and dressed in a somewhat crumpled  
suit and tie; a muscular slave overseer, aged 33, with  
a wide neck collar bearing his name in bold letters,  
“Tony Poretta”, dressed in gray slave fatigues and  
carrying a backpack; and two officials with the Fresno  
County Slave Authority, Joseph Hardboth and Craig  
Callahan, both in their mid-forties, and dressed in  
suits and ties.  
  
When Basil introduced himself, Mr. Stamford  
acknowledged, “Right then, you are the son your father  
has designated to okay and authorize the sale.”  They  
shook hands as Basil confirmed that he was indeed the  
one chosen to okay the terms of the sale.  
  
All three Therrier boys were impressed when Mr.  
Stamford introduced his head overseer slave as “Mr.  
Poretta”, and declared, “Tony is a man who I love like  
my own son!”    
  
Mr. Stamford looked at Jason and spoke to Tony, “So  
this is the muscle boy that interested you when you  
saw him online?”  
  
“Yes sir, Mr. Stamford.  And he’s even better looking  
in person than the photos on the county website.”  
  
Mr. Stamford addressed Jason, “Your daddy tells me you  
work out every day to keep yourself in top shape.”  
  
Jason, somewhat nervous, answered that he did.  Mr.  
Stamford responded, “Well that’s what Tony is looking  
for, someone with lots of muscles.”  
  
Basil felt it best to question, “Pardon me, Mr.  
Stamford, but I thought that you understood that my  
dad did not want Jason in a labor intensive  
situation.”  
  
Mr. Stamford nodded, “That’s right, Basil.  There is  
no hard labor.  In fact, Jason’s only regular work  
duties are to keep the bucks’ quarters clean,  
something that takes about three hours a day at most.   
And he also is charged with the upkeep of the bucks’  
flower garden.  But other than continuing to work out  
and keep in shape, there is no real rigorous work, as  
such, whatsoever.  I have 30 field bucks in my stable,  
like Tony here, and they are the boys who do all of  
the really hard labor out in the fields.”  
  
Basil explained, “I see, Mr. Stamford.  I was just  
confused why you are looking for an indentee with  
muscles if he doesn’t have to use those muscles.”  
  
Mr. Stamford answered as he walked up to Jason to get  
a better look, “He has to look good.  Tony tells me  
that the majority of my bucks prefer their  
confidential services provider to be nicely muscled.”  
  
Basil and Armand looked at each other, confused.   
Basil was about to ask a question, but was detracted  
by what Mr. Stamford was doing to Jason.  With one  
hand he held Jason’s right shoulder, and with the  
other hand he was rigorously feeling and squeezing  
Jason’s other arm up and down its length.  His hand  
then felt up Jason’s chest and abdomen through his  
shirt.  
  
After a bit Mr. Stamford stopped, “Okay, muscle boy,  
you feel nice and firm, but now Tony and I would like  
to get a close-up look at all of those muscles your  
dad tells me you’re so proud of, so would you please  
remove your clothing.”  
  
Jason knew it was coming.  As he started unbuttoning  
his shirt he looked at his brothers, and they looked  
at each other, gave a nod, and started to exit the  
room.  Mr. Stamford stopped them, “Where are you boys  
going?”  
  
Armand answered, “My brother is shy, and he has asked  
us to leave the room when he is asked to strip.”  
  
Plainclothes officer Joseph Hardboth spoke, “I’m  
sorry.  But not only is the presence of family members  
at an inspection a legal requirement, but it is the  
recommendation of the Fresno County Slave Authority  
that you videotape the inspection for your own  
protection.  If later on the lessee has any  
complaints, you will then have full evidence that the  
drudge was examined undoctored.”  
  
Basil whispered to Armand, and Armand exited the room.  
When Armand returned with his father’s video camera  
Jason was sitting on a chair removing his shoes and  
socks.  Armand got the camera turned on and focused  
and started shooting Jason’s undressing.   
  
Jason stood up, down to just his white tee shirt and  
briefs.  As he pulled his tee off Armand and Basil  
both had to swallow at their handsome older brother’s  
rippled abdomen.  He was sculpted quite impressively,  
but they never got more than fleeting glances at  
Jason’s body.  The homophobic Jason always kept his  
body covered so his brothers couldn’t see too much of  
him.  When Jason’s shaved armpits came into view as he  
pulled off his tee, Armand and Basil looked fleetingly  
at each other.  Both boys staunched an urge to smile.  
  
As Jason peeled off his undies Armand was able to  
freely lick his lips under cover of the video camera  
through which he was viewing the action.  He zoomed in  
on Jason’s fleshy prick.  The brothers noted that  
their older brother kept his pubic hairs trimmed.   
Jason kept his head down, and it could be seen that he  
was blushing.  Once his undies were off, his hands  
flew to cover his unit.  
  
Tony smiled, “It looked like you had a pretty nice  
wigglestick hanging between your legs, but I can’t  
really be sure since you covered yourself up so  
quickly.”  
  
Mr. Stamford made light of a situation that was common  
with new drudges, “We can’t do business with you if  
you aren’t going to let us meet the ‘master of  
ceremonies’.”  
  
Officer Craig Callahan joined in the lighthearted  
teasing and called out, “Come on boy, the gentlemen  
want to see your poodle.”  
  
Jason, on the verge of crying at his predicament,  
lowered his head and let his hands fall to his sides.   
Armand swallowed as he got a better look and shot of  
his older brother’s weighty looking cock and balls  
through the camera’s image finder.  
  
Tony walked up to Jason and cupped his balls, then  
gently grasped Jason’s cock, “Very nice.”  Tony gave  
Jason’s corporal one little tug, and then let go of it.   
“Okay Jason, we need you to get your soldier standing  
at attention.  Jack it up for us so we can see what  
you look like, commando style.”  
  
Jason looked quizzically at Tony.  Tony answered, “We  
need to see how big your pretzel gets.  Just want to  
make sure it’s at least normal size.”  
  
Mr. Stamford explained, “Usually the bucks don’t care  
how their confidential services provider is hung, but  
they like to see a fair sized pecker flopping around  
when you do your dance show for them on the weekends.”  
  
Armand and Basil were confused at what they had just  
heard.  Mr. Stamford and Tony moved closer to Jason in  
order to help him manipulate his penis.  Jason, red in  
the face and shoulders and sweating, couldn’t move.   
When Mr. Stamford explained to Jason that he was being  
ordered to jerk himself off until he was erected, he  
still didn’t move.  So Tony offered encouragement,  
“Listen Jason.  To me it seems very likely that Mr.  
Stamford will be Okaying your purchase very shortly.   
Right now we have no authority over you, but if you  
continue to balk when we ask you to do something, I  
promise you that once all the papers are signed I’m  
taking you over my knee right here in this room and  
giving you a welcoming paddling you won’t soon forget.  
Now, if you don’t want your two younger brothers to  
see you getting an over the knee paddling like a  
little kid, then I suggest that you start jacking that  
dick of yours!”  
  
Jason was totally defeated, and as he pumped his dick  
into bigness he began to snivel.  Tony encouraged him,  
“That’s the way!  Get it standing up against your  
belly!  You can do it, tiger!  Then once you’re erect  
I want you standing tall and proud in full display  
mode.”    
  
As Jason, tears forming in his eyes, continued  
jacking, Officer Joseph Hardboth attempted to put the  
situation in some context for the younger Therrier  
brothers, who he noticed were both confused and  
concerned for their brother.  “Remember, the issue of  
privacy is not an issue for drudges, the way it is for  
a free person.  In fact, if Jason is approved for the  
position by Basil, then privacy becomes a total  
non-issue as far as Jason is concerned.  Also, as an  
indentee, Jason won’t be allowed relations with the  
opposite sex for his entire term of service, so the  
way you see him jacking himself off over there is  
pretty much how his baby maker is going to get  
exercised for the next four years and ten months.   
It’s really no secret.  It’s what drudges do.”  
  
Probably from fear, Jason managed to get hard without  
too much effort.  Tony then instructed him, “Now skin  
that dick back as far as it will go so Mr. Stamford  
can get a good look at his new muscle boy’s dick tip  
and piss slit.”  Jason, still sniveling, complied.   
Tony seemed pleased, “That’s the way.  Now drop your  
arms to your sides and stand nice and tall, just like  
your dick, and thrust your chest and hips forward.”  
  
Tony and Mr. Stamford stood away from Jason so  
everyone in the room could see the complying muscled  
indentee, standing at attention.  Tony encouraged  
Jason, “There you go!  Stand nice and tall now so that  
your brothers can see you standing proud in full  
display mode, just like a real whip-trained slave!  Be  
proud as you stand there straight and tall, with your  
dick fully skinned back so you have no secrets from  
free people.”  Jason’s cock gently bobbed, with its  
big purple knobbed head and wide straight-boy piss  
slit.    
  
Basil and Armand, seeing their brother fully erected  
and skinned, were almost breathless.   
  
Mr. Stamford was pleased, “Well, there you go Tony.   
It looks good enough to me.  He’s got a fine young lad  
on him!”  
  
Tony nodded approvingly, “I agree.  It’ll do just  
perfectly!”  
  
Mr. Stamford smiled at the Therrier brothers, “We are  
very pleased with Jason.  I think we’re ready to take  
him.  But before I sign the papers, there is just one  
thing; Tony and I would like to see what Jason looks  
like in his service harness.”  
  
Basil, even though he was somewhat unsure, nodded his  
head and gave a ‘go ahead’ gesture.  Tony unzipped his  
backpack and took out a harness consisting of many  
wide banded straps.  He went up to Jason and started  
putting it on.  Jason watched himself getting  
harnessed with his mouth open and eyes moist with  
tears.  And Basil and Armand watched their brother get  
harnessed with their mouths open as well, and their  
dick tips moist with precum.    
  
The straps that went about Jason’s body were of  
varying widths.  The ones about his upper legs were 4  
inches wide.  The ones running across his chest were  
two inches wide.  The ones that went about his lower  
waist were three inches wide.  The straps were all  
interconnected with smaller straps.  In the end, the  
harness made Jason look even more naked, more  
vulnerable.  
  
When Tony stood back to admire the harnessed Jason,  
Jason began to cry out loud. “Basil, don’t let them do  
this!”  
Tony was genuinely concerned and put his hand on  
Jason’s shoulder, “Now, now, Jason.  There’s nothing  
to cry about, for heaven’s sake.  You look stunning in  
your harness!”    
  
Mr. Stamford was impressed, “He sure does.  We’ll take  
him!  I’m ready to sign!”  
  
Jason cried out again, “Basil, Armand.  Help me, guys.  
Get me out of this!”  
  
Basil, not certain of what Jason’s duties were,  
questioned Mr. Stamford, “So, Mr. Stamford, there’s no  
hard labor?”  
  
“None whatsoever!  The upkeep of the bucks’ quarters  
is his chief work, it only takes an hour or two a day,  
and he can do that at his own leisure.  And all of the  
bucks enjoy working along with their ‘CSP’ in the  
flower garden.  It’s sort of a joint recreation and  
hobby kind of thing for them.”  
  
Basil continued, “But I don’t understand.  Why are you  
willing to pay all of this money for him if he doesn’t  
have any work to do?  What’s the harness for?”  
  
Tony was the first to comprehend Basil’s confusion,  
“Mr. Stamford, I think I see Basil’s confusion.  He  
doesn’t know what a CSP is.”  
  
Mr. Stamford smiled, “Oh!  Well then, let me explain.   
CSP stands for ‘confidential services provider’.  It’s  
industry standard these days to provide hard labor  
drudges with access to a confidential services  
provider.  We’re all adults here, so I’ll be direct.   
Drudges in most states are not allowed sexual  
relations with the opposite sex, so a CSP provides  
such services for the hard labor drudges.  The harness  
Jason is wearing attaches him to a service sling, and  
we’ll be hanging Jason in the service sling every  
night after supper.  And each evening from 6 to 10 PM  
the bucks have free access to Jason.  Some will use  
his mouth, some his anus, some just like feeling the  
CSP up and playing with his body.  The sling makes it  
easy for the bucks to have access to any part of  
Jason’s body they desire.”  
  
Basil and Armand, wide-eyed and serious, moved closer  
together, as they listened to Mr. Stamford.  
  
Mr. Stamford continued, “That is basically all he will  
be doing; just hanging in the sling for four hours  
each night helping my bucks satisfy their needs.  It’s  
a cushy position, because in the morning, when the  
drudges have to get up early and march out into the  
fields for a day of hard labor, Jason will remain at  
the bucks quarters, free to do his few work tasks at  
leisure.  He’ll have plenty of free time during the  
day to relax, read, and do whatever he chooses.”  
  
Jason, standing naked and harnessed, cried, “Basil,  
Armand, help me.”  
  
Mr. Stamford looked at Jason, and then at his brothers, “I  
think it would be a real mistake to squander this key  
opportunity for Jason simply because of Jason’s  
ignorance of service culture.  He’s a handsome kid, so  
it makes sense to use his natural gifts.  The fact of  
the matter is that drudges usually end up in either  
demanding labor situations or in personal service.   
There are not too many other easy options.  The other  
non labor-intensive options, such as serving as a host  
for medical experimentation, front-line service in  
combat zones as an army slave, and so on, are options  
I believe your father does not want to consider.”   
  
Jason couldn’t stand anymore, “Mr. Stamford, Mr.  
Poretta, I’m not a homo.”  
  
Tony was pleased, “All the better, as most of the  
bucks get an extra thrill knowing that their CSP is  
straight.”    
  
Jason’s voice rose in desperation, “I don’t want homos  
doing stuff to me!”  
  
Mr. Stamford tried to reassure Jason, “There’s no need  
for you to worry about that.  I think most of my bucks  
are straight arrows.  Only one or two of them are  
outright homos.  Am I right on that, Tony?”  
  
“Yes, Mr. Stamford.  We have three who are homosexual:  
Cyril, Conrad, and Daniel.”  
  
Mr. Stamford smiled, “See, Jason, you’ll be serving  
mainly straight boys like yourself.”   
  
Jason, crying and sobbing like a little kid, pleaded,  
“Help me, please, Basil.  I can’t stand this!”  
  
Mr. Stamford was sympathetic, “I hear where you’re  
coming from, young man, but since there isn’t any  
difference in the way straight boys and homo boys  
fuck, or in the way they get sucked off, there’s no  
real cause for alarm.  You won’t know whether it’s a  
straight or a homo boy who’s plugging away at your  
ass.  Or whether the dick down your throat is gay or  
straight.  Same way with everything else you’ll be  
doing. We got a couple of bucks who get off on having  
their CSP drink their piss.”  Mr. Stamford turned to  
Tony, “How many pissers have we got?”  
  
“Just two at the present, sir.”  Tony turned towards  
Jason, “At night, when they have to pee, they’ll wake  
you up for urinal duty.”  Tony turned back to Mr.  
Stamford, “Harper used to get off on using the CSP for  
urinal duty, but his tastes have changed, and now he  
gets off more on giving his CSP a spanking rather than  
pissing on it before he fucks it.”  
  
Mr. Stamford continued, “Anyway, my point is, it’s the  
same thing with piss.  I bet you won’t be able to tell  
the difference between homo piss and straight piss.”  
  
Jason scrunched his face and hung his head as tears  
fell from his face.  
  
Mr. Stamford tried again to comfort Jason, “There,  
there, young man.  All of our bucks are a friendly  
sort, and they treat their CSP as a very special  
person.  And that’s what you will be to them; a very  
special person.  Each of the bucks will be spending  
quality time with you, giving you pointers on exactly  
the way they like things done; a little more tongue  
flicking of the shaft as you suck; more slurping  
noises as you suck; more deep throat action; and so  
on.  Believe me, they’ll treat you well!”  
  
Tony sought to comfort Jason as well, “I can attest to  
that.  The bucks think of their CSP as their ‘little  
woman’.  When they come back from a hard day in the  
fields, it’s going to be you who will put a gleam in  
their eye.  So you can be sure they’ll be treating you  
very special!”  
Mr. Stamford affirmed, “Tony is right.  Your job is  
just making sure my field bucks are happy.  In a  
nutshell, all you have to do is to look pretty and  
spread your legs and bend over whenever you’re asked.”  
  
Basil wanted that confirmed, “So there’s no hard labor  
involved?”  
  
Mr. Stamford, “As we have said, he just has to keep  
himself looking good.  Tony here, as his chief   
disciplinarian, will help make sure of that and ensure  
that Jason stays on course. If Jason doesn’t keep  
himself looking his best, or if he is rude to one of  
the bucks, Tony will take him over his knee and paddle  
some sense into him.”  
  
“There is not much else required of a CSP.  Jason will  
be expected to work out every day, but he already  
enjoys doing that.  And he has to keep himself well  
groomed at all times. He will have to grow his hair  
out long and keep it sensuously styled, as long hair  
is a bit more feminine than his current short haircut,  
and the bucks like to think of their CSP as their  
little ‘missy’.  He will also have to let his armpit  
hair grow out, as a lot of the bucks like to stick  
their noses in a pretty boy’s pits as they fuck ‘em.   
And, of course, he will have to keep his pubes shaved  
baby-smooth.  The bucks like shaved cunt.”  
    
“The bucks also expect their CSP to be nicely scented  
at all times.  And on weekend’s Jason will be kept  
naked all day, so we expect him to keep his body  
oiled.  Weekends are the bucks’ off-duty time, and  
they like to have their CSP oiled, pretty, and  
available.  Then in the evening on weekends, before we  
hang Jason in his sling for evening duty, he will  
entertain the bucks with an alluring dance routine  
that a couple of the bucks will help him work out.”  
  
Mr. Stamford complimented his chief overseer,   
“Tony, now that I’ve examined Jason up close I must  
say that you sure have a good eye for picking out  
girly-boys.  I can imagine Jason looking real pretty  
once he’s fixed up!”  
  
Tony was proud, “Thank you Mr. Stamford, sir.”  
  
Mr. Stamford looked towards Basil, “Well, I’d  
certainly like to buy him!  I’m ready to sign the  
papers if you agree to it.”  
  
Basil nodded, looked at Armand, who nodded in return,  
then said, “I think we’re ‘go’ for a sale here!”  
  
Mr. Stamford addressed Tony, “I’d like you with me  
reviewing the documents, so I think you had better  
secure Jason.”  
  
Tony nodded, dug into his backpack, took out a one and  
a half inch wide cuff and a leash, and asked Basil,  
“Do you have any heavy household appliance I can  
secure Jason to?”  
  
Basil thought a bit, “Well, there’s the refrigerator.”  
  
“That will do just fine.”  Tony went up to Jason,  
grabbed him by the balls, and started working his ball  
sack to get the balls separate and hanging away from  
his cock shaft.  He then snapped and locked on a ball  
cuff, a leather cinch that tightly encircled his  
scrotum below his shaft and kept his balls stretched  
out one and a half inched below his cock.  Tony locked  
it very tightly about the scrotum and Jason began  
squealing, “OOOUCH, goddamm, it fuckin hurts!  Take it  
off!”  
  
Tony patted Jason on the shoulder, “The pain will go  
away in just a bit.  We need to leash you down while  
we’re signing papers.”  
  
Mr. Stamford smiled, “It looks like we got ourselves a  
‘squealer’, Tony.”  
  
“Actually, that’s a bonus, Mr. Stamford.  Some of the  
bucks really get off on the sound of their bitch  
squealing away as they plug him.”  
  
Tony attached a leash to the ball cuff and led Jason  
to the kitchen adjoining the dining room where Basil  
was clearing a space for Mr. Stamford to review the  
indenturement documents.  
  
As Tony leashed Armand and Basil’s heavily muscled,  
bare-naked, ball-cuffed, brother to the handle of the  
refrigerator door, he licked his lips, smiled at  
Jason, and addressed the freemen, “Okay, that’ll hold  
him!  He won’t be able to get away while leashed by  
his balls to a refrigerator!”  
  
Mr. Stamford, Tony, Basil, and the two officers took  
seats at the dining table as Basil and Officer Joseph  
Hardboth each pulled documents out of a briefcase.  As  
the gentlemen went over the terms of the agreement,  
Armand stayed in the dining room with them, but kept  
filming Jason leashed to the refrigerator.  Jason’s  
back was toward him, so Armand zoomed in on his  
muscled and harnessed ass.  He then had the camera pan  
up his strong back and had it take in detail work of  
Jason’s manly neck, and the back of his head, with its  
short hair, that was not to be kept short any longer.   
  
Armand viewed carefully the back of his brother whose  
job was now to make other men happy.  As Armand  
smiled, he realized that his oldest brother was  
already doing his job, for he was making him very  
happy as he videoed him, naked and harnessed.  Armand  
smiled widely under cover of the camera, and laughed  
as he realized that his own dick was smiling too.  
  
Jason shifted to make himself comfortable, and it gave  
Armand a profile view of Jason.  Jason noticed that  
Armand was still filming and shouted in anger, “You  
fucking pervo!”  
  
Tony called out, like a father admonishing a five year  
old, “One more outburst from you, Jason, and you’re  
getting it as soon as I’m through here!”  
  
Jason could not contain his anger and frustration,   
“FUCK YOU!”  
  
Tony shook his head, but remained focused on the  
contract discussion.  
  
When double copies of the varied documents were signed  
by both parties, Tony took a tawse from out of his  
backpack, and walked up behind Jason.  Strong Tony had  
no problem gathering Jason’s arms behind his back.   
With one hand Tony held Jason securely in place by his  
arms in a standing position, and with the tawse in his  
other hand, began swatting Jason’s behind.  Jason  
immediately began wailing and bucking, but Tony had no  
problem holding the brand new drudge in place for his  
punishment.  
As he swatted, Tony explained, “I said I was going to  
use the paddle on you, but those harness straps cover  
too much of the surface of your ass, therefore this  
tawse will let me cover a much wider area.”  And with  
that explanation, Tony began his tawsing action down  
the lengths of both of Jason’s legs.  As Jason yipped,  
hopped, and yelped, Armand kept filming the action.   
As Jason jumped around his cock became concrete hard  
and purple headed, and his low-banded balls flopped  
wildly.  As Armand filmed, with one hand he pulled his  
shirt out, so it was no longer tucked into his  
trousers, giving him a more casual look.  The free  
hanging shirt also handily covered Armand’s erection,  
which was now as purple-hard as Jason’s.  Basil  
noticed Armand’s casual look, and he followed suit.   
  
When the tawsing was over all the free men watched  
Jason hop around and rub the pain out of his behind and  
legs.  His cries filled the room, and were caught, as  
well as the action, by Armand’s video camera.  
  
When the crying subsided Tony walked up to Jason and  
gave him a pat on his shoulder, “There, there!  It  
isn’t the end of the world now, is it?”  As Tony  
unleashed Jason from the fridge, he said, “It’s time  
to get you dressed up for the bucks!”  
  
Tony pulled out a pair of panties from his backpack  
and handed them to Jason, “Put these on!”  
  
Jason said in a quiet and surprised voice, and still  
sniffling, “But these are girl’s pants!”  
  
Tony affirmed that they were, and added, “Just put  
them on!”  
  
Basil found the sight of his older brother pulling on  
girly panties over his body harness immensely erotic,  
and almost felt he should leave the room.  
  
Tony came up behind Jason with a bra and put it around  
his chest and fastened it on in back.  Jason sniffled,  
“What are you doing?”  
  
“As soon as we get out to the ranch, I want to take  
you out into the field to introduce you to the bucks  
you’ll be serving.  It’s been two months since their  
old CSP’s term of service was up, and Mr. Stamford’s  
bucks have been all that time without proper relief.   
They’re all itching for a riding.  I just want the  
bucks to get a good look at you, and give them  
something to look forward to tonight.  Doubtless  
tonight a lot of the bucks will be coming back for  
seconds.”  Tony removed two articles of clothing from  
his backpack, “I know the bucks would find it real  
cute if you were dressed in a skirt and blouse when  
they meet you for the first time, so put these on!”  
  
It was a major struggle getting Jason to put on his  
skirt and lady’s blouse.  But after plenty of whining  
from Jason, and a good shaking and more threats from  
Tony, the overseer finally got straight muscle boy  
Jason dressed up like a pretty young lady.  And Armand  
caught all of it on video.   
  
Mr. Stamford was pleased, “The bucks are going to go  
wild when they meet you, wearing panties, a bra, and a  
skirt and blouse, over your harness!”    
  
When Jason’s sniffling of defeat quieted down  
somewhat, Tony went up to Jason and put an arm around  
his shoulder, like he was some young prom queen.  “Now  
don’t you worry about a thing, honeysuckle.   
Everything is going to be all right.  You’re our new  
little pleasure poodle, and I’m so proud of you!  I’ll  
take you out into the fields to meet the bucks, and  
you’ll get to see what a nice bunch of young guys they  
are.  And they’ll all be very happy to see you.”  
  
“Then the rest of the day I will make sure is a  
relaxing one for you, because I realize it can be  
stressful being in a new position.  After you meet the  
bucks I’ll take you to the bucks’ quarters, and you  
can spend the afternoon making yourself pretty.  You  
can take a nice long beauty soak.  We’ll wash you up  
real good, shave your pussy area, rub your body in  
special lotion to make your skin nice and smooth and  
soft for the boys, make you smell real good, and then  
we’ll get you fitted in a special “heavy duty”  
harness.”  
  
Jason winced.  “Now don’t you worry about a thing.   
For your first week or so, until you become more  
skilled, we’ll fit you with a special sucker’s muzzle.  
It’s a flange that goes about your lips and keeps  
your mouth open in a nice wide ‘O’ shape.  That way it  
will make it easy for you to breathe as you suck cock,  
and there won’t be any danger of your teeth nicking  
the bucks’ cocks.  The sucker’s muzzle also has a  
strap that goes around your head, with two attached  
rods sticking out at the ears, so the boys have  
something to grab onto as they facefuck you.  It helps  
them get control over your sucking action, and is a  
very good way to get you on the road towards being an  
ace cocksucker.”  
  
“And don’t you worry about business on the other end,  
either sweetie, because after your soaking, I’ll ease  
your hole open with practice rods.  We’ll start with a  
real slender diameter, and work you up to full pecker  
size.”  
  
“You’ll eventually get to know each of the bucks  
intimately; what they like done to them, how their  
cocks look in intimate detail, how their cocks feel  
both in your mouth and up your ass, how they react  
when they cum.  You’ll be able to tell all thirty  
bucks apart by just looking at their cocks alone.  
Little Tommy, their last CSP, used to be hanging in  
the harness, a buck would come up to him and put their  
cock in his face, and without looking to see whose  
face belonged to the cock, he’d be able to say, “Hello  
Steve.  Are you ready to let me give you a little full  
service sucking relief after your hard day in the  
fields?”  
  
“The bucks liked him very much.  It’s important that  
you, just like Little Tommy, defer to the bucks and  
treat them with full respect, just like a submissive  
little wife would submit to her husband.  You are  
there to serve them, and it is your job to keep a  
smile on the faces of all of Mr. Stamford’s bucks.”  
  
Mr. Stamford interjected, “And it’s also your job to  
keep a big smile on the face of my head overseer here,  
Tony!”  
  
Tony thanked Mr. Stamford, and continued orienting  
Jason to his new position, “I think you could even  
have an easier time of keeping the bucks smiling than  
Little Tommy could.  Little Tommy was a homo boy, and  
I think the bucks really prefer a straight boy to be  
their bitch boy.  It gives them a greater sense of  
conquering and controlling.  I just know you are going  
to work out splendidly!”  
  
Armand kept filming as Jason was led out of the house  
walking between Tony and Mr. Stamford.  The two  
officers got into to their Fresno County Slave  
Authority van.  Mr. Stamford took the driver’s seat of  
his BMW convertible, and Tony ushered Jason into the  
back seat, sat next to him, and pulled the door shut.  
  
The last thing Armand and Basil saw as Mr. Stamford  
drove off was Tony gently placing his arm around  
Jason’s shoulder and pulling him towards him.  
  
In the car, Tony spoke gently to the petrified new  
drudge.  “Hey there, honeysuckle, how are you doing?”   
Tony blew very gently into Jason’s ear.  “You’re a  
real cutey-pie, do you know that?”  Tony slipped his  
free hand under Jason’s skirt, and gently rubbed his  
thigh.  “You’re our new little pleasure poodle, and  
you are going to be getting lots of compliments.” Tony  
made gentle smooching noises with his lips and blew  
softly into Jason’s face.  Beads of sweat formed on  
Jason’s face.  “You’re real cute when you get all  
nervous like this.”  Tony took a finger and gently  
reached further up and touched the base of Jason’s  
balls.  “Are you going to be a real sweetie for all of  
us bucks?  We’re going to treat you real good and  
special.  I promise.”  Tony smiled and put his lips  
close to Jason’s, “You little honey sugarplum!  Now  
give me a kiss and show me that you want to be a good  
little boy.”    
  
Tony put his lips to Jason’s and gave him a soft yet  
prolonged kiss.  Jason remained frozen, but after a  
minute he stopped sweating quite so profusely.  And  
when Tony gently snaked his tongue into Jason’s mouth,  
he was surprised to find that Jason offered no  
resistance.  And Jason was even more surprised at his  
growing erection.  
  
On their bed, soon after Jason was carted off by Mr.  
Stamford and Tony, Basil and Armand kissed and stroked  
each other off to a shattering climax as they watched  
the video of Jason getting his tawsing.  After a  
moment of rest and reflection, Basil laughed out loud.  
“Just think!  Maybe in four years and 10 months Jason  
will be joining us in our bed!”  
  
Armand smiled, gave Basil a big sloppy kiss, and  
hugged him tightly.  As the two brothers rolled around  
in the bed, rubbing their heavily cum soaked bellies  
together, Armand whispered, “Jason will be our own  
little pleasure poodle!”  The two happy brothers  
laughed out loud as they snuggled tightly together in  
brotherly love and watched the remainder of the video.

The End…