**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…