

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 presence 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 encounter, 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.