## Prologue

Your pen leaves the document, your signature now scribbled on the bottom, bearing a name that now carries much less weight than a few moments prior.

There was nothing legally binding about the contract, of course; how could there be? Its purpose was more play than any actual formality, and all this parchment held was the rules you agreed to follow.

“Alright, and that’s that,” he spoke, that mountain of a man, as he took the other end of the paper and stood up. You could feel the blush of your cheeks, as you both acknowledged what you had just began. “And just for you, I’ll get this here contract nicely framed up in the living room, just in case you or anyone else forgets what you are now~”

A thin veil over his real purpose: humiliation. Once he hangs it, it’ll be one of the few ornaments on the walls of his home, standing proud in the most public quarters of this farm house. That document, announcing your relinquishing of all your worldly possessions, your autonomy, your name, your status as a person… All of it, signed away to him on a piece of paper clear view of anyone who would be a guest in his house, and more importantly to you, his new ‘property.’ It was difficult to contain your excitement.

“And while I’m working on that…” He reached behind his sofa and callously tossed a bag at your chest. Its contents were soft enough as they collided with you and your arms wrapped the other side. “I got your uniform all sorted out, so go ahead and put it on.”

“Ah, yes sir,” you meekly replied. You stood up, preparing to move, “I’ll go into the washroom and p–”

“No need for that,” he corrected. “Just change in here, and toss your old clothes in the bag when you’re all ready to go.”

You gulped, and turned to the large window of the living room, curtains drawn wide. “Sir, if I do that… people might…”

“Then let ‘em look~” he smirked, and he waltzed over to you. His free hand cupped your ass, drawing you in close to him. “Who wouldn’t be proud to show off a fine piece o’ meat like you?” He was bent over just enough that your face nearly met his collarbone, but instead found the forest of his chest hair. Your heart pounded, but after a quick slap to your backside, he turned back around and left the room.

You sighed, and spied the contents of the bag. A white polyester dress shirt, a pair of black thigh-high socks, suspenders, oxford dress shoes - they looked a bit worn - a clip-on bowtie and what appeared to be a woolen skirt, the last two bearing the same tartan pattern of green, blue, black and white. A black leather collar sits at the bottom, surrounding a cage of similar colour for your member. You look back at the window, your uniform presented before you on the table now. It takes some bravery to finally bring your fingers to the first button of your shirt.

Soon enough, the shirt slides down your arms, your torso exposed, and your eyes glance to the side, peering out the window. It feels like every sound of the world around you is enhanced, now that you’ve exposed yourself to the empty world of the countryside. No signs of movement beyond the window, aside from the gentle breeze caressing the leaves of the large elm tree in the front yard. You exhale, undoing the fly of your trousers, and allowing them to slip down your legs bit by bit. Again, you peer out the window, even as you bend down to bring the pants off your ankles and feet. Still nothing. Again and again, and more frequently do you peer out the window, as more of your body reveals to the window. Your underwear provides a surprise, as your excitement flicks out from under the waistband. Your head turns this time to look out the window.

Still… nothing.

No one to see your erect dick. No one to see your ass. No one to see how you’ve exposed yourself. Naked to the world, cheeks flushed, and so very visibly excited, and fortunately… not a living thing exists out that window right now.

Your senses return to you, and you continue undressing yourself, as every moment you act out a deer in headlights instead of putting on your uniform is another moment someone COULD drive by. With every piece of clothing removed, you look at each piece of your uniform, trying to figure out which would be the first shackle on your body. You look at the cage, but one look at your hard-on made it clear that would have to wait. The skirt was no better an option, as the tent you’d pitch would defeat the purpose of covering your shame first; that, and you want to tuck your shirt into the skirt, so it’s easier to put the former on before the latter. The shirt starts to look like the best option, before you look back at the collar…

The leather slips around your neck easily, and adjusting it takes little time. It’s a gentle fit: not so tight that it would choke you, but enough that its caress is consciously felt. You were made for it. The thought brings a twitch to your crotch. You reach to the shirt, pulling it down your arms. You spy out the window as you do up the buttons…

And just a glimpse of shining metal escapes down the road.

Your face burns, your arms freeze, and your thoughts race. They looked - they HAD to have looked! You feel your pulse in your chest and in your groin, but only for a moment, as you try to collect yourself. They had their eyes on the road like any decent driver would, you insist to yourself. They probably passed by too fast to see anything. The words eased your mind, but not your cock. You sigh, as you button the rest of your shirt, and reach for the tartan skirt.

You have to tuck your erection under the waist of your new bottomwear, only to have it lift up the front swiftly enough. The warm fabric tickles your cock as it drapes the sides of it. You gaze over all the remaining pieces of your outfit before fastening the skirt’s buttons. Of course, though, there’s still no sign of any underwear, at least none but the pair you had already removed for the last time. You and your owner agreed to that, after all: the only thing covering your ass from now on would be that skirt’s hem, so he could quickly and easily find his way to your hole when he wanted it. As you fasten the buttons on your skirt, you grumble under your breath, “Kinda wish every bit of this didn’t turn me on so much; I’m never gonna get that cage on at this rate…”

In spite of your grievance, your erection fades - recognizing it may be the last you have for a while threatened otherwise - as you don the rest of your uniform, piece by piece. Even with each glance out the window, you don’t see any other signs of vehicles or passerbys, and all that’s left on the table is the cage. An initial struggle reveals you need to sit down to get any progress on the ring, but after some struggle, you feel the plastic slip over the head and some of your foreskin, squishing down the rest in a notably less comfy fit than your collar. It’s clear to you right away: your new cage will be sure to remind you of its existence regularly.

You stand up and peer out the window, seeing the still world outside once more, before searching for a mirror to view the collected outfit. The hunt brings you just outside your owner’s door, where a mirror over three meters tall stands against the wall. The man who meets you on the other side… No, neither one of you are really men anymore, are you? But his composure in this new attire, the tartan print matching your owner’s family tartan, the gap of hairy thigh meat between the skirt and socks, the black leather peeking out under the white polyester at his neck… Your smile creeps up his face. It fits you both so well.

That’s when you spy your owner walking up behind you. “Now that’s a look,” he whistles. His hands rest on your shoulders, heavy and hot. “Glad you talked me out of making you wear the overalls~” You hadn’t turned from the mirror. Instead, you met his gaze through the looking glass. He towers over you effortlessly, his chest hair billowing out from his shirt just above your head. You’re a mouse caught in the grip of the king of beasts. He sneered, and massaged your shoulders gently as he could. “You like it, right?”

“O-of course, sir,” you chirped. “It feels great!”

He pats you on the shoulder and pulls a hand back. “Good to hear, bud! Because quite frankly, those tartan fabrics ain’t cheap to buy, and I wasn’t about to spend a cent more on you without gettin’ you to work first!” His hand slips under the short hem of your skirt and cups your trapped package, and you nearly jump in his grip. He giggles, “Just gotta make sure you’re wearing EVERY piece!”

“Y-yes sir!” You wonder for a moment if he can feel the strain that’s growing in your cage as he grips it. His lingering and groping at your nethers entices you, torments you… His pouting fakes a professional interest of your dedication to the uniform, one that the fire in his eyes betrays. He wants you to whimper, to twist in his grip and seek your own pleasure in his facade. He’s testing your restraint. You’re tempted to give him what he wants, just to see what kind of “punishment” he would give you. The idea of a “reward” for good work tempts you as well, but either way, you remain stalwart and obedient, standing at attention as his search continues.

When it’s clear he won’t get what he’s seeking from you tonight, he gives you a polite smile. “Looks like you’re all ready to go, then! I got the contract framed up, already, so with all the prep work sorted…” His hand glides across your thigh to your backside, and takes sharp grip of your cheek. You choke back a squeal. The hand still on your shoulder pushes against your shoulderblade, bending you over in a bow. His chest glues to your back as you both sink down, and he breathes onto your ear, the warm air tickling you. He parts your asscheeks, and presses his denim overalls against your hole. His cock underneath must be getting hard, or else that’s one of his thighs shoved into your taint. The hand on your shoulder pulls back, and the sound of a button releasing from fabric catches your ear, just before he whispers into your ear:

“Congratulations, slave. You are now officially the property of Joshua Forbes.”

## Chapter 1

Rule number 1: Self-moderating property must always be ready for its owner’s use.

That’s how the rule is written, anyway. How you and your owner practice it is a bit more lenient: you’re always open to state that you’re not really prepared for Joshua to ‘use’ you, and depending on the context, he’ll be more than happy to prepare or punish you as he sees fit. The real idea of the rule is to give yourself an excuse to ask for rough treatment in the boundaries of your usual play. It does work the other way around too, though: Joshua can just make something up and claim you’re not fully prepared for what he’s going to deliver to you, and then he can *make* you ready.

Your current concern on the matter is how that relates to the household chores, as your hand grasps another dish from beneath a veil of soap bubbles and tepid water. Readiness - logically - would imply you would be prepared to offer your full attention to your owner’s use of you, but would Joshua see it that way…? Then again, it’s easy enough to overthink the wording of such an open-ended rule. Neither you nor he would need to abide by that rule by the letter, since the heart of it is simply “We’re gonna have sex whenever I want, and how you respond to my wont determines what kind of sex we have.” You fathom he could justify you as ‘ready’ as long as he can just waltz up behind you, toss up your skirt, and stick–

A finger shoves itself between your cheeks and pushes against your asshole, interrupting your musings. You gasp, shoulders tensing immediately, but the reflex you fight is the one trying to bring you to your tiptoes and away from that finger.

“Haha, sorry for catchin’ you off-guard,” Joshua sang with a gentle, cooing tone, “Just got finished outside, and I thought I’d see how my favourite plaything’s doing~?” It wasn’t quite the same as how you would speak to a dog, but in his voice was still some condescension - some patronizing, even - that hinted at the divide between your status. If the finger wasn’t already doing it, that tone certainly helped get you hot and bothered.

“Y-yessir,” you stammer, “I’m just finishing up cleaning the dishes from lunch.”

“There a reason you leave those for last? Lunch was a few hours ago; doesn’t it make sense to handle them just after I finish eating?” After *he* finishes eating, you note. Sure, you get through your meal a bit quicker - if only because you eat faster and get a bit smaller portions - but it’s almost as if when *you* finish isn’t relevant to the thought train. You’re serving *him*, after all.

“Just the remnants of bad habits, sir. I used to leave chores like this for much longer, and admittedly I just used a dishwasher whenever it was available.”

You feel him push his finger into your hole again, sinking in, but no more than a couple of centimeters. “Hm, I guess it would be nice to get something like that installed in here. Would be a waste of money for me, though, since I already have a dishwasher~”

Your eyes flit back and forth around the lower cupboards in confusion. “Where–” You catch the word too late, realizing the true meaning of his words.

He gives you a chuckle before you feel his chest press onto the back of your left shoulder. His free hand pats your tummy, and the finger inside you sinks a little deeper as its cohorts give your asscheek a playful grope. “You, dummy~!” You’re not prepared to tell him the impact of names demeaning your intelligence can have. You can feel his eyes turning to the soap water and your hands still submerged within. “Speaking of, how far in are you?”

Your hands swim through the mire, clattering dishes against the metal of the sink. “I don’t have a lot left; feels like just the plates and silverware–” His finger slips deeper into you with a forceful push, shoving a whimper out your throat.

“Guess that’s fine,” he shrugs, “get those finished up, will ya? I got a little more work I need to do over here.” His finger retreats from your hole, and his hand follows back after a gentle smack to your ass. His chest leaves your shoulder, but he still keeps a hand on your tummy, even sliding it up your shirt and massaging your chest beneath. You can hear some wet sounds coming from his mouth as you continue your own work, and you contemplate his next move.

His fingers return to your hole - as expected, but the pressure is greater than before, stretching your hole open as he pushes what has to be two fingers inside you. You swallow down a moan as you keep your hands on the dishware in front of you, but the venturing digits make focus a difficult task. Your caged dick pushing hard against its confines didn’t help. “You remember yesterday, right,” Joshua hissed into your ear, “when I was hotdogging your ass and fucking your thighs for almost an hour before shoving you to your knees and ‘christened’ you with a facial?”

“Y-yessir,” you gasped. How could you forget, after all? Even without any outright penetration, your legs felt like jelly up until a couple hours ago, and the load he plastered onto your face was huge! He didn’t bother helping you clean up, either; he gave you a pat on the head, being wary not to touch any of his own jizz, and walked away whistling. You felt abused and humiliated by his treatment, while your cock was frustrated and sore in its new home.

“And what about what I told you just before that?”

“Before that…?” You don’t have to ponder it for long, though the wriggling fingers make concentration a tough task. “I think you said ‘I can’t break you in tonight’ or something to that effect.”

“Good boy~” he cooed, and flexed one of his fingers just right to hit your prostate. Pleasure shoots up your spine, mixing with the giddiness of being called a good boy in a soup of ecstasy. Your hands tremble just a bit. “That’s right, I couldn’t really break you in last night. I already gave you a nice look at my dick in the truck, right; you know how thick that monster is? See, most fellas I find get real excited to see this beast, one way or the other: some wanna ride it right away, and some know better and would rather just get their hands or mouth on it. So what happens? Some can’t even get their asses on a chair for the next week, and some get lockjaw.

“But you? You’re not just here for a one-night stand, are you? No, you happily signed up to be my trophy boy, my sex toy -” he leans in close, “- my property.” His two fingers dig in deep, and you can feel his other fingers poke your asscheek. You do your best to snap your focus back on the dishes, but you realize you’ve been mindlessly wiping a rinsed plate for the last minute as he slipped his poison into your ears. “So I get to be patient with you, and work your hole up until you’re actually ready for me to use - plus! I think it’s a lot of fun to tease you before giving you what you’ve been waiting for~”

“A-and what is it I’m waiting for, sir?” you pant.

“Oh-ho~!” he guffaws, “You’re really gonna play coy with me, like you weren’t drooling over this meatstick in my slacks from the first moment we met?” You feel him grind against your side. He’s hard, without a doubt. “But I guess we still got time, before you’re ready for that.”

Your hand fishes around the sink, and all you can pull up now is the silverware. “How much longer do you think it’ll take until I’m ready, sir– haah!”

He jabs into your prostate, setting your senses on fire. “Well, first of all, this hole needs to be a fair bit looser; I can tell you’ve played with it a bit, but you’re still so tight…! How can you walk around with this apple butt here and not throw it on more dicks?” There’s something weird about him shaming you for not being enough of a slut, but you’re not sure you disagree with him. “Second, I need to make sure you’re *much* hungrier for it. If you’re still being a sassy bitch, you don’t want it bad enough.”

You chuckle, half at his remarks, and half in response to the pleasure in your rectum. “I mean I *really* enjoy being snarky, sir. If you’re waiting for me to beg for it, you might be waiting a long time~”

“Oh, *I’ll* be waiting?” That’s when you feel his fingers retreat from your hole. The feeling of being emptied rivals the pleasure of being filled, oddly enough, but you still want him to put his fingers back in. The hand on your belly shoots up to your jaw and yanks your face to meet his gaze. He’s smirking, still intent on torturing you further. “You think yours is the only ass I can find around town? If you really think you can ‘deny’ me like this forever, then maybe this hole of yours is fine as is? Maybe I’ll just head into town and find some more willing holes? I know Trey’s always happy to hop on my dick, and Bonnie’s a total freak…”

You feel his fingers rub against your hole again, even as you finish rinsing the silverware. His hand on your chin slithers up the side of your head, cupping around your ear and rustling your short hair. “I mean, I won’t just leave you hung up to dry - because I gotta admit, your face looks real good drenched in my sauce~ But I was reared up right, and wouldn’t dare force myself on an unwilling partner. If you don’t want it - and I mean *really* want it - then I’m just not giving it to you~”

There’s something so dirty about him twisting the idea of consent like that, but even now you realize you wouldn’t be able to deny your thirst forever, especially if your cock keeps throbbing and begging for some kind of release like this. You drop the silverware into the drying rack, bite your lip, and mutter, “You can do whatever you please with me, sir…”

Joshua smiles, and leans in. His lips plant onto your forehead. “That’s a good boy~” He leans lower and shoves his mouth over yours, and his tongue pushes deep past your teeth. Your tongue can hardly wrestle against his, not that you’re trying. Letting him dominate you in as many ways as you can fathom was always the plan, to feel the unique pleasures each surrender offers, and letting him tonguefuck your mouth is especially captivating. His fingers continue to massage your hole, even as you wiggle in his grip, taunting him to dig back in.

He pulls back, saliva linking your tongues together just a moment longer, before he speaks: “But all that sass… You don’t think you can give your owner the runaround like that and get off scot-free, do you?” He swallows up a bit before spitting in your still-open mouth. “Not to mention you weren’t ready to go when I walked in the house.” He glances at the sink, emptied of all but the warm water. “Think that calls for some proper punishment~”

He pushes your head down, leaving you bent over the sink with your ass peeking out from your tartan skirt. Not a second later, a sting erupts across your cheeks, bringing a yelp from your throat. Even as heat seeps into your seat, it doesn’t escape your face. His hand returns to your cheeks, gently this time, massaging them. “After all, you’re an extension of me now; a new member of the Forbes family, like a pet.” His hand retreats from your ass only to collide back onto it, capitalizing on your sensitivity. A sharp inhale, followed by a sigh, just before he returns to his massaging. “And I can’t have you being disobedient, rude, and all kinds of unruly like that…”

Another smack. You try your best not to throw yourself forward too far, in fear of smacking your face against the faucet. “Maybe I could be punished somewhere else, sir…?”

The next smack to meet your bottom is distinctly lighter. “Maybe *you* should’ve been finished the dishes earlier~” You pout at him, which prompts a giggle from him. “Alright, alright, I guess we can take it to the living room. It’ll probably be more fun to slap you when you’re on my lap anyway~”

“And after that, I still have to make sure that hole of yours is a bit more ready for me~”

## Chapter 2

Rule number 2: Self-moderating property is expected to participate fully in any training designated by its owner.

The word ‘training’ did a lot of heavy lifting in that rule’s phrasing. Even as you hashed out most of these rules, neither you nor Joshua were particularly clear on what kind of ‘training’ the other had in mind. In a sense, you considered your time in his service as a job - and while you aren’t financially compensated for your service, a huge swathe of your needs were still met as payment. And as many jobs go, there’s training that goes into ensuring the job is performed competently and safely. You knew more than your fair share about cleaning and cooking, though, and as those were your principal tasks, you’d sooner be training *him* on those matters.

You still recall the state of his cast iron skillet when you arrived… The poor thing…

You weren’t necessarily restricted from performing any farmkeeping tasks, but it wasn’t likely Joshua would ask you to do too much out in the fields. Your ill-suited uniform aside, he didn’t struggle with any of the physical labor. You would know well enough; you’ve spent a few good glances at the window observing him at work. He struggled more with the heat than the crops, if his perpetual shirt removal was any indication. Not something you’d normally complain about, but the straining in your cage and the trail of pre you left behind had started to turn the sexually enticing view into a frustrating reminder to stay on task and keep your mind off how pent-up you’re getting.

The thought of Joshua’s strong, hardy body brought the thought of the rule back to mind as you brought the mop to the floor: maybe his idea of ‘training’ would be working out? Maybe he’d start getting you to do strength training and some kind of cardio - having you do a jog or two with him? Not that you’ve ever seen him do any jogging, but perhaps he wanted to see you keep to a specific shape for him? How far would he plan to take his control over you, that he’d extend it to controlling your physicality? As frightening as you know that could be, you thought it might actually be a boon for you; keeping to a workout schedule on your own has always been an uphill task, in your experience, and you’re at the age where maintaining yourself physically starts to become more and more important for your own health. You’ve already agreed to more dramatic lifestyle changes than a hunky farmboy forcing you to jog around the countryside every day, so what’s the harm, if he decides that’s how you spend your…

Oh god, wait, what if he demands you do it in the *early morning*? Nevermind, that’s *far* worse than anything else you’ve agreed to!

Before the apprehension overtakes you, the back door swings open, Joshua entering after it. His shirt slumps down the sides of his overalls, whose straps are all that cover his glistening chest. The straps, and the lawn of copper body hair bustling outward from the center, that is. You swallow a curse, as your dick strains in its confines again. He gives you a smirk as you continue cleaning, floating to your backside. “Seems somebody’s a little distracted today, hm?” A rough hand rubs the inside of your thighs, the burning caress of his palm sending a shiver up your spine.

“S-sorry, sir,” you mutter. His actual meaning couldn’t be clearer, but he could still spin it to mean something like, “you’re still mopping up in here, even as I finish up my work for the day,” and punish you for it. Knowing it has more to do with the leaky faucet under your kilt, you’d rather admit to getting to mopping later than expected. God knows how he’d tease you if he knew just how much of an effect he’s been having on you. Regardless, you glance at his face as he moves past you. You can’t gauge his intent well, but if he’s leaving the room so easily, you’re likely free from punishment for now. Tension leaves your shoulders as you exhale.

The mop clatters against the closet wall as you store it and the emptied bucket. You turn to the living room, spying Joshua - still shirtless - reclining in his chair, downing a mug of root beer. You can already feel a heat between your legs, just from staring at him. Curiously, you don’t hear anything on the TV. As far as you know, there’s no real pattern behind when he does and doesn’t turn on the TV, but if he’s not busy watching something by himself, perhaps that’s a hint that he wants you to entertain him…? Mere conjecture, but a good enough excuse to coax him into offering you some attention, and maybe even relief. You slide over to the loveseat and begin to seat yourself.

“Hold it, slave~”

You catch yourself mid-squat as his order registers in your head. Your eyes dart to meet his, and he beckons you over with a finger and a smirk. You stand at attention by his side. “Yessir…?”

In his far hand, he holds up a set of headphones. “Throw these on, will ya? Got something I need you to do for me.” He places them in your opened hands, and you clasp them over your ears. They didn’t look very expensive, but the sudden cut to the ambient noise around you told enough: these have some pretty nice noise cancellation. You look back at Joshua. He points, and your eyes follow the path to the TV. His hands wrap onto your waist, and bring you in front of him, on your knees, and pushing on your back now to double you over on the ottoman. Prostrate with your backside to his crotch, you feel a flush across your cheeks. Isn’t it too soon for him to…?

“You can hear me alright with those on, right?”

You perk up, hearing his voice with no muffling. As if his voice was coming from inside your own head. “Yessir! When did you get that set up…?”

“Had a friend put together a little something a couple days back. How about you lift your head up and look at the TV screen?”

“Yessir…” You tilt your head to meet the screen. Still black, but only for a second. The screen lights up suddenly, sporting a swirling spiral of colours. As the lights shift and seep into one another, a low droning plays in the headphones. Ah, so this is where Joshua was going with this! You hadn’t mentioned your past experiences with hypnosis, so he must’ve simply assumed this would be up your alley. You almost want to tell him about it: how you’ve played around with hypnosis tracks plenty before, how none of them really took, and in spite of your arousal, you were always a touch disappointed that you couldn’t fall into trance like in your fantasies.

His finger invading your hole cuts that thought off. You shudder at the sudden invasion. “Keep looking at the screen, alright?”

“Yessir…” You glue your eyes to the screen. It takes a moment, but you start to recognize something strange: a familiar sensation, shifted slightly from the norm. Watching spirals and listening to the binaural beats or white noise that accompanies them always shifted your headspace before, if only slightly, but there was always this nagging thought in the back of your mind that made it impossible to enjoy it fully: “I can break out of this at any time.” Even if it’s a good safety, it was enough to break illusion for you without fail. Somehow, though, as the spiral span, the droning droned, and your hole hollowed to his fingering, that nagging thought didn’t seem to cut in. Maybe you could still break free, but the idea seemed irrelevant.

“That’s it, just relax, buddy~” Joshua cooed, his voice seeming to echo in your skull. “Feel your senses slowly get overwhelmed~” His words seeped into the mix in small doses, interrupting your own thoughts each time, joining in the cacophony of sensations already battering your brain. Soon, whether you meant to or not, your mind latched onto just one of those sensations. Even as the spiral burrowed into your mind, the droning scrubbed away your thoughts, and Joshua’s voice filled your head, his fingers inside you received all the focus you had left. The rest of your body faded away, and all that was left of you was a hole, stretched and kneaded around those rough digits.

This feels *amazing,* you thought. The first thought you could recognize as your own for the last… You’re not sure how long… But even as you ponder it, you sense something off about your thoughts. They’re quieter… Distant… Or is it your body that seems so distant from you and your thoughts? What’s clear to you is the disconnect: the rift that’s been made between body and mind. Is this what trance is…?

You feel Joshua’s fingers leave you. Your focus seems to scatter back to the other sensations, but the rift remains. You’re uncertain if you can break free from this, or at least it would take more effort than it would’ve before. Now, though, why would you want to? Joshua’s taken you further than you’ve ever reached on your own, and you can trust him to keep you safe here. You can trust him to make you feel good. You can trust him to pull your strings just right…

“How do you feel, slave~?”

“Good, sir…” Even if most the sound is muffled by the headphones, you can hear how monotone your voice has gotten… Vacant, as if an automatic response.

“That’s good to hear~ Are you enjoying your ‘training?’”

“Yessir…”

“Do you want to keep going?”

“Yessir… Please keep going…”

“Good… Then just let the spiral keep spinning in your mind’s eye, and turn around…”

Your body complies robotically. Rising your chest from the ottoman, your knees shuffle around until you’ve turned to face your owner. Looking up at him as you kneel before him excites you, but it doesn’t rouse you from the trance. You imagine the spiral you spent so long peering into, and it keeps you placid. Now, though, your focus finds a new target: Joshua, your owner, your master, and the sexiest man you can think of. Your world has shrunk down to him. He’s all that matters right now.

“Thought I might surprise you with some special ‘mind training’ of some kind~ Took a little work to get it running, but I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself so much with it~” His voice is gentle and assuring, melting your senses. “Didn’t even notice you started drooling, did you?”

“No, sir…” The warm liquid pooling in your mouth and seeping out the sides of your lips finally registers. You can’t help but imagine how empty-headed you must look to him right now.

“Hah, that’s alright; no punishment for that this time~” A hand massages the back of your head. “After all, I want you to be just a bit more honest about all those embarrassing things~ That’s the goal here: I wanna make you feel *eager* to humiliate yourself~!” A mischievous smirk stretches across his cheeks. “Like… how much your little cock’s been drooling just from seeing me shirtless recently?”

“Yes, sir…” So he did know about that, huh? You wager mopping on the near-daily was a dead giveaway for him.

“That’s right, you love seeing me strip down for you, so why not share it? I want you to be desperate to tell me just how much you’ve been leaking like a faucet, without any real prompting from me~ We’ll try it right now, okay?” He clears his throat. “How’s your day been, champ?”

“Good, sir,” you drone, lips forming the words on their own. “My cock’s been leaking pre all day from watching you work shirtless, sir…” There’s a subtle heat that comes to your cheeks. Even trance can’t keep you from feeling the shame.

Joshua guffaws. “Perfect, bud! But you’re not just gonna tell me about your leaky faucet, are ya? If there’s anything swimmin’ around in that head of yours that you know would be a good source of sexual humiliation for you, you’re gonna feel such a deep urge to tell me, aren’t you? The longer you try to keep quiet, the more it eats at you, but blurting it out to me gives you release–” His hand ruffles your hair a little, as his foot nudges your cage down below. “Well, maybe not the release you’re looking for! But mixed in with that humiliation is a wave of pleasure: your just rewards for keeping honest with me~!”

“Yessir… I will be honest with you…” Even as the words slip out of your throat, a burning shame wells in your chest. No room for secrets anymore, huh…? You take solace in the fact he’s only training you to humiliate yourself for him, and not indulge in something truly damning.

He smiles down at you, and pulls off your headphones. It’s slow, but you can feel that rift between body and mind slowly closing again. The spiral isn’t embedded in your mind’s eye quite as deep anymore, especially as you gain enough sentience to realize Joshua’s overalls are at his ankles, and his ‘free’ hand is wrapped around his fat cock, working the foreskin back and forth. Has he been jerking off the whole time…?

“Nice to see I’m not the only one getting off to my humiliation,” you mutter, still rousing yourself from trance. “Fuck… I’ve never gone so deep before… How did you manage that?”

“Who knows,” he shrugs, “probably the tech doing most of the heavy lifting. But I bet it’ll take more than one session of that training before I’ve drilled that lesson in your head, don’tcha think…?”

Now that you’re out of trance, the ache in your loins is quick to grab your attention. You’re as hard as you can be in your cage now, begging for release you know you can’t have. Just thinking about how deep that trance took you only makes that ache more ferocious. “Yessir… Ow…! I wish it didn’t turn me on this much, though…!”

He chuckles at that. “That’s the fun part, though, isn’t it?”

“Gotta admit, that wasn’t the kind of ‘training’ I was expecting you to go for, sir.”

“Oh? It wasn’t…?” His eyebrows furrow, but his smile remains. “Feel like telling me what you thought you’d be doing instead…?” His hand finds your shoulder, even as his other hand works his shaft just a touch faster. Perhaps that training had more immediate effect than either of you thought…

“I… Get the feeling I might regret saying this, but…”

## Chapter 3

Rule number 3: Self-moderating property is required to maintain a state of dress approved by its owner.

Open-ended as it is, it’s a fairly straightforward ‘uniform’ rule. The basics would be to wear the clothes Joshua and you agreed upon when this arrangement began, and to keep them in good, clean condition. Initially, you recognized there may be a difficulty in managing your attire’s cleanliness without disrobing. The first time you did your own laundry – and not just Joshua’s – he gave permission to remove your uniform to get it appropriately cleaned. His sole condition: you would be just as exposed as you would be cleaning your body. And much like your showers, he enjoyed popping in and giving your rounded ass a squeeze or two, then teasing you on how red your cheeks got.

He didn’t clarify which set of cheeks, but he probably meant both.

The thought came to mind as you padded along the dirt path, as he just finished teasing you a moment ago on just that topic. This time, he barely had to touch you to make you blush, as the whole world could see. A light breeze bristled against every last strand of hair on your body, and the clumps of earth massaged the soles of your feet with each step. All that stood between you and the elements was a pair of glasses on your face and the cage that stood stalwart against your throbbing cock.

A tug against the leather strapped along your neck reminded you of the one other piece of clothing left to you. Of course, normally it was the collar alone, that could even be tucked under a button-down shirt collar. Right now, though, it had a long strip of woven fabric tied onto it. Joshua was at the other end of this leash, happily trodding along with you – his calm pace even slower than your nervous gait. He didn’t expose an inch more skin than he would on any other day, though; he wore his usual overalls, button-up plaid shirt, boots, and smug grin.

“I’m sure you’re getting your own kick out of this,” he jeered, “but you’re hardly working your muscles at all, if you keep moving this slow!”

*“I... Get the feeling I might regret saying this, but...”* The words you said just the night before echo in your head. *“I suppose I was thinking of a more straightforward definition of training – you know, training my body? Just basic exercise, sir. But attached to that is... something a bit more... shameful...?”*

*“Such as...?”* He egged on. It barely had anything to do with him, you recognize, but somehow even the act of communicating your interests to him felt like its own act of humiliation. It wasn’t quite as sexually gratifying as any actual attempt at scratching your kinky itches, though.

*“Such as...”* The words stuck to the back of your throat. *“Such as being... naked... doing it.”*

Not once during that conversation did that wily smile fade from his face, but it grew more perverted in that moment. *“Certainly not* completely *naked, right? Or do you think I was going to take that cage off too?”*

*“Okay, not completely naked, yeah; some obvious exceptions would be in play, sir.”*

*“Like shoes?”*

You pondered that for a moment. *“I don’t really have a foot thing, and I guess there’s something inherently erotic about being nude aside from a pair of shoes, but... I dunno if I care either way, sir.”*

Another tug on your leash brings you back to the present. “Come on, there’s not enough noise outside for you to have not heard that, buddy.” Right, crap, he said something about moving too slow?

“Y-yessir!” The strolling pace turns nearly into a power walk. Your accelerated pace brings your caged package to jostle against your thighs with each step. The ground beneath you is soft, and the dirt road is tended well enough with no garbage in sight. You recall the city streets, and paths cutting through wooded parks between bustling roads, and think of how you would never consider walking barefoot through any of those, and certainly not as undressed as you are now.

You can feel Joshua’s gaze, hotter than the sun’s rays pouring down on you. There’s no question where he’s looking. Even were there an array of sights to see on this path, he’d likely have seen them a hundred and one times before. But you were a new sight here, relatively speaking. Each step, you could feel the bounce of your exposed glutes. How much entertainment could he derive from this scene? And from what part of it: the physical jiggle of your ass, in motion with little prompting from his end; or was there a pride in his dominance over you to this extent, that he could guide you into view of anyone in town and nudge you into such public shame?

You replay that thought in your head: would he really waltz you down to someone else’s property like this? You never mentioned such a thing to him, but you admitted you didn’t stand opposed to him introducing you to others as his slave. Would he carry that out in public? For you, the thrill came fine from the *potential* of being caught in such a compromising position in plain view of outside observers; would he choose to remove that uncertainty?

Though, you also recognized an issue with that reasoning: does anyone even live close enough to the farm for that to happen? As of yet, Joshua hasn’t had any guests to introduce you to, and you’ve been cooped up inside for most of your time barring today. From what you recall seeing on the drive in, the farm appears fairly isolated. Then again, you look at the path beneath your feet.

“Say, sir,” you ask, “this is a pretty well-worn path. Do you find people walking along it often?”

You hear the smile in his voice as he answers. “It got a lot more use when I was younger, and more of my family lived at the farm.” He’s dodging the question... You think about the hypnotic training from last night again, and the planning that had gone into it. Could he have planned anything for today, in such a short amount of time? Or did the stars align when you made your request?

It would take time down the path – not too long, as the sun barely shifted away from the top of the sky – but you would get your answer.

“Joshua! When’s the last time I saw you away from that farm?”

From around a wooded bend in the path, a man with greying hair appeared. He was about your height, if not a touch shorter, so even he had to look up to meet Joshua’s eyes. He was adorned in a lightweight button-down shirt, jeans, and running shoes. Nothing abnormal for a middle-aged man taking a walk, certainly not compared to your own state of dress. Yet, in spite of the peculiarity you were, he barely gave you a second look. Hardly a glance at the mostly-naked figure in arm’s length, frozen in shock.

“You say that like I didn’t see you at the market just last week,” Joshua chuckled.

“Come on, you know what I mean,” he insisted, “since when do you take strolls down the old dirt road?”

“Well, this guy – “ you feel a heavy hand rest on your bare shoulder. “– thought it’d be good to get some exercise in, and I’m not about to drag him out into the fields just yet!” He chuckles. You nervously wave your hand, and give a forced smile.

“Another one, huh?” The man’s eyes can’t seem to leave you now, browsing over your exposed form. “This one looks like he needs the sun, too!” They both get a good laugh out of that, and you follow along just a bit. There are worse things for him to comment about than your pallid complexion, after all.

“So, does this fella give head?”

You flinch. You can see his hand reaching for his belt. You at least knew Joshua had a history with keeping other men like he did you, but this man – who must’ve known the Forbes family for a while – approaches his proclivities and your prescence so nonchalant. How many times before this has Joshua played out this very scene with one of his earlier catches? You glance up to meet your master’s eyes, to find them already peering down at you expectantly.

You look back down, to see the middle-aged man already has his hand down his boxers. Resignation written on your face, your knees find the dirt in front of him, and you bring his bottomwear down to his knees. He shakes his cock in your face gently, already at half-mast. You expect he’ll be about average in size, so definitely easier to handle than Joshua.

You open wide and wrap your lips around the growing dick, doing your best to take as much of his length in the first go as you can. He shudders as you get your nose into his salt-and-pepper bush.

“Oh wow,” he sighs, “this guy’s an eager one! I feel like your last pet wasn’t so quick to swallow me whole like this!”

“Yeah, last girl wasn’t so keen on giving head, turns out.” Joshua chortled. “This one? I learned quick: he loves getting any kind of meat in his mouth!”

You can hardly argue with that one... But even as the man gets harder in your mouth, your eyes are on the future, on getting some bigger meat in your mouth later. This cock is rehearsal for you, and how you rehearse is how you perform. You fellate him earnestly, running your tongue along the bottom of his shaft and under his foreskin, lips grazing the skin as you push and pull your head along the length. Feeling how it pulses and throbs in your mouth, you do your best to judge how much is too much effort, and slow down when you fear he’s too close to the edge.

You keep focused on your job, but all the while, the men above you entertain themselves as if you’re barely there. Small talk mixes with the loud slurping of your cocksucking, drowning out much of the countryside’s ambience. It’s clear they’ve made routine of this with past “members” of Joshua’s household. The undeniable debauchery you engage in is treated as casually as any other friendly enounter, paradoxically heightening the kinkiness and diminishing your arousal. And you can only find relief in that last bit, as even now, your own dick’s throbbing is a continued frustration.

Eventually, your knees feel a growing fire. You change pace. It’s hard work, but you bring yourself down all the way to the base, then back up to his glans, and back down, and up, and down, and faster and faster, doing your best to bring him back to the edge as fast as you can. Judging by his labored conversation, you’re doing well at that.

His hand comes to the back of your head, pulling you deep. You feel the man’s crotch hairs tickle inside your nostrils, as his cock twitches in your mouth. Much of his seed finds its way down your throat, but he relaxes his grip on your head after a few seconds, letting you feel the last of it dribbling in your mouth. Slight savory and salt lights your taste buds.

“Fuck... That’s a good one, Joshua.” He pats your head one more time. “You really should make sure to get him on yours at some point!”

There’s a wile in Joshua’s snickering. “Someday.”

You’ve barely parted ways with the man when you spit out the cum in your mouth into the grass. “So this isn’t the first time you’ve had slaves do these sort of walks, sir?”

“Of course not,” he replies. “It’s an easy and generally safe avenue to explore the more exhibitionist side a lot of folks have. We tend to run into someone else having a stroll down here every other time.” His hand rests on your shoulder. “It’s kind of funny how every single pet, or slave, or whatever other property I get a hold of always goes for blowing whoever we come across!”

You blink. “You uh...” You grimace as you look at him. “Sir, you make it sound like it was optional...”

The smile on his face is sheepish and mischievous; you may have the collar and leash, but somehow, he reminds you more of a dog caught in the act of stealing “food”. This was more of a workout than you initially expected.